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FAUNA; OR, THE RED FLOWER OF LEAFY HOLLOW.*

BY MISS L. A. MURRAY.

CHAPTER XX.

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow white robes, and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or calls an icy cream
Upon the silver lake or crystal stream.

THOMAS CAREW.



SHORT time before Harald's ship, the *Artemisia*, had returned to England from her cruise among the Ionian Isles, and the young midshipman had obtained leave of absence that he might visit his family in their new abode, Mr. Warrender had been travelling in Turkey and Greece, and returned home in Harald's frigate, and having long known Mr. Blachford, he was greatly

delighted with the boy's high spirit, talents and bravery. As for Harald, he conceived the greatest admiration for his new friend, who had travelled over the greater part of the old world, and in doing so met with so many romantic and exciting adven-

tures, and encountered so many wondrous accidents by flood and field, that he appeared a perfect hero to the young sailor's vivid imagination. He was therefore highly delighted when Warrender proposed to accompany him to Canada, from whence he meditated a journey through the United States, Texas and Mexico, to South America. They accordingly sailed for New York, and proceeding to Niagara, procured an Indian guide there to conduct them through the forest to the lonely and sequestered township, in which Mr. Blachford had pitched his tent.

All seemed now unclouded gaiety at Hemlock Knoll. The chief pride and hope of the house had returned, handsome, brave, and high-minded; his noble and warm heart uncorrupted and unchilled. His father with delight presented him to the inmates of the Hollow. Fauna, with her wild lustrous eyes, her sweet melancholy voice, her graceful figure, and seldom broken silence, at once interested his fancy, and with Rhoda he speedily became as good friends as if they had been children together. But he seemed determined not to like Max; and as the young artist, from his highly imaginative and refined temperament, was habitually reserved, their real intimacy did not make much progress. Altogether the new comers gave fresh zest to the life of the forest dwellers; Mr. Warrender appearing as much delighted with the rude employments and simple pleasures of a bush life as the young and ardent Harald.

Some evenings after their arrival, a party was formed to visit the sugar bush of Yankee Joss by moonlight, which of course included Max and

* Continued from page 307.

Rhoda. The sky was studded with an innumerable multitude of stars which blazed in the translucent atmosphere with the most dazzling lustre, and the young crescent moon hung her bow among their glittering splendors. There was just sufficient frost to give clearness and purity to the air, and to transform the dew on tree and plant into myriads of brilliant gems. It was one of those scenes in which Nature even to the most unreflecting eye shews more gloriously magnificent than all the wonders art ever wrought. At a turn in the path which one or two fallen trees occasioned, they came suddenly in sight of the primitive sugar manufactory of the woodsman. The deep lurid blaze of the fire, fed with branches of dried pine, rose amidst the pure beauty of the night like somewhat of evil omen and demon origin, and the huge figure of Joss, in his shaggy coat and leathern cap, bending over the boiling caldrons, and stirring them with his monstrous ladle, while his assistant, in a Guernsey frock and red woollen cap, brought him the pans into which the syrup was poured to crystallize, strongly reminded the beholders of wizards concocting some potion of deadly malignity, or of the ancient alchemists brewing the all-powerful elixir, while the world was young. But as the visitors came nearer, and the sugar-makers paused in their work to reconnoitre them, these visions quickly fled, for there was nothing of the pale, wasted, and enthusiastic expression proper to the martyrs of science or credulity, or the malign and supernatural character which professors of the black art might be supposed to exhibit, in the hard weather-beaten keen features of Joss, and the lively, quick, and smiling physiognomy of Louis.

"How goes it, squire?" said Joss, addressing Mr. Blachford. "Fine weather for the sap. I guess you've brought these strangers to show 'em the process of sugar-making, which I reckon no man in the Americas understands better than myself." He then nodded coolly to each of his visitors, giving a peculiar smile of welcome to Helen, whose heroism the day of her memorable adventures on the ice had obtained her his good will. While Harald was expatiating to Rhoda with great glee on the delightful art and mystery of sugar-making, Helen, whose feelings were at that moment little in unison with the volatile pair, turned to gaze on the group who had gathered round the red glare of the fire. At a little distance stood Max, with an equally abstracted attitude and look, and the silent sympathy which seemed at that moment to exist between him and Helen seemed suddenly to attract the observation of Harald.

"Perhaps, Helen," he exclaimed abruptly, but speaking in a tone which she only could hear, "I did wrong to separate you from your knight, during your walk here."

"My knight? What do you mean, Harald?"

"Why, Von Werfenstein. I have heard more of his Quixotry in your behalf than you thought proper to tell me, since I came here, and I cannot help suspecting that his devotion was not altogether disinterested?"

"I do not understand you," said Helen.

"You mean you *will* not understand me, for my meaning is very plain. I imagine this new friend of yours hopes to be rewarded with the hand of the lady for whose sake he encountered so romantic a danger. You do not answer me, Helen. It is not very long since you would have looked with any eyes but those of approbation on such presumption."

"I could have never looked on Max except with esteem and admiration. In both worth and genius, I have never seen his equal."

Helen spoke with an enthusiasm and warmth which almost startled her brother, and converted his suspicions into certainty.

"Nay," he said, "I deny not his merit, and since it seems that the arrow has hit the mark more nearly than I fancied when I drew my bow at a venture, I have no more to say."

"Because I admire and esteem him, as all who really know him must do, is that a reason you are to jump to such hasty conclusions?"

"But am I wrong?" enquired Harald, eagerly; "do you not intend to marry this young painter?"

"No, Harald, never."

Harald said no more, but he looked again at Max and his sister. Helen leant against the tall slender boll of a young birch, the glowing light of the huge fire fitfully illumining her graceful figure and attitude, her statue-like features, composed, yet bearing an expression of heightened enthusiasm, her transparent complexion and the soft rich curls of her shining hair; and as Harald turned from her to the heroic and soul-illumined countenance of Max, he could scarcely help believing that two beings so nearly "to old ideal grace allied" must be destined for each other. Having all tasted the new sugar and declared it excellent, our party set out on their return home. Harald's spirits were exuberantly high, and having with some dexterity contrived that his friend Warrender should be Helen's companion home, he challenged Rhoda to join him in his favorite song, "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and the woods rang again to the sweet rich tones of the young and joyous songsters. Other songs succeeded and

their wild and varied melodies filled the deep arches of the forest, till they entered the clearing. When the first glimpse they caught of the northern sky hushed their voices at once. Floating across the heavens were long lines of light which changed their color and form every instant. Now they rose above the dark pines in pyramids of palest amber, and shot upwards among the myriad stars till they deepened to a brilliant flame color, and then gradually faded away into the blue ether. Again they floated about like veils of shining gauze, or shot through the sky, bright points like the arrows of light discharged by the good genii at the children of Eblis. The variety and beauty of the coruscations, and the quickness of their transitions, were perfectly dazzling to the children of earth, who were watching them, but nearer to the zenith, the Queen Moon, and her radiant stars walked through the blue fields of space in calm majesty, utterly unaffected by the wild phantasmagoria which the northern lights displayed. While Helen and her companions yet gazed in a silence only broken by exclamations of wonder and delight at some new form or tint which seemed each more lovely than the last, two figures issued from the trees at a little distance. One immediately vanished again into the wood, but not before Max had caught sight of a rifle, the barrel of which glistened in the moon beams. The other moved into the clearing, and as the shadows of the trees ceased to lend it obscurity, all who had ever seen Fauna in her Indian dress knew it to be her with a bow and bundle of arrows. Pausing at the gate, she leant against the bars, and gazed up at the splendid and changeful Aurora.

"How beautiful she is!" whispered Helen to Max. "Could a painter desire a more perfect model for the Indian Cynthia of Keats's *Endymion*?"

Max did not reply, but joining Fauna, they entered the house together.

"Your brother and Miss Fauna are certainly a very mysterious pair," said the young midshipman to Rhoda. "Do you know I feel a strange awe of them both! You Germans have often very intimate commerce with the invisible world, I know, and sometimes Fauna looks more like a supernatural being than any one I ever saw. Are you not a little afraid of them?" Rhoda laughed merrily.

"It is certain," she said "that Max is not like other people, but it is because he is so much wiser and better than they are."

"Confess though," persisted Harald, "that this

very superiority prevents you from feeling untrained affection for him."

"There too you are wrong. I love him better than any one in the whole world. Oh! you do not know him."

"I have half a mind to hate this Max," thought Harald, "though he is Ernest's best beloved friend. How does he contrive to win every one with his proud look and his cold manner! And Fauna?"—he said aloud.

"Oh! Fauna is of course occasionally whimsical and wild, but I love her dearly too, and so do we all."

"And you do not wonder at her wanderings in the wood or her mysterious visits to her Indian kin?"

"No, why should I? It has been so since I remember."

"And does she love your brother as much as you do?"

"Yes," answered Rhoda, with a serious look.

"He hath given the people medicines!" Harald internally exclaimed and pursued the conversation no farther.

CHAPTER XXI.

Perhaps he found me worthless;
But till he did so, in these ears of mine
(These credulous ears) he poured the sweetest words,
That art or love could frame.

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

THE reader must now spread the wings of his fancy across the broad Atlantic and accompany me to one of the pleasant green lanes of England. The season was early summer, the time mid-day, but the heat was tempered by the gentle breeze which waved the green tresses of the branching boughs that often met each other with interlacing arms, and thereby shut out the too intense rays of the cloudless sun. The hedges were white with hawthorn blossoms, and in every little nook clustered the primrose and violet, while the thick short turf, which bordered the narrow path that wound through the lane, was studded with sun-eyed and silver-fringed daisies. In this cool and shadowy pathway, a young man appeared, whose tall, manly figure and thoughtful features were those of Ernest Tennyson. No spot more adapted to the solitary meditations of a lover could well be imagined, and it was besides one calculated to recal to him the image of Alice, for just a year before he had walked there with her and Helen. But though he once or twice paused for a moment, while a mingled expression of pleasure and sadness came over his face, it was evident from his

quick pace that it was not to indulge in idle musing that he had sought the lane. He soon reached the cottage of Mrs. Radcliffe, and entering the clematis-covered porch, struck lightly with the riding whip he carried in his hand on the door. It was opened by Mrs. Radcliffe's little maid, who smiled and blushed a bashful recognition. Ernest enquired for her mistress. The girl's countenance instantly became grave, and with an expression of more awe than grief in her artless features, she answered :

"Oh! sir, she's very bad. She has had a doctor to see her at last, and he told her that she could not live many days, and then she wrote to you, sir. I am glad you have come, for she has been wearying for you."

"She will be able to see me, I hope, now I have come," said Ernest.

"Oh! yes, sir, you may come in."

Ernest followed the little girl into the cottage, and there, in an arm chair, supported by pillows, was the wasted form of Mrs. Radcliffe. She was literally worn to skin and bone, and with her hands clasped together seemed to be gazing intently on the glimpses of blue sky and green trees, which she could obtain from her window. Ernest felt almost a sensation of awe as he entered the presence of one who seemed trembling on the verge of the unseen world, and took the seat which the girl placed for him before she left the room in silence. The invalid turned her large black eyes, which gleamed like lamps, as if to show the wreck which time, disease and remorse had wrought on her once beautiful face more plainly, and gazed steadfastly on him for several moments without speaking. Scarcely knowing in what manner to address her, yet, desirous to break the silence, Ernest said :

"I came, Mrs. Radcliffe, as soon as I possibly could, after I received your letter. If I can serve you in any manner, let me know. I promised Miss Blachford, before she left England, that if I could ever afford you any assistance or comfort, I would. But I am sorry to see you so ill."

"It is no cause of sorrow to me," answered Mrs. Radcliffe, speaking with difficulty, partly from suppressed emotion and partly from weakness, "nor is it from any selfish motive that I have imposed this task on you. I had determined to tell all to Miss Blachford, but I know not how it was, the evil spirit came back to me, and I couldn't do it. But listen to me now and the confession shall at last be made."

"If it is of your son you would speak," said Ernest, "it may not be too late to repair some of the evil he has done."

"No, no," exclaimed the sick woman with a movement as of sudden pain, "not of him nor of his sins, but my own. But I will first tell you what led me to such guilt." A glass filled with some mixture lay on the table, and the invalid attempted to raise it to her mouth, but perceiving that her weakness rendered it a difficult task, Ernest took it from her hand and held it to her lips. She drank with avidity. "Oh!" she exclaimed bitterly, "what cool draughts can quench the flames when

Conscience wakes despair;

That slumbered, wakes the bitter memory

Of what I was, what am, and what must be!"

After a few moments' pause, she spoke again with less of pain and debility in her accent.

"I was born in Ireland," she said, "and even at this moment my heart beats with a wild emotion at the remembrance of that land, which no other memory can now awaken. Her name stirs the only pulse of gladness that still lingers within me. My foot has not pressed her soil for many a weary year, but every tree, every stream, every rock in my native valley rises up before me, as green and bright and sunny as in the days gone by, and cling round my heart and brain. My father was a native of Munster, and many said my mother was of Spanish descent—I know not how that may have been. When I remember them they had their dwelling in a beautiful glen, among the wildest mountains of Wicklow. In that glen slept a dark blue loch, and on one side meadows, groves and corn-fields stretched back till they were bounded by fertile hills, on whose slopes were lovely nooks and shady bowers, through which streams of silver wound to the loch; while on the other the mountains rose bare, bold and rocky from the very waters' edge, and among their wild and heathy recesses game of every kind abounded. On a small strip of arable land at the foot of one of these rugged giants, my father's cottage was built, shaded by the hazel, the quicken, and birch, was a little spot of grass, terminated by the smooth white sand, over which were strewed splinters of shining slate, on which the gentle loch rippled in silvery waves. There my childhood passed—Oh! my God, when I rambled there over crags from which a single false step would have plunged me into the deep loch, many fathoms beneath, why was I preserved to bring sorrow or shame on all who then loved me—to be myself the victim of guilt and despair? We had a skiff to cross the loch in, whenever we wished to reach the opposite shore, and my favorite amusement was to row about the loch in the calm summer evenings, singing the sweet plaintive

songs of my own land. I was beautiful then, and of a style of beauty not common in my rank; and the schoolmaster of the parish, a prodigy of learning in that simple place, able, as he himself declared, to construe every line in Virgil, and repeat Ovid's art of love by heart, gave me the name of the Syren. I had more lovers than you could now well believe, but I heard their vows with coldness, and often with scorn; I knew that I was handsome and I believed myself clever, and I fancied that I was born for greatness. On this hope my imagination fed night and day, and when one after another I repelled the honest and warm-hearted youths, whom my beauty had bewitched, I said to myself "I will yet climb a higher tree and pluck a richer blossom."

One bright day in harvest I was bringing home the skiff from leaving my father and brother on the opposite shore, when I saw some one on a ledge of rock, not far from the water, making signals for me to approach. I guided my boat to the spot, and found a young man kneeling on the ground with a fowling-piece lying by his side. He told me that he was staying at the house of a nobleman who lived near, that he had been shooting on the mountain and had sprained his ankle so violently that he could not move without agony, and he begged me to take him to some house where he might rest for a while and get some refreshment. I helped him to enter the skiff, not without a little embarrassment, for he was young and handsome, and I rowed him as quickly as I could to our cabin. I would have left him there and gone to the other side of the loch, to let his friends know of the accident that had happened to him, but he declared he would not have them alarmed on his account. My mother would have bathed his ankle with a lotion of herbs, but he laughingly refused her offer. He sat in the door-way of our cabin all that day, and towards sunset he begged me to row him to the opposite shore, where there was a little inn at which he could remain till his ankle was quite well. We crossed the loch together, and he sat with his flashing eyes fastened upon me, but without speaking a word till we had reached the land. Then as if his tongue had been suddenly loosened, he poured forth such a flood of passionate eloquence, such winning flattery, accompanied by looks of such devotion, that I listened like one enchanted while the magic of his words and glances sank deep into my soul. He told me that he had heard of my beauty, that he had seen me and had to-day pretended to have hurt his ankle, that he might have an opportunity of speaking to me alone. You may guess the rest. His beauty,

his eloquence, his rank, his flattery, moved every feeling of my nature, and I consented to see him again. In the early morning hour—in the evening twilight, all through the chill winter season, I met my lover among the dark heathy mountains behind my home. Not in the most glowing visions of the poets is love more passionate painted than that with which he wooed me—than that with which I loved him in return. My very identity seemed lost and absorbed in his. He swore to make me his wife, I believed, and fled with him to Dublin. We were married in a Catholic chapel and immediately proceeded to Paris. Here he procured for me masters to cultivate the talents which he said I possessed, and the most splendid dresses to set off my beauty. Oh! how I labored to attain those accomplishments which he prized, how I strove to improve the charms which he admired, and how sweet were words of praise from his lips! His delight in my proficiency was unbounded, and his passion seemed even to increase. A year of unbounded happiness flew by when he was summoned to his father's death-bed. He left me with as much apparent reluctance as that with which I saw him depart, and assured me that, on his return, I should accompany him to London, and mix in those circles which he said I was so calculated to adorn. During his absence I was to remain in a convent in Paris, and pursue my studies. For some time his letters were constant and full of love, but by degrees they became colder and shorter, then they ceased altogether. How vainly might I try to picture the wearisome longing, the doubts, the fears, the agony of those months. At length my child was born. Procuring from the superior of the convent, the confessor, and a nun a certificate of his birth and baptism, and placed it along with the certificate of my marriage, which I had almost by chance preserved, and hung it round his neck. I had a few guineas left, and dressing myself as plainly as possible, I set out for London with my boy. I soon discovered the splendid mansion of which I had once imagined myself the mistress, and with a throbbing heart, I knocked at the door. After a delay which seemed a year to me, it was opened by a fat, heavy, old porter, who seemed to have been sleeping in his chair.

"Is Lord Embselenburg at home?" I asked.

An exclamation of astonishment burst from Ernest at hearing the name, but Mrs. Radcliffe continued.

"He compelled me to repeat my question several times, before he thought proper to answer."

"Lord Embselenburg set out for Naples this

morning with his bride," he said at last, and shut the door in my face.

"His BRIDE! Oh! God of Heaven, and what was I! Like one who had received a death-stroke, I sank on the marble steps. The cries of my infant attracted the attention of some charitable passers-by. I was carried into a shop and restored to consciousness. How the next week passed, I cannot tell; it seems to me, like one long dream, in which some hideous thought like a loathsome phantom glared ever before my eyes, and filled my heart and brain. By degrees I gained power to look calmly at my fate. I procured the opinion of an eminent lawyer, on the legality of my marriage, and it confirmed my misery and degradation. All hope was crushed for ever in my bosom, and I became hardened to my destiny. Oh! is it any wonder if the milk which nourished my unfortunate child, should have turned to gall, and poisoned the very springs of his being! When all that I possessed was gone, hunger drove me to beggary. Mrs. Rolleston, your aunt, saw me and the babe perishing with hunger before her door, she took me in, and from that hour her house was my home. Why, I can hardly tell, except that perhaps she saw that in my face, which made her believe I would be a fitting instrument to work her evil ends with. I was given employment in the house, and Basil, when he became old enough, was sent to school. Your grandfather died, and instead of leaving his property to his son, whose wife the old man always hated, chiefly because she was a Jewess, he settled it on your mother and her heirs." Again Ernest started, "yes, it is true, but when his will was found, the rage of your uncle and Mrs. Rolleston knew no bounds. She was a proud, determined, and unprincipled woman; bad in every way, as I too well knew from the first day I entered her house, and she urged her husband to destroy or conceal what she called the dotage of his father, and frame another will, which should give the wealth they so much coveted, to them and their daughter. Mr. Rolleston was completely ruled by her, and, besides, he was cursed with a devouring avarice, so he yielded to her temptations. Old Peter and myself were the witnesses. I had not power to resist one who had saved me and my child from death, and while the worm which never dies, eat its way into my brain, I signed the guilty paper. Peter had not much love to the deed either, but he had never known any will but that of his master; he was ignorant and rude, and his guilt was less than mine."

"Can this be possible?" exclaimed Ernest at last.

"It is true. Shortly after Mrs. Rolleston died, and since then her husband has lived a miser's life. The boy who but for her had not been alive, has stolen away her daughter, no doubt to serve her as his father did me. Such is the retribution of God!"

Rising in great agitation, Ernest walked up and down the room. At last pausing before Mrs. Radcliffe, he asked,

"How can you prove all this?"

"Bring a magistrate," she said, "and I will repeat it all in his presence—anything to get rid of this hard weight which presses so heavily on my soul. Besides the real will of your grandfather may yet be discovered behind a sliding pannel in a closet in Mrs. Rolleston's bed-room; which she had made unknown to any one but her and me. She probably preserved it to use as an instrument of terror over her husband, if ever she found it necessary. After her death, I left it untouched, though she ordered me to destroy it, and believed I had done so, and I do not doubt that it is there still. Had I never seen it, I had been spared those pangs which are, perhaps, only prophetic of a dreadful hereafter."

Beholding the wasted and anguished countenance of the miserable woman with compassion, Ernest attempted a few words of comfort and hope, and enquired if her heartless seducer had never taken any steps to discover her fate or that of his child.

"I know not," she replied, "but when I heard that he was dying, I managed to get admission to his chamber, and on my knees I conjured him to acknowledge his son, for he well knew that in God's sight I had been his wife. He heeded me not. He had beside him a handsome, happy, proud-looking youth, his honorable son, he cared not for my despised boy. Perhaps he thought he sufficiently atoned for all the miseries he had caused me, by leaving me a sum of money, which I rejected with disdain. Mrs. Rolleston had taken care that I should not want; she paid me the wages of my sin; and all the wealth of the Indies could not atone for the past to me."

Ernest then asked her if she was able to repeat the confession she had made to him if he procured proper witnesses to attest it; and as she eagerly declared that to do so was her strongest wish, he left the cottage, determining to apply to the rector of the village, an old and valued friend of Mr. Blachford and his family, for advice and assistance.

The shortest path to the rectory was through the church-yard, which was surrounded by a low stone wall muffled with ivy; a few very ancient

wych elms, waving over the quiet resting places of the dead. Here was the grave of Ernest's mother, and his tears fell fast upon her tomb as he recalled all her painful sufferings at the very time that her own brother, with as much cruelty as wickedness, withheld from her wealth which he did not want, and which was in reality her own. But he also remembered how peaceful her last days had been, and how happy had been her death, and at that moment he felt more strongly than he had ever done before, that the true happiness of life is totally independent of all those adventitious means and appliances which man has invented for that end; as if they sought to seize an invisible and ethereal spirit and bind it to earth with chains. Dr. Palmer was at home, and after he had listened to Ernest's narrative with great interest, willingly agreed to accompany him to Mrs. Radcliffe's cottage, taking the little old clerk who had grown old in the service of the church, and was remarkable for his silence and taciturnity, and for his veneration for the rector. They found the sick woman earnestly expecting them, but still displaying the same firmness and energy which she had evinced from the time she commenced her confession to Ernest. She related again, and more fully the circumstances relative to the forged will, and explained more clearly, where the real will of young Tennyson's grandfather was concealed. Peter could, she said, confirm the former part of her statement, but she believed that while his master lived he would not acknowledge his crime. Dr. Palmer took down her deposition, and when she had finished, she signed it with very little perceptible weakness. The clergyman and the clerk also affixed their signatures, and the former took charge of it for the present.

"And now," she said, "leave me; do not speak of pardon or peace to me, I have a priest of my own faith, if I choose to listen to his words. From you, Ernest Tennyson, I have somewhat to ask, not for the sake of the tardy justice I have done you, but for the sake of the fair-haired girl whom you love. Deal kindly with that wretched old man and his daughter; remember if they sowed the wind, they have reaped the whirlwind. And my son! Oh! my God, let the vials of thy wrath be poured on me, and let him go free!"

She covered her face with her hands, and motioned to Ernest to leave her, and calling the little girl to attend her mistress, he followed Dr. Palmer and the clerk down the lane.

CHAPTER XXII.

Oh! let me not die! yet stay, oh! stay a while,
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus,
And therefore tell me wherefore art thou come.

MARLOW.

ON the following evening Ernest knocked at Mr. Rolleston's door, which after the usual delays was opened by an old woman, the sole female servant of the house. "How is my uncle, Martha?" asked Ernest, "and where is Peter?"

"My master is much worse, Mr. Ernest, and Peter never leaves him night or day."

Proceeding at once to his uncle's chamber, Ernest gently opened the door. Mr. Rolleston was not in bed, but lay supported by pillows on a couch near the fire, and the young man was shocked at the fearful change which had taken place in him since he had seen him last. It was not only that he looked older, feebler and more wasted, but there was a light wandering and spiritless character in his countenance, such as the imbecility of extreme age, or the absence of intellect in early life alone imparts. Behind his chair stood Peter, rocking himself to and fro, as if unconscious of what he was doing. But the sound of the opening door roused him, and perceiving young Tennyson he approached him. "My uncle is very ill I fear, Peter," said Ernest, in a low voice.

"He's dying," muttered the old man more harshly than ever, "and when he's dead there'll not be one on earth to care for old Peter. But what does that matter? I can die too."

"Dying!" exclaimed the young man.

"Aye, dying—where's the wonder in that? Gold won't keep us alive—if it could, he'd give all he has for another year. Why didn't you come sooner? It might have been better for you if you had; but it's all the same to me. It's all the same to me."

Ernest stepped forward while Peter stood at the door as if to watch what effect his appearance would have on the dying man.

At the first word Tennyson uttered, his uncle raised his bowed head, and while a painful expression of imbecile terror gleamed in his hollow eyes, he waved him away with his hand, and ejaculated in broken sentences. "No, no, my sister shall never be your wife—she shall never marry a beggarly adventurer, she must marry more for the advantage of her family. What brought you here from the grave to look for her? Or is it your money you want? you shall not have it! you shall not have it. I have kept it all for Joanna."

"Good God!" exclaimed Ernest, "how long has he been thus?"

"All yesterday and to-day," answered Peter; "he gets worse and worse. The doctor says he will last till to-morrow, but I know better. It will soon be over."

Ernest leant over the dying miser with compassion not lessened by any thought of the injury his uncle had inflicted on him, but the miserable man seemed unconscious of his presence, his thoughts were busy with his daughter. "Joanna," he muttered, "Joanna, do not tell any one how rich you are, and when I am gone take good care of your money. It shall be all your own and I will choose you a careful husband who will not waste that for which your old father toiled so hard. Aye, I won it all by toil, I gained it honestly. Who says I didn't? Who are you?" and he fixed a glance of bewildered recognition on his nephew. "Who says that I defrauded you of the gold your grandfather left you?" he cried "what right had you to his gold or your mother either, she earned none of it. It was I who taught the old man how to double his profits and it was I who should have had it all. I did not toil for her." Again his thoughts wandered to Joanna, and his fancy conjured up the unhappy girl before his eyes. "Take her away," he shrieked, "take her away, she has come at last, but it is because they told her that I was dying. I am not dying, I will not die, you shall not have my money. Sister!" he exclaimed, and he feebly seized the arm of Ernest and attempted to rise that he might *whisper* his words in the young man's ear, "do not tell any one, but the will was *forged*," and he hissed out the fatal secret of his life with a vehemence which curdled the blood of his youthful listener. "Do not tell, Joanna," he continued, "but tell that villain D'Arcy he stole her from me for the sake of her money, but sooner than he should get it, I would proclaim it to the world!" For many minutes the wretched man thus uttered the wild ravings of his disordered and guilty mind, but at last exhausted by his violent emotions he sank into a stupor resembling death.

"Can nothing be done to relieve him?" asked Ernest of the withered old servitor who gazed upon his master with features unmoved, save for an occasional twinkle of his eyelids.

"Nothing," answered Peter. "The doctor said he would go off this way. But I wish he had eased his mind—I wish he had eased his mind. Do you believe," he continued, suddenly fixing his eyes on Ernest, "Do you believe there is a God? Do you believe there is a life beyond the grave?"

"I do believe in them, as firmly as in my own existence," answered Ernest.

"I don't think *he* did," said Peter "I don't think *he* did."

"Hush!" whispered Ernest, "he is speaking." He bent down to the dying man, who was trying to pronounce his name.

"Find her out," he murmured, "find her out and take him away from her—be kind to her—it is all yours. Ask Peter—he can tell you—'Joanna!' and with her name on his lips, he expired. And this was the end of all his labor and care; of all his schemes and savings, of his weary and harassing life! What profit had he now in that gold for which he had sacrificed the peace and happiness of many hearts; going on from selfish meanness and griping hardness to deeper guilt, and finding at last the dregs of a joyless and loveless existence inexpressibly bitter!

"He is dead! he is dead!" exclaimed Peter, hanging over his master. His eyes were dry but he rocked his body to and fro, as if in pain, and repeated those melancholy words over and over. As quickly as possible Ernest flew to the house of his uncle's physician, who lived in the same street, and brought him back with him to the house of death.

"Ah! poor man!" said the doctor, as Ernest pushed open the door, which in his haste he had left ajar, "it matters little to him now who comes or goes in. His hoarded gold might be scattered to the four winds of Heaven, and he would not know it. But it would break his strange old servant's heart if he knew that you had left the door open which he had taken such pleasure in bolting and barring."

"If any thing could break the strange old man's heart it would be the death of his master," said Ernest.

"They were truly a strange pair," said the physician, indifferently. They entered the chamber of Mr. Rolleston, and there with his stony gaze riveted on the dead man's face and still hanging on his chair was Peter. After a very cursory examination, the doctor turned away from the inanimate corpse. "I shall send proper persons to lay out the body," he said to Ernest. "In the mean time let us secure all the locks. The will must be examined after the funeral, but I suppose, Mr. Tennyson, if his daughter is not forthcoming you are sole heir; and truly his imprisoned angel ought to leap for joy at the thought of such a blessed release to their captivity.

Ernest assisted the doctor to make fast all the repositories the house contained, and then he

approached Peter, moved by the symptoms of deep though rude feeling exhibited by the silent old man.

"You loved him well, Peter," said Ernest.

"We had lived so long together," muttered the grey old man, "we had lived so long together."

"You shall not want a friend," said Ernest, soothingly, "while I live."

"I want no friendship," replied Peter, in his accustomed harsh manner, "least of all from you—least of all from you. Besides I have money; I have money and who ever wanted friends while they had money? And *you'll* have money too. Did you hear what he said? I'll tell you all when he's laid in his grave, for I don't care for myself. But don't say any more to me now—don't say any more to me now."

At such a time no selfish thought could intrude into the mind of Ernest, but perceiving that his presence rather increased than relieved the grief of Peter, he left the room, while over the corpse of the miser his faithful attendant still kept watch. Through the unclosed lattice came the summer air, which, after struggling among regions of dust and smoke, still tasted "of Flora and the country green," and blew freshly on the faces of the dead and living, alike unconscious of its influence. The living? When the women, whom the doctor had sent, arrived, they found both the inhabitants of that dreary chamber dead. The only link of affection that bound Peter to his kind had been broken, and with it the cords of his life had snapped in twain. Suffocated by the new and inexplicable emotions which agitated him, to which he had not learned to give expression and for which he knew no relief, his heart had broken and he had fallen at the feet of his master and died there.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The picture that is hanging in your chamber.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

THE first days of June had arrived and Mr. Warrender was still an inhabitant of Hemlock Knoll. June in England is the sweetest month in the year; full of sunshine and fragrance, the month of long dewy twilights, of fresh green leaves and flowers, when the glad music of the woods seldom pauses, and larks spring singing up to Heaven's gate from fields of rich clover, "as if they had learned music and motion from angels;" when the honey bee with humming wings flits around the roses and woodbine at the cottage porch, and the new mown grass lies in swath in

the meadows; when the little rill dances with fairy-like song over the shining pebbles and breaks into dimples in the light of the beaming sun, while merry children, with as bright a sunshine in their breasts, laugh and paddle among the tiny ripples which wind around their feet. In Canada also June has its charms. The summer heats have scarcely commenced, and the foliage of the forest is yet fresh and unstained. The wild cherry and plum are rich in bloom, the blossoms of the cockspur hawthorn appear in old clearings, and the woods are carpeted with wild flowers. Bright-colored birds flit through the forest paths, and wherever there are flowers to tempt those exquisite little creatures, humming-birds come, sucking the sweet juices, around which, with never resting wings, and "velvet-green coats dropped with gold," they flutter like living gems. In the angles of the snake fences and around the old stumps and roots, grow beds of luxuriant violets, and the deep scarlet strawberry springs up among the long grass, and the white and yellow water-lily float along the bosom of the lakes and streams. At evening-time, the fire-flies, those bright things which call up such visions of enchantment to the fancy, gleam among the trees and shrubs, now appearing anon vanishing, like fallen stars, while the thrush and robin sing their evening hymn in the wood, and the tinkle of the cow-bell mellowed by distance, falls pleasingly on the ear.

Rhoda Von Werfenstein had given what she called a strawberry bee on the grass plot in the garden, of which, despite her laughing opposition, she had been unanimously elected Queen. Their friends from Hemlock Knoll, Colonel Orrin Fisk, his sister Miss Laurinda Euretta and Mr. Aquilla Sparks were there, and even Madame Von Werfenstein had come forth to do honor to the feast, and occupied a sunny garden seat beneath the shade of a large acacia, with her beautiful black spaniels Tasso and Fido resting at her feet. The coral fruit which grew in such abundance had been gathered in the meadows and wood openings by the young people, and during their long absence, a long table had been spread on the grass plot. The delicious shade of the trees which environed the garden rendered bonnets superfluous, even beneath a Canadian sun, and the girls wove wreaths of natural flowers for their hair, regardless of the dignified presence of Madame Von Werfenstein; Miss Fisk and Harald had entered into an animated flirtation, during which Harald snatched a rose from her hair, and the young lady by way of revenge flung a glass of water on his glossy curls, and then fled in affect-

ed terror, while the Colonel laughed in great glee at his sister's practical joke. Pursued by Harald, Miss Fisk espied a window in an angle of the house which looked into the shrubbery, and succeeded in scaling it before he could overtake her. The apartment into which she had thus feloniously gained admittance, was a small closet adjoining Max's painting room, containing an escritoire and some books. She opened one which lay on the table, and found it was a volume of Danté, in which the name of Max Von Werfenstein was written. A painting hung against the wall, and as she gazed on it with some surprise, the window was suddenly darkened, and turning round she beheld Harald making his entrance in the same unceremonious manner which she had done. "Ha! my fair foe! have I found you?" cried the young midshipman, "what revenge now ought I to take on you for having left my poor locks in such a disconsolate state?" Miss Fisk tittered, but pointing to the painting said, "look at your sister." It certainly bore a most unequivocal likeness to Helen, but before Harald could give utterance to his astonishment the dark countenance of Mr. Sparks shewed itself at the window, and behind him appeared the sallow features of Orrin. The former not wishing the young lady whom he had long ago destined for his bride, to have too long a tête-à-tête with the handsome and gay young sailor.

"Look here," exclaimed Miss Laurinda, "here's Miss Helen Blachford's picture hung up in Mr. Von Werfenstein's room."

"Mr. Von Werfenstein is an admirer of beauty, I reckon," said Mr. Sparks, in a tone which was inexpressibly annoying to Harald; "but I hope, Miss Fisk, you don't intend to hang yourself up as another ornament of his apartment. I recommend you to join the company. Allow me to assist you out."

"I don't intend to hang myself for Mr. Von Werfenstein nor any one else, I guess," said Laurinda Euretta, pettishly; "and I can get out as well as I got in." She speedily verified the truth of her words, but as Harald was following her example the rest of the party arrived at the spot.

"You choose rather an unceremonious mode of making your entrances and exits, young gentleman," said Madame Von Werfenstein, "I suppose that is what you call boarding in your ship."

"Oh! he only followed me," said Miss Fisk, readily; "but I can tell you I found in that room what I never expected to see in such an out of the way place—Miss Helen's picture."

Laurinda said this somewhat spitefully, for she

had been often annoyed by the indifference with which the young painter had always treated her.

"Miss Helen's picture?" said Mr. Warrender, "may it not be seen?"

Max called all his stoicism to his aid, and answered with a calmness which went far towards allaying some suspicions that Mr. Warrender had begun to conceive. "It is only a personification of my ideas of female grace and beauty; for it was painted before I knew Miss Helen. I believe most people would think it a very unflattering likeness, if they discovered any." The coldness with which Max spoke fell painfully on the heart of Helen.

"But will you not let us see and judge for ourselves?" asked Mr. Warrender.

Much as he disliked letting the veiled divinity of his worship be gazed on by vulgar eyes, it was impossible for Max to refuse; but a very slight examination satisfied nearly all, except Mr. Warrender, who still lingered as if fascinated to the spot. Helen staid also with Fauna by her side.

"Von Werfenstein," said Mr. Warrender, suddenly, "I will give you any sum you choose to name for that picture."

"I cannot sell it," answered Max, a deep flush gathering on his pale brow. "It is the combination of many thoughts and feelings whose memory are dear to me, though they can never return."

"At least let me send it and your painting of the Curse of Cain to London. I shall take care that they are seen by the best judges, and more I am persuaded is not necessary, to obtain for you that fame which your genius merits."

"Oh! Max!" exclaimed Helen, forgetting every thing but her passionate desire that the genius she worshipped should receive its due appreciation from others. "Do not refuse!"

Max gazed at her agitated countenance, and the anxious imploring look of her lucid eyes, and his heart beat. "I accept your generous offer, Mr. Warrender," he said.

"What is the damage of your hat, squire?" asked Colonel Fisk, who had remained in the painting room, and now put his head into the closet, holding Mr. Warrender's hat in his hand, and scrutinizing it with the eye of a connoisseur.

"It air a first shop article, and no mistake."

"Two pounds," answered Mr. Warrender, equally surprised and amazed.

"Eight dollars! Great airth and seas you can't know what to do with your money, I guess."

"Indeed, Colonel, you are much mistaken," answered Mr. Warrender, smiling.

Well it *air quite* a hat I *do* allow. Most of the hats I see ain't a circumstance to it, but I reckon if the prices of all your clothes come up to that, the sum total makes a good company of figures at the end of the year, and for all that I have seen coons at New York had considerable more shew about them than you," and thus saying he coolly put the hat on his head, wishing he had a looking-glass at hand to see how it shewed, and then begging pardon of Helen for forgetting that she had a pair of looking-glasses in her eyes.

(To be continued.)

DEAD.

BY PAULINE.

Brightly the evening sunrays on the castle casements glance,
While o'er the castle turrets waves the oreiflamme of France,
Now fluttering and drooping—now unfolding to the breeze
That bears in freshen'd gusts the call to vespers o'er the trees.

But hark! another nearer sound at intervals is heard
To mingle with the holy bell, and with the song of bird,
The falling of a horse's hoof, the gallop of a steed,
That through the valley swiftly comes with still increasing speed.

Blood on the flank, foam on the bit, the courser comes in sight,
And bearing with his latest strength a travel-wearied knight,
Whose dusty plume and armor dim that erewhile brightly shone,
Tells how momentous is the news he brings so swiftly on.

They've reached the castle-gates, and droops the standard on the tow'r,
As night with dusky mantle shades the tranquil evening hour,
And silent are the twitt'ring birds, each to its nest has flown,
While still comes in the vesper bell but with a sadden'd tone.

'Tis night—and tapers dimly burn within the castle hall,
Where massive oaken are the beams and tapestried the wall;

And round are ranged in knightly form helm, cuirass and shield,
Whose owners long had found a grave upon the battle field.

And banners from the vaulted roof in gloomy fold are hung,
And lances cross'd that oft against a foeman's shield had rung;
All 'mid the dimly lighted gloom like shad'wy phantoms seem,
Or like grim forms that glide amid the fancies of a dream.

But 'mid this panolpy of war, 'mid cuirass and lance,
Sits one whose veins may truly boast the royal blood of France;
And fairer none than she who sits within that ancient room,
Though fixed and stilly like some sculptured statue on a tomb.

Of richest night-black silk her dress in folds around her spread,
In massive braids her raven hair twining around her head;
Encircling her snowy throat a chain of di'monds rare,
That vie in brightness with the gems that cluster in her hair.

But with a glassy stare is fixed on vacancy that eye,
And from those chissl'd lips proceed no uttering nor sigh;
The very breath seems hush'd, but ah, it needs not words to tell
That mis'ry's arrow, barbed and deep, has pierc'd that bosom well.

But hush! those lips at last have moved, the spell is broken now;
One snowy hand is passed in doubt across her noble brow;
And faintly by those marble lips a single word is said,
So slowly utter'd and so cold, and yet so sadly—dead.

'Tis so her joy and thine, oh France, is blighted ere its bloom,
The laurels 'twin'd around her brow are wither'd in his tomb;
All—all that made her happiness in one short moment fled,
And woe unutt'able pervades the words she utters—dead!

A WORD FOR THE NOVEL WRITERS.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Fiction, however wild and fanciful,
Is but the copy memory draws from truth—
'Tis not in human genius to create—
The mind is but a mirror which reflects
Realities that are—or the dim shadows,
Left by the Past upon its placid surface,
Recalled again to life.

THERE are many good and conscientious persons, who regard novels and novel writers with devout horror—who condemn their works, however moral in their tendency, as unfit for the perusal of responsible and intelligent creatures. Who will not admit into their libraries any books but those that treat of religious, historical, or scientific subjects—imagining, and we think very erroneously, that all works of fiction have a demoralizing effect, tending to weaken the judgment and enervate the mind.

We will, however, allow that there is both truth and sound sense in some of their objections; and that if a young person's reading is entirely confined to this species of literature, and that of an inferior class, a great deal of harm may be the result, as many of these works are apt to convey to them false and exaggerated pictures of life. Such a course of reading would have the same effect upon the mind, as a constant diet of sweetmeats would have upon the stomach; it would destroy the digestion, and induce a loathing for more wholesome food.

Still, the mind requires recreation as well as the body, and cannot always be engaged upon serious studies without injury to the brain, and the disarrangement of some of the most important organs of the body. Now, we think, it could be satisfactorily proved, in spite of the stern crusade perpetually waged against works of fiction, by a large portion of well-meaning people, that much good has been done in the world through their instrumentality.

Most novels, or romances, particularly those of the modern school, are founded upon real incidents; and like the best heads in the artist's picture, are drawn from life, and the closer the story or painting approximates to nature, the more interesting and popular will it become.

Though a vast number of these works are daily issuing from the British and American press; it is only those of a very high class that are generally read, and become as familiar as household words. The tastes of individuals differ widely on articles of dress, food and amusements; but there is a wonderful affinity in the minds of men as regards works of literature. A book that appeals to the passions and sentiments, if true to nature, must strike nearly all alike, and obtains a world-wide popularity; while the mere fiction sinks back into obscurity, is once read and forgotten.

The works of Smollet and Fielding were admirable pictures of society as it existed in their day; but we live in a more refined age, and few young people would feel any pleasure in the coarse pictures exhibited in those once celebrated works. The novels of Richardson, recommended by grave divines from the pulpit, as perfect models of purity and virtue, would now be cast aside with indifference and disgust. His characters are unnatural, and some of the scenes he portrays are highly immoral. But they were considered quite the reverse in the age he wrote, and he was looked upon as one of the great reformers of the vices of his time. We may therefore conclude, that, although repugnant to our tastes and feelings, they were the means of effecting much good in a gross and licentious age.

In the writings of our great modern novellists, virtue is never debased, nor vice exalted; but there is a constant endeavor to impress upon the mind of the reader, the true wisdom of the one, and the folly of the other. And where the author fails to create an interest in the fate of his hero or heroine, it is not because they are bad and immoral characters, like Lovelace in *Clarissa Harlowe*, and Lord B—— in *Pamela*; but that like Sir Charles Grandison, they are too good for

reality, and their very faultlessness renders them, like the said Sir Charles, affected and unnatural. Where high moral excellence is represented as struggling with the faults and follies common to humanity; sometimes yielding to temptation, and reaping the bitter fruits; and at other times, successfully resisting the allurements of vice; all our sympathies are engaged in the contest, it becomes our own, and we follow the hero through all his trials, weep at his fall, or triumph at his success.

Children, who possess an unsophisticated judgment in these matters, seldom feel much interest in the model boy of a moral story. Not from any innate depravity which makes men prefer vice to virtue, for no such preference can exist in the human *mind*, no, not even in the perverted hearts of the very worst of men, but, because the model boy is like no other boy of their acquaintance. He does not resemble them, for he is a piece of unnatural perfection, he neither fights nor cries, nor ~~wishes~~ to play when he ought to be busy at his lessons. He lectures like a parson, and talks like a book. His face is never dirty; he never tears his clothes, nor soils his hands by making dirt pies, or paddling in a puddle. His hair is always smooth, his face always wears a smile, and he was never known to sulk, or to say, "*I won't!*" The boy is a perfect stranger, they can't recognize his likeness, nor follow his example, and why? Because both are unnatural caricatures.

But, be sure, that if the naughty boy of the said tale, creates the most interest for his fate, in the mind of the young reader, it is simply, because it is drawn with more truthfulness than the character that was meant to be his counterpart. The language of passion is always eloquent, and the bad boy is drawn true to his bad nature, and is made to speak and act naturally, which never fails to awaken a touch of sympathy in beings equally prone to err. I again repeat, that few minds (if any) exist, that can find beauty in deformity, or ought to admire in the hideousness of vice.

There are many persons in the world who cannot bear to receive instruction when conveyed to them in a serious form; who shrink with loathing from the cant, with which, too many religious novels are loaded; and who yet might be induced to listen to precepts of religion and virtue, when arrayed in a more amusing and attractive garb, and enforced by characters who speak and feel like themselves, and share in all things a common humanity.

Some of our admirable modern works of fiction,

or rather truths disguised in order to render them more palatable to the generality of readers, have done more to ameliorate the sorrows of mankind, by drawing the attention of the public to the wants and woes of the lower classes, than all the charity sermons that have been delivered from the pulpit.

Yes, the despised and reprobated novelist, by daring to unveil the crimes and miseries of neglected and ignorant men, and to point out the abuses which have produced, and which are still producing the same dreadful results, are missionaries in the cause of humanity, the real friends and benefactors of mankind.

The selfish worldling may denounce as infamous and immoral, the heart-rending pictures of human suffering and degradation, which the writings of Dickens and Sue, have presented to their gaze, and declare, that they are unfit to meet the eyes of the virtuous and refined, that no good can arise from the publication of such revolting details; and that to be ignorant of the existence of such horrors, is in itself a species of virtue.

Daughter of wealth, daintily nurtured, and nicely educated. "Is blindness virtue?" Does your superiority over these fallen creatures spring from any innate principle in your own breast, which renders you more worthy of the admiration and esteem of your fellows. Are not you indebted to circumstances for every moral quality that you possess?

You can feel no pity for the murderer, the thief, the prostitute; such people might aptly be termed the wild beasts of society; and, like them, should be hunted down and killed, in order to secure the peace and comfort of the rest. Well, the law has been doing this for many years, and yet the wild beasts still exist, and prey upon their neighbors. And such will be the case, until Christianity, following the example of her blessed founder, goes forth into the wilderness on his errand of mercy, to seek and to save that which was lost.

The conventional rules of society have formed a hedge about you, which renders any flagrant breach of morality very difficult, in some cases, almost impossible. From infancy the dread commandments have been sounding in your ears:—"Thou shalt not kill; Thou shalt not steal; Thou shalt not commit adultery;" and the awful mandate has been strengthened by the admonitions of pious parents and friends all anxious for your good.

You may well be honest, for all your wants have been supplied, and you have yet to learn, that where no temptation exists, virtue itself be-

comes a negative quality. You do not covet the good which others possess. You have never looked down with confusion of face, and heartfelt bitterness, on the dirty rags that scarcely suffice to conceal the emaciation of your wasted limbs. You have never felt hunger gnawing at your vitals, or shuddered at the cries of famishing children sobbing around your knees for bread. You have never felt satiety every day, and know nothing of the agonies of sacrificing your virtue for the sake of a meal. If you are cold, you have a good fire to warm you; a comfortable mansion to protect you from the inclemency of the weather, and garments suitable for every season of the year. How can you sympathize with the ragged, houseless children of want and infamy?

You cannot bear to have these sad realities presented to your notice. You blame the authors who point out the dreadful depravity which such a state of hopeless degradation is too apt to produce. You cannot read the works of Dickens and Sue, because these humane men bid you step with them into the dirty hovels of these outcasts of society, and see what crime really is, and all the miseries which ignorance and poverty, and a want of self-respect, never fails to bring about. You cannot step into the neglected abodes of these starving brothers and sisters, these forlorn scions of a common stock, and view their cold hearths, and unfurnished tables, their beds of straw, and tattered garments, without defilement, or witness their days of unremitting toil, and nights of unrest,—and worse, far worse,—to behold the evil passions and the crimes which spring from a state of ignorance, producing a moral darkness that can be felt. You are insulted and offended at being seen in such bad company; and cannot for a moment imagine that a change in your relative positions, could render you no better than them.

But, let me ask you candidly. Has not the terrible scene produced some effect? Can you forget its existence—its shocking reality? The lesson it teaches may be distasteful, but you cannot shake off a knowledge of its melancholy facts. The voice of conscience speaks audibly to your heart. That still small voice, that awful record that God has left of himself in every breast, and woe be to you when it ceases to be heard, tells you that you cannot, without violating the divine mandate, to love thy neighbor as thyself, now leave these miserable creatures to languish and die, without one effort made on your part, to aid in rescuing them from their melancholy fate. "But what can I do?" methinks I hear you indignantly exclaim: "Much," I reply; "Oh, how much?" You have wealth, which cannot be

better bestowed than in applying a small portion of it to pay for the instruction of these poor creatures, in those divine laws which they have broken, and in leading them step by step into the paths of piety and peace which they have never known. Ignorance, the fruitful parent of all vice, has been the most powerful agent in corrupting these perishing creatures. Idleness has lent her part. Give them a knowledge of their unrecognized Christian duties and healthful employment, and these victims of over-population may yet prove beneficial members of that society by which they are only recognized as a blight and a curse.

In the very worst of these degraded creatures some good exists. A few seeds remain of divine planting, which, if fostered and judiciously trained, might yet bear fruit for heaven.

The authors, whose works you call disgusting and immoral, point out this, and afford you the most pathetic illustrations of its truth. You need not fear contamination from the vice which they pourtray. It is depravity of too black a hue to have the least attraction, even to beings only removed a few degrees from their guilt. Vice may have her admirers, when she glitters in gold and scarlet, but when exposed in filth and nakedness, her most reckless devotees shrink back from her in disgust and horror. Vice, without her mask, is a spectacle too appalling for humanity; it exhibits the hideousness, and breathes of the corruption of hell.

If these reprobated works of fiction can startle the rich into a painful consciousness of the wants and agonies of the poor, and make them, in despite of all the conventional laws of society, acknowledge their kindred humanity, who shall say that these books have been written in vain? For my own part I look upon these men as heaven inspired teachers, who have been commissioned by the great Father of souls, to proclaim to the world the wrongs and sufferings of millions of his creatures, to plead their cause with unflinching integrity, and with almost superhuman eloquence demand for them the justice which society has so long denied. These men are the benefactors of their species, to whom the whole human race owe a vast debt of gratitude.

Since the publication of *Oliver Twist*, *Michael Armstrong*, and many other works of the same class, enquiries have been made by thinking and benevolent individuals, into the destitute condition of the poor in great cities, and manufacturing districts. These works, although revolting in their characters and incidents, brought to light deeds of darkness and scenes of oppression and cruelty, scarcely to be credited in modern times

and in Christian communities. The attention of the public was directed towards this miserable class, and its best sympathies enlisted in their behalf. It was called upon to assist in the liberation of these white slaves, chained to the oar for life in the galleys of wealth, and to recognize them as men and brethren.

Then sprang up the ragged schools; the institutions for reclaiming the youthful vagrants of London, and teaching the idle and profligate the sublime morality of sobriety and industry.

Persons who were incapable of contributing money to these truly noble objects, were ready to assist in the capacity of charity and Sunday school teachers, and add their mite in the great work of moral reform. In over-peopled countries, like England and France, the evils arising out of extreme poverty, could not be easily remedied; yet the help thus afforded by the rich, contributed greatly in ameliorating the distress of thousands of their suffering fellow creatures. To the same sources we may trace the mitigation of many severe laws. The punishment of death is no longer enforced, but in cases of great depravity. Mercy has stepped in, and wiped the blood from the sword of justice.

Hood's pathetic "Song of the Shirt," produced an almost electric effect upon the public mind. It was a bold, truthful appeal to the best feelings of humanity, and it found a response in every feeling heart. It laid bare the distress of a most deserving and oppressed portion of the female operatives of London, and the good it did, is at this moment in active operation. Witness the hundreds of work-women landed within the last twelve months on these shores, who immediately found liberal employment.

God's blessing upon thee, Thomas Hood. The effect produced by that work of divine charity of thine, will be felt, long after thou and thy heart-searching appeal have vanished into the oblivion of the past. But what matters it to thee, if the song is forgotten by coming generations—it performed its mission of mercy on earth, and has opened for thee the gates of heaven!

Such a work of fiction as the *Caxtons* refreshes and invigorates the mind by its perusal; and virtue becomes beautiful for its own sake. You love the gentle humanity of the single-hearted philosopher, the charming simplicity of his loving helpmate, and scarcely know which to admire the most, Catherine, in her conjugal or maternal character, the noble, but mistaken pride of the fine old veteran Roland, the real hero of the tale, or the excellent young man, his nephew, who re-

claims the fallen son, and is not too perfect to be unnatural.

As many fine moral lessons can be learned from this novel, as from most works written expressly for the instruction and improvement of mankind; and they lose nothing by the beautiful and attractive garb in which they are presented to the reader.

Our blessed Lord, himself, did not disdain the use of allegory, or truth conveyed to the hearer in a symbolical or fanciful form. His admirable parables, each of which told a little history, were the most popular method which could be adopted to instruct the lower classes, who, chiefly uneducated, require the illustration of a subject in order to understand it.

Æsop, in his inimitable fables, portrayed through his animals, the various passions and vices of men, admirably adapting them to the characters he meant to satirize, and the abuses he endeavored through this medium to reform. These beautiful fictions have done much to throw disgrace upon roguery, selfishness, cruelty, avarice and injustice, and to exalt patience, fidelity, mercy and generosity, even among Christians, who were blessed with a higher code than that enjoyed by the wise pagan, and they will continue to be read and admired as long as the art of printing exists, to render them immortal.

Every good work of fiction is a step towards the mental improvement of mankind, and to every such writer we say, God speed.

The following double meaning lines are from the pen of Arthur O'Conner, commonly called the Irish Patriot. He was tried in 1793, for treason and sedition, and was convicted and punished. These lines were adduced in evidence on his trial, of his artful and seditious spirit; and it was explained, that the key to their true meaning would be found by reading the seventh line after the first, the eighth after the second, and so on:—

1. "The pomp of Courts, and pride of Kings,
2. I prize above all earthly things:
3. I love my country, but the King
4. Above all men, his praise I sing.
5. The royal banners are displayed,
6. And may success the standard aid.
7. I fain would banish far from hence,
8. The rights of man and common sense.
9. Confusion to his odious reign,
10. That foe to Princes, Thomas Payne.
11. Defeat and ruin seize the cause
12. Of France, its Liberties and Laws."

THE OLD MANUSCRIPT; A MÉMOIRE OF THE PAST.

BY H. V. C.

How had the weary winter passed with Clarice de Beausejour! Never had the city of Quebec exhibited so much gaiety. The prosperity of the citizens, and the independent position which the colony assumed under the government of the Count de Frontenac, was beginning to be felt at home and abroad, and every one seemed inspired with infinite good humor, and a general desire to please and be pleased. The winter season in this northern climate gives an interval to toil, and is devoted to enjoyment by almost every class of people. A mighty barrier of ice lays on stream and lake, shutting up the avenues of commerce, and deep snows covering the face of the earth, suspend the labors of agriculture.

But at that early period, the position of the colonists was perfectly isolated. The modern conveniences of travel were unknown, frozen waters and pathless wildernesses lay between them and the rest of the civilized world; even the passage to the ocean was cut off by the relentless frost-king. A few Indian hunters bringing their game to market, or the hardy Coureurs, travelling on snow shoes from distant posts, were the only arrivals that disturbed the monotony of a six months winter. But the citizens found a compensation for this external dullness in their own natural cheerfulness, which led them to enter eagerly into every species of social amusement. Balls and merry-making without end—masques and entertainments, robbed winter of its tedium, and the very elements were made to contribute to enjoyment. Sports on the ice and snow, sledging in merry parties, half buried in furs, were favorite amusements with the young people, and delicate females braved the intense cold to join in the healthful exercise. Indeed the brilliant brunettes of that day, no less than their descendants of the present time, who vie successfully with their paler rivals of Saxon lineage, were indebted in no small degree to exercise in the clear frosty atmosphere, for that vivacity and elastic grace, always so charming, and which seem inherent in the French *physique*.

The late reinforcement of troops, part of which remained in garrison at Quebec, gave a new impulse to the gaiety of the season. The presence of

military men gives brilliancy to any festive occasion for gold lace will cover the clearest and most personal defects, and a pair of epaulettes always outshine wit. Nor is it surprising that a class of men who give so much attention to externals—whose genius is expended in the *petits soins* that make them so agreeable, should be rewarded by bright smiles, and the marked preference that casts all ordinary civilians in the shade! Garrison balls were the rage that winter, and wealthy citizens vied, in a round of entertainments, with the few families of resident noblesse, who compromised the dignity of their long pedigrees, by mingling in the circles of the *parvenu*.

The vice-regal dignity was sustained with much pomp and observance at the Chateau, for the Count de Frontenac courted popularity, and was lavish in expenditure both from policy as well as from natural generosity of spirit and elegance of taste. The murmurs, which his haughty temper and arrogant will sometimes excited, were drowned in a brilliant entertainment, and his most unreasonable measures found apologists in the flattered guests whom he honored by an invitation to his table.

Mons. de Beausejour, at that time, seemed to have reached the crowning point of his ambition. The world's favor covered all suspected delinquencies, for fortune appeared to smile, and men suppressed the hard sayings that had lately been so rife against him. The Count la Vasseur, while he inwardly despised, treated him with all the outward consideration which their relative positions demanded. It could not be doubted that an alliance would soon take place, for Madame de Beausejour took every occasion to confirm the report, and the Count followed Clarice like her own shadow. Once indeed she had repulsed him with such indignant scorn, that he left her in wrath, and retired for some weeks from the city, resolved to cast her from his affections, and mortify her by his future neglect. But, from whatever cause, whether love was stronger than resolution, or the meaner passion of revenge stimulated him, he did return, and again his devoted attentions to Clarice, and the studied *empressement* of his manner, renewed her dislike, and subjected her to

constant annoyance. She treated him with a cold, distant politeness, that might have chilled the most ardent lover, but a man of his experience was not easily baffled. He persisted in claiming an unwilling bride; he did not hesitate to accept a hand, which could only be forced on him by parental authority. His selfish egotism prevailed over every other feeling, and pride urged him to win the prize, though it cost the life's happiness of the woman he professed to love.

Mademoiselle de Beausejour took no pains to disguise her sentiments, and the chances of the Count's suit formed a frequent topic of discussion among their acquaintances; for we must go farther back than the early settlement of the colony to find a time when gossip was not indulged in all circles. The idea that she could reject a man of rank and fortune; she who had no pretensions to either, merely because he was not agreeable to her, seemed preposterous, and the enigma of her conduct could only be resolved into the extreme of coquetry. Poor Clarice! so undesirable did a marriage of *convenance* appear to her, that she could not have comprehended the vulgar notion, that a brilliant establishment was the *ne plus ultra* of a young woman's existence. Her resolution had been long taken; the resolution she freely declared to her mother the morning Valois first revealed his love, in words, and her noble constancy, her generous contempt of wealth, when bought with the price of true affection, never ceased to influence her.

For some time her parents forbore to importune her, they trusted to the effects of absence, so often fatal to weak affection; and judging from their own narrow views, could scarcely doubt that the éclat of the Count's coveted establishment, would at last awaken ambition in her mind.

As yet, Clarice knew nothing of her father's embarrassments, now suspected that her hand was promised as a guerdon to save his name from disgrace, and his fortune from utter ruin. She entered cheerfully into the gaieties of the season, though her heart was far away, and in all things save one, the most desired, conformed to her parents' wishes. No one attracted more admiration, and not a lighter step trod the mazes of the dance. But her smile, so eagerly sought, beamed on all alike, for she carried in her heart a talisman of potent influence—that pure attachment to one object, which rendered all other homage tasteless, and that firm faith in his fidelity which reflected sunshine on every scene. If the thought of dangers that might surround him, sometimes filled her eyes with tears, they were wiped away unseen; and the tedium of separation was relieved

by bright remembrances and still brighter hopes, and the fond anticipation of re-union.

And if the long winter months did pass wearily away, why should the world be suffered to read her thoughts—the idle world that had so little sympathy with genuine feeling, and always scoffed at that which it could not understand. So Clarice smiled and danced, and when she sang, her voice was most touching in its sweetness, for the tones were borrowed from memory; the songs that *he* loved best were always warbled from her lips, and she could almost forget that others were around her, and fancy he was sitting by and listening to them.

M. Mavicourt loved to study her naïve character, and not a shade of feeling passed unobserved by him. With all the reckless gaiety of his nature, he had a heart alive to every generous emotion, and the friend of Adolphe, Clarice thought was entitled to her confidence, and with him she felt no reserve. Mavicourt had promised to watch over Clarice, in Valois' absence, and he performed the duty so faithfully that the world began to say he was seeking to supplant his friend. Mavicourt cared little what the world said about him, he loved a bright spirit and a warm fresh heart, even when they shone through a plain exterior; no wonder then that it became a pleasant task to watch over Clarice de Beausejour!

The Count la Vasseur signalized his return to town, after his self-banishment, by the most brilliant fête, that had yet marked the annals of the colony. Near the esplanade, not very long ago, may have been seen a house of some architectural pretension, covering a large space with its wings and offices, and carved in grey stone above the entrance, might be traced the armorial bearings of the Count la Vasseur. This house, where the Count lived in hospitable state, on the evening of his fête, was blazing with wax lights, and decorated with much artistic elegance. The night was intensely cold, the atmosphere almost glittered with frost, and snow lay deep on the earth; a white polished surface glimmering under a sky of resplendent brightness. Within doors there was warmth and luxuriance, light and gaiety; and, though the narrow windows, with their small diamond panes, were perfectly encrusted with frost, the drapery of rich curtains shut out the blast that whistled through them, and huge logs, piled in the ample fire places, diffused a cheerful glow throughout the apartments, and kept old winter growling at the threshold.

Our readers must not picture to themselves a fashionable reunion of the present day, but cast back their thoughts to the more formal age of

Louis le Grand, and fancy the effect produced by an assemblage of men and women, *le beau monde*, dressed in the rich and elaborate costume of that period. The fair sex, it must be admitted, look attractive in every phase of fashion; but the brocaded satins, and rich velvets of the olden time—the graceful trains, sweeping majestically, or looped up with precious stones—stomachers blazing with gold embroidery, and short, full petticoats, from beneath which the feet peeped out, becomingly set off in high heeled slippers, fastened with rosettes of sparkling jewels,—must have greatly enhanced the charms of a pretty woman, while it cast a veil over the defects of a plain one.

As for the gentlemen—outward adornment is of course little regarded by them, and the present severe simplicity is in admirable keeping with the practical spirit of this utilitarian age. But at that time when extravagancies of all kinds were in vogue, the slashed doublets and trunk hose, seamed with gold lace, and stiff with embroidery; flaunting knee bows, and fancy colored silk stockings; hands delicately shaded by point lace ruffles, with collar of the same, and hats waving with snowy plumes, must have given a brilliant effect to any assemblage. Such costume would be invaluable to the exquisites of the present day, and throw an effectual glare over the mental deficiencies that characterize the class in general!

Madame de Beausejour, at the Count la Vas-seur's request, appeared as patronne of the evening, and she presided over the festivities with a graceful dignity that entirely satisfied his fastidious requirements. With infinite satisfaction she received the homage of the guests, well knowing that it was partly rendered in anticipation of her daughter's elevation to the Count's rank, as mistress of his coveted establishment. Clarice had earnestly requested permission to remain at home—she shrunk from the publicity of her position—false she felt it to be—for it was generally understood that the entertainment was given by the Count, as a finale before his approaching marriage. But Madame de Beausejour had her own ends to answer; the *éclat* gratified her pride, and she thought it impossible that Clarice should not be dazzled, perhaps won over by the homage of the evening. Clarice had early learned to submit gracefully to circumstances; she felt painfully, that between her mother and herself, with natures so widely different, there could exist little sympathy, and in all matters of mere outward observance, no one could have been more cheerfully obedient. On this occasion, she even conquered

her repugnance so far, as to accept the Count's hand for the opening dance, though her cold words and averted eyes could not have flattered his vanity, or encouraged any hopes of ultimate success.

Among the guests of the evening was Mr. Dudley, a deputy from New England, in prime, puritanic dress, evidently an unwilling spectator of the gay festivities. He had arrived at Quebec in the autumn, on some vexed question of diplomacy, and been detained till navigation closed. Though courtesy and good sense marked his intercourse in society, it was evident the manners and habits of the people found little sympathy with his more simple tastes and uncompromising opinions. Nothing could have formed a greater contrast than the grave, devout, plainly attired envoy of a stern, earnest community of thoughtful men, and the gay, gallant, and somewhat trifling demeanor of the richly dressed cavaliers, attached to the circle of the Count de Frontenac. They were each types of the respective nations, and in all things so diverse, it cannot be wondered at, that little cordiality ever existed between the rival colonies.

Estelle de la Salle was also there, she had obtained permission to pass the winter holidays with Clarice, and on that evening made her first appearance in general society. Her delight was expressed with the frankness of a pleased child; but there was such an artless grace and refined delicacy in all her words and motions, that an occasional breach of etiquette was observed only by the ultra punctilions, and the cavaliers at least thought her freshness quite irresistible.

"One would think Mademoiselle de Beausejour had chosen her friend from a love of contrast," said a young man who had been regarding them admiringly. "She is so tall, so spirituelle, with such charming repose of manner, and Mademoiselle de la Salle is so petite and childlike, and such an exquisite blonde!"

"I should think," said Louis Tellier, with an air of pique, "that Mademoiselle de la Salle had been brought up in the *palace of truth*, when I asked her to dance with me the second time, she answered with perfect naiveté, that I did not keep time, and it wearied her!"

"Excellent!" returned his companion, laughing, "she did not dance again, of course!"

"Certainly, M. Berrot, his Excellency's aid-de-camp, led her out directly, and she smiled so provokingly at me!"

"It was a *ruse*," said Mavicourt, "depend on it; I would not be baffled by a little coquetry! try again my good fellow."

Lighter than the summer air,
Words on lip of lady fair,—
Sparkling as the summer stream,
Never speak they what they mean."

Mavicourt turned from them and approached Clarice.

"You are late this evening, M. Mavicourt," she said, smiling, "and have broken your engagement with me. I have already danced to weariness, and you must seek another partner."

Estelle felt her cheeks glow. "Certainly," she thought, "he will ask me now!"

But Mavicourt, without even looking at her, replied to Clarice:

"I have been detained unexpectedly—most agreeably you will allow, when I tell you it was to read the letter of an absent friend."

Clarice looked at him enquiringly, and a rush of sudden emotion blanched her cheeks, then suffused them with deepest crimson.

"A *coureur* has arrived with news from our expedition," he continued without glancing at her, and affecting to adjust his rose-colored shoe-tie, with the point of his sword; "he has brought despatches from M. de Vaudreuil, and also private letters—I have one from our friend, Adolphe Valois."

"And for me," asked Clarice, in a low, earnest tone.

"And for you, Mademoiselle, the *coureur* has brought a *mélange*, no doubt." And with a whimsical air, he half sung:

"News from far, news from afar,
Is it of peace, or is it war?
What care we!
Loving words, perchance he brought,—
Earnest words, with tender thought,
Writ for thee!"

And Mavicourt, lifting the embroidered lappet of his coat, showed a letter peeping from the pocket. Though it was directly covered again, Clarice needed no mesmeric influence to read the address. She was standing near a window, and parting the curtain, seemed to be gazing on the frost work, delicately traced on the small panes of glass; but Mavicourt stood by, and knew that her thoughts were not there. He adroitly slipped the letter into her hand, and it was instantly transferred to her bosom and lay there next her fluttering heart, hid under the rich embroidery of her jewelled stomacher.

And from that moment, what to her was all the gaiety of that brilliant evening! all passed before her, like the fitful groupings of a dream. Yet she trode the dance with a lighter step, and her face wore a brighter smile; for her heart was repaid for its weary longing by the certainty

that he was safe and still remembered her. She scarcely felt impatient to peruse the letter—the consciousness that she possessed it was happiness, and she could frame the words as her own loving thoughts dictated, and wonder if his written words would be as fervent and as truthful.

* * * * *

The morning light struggled faintly through the iron shutters of Clarice's apartment, and she, not long returned from the ball, still sat by the waning lamp, and again and again read over the precious lines, fresh from the heart of her absent lover. Costly garments and glittering jewels, gay trappings of the ball, were thrown carelessly aside, and lay worthless as the merest baubles in her eyes; and what were they, compared with those fond words of constant, generous affection—priceless jewels! the only ones which the young, true-hearted should ever covet. Estelle lay in quiet sleep, beautiful as a sculptured cherub; and she seemed to dream, for a tear lay on the long lashes that fringed her delicately veined eyelids, and a smile slightly parted her small ruby lips. A tear and a smile! how constantly they chase each other, round the brief circle of childhood and early youth!

Clarice at length arose, and slowly folding the letter, returned it to her bosom. She looked a moment at Estelle, and stooping down softly kissed her cheek, then extinguishing the lamp, lay down beside her, and sleep soon came, with its bright visions from love's fairy land, the continuance of her waking dream.

* * * * *

Weeks passed away, and the warm sun began to coquet with the bleak March winds, though snow yet lay heavy on the ground, and but for a darker track left by passing sledges, and the dropping of huge icicles from sloping eaves, one would scarcely have perceived that winter was beginning to yield to the softer influence of spring. It was the dull season of Lent too, when gaiety was suspended, and every one grew weary of the monotony, and longed for returning summer and opening navigation.

No one could long for it with more intense desire than Clarice de Beausejour. The crisis of her fate seemed approaching, for she had hitherto resisted all entreaties; but the absolute commands of her parents were now laid upon her, and the day was fixed for her union with the Count la Vasseur. She had written to Valois—she had entreated him, by the remembrance of their long cherished affection, and the happiness of their future lives, to come and save her from the dreaded fate that seemed to await her. But what availed

her earnest pleadings—her despairing effort, to secure his aid, when hundreds of miles lay between them, and lakes and icy rivers must be traversed with all the impediments of winter travel, before he could return to her!

Clarice had appealed in vain to the generosity of the Count; he affected to treat her objections only as a caprice of coquetry, and her frank avowal of affection for another, as an idle fancy. Her coldness, her disdain were disregarded, and seemed not to excite any angry feelings—but they were cherished in his heart, and urged him to hasten the marriage, before Valois' return placed any new difficulties in the way. M. de Beausejour was placed so completely in his power by untoward circumstances, that he feared no interference from him, and her mother's selfish ambition hardened her against all maternal tenderness. Clarice felt as if she was alone in the world; even Mavicourt, on whose friendship she relied, was absent for a time, and Estelle, with all the sympathy of a warm heart, could give her only tears—she was too inexperienced to offer aid or council.

Clarice had grown pale with anxiety, but she never for a moment yielded her strong resolution, nor by a single word compromised her freedom and the integrity of her purpose. The day fixed for her marriage was approaching, and she seemed to await it with calmness, which those around construed into submission to her fate. Preparations were made on a scale of lavish expenditure, greatly disproportionate to M. de Beausejour's means, and which rendered him only more deeply indebted to the Count, who, with secret satisfaction, felt that he could not now escape from him. Clarice knew that opposition would be vain, and could only weaken her cause. She submitted to the skilful hands of artistes, and tire women without comment, and had no choice in the rich étoffes submitted to her inspection. Madame de Beausejour at last ceased to consult her; every thing was arranged under her own eye, and Clarice left almost entirely to herself. She was thankful even for this reprieve, and in her heart she carried such a deep conviction that heaven would watch over her, and save her, that no despairing thought ever found admission there.

It was only two days before the one appointed for her bridal, and Mavicourt had just returned to the city, and brought with him a letter from Valois. A line from Clarice had hastened him back, for she felt that if there was human aid needed, the tried friend of Adolphe might be relied on. Their interview was brief, for Madame de Beausejour watched them with a jealous eye, and

only a few words were uttered without a witness. Clarice retired to her own apartment, and the letter which she held in her hand was wet with tears of many mingled emotions. It was read many times, and she then folded it calmly, her heart more devoted in affection, and more fixed in its resolve of constancy. There was a light tap at the door, and Madame de Beausejour entered. She wore a bland smile, and her daughter's calm, even cheerful face, seemed to encourage her. She had a casket in her hand, and sitting down on a low couch, she opened it, and displayed a blaze of magnificent jewels. Clarice cast down her eyes—that casket had been presented to her by the Count la Vasseur; they were family jewels of great value, but she refused to receive them—she had cast them from her, and not even deigned to look at the costly offering!

"Clarice," said Madame de Beausejour, coaxingly, "I have promised the Count to force these baubles, as he calls them, on your acceptance—look at them, this coronet of diamonds is truly regal—it would flash magnificently in your raven hair! these bracelets too—and this—and this—lifting different articles of *bijouterie*—these are all gems of the first water, and have graced a long line of ancestry!"

"Return them, mamma," said Clarice, calmly; "I will never glitter in jewels, purchased at the expense of my life's happiness! The Count has received my answer, if he has one spark of manly honor, let him abide by it!"

"This is folly—madness, Clarice," returned her mother; "you have already trifled too long with his patience, and with your own interest. Since you are so blind, so perversely obstinate, it is time that others should lead you; if you have no respect for your parents' wishes, their authority must enforce obedience."

She rose and walked the room with agitated steps. Clarice felt her heart beat almost audibly—her courage well nigh failed, and she pressed the cross to her lips, and uttered a silent prayer for direction.

"Mamma," she said with renewed firmness, "I have always yielded to your authority, and ever considered obedience to your commands, a sacred duty. God knows, that if I transgress it now, the sin lays not at my door; but I cannot barter my conscience for gold—I cannot utter vows which would stamp me with the guilt of perjury."

"It is too late," said Madame de Beausejour, haughtily, "our word is given to the Count la Vasseur, and it shall not be taken back. The day is fixed—the very hour—and no childish caprice,

no girlish fancies, shall induce us to retract. Nay, hear me: Your own happiness is concerned, slow as you are to believe it; not many months will have passed, before you will look back on this absurd resistance with regret. You will find that wealth and honorable distinction are not to be despised; that real happiness can exist, without romance and castle-building."

"Yes," said Clarice, bitterly, "when companionship with the Count la Vasseur—I shrink from the mention of it—shall have chilled my heart, and deadened every generous emotion which God has given me! But, oh, blessed virgin! save me from that fearful crime!" and she bent her head, and wept bitterly.

"Clarice," said Madame de Beausejour, contemptuously, "you are a very child, I blush for your weakness and folly. You, on the eve of a brilliant marriage, weeping as if you were bereft of fortune! There is not a demoiselle in the colony, that does not look on you with envy; who would not gladly exchange positions with you, and consider her happiness secure in such an alliance! Wealth, station, independence, what more can be desired?"

"My ideas of happiness," said Clarice, "are widely different from theirs, and from yours, mamma; wealth, station, and a splendid establishment can never satisfy my heart; let those who covet such distinctions seek them, let the Count la Vasseur choose from among them. I asked not for his preference—he has persecuted me—meanly presumed on your favor—earned my contempt, my detestation, by his unmanly and ungenerous perseverance—never, never will I marry him!"

Madame de Beausejour rose with a blanched cheek, and was about to reply, when Clarice, by a sudden impulse, threw herself at her feet, and clasping her hands, exclaimed:—

"Oh, mamma, save me from this fate! you, a woman, my mother, have pity on me! I ask nothing of you, only to relieve me from this dreaded marriage. I will live singly if you ask it, for then it will be no sin to love, or I will retire to a nunnery and spend my days in praying for you; but, oh, save me from the Count la Vasseur!"

Madame de Beausejour turned from her, her face was like marble, and when she spoke again her voice had lost its haughty tone.

"Clarice," she said, "I cease to command, but from the depths of my heart I conjure you, do not disappoint our expectations! I would save you from the painful avowal of our ruined fortunes, but you have forced me to it. It is enough for you to know, that your father has incurred a severe penalty, that he is bankrupt in name and fortune,

and that his fate is entirely in the hands of the Count la Vasseur. To him alone are known all those transactions that involve your father's credit, and on his secrecy the issues are dependent. He loves you, portionless as you are, and in marrying you gives security that your father's honor is safe, while he has the power of assisting him to an honorable independence. Oh, Clarice, can you refuse to aid us—to save us from poverty and degradation."

"Oh, mamma," said Clarice, indignantly, "has the Count no more honorable arguments to induce consent to his wishes? Dare he insult my father, by offering a reward for the sacrifice of his child? Can you wish to see me united to a man so selfish, so sordid, so destitute of every generous feeling? Never before, did I realize the deep degradation of this heartless alliance!"

Clarice covered her face with her hands, and her very heart seemed chilled within her.

"Clarice," resumed her mother, "you view the Count's conduct in too serious a light. He is actuated solely by affection for you, and it is in his power to serve your father materially. Your duty as a child, is clearly defined, and now that the truth is known, I trust you will hesitate no longer."

"Mamma," said Clarice, firmly, "I feel deeply my filial obligations, but I acknowledge a still higher duty—duty to God and my own conscience. If the question rested with myself alone, my very weakness might prevail, and tempt me to the sacrifice you require. But I am strong in my love to another, one so noble and generous, that he would never ask a sacrifice, which no law of God or man could ever sanction. My hand is pledged to him, and he has my most solemn assurance that I will never give it to another. Until he releases me from that engagement, it is as sacredly his own, as if the priest had already united us. I am willing to wait his decision, a few weeks, it is not long to wait, and he will be here,—let us leave the answer to him."

"A cunning device!" said Madame de Beausejour, scornfully, and pale with anger, "but it is of no avail! Before M. Valois returns, you will bear a more honored name; and since your filial affection is not sufficient to make a fancied sacrifice of inclination, we feel exonerated from that tender regard to your feelings which has too long restrained us. All farther discussion of this unpleasant topic is useless."

Madame de Beausejour swept from the apartment without casting another glance at Clarice, and as she passed the toilette, her dress caught the lock of the casket, and it was thrown violently on the

floor; Clarice touched a silver bell by her side, and her maid entering, she bade her replace the scattered jewels, and carry the casket to her mother's dressing-room.

The sun shone out brilliantly, as if in mockery, the morning on which Clarice de Beausejour was to be wedded to the Count la Vasseur. The city was still quiet, a few working people at their early labors might be heard jingling through the narrow streets, but the shutters were unclosed, and the citizens in general had not risen from their comfortable beds. The Count de Frontenac was an exact business man, and as such an early riser; and the servants of the Chateau usually prepared their lord's morning repast, before the inhabitants of lesser degree thought of discarding their night-caps. On that morning the Governor-General was sitting in his library, luxuriating in a velvet dressing-gown and brocaded slippers, waiting the arrival of the young Abbé de Salinac Fenelon, who was invited to a private breakfast with him. The Abbé Fenelon at that time belonged to the seminary of St. Sulpice in Montreal, and during his short residence there, he displayed the germ of those engaging qualities of that benevolence and self-sacrifice and earnest devotion, which long after caused his name to be revered in his native country, and which has kept his memory fresh to this day, as the good Archbishop of Cambrai.

Unfortunately the Abbé had a short time previous fallen under the displeasure of the arbitrary Governor, who with all his noble and good qualities, certainly loved to have every thing in his own way. He was particularly given to interference in ecclesiastical affairs, and though a sound Catholic, was not willing to allow too much licence to the bishop and clergy, and assumed dictation in the distribution of the church funds. This interference was a subject of frequent offence, and throughout his administration the Count de Frontenac was constantly in collision with the clergy, as well as the secular officers of state. The Abbé Fenelon had stood forth as champion for the rights of his brethren, and also for the Governor of Montreal, who had been put under arrest, which so incensed the Count that on some slight pretence he had him thrown into prison. This imprisonment, however, was of short duration; the affair was amicably settled, and the Abbé received into favor again.

As they sat conversing together, the veteran noble and the young ecclesiastic, no trace of recent antagonism could be observed on the countenance of either. The Count's fine features, though naturally proud and somewhat arrogant, wore a

bland and courteous smile, and in his companion's mild and spiritual cast of countenance might be traced a temper, lenient to all human frailty, and that spirit of self-renunciation, which afterwards became the crowning excellence of his character. While they were engaged in animated discussion, on some question of public utility, a servant entered with a message to his lord, informing him that two strangers waited in the hall, who desired to speak with him directly, on business of urgent importance. The Count slightly apologizing to the Abbé, ordered them to be admitted to a private apartment, and hastened to meet them, not doubting they were some of his emissaries, returned from a distant espionage. What was his surprise, when on entering the room, his eye fell on two female forms—young they seemed to be, and of the higher class, though they were closely wrapped in redingotes, richly furred, with hoods drawn tightly round their faces.

"Our lady protect us!" said the count, quite forgetting his usual courtesy, in the surprise of the moment;—but he quickly added, "may I learn the object of this early visit, fair ladies, and whom I have the honor of addressing?"

"We come to claim your protection, my lord!" said the taller lady, and loosening her hood, she shewed the pale, but calm face of Clarice de Beausejour.

"Mademoiselle de Beausejour" exclaimed the Count, in an accent of profound respect, "you have only to command my services, young lady, they are already freely promised."

He looked inquiringly at her companion, and Clarice, glad to gain a moment's respite, said, "my friend, mademoiselle de la Salle, already known to your excellency, I believe."

"The daughter of a worthy man," said the Count, "whose public services are reaping the reward of well-earned fame!"

He closed the door, at which the serving man, who had attended the ladies, still waited, and drawing the high-backed chairs nearer to the fire, requested them to be seated.

"My lord," said Clarice, in an agitated voice, and deeply coloring, "I must hasten to unburden my mind, and explain the singular position in which I now stand before you. You may have heard, that my parents wished me to marry the Count la Vasseur."—

"Pardon me, mademoiselle," interrupted the Count, "and is not this your bridal morning? we are ourselves invited to the *noces*!"

"So it was ordered by my parents," she replied, "and the Count la Vasseur was willing to

accept my hand, when he knew my heart was given to another. Your excellency must allow me to pass briefly over the painful subject—I can only say that my parents insisted on a marriage that was hateful to me—that the Count meanly took advantage of circumstances to force me to it—that the hour almost had arrived when no choice would remain, and in despair of any help, I fled from my home, to cast myself on your protection!"

"I see it all," said the Count, "and rumors of the kind have reached my ears before, but I thank the saints I can and will protect you. As viceroy of the king, I may make free use of his delegated power, and we will not suffer a forced marriage to scandalize our colony of New France. Nay," he added with a smile, "I will undertake to marry you to another if it please you, our young lieutenant will shortly return—a promotion awaits him for his gallantry and good conduct."

"I ask nothing," she replied, blushing, "but a safe passport to the Hotel Dieu, and permission to remain there till my parents are reconciled to this act of disobedience. And to you, my lord, who have so kindly received and protected me, how can I express my gratitude?"

"It deserves no thanks," said the Count, touched by her earnest feeling, "if all the acts of my administration were as grateful to my feelings as this simple one has been, the cares of government would lay far less heavily upon me."

The Governor then courteously pressed his fair guests to partake of breakfast, but Clarice felt impatient to secure a safe asylum, and at every sound fancied the Count was coming in pursuit of her. So they were sent immediately, under suitable protection, to the nunnery of the Hotel Dieu, and the abbeas had a written injunction to retain them in safe keeping. From the convent parlor, Clarice wrote to her parents an affectionate and dutiful letter; and before the bridal guests began to assemble in the rooms, opened to receive them, it was rumored through the city, that Mademoiselle de Beausejour had retired from the world in disgust at an ill-assorted alliance. Mavicourt heard the intelligence with well-feigned surprise; but no one knew better than Mavicourt the turn that affairs had taken.

(To be Continued.)

A woman's friendship borders more closely on love than man's. Men affect each other in the reflection of noble or friendly acts; while women ask fewer proofs, and more signs and expressions of attachment.

VERSES.

A little Tribute to the Memory of Augustus, a beautiful and dearly-beloved child, who departed this life a few weeks before his second birthday.

—
He came among them, for a few short days
To show them all his sweet engaging ways;
To let them hear from his glad lisping voice
Those tones which make a mother's heart rejoice.
He was her treasure, as he lay upon
Her bosom's pillow, as the evening won
His playfulness to sleep; the half-shut eye
Would look again to see if she were nigh,
Then close in sweet forgetfulness. His hand,
His round, white, dimpled fingers, fondly spanned
His gentle sister's arm; the radiant hue
Of health seemed blooming on his clear cheek too;
And when the morning light he rose to greet,
The floor re-echoed with his playful feet,
As he would seek in some sure place to hide
Whene'er he thought his mother meant to chide;
Or his full cherry lips would part to press
The doating kiss in love's quick eagerness;
Or if a look of anger seemed to wait,
His ready hands were raised to deprecate
The wrathful frown—Pupa! Mamma! would be
His little interceding witchery!
But all is silent now! His cradle-bed
Is vacant too; where is his bright fair head?
His cooing voice is hushed; his sunny curls
Have severed been; his young griefs precious
pearls
Will dim no more his cheek. "His half-worn
shoes—
Oh! lock them up! my sorrow must refuse
To look upon them now." His folded shroud
Hath been wrapt round him; and death still
allowed
Him beauty on his bier. And lovely flowers,
Such as we see in summer's sweetest hours,
Wreathed him around; the hyacinth and rose,
Pure as the stillness of his last repose,
Went with him to the grave unfaded, and
Clasped in the rigid coldness of his hand.
The snow still throws its mantle o'er his tomb,
Inurning him in its most secret gloom;
The grass puts forth its tender buds beneath
The virgin white of its unsullied wreath;
And ushered soon the early spring will be
'Midst the pink clusters of the cherished tree*—
In sorrow nurtured o'er those graves, its sweet
And balmy blossoms shade that sad retreat.

* Alluding to some beautiful rose acacias flourishing over the graves of the author's "departed affections," in the immediate vicinity where this lovely angel is at rest.

But his freed spirit lingers not to dwell
 In the dark precincts of the narrow cell;
 But with the "*wings of morn'*" hath taken flight
 To regions of eternal radiant light,
 To be with *Him*, the Saviour, who hath said
 That such should come to Him! and be arrayed
 In robes of dazzling purity, the palm
 Of saintlike glory, and the thrilling psalm
 Of never-ceasing worship. With the eye
 Of faith, oh! mother, see thy child on high!
 And from this hour let every falling tear,
 Shed in thine oft-felt solitude, appear
 A sacred drop on Hope's bright rainbow, as
 It gleams on sorrow's cloud of darkness. Has
 Our Father sent affliction unto thee?—
 Thou wilt have strength to bear thy trial; He
 Will not forsake nor leave thee. Hence arise,
 Lift unto Heaven thy faith-born sacrifice;
 In all thy lonely grievings, turn to Him
 Who, for the present makes thy path so dim.
 God will accept thine offering. He who hears
 The mourner's prayer will dry thy bitter tears.

M. ETHELIND, K.

22nd March, 1851.

SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTH-PLACE.

THREE doors from our inn was Shakspeare's birth place! Somehow, in spite of all the descriptions, we had expected to find the house in a field, removed from all profane habitations, with old trees and matted vines about it, and the Avon (pronounced A-von on the spot) winding at the foot of the slope that fell away from it. It never occurred to us that Stratford had any final cause but to be Shakspeare's birth-place, or the Avon any other business than to adorn his habitation! and now, to find it an ordinary English town—not even a village, but a vulgar town, with paved ways and closely-packed houses, and Shakspeare's birth-place crowded into a block of common dwellings, on a straight and ugly street, was too much for our nerves! However, so it is. Shakspeare was born in a house, not more than twelve feet wide and five and twenty deep, of two stories high, and the room in which he first saw the light was the front chamber, now an empty, desolate room, without a scrap of furniture, if the names of visitors from all parts of the world, and of the highest rank and the humblest, scratched upon the walls, be not the most appropriate furniture it could have.

The lower floor is paved with flat stones, now very much broken, but the unquestionable pavement on which the greatest genius of his race paced his thoughtful childhood's dreamy restlessness away. The great chimney, with its little

grate and enormous corners, must often have held his person; and, indeed, we could entertain no other thought in the house but this common-place reflection: "On this stair Shakspeare trod; this latch Shakspeare lifted; on this baluster he leaned; through this glass he looked; at this fire-place he warmed himself; here his mighty and beautiful brain conceived some of its great and exquisite fancies! His pulse beat, his heart throbbed, his voice sounded here, within these walls!" Fully, or to any considerable extent to realize this thought, is to convert the place into an enchanted palace; and to sit with closed eyes and ponder it, is the true way to enjoy the spot. The Shakspeare house is in a very tumble-down state; but, happily, its ruin is to be arrested, the committee of literary men, among whom Dickens is most active, who have undertaken to purchase the house, and to secure it against any possible injury or change, have not yet raised the necessary sum of money. They gave £3000 for the house, and would require, probably, as much more, to build about it such a shrine as would be worthy of it. Only a portion, perhaps half, of the cost of the house is yet raised, but there is no doubt that the undertaking will slowly, but surely succeed.

From Shakspeare's house, we repaired to the Town Hall, the front of which is adorned with a statue of the great dramatist, apparently a copy from that in Westminster Abbey, and presented by Garrick, who owed so much to Shakspeare and paid it so well. The principal hall contains two famous portraits, one of the great bard, by Wilson, the landscape painter, which Garrick also gave the town of Stratford, and another of the actor himself, by Gainsborough, a magnificent portrait indeed, worthy of the subject and its distinguished painter. The eyes are like coals of fire, and the hands speak like the face. It is a face equal to Garrick's reputation. His widow consulted his fame most judiciously in placing it here, opposite the portrait of the poet, whose genius he reflected in a way to unite their names forever. Shakspeare's own portrait is that of a much younger man than we are accustomed to see him represented. The face is thin, and on the whole, it is gratifying to know that the picture does not claim to be from life. We found the hall, at nine o'clock in the morning, filled with fat things, in preparation for a great dinner which the Mayor was about to give. Not being invited ourselves, we did not so much regret that the great guests in the room were not likely to speak on the occasion.

Near the Town Hall is the site of the house in which Shakspeare lived and died, christened by

the poet himself, *New House*, which proves that he did not tax his invention much in matters pertaining to himself, as shoemakers' children go without shoes. The house is now destroyed. The school house which the poet is said to have attended, is still occupied as such, and possesses a desk that once belonged to Shakspeare. In the neighborhood are some very old houses, most of which, unhappily, have been new fronted. One, however, remains almost entirely in the condition in which Shakspeare himself saw it. The windows are filled with bulls-eyes, and like the house of the poet's parents, it is built of joints transversely crossing each other, and filled in with brick, a fashion still common in Switzerland and Germany, and of which very numerous examples are seen in Belgium. We entered, to make some enquiries respecting the age of the house. The honest glover who occupied it had been born there, and inherited his father's business. He said that a very great writer had been there, and spent two hours asking him questions, and that his name was Dickson. Never having heard of any illustrious author by that name, and knowing that Dickens was on the Shakspeare Committee, and very curious about all information connected with the poet's birth-place, we asked the glover if it was not Mr. *Dickens* he meant. "He thought not; it might be, but he had never heard of Mr. Dickens."

SHAKSPEARE'S GRAVE.

THE most interesting spot in Stratford, next to the cradle, is the grave of Shakspeare, in the Parish Church. This church, which may be regarded as his monument, is one of the most beautiful village churches, for situation and architecture, that can be conceived. It answers completely to what the imagination demands for the resting-place of a poet. Old and gray, it rises amid an ample church-yard, thick with the graves of many centuries. A long and shaded walk leads from the wall that separated it from the town, to the church door. Notwithstanding the expensive restoration and showy newness of the interior, enough that is old is still left to gratify the highest expectations. The effigies of some ancient worthies upon table-tombs, support the dignity of those whom birth and fortune made honorable. Among the monuments, is one in memory of the money-lender, whose meanness Shakspeare has himself sufficiently immortalized. But from all these we turn to Shakspeare's own monument. In a niche in the side wall of the choir, just opposite and above the slab in the floor that bears the famous inscription, "Good friend, for Jesu's sake forbear," &c., is the monumental bust of the poet,

erected just after his death. It is beyond all price, as being the only authentic likeness. Sir Francis Chantry has expressed the opinion that it was made from a cast taken from Shakspeare's face after death. Certain indications in the bust are said to prove this, particularly a singular swelling about the jaws, such as would be produced by the settling of the flesh of the cheeks in a dead body placed on its back; the position from which a cast would be taken. But whether the bust be like the real Shakspeare or not, it is far the finest image of the poet we have ever seen, and very superior to any of the engravings, pictures, or casts, which are derived from it. The head is fuller and rounder, not so miraculously high, nor so weakly pointed as in the statue, and the familiar frontispieces of his works; but far more harmonious, ample, broad, and significant of the intellectual power, as well as the high imagination of this great genius. There is something weak and worldly in the common heads of the poet; little that indicates a sensitive, a lofty, a powerful, or a refined spirit. But this is not so in the monument. The shape of the head is perfect. It possesses no striking peculiarities; the "*terea atque rotundus*," which so wonderfully marked Shakspeare's genius, appears in his image. The features are regular, and the face unmarked with heavy lines, as if he had enjoyed a perpetual youth, and experienced a genial and perfect development. From below, the upper lip looks too long, and almost as if it had been lengthened by the sculptor to make room for a somewhat ostentatious moustache; but the profile, which may be seen by mounting a neighboring tomb, corrects this impression, and furnishes the most beautiful view of the face.

Various members of the Shakspeare family lie in the choir by the side of their great relative, and the church seems almost too full of him to be consecrated to any higher purpose than the admiration of his genius. Stratford is singularly fortunate in having been the birth-place of Shakspeare, his residence, the scene of his death, and the place of his burial. It wants nothing to complete its interest, as the Mecca of the millions that admire and love the genius of the Swan of Avon. He was made from its dust, and his dust has remingled with its native earth. The world has no temptation to deny or forget the prayer which Shakspeare left for his tomb-stone.

About two miles out of Stratford, we passed the Hall and Park of the "Lucy" family, and saw upon the lawn some deer that may have descended from the buck which Shakspeare so very improperly shot, according to the popular tradition, upon this estate. H B. B.

CLARICE DE SANTILEUR.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was feasting and mirth at the Castle Terreville, and the numerous guests who were there assembled, at the invitation of its lord, vied with each other in their endeavors to outdo gayety itself. The meeting at the castle had already continued a number of days, and the amusements of each day had exceeded in variety and richness those that had preceded it. On the morrow, however, was to be the crowning festival, in honor of the bride elect of the noble baron, whose castle had been the home of all his friends for the period of the preceding week.

A tournament was then to be given, in which all the young knights and nobles of the province were expected to take a part, and shiver a lance for their ladies' sakes; and the anticipation of the spectacle made many a bright eye light up with joyous expectation, and made the hearts of the youthful warriors more tremulous than if they were about to meet a mortal foe in the shock of arms, instead of encountering friends in mimic strife, where art and gallantry were alone to be displayed to those whose tender breasts would quake to look upon

the strife.

That neither spares, nor speaks for life.

But the youth of the period in which we write were accustomed to view the fairer portion of creation in a different light from that in which they are now beheld. That was, the age of chivalry and romance, and woman then was worshipped (at least by those in whose breasts youth lent a fire to love) as something apart, and superior in their nature to the hardy man, who was ever called upon to mingle in the turmoils of the times. This feeling it was that kept men from deteriorating in those days of semi-darkness, and which still gives to them that charm which allures us so frequently to turn back with pleasure to their consideration. And it was also this feeling which pervaded the bosoms of the young knights at the Castle Terreville when they prepared themselves, and issued their directions to their squires, for the display that was to take place on the morrow.

Not the least among the motives that made them all hope to do their devoir gallantly, was

the knowledge that she—in whose honor these sports were given—was expected to preside as queen of them; for though she had been plighted in marriage, by her father, to the proud Baron Terreville: there was not one of them who could look unmoved on beauty such as hers. Indeed the whole province spoke with but one voice on this subject; nor was it within the limits of Lorraine alone that Clarice de Santileur was distinguished by the title of the Lily of Lorrain. Besides, the rumor was rife that high and noble, and brave too as was her betrothed husband, she did not favorably affect him; but that she shrank with repugnance from the day when the nuptials were to be solemnized; and pined in secret at the thought of the alliance. These considerations had such weight with the young nobles who were present, and so acted upon their admiration and their pity, that there was probably not a ladye faire in all France before whom they would have appeared with such mingled sensations as before her, who was to them an object both of love and mystery.

But amidst all these preparations—amidst all the turmoils of anticipation—amidst all the thoughts of joy, and throbs of expected pleasure—where was she, to do honor to whom these preparations had been made?

Let the reader accompany us to an upper room of the castle; it is a large and commodious apartment: the massive oaken furniture surrounds the apartment, which is ornamented in the usual style of ancient gothic architecture, and the tapestried hangings were displayed in rich profusion round the walls. At a window in this room, where antique carving seems to have resisted successfully the effect of time and decay, is seated on a large oaken chair a lady just in the pride and loveliness of first youth. Hers is a countenance that will attract attention, aye, admiration! and on that expression as her head reposes upon one hand which rests upon the casement, and the bright tear drop starts unbidden to that clear, blue eye, whose long and graceful lash retains the crystal drop—we could linger forever in melancholy thought. This is Clarice de Santileur. She cannot yet have passed her eighteenth year. The outline of her figure is the perfection of grace; and her face, with its pensive cast of thought,

brings to mind the expression of some beautiful Madonna by one of the great artists. She is pale—very pale, with the faintest tint of color in her cheeks; but she is so transparently fair that the blue veins that swell her throbbing temples can be clearly defined; and it would seem as if almost every pulsation in them is visible. Her hair is of that rich, glossy gold color that is so seldom seen, but so beautiful when it is seen. So rich it is that it might be taken for the bright metal itself spun out into threads of impalpability. It hangs in luxuriant curls from that brow of purest marble. While those on the other side are swept back by a hand, whose whiteness, smallness and symmetry would form a subject for a sculptor's dream. Her dress is of crimson velvet, made in the fashion of the time, with long, loose sleeves which display the arm, when raised, to the elbow. From the open front of the dress there is seen a skirt of figured yellow satin, and the same vestment is observed above the neck, where it is fastened about the throat by a sparkling gem. Upon her head she wears a small cap or coronet, of black velvet, such as we sometimes see in the portraits of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland; around which are two rows of largest pearls. This gives an air of gravity to her yet youthful brow, and adds to the melancholy expression her countenance wears.

But why weeps she when all around are rejoicing? Why does she seek solitude, and loneliness and grief, when all around are anxious for her presence and are filled with joy? She weeps those nuptials that now seem inevitable; and she mourns the absence of him to whom (or to his memory) she is still as constant as though they had never been severed.

CHAPTER II.

"And he wore a scarf of embroidery rare,
The last love-gift of his lady's fair."

SHAKESPEARE.

EUSTACE D'Onsellet, Count de Lisle was the son of one of the first noblemen of Lorraine. It happened that the castle and estates of his father adjoined those of the Baron de Santileur; and it also happened that the two noblemen were friends, and had continued so from early youth. Under these circumstances it was but natural that an intimacy should spring up between Eustace D'Onsellet, or, as he was always from childhood called, the young Count de Lisle, and Clarice, the only daughter of the Baron de Santileur.

They had been brought up as children together, (indeed from their infancy they had been betrothed by their parents) and as children they had learned to love each other, without knowing the meaning of their own feelings. The intimacy subsisted from childhood to adolescence, and the passion, which at first was but childish affection, ripened at length into the tenderest love. It was one of those fortunate instances of early betrothments where the views of the parents subsequently made the happiness of the children; and where young hearts followed in the direction pointed out by mature heads.

Eustace had always been accustomed to call Clarice his little wife, and she had always been taught to look upon him as her future husband, and as soon as they began to understand the meaning of these terms, they hailed with joy the selection that their parents had made. Situated as they were and had been; there were no concealments on either side—there was no affected coyness on her part; nor did he keep the most hidden thoughts of his soul a secret from her—they felt that they loved each with the tenderest passion, and they did not hesitate to confess it.

Things were in this condition when the father of Eustace D'Onsellet died, and left him sole lord of his extensive estates. Eustace was then but a few months more than nineteen years of age, and Clarice was not yet quite fifteen, and the period when they were to be married (when she became eighteen) was yet some three years distant.

This event—the death of his father—had a great influence upon the fate of the young Count de Lisle. He loved his parent with the most devoted attachment; and the loss of him preyed upon his spirits, and for a time cast a deep gloom over his disposition.

It was a short time previous to this that the celebrated enthusiast, Peter the Hermit, had commenced preaching the first crusade. Europe rang with the preparations for this war. France, England, Italy and Germany were marshalling their thousands, to transport them to the shores of Asia. Godfrey de Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine, accompanied by the flower of the nobility of the province, was already on his way to Italy whence he was to embark with his followers for the place of ultimate destination. Religious phrenzy was at its highest point, and all classes seemed eager to participate in this conflict, in which, besides the glory to be obtained, the cause of true piety was to be so effectually served.

As we have said before, it was at this time that Eustace D'Onsellet had the misfortune to lose his only remaining parent. He had ever

been among the first in the manly and graceful sports of the period; and the skill he displayed in the use of his arms, so won the applause of the older knights, that they already prognosticated for him an active and brilliant career.

Though in person but little above the middle height, and possessing a slender, but graceful and well proportioned form, his strength was surprising, and his daring was at least equal to his strength. He would have been among the first to join the Duke of Lorraine, his liege lord, had he not been restrained by that passion which is more potent than even ambition. But his love for Clarice de Santileur detained him a captive.

When, however, his parent was no more, and a gloom settled upon his spirit, the thought of the "War for the Cross" forever recurred to him; nor did the idea want prompting from without to give it additional weight.

The Abbot of Cairoieux, who was his confessor, true to promoting the views of the Mother Church, continually urged it upon him as a duty he owed, not only to himself, but also to his deceased parent, until at length his suggestions were adopted, and all other considerations gave way before them. He set himself to work to prepare his retainers for the expedition, and in the course of a few weeks he saw himself at the head of three hundred followers, all equipped to join Godfrey de Boullion.

It was agreed between the young count and the marquis, that on the return of the former from Palestine, the nuptials, so long delayed, should be immediately celebrated.

Clarice had wrought her lover a scarf with her own fair hands, which, when he was leaving, she placed about his person.

"It is unbecoming a noble maiden," she said, as he locked her in a tender embrace, "to bid thee avoid danger, but oh! be not wildly rash! for my sake—for the sake of one who will then be far, far away—be not too daring and headlong in thy courage."

Eustace promised all she asked; but qualified the promise by declaring that ere he returned, he would have a name in the roll of chivalry that she would not blush to hear repeated.

"And this," she said, placing the scarf around him, "you will wear, dear Eustace, for my sake; and when your thoughts are truants," she playfully observed, "turn but a look on these folds, and think my heart is interwoven with the silken threads."

"My own sweet love, and lady bright!" he replied; "not while this heart acknowledges one throb of life, can my thoughts wander from thee.

Willingly I accept the pledge as a gage of thy affection—it shall ever be borne where honor is most to be gained, and it shall never be parted from me—unless Clarice (which cannot be) thy thoughts should wander to another, and thy heart should seek some different shrine than mine—then would I return it to thee, and with it thy pledged faith; and then seek for myself under the cowl and in the cloister that home which elsewhere had been made desolate."

"Then it will never leave thee, dearest!" she replied, as she suffered her head to fall upon his shoulder, and she looked up with her eyes beaming with affection in his face.

They parted. Eustace D'Onsellet joined his forces to those of the Duke of Lorraine, and was just in time to embark with him for the capital of the Greek empire. He took a prominent part in the earlier actions of the crusaders. At the siege of Nice he first earned for himself a name of honor among those celebrated warriors whose exploits he shared; and in the subsequent encounters with the infidels, under their Sultan, he added fresh leaves to his wreath of laurels. But at the siege of Antioch, where his daring spirit led him to be foremost in the attack, he was wounded by the enemy, and being separated from, and unsupported by his followers, he was taken a prisoner by the Caliph of Egypt. The Christians gained the city, but Eustace D'Onsellet remained a captive in the hands of the infidels; nor would they agree to his exchange. They had already learned to dread his name—they had learned the force of his arm, and the influence of his battle cry, and they preferred detaining him a prisoner.

For a year and more after he had left his home there came at intervals, news to the Castle Santileur in relation to his exploits. Fame spoke loudly of him; nor did she need messengers to bear her report into the heart of France. A pilgrim returning, occasionally, (as there were frequently such) was sure to speak of those warriors who had distinguished themselves, and among them the name of the Count de Lisle was by no means the last mentioned. How wildly did the heart of Clarice throb as she heard these persons, some of whom had seen him, speak in his praise; and how did she tremble, notwithstanding her pride in him and the heroism of the age, at the thought that his intrepidity might deprive her forever of himself, and widow her heart ere she had even been wived! But after the first year or little more, these reports ceased for a time; and then the rumor came that he had been taken prisoner, and that he languish-

ed in captivity among the infidels. This report was succeeded by the story that he was dead; and though this rumor was never confirmed, yet every one believed it to be true except Clarice only; she clung to the hope that it might be false, and though she mourned him as dead, she still in secret cherished the thought that he would one day re-appear to contradict the assertion, and to claim her promised hand.

Another year passed away, and still no tidings reached the Castle Santileur of the existence of Eustace D'Onsellet. The news it was true had not been confirmed; neither had it been contradicted; and nothing occurred to shake the confidence of those who believed that he was no more.

At the commencement of the third year, the Marquis de Santileur received from his friend, the Baron Terreville, a proposition for his daughter's hand. The Baron Terreville was a widower of about forty-five years of age, and he was the wealthiest and most influential nobleman then in the province of Lorraine. His wife had been dead some five years, and he sought to mate himself to another; not that he was in love!—that was by no means the case; for the baron, though a brave man and a tried soldier, had never possessed a particle of romance in love affairs; he thought they should be transacted entirely through the medium of parents and guardians. He was of the old school, and a martinet in that school. He considered that a daughter's first duty was obedience; and that she had no right to permit her affections to be engaged, unless her hand had been pre-engaged by her parents; and that it was her duty, when they disapproved of such engagement, to withdraw her love with the same facility she had bestowed it.

The Marquis de Santileur made the proposition to his child; but she shrank with horror from it. The marquis wished, if possible, to please his daughter; but the family and estates must be represented; and it was absolutely necessary to his happiness that Clarice should marry. He asked her if she had a preference for any noble of the province before the baron Terreville. Clarice, upon hearing this question, poured out her whole heart to him, and entreated him not to consummate her wretchedness by compelling a union, when she could never love any but him who had possessed her love from infancy; and who, if he was no more, had borne it with him to the grave.

"If he is dead," she said, "earth has no longer any claims upon me, and the only request I make

to you is, that you will consent to my retiring from it and seeking a refuge in the cloister, where I will ever mingle your name with his to implore blessings on you both."

But the Marquis de Santileur would by no means consent to this arrangement—neither prayers nor entreaties could move him. The utmost grace his daughter could obtain was, that he would wait for a period of six months, during which time she should not be considered as absolutely plighted to the Baron Terreville; but if at the expiration of that period, Eustace D'Onsellet did not return, or they heard no news to render the fact of his existence certain—then, at the expiration of another month, she should positively be wedded to the man who now sought her hand.

This was at least a respite; and from day to day she continued to hope that something would intervene to prevent a doom she looked upon as worse than the grave. Week passed upon week, and every thing remained in the same condition as at the commencement of the term of probation. Hope waxed so faint that it required all the sanguineness of youth to support it. At length the six months expired, and Clarice de Santileur was in despair!—the fate of Eustace D'Onsellet was as much involved in obscurity as ever. What was worse, however, she could no longer remain true to his memory—she was the betrothed of another!—not by her own act or acquiescence, but by a power that was paramount to hers—by the authority of her father, who fulfilled his word given to the Baron Terreville.

Moreover the marquis had accepted an invitation for himself and daughter from the baron, to spend the first fortnight of the month that was to precede the marriage at the castle of the latter; and it was the fulfilment of this engagement that explains the appearance of Clarice de Santileur at the home of one, from whom she would willingly have been leagues away.

Abandoned by every other hope, our heroine still had one remaining when she left her home for this visit; and that hope was in the baron himself. She thought of appealing to him, and declaring that she could never love him—that the union could but make her miserable existence one of utter wretchedness—and of conjuring him, by every principle of honor and nobleness, to relinquish voluntarily the engagement into which parental authority had forced her. But this hope, like the many others she had cherished, was not destined to be realized. The baron was a plain man, of few ideas, which

he expressed in almost as few words. He told her that had her first lover survived, or could he be revived he would acquiesce, though reluctantly in her suggestion—"for," said he "I loved the boy myself, and it was from me he received his first lessons in the noble art of war. His father (as good a knight as ever bestrode a steed or couched a lance) and myself were companions in arms; and I would have done much to serve the brave lad." But he said that it was madness to suppose he lived; and it was the excess of madness to adhere with such tenacity to his memory. He then read her a short lesson upon the duty of a daughter, and concluded by declaring he had no doubt that after they were married she would learn to love him, as his endeavors should all tend to her happiness.

It was now that Clarice felt within herself a spirit not her own: her determination was made—*she would not wed the Baron Terreville*—though the whole world combined to compel her—*she would not!* She formed a resolution so desperate, that she dared scarcely breathe it even to herself. She resolved to let matters progress, but when called upon at the altar, to refuse her consent to a union her heart could not sanction, and to avow herself (in wish at least) as the bride of heaven and the church; and should force then be attempted, she determined to terminate her struggle by sacrificing herself to death, rather than to contamination.

CHAPTER III.

"We return, we return, we return no more."

HIGHLAND LAMENT.

THE morrow broke forth in all the splendor of a bright, spring day—there was not a cloud in the whole expanse of the sky. Nature seemed dressed in her gayest garb—as if she rejoiced with the light hearts that had been looking forward to this day with so many pleasurable anticipations.

The morning was spent in preparation, and at two hours after noon the sports were to commence. It were needless to occupy the time of the reader with the description of a tournament—so many have already been described by abler pens that we will pass by the minor arrangements, and come to the tournament after the sports had progressed for some time, and when Clarice de Santileur had already taken her seat as queen of the lists; though it must be confessed she did this act mechanically, and remained for a time no more than an inattentive spectator of the scene around her.

The Baron Terreville had just unhorsed a knight with whom he had run a course, and he stood at the entrance of his pavillon in expectation of another opponent, when a trumpet was heard to sound a call at the entrance of the lists; and the herald on proceeding to answer it found there an armed knight accompanied by his squire, bearing his lance and shield.

The latter, in explaining the reasons of the summons, stated that his master, as he journeyed through the country on his return from the holy wars, had heard of the meeting; and passing in the neighborhood at the time, he wished to break a lance with the noble knights there present, in honor of the lady of his love, whom he upheld to be the fairest in all France.

A challenge such as this, in those days, was never declined, and in a moment all were anxious to meet this stranger, who, by his boasted preference of his own lady cast an aspersion upon the peerless charms of all others. Baron Terreville, being in his own castle, was compelled to allow several other knights, being inferior in reputation to himself, the privilege of encountering the stranger before him.

The herald was directed to return and reply to the unknown challenger, that on giving his name and lineage, the knights there present would be proud to meet him; and they would uphold the superiority of their ladies' charms in peaceful strife there; and in deadly war elsewhere—with sword or with lance; on horse or on foot. The squire replied that the knight he served was under a vow, and he could not reveal his name nor his family; but he pledged himself that he was noble, and not unknown to some who were there present. He was known now by the title of the knight of the Blasted Pine, as the cognizance upon his shield (which was a young pine tree riven by a flash of lightning) showed, and if they accepted his challenge he would meet them there, with the weapons prescribed for the occasions, and elsewhere as they should list, and with what weapons it suited them to name.

After a few moments spent in deliberation, they accepted the challenge, and the knight of the Blasted Pine, as he denominated himself, rode into the lists. He sat on a powerful and spirited war horse; and was clad in a suit of complete steel, over which he wore the white crusader's shirt, with the bright red cross upon the right shoulder. As he kept his visor down it was impossible to form an opinion of his countenance; but his figure was at once manly and graceful, and displayed an admirable combination of strength and ease. His

appearance alone would have commanded respect; but he evinced so much skill in managing his restive steed, and in wielding his lance as he saluted the queen of the tournament in passing below the platform on which she sat enthroned, that respect was quickly changed to admiration; and every one admitted that there could be no doubt of his being both noble and gallant.

Clarice de Santileur had aroused herself from her listlessness the moment she saw the stranger knight enter the lists. The sight of the cross, and the white shirt over his armor, recalled to her mind the thoughts (if they had ever been absent) of him who was similarly clad when last she bade him a long farewell. There was also something in the figure and appearance of the knight of the Blasted Pine that attracted from her more than ordinary attention. But the face could give no information to the wild thoughts that suggested themselves to her mind—the envious bars were closed, and she could but see the flashing of the dark eyes they sheltered. A state of painful anxiety had now taken the place of utter heedlessness in her bosom, and she waited in torturing suspense to see whether the entrance of this stranger did not purport more to her than it had promised in words.

The knight of the Blasted Pine proved himself as skilful in action as he was graceful and gallant in deportment. Knight after knight he overthrew, or gained such advantages over them that they retired with the acknowledgment of their inferiority. At length when the ambition of most of them had been quelled, the Baron Terreville advanced to redeem the laurels which his companions' want of success had wreathed around the brows of the stranger.

The Baron Terreville was a powerfully built man, and, as has already been expressed, he was a tried warrior: the contest, therefore, between the stranger knight and him, enlisted much more interest than any which had preceded it. The stranger knight also seemed to feel the importance of this encounter, for he threw from him the lance he had already used, and in its place he selected another from among several handed him by his squire. The trumpets sounded, and each knight started from either extremity of the lists: they met midway, and the shock was tremendous. The lance of the Baron Terreville was aimed full at the breast of his adversary—it struck and shivered to the head: not so that of his antagonist. Aimed at the head, it seized the helmet just above the visor, and bore both horse and man back with it—the fastenings of the helmet kept their wonted place, and in less than

an instant both steed and rider rolled to the earth together.

To disengage himself was the work of only a moment to the baron; but he had been severely bruised by the fall, and was, therefore, in no condition to renew the encounter. He complimented the stranger knight on his prowess, and invited him to dismount, in order to receive from the hands of the queen of the tournament the prize appointed for the victor of the field. The knight of the Blasted Pine would at first have declined this honor; but finding that his doing so would be considered uncourteous, he threw the reins to his squire, who was already at his stirrup, and alighted on the ground. He was conducted by the baron to the platform where Clarice de Santileur sat as queen of the tournament, surrounded by a bevy of fair and young ladies. As he approached her he knelt on one knee, and she took from a maiden beside her a gold chain, to which was attached a diamond cross, and threw it around his neck.

"Sir knight," she said, "receive the reward of valor; and let it be the incitement to brave deeds and noble actions: keep thy honor as pure as the metal that encircles thee, and let thy faith be as clear as the gem that clings to it. Be true to thy God—thy country—and the lady of thy love."

"To the first," replied the knight, pointing to the red cross upon his shoulder, and speaking in a voice that was tremulous with emotion, "this will prove my truth—the second will ever be dear to me—and the last," said he, in a low, husky tone, "is as of the things of the past. The title that I bear is but the symbol of my heart—loving still, though seared and withered in its affection." He rose hastily and withdrew, but as he remounted his steed, Clarice, who had kept her eyes fixed upon his person, saw, or thought she saw, the end of a scarf peering from beneath the over-shirt of white he wore. That glance, transient as it was, convinced her (when taken with the tone of the voice and the confession she had just heard) that she had seen, nay, that her own hands had been employed in ornamenting it for him, who was still as dear to her heart—aye, dearer! than when she fastened it across his breast, and bid him recur to that and be faithful to her.

Oh! what would she not have given to have spoken one word, to have pronounced one name, to have asked one question! Worlds, had they been hers, would have been freely offered for this simple privilege; but yet she dared not do it. Custom with its iron rules forbade it; and she

was compelled to control the desire, though her heart might burst in the effort.

The stranger knight saluted the company courteously, and took his departure as he had arrived—unknown and unrecognized. With his departure terminated the amusements of the day, and with the day terminated the visits of all the guests at the Castle Terreville. On the following morning the Marquis de Santileur, accompanied by his daughter, and her own recognized husband, the baron, took their departure for Santileur, where the latter was to remain until the nuptials had taken place.

CHAPTER IV.

"They were gathered for a bridal."

SARAH L. P. SMITH.

THE intervening fortnight sped rapidly by—too rapidly; at least Clarice thought so; for on either side she saw "a doom to dread, yet dwell upon," and every moment brought her nearer to it. No one had heard again of the unknown knight. He had passed from the memory of many; but Clarice de Santileur returned again and again in thought to him, and at each recurrence she became more convinced that his fate and hers were connected.

It was now the morning of the wedding, and the bridesmaids were already in attendance on the bride; she silently submitted to their direction: nor word nor comment fell from her in relation to the preparations then in progress, nor to him who all expected would be her future lord. The toilet was almost complete, when one of the maids brought in a small package and handed it to the bride: on the outside of it was a piece of parchment, on which was written the name of Clarice de Santileur. Tremblingly she undid the silken threads that bound it, and as she did so, there fell from it the identical scarf she had, at parting, given to Eustace D'Onsellet. One glance of mingled wonder and recognition she bestowed upon it, and then fell fainting in the arms of an attendant.

On recovering, she immediately requested to speak alone with her father. She showed it to him, and told him her suspicions that Eustace D'Onsellet and the stranger knight at the tournament were one and the same person, and she implored him to break off the nuptials; or at least to procrastinate them. The marquis inquired how the packet was received, and being informed that a horseman had left it at the castle gate, and after delivering it had departed as expeditiously and mysteriously as he came—he

declared it was all a trick got up by some designing knave, and refused to accede to his daughter's request. She pleaded, but he was deaf to her entreaties.

"It will be but hurrying your child to a grave!" she exclaimed, as she fell on her knees before him.

"Be it so!" he replied, now becoming highly excited at this unexpected resistance to his wishes; "a dirge or a marriage song shall this day be heard, or I will cease to be the lord of Santileur." Saying this, he rushed from the apartment.

"A dirge, be it then!" cried Clarice, as she rose from her suppliant position, and from a private drawer drew forth a small dagger which she carefully concealed in the folds of her dress.

The party proceeded from the castle to the chapel of the monastery hard by, where the abbot in his robes was in waiting to officiate at the ceremony. Slowly the procession moved up the aisle. Clarice was as pale as a corpse, and with difficulty supported herself by leaning on the arm of her father, who evidently was in no placid mood. The Baron Terreville walked by her side, stern and stolid; and the friends and company brought up the rear. In this manner they approached the spot at which the abbot stood prepared to receive them.

The service was already in progress, and the priest had just pronounced the formal question—as to whether any one there present knew of any impediment to the marriage contract about to be consummated—when a noise as of the clanking of armor was heard from behind one of the many gothic arches in the chapel, and upon the instant there appeared, issuing from the gloom, a knight clad in complete steel, and wearing the habiliments of a crusader. He had advanced but a few steps when every person recognized him (though he still wore his visor down) as the knight of the Blasted Pine—the hero of the tournament. His appearance and recognition were simultaneous; but the attention of the bridal company was quickly withdrawn from this new object to a scene of a different character that was passing in their midst; and which filled them with consternation and surprise.

Clarice had prepared herself for the crisis of her fate when the priest should ask this question; and on hearing it she collected every energy she could command, and, without noticing the interruption to which we have briefly adverted, she took a step in advance. Stopping the priest in the midst of the ceremony, she protested that the union then being completed was one that could

not be acceptable to heaven, and should not be insisted on by man, and, therefore, the rites of the holy church should not sanction it. She declared that neither her heart nor her mind consented to it: that she was either the plighted bride of another, or—if the privilege of remaining so was denied her—then she devoted herself to the service of heaven; and she claimed the interposition of the church to rescue her from so unholy an alliance.

Nothing could now exceed the astonishment of all present. The baron looked confused and annoyed, the bridesmaids and company were dismayed; and the abbot suffered his book to fall from his hand, while he stared in stupid wonder at the marquis for an explanation of this extraordinary scene. The marquis himself was nearly frantic with rage—he seized his daughter violently by the arm, and dragging her before the priest, declared, “that either with or without her consent the marriage should take place.” Here, however, his violence was met by another interruption that tended to increase the confusion already become general.

When the stranger knight had heard the declaration made by Clarice, he passed hastily by those who interposed between him and the priest, and making his way as speedily as possible, he stood face to face with the marquis just as the latter had succeeded in dragging his daughter to the altar. At this sight the hand of Clarice, as it sought the fold of her dress, was suddenly arrested, and she gazed at the stranger as though he was some supernatural agent sent to her relief in her greatest need. The intruder, without noticing the frowning brows that lowered on all sides upon him, walked directly up to the priest.

“I,” said he, in a loud voice, “forbid that these nuptials proceed, and declare that maiden—the victim of an unholy purpose—is, as she proclaimed, plighted before God and man as the bride of another.”

“That other is no more!” cried the Marquis de Santileur, turning fiercely upon the stranger.

“He is dead—his bones are bleaching upon the sands of Syria!”

“He lives!” replied the knight—“he lives to claim the troth once plighted, and to make pure his own faith.”

“And where?” asked the Baron Terreville, now advancing for the first time.

“Here!” replied the knight, throwing up his visor and disclosing the well known features of Eustace D’Onsellet, Count de Lisle.

“Eustace! my lord—my lover—my husband!” cried Clarice, hysterically, as she rushed into his offered embrace.

“I have lost a fair bride,” exclaimed the Baron Terreville, offering Eustace his hand when the confusion had in a degree subsided, “but I have found a friend. I resign, sir knight, in favor of your stronger claim, backed as it is by the preference of the lady.”

The party left the chapel without a wedding having taken place, but with the understanding that when it did occur the bridegroom was to be him whose claim was paramount to all others. The night of the day that dawned so inauspiciously was one of unalloyed joy to the lovers. Clarice would have Eustace recount to her all his adventures. He glossed over those of which she had already heard, and only particularly narrated the history of his captivity and escape. He dwelt pathetically on his thoughts of her during his imprisonment; and he detailed how a few months before, when the fortress in which he was detained a captive was attacked by the crusaders, he rushed from his prison, and seizing the scimitar of his jailor, joined the assailants, and with them assisted in the capture of the place—how he had united with his companions in arms before the walls of Jerusalem—the Holy City, and the part he took in the storming, which immediately succeeded his arrival—how, after the city had been won from the infidels, and he had worshipped in the holy places, he hastened his return to France; and how, on arriving in Lorraine, he had heard of her betrothal to the Baron Terreville, and considering that she was false to him, he determined to retire from the world—how on learning that the tournament was to take place, he resolved to be present and judge for himself whether her heart went with the match, or whether it was one that had been forced upon her—how, on seeing her at the tournament, and observing her pale, sorrowful countenance, he had come to the latter conclusion, though he still doubted his own judgment—how he gave her evidence of his existence by having the scarf conveyed to her; and how he determined to be one of the party at the wedding, and there to act according as circumstances should seem to require. These incidents, though we have narrated them in a few words, engrossed their conversation during the remainder of the day and evening; nor was it until midnight that the lovers separated—their hearts overflowing with gratitude and love; and with a bright hope of the future beaming in unclouded splendor upon them.

The marriage of Clarice de Santileur to the Count de Lisle took place the following week, when the Baron Terreville officiated as the friend

of the young bridegroom, and every one admitted that he looked happier and better pleased with himself and all around him than he had done the previous week, when the relative position of the parties was so materially different.

Need we say that the bride and groom lived happily together? The star that had beamed upon their union shone undimmed upon them for the remainder of their lives.

LINES.

WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF A LITTLE BOY
TOUCHING THE STRINGS OF A HARP.

SWEET bud of beauty! fold thy harp,
All quivering to thy music heart;
And bid its low tones softly breathe,
Like warbling birds at closing eve.
Thy tiny fingers,—let them stray,
As winds in summer softly play,
Among the strings, and make the strain
To sweetly live—then die again!
Or as the shell from ocean torn,
That sings within, its pensive song,
And seems to murmur, still to be
Amid its music, 'neath the sea!
Or as the * bird, (by travellers told,)
Beneath its eastern skies of gold;
Gushes aloft its swelling lay,
And breathes in song its soul away.
So to us give thy sweetest song,
So waft to heaven our souls along,
And as thou sweep'st thy sounding strings,
Our hearts shall feel an angel sings!

B.

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

MICHAEL RYAN.

HERE lies a man whose only aim hath been
To treasure trash, with fingers long and lean;
To leave to thankless heirs his ill-got pelf,
In life he starved, in death he damned himself.

EPITAPH ON A LAWYER.

MICHAEL RYAN.

Loag'd beneath are the limbs of a limb of the
law,
And all at their ease are reclin'd,—
But the soul if you'd seek that enliven'd the jaw,
And the hand that would grasp at the dying man's
straw,
Go to—my good friend and you'll find.

* A story is told of a bird of Persia that filled with its
love of song, often breaks its little heart as soaring
away it gushes forth its melody and dies!

YOUR CUPS FILL WITH ME.

MICHAEL RYAN.

—
Your cups fill with me,
While a drop they can hold;
To the brim should they be,
When we spill to the bold.
Let all be like this,
And as each lifts his wine,
Say—In memory 'tis
Of the brave Geraldine!

Your cups fill again,
Fill them up—who's in dread?
A brimmer we'll drain
To the brothers who bled—
Does tyranny think
We'll be gagg'd by her fears?—
Come fill then, and drink
To the shades of the Sheares!

Undrunk shall we leave
Their companions, who
In hand were as brave,
And in heart were as true—
My fellows fill high,
And in handling your bowls,
Say the bliss of the sky
To their chivalrous souls!

Well, one measure more
To ourselves,—'tis the last,
Our cups all before
Have been pour'd to the past.
But this the thought fires,
It should fire us to Huns;
Come, the wrongs of our sires,
Be aveng'd by their sons!

The Greenlanders, says a recent writer, have some peculiar customs. The most singular is their musical combat. If a Greenlander imagines himself affronted by another, he composes a satirical poem, and challenges his adversary to sing. Both appear with a respectable chorus, chiefly women, and the contest of wit begins. He who fairly laughs out his opponent and gets the last word, gains the applause and wins the day. As a method of revenging insults, is not this at least as rational as most of those adopted by more civilized nations? Is there not sound philosophy in laughing off a fit of ill-feeling? For people who have no Christianity to teach them meekness and forgiveness, this method must be acknowledged to be among the best.

THE VILLAGE ANTHEM.

BY MRS. C. LEE HENTZ.

"What is that bell ringing for!" asked Villeneuve of the waiter, who was leaving the room.

"For church," was the reply.

"For church! Oh! is it Sunday! I had forgotten it. I did not think there was a church in this little village."

"Yes, indeed," answered the boy, his village pride taking the alarm, "and a very handsome one too. Just look out at that window, sir. Do you see that tall, white steeple, behind those big trees there! That is the church, and I know there is not a better preacher in the whole world than Parson Blandford. He was never pestered for a word yet, and his voice makes one feel so warm and tender about the heart, it does one good to hear him."

Villeneuve cast a languid glance through the window, from the sofa on which he was reclining, thinking that Parson Blandford was very probably some old hum-drum, puritanical preacher, whose nasal twang was considered melodious by the vulgar ears which were accustomed to listen to him. Dull as his present position was, he was resolved to keep it, rather than inflict upon himself such an intolerable bore. The boy, who had mounted his hobby, continued, regardless of the unpropitious countenance of his auditor.

"Then there is Miss Grace Blandford, his daughter, plays so beautifully on the organ! You never heard such music in your life. When she sits behind the red curtains and you can't see anything but the edge of her white skirt below, I can't help thinking there's an angel hid there; and when she comes down and takes her father's arm, to walk out of church, she looks like an angel sure enough."

Villeneuve's countenance brightened. Allowing for all the hyperbole of ignorance, there were two positive things which were agreeable in themselves—music and a young maiden. He rose from the sofa, threw aside his dressing gown, called for his coat and hat, and commanded the delighted boy to direct him to the church, the nearest way. His guide, proud of ushering in such a handsome and aristocratic looking stranger, conducted him to one of the most conspicuous

seats in the broad aisle, in full view of the pulpit and the orchestre, and Villeneuve's first glance was towards the red curtains, which were drawn so close, not even a glimpse of white was granted to the beholder. He smiled at his own curiosity. Very likely this angel of the village boy, was a great red-faced, hard-handed country girl, who had been taught imperfectly to thrum the keys of an instrument, and consequently transformed by rustic simplicity into a being of superior order. No matter, any kind of excitement was better than the ennui from which he had been aroused. A low, sweet, trembling prelude stole on his ear. "Surely," thought he, "no vulgar fingers press those keys—that is the key-note of true harmony." He listened, the sounds swelled, deepened, rolled through the arch of the building, and sank again with such a melting cadence, the tears involuntarily sprang into his eyes. Ashamed of his emotions, he leaned his head on his hand and yielded unseen to an influence, which, coming over him so unexpectedly, had all the force of enchantment. The notes died away, then swelled again in solemn accompaniment with the opening hymn. The hymn closed with the melodious vibrations of the instrument, and for a few moments there was a most profound silence.

"The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him:" uttered a deep, solemn voice.

Villeneuve raised his head and gazed upon the speaker. He was a man rather past the meridian of life, but wearing unmarred the noblest attributes of manhood. His brow was un wrinkled, his piercing eye undimmed, and his tall figure majestic and unbowed. The sun inclined from the zenith, but the light, the warmth, the splendor remained in all their power, and the hearts of the hearers radiated that light and warmth, till an intense glow pervaded the assembly, and the opening words of the preacher seemed realised. Villeneuve was an Infidel; he looked upon the rites of Christianity as theatrical machinery, necessary perhaps towards carrying on the great drama of life, and when the springs were well adjusted and oiled and the pulleys worked with-

out confusion, and every appearance of art was kept successfully in the back-ground, he was willing to sit and listen as he would to a fine actor when reciting the impassioned language of the stage. "This man is a very fine actor," was his first thought, "he knows his part well. It is astonishing, however, that he is willing to remain in such a limited sphere—with such an eye and voice—such flowing language and graceful elocution, he might make his fortune in any city. It is incomprehensible that he is content to linger in obscurity." Thus Villeneuve speculated, till his whole attention became absorbed in the sermon, which as a literary production was exactly suited to his fastidiously refined taste. The language was simple, the sentiments sublime. The preacher did not bring himself down to the capacities of his auditors, he lifted them to his, he elevated them, he spiritualised them. He was deeply read in the mysteries of the human heart, and he knew that however ignorant it might be of the truths of science and the laws of metaphysics, it contained many a divine spark which only required an eliciting touch to kindle. He looked down into the eyes upturned to him in breathless interest, and he read in them the same yearnings after immortality, the same reverence for the Infinite Majesty of the universe, which moved and solemnized his own soul. His manner was in general calm and affectionate, yet there were moments when he swept the chords of human passion with a master's hand, and the hectic flush of his cheek told of the fire burning within.

"He is a scholar, a metaphysician, a philosopher and a gentleman," said Villeneuve to himself, at the close of his discourse, "If he is an actor, he is the best one I ever saw. He is probably an enthusiast, who, if he had lived in ancient days, would have worn the blazing crown of martyrdom, I should like to see his daughter." The low notes of the organ again rose as if in response to his heart's desire. This time there was the accompaniment of a new female voice. The congregation rose as the words of the anthem began. It was a kind of doxology, the chorus terminating with the solemn expression—"for ever and ever." The hand of the organist no longer trembled. It swept over the keys, as if the enthusiasm of an exalted spirit were communicated to every pulse and sinew. The undulating strains rolled and reverberated till the whole house was filled with the waves of harmony. But high and clear and sweet above those waves of harmony and the mingling voices of the choir, rose that single female voice, uttering the "burden of the anthem, "for ever and ever."

Villeneuve closed his eyes. He was oppressed by the novelty of his sensations. Where was he? In a simple village church, listening to the minstrelsy of a simple village maiden, and he had frequented the magnificent cathedral of Notre Dame, been familiar there with the splendid ritual of the national religion, and heard its sublime chantings from the finest choirs in the universe. Why did those few monotonous words so thrill through every nerve of his being? That eternity which he believed was the dream of fanaticism, seemed for a moment an awful reality, as the last notes of the Pæan echoed on his ear.

When the benediction was given and the congregation were leaving the church, he watched impatiently for the foldings of the red curtains to part, and his heart palpitated when he saw a white-robed figure glide through the opening and immediately disappear. The next minute she was seen at the entrance of the church, evidently waiting the approach of her father, who surrounded by his people, pressing on each other to catch a kindly greeting, always found it difficult to make his egress. As she thus stood against a column which supported the entrance, Villeneuve had a most favorable opportunity of scanning her figure, which he did with a practised and scrutinising glance. He was accustomed to Parisian and English beauty, and comparing Grace Blandford to the high-born and high-bred beauties of the old world, she certainly lost in the comparison. She was very simply drest, her eyes were downcast and her features were in complete repose. Still there was a quiet grace about her that pleased him—a blending of perfect simplicity and perfect refinement that was extraordinary. Mr. Blandford paused as he came down the aisle. He had noticed the young and interesting looking stranger, who listened with such devout attention to all the exercises. He had heard, for in a country village such things are rapidly communicated, that there was a traveller at the inn, a foreigner and an invalid—two strong claims to sympathy and kindness. The pallid complexion of the young man was a sufficient indication of the latter, and the air of high breeding which distinguished him was equal to a letter of recommendation in his behalf. The minister accosted him with great benignity, and invited him to accompany him home.

"You are a stranger," said he, "and I understand an invalid. Perhaps you will find the quiet of our household more congenial this day than the bustle of a public dwelling."

Villeneuve bowed his delighted acceptance of this most unexpected invitation. He grasped the

proffered hand of the minister with more warmth than he was aware of, and followed him to the door where Grace yet stood, with downcast eyes.

"My daughter," said Mr. Blandford, drawing her hand through his arm. This simple introduction well befitted the place where it was made, and was acknowledged by her with a gentle bending of the head and a lifting of the eyes, and they walked in silence from the portals of the church. What a change had the mere uplifting of these veiled lids made in her countenance! Two lines of a noble bard flashed across his memory—

"The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face."

Then another line instantaneously succeeded—

"And oh! that eye is in itself a soul."

There was one thing which disappointed him. He did not notice a single blush flitting over her fair cheek. He feared she was deficient in sensibility. It was so natural to blush at a stranger's greeting. He did not understand the nature of her feelings. He could not know that one so recently engaged in sublime worship of the Creator, must be lifted above fear or confusion in the presence of the creature. Villeneuve had seen much of the world, and understood the art of adaptedness, in the best sense of the word. He could conform to the circumstances in which he might be placed with grace and ease, and though he was too sincere to express sentiments he did not feel, he felt justified in concealing those he did feel, when he knew their avowal would give pain or displeasure. It was a very singular way for him to pass the Sabbath. The guest of a village Pastor, breathing an atmosphere redolent of the sweets of piety, spirituality and holy love. The language of levity and flattery, so current in society, would be considered profanation here; and a conviction deeply mortifying to his vanity forced itself upon him, that all those accomplishments for which he had been so much admired, would gain him no favor with the minister and his daughter. He could not forbear expressing his surprise at the location Mr. Blandford had chosen.

"I would not insult you by flattery," said Villeneuve, ingenuously, "but I am astonished you do not seek a wider sphere of usefulness. It is impossible that the people here should appreciate your talents, or estimate the sacrifices you make to enlighten and exalt them."

Mr. Blandford smiled as he answered—"You think my sphere too small, while I tremble at the weight of responsibility I have assumed. If I have the talents which you kindly ascribe to me, I find here an ample field for their exercise.

There are hundreds of minds around me that mingle their aspirations with mine, and even assist me in the heavenward journey. In a larger, more brilliant circle, I might perhaps gain a more sounding name and exercise a wider influence, but that influence would not be half as deep and heartfelt. I was born and bred in a city, and know the advantages such a life can offer; but I would not exchange the tranquility of this rural residence, the serenity of my pastoral life, the paternal influence I wield over this secluded village, and the love and reverence of its upright and pure-minded inhabitants, for the splendid security of the Archbishops of our mother-land."

Villeneuve was astonished to see a man so nobly endowed, entirely destitute of the principle of ambition. He wanted to ask him how he had thus trampled under his feet the honors and distinctions of the world. "You consider ambition a vice, then," said he.

"You are mistaken," replied Mr. Blandford, "if you believe me destitute of ambition. I am one of the most ambitious men in the world. But I aspire after honors that can resist the mutations of time, and partake of the imperishability of their Great Bestower."

There was a silence of some moments, during which Mr. Blandford looked upward, and the eyes of Grace followed her father's with kindling ray.

"But, your daughter," continued Villeneuve, "can she find contentment in a situation for which nature and education have so evidently unfitted her?"

"Let Grace answer for herself," said Mr. Blandford, mildly; "I have consulted her happiness as well as my own, in the choice I have made."

Villeneuve was delighted to see a bright blush suffuse the modest cheek of Grace—but it was the blush of feeling, not of shame.

"I love the country rather than the town," said she, "for I prefer nature to art, meditation to action, and the works of God to the works of man; and in the constant companionship of my father I find more than contentment—I find happiness, joy."

Villeneuve sighed—he felt the isolation of his own destiny. The last of his family, a traveller in a strange land, in pursuit of health, which had been sacrificed in the too eager pursuit of the pleasures of this world, without one hope to link him to another. Affluent and uncontrolled, yet sated and desponding, he envied the uncorrupted taste of the minister's daughter. He would have bartered all his wealth for the enthusiasm that

warmed the character of her father. That night he was awakened by a singular dream. He thought he was alone in the horror of thick darkness. It seemed that he was in the midst of infinity, and yet chained to one dark spot, an immovable speck in the boundless ocean of space. "Must I remain here for ever?" he cried in agony, such as is only known in dreams, when the spirit's nerves are all unsheathed. "For ever and ever," answered a sweet, seraphic voice, high above his head, and looking up he beheld Grace, reclining on silver-bosomed clouds, so distant, she appeared like a star in the heavens, yet every lineament perfectly defined. "Am I then parted from thee for ever?" exclaimed he, endeavoring to stretch out his arms towards the luminous point. "For ever and ever," responded the same heavenly accents, mournfully echoing till they died away, and the vision fled. He was not superstitious, but he did not like the impression of his dream. He rose feverish and unrefreshed, and felt himself unable to continue his journey. Mr. Blandford came to see him. He was deeply interested in the young stranger, and experienced the pleasure which every sensitive and intellectual being feels in meeting with kindred sensibility and intellect. The intimacy, thus commenced, continued to increase, and week after week passed away, and Villeneuve still lingered near the minister and his daughter. His health was invigorated, his spirits excited by the novel yet powerful influences that surrounded him. It was impossible, in the course of this deepening intimacy, that the real sentiments of Villeneuve should remain concealed. For hypocrisy formed no part of his character. Mr. Blandford, relying on the reverence and affection Villeneuve evidently felt for him, believed it would be an easy task to interest him in the great truths of religion. And it was an easy task to interest him, particularly when the father's arguments were backed by the daughter's persuasive eloquence; but it was a most difficult one to convince. The prejudices of education, the power of habit, the hardening influence of a worldly life, presented an apparently impenetrable shield against the arrows of divine truth.

"I respect, I revere the principles of your religion," Villeneuve was accustomed to say at the close of their long and interesting conversations, "I would willingly endure the pangs of death, yea, the agonies of martyrdom, for the possession of a faith like yours. But it is a gift denied to me. I cannot force my belief, nor give a cold assent with my lips to what my reason and my conscience belie.

Mr. Blandford ceased not his efforts, notwithstanding the unexpected resistance he encountered, but Grace gradually retired from the conflict, and Villeneuve found to his sorrow and mortification that she no longer appeared to rejoice in his society. There was a reserve in her manners which would have excited his resentment, had not the sadness of her countenance touched his heart. Sometimes when he met her eye it had an earnest, reproachful, pitying expression, that thrilled to his soul. One evening he came to the Parsonage at a later hour than usual. He was agitated and pale. "I have received letters of importance," said he; "I must leave you immediately. I did not know that all my happiness was centered in the intercourse I have been holding with your family till this summons came." Grace, unable to conceal her emotions, rose and left the apartment. Villeneuve's eyes followed her with an expression which made her father tremble. He anticipated the scene which followed. "Mr. Blandford," continued Villeneuve, "I love your daughter. I cannot live without her—I cannot depart without an assurance of her love and your approbation."

Mr. Blandford was too much agitated to reply—the blood rushed to his temples, then retreating as suddenly, left his brow and cheek as colorless as marble. "I should have foreseen this," at length he said. "It would have spared us all much misery."

"Misery!" replied Villeneuve, in a startling tone.

"Yes," replied Mr. Blandford, "I have been greatly to blame—I have suffered my feelings to triumph over my judgment. Villeneuve I have never met a young man who won upon my affections as you have done. The ingenuousness, ardor, and generosity of your character impelled me to love you. I still love you; but I pity you still more. I can never trust my daughter's happiness in your hands. There is a gulf between you—a wall of separation—high as the heavens and deeper than the foundations of the earth." He paused and bowed his face upon his hands. The possibility that his daughter's happiness might be no longer in her own keeping, completely overpowered him. Villeneuve listened in astonishment and dismay. He, in all the pride of affluence and rank, (for noble blood ran in lineal streams through his veins,) to be rejected by an obscure village pastor, from mere religious scruples! It was incredible—one moment his eye flashed haughtily on the bending figure before him; the next it wavered, in the apprehension that Grace might yield to her father's decision,

and seal their final separation. "Mr. Blandford," cried he, passionately, "I can take my rejection only from your daughter—I have never sought her love unsanctioned by your approbation—I have scorned the guise of a hypocrite, and I have a right to claim this from you. You may destroy my happiness—it is in your power—but tremble lest you sacrifice a daughter's peace."

Mr. Blandford recovered his self-command, as the passions of the young man burst their bounds. He summoned Grace into his presence. "I yield to your impetuous desire," said he, "but I would to Heaven you had spared me a scene like this. Painful as it is, I must remain to be a witness to it." He took his daughter's hand as she entered, and drew her towards him. He watched her countenance while the first vows of love to which she had ever listened were breathed into her ear with an eloquence and fervor which seemed irresistible, and these were aided by the powerful auxiliary of a most handsome and engaging person, and he trembled as he gazed. Her cheek kindled, her eye lighted up with rapture, her heart panted with excessive emotion. She leaned on her father's arm, unable to speak, but looked up in his face with an expression that spoke volumes.

"You love him, then, Grace," said he, mournfully. "Oh, my God! forgive me the folly, the blindness, the madness of which I have been guilty."

Grace started, as if awakening from a dream. Her father's words recalled her to herself—one brief moment of ecstasy had been hers—to be followed, she knew, by hours of darkness and sorrow. The warm glow faded from her cheek, and throwing her arms round her father's neck, she wept unrestrainedly.

"She loves me," exclaimed Villeneuve—"you yourself witness her emotions—you will not separate us—you will not suffer a cruel fanaticism to destroy us both."

"Grace," said Mr. Blandford, in a firm voice, "look up. Let not the feelings of a moment but the principles of a life decide. Will you hazard, for the enjoyment of a few fleeting years, the unutterable interests of eternity? Will you forsake the Master *he* abjures for the bosom of a stranger? In one word, my daughter; will you wed an Infidel?"

Grace lifted her head, and clasping her hands together, looked fervently upward.

"Thou art answered," cried Mr. Blandford, with a repelling motion towards Villeneuve. "The God she invokes will give her strength to resist temptation. Go, then, most unhappy yet beloved

young man—you have chosen your destiny and we have chosen ours. *You* live for time. *We*, for eternity. As I said before, there is a deep gulf between us. Seek not to drag her down into the abyss into which you would madly plunge. My soul hath wrestled with yours, and you have resisted, though I fought with weapons drawn from Heaven's own armory. Farewell—our prayers and our tears will follow you."

He extended his hand to grasp Villeneuve's for the last time, but Villeneuve, with every passion excited beyond the power of control, rejected the motion; and, snatching the hand of Grace, which hung powerless over her father's shoulder, drew her impetuously towards him. "She loves me," exclaimed he, "and I will never resign her; I swear it by the inexorable Power you so blindly worship. Perish the religion that would crush the dearest and holiest feelings of the human heart. Perish the faith that exults in the sacrifice of nature and of love."

With one powerful arm Mr. Blandford separated his daughter from the embrace of her lover, and, holding him back with the other, commanded him to depart. He was dreadfully agitated, the veins of his temples started out like cords, and his eyes flashed with imprisoned fires. Villeneuve writhed for a moment in his unrelaxing grasp, then reeling backward sunk upon a sofa. He turned deadly pale and held his handkerchief to his face.

"Oh! father! you have killed him!" shrieked Grace, springing to his side; "he faints! he bleeds, he dies!"

Even while Grace was speaking, the white handkerchief was crimsoned with blood, the eyes of the young man closed, and he fell back insensible.

"Just Heaven! spare me this curse!" cried Mr. Blandford. "Great God! I have killed them both!"

They did indeed look like two murdered victims, for the blood which oozed from the young man's lips not only dyed his own handkerchief and neckcloth, but reddened the white dress of Grace and stiffened on her fair locks, as her head drooped unconsciously on his breast. All was horror and confusion in the household. The physician was immediately summoned, who declared that a blood-vessel was ruptured, and that the life of the young man was in the most imminent danger. Grace was borne to her own apartment and consigned to the care of some kind neighbors, but Mr. Blandford remained the whole night by Villeneuve's side, holding his hand in his, with his eyes fixed on his pallid countenance,

trembling lest every fluttering breath should be his last. About daybreak he opened his eyes, and seeing who was watching so tenderly over him, pressed his hand and attempted to speak, but the doctor commanded perfect silence, assuring him that the slightest exertion would be at the hazard of his life. For two or three days he hovered on the brink of the grave, during which time Mr. Blandford scarcely left his side, and Grace lingered near the threshold of the door, pale and sleepless, the image of despair. One night, when he seemed to be in a deep sleep, Mr. Blandford knelt by his couch, and in a low voice breathed out his soul in prayer. His vigil had been one long prayer, but he felt that he must find vent in language for the depth and strength of his emotions. He prayed in agony for the life of the young man; for his soul's life. He pleaded, he supplicated; till, language failing, sighs and tears alone bore witness to the strivings of his spirit. "Yet not my will, oh! God!" ejaculated he again, "but thine be done."

"Amen!" uttered a faint voice. The minister started as if he had heard a voice from the dead. It was Villeneuve who spoke, and whose eyes fixed upon him had a most intense and thrilling expression. "Your prayer is heard," continued he. "I feel that God is merciful. A ray of divine light illumines my parting hour. Let me see Grace before I die, that our souls may mingle once on earth, in earnest of their union hereafter."

The minister led his daughter to the couch of Villeneuve. He joined her hand in his. "My daughter," cried he, "rejoice. I asked for him life. God giveth unto him long life; yea, life for evermore."

Grace bowed her head on the pale hand that clasped her own, and even in that awful moment, a torrent of joy gushed into her soul. It was the foretaste of an eternal wedlock, and death seemed indeed swallowed up in victory. Mr. Blandford knelt by his kneeling daughter, and many a time during that night they thought they saw the spirit of Villeneuve about to take its upward flight; but he sunk at length into a gentle slumber, and when the doctor again saw him, he perceived a favorable change in his pulse, and told Mr. Blandford there was a faint hope of his recovery. "With perfect quiet and tender nursing," said he, looking meaningly at Grace, "he may yet possibly be saved."

The predictions of the excellent physician were indeed fulfilled, for in less than three weeks Villeneuve, though still weak and languid, was able to take his seat in the family circle. Mr. Blandford

saw with joy that the faith which he had embraced in what he believed his dying hour, was not abandoned with returning health. He had always relied on the rectitude of his principles, and now, when religion strengthened and sanctified them, he felt it his duty to sanction his union with his daughter. The business which had summoned him so unexpectedly to his native country still remained unsettled, and as the physician prescribed a milder climate, he resolved to try the genial air of France. It was no light sacrifice for Mr. Blandford to give up his daughter, the sole treasury of his affections, and doom himself to a solitary home, but he did it without murmuring, since he hoped the blessing of heaven would hallow their nuptials. Villeneuve promised to return the ensuing year, and restore Grace again to her beloved parsonage.

The Sunday before their departure Grace accompanied her father and husband to the village church. Villeneuve saw the boy, who had guided him there the first time, standing at the portal. He returned his respectful salutation with a warm grasp of the hand. "He led me to the gate of heaven," thought he; "he shall not go unrewarded."

"She will be too proud to play on the organ any more," said the boy to himself, "now that she has married a great man and a foreigner;" but Grace ascended the steps as usual and drew the red curtains closely round her. What the feelings of the musician were, within that sacred sanctuary, as she pressed the keys, probably for the last time, could only be judged from a trembling touch; but at the close of the services, when the same sublime anthem, with the burden "for ever and ever," was sung by the choir, Villeneuve recognised the same clear, adoring accents which first fell so thrilling on his ear. He remembered his dream. It no longer filled him with superstitious horror. It was caused by the workings of his dark and troubled mind. Now every thought flowed in a new channel; he seemed a new being to himself.

"Are we indeed united?" said he, while his soul hung on the echoes of that sweet strain, "and shall we be united for ever?"

"For ever and ever," returned the voice of the worshipper; and the whole choir, joining in, in a full burst of harmony, repeated again and again, "for ever and ever."

ASHLEY WOOD.

BY MRS. G. SLEEPER.

I CANNOT sit within doors this October morning, for the south-west wind has a witching softness in it, and a voice, sweet, and very musical, is calling me to my old haunts in Ashley Wood. I have turned for the third time resolutely to my desk, and sought to satisfy myself with the tea-roses which a friendly hand placed on it this morning, and my favorite books which a bright little maiden has playfully bound with autumn-grasses,—myrtles from her own parterre. But it is all in vain, for my mother nature still says, "daughter, daughter!" and I long for her embrace with a fond yearning which will not be repressed. Thou wilt go with me, wilt thou not, dear reader! It is so beautiful to exhibit our beautiful things to the gaze of kindly eyes. It will do you good also, to partake of the quiet, all-pervading joy. It is so tranquillizing, so full of peace and rest. There is nothing tumultuous in it, nothing exciting, nothing wearying. It is not the arch, coy, coquettish joy of spring, or the laughing, triumphant joy of summer; but a profound, soul filling joy seems in its wondrous depths. We shall find infinite quiet, which yet is not without sound. The hares are there, but their dance is like the old religious dance, and they move as if to a choral hymn. The seeming solitudes are thickly peopled, and each of the many tribes has its own peculiar language, but their voices are mellowed and subdued. The whole expression of the season is eminently soothing—plaintive, yet not quite sad.

We will go past the school-house, for through the open door we shall hear the hum of children. I have caught a glance now of a merry face, all smiles and blushes. It is bent again to the slate, but the sun is not as hard as before, for a ray of gladness has reached the little fellow's heart. Small kindness. How many such may we daily offer.

We must leave the village, and cross that odd-looking bridge with the manifold twists and turns in its rural paling. It is the loitering place of half the neighboring urchins, where they seduce my spaniel into all manner of youthful tricks, in the element she loves so well. They never weary of watching the smooth, yet rapid motions of her white paws, or of gazing on her, as elated by their praise, she lays back her silky ears, and eyes them with an animated human countenance.

Up the slope, down the hollow, and we are at Ashley Wood. The dew is still on the path and welcomes us with its sparkling eyes. Let us sit beneath these hemlocks, and looking up, see how their boughs are woven together, growing smaller and more slender as they near the top, till the meshes vie in fineness with the network of the twinkling leaves. The light here is pleasanter than the splendor that kindles the rainbow drapery of the knoll. How vivid that is, yet it has no glare, it is not dazzling. The trees through which it comes seem covered with vast clouds of tulips, rich brown, scarlet, and yellow, striped with crimson. They are gorgeous, but they are too purely touched, too finely veined to be termed gaudy. They have stolen the hues of some summer sunset.

The flowers, sweet tokens from the Father, have almost all withered. A few only remain, bright lingerers in the fading garland of the fast speeding autumn. A solitary blue gentian in blossom, lonely child of the fairy frost. By it, is a pliant drooping golden-rod, and beneath, the gold-thread with its wealth of slender roots. Tiny maples are growing all around, each with its tuft of gold and rubies, and mingled with them, are miniature pines and black spruces, ashes and silver firs. They threaten to displace their vigorous and stately kindred, yet are as kindly sheltered by them as the plant of the single day. Here are brakes too, in graceful groups, waving their tinted plumes; the powdered velvet-like leaves and sapless petals of the everlasting; the low mouse-ear, and the coarse, fuzzy fabric of the unlovely but useful mullen.

Near them are mushrooms congregating in small families; the brilliant orange, delicate white, shaded purple; and lycoperdons, also, with their puff-ball hearts. Yonder patch of moss, inlaid with shining acorns, should be a dancing hall for Titania. It is wreathed with ground-pines and is still fresh, so bravely has the gnarled oak above performed its office.

There goes my squirrel! yes, mine, for have I not contributed corn and nuts to his small stores! and do I not know all the secrets of his little house-keeping! Your eye is not quick enough for a hunter. Glance along the mottled trunk of the beech at your right. Higher! higher! to the

very top-most bough! Down comes a nut! another! and another! I do believe he is pelting us. The rogue! ah! laugh and chatter, and peep at us as thou wilt, for there are none here to harm you.

We get a glimpse of the old mill between those sumachs. Nature ever seeks the picturesque, and she has disposed the huge timbers in forms consonant to the scene, decked them with moss and creepers, carefully garnishing them with the hues of life, and giving them a beauty in their decay, which they could not boast in the hour of their usefulness and strength. It will soon be removed and burned on a neighboring hearth-stone; but happy children will rejoice in its light, and the music it has breathed over my spirit will linger long after the winter fire has blazed and roared in triumph over its ashes.

This penetrating and heavy scent comes from yon tuft of hazels, and above them a smoke-wreath floats lazily away. It rises from a cottage half covered with honey-suckles and wood-bines, simply but neatly kept. Better, perhaps, than any other villager, do I know its inmates, for I have studied the human as well as the vegetable denizens of my favorite wood. My subject seemed unpromising at first, for "Old Louis" was a square-built, low-browed, sinister looking man. The strong lines of his face, and the peculiar expression of his eyes, set far back beneath shaggy brows, indicated a sullen, misanthropic habit, and no redeeming thought was written on his bronzed and weather-beaten countenance. He lived alone, and held no communication with the world farther than to make a few necessary purchases. The children fled at his approach, and their parents were not quite easy beneath his fear inspiring gaze. Deserted in infancy by worthless kindred, he was treated with neglect and contumely until he learned to execrate mankind. Our pastor visited him once, but he did not offer him even the poor hospitality that his hut afforded.

"Go to the happy!" he said, "preach to those who dwell among their own people, but come not to me, a leafless and branchless trunk!"

The minister retired sad and disheartened. But who shall point out the sources whence spring those softening influences that dispose the soul to listen to the words of life! Who shall count the means, numberless and beautiful as the stars, which silently and unseen aid in the great work of man's redemption! Even to Old Louis did the Father send a teacher wonderfully adapted to conciliate and win. He gave him a sweet social tie, which took hold of every heart-fibre, and entwined itself closely with them all.

A distant relative dying, bequeathed to him his orphan child, a girl of scarce five summers. It was a strange bequest, and strange to say it was accepted. Perhaps the old man longed for a glad smile, for a warm greeting, for some claim upon his counsel or his toil. Perhaps some association was revived, some treasured thought restored, some early affection not wholly lost, was re-awakened. But he had been gloomy and morose too long to acknowledge suddenly the well-spring of abiding love he had discovered in his bosom.

He scarcely noticed the little one, and looked coldly on her when she sprang upon his knee, and stroked back the matted locks that hung their tangled masses over his brow and cheeks. Alice Graham was not one, however, to remain long uncaressed. She was a lovely child, with bright, wavy hair, and serious, thoughtful lines lightly wrought about her fresh dewey mouth. Her innocent glee too, and her merry prattle were new pleasures in the cabin of her adopted father.

One day he gathered some delicious strawberries and carried them to her in a basket of braided vines. She clapped her hands over the fruit, and put some coaxingly to his lips. He turned hastily aside, but not in anger, and afterwards seldom returned from his work without some woodland token. He labored also, regularly and diligently. He did not, as he had once done, pause to brood over his adverse fortunes, but with the dawn, his stalwart arm was swinging the keen axe, and it knew little rest till the gloom of twilight.

He first sought to improve his outward condition for the sake of his adopted one. He shingled his rude dwelling, put in neat windows, and closed it with well-made doors. He painted the floors within, papered the walls, and replaced the broken stools with chairs and tables. His habits had not fitted him for a protector to one so delicate, and he applied to me for aid. Cheerfully he furnished the toilette conveniences of which he scarcely knew the use, and the warm garments, of the necessity for which he was a better judge. In his appearance and manner too, he became less uncouth. He practised some of the small courtesies of life. He no longer frowned when he met a neighbor, and he smiled when the children, grown less timid, played about the wood.

Winter came, and by the light of the blazing pine knots he taught Alice to read. He tasked his memory too, for all the little love he had in his youth been master of. He was once a Sabbath school scholar, and fragments of information then obtained, with portions of sermons, and stray teachings received by chance, floated dimly through

his mind. In his exceeding love he became even nervously apprehensive lest some necessary instruction might be denied his darling. The Creator, whose existence he had doubted, might possibly live and reign. The volume he had despised, might, indeed, contain the words that render wise unto salvation. He procured a Bible, and it was the child's delight to sit upon his knee and read to him from its pages. Unconsciously he became interested in its infinite story. His eye moistened, his lip quivered, his heart throbbled wildly as they went on, and ere the sweet blossoming spring time, he had knelt humbly and penitently before his God.

The misanthrope was gone, and in his place was a meek, fervent christian, loving much because he had been forgiven much. His generosity was bounded only by his means. He received into his glowing heart the whole human family, and called them alike brothers. There was light in the dwelling, and the old man and the child met and expanded, and soared upward in its holy radiance.

Oh! those beautiful hours, speeding away as minutes, when I watched the hallowed influences so gentle, so steady, so unobtrusive, that were aiding to bring back the gray-haired wanderer to the fold of the Good Shepherd. Oh! the glad, grateful thoughts that swelled my heart at that last appeal of the Father to the hardened out-cast!

Was I not wise to cull my summer blossoms and fill my basket with winter mosses in Ashley Wood! And while I sought those frail and perishing nurslings, did I not find fadeless jewels, whose lustre was of heaven!

THE CROSS AND THE CROWN.

On seeing a beautiful engraving, representing Queen Victoria receiving the Sacrament in Westminster Abbey, previous to her Coronation.

Yes! let thy royal mantle sweep the dust!
Bend the young head that waits a diadem,
Fold thy fair hands in lowliness and trust,
Before the sceptre's weight shall burden them!

Stand back! thou bearer of proud England's crown!

Sign though it be of power, august and dread;
Before these holier emblems bows she down,—
The cup of blessing and the broken bread!

There sits a light upon her uncrowned brow,
That gleameth from no jewelry of earth:
Here doth she meet her Saviour! What are now
The pomp and honors of her royal birth!

This hour with heaven! Yet, on the steps of prayer,

The world, as ever, presseth urgently;
Beside the altar is a royal chair,
And she must turn to her high ministry.

Unto a coronation was it given—
That cup, that morsel, now so consecrate:
So didst thou take it, oh! first-born of heaven!
Ere thou didst enter on thy full estate!

In sorrow didst thou bless and break the bread!
In sorrow didst thou pour the crimson wine!
Already didst thou feel around thy head
That thorny, glorious diadem of thine!

The burden of a crown is on us all!
The pledge of some high mission to fulfil,—
On her who holds the sceptre and the ball,
And on the lowliest doer of thy will!

Earth's honors may await us, or its crown;
Its sorrows, or its pomp and pageantry;
Yet still, our Saviour! let the heart be worn,
Weary or tempted, it may turn to Thee!

Over life's every path a glory dawns;
Strength to press on still cometh down from
Thee;
Yes! even to wear earth's coronet of thorns,
And bear the sceptre of its mockery!

A. D. T. W

DAY-DAWN.

The first low fluttering breath of wakening day
Stirs the wide air. Thin clouds of pearly haze
Float slowly o'er the sky, to meet the rays
Of the unrisen sun—whose faint beams play
Among the drooping stars, kissing away
Their waning eyes to slumber. From the gaze,
Like snow-wreath at approach of vernal days,
The moon's pale circlet melts into the gray.
Glad ocean quivers to the gentle gleams
Of rosy light, that touch his glorious brow,
And murmurs joy with all his thousand streams.
And earth's fair face is mantling with a glow,
Like youthful beauty's, in its changeful hue,
When slumbers, rich with dreams, are bidding
her adieu.

SOME people are never quiet, others are always so, and they are both to blame; for that which looks like vivacity and industry in the one is only a restlessness and agitation; and that which passes in the other for moderation and reserve is but a drowsy and inactive sloth.

A VISIT TO HADDON HALL, DERBYSHIRE, IN 1838.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

WHOEVER has visited that romantic district of Derbyshire, denominated "the Peak," whether in search of the picturesque scenery, for which it is justly celebrated, or been sojourners at Matlock or Baxton, for the purpose of regaining health, will have heard of this truly Baronial Hall, and most probably seen it. To them it may be pleasant to retrace their steps, and recall their feelings upon that occasion, and to those who have not had an opportunity hitherto, we may furnish additional reasons for finding one. Whoever has leisure for a tour, and taste for the beauties of nature, and the recollections attached to "olden times," should add this gratification to their stock of innocent and salubrious enjoyments.

Our drive towards Haddon lay through Abbey-dale, a beautiful valley, enriched by the remains of Beauchief Abbey, which forms now a chapel of ease to the parish of Totley. The stones of the monastery which was built in expiation of the murder of Thomas-a-Becket, by Robert Fitz-Ranulph, were employed in building Beauchief Hall, an extensive mansion, built in the style termed now the Elizabethan, and which, peering from amidst woods and crowning a bold eminence, is striking in effect.

But the rich valley and the cultivated lands, were soon past, and Derbyshire in its characteristic wastes of boundless moors, and rocky masses, succeeded—the winds blew cold even on one of the very hottest days of this hot summer, and although the sun shone brightly on many a hillock covered with the brilliant purple heath, for which this mountainous district is remarkable, shawls and cloaks were in requisition with all of us. We found, however, "beauty in the lap of horror," for many a crystal stream meandered through the gorse and heather; many a bright-eyed moorfowl started his wild brood, for his day of fate was yet a week distant; and the light clouds whose soft shadows form a peculiar charm in all mountain scenery, gave us that rich variety of light and shade which atones for the absence of objects more strictly beautiful, while the grandeur of these rocky solitudes are aided by their effects.

We have passed the Alp-like moors, caught a splendid view of Chatsworth, on whose richly-

colored walls the sun is shining gloriously in his morning radiance, and are hastening down the hill to Bakewell, the most picturesque town even of this romantic country, but certainly much injured as to appearance, by the loss of its church tower removed within a year or two.

The vale of Haddon now lies before us, watered by the river Wye—surely the most whimsical of all streams, for like a shining serpent, it winds in a thousand sinuosities through this whole valley, which now, green as an emerald, shows its silver current to advantage. On the right, are the Haddon pastures, spotted with countless herds of cattle, to the left, towering trees and occasionally masses of rock hem in the luxurious paradise watered as by the rivers of Eden. Two miles from Bakewell have brought us to Haddon Hall, towards which we ascend by a road, not trodden as of yore "by seven score servants" and their doughty lord, by numerous visitants with their trains, and wandering pilgrims with their claims—the mighty mansion, with its wide halls and numerous chambers, is now untenanted, though not dilapidated, and still magnificent.

We entered under the guidance of a youth who we understood to be the gamekeeper's son, in which capacity his ancestors have served the owners of Haddon for three hundred and eighteen years; as certain pictures testify. Passing through a strong portal, we found ourselves in a square court, surrounded by the Hall and its offices, including the chapel, which has been formerly very splendid, the seats being enriched by gilt mouldings, and the windows by painted glass—in one place we were shown a buff coat and boots, formerly worn by the sturdy vassals whose service was often that of soldiers.

We now entered the great entrance, and taking but little notice of a Norman altar, which is nevertheless mentioned by Camden and Fuller, proceeded to a large dining-hall, which like most of the other rooms, was floored with oak that grew upon the estate, and which is singularly beautiful. We then ascended a massive staircase, and were ushered into a room which runs the whole length of the south quadrangle, being one hundred and ten feet long, and lighted by three bay windows of magnificent dimensions. The room is completely pannelled with oak, and orna-

mented with rich carvings of arms and flowers under the cornice, and the chimney-pieces have similar embellishments. From the windows the prospect is exquisitely beautiful though not extensive—noble terraces, majestic balustrades, that seem built for eternity—orchards bending with fruit, forest trees intermingling their lofty arms, and the bright Wye winding gracefully amongst all, as if presenting its gift of trout and grayling, along with the offerings of Pomona and the tributes of Flora—all around is redolent of wealth and beauty—the recollections which belong to feudal attachment, divested of its unpleasant attributes, and the thousand poetic dreams which belong to the heroism, the mysteries, the glories, the sensibilities, of those who are now gone down to the dust, yet survive in these majestic relics.

Here once dwelt William Peveril, the ancestor of that loyal Sir Geoffry, with whom the genius of Sir Walter Scott has made us familiar, as a friend. Here, the lord of thirty manors, Sir George Vernon, distinguished in the first years of Elizabeth, as the King of the Peak, lived in all the splendid hospitality which belonged to immense wealth, family connexion, and ancient descent, at a period when every gentleman owned the claims of his station—a period when no man who boasted a *name* and a *heart*, ever thought of shutting up his house in the country, and leaving his dependents to starve, whilst he consoled himself with the luxuries cheaply ensured at the Albany, or the pleasures sought at Crockford's and Newmarket. If to some of them it were necessary to say,

“Curtaill the lazy vermin of the hall,”

yet must we admire the bounteous hand, the considerate protection, which enabled them to “scatter blessings o'er a smiling land,” in preference to the confined, but not less destructive expenses, which belong to selfish expenditure and concentrated personal indulgences.

One bed, the bed of state, alone remains in Haddon Hall; but it is unquestionably the ruin of the very handsomest I ever beheld; being of rich Genoa velvet, lined with white satin, of an immense height and corresponding size. It is covered with a rich counterpane, embroidered all over by the fair hands of a Lady Catharine Manors, and must therefore have been wrought since the place became the property of the Dukes of Rutland. Many a wearisome day did she labor at this by no means inelegant production, without any intention of securing the fame it has ensured, for our guide informed us that if his great aunt “had not unluckily died,” she could

have told us a great deal both “about Lady Catharine and the ghosts of the Hall, but as he never saw either, it had all slipped his memory.”

Perhaps, too, his great aunt could have given us something more interesting than either, being early reminiscences of Mrs. Radclyffe; for we have been told that during the time when her father lived at Chesterfield, her health being delicate, he placed her in the gamekeeper's house as a boarder, for the sake of the pure air, and that her unrestrained wanderings in this wide mansion first inspired that taste for the mysteries and antiquities of feudal times, which her genius afterwards combined so happily in many a tale of wonderful splendor and most thrilling interest. In her own walk truly we shall not “look upon her like again,” and who can tread those floors or creep (as we all did) up to the beautiful turret, and gaze on the wide expanse around, without paying a tribute to the memory of one so highly gifted, so capable of describing whatever was beautiful in nature or desirable to imagination.

Every where the rooms of Haddon are richly tapestried, and these hangings cover the doors also, which are badly constructed, and would need this defence against the winds of winter. The house was inhabited until about 1717, after which the family removed to their present residence of Belvin Castle. Whatever may be the *agremens* of that princely mansion, it is impossible not to lament that Haddon was forsaken; although it must be conceded that it is too large to be a second son's habitation, and perhaps not very comfortable as a dwelling for any son. Still, it is a thousand pities no one should enjoy its many beauties, its noble rooms, spacious gardens and matchless air—would it were an Infirmary!

We visited the kitchen, buttery, &c. In the former were two immense fire-places, one of which was suited to the purpose of roasting an ox whole. Large tools for chopping mince meat, mighty troughs for salting, and every other convenience for the “due refection” of an immense establishment are all here ready to resume their functions when called upon for purposes of “solemn festival.” The last time they were so used, we understood to be when the Duke of Rutland came of age, at which time the numerous tenantry on his fine estates here were abundantly regaled.

Passing through the gardens, we were struck with a very old, and tall apricot tree, said to be coeval with the house; but well known to have been in bearing upwards of two hundred years. Its strong and gnarled trunk spoke of age, but the abundance and beauty of the fruit which was

fully ripe, would have been remarkable on any tree. Crossing the bridge which spans the Wye, just without the gardens, we walked through the meadows to the village of Rowsley, as from various points in them, the finest views of the house could be obtained. And fine, indeed, we found them—the height of the towers, the bold projection of the bay windows, the lightness of the turrets, the length of outline, and even the irregularities of style, seen amidst the profusion of majestic trees which aspire sometimes even to the roof and inhabit the sloping garden down to the river which winds round their base, present far finer forms than it has been my lot to find in any castellated mansion either in England or Wales; indeed, I have never seen any other of its description, for although very old and very strong, no impression of war, no character of a fortress is exhibited in its majestic lineaments—it looks, indeed, powerful to repel insult, or resist wrong, but too open and generous for aggression, and formed to be

“The guardian, not the tyrant of the fields.”

Farewell, sweet Haddon, we are going to visit a brighter, not a lovelier dwelling; but the pride of manhood will not render us forgetful of the venerable brow of age like thine.

The best of all possible roads, along beautiful, well wooded valleys, render the drive from Rowsley to Chatsworth a moving diorama of agreeable objects. On entering the Park and crossing the Derwent, which is here a noble as well as a beautiful stream, we become sensible of increased attraction in the gentle swelling of the ground, the bold woods which cover the heights above us, and the singularly fine trees of every description which ornament the ground either singly or in clumps, the fashion of avenues not having prevailed, when this park was planted.

The splendid mansion of Chatsworth House, may truly be termed the “Palace of the Peak,” for royalty might be well contented with so magnificent a dwelling. It was built soon after the revolution, (in which its noble owner took a prominent part,) by Talman, an architect then of high reputation. The stone was got from a quarry on the estate, and is very beautiful, in its general color resembling Sienna marble, and veined with equal delicacy. It is a quadrangular building, but has lately received an immense addition by Sir Jeffry Wyatville, which includes a noble gallery of sculpture, by far the most attractive portion of the interior.

Formely, a suite of rooms were taken by that unfortunate queen, whose very name inspires pity and awakens interest. It is, however, certain,

that Mary of Scotland could not inhabit those identical rooms, though she might dwell on their site, and we have no doubt, the state bed and other articles of furniture, were those she had used during her residence at Chatsworth. Their being no longer seen, is a loss to the visitant, so is the collection of fossils in the cabinet of the beautiful duchess, mother of his grace, for with every thing connected with her we associate ideas of beauty, elegance, and fashion—not that ephemeral fashion which belongs to the caprices of wealth or rank; but that which arises from cultivated taste and classic conception—the fashion of rank, talent, and education.

One grand house is like another—inlaid tables, costly cabinets, magnificent hangings, and glittering chandeliers, are every where found; but every house cannot show two pair of coronation chairs, which we find here, and perhaps not one in the kingdom is so rich in the exquisite carvings of Gibbons. The best pictures of the noble owner, are not found in this, his most superb dwelling.

The library is at once grand, convenient, and beautiful, but we passed hastily through it, in order to reach the finest dining room, probably, in the north of England; but a still larger, termed the banquetting room, we were not shown. All else was forgotten on entering the sculpture gallery. Here are some of the latest and finest works of Canova, and several copies of his happiest efforts by other Italian artists. Thorswalden's genius also shines conspicuous, and the two magnificent lions of Michael Angelo claimed our due admiration, but we saw little of our own unrivalled Chantrey, although there were specimens both of him and Westmacott in the collection.

A sitting figure of Madame Mere, the mother of him whose name so lately “kept the world in awe,” was to me the most attractive sculpture. Calm majesty, and an intelligence at once sprightly and profound, animated the features, and gave grace to the form. Ah! how many fears for the future must have clouded that anxious mother's brow, even when diadems encircled those of her numerous progeny. There never lived a mother on whose offspring ambition poured so many gorgeous gifts, and one might thence conclude, never mother had been so blessed, for every woman is ambitious for her children; but yet, the very rapidity with which they ascended, must have made her fearful of decline, for advancing life will still look beyond the surface, be it ever so dazzling.

But the gardens, the water works, must be seen, and we sally forth to explore scenes once

extolled as the very acme of excellence—now decried as tasteless in their formality. Perhaps the conclusion on either hand is false. There is much beauty in straight lines, though found in old gardens, for long vistas of rich foliage are full of charms—they o'ershadow the choicest flowers, conduct the sweetest breezes, and exhibit the loveliest play of the sunbeams—but lo! the water is rushing down the steps in the grand cascade—the jets d'eau are throwing up lucid streams to the height of more than ninety feet.

The latter fountains are very beautiful, and in perfect accordance with the style of the gardens, but the former is too regular and formal even for the taste of a Dutch merchant. True, beyond the point from which the water walks down the steps in minuet time, a proper rockwork is prepared, down which the stream flows from the vast tarn where it is collected on the summit of the hill which bounds this beautiful region. Rhodes, in his admirable work on the Peak scenery, advises that this unpleasing formality, which he terms "a scar on the fair face of beauty," should be thus rendered as attractive as it generally appears now repellant.

"Bed the channel of the cascade with rugged and unequal stones, plant part of its brink with shrubs; and, if possible, give to its course a winding direction, thus the water will occasionally be lost, and seen, as it descends, and the artificial stream assume a more natural and picturesque appearance."

Would that this our friend as well as guide had been with us, for then would many beauties have been described which doubtless escaped us, and some of the younger of our party, been saved from the plentiful sprinklings of a certain tree, renowned as the dwelling of malicious naiads—but who would grumble at a shower, however and wherever administered, this thirsty summer—certainly not the gay young sculptor who has in so many ways proved himself our delightful companion, nor the sprightly girl who shakes the light drops from her curling tresses.

Oh! youth, youth, thou art indeed life's pleasant season, for light are thy sorrows and manifold thy joys, and it were well to treasure their memories when like those of the present moment they are innocent and even benevolent—for who in our little circle has envied the possessor of this fair domain, this glorious abode, ought save his power of conferring happiness?—Who has not found in "herb, tree, fruit, and flower," works more exquisite than all which the art of man could produce, yet in his powers as an artist found the proof of his higher nature,

the justice of his loftiest hopes, and of his heirship to immortality.

Chatsworth!—thou palace not only of the Peak, but of a far more wide, and wealthy circle, farewell—if I have not named thy cedar chapel and its celebrated altar-piece, thy painted ceilings, thy Holbein and Titian; and dearer in memory than *all* thy first fair duchess, daughter of the sainted Lady Rachel Russel—if I have not adverted to the generous blood, the free, and gallant spirit which has through many ages been the crowning glory of thy house, it was not from forgetfulness or negligence. But alas! in the midst of pleasure I was in pain, and neither the gorgeousness of thy interior decorations, nor the wide spread beauty of thy surrounding scenery, could prevent me from bending to those circumstances, which, like adversity, are "tamers of the human breast," and compel us to become not only blind to the most enchanting scenes, but deaf, or nearly so, to the far dearer consolations of friendship and the soothing of affection.

In memory I shall retrace thy claims to admiration, gaze on thy cloud-like landscapes, thy luxurious accommodations, thy glorious sculptures, thy blooming parterres, and sparkling fountains. I shall remember the young and dear ones who partook my pleasure, and feel thankful that it was bestowed upon me.

A FRAGMENT.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three .
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century.

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature to the weak,
And friendless sons of men.

To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of Art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the unlearned heart.

Music is better than wine to invigorate the spirits. Luther, in his desponding moments, used to take the flute and revive his sinking spirits, by remarking, "the devil hates good music." Are you irritated? Are you dull, wearied, care-worn? Try the piano, violin, flute, or accordion, anything that will send forth a sweet sound; you will soon feel its power.

OUR TABLE.

SINGLETON FONTENOY, R. N., BY JAMES HANNAY, AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN ULTRAMARINE." NEW YORK: HARPER.

THIS book laid on our table several weeks before we thought ourselves sufficiently at leisure to peruse it. We can now only regret that period as time comparatively lost. SINGLETON FONTENOY is a peculiarly fascinating production. To say that it abounds with passages of great beauty, truthfulness and force, is not to do it justice. Our praise may, perhaps, seem exaggerated; but we express our opinion, nevertheless, that except by the ZANONI of Bulwer, and the CONTARINI FLEMING of D'Israeli, both works of a quite different style, no novel of more exquisite finish has for many years proceeded from the English press. "I have always thought," says Rousseau, "that the good is merely the beautiful called into action." * This truthful sentiment is a portion of the author's motto. By the most delicate delineation of character, and in the most flowing language, does he exhibit this identity of purity and grace. The hero is every thing a hero should be; making us laugh with him in his moments of glee, and grow grave when he meditates. And then, when was there a more charming Lalage, or a more hateful Helot? Were we ourselves to meet suddenly at the corner of a flowery lane so fair a student as did Singleton, we cannot affirm that our stoicism would prove more invulnerable than his. No wonder that

"The gorgeous vision seemed
To sate the air with beauty."

But we must not attempt to describe her second-hand.

Those parts of the story, where the scenes are laid on land, please us best, for we have never been enthusiastic in our admiration of naval prodigies. But probably in this, most of our readers are of a contrary disposition. At all events, we may safely enough predict, that not one of them will feel offended by the introduction we have given them; while few, if any, will object to the entire justice of our eulogium.

From the following extract which closes the book, it will be seen that the author leaves Singleton profitably engaged, and as happy as he ought to be.

"When you, marry, reader, spare yourself the

* "J'ai toujours cru que le bon n'était que le beau mis en action."

unhappy accompaniments of form and ostentation—women that giggle, and men that make speeches. Do as my hero did, and plight your troth before God, in a village church, at a simple altar, and with a humble pastor. Nature will be kind if you are kind to her, and mock her not with carriages and champagne; thou shalt have the Muses for thy bridesmaids, and thy "favors" shall be the violet and the rose!

"Here ends the story of Singleton Fontenoy. The last time I saw him, he was reading a "Latter Day Pamphlet."

"The Battle Summer," a work published a year or more since by Ik. Morrel, of whom we gave a short notice last month, has lately attracted our attention, and though of a different character from "Fresh Gleanings," it deserves as much, perhaps more praise than was bestowed on that beautiful volume. It is substantially an account of the French Revolution of 1848, and is a most authentic and impressive picture of that eventful summer in Paris. The scenes, of which the author was an eye-witness, are artistically painted, and dramatized after the style of Carlyle's French Revolution, yet with even more delicacy of taste and perception.

Every one must derive great pleasure from the perusal of the work; it is one too, which we think will live long beyond the ephemeral productions of the day, and which deserves, not only for its artistic excellence, but as a graphic picture of the *Battle Summer* in Paris, to descend to posterity. Like the former works of the same author, the book under notice has not yet found its way to the North, but may be had of the publishers, Baker & Scribner, New York, or at any of the book-stores of the city.

The reprint of the works of the American novelist, J. Fennimore Cooper, by G. P. Putnam, New York, has just closed with the publication of "The Water Witch, or the Skimmer of the Seas," are of the most fascinating of the series, which is now complete in twelve volumes. The author has done well to revise his works, as many of them bare marks of haste, which a calm review would correct. In his descriptions of Indian life and manners, Mr. Cooper is unrivalled; and the beauty and graphic truth of his sea scenes few have surpassed. Many of his works are truly fascinating, and they have all contributed to earn for him, on both sides of the Atlantic, a well deserved and enduring fame.