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"CONTENTED WI' LITTLE AND CANTIE WI' MAIR."

Burns

THE LITERARY GARLAND.

VOL. II. JULY, 1844. No. 7.

THE HALLS OF THE NORTH.*

CHAPTER XIV.

AND merrily chimed St. Mary's bells,
And merrily gathered, from the Fells,
The herdsmen blithe and gay,
Each with his sweetheart blushing fair,
And matrons too, I ween, were there
To see that wedding day.

BORDER BALLAD.

THE morning of the 21st of June, 17—, dawned so bright and clear that any child, without an almanac, might easily have known what day it was. The bright sun, as if he knew his beams would be reflected from many a face as fair and shining as his own, came forth from out his ocean bed, an hour earlier, as it seemed, than was his wont. Three o'clock, A.M., had hardly struck, ere a bright and glowing streak along the eastern sky gave note of his approach; and ere the parish clock had tolled, with his iron tongue, another hour, careering, in his morning glory, he was seen, high over the top of Crossfell, giving additional whiteness to the remnant of the drift of snow that lingered still upon that mountain's side; and shedding a lustre on each wild and beauteous flower, that gaily contrasted in its dewy brightness with that winter's wreath.

The next signal of that joyous holiday, St. Mary's steeple gave, in a long and merry peal, from all her bells. Groups of labouring men were seen in every hamlet through all the length and breadth of good St. Mary's parish. They were not hastening to their work as on a common day, but loitering idly round their doors, or waiting on the village green; while the bustling maidens, who had more to do, were hurrying through their busy task, that, they, too, might have time to put on all their finery, and walk a league or more, (as some were that far from the church,) to see the wedding.

This was the auspicious day appointed to unite, in double bauns of holy matrimony, the ancient house of Moreland of Newby Hall, with the high and proud, but generous and noble Stricklands of Strickland Hall, who claimed a still remoter origin. The Stricklands, however, were poor, and hence, perhaps their pride. Or, we might reverse the terms, and say again that they were proud, and hence perhaps, their poverty. Be that, however, as it might, they had commenced their downward road to that oblivion, in which, the cycle of a hundred years has buried both their name and race.* The Morelands too, are swept away since then, in name, at least, although in nothing more. The Hall is held even now, by one of their descendants in the female line. How

*Continued from page 273—Conclusion.

* This is only intended to apply to that particular branch of the Stricklands here alluded to, and not to those of Sizeah Castle, of Whitestock or Abbot Halls, most ancient and respectable families in the North.

Queen Catherine Parr's bed, and the crimson satin counterpane worked by her own hands, are still to be seen at Sizeah Castle. Catherine's mother was a Strickland of this house.

The amiable and fascinating writers of this name, belong to the house of Strickland.

or when the entail was broken I never heard. *Houses, indeed, like empires, rise and fall, flourish and decay,* and their end is mingled with the same unheeded mass from which they took their meteor flight, beaming brightly for a space; but oh! how short! upon their circumscribed horizon, and then——*——*——

But this was not a day to look so far into futurity, and no one looked beyond it; or if they did, the whole length of the narrowing vista would have brightened till it closed into a point beyond the reach of mortal eye.

A wedding in the days of yore, was not solemnized in secret, and as it were, by stealth, as it is now. Neither was the service mutilated and cut short, and hurried through, as is the modern fashion; but commenced, as the married state should always do, with "dearly beloved," and ended with "amazement," too figurative, alas! of what its end will sometimes be.

Of all the sad realities—*——*——

But here, I know not why, my pen *will* turn again into this mournful strain, and moralize upon it. Perhaps it is because it sympathises with the feelings of the gentle reader, if it has not failed to excite a warm and kindly interest in the fate of those, our favourites who *were* not, and who could not be made happy in each other's love, on this eventful day. It does indeed seem like a desecration, that Harry Netherby should brood alone, within the mazy labyrinths of his ancient hall, upon his sad and mournful fate, and Alice Musgrave in her forest home should pine away in sorrow; while other hearts, which could not have more fondly loved, were then united. Perhaps it was this thought, although no tinge of *envy stained it, which kept them both away,* from joining in this glad and joyous scene. Whatever it was, they were not there. They *could* not come. The bar to their own union *did* seem more cruel on that day. But we must try again to leave them in their hopelessness awhile, to enter into all the sports and pastimes of that festal day, sad emblem though it be of this our changing state of being, alternating in cloud and sunshine, too like an April day. And here, without a mighty effort, we are off again.

Well, the Stricklands in their old lumbering family carriage—only turned out on state occasions, with the postillions, whip in hand, mounted on their goodly greys—soon after that early sun was seen above the Fells, came thundering over the pavement of the outer court of Strickland Hall. It was duly escorted by a goodly following of tenants and retainers, as well as uninvited guests: a goodly company, who had no business there, nor would have joined that blithesome throng, had they not known that all, and more, *if possible, were welcome.*

On, on, the grand procession moved, along the village green, until its noiseless course turned, for a brief space, upon the velvet turf of Newby Common. Then again it wound its way through Bedlam Gate, and filed in lengthened columns along the narrow lane which led to Newby Hall. This mansion they soon reached, where a breakfast was prepared for all those hungry guests. After staying a couple of hours or more, that joyful throng, increased by Charles Moreland's family and his followers, commenced their further journey to the parish church; gathering fresh accessions to their numbers, every step they took.

The blessing is pronounced; and these two Northern Halls are now united by a double tie. All instantly start off again as fast as they can ride for Strickland Hall. Here all well knew they were to dine; and they knew as well, that he who reached it first, be he lord, or boor, or villein, according to a well known custom, the bride must kiss.* George Strickland was the happy man that won the prize, despite a swifter horse, rode by his gallant friend of Themeby Hall. Stumbling on a mole-hill, he broke down on Strickland-Head, just with the guerdon all but in his grasp.

The large and splendid hall;—I mean that spacious room within the mansion, from which all others opened. Hence, in modern houses, those narrow entrances, or *Hairdn*, as they were called of old, have, in this age of aping something greater than could be accomplished, assumed this high and dignified appellative. This large and *splendid hall was none of your lane-like* and suburban thoroughfares, where two ladies in full dress, for hoops were all the fashion then, could hardly pass without deranging it; but a lordly aristocratic square, in this particular instance, of some forty feet dimensions. Here, and the reader now will better understand how this was done, covers were laid for full two hundred guests. Tenants and followers, and retainers; wandering paupers, gipsies, fortune-tellers, hungry elves of every sex and grade, who came but for their dinner, were welcome there that day. A portion of the table, below the *salt,* was duly set apart for their especial use; while all the Northern Halls, for all save two, within the circuit of some twenty miles, were there, sat down to dinner in the banquetting room, in high and lordly state.

It was this high noon flow past that day, an

* This extraordinary custom is still kept up in the north by the lower orders, and occasions many a well contested race.

hour or more before its usual time, and the dinner too was over.

Time, with no flagging wing, sped on his steady and unvarying course, for schoolmen say his motion is always uniform. But ask the sick and restless sufferer, tossing and turning on *his sleepless couch the live-long night*, and he will tell another tale, and utterly deny that he has wings at all; or if he has, he does not always use them. Then again, if we should make the same enquiry at a wake* or wedding, the merry-makers would repudiate such dogmas, and declare, that whenever he gets a chance to escape the vigilance of his numerous progeny, which he never does except when they are happy, for in all the toils and labours of this checquered life they watch his movements narrowly, while in their revels they forget him, he mends his pace, from spite at the affront, and flies unheeded by, and the sun, and moon, and stars, and day, and night, all bow obsequious to his sovereign and despotic sway.

To tell of all the sports and pastimes of that joyous party, on that happy afternoon, would be an endless tale. We will not, therefore further dwell upon the race, the wrestling, and the dorrack,† than merely to say that those and other ancient games were duly honoured, and all the prizes fairly won. But hasten to describe the well-contested foot-ball match which closed the sports upon the village green.

The young athletic reader may regret he was not there, to take a part upon the winning side, and share the prize.

The vassals on the verge of each manor, of which respectively those bridegrooms, whose nuptials they were celebrating, were the lords, marshalled their forces against each other. And a goodly sight in sooth it was to see those stalwart forces stand forth in eager expectation for the fray; impatient as the greyhound to be loosened from his leash, when the quarry is in view.

The bounding ball was now thrown out between the two contending lines, when a simultaneous rush was made upon it by some half a dozen on each side. Of the rest, a few broke through the foemen's ranks, and took up a position in advance, in hopes to take the ball, if their side should succeed, and it should chance to come that way: while others of the opposing party retreated with them to stay its progress and regain their ground.

But I ought to have stated, ere the game began, that whichever party drove the other home; that is to say, within the precincts of their lord's immediate domain, had won the day.

Away then went the ball, from out this first encounter. Bravely was it driven along a quarter of a mile or more by one of Strickland's swiftest runners. A swifter Newbyer was at his heels, and soon he bit the dust; but not until he'd sent it far before him. It lighted among a party of his friends. These took it up. And away it went again, at such a pace that few could follow it. And those few, for a moment had the contest to themselves. A breathing time had hardly passed, ere the ball came bounding back with a deafening shout from the Newbyers, as they regained their ground. The opposing party now threw back, into their rear, a powerful reserve, in case this first reverse of theirs should be maintained. And well for them it was they did so, as many of their best and bravest were thrown out, by being too far in advance in trying to maintain the slight advantage they had gained in the first brush of the encounter. The ball was soon again among them; and anon sent bounding o'er the heads of the contending crowd. When those Stricklanders, who were hastening up to the main body returned, and drove it onwards into Newby Manor. Thus the conflict swayed from side to side, until, in short, it ended in the triumph of the Stricklanders; and that hard fought day was won.

Then again the festive board was spread. All again sat down together; and in such friendly guise, one could not single out, the vanquished from the victor.

And now the closing scene commenced. The last and brightest of them all. The merry dance; led off by those two happy bridegrooms with their blushing brides, decked out in all the —— Nay, gentle reader I must crave your kind indulgence here.

Willingly I'd tell you all I know, an' e'en sometimes a little more, about a haunted hall, a ruined castle, or a border foray, or a murder, or a foot-ball match, which happened a hundred years ago; but to tell how those fair brides were dressed upon their wedding day! I cannot—dare not venture so far beyond my depth. I can, however, tell you all I know about their dress, which is, that it was white—a stainless, spotless white. As chaste, and pure, and beautiful, as were the forms within it. Or I may do better still; by calling in the aid of Billy Stone, for he, of course, was

* This word is not here to be understood in its Irish acceptation. A "wake," in the North of England, is a very different affair, being a general merry-making, in a large village or small market town. It lasts a week or more, and is nearly allied to a fair but without its buying and selling. Hence the old song—

"When bidden to the wake or fair."

† This is a game peculiar, I believe, to the Border country, and is something like the "shinty" in other parts of the country.

there, and give you his description, according to which, the brides were "bravely beautiful, and terrible fine."

The merry dance was done. The last scene of that happy drama was enacted—no, not the very last; but the curtain falls, and—now for another chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

"I leave my home and haste to roam
In yonder bark of pride,
To lands far o'er the salt sea foam,
Where foreign nations bide."
RHYMES OF THE GIPSIES.

THE reader will probably remember, although I have but casually adverted to the circumstance, that the Stricklands were not so wealthy as they had been. Yet none knew, nor did they indeed themselves, to what extent they were embarrassed. Their pecuniary difficulties originated in some failure of a mining speculation, in which they were deeply involved. So much so that they began to turn their eyes with hope renewed on Hellbeck Hall, now that things had taken such a turn in Alice Musgrave's favour. To save the family mansion, they resolved to try to raise a sum of money upon the strength of the substitution in their favour, to meet some pressing demand arising out of this ruinous transaction. To this end, the elder Strickland, with his son, a few weeks after the important event recorded in the last chapter, rode over to Appleby, calling at Newby Hall on their way, and taking Charles Moreland with them, to consult their lawyer, Mr. Grassenthwaite, as to the feasibility of the scheme, and the means of accomplishing it.

But before I can possibly enter into a detail of the particulars of this interview, it will be necessary to advert to another.

I will not weary the reader with any minute description of the great sheep-shearing at Forest Hall: nor of the feasting and jubilee to celebrate the restoration of poor Alice Musgrave to her rights, which succeeded, as all, with whom our story is concerned, were not sorry when the last lingering reveller had left the domain. Neither will we tell how the next succeeding night was spent; nor how, in the morning after, Alice could greet her uncle, with her wonted cheerfulness, we must not say, but with a calm and placid smile of resignation to a fate, she knew—she saw, she must submit to. None indeed could tell, for none could ever know, at what a costly sacrifice this seeming triumph o'er her feelings was achieved. It was not, after all, it was *not* real. That smile could not have said: "I did not, unbidden, come to adorn the face, where I was wont in happier days, to lurk, and hide, and peep, and sparkle forth, whene'er I chose." And though her uncle was somewhat pleased to observe this change in her demeanor, he was not satisfied, but still resolved upon his ride; nay he had all but started on the day before, to ascertain the real nature of that accursed will. This was the real object of his ride to Appleby; from a certain delicacy in his peculiar position, on which I need not dwell, to enquire after the prisoner Hudson was his ostensible one.

"Poor Hudson's gone!" were Grassenthwaite's first words, as Mr. Winterton entered his office. "He died last night," he continued; "not, however, until, by a frank and voluntary confession, he had fully exculpated his principal, Mr. Netherby, from all participation and blame in this horrid tragedy. Here it is fairly written out and signed and sealed by himself, before two respectable witnesses."

The document was then put into Mr. Winterton's hands. He carefully read it, and observed when he had done.

"Here is a strange allusion to a codicil to the late Mr. Netherby's will, in which he seems to express remorse for some advice which he had given concerning it. Perhaps I'm trenching on others' privacy, in asking what it means?"

"No, not at all," Mr. Grassenthwaite replied; "far from it; for it concerns yourself, or I am much mistaken, in the paternal interest you evinced the other day, in your fair niece's welfare."

"But what has she to do with it?" the other eagerly enquired.

"You shall see, for here's the instrument ready for your inspection. I knew that you'd be here today, and would have come yesterday, if circumstances had permitted. Nay, save your exclamations of surprise;" Mr. Grassenthwaite continued, in answer to his friend's astonished look; "and know, that I've a strange messenger at command to do my bidding, and indeed far more, sometimes, whose ways are quite inexplicable. He brings me, without my interference in his wayward movements, many little items of more important information, glad as I am to see you, than your visit here today. Doubtless you have heard of him. He's known to all the country round, as Billy Stone, the daft lad, or the fisherman. Free is he as the wind, to come and go whene'er he lists; and Hellbeck Hall he generally makes his home—a home no longer now, and the poor creature seems to feel it much—much more than you would think him capable of feeling anything. He knows, however, on which side his bread is buttered, as well as wiser people."

"Why, what has he done?" asked Mr. Win-

terton; "I think I saw him yesterday at Forest Hall, the merriest of them all."

"I have no doubt," returned Mr. Grassenthwaite; "for there's not a merry-making within a circuit of some twenty miles, that Billy Stone would miss. But did you not know," he added, more gravely, "that the master of Dunfell was preparing to go abroad? and this I have strong reasons for believing, in consequence of —— I do not really see why I should hesitate to tell you —in consequence of this unfortunate codicil."

Mr. Winterton read it twice over before he made any remark upon master Harry Netherby's intended expatriation; and then, as he slowly folded up the document and returned it, simply asked if there was no remedy.

"None!" was the laconic reply.

"The Stricklands are known to be embarrassed, could they not be induced to sell their claim?" asked Mr. Winterton.

"It is entailed upon the heirs male forever. This difficulty, however," continued Mr. Grassenthwaite, "might be got over, with the consent of the heir apparent, especially while there is no presumptive heir. But of this I am not sure. It is a case which so seldom occurs in our practice, that I should have to consult acknowledged authorities on the subject before I could give a decided opinion. I frankly confess, however," he added after a short pause, "that I see little probability of my being called upon to do so, as George Strickland would hardly be brought to give up his all but only hope of a comfortable independence, grounded though it be upon a doubtful contingency."

"It would seem," interrupted Mr. Winterton, with his mercantile and habitual acumen, "that, on referring to master Harry Netherby's intended movements, they must consider the chances rather against them now."

"I am sorry to say," Mr. Grassenthwaite observed, in answer to this remark, "that I entertain a very different opinion. The ardour of youthful lovers has, ere this, (and will again,) surmounted much greater obstacles than any now existing, to prevent a union between the parties here in question; especially since this happy and unexpected alteration in your niece's circumstances."

"But, you look into the affair," returned Mr. Winterton, anxious to make out even a probability of success for the scheme he had suggested; "you look into this affair with the keen eye of a lawyer; and, by my faith, with that of an ardent lover too, or I am much mistaken. In either of these capacities the Stricklands may *not* view it. Ah! I see I'm right in my conjecture," he triumphantly continued, as he saw the slight blush mantling in the youthful lawyer's cheek. "I knew it—I was sure of it—but Philip Strickland is now, like me, too old for love adventures, and George's are all over, now that he is married: So you see, having neither lawyers nor lovers to deal with, we may be able to bring it down to a cool and calculating matter of business; and, with the aid of avarice in our counsels, we may accomplish that, which warm young hearts, already knitted to each other, might deem impossible."

"Well! well!" Mr. Grassenthwaite replied, in some confusion; yet in a louder and more energetic tone than was his wont, as if those feelings, arising from the latter character assigned him by his friend, could not entirely be repressed; "my opinion is, although I shall not tell the Stricklands that, in spite of wills, and codicils to boot, *Harry Netherby will yet wed Alice Musgrave!*"

"Never! And 'tis worse than idle to talk and speculate on such impossibilities!"

This was said by Harry Netherby himself, who, on entering the office at that moment through the open door, had heard his friend's last words, ere he passed the screen which stood before it. On seeing Mr. Winterton, after the most friendly salutations were exchanged, he gave him a full and ingenuous detail of all that the reader already knows. Some points in this account were not, however, quite so clear before to Mr. Winterton's less privileged position. And Harry added, on leaving the office as abruptly as he'd entered it: "To wed the only woman I ever loved, or ever shall, and be forever after dependant on her bounty for a livelihood, can hardly be suspected of a Netherby!"

The feelings of Mr. Winterton, as well as those of his young friend, already deeply interested, were, by this short and sudden visit, so highly excited, now that he was gone, and they had leisure to reflect on the strange concatenation of events, that they sat looking at each other in silence and in some bewilderment, as if they hardly could decide, in their confused ideas, whether what they'd seen were Harry Netherby himself, or some unearthly apparition in his likeness. Considering the belief in "second sight," which then so generally prevailed, we need not wonder, if they almost entertained a doubt of its reality; and thought, for a moment, while the spell was on them, that it might have been some freak of fancy, shadowing forth a waking dream.

"How strange! How very strange!" said Mr. Winterton, at length, as if communing with his thoughts. "How cruel! that two such hearts so firmly knitted to each other, should thus be torn asunder. It must not—it cannot be. Mine, in-

deed, would break to see it." And he added, addressing himself more directly to Mr. Grassenthwaite, as he rose from his seat, and struck the table violently with his hand, as if to make his resolution more emphatic: "It *shall* not be! This accursed barrier in the way, must be renounced, cost what it may. The Stricklands, I know, want money, and must have it. I name no sum, but leave the matter in your hands, with only this injunction, if you succeed, that the sensitive Harry Netherby need not be made acquainted with *all* the circumstances of the transaction."

Mr. Grassenthwaite shook his head in doubt at the success of such a scheme, while he promised to remember the injunctions, which he fully understood, and to exert his utmost efforts, to use his own expression, in the premises.

Mr. Winterton, as the reader knows, was a man of business, and a man of the world too, according to the common acceptation of the term. And when he left his legal friend, if he did not feel quite satisfied with his plan, 'twas not because on calm reflection, when left alone, that he'd rued the noble and the generous part he'd promised, *in a moment of excitement, to perform; nor from* any apprehensions of its failure from opposing interests; but from the feelings—the over-sensitive and wayward feelings, as he considered them—of the party most interested in its success.

On his friend's departure, Mr. Grassenthwaite returned to his solitary office, and locked the door, the more effectually to secure a little solitude, to think upon the similarity of his own sad fate to that of Harry Netherby. And yet, with all his legal acumen, he could not prove, that two single features, in their respective cases, were alike, save and except some trifling obstacle to *his union* with *his* "ladye-love," arising from some slight demur her parents had expressed, till he should be established in such a practice as might give promise of a competency. "The current of true love did never yet run smooth," so his, like that of other folks, must be disturbed, if only by the slightest ripple on its surface. He looked upon his lot with hope deferred: lightly esteeming the ills of others, while he magnified his own. But this is a digression, as the loves of Mr. Grassenthwaite and Mary Wildgrave, interesting as they might be to each other, and to their mutual friends, do not in truth belong to this eventful history. Mr. Winterton must bear the blame for having incidently touched a chord which we feel assured will not vibrate alone, but excite at least one thrill of smpathy in some gentle reader's heart. Our amiable young lawyer has, we trust, become a favorite; and Mary Wildgrave would be one, if we had time to tell how many claims she could prefer to occupy so high a station. She was indeed the very prototype of Alice Musgrave, her friend and relative; save in those highest exhibitions of the female character elicited by the sufferings poor Alice had endured, and which Mary Wildgrave's happier circumstances, for aught we know, alone prevented her from manifesting.

Alice Musgrave, from her orphan infancy to her womanhood, was the victim of fortune's wildest freaks. First, under the care of a too indulgent nurse, her infancy—her youthful years were passed. Reared in the lap of luxury, her every motion watched—her every want anticipated—heiress, in her own right, to a splendid fortune. (Poor Bridget Hebson knew nothing of the lawsuit.) The only hope of an ancient and all but noble house. Revelling in all the confiding anticipations of "love's young dream." And then, —just as she was old enough to look around, above, below, without a dizzy eye, from her exalted station—to be hurled thence, without a moment's warning, into the dark abyss beneath. Of riches, honours, happiness and love bereft—all gone at one fell swoop; and the poor prostrate victim left blighted, hopeless, and forlorn. No, no! this is what a sordid world would have said, but there were other feelings, holier far, and still more pure, which swayed that maiden's breast, and raised her noble spirit to soar on wings of faith, and hope, and love, to regions higher far than that from which she'd fallen; from whence, although in sadness, she could calmly look upon the changing chances of this mortal life. We mention not her restoration to her house and home, it had no charms for her, as he, for whom her all on earth was valued, could not share it.

CHAPTER XVI.

The heath blossom's gone—the flowers of the Fells
Are faded and fled—all, all save a few;
The ling-berry's red, but it soon will be blue;
For the autumn has come, with his golden grain,
And his harvest-home with its jovial train.

INCOG.

Days and weeks flew by, as calm and placid as fair Eden's stream, where rocks and shoals do not obstruct its quiet progress to the boundless sea, in which it mingles and is lost, as they are, in those countless ages which have gone before them.

At length the Stricklands, with Charles Moreland, who, the reader will remember, had started on their way to Appleby; arrived at Mr. Grassenthwaite's office. Here they received the first intimation of master Harry Netherby's departure

for some far off land, beyond the "dark blue sea."

"When does he return?" asked the oldest of the visitors, in ill-suppressed astonishment at the *information*.

"Nay, that I cannot tell," was the reply. "He has appointed me his agent," continued Mr. Grassenthwaite, with authority to re-let his lands whenever the leases fall; and they all are rented now for a term of seven years or more."

"Pray, when did he leave the Hall?" was the next enquiry.

"Three days ago for Liverpool, the likeliest port to find a vessel sailing for the continent."

"In that case," observed the elder Mr. Strickland, as he rose to leave the office, while his younger companions followed his example; "in that case, Mr. Grassenthwaite, we need not further trouble you. The information you have given us, prevents the accomplishment of the object our visit had in view. Therefore, we wish you a good morning."

Mr. Grassenthwaite descended from his chair of state upon the dais, to return their farewell salutations, and to see them to the door beyond the screen. As he did so, he requested Charles Moreland, who was the last to pass it, to stay a moment as he wished to speak to him. When left together he said:

"I can give a good guess, I think, at the object of your visit here today. If I'm not mistaken in my surmise, the most essential part of it, may yet be carried into effect."

Charles Moreland, on this important hint, conceived himself at liberty to put his friend in full possession of all he knew himself.

"And now," when he had done so, he said, with a smile of hopelessness; "a clever lawyer I well know you are; but it would require the wizzard cunning of the wisest alchymist, I fear, to raise the money now, that master Harry's gone. No, no! I fear you cannot save my friends from ruin."

"If they do not think it worth their while," returned Mr. Grassenthwaite, "to try to raise this money on their reversionary right to Hellbeck Hall, why not at once renounce it."

"And if they did; what then?"

"Then I would tell them down, without another word, the gold they want."

Mr. Moreland made no reply, save by a look of some bewilderment, but left the office in greater haste than he had entered it.

* * * * * * *

The summer was well nigh gone; the ripening harvest waved in golden undulation over the rich and highly cultivated fields; the heather bloom, like every other thing on earth that's fair and beautiful, had passed away, and left, alas! how unlike every other evanescent thing, the rich and ripening fruit behind.

The last rays of the setting sun had ceased to light the mountain tops; the gorgeous tints of gold and purple in the western sky were fading fast away; and a twinkling star or two were peeping dimly forth at first, as if to see and tell the rest if all these symbols of his last "good-night" were gone, when countless myriads followed in their train, sparkling in their tiny splendour throughout the dark blue heavens above, and anon the huge dull harvest moon showed half his disk above the far-off fells, just like the pale red ember of a mountain that had just been burned. On, on, he pressed his upward way, and gathering brightness in his swift career, so at least it seemed, as the thin and fleecy clouds, upon the night wind's rapid wings, flew by.

Sedburgh Fells are passed; so is a long and weary road beyond. The first bright rays of the morning sun were glistening on the polished panels of the Royal Mail, as those of the bright moon had been before it rose; for onward it was rolling still, as it had been throughout that live-long night, to reach its destined goal. At length, just as that glorious sun had mounted to the zenith of his power, the reeking steeds were stayed; the eternal clatter of those wheels was hushed. The door was opened by some obsequious servitor, when, amid a crowd of gaping artisans, who had gathered there to see this new invention, a young and way-worn traveller, the only passenger, debouched upon the pavement of the finest street* in Christendom, and Edward Grassenthwaite was in Liverpool.

Liverpool! There is, to those who know thee now,—and who do not?—a secret charm—a deep enchanting spell, in the very mention of thy name. Hail to thy magnificent river, that carries, on its liquid bosom, thy countless treasures to those inland millions who depend upon thy bounty, and bears back those fabrics which repay thee! Hail to thy stupendous docks, crowded with ships from every clime! Hail to thy subterranean roads!—the wonder of an admiring world! Hail to thy churches with their hundred spires, that "point to heaven and lead the way!" Hail to thy half million human beings, that in thee and around thee crowd! Hail to thee, busy, bustling Liverpool!—to every liquid silvery syllable of thy very name! Hail to thee, lovely Liverpool!

Liverpool was not then, I need not say, what it is now, or Harry Netherby need not have waited weeks to find a conveyance to the conti-

* Castle Street.

ment. This he found he had to do. Therefore, the object of Mr. Grassenthwaite's hasty visit was more easily accomplished. This was, as the reader may have guessed, to communicate to him the joyful intelligence that the Stricklands, for a trifling consideration, had renounced their reversionary right to Hellbeck Hall, with all its manors and domains, its rights and privileges, (we like to be particular) thereunto belonging.

"The document," continued Mr. Grassenthwaite, when Harry's *astonishment at his sudden* appearance had subsided, "is already signed, sealed, and—" giving it to him—"delivered."

"But where has the money come from?" enquired master Harry, in evident perturbation, which he, with all his efforts, could not prevent his friend from seeing. "I will not, I cannot submit," he was proceeding, when Mr. Grassenthwaite interrupted him.

"Nay, nay!" he said; "you need not make exceptions. They all, I think, have been anticipated and provided for. Read, and you will see."

This he tried, but could not do. His agitated and conflicting feelings, which he now did not attempt to hide, prevented him. He therefore threw the paper on the table, and himself upon a sofa, when his friend informed him, that Mr. Winterton had advanced the money, in the first instance, and Mr. Harry Netherby was to pay it back to him with interest, in three equal annual instalments."

Late on the next night but one after this eventful day, long after the faithful old domestics of Hellbeck Hall had gone to their repose, to dream of their young and honoured master, who, they thought, by this time, had been far away beyond the seas, among those wild and barbarous hordes in foreign climes; for all, to them, who could not claim a home in Merry England, were not within the pale of civilized society; they were awakened by some noise, which, at first, they thought proceeded from the haunted room. They roused themselves and rubbed their eyes, and listened for a repetition of that unearthly sound.

"Hark! there 'tis again! and as sure as I's a sinner," exclaimed old Maud, it's the varra voice o' that puir lad! They're murdering him noo, this blessed neet, an' his ghaist has come to tell us—deeliver us! there it is again, an' worse nor iver!"

And she and her spouse, as well as all the house; Lanty, the gardener, and the shepherd lad, all promiscuously rushed to the casement, which overlooked the old court-yard, and there, sure enough—plainly and distinctly pourtrayed in the clear moonlight, before their terror-stricken eyes, stood their young master's ghost, in all the manliness of his stalwart form, just as though he'd been alive!

Long might Harry have called in vain, and stormed and threatened as he did, to gain admittance to his own ancestral hall; had not Billy Stone, who knew nothing of ghosts or "second sights," been roused from his snug corner in the kitchen, and come to his relief, and let him in.

Poor Billy Stone! no thought on master Netherby's departure from his native fells, had been *bestowed by him on thee, no more than on the* wayward wanderings of thy unsettled life, or he would not have left thy houseless head without a shelter from the fierce helm-wind, nor from the winter's cold.

Though Billy Stone knew nought of this, yet somehow, as it were intuitively, he knew and felt that Hellbeck Hall was now no home for him. Yet he was there that night. How, or why, or when he came, no one seemed to know. There he was, in his wonted nook, upon the old oak settle by the kitchen fire: way-worn he seemed, and said it was a long and weary road across those moors, where he had been that day, and wished and thought the master would come back anon.

"Why, think ye so?" asked Maud, while busied in preparing for the reduced establishment of the Hall their frugal supper. "But it matters not," she continued, with undisguised indifference, "*what* a puir ignorant and unlarned 'innocent,' like ye may think; yet we'd be fain to hear yer reason for seek a queer an ootlandish thowght."

The reader is aware of Billy Stone's antipathy to every species of direct interrogation. This, however, came, as it were, so inadvertently, with so much *seeming* of derision, at any reason he could give; or it might have been assumed on purpose to elicit information; for the questioner was shrewd and knew his foible well; be it as it might, it had the effect to render him communicative. He was proceeding therefore to tell them all he knew, which would have saved them from the fright, the apparition they had seen produced. He had not got further than to tell that he'd been all the way to Forest Hall that day, than all eyes were turned upon him, and some one of the over eager, listeners in his anxiety, exclaimed:

"What had that to do with the master's return?"

This was indeed a direct question, which Billy would not answer. Glorying in the interest he'd excited, he laughed at all their earnest efforts to elicit more.

* * * *

All his long life afterwards, the old oak settle, in that kitchen corner, by the blazing ingle, was a couch for Billy Stone, and Hellbeck Hall his home.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Time and tide had thus their sway,
Yielding like an April day,
Smiling noon for sullen morrow,
Years of joy for hours of sorrow!"

SCOTT.

THE moment the important transaction adverted to in the last chapter had been completed, Mr. Grassenthwaite ordered his horse to be brought out, in terms which shewed he was bent on a hasty ride. While his servant was getting him ready, he wrote a short note, and sent Billy Stone off with it to Forest Hall. Billy was loitering about the old cloisters, as was his usual custom, ever ready and willing to undertake such a journey.

The road Mr. Grassenthwaite took, lay somewhat in the same direction, but he had no time to deviate from his path. The sun was nearly set, and he must be in Kendal—a long and weary journey, before midnight, to catch the Royal Mail for Liverpool. And hard indeed he had to ride across the rugged pathless fells, to do so.

Now that he'd succeeded in accomplishing the object of his weary journey, and had got safely back again, his first thought was to redeem the pledge he'd given in his hasty note, on his departure, to Mr. Winterton.

To this end, on the following morning, he was in the saddle and away across the moors to Forest Hall, just as the sun began to shew his bright autumnal face above the Cope of Crossfell. His cheering beams had roused the reapers to their busy task again—merry groups of whom our traveller, on his journey, passed. They were blithe and gay as were the feathered choristers, which, from each bush, and brake, and dingle deep and dark, and copsewood green, poured forth their morning song in such a strain of overwhelming harmony as made the welkin ring again. It was indeed a bright and balmy morn; and all created things seemed just as happy and rejoiced as if the spring time had come back again.

How differently we look upon all nature's beauties, and the glories of this fair creation, as our ever varying feelings change the misty and distorted medium through which we view them.

The sun had risen upon our friend a thousand times before, in equal, but unheeded splendour—the birds, before that day, as often sung, and just as sweetly too, although he had not heard them—the rustic labourer oft before had passed him by without eliciting a single thought save that of pity for his hard and weary lot; but all was beaming bright, and beautiful, and glorious, now that he himself was happy. Why and wherefore, it boots not to enquire, nor does it belong to this our tale to tell. Suffice it, that this change in our young lawyer's feelings, did not all arise from the fact of his being the first messenger charged with those joyous tidings he was hastening to convey to Forest Hall. If it had, the dream must soon have been dispelled; as on his arrival there, to his astonishment, the first person he encountered was Harry Netherby himself.

"Love has wings, the poets say," gayly observed Mr. Winterton, as he entered the hall to salute his friend; "and you'll believe them now more easily, perchance, than you'll forgive his secret flight, to steal from you the pleasing task which should of right have been your own. But never mind, come in to breakfast, and witness something of that happiness you've so nobly won for others; while your own, I *must* tell you now," he continued in a lower tone, after looking round and perceiving that master Harry had left them, "has not been forgotten. I know all."

"And so do I," hastily interrupted Mr. Grassenthwaite; "thanks to your noble and disinterested generosity. I called at the Wildgrave's on my way from Kendal."

"Nay, nay, not disinterested; lawyers do not work for nothing. It was a debt I owed you. Well earned and justly due: so now to breakfast."

* * * * * * *

A rising again among the Fells of Ravenstonedale!—a general gathering of the mountaineers at Forest Hall—just like the one which many still remembered in those fierce and lawless times of old. What can it mean! Is it to repel the rebel foe, now mustering strong beyond the Border! No, no! it could not be for raid or war. No arms were seen to glisten in that festive throng. All was joy, and jubilee, and peace; especially when the court-yard gate was opened wide and their uproarious mirth was hushed, and all eyes turned to see the noble cavalcade about to issue forth from out the massy portal.

First came the stalwart Netherby on his gallant steed. His blooming bride, their honoured mistress, the only relic of the ancient House of Musgrave, on her prancing palfrey, at his side. Then came the bridegroom's man, Edward Grassenthwaite, and Mary Wildgrave, the bride's maid, who, no sooner had performed their offices than they became respectively a bride and bridegroom too. Then came the happy and delighted uncle, who repeated to the wondering multitude, the words which once—but oh! how differently! had thrilled through every heart in Ravenstondale—

"To Dunfell, my lads!"

And away they rode! and away they ran! to escort the happy pair to Hellbeck Hall.

Within the mazy labyrinths of that old manorial mansion, mistress Bridget Hebson and Maud

Langton, as we must call her still, (being ignorant of any other name, that John could glory in—we almost doubt, indeed, if ever he'd a surname, or if he had, it was not known,) were installed, with all formality, in those several offices they had assigned each other in their fond imaginings, which many long revolving years had led them to believe were nothing but the wayward wanderings of their wishes—the airy phantoms of an idle dream. Even now, they sometimes thought *that they were dreaming still, and might awake* again to see the noble boy, the heir of Hellbeck Hall, and little Alice gamboling on the lawn together. A few happy years flew swiftly by, and this dream too, was realised.

And now, gentle reader, my tale is done. If thy toilsome journey with me, through those wild interminable Fells, have wearied thee, thou must at least acknowledge that I've brought thee safely back to the very spot where first we met; and here we part, perchance to meet again; till then —farewell!

CIVILIZATION AMONG THE INDIANS.

The Cherokee nation west of the Mississippi, comprising a population of 26,000 souls, is making rapid strides in civilization, and is now the most enlightened and numerous of all the Indian tribes. It is governed by a printed constitution, and laws based on liberal principles, which are also printed, and accessible to the whole population—has courts, judges, and sheriffs, and penalties for crimes—trial by jury guaranteed; has newspapers printed in the English and also the Choctaw language (after George Guess' alphabet.) From their press is also issued, without stint, in their own language, primers, catechisms, hymn books, translations of the Bible, tracts on teetotalism, tracts on marriage, church discipline, laws, almanacks, and the messages of the principal chief. Yet, with their superior education and good schools, their churches and printing offices, their workshops and court houses, they are said to be more distressed, and cut up by internal factions and individual feuds, than the other tribes, and violent acts and numerous murders stain their late annals.

NEW LONDON.

"Where is London going to?" was an exclamation of a character in a drama fifty years since. Where is it to stop? may now be fairly asked. Two new cities are springing up at the west-end, and Hyde Park and Kensington gardens are almost large enclosures of a square. Chelsea is no longer suburban, and Paddington a rural village. The value of land is increasing with the most extraordinary rapidity. Land at Kensal-green, which was, not long since, to be purchased for £80 an acre, is not brought into the market for less than £1000. A company that lately purchased 100 acres at Wilesden-green for a cemetery, have been hesitating in their intentions, from the increasing value of property, as when once the land is consecrated it cannot be *applied to building purposes. Churches* and hospitals, are already constructing, and others contemplated, upon a scale commensurate with the new population; and amongst other ideas afloat is a theatre, not far distant from Tyburn, the scene of many a tragedy.

VARIETY OF MEN'S FACES.

The great variety existing throughout the world of men's faces and voices is an admirable proof of the Creator of all things. Had men's faces been cast in the same, or not a very different mould, their organs of speech would have sounded nearly the same, and the same exact structure of muscles and nerves would have given the hand the same direction *in writing. In this* case, what confusion, what disturbance, what mischiefs, would the world have eternally been laid under! No security could have been given to our persons; no certainty, no enjoyment of our possessions; no distinction between good and bad, between friends and foes; but all would have been exposed to malice, fraud, and violence. But now, as it is ordered, every man's face can distinguish him in the light, and his voice in the dark; his hand-writing can speak for him though absent, and be his witness, and secure his contracts in future generations; a manifest as well as an admirable indication of the divine superintendence and management.—*Derham.*

YOUTH AND AGE.

The seas are quiet when the winds are o'er
So calm are we when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from her younger eyes,
Conceal that emptiness which age descries;
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

MILDRED ROSIER.*

A TALE OF THE RUINED CITY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER VIII.

So pale she lay, so cold and still,
With scarcely heaving breath;
Her soul has lost the power to will
In that strange living death.

"CAPTAIN, she is in your power," said the old hag.

"I shall not abuse it," said the seaman, imprinting one long kiss upon the marble forehead of the sleeper. "But from this moment you are mine, Mildred Rosier. I am the master spirit. The chain is around that young heart, which death alone can sever. Rachael, do you think that she will speak to me? or is it all delusion?"

"Delusion! with such proof before you! Do you think that she is deceiving you? See! how pale—how powerless she lies! Infuse your own mind into that living corpse; think powerfully upon any past scene; will powerfully that she describes it to you, and what took place there; make her tell that name, which you dare not breathe aloud in this place, and reveal the country which gave you birth, the lawless trade you follow."

"She might know or suspect all this," said the captain, as he took the death-like hand, which hung down powerless by her side, and pressed it passionately within his own.

A deep blush rose slowly over the lily cheeks, until it suffused the whole countenance of the sleeper, and she said:

"I love you, Mildred Rosier! I, a guilty, lawless man, I dare to love one as pure and innocent as you——"

"She has uttered my very thoughts!" exclaimed the captain. Then gazing intently upon her until a dark frown rested upon his brow, he said in a low deep toned voice—"Where are we?"

"In a vast forest."

"Where are we now?"

"We are rapidly descending a steep pass between high rocks; a torrent leaps from the brow of that black cliff; a chasm yawns below, and receives the raging waters. It is dark—it is fearful—let us leave this awful place."

"Who are your companions?"

"Two very young men, and one in middle life. He bears a gun upon his shoulders, and holds two hounds in a leash."

"What is he like?"

"His stature is low, his shoulders broad, his hair red, and partially mixed with grey. He has a fierce, bold aspect, and looks like a strong powerful man."

"Right; and the lads that are with him?"

"One is tall and slender, with keen dark eyes, dark curling hair, and a pale thin face; his aspect is proud and melancholy. He looks unhappy: he too has a gun across his shoulders, but he walks like one who feels no pleasure in the sport which he is pursuing."

"And the other?"

"Is as beautiful as an angel!"

The captain shuddered, and uttered a deep sigh, which was echoed by the sleeper, as she continued:

"Yes, he is beautiful. His hair hangs waving about his shoulders like threads of gold. His eyes are blue; his cheeks ruddy and fair; his step elastic and joyous, and he looks proudly happy. He carries his gun across his arm, and often stops to pat a noble dog he holds in a light chain. His dress is green, and a small ivory bugle is suspended by a gold chain around his neck."

"What are they doing now?" gasped forth the enquirer.

"They wind round the edge of that dizzy precipice. One false step would hurl them to destruction. The tall dark youth lags behind, and rests upon his gun. The fair haired boy springs in front of the elder huntsman, as eager for his prey. The other turns and looks upon his distant companion. Oh, God! what a look is that! The dark youth raises his hand slowly and points forward. What is he doing?—what, what! God

* Continued from page 216.

In heaven! does he mean to murder the beautiful ——?"

Captain Tasker was gasping for breath—his strong chest heaved convulsively, as he cried out:

"Well?"

"The arms of the stripling are around his powerful adversary. He struggles for life with desperate strength. The huntsman tries to throw him down that fearful gorge. He will prevail—he will prevail! Why does the dark youth sit silent? Is he deaf to the cries of his young comrade for help; or is *he* the instigator of the accursed deed? Ha! the fair boy has triumphed! The strong man has fallen beneath him upon the dizzy ledge of that fathomless grave. The dark youth springs up, he hurries towards them—it is too late. God in heaven! that awful cry! The fallen ruffian has dragged his victorious victim to perdition! They are gone—gone for ever! They have sunk into that awful abyss. That despairing shriek!—that smothered curse!—so deep and vengeful it will ring in my ears to the last hour of my life."

"Aye, it has rung in mine—is ringing still," muttered the captain; then grasping the hand of the sleeper firmly in his own, he said: "let us go to the edge of the rock. What do you see there?"

A deadly paleness spread over the face of the sleeper. A cold perspiration broke out upon her brow, and her teeth chattered in her head. The enquirer was similarly affected. The joints of his athletic frame seemed loosened, and he shivered with agony.

"Misery! misery!" groaned the sleeper; "man! man! thou libeller of the Most High, how hast thou marred with thy frantic deed the image of thy maker! Oh, God! it is terrible to see the human countenance transformed into the likeness of a spirit of despair! The lovely youth has sunk—the blackness of darkness has engulfed him for ever; but every thorny shrub springing from the clefts of the broken rocks has robbed him of a tress of his glorious hair. But there! there—midway down the fearful precipice, clinging with desperate energy to the frail bushes, covered with his own scattered brains and blood—but still—oh! still, writhing with life—gleams up from among the black rocks, the red face of the hunter:—the murderer, who has fallen in the pit he dug for another! Oh, those eyes!—those terrible blood-shot eyes! the curse of the damned burns in their horrible light! See how they menace heaven and defy its just retribution! Hark! that awful groan! The slender twigs which separate him from the eternal doom give way; the muscular hand releases its useless hold, and is thrown frantically aloft. He curses—miserable sinner—he curses God, and sinks into the hell that yawns beneath him!"

Captain Tasker sunk down upon the bench; deep groans burst from his labouring chest, as he covered his face with his hands, and struggled with the strong agony that mastered him.

In the meanwhile, the witch, who had remained a silent spectator of this singular scene, and who, perhaps, thought that it had already gone too far, stepped up to the corpse-like figure of Mildred, who, silent and motionless as a statue, slept before her, and taking both her hands in hers for a few seconds—after establishing a communication between herself and the sleeper—proceeded to take her out of the unnatural mesmeric state. In this she soon succeeded; and Mildred, after opening her eyes, and gazing for a few minutes in a bewildered manner around her, appeared to comprehend something of the strange scene in which she had been the principal actor.

"How long have I slept?" she asked.

"Not long," was the laconic reply.

"Where is Captain Tasker?"

"Here."

"Good heavens! he is ill!" cried Mildred, springing from her seat. "My friend! my preserver! what ails you?"

"Nothing," replied the captain, starting to his feet, as the sound of her sweet voice dispersed the evil spirits that were beating their black wings within his heart. "Your terrible dream troubled me. I shall soon be myself again."

"My dream! I had no dream."

"Have you no recollection of all you told us, just now."

"You are joking," said Mildred, with an incredulous stare. "While you held my hands I felt a stream of heat passing along my arms towards my shoulders and a strange tingling sensation ran through my knuckles and elbows, and then my head turned cold—cold as ice; my eyes refused to unclose, my limbs to move, and I remember nothing more. I thought that death was stealing upon me, and that it was an easy and pleasant thing to die, an event that when awake I always have dreaded, and so I sank into forgetfulness, from which I never thought to unclose my eyes again."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the captain, gratefully. "The experience I have had of this strange science, has already been bought too dear. Oh, that the same oblivion could sweep over my brain and shut out for ever the dreadful past!" Then collecting himself, he turned towards Mildred, and with a cheerful voice and manner, urged her to return home. "The day was far spent," he said, "and Mrs. Rosier would feel anxious about her long absence."

Mildred was frightened. She felt uncomfortable, as if she had done something wrong, and tying her bonnet, she bade old Rachel good day, and abruptly left the hovel. At the door, she encountered Lieutenant Scarlet. A deep sense of the impropriety of her situation, rushed upon her. She turned from his free, enquiring gaze, and crimson blushes suffused her hitherto pale cheeks. He had called upon her mother, and she was not wholly a stranger. What would he think of her, coming out of such a place alone with such a man as Captain Tasker? A stranger, whose profession was unknown to all but Mildred herself; and it was one that she dared not name. She felt miserable; she felt that her character lay at the mercy of another; and she cast upon him an imploring look, while tears insensibly filled her eyes. He smiled contemptuously, and without touching his hat, said:

"Good day, Miss Rosier. You have chosen a rough morning for your sea-side rambles," and "a strange companion," he would have added; but the fierce determined gaze of Tasker, as he led his trembling companion on, checked the premeditated insult.

"Oh! how I wish that we had not met that man!" said Mildred, as they took the cliff path, which led through the church-yard into the ruined city.

"What makes you fear him, Miss Rosier?"

"He will think it so strange, seeing me alone with you, and coming from such a place."

"Let him dare to breathe one disrespectful word against you, and it shall be his last. Dearest Miss Rosier, wipe away these tears; let it be a matter of perfect indifference to you, as long as you know yourself to be innocent, what people say of you. It is only the utterly worthless that have no enemies, and of whom the whole world gives a favourable opinion."

"Ah," said Mildred, "as society is constituted, it is impossible for a young female to adopt the 'don't care' creed. It is almost as fatal to her reputation to appear guilty and to be spoken of lightly, as if she really deserved censure. The events of this morning have made me very unhappy."

"On the contrary," returned Tasker, "they have filled me with hopes which have long been exiles from a sad and desolate heart."

Mildred raised her sweet blue eyes to his high and intellectual brow, and met the dark powerful glance of those fine eyes, whose tender melancholy expression possessed such a strange fascination. Her brain became bewildered, and had she not exercised a powerful will she would have sunk again into the deep sleep from which she had been so lately aroused.

"You must not magnetize me against my own consent," she said. "It seems to me as if you had received from that strange woman the key of my soul, and could conjure it out of my body at a glance. It is a mysterious power; I wish you had never exercised it against me."

"Why, dear girl?" eagerly demanded the captain, still bending upon her his dark enquiring eyes, now lighted up by the fire of passion.

"It has robbed me of my freedom," sighed Mildred.

"The natural magic of love. Confess to me, Mildred Rosier, before we part,—here before high heaven and the silent but sure witness of conscience, that I am not an object of indifference—that you love me!"

Mildred was terrified at this bold question. She had never dared to examine her heart upon the subject, and least of all at a moment like this. Her pride became alarmed. The anger of her mother—the opinion of the world—the decision of reason, all, all were against speaking the naked truth, and she answered evasively:

"I know not what love is. I feel an interest in you which springs from a source which I do not understand, and you possess a power over me which my better reason condemns. But this state of anxiety, pain and fear, cannot be love; if so, love is an unholy and unblessed thing. Nothing can be good which robs one of innocent mirth and peace of mind."

"I am satisfied," returned Tasker, pressing her hand to his lips. "You have become the angel of my destiny. Your confession will render me a better and a wiser man; and here, Mildred, we part. I will not tell you to think kindly of me—I dare you to forget!"

He sprang down the steep cliff and vanished from her sight, and before Mildred had time to draw a freer breath, some one pulled her shawl from behind, and she turned and beheld Lucy Barnham.

"Oh, Miss Mildred! Miss Rosier! I have been looking for you all about. Your ma is in such a taking, and old Nappy will have it that you are dead and buried in the great ocean. Oh! dear, dear! what a fuss they are all in, and how much more would they fuss and fret if they knew how you and Captain Tasker had been spending your time! Oh, lauk! oh, lauk! that a young lady like you should take up with the likes o' him! why even I would not lower myself to listen to the idle speeches of a fellow like *that!*"

"What do you mean, Lucy?" said the tortured Mildred, a frown for the first time contracting her smooth brow, and her mild laughing eyes flashing with anger.

"Nay, don't be in a rage, miss; nor go to look

me down in that sort of a way. One person is as good as another when their tricks are found out. Did I not not see Josiah Tasker kiss your hand, and did you attempt to prevent it? which showed pretty plain that it was not the first time. But you need not cry, miss, I won't tell your ma; but I would advise you as a friend to go home, and never give your company to that man, or harm will come of it, if it have not come already. He is a sad enticing fellow, who thinks no more of ruining a foolish girl than he does of running a cargo of rum ashore. A fit person for a young lady, and a proud lady, too, to take for a sweetheart."

Stung almost to madness by the girl's saucy familiarity, and unable to deny the charge which she had brought against her, Mildred said sternly, as she passed her with a proud step:

"Lucy Barnham, keep your advice until you are asked for it. Your impertinent observations are regarded by me with contempt."

She walked on, but Lucy's sneering laugh cut her to the heart. She was reaping the fruit of her own imprudence, and they were wormwood and ashes to her soul. Well had it been for Mildred had this warning been the first and the last. That she had confided to her mother the temptation by which she was assailed, and had gained with her support, courage to resist it."

Her distress was not diminished when, upon reaching home, she perceived the well known sad colored carriage standing at the gate. Determined to conceal herself from observation, she stole in at a back door, and hurrying up stairs threw herself upon her bed, and found relief in a hearty gush of tears. Her entrance did not escape the watchful eye of old Abigail, who the next moment was at her side.

"Oh, Miss Mille! we have been all so frightened. Where have you been, child, all the blessed long day. We thought that the sea had swept you away, that you were surely drowned."

"You were not far wrong, Abigail; if it had not been for the help of a stranger, you never would have seen your poor Mille again."

"You don't say so," said the fond old woman, pressing the lovely head, which was laid so confidingly upon her breast, against her honest heart; "you don't say so; but I must not hear how it all happened just now, the parlor is full of company, and in you must go. Mrs. Stainer has been here these two hours; she wants to see you, and won't go away until you come home. She has two gentlemen with her. One young and handsome enough to be a sweetheart for my pet. Come, dear, wash your face and tidy yourself a bit, and shew yourself, or your mamma will be quite angry at you."

"Indeed, Nappy, I am not fit to be seen," said Mildred, surveying with terror and surprise her pale haggard face in the glass, on which the traces of her recent tears were but too visible. "I never saw myself look so hideously before. It is impossible for me to go down stairs; you must make an excuse for me: say that I have been frightened, have got a bad headache, and am obliged to go to bed."

"It would frighten your mamma out of her wits. I will get you a little warm water to bathe your face, and mamma's rose-water will take away all the spots. But in troth, pet, you look ill."

In a few minutes the old woman returned with the water, and after bathing her face and changing her dress, Mildred looked herself again. It is true that her cheek had lost its brilliant rose; but what it lacked in bloom was atoned for by its extreme delicacy. Her dark stuff dress (merinos were not then in fashion,) set off the dazzling whiteness of her skin, and gave to the profusion of waving locks that shaded her exquisite neck a brighter tint of gold; while the melancholy feelings that had calmed her beautiful features into repose had given a more touchingly interesting expression to her face than when glowing with health, and lighted up with the sunshine of gladness.

Mildred twice laid her hand upon the lock of the parlour door, and twice drew back. She had lost self-possession. She had acted imprudently, and although not guilty of any greater sin, appearances were against her. She felt that her conduct had been viewed by others in a disrespectful light, and the consciousness had soiled the white robe of innocence. She now came before her mother with downcast eyes, and faltering steps, and her cheek, before pale, became colorless as marble. Mrs. Stainer introduced her step-son, Mr. William Stainer, and the Reverend Ebenezer Strong saluted her with a hearty shake of the hand. Mildred curtseyed herself into a seat. She hardly knew how she got there, for she heard and saw nothing right.

"Is this the rosy young lady that attended our meeting last Wednesday night?" said Mrs. Strong. "I hope, miss, you dont paint?"

This supposition appeared so ridiculous to a girl of sixteen, that Mildred burst out a laughing, and something of her usual bloom blushed through her fair cheek.

"Your walk must have fatigued you, Mildred," said Mrs. Rosier, who was not a little disappointed at her daughter's appearance. "You look ill and fatigued."

"Indeed, mamma, I am both," returned Mil-

dred; "It is next to a miracle that I am here in life."

All now gathered about her, while she related the event which had detained her so long from home. Mrs. Rosier was affected to tears. Mrs. Stainer, and her spiritual adviser, read several moral sermons upon the occasion, while Mr. William Stainer whispered in a low voice, that he envied the man who had deserved the gratitude of Miss Rosier.

Mrs. Stainer now proceeded to inform Miss Mildred, that her daughter Charlotte was ill, and had a great desire to see her, that she had come purposely to convey her to the Lodge, for a few weeks, if her mamma would be content to part with her.

At another time, Mildred would have framed some excuse, to escape from a visit, from which she could derive no pleasure, but the mortifying occurrence of the morning had so tamed her wild independent spirit, that to the astonishment of her mother she said, that if Mrs. Stainer would allow her until the next day, to make a few trifling arrangements, she would most cheerfully comply with her request. William Stainer looked his approbation, in whose eyes, Mildred Rosier appeared the most beautiful human creature he had ever beheld, and even the grave Mr. Strong seemed pleased at the prospect of a frequent opportunity of conversing with his fair antagonist.

"I hope you will leave us a better and a wiser girl than you are now," said the worthy non-conformist.

"There is great room for improvement," returned Mildred, with a sigh.

"Are you in earnest, or is this only said in jest?" asked the good man, with a look of paternal interest. That look and the friendly smile, which accompanied it, was not lost upon Mildred. She was grateful for both.

"I love not joking upon serious subjects," she said; "It reminds me of the criminal playing with the axe of the executioner."

"An apt simile. I have some hope for you yet. Believe me, dear Miss Rosier, life possesses no enjoyment of sufficient value to purchase the least gem in the eternal crown. Believe thou this?"

"It is a hard creed. The earth we inhabit is very beautiful. The pleasures it promises, very great."

"All dross—mere dross—an Eden in fancy—a hell in reality—the poppies of pride—the nightshade of envy—the laurel of ambition, and the arums of evil passion tower above the poor simple heart's-ease, and the lovely violets of modest virtue. If you would be happy, Mildred Rosier, you must secure an entrance into that paradise, where no poisonous fruit or flower, the offspring of sin, lifts up its audacious head to tempt and defile. The world has its beauties, and the serpent has its glorious colors, its shining skin, and graceful motion. But these are deceptive. Beautiful in the sunshine—hideous in the shade—trust not the world. In the day of adversity you will find that it possesses the guile of the serpent, and will leave behind it, the poison and the sting."

A dark piercing eye was fixed upon Mildred's face, during Mr. Strong's harrangue, to see what effect his words produced upon his young and attentive auditor. An expression of surprise and sarcastic scorn lighted them for a moment, when William Stainer perceived the fair girl grow pale and tremble, yet he added in a soft low voice:

"Happy are they, who, guided by the advice of true friends, and led by the spirit, are able to overcome the world."

Mrs. Stainer rose to take leave saying: "To-morrow, Miss Rosier, we shall expect you. Mr. William will bring the carriage for you at noon.

CHAPTER IX.

"She is honest. Believe me she is honest."

"It is true, mother,—as true as the gospel. I saw it with my own eyes. The deceitful wretch. But I'll be revenged. I will—I will!" and the excited Lucy Barnham covered her face with her muslin apron and wept aloud.

Mrs. Florence deliberately turned the beefsteak on the gridiron, and looked up with a hot angry face at her daughter.

"And a precious fool were you Lucy ever to trust to him. You knew what the fellow was—you knew that you could not put any confidence in his promises. What ever tempted you to imagine that he would make you his wife? Did he ever ax ye."

"No, I cannot say as how he did. But then he said and looked so many obliging things that he quite won my heart. Oh! it's cruel of him to trifle with a poor girl's feelings, and go to compliment and blarney with her all the while, and mean nothing at all. But I'll be revenged. I will—I will!

"Nonsense, Lucy, dont be such a goose."

"I'll inform against him! I'll tell Lieutenant Scarlet who and what he is."

"You'll do no such thing."

"You'll see."

"Pshaw!" muttered the widow, taking off the steaks, "what good would that do?"

"None to him."

"But to us girl—to us."

"I don't care."

"But I do. Where should we get our tea?"

"I can go without."

"But I can't—and our brandy?"

"You can do without that," said the excited Lucy, fiercely.

"*Maybee.* But the house can't. I should have to buy all that the dark night brings us free of expense, and we can't afford that. Besides Lucy ——".

"Oh! don't talk to me, mother! I feel so mad, I could kill myself."

"And what good would that do?" said a laughing voice behind. The women started. The criminal himself stood before them. "Come, Lucy, there's a dear girl, cover the table; I am so hungry with my long walk, I could eat a wolf stuffed with onions."

"My gall," commenced the widow, "has a long complaint to make against *you*, Captain Tasker."

"Nay, spare me the repetition, widow, I have heard all about it; Lucy thinks that I ought not to kiss *any pretty girl but herself, and as I am a* general lover, I consider myself the injured party."

"Lucy is young, captain, and she does not know the hard-heartedness of men. She believes all the nonsense you talk to her. You have hurt her feelings, and the child is to be pitied."

"I am highly flattered by Miss Lucy's regard," said Tasker; "but should be very sorry to take advantage of it. I am a very useful fellow, widow, but confess to me frankly, would you like me for a son-in-law. Me—who might chance to swing before your door, after some unlucky night's adventure?"

The widow surveyed him from top to toe. "You are a handsome dashing fellow, and no mistake. But I would rather be your sweet heart, than your wife.

"Right!" said the captain. "I wish you would bring Miss Lucy over to your opinion. But she is a wilful girl, and wants to be mistress, both of me and the Defiance. But you know, widow, that I suffer no one to wear my trowsers or take the helm of my ship. I am a jolly bachelor, and mean to remain one—a true friend to widow and maid. So come here, little pouter, and kiss me, or I shall believe that you really mean to betray me."

"I hate you," said Lucy, scornfully.

"That's a great ——, you know what Lucy."

"Your life is in my hands."

"That's the reason I feel myself perfectly secure. You are too noble to give up a brave fellow to the blood-hounds of the law."

"Dont flatter yourself. You have deceived me, and I will be quits with you."

"Lucy," said Tasker, rising and taking her struggling hand, which he held forcibly within his own. "Are you in earnest?"

"I am!" said Lucy, glaring upon him with her large bright eyes.

"Then I defy your malice!" cried the seaman, flinging back her hand and glaring upon her, with a glance more terrible than her own. "Lucy Barnham, I dare you to betray me!"

Ashy pale, and trembling from head to foot, the girl turned away; but if the fear was in her eye, there was a fixed, determined expression of countenance, which made the captain start.

"Lucy," he said, rising and cautiously closing the door after her mother, who just then had left the room, "let us understand each other. In what have I injured you?"

"Can you ask me that?" said the girl, bursting into a passion of tears, "after all that has passed between us."

"You are a kind hearted, obliging girl, Lucy, but I leave you no worse than I found you. If *you wanted prudence to take care of yourself*, am I to blame? Was I the first lover who betrayed you into folly? You had your price, which I paid your good mother, with interest, nor am I ungrateful for your affection. But I cannot make you my wife."

"Nobody asked you," said the sobbing girl. "If you would continue to love me, I would be contented, and found me in clothes, and the house in tea and liquor."

"Aye, you must not forget that," said the captain, laughingly interrupting her. "You have no objection to keep a running account with the Devil, if I find the stock. But, Lucy, if you betray me, what will become of the house?"

"And what will become of me," said Lucy putting her arms coaxingly around his neck, "if *you go for to marry Miss Rosier?*"

"Marry—nonsense, I can never marry!"

"Perhaps you have a wife already."

"Perhaps I have. Sailors have wives in every port. It is better to ask them no questions for conscience sake. But, what makes you think that I love Miss Rosier?"

"Did I not see you kiss her hand?"

"Is that all—you must love the cat very much, Lucy, for you often kiss him."

"Ah—but he is so pretty."

"So is Miss Rosier."

"You say so, on purpose to vex me," returned Lucy. "You can't think *her* pretty, with her doll's face, and carrotty hair."

"For shame, Lucy! this is downright envy. How can you call such lovely ringlets red?"

"Yes—red as fire. *I am sure that the water* must hiss, every time she washes her face."

"No wonder that hearts are melted, in their vicinity," said the Captain, with a provoking smile. "But suppose, Lucy, that I do love Miss Rosier, that I do think her pretty, and that I did kiss her hand after saving her life at the peril of my own: are these crimes of such magnitude that they must be atoned for by my heart's best blood? If I am worthy of death, are you anxious to witness against me, and become my executioner?"

"*You love another,*" *said the girl sullenly,* "and the affection I once bore you has become hatred in my breast. If you go on thwarting and vexing me as you have done today, I don't know what *I* may be tempted to do."

"Do what you will—say what you please," returned the smuggler, folding his arms and walking to the window, "it is a matter of perfect indifference to me. Death must come one day; I care not how soon. If you wish to put your threat into execution, here comes the lieutenant and his myrmidons. What thou doest girl, do quickly!"

Lucy cast upon him a cunning sidelong glance. At that moment, she could have heard of his death without emotion, and she left the room, and banged the door after her with a look of unequivocal disdain.

"Hang me! but I believe she will do it," said Tasker, sitting down to his cold steaks. "This is trusting to women!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FAREWELL.

BY M. W. M.

Farewell—all my fond hopes in life have departed
As a dream, or a vision's bright play,
The bright *rays of joy through my spirit which darted,*
They have past, and forever, away.

As a gleam of bright moon-light, illumining, that
Soft falls on some desolate flower,
So your image reflected a light o'er my path,
But alas! it was but for an hour!

In a moment, dark clouds may the bright moon o'ercast,
The leaves of the flower be all shed:
Oh thus were *my dreams, too* bright visions, to last—
They bloom'd—were o'ershadowed—are dead.

NEW WORDS TO AN OLD AIR.

Irish Air—*Loch Sheeling.*

Let fate lower darkly, one ray's left to cheer—
Though the world all desert me, to you I'm still dear;
Though blasts of misfortune my bright hopes all chill,
Your warm smile of kindness doth beam round me still.

The friends that once loved me, now shun me or blame,
The lips that once praised me, now speak but of shame;
But you know their falseness, or if they were true,
I know that unchanged still I would be to you.

I've been dear, when bright prospects my future fill'd up,
You have loved me 'mid pleasures, and drank of their cup,
And now that misfortune hath brought me disdain,
As in bliss you have loved, shall you not too in pain?

Yes I know by thy smile, by thy voice, and thy tear,
By thy sweet words of kindness, now doubly more dear,
That, though dark is my present, my future yet more,
You but cling still the closer, and love me the more.

HASSAN.

COMMERCE.

Long life to commerce! My soul expands at the sight of its life. What has commerce not done from the beginning of the world, for the embellishment of life, for promoting the friendly intercourse of countries and people, for the refinement of manners! It has always given me the most heartfelt delight, that the wisest and most humane of the lawgivers of antiquity—Solon—was a merchant. 'By trade,' says one of his biographers, 'by wisdom and music was his soul fashioned.' Long life to Commerce! What lives not through it? What is all fresh life, all movement, in reality, but trade, exchange, gift for gift! In love, in friendship, in the great life of the people, in the quiet family circle, every where I see *happiness and prosperity, I see also trade:* nay what is the whole earth if not a colony from the mother country of heaven, and whose well-being and happy condition depend on free export and import! The simile might be still further carried out; yet—thou good Giver above, pardon us that we have ventured upon it.

Little progress has yet been made in the art of turning human creatures to the best account. Every man has his place, in which, if he can be fixed, the most fastidious judge cannot look upon him with disdain. Every human creature, idiots and extraordinary cases excepted, is endowed *with talents, which, if rightly directed, would* show him to be apt, adroit, and intelligent, and acute in the walk for which his organization especially *fitted him.*

SPECIMEN OF ADVERTISING.

A dealer in hams advertises that his hams are so well cured that the longer that they are kept, the better they are; and of such an excellent quality, that if eaten constantly by women of the worst temper imaginable, they will render them gentle and tractable as lambs: they are particularly recommended as diet for children, to give them a quiet disposition.

KINDNESS AND GRATITUDE.

A STORY OF '98.

"And you then," said the traveller, "were up in the ninety-eight?"

"Aye, Sir, so you may say; but the world was all wrong, and its ways were fairly against me. I was down on the lowest spoke of fortune's wheel; and I thought a wee birl given to the machine must needs set me higher. My crops were blighted. My cattle took one traik after another, and died, and I was brought to be very poor. Yet so help me, I had ever been a hard worker; early and late; and barring that I dabbled a wee bit in politics, I minded no business but my own. I had been a volunteer. I took up a firelock for my king and country; and, not that I say it, I could do it well. I could have died, too, had it come to that, for my prince and my own hearth. But we were shamefully used at the end o't. You have heard of that; so no matter. My musket was taken from me; but I could not forget that I knew how to use it; and, when the world was darker about me, I found grievances that in the sunshine I had never thought of. I loved to talk of these, and I found many to listen; and some there were who should have known better, and that left the people when the evil day came, who said that things were not as they should be, and that resistance was right. Yet I never had the cause much at heart, and I was yoked to it more from fate than feeling.

"My little stock and plenish were seized for the rent, and all was sold except the bed on which my wife lay sick of the pleurisy—and that too was taken from under her by the tithe proctor. My children cried to me for bread; starvation stared me in the very face: I was a ruined and a desperate man. But what need is there of talking? I was put up the next market evening, and trysted to meet on the first Sunday in June, with my green cockade and pike, on the Navan Forth. I went to bed that night, but slept little. I heard noise all round the house, but my wife would not let me open the door. When I looked out the next morning, I could scarcely believe my eyes. A field of two acres was sodded in potatoes, and another which I had just commenced laboring at the time of my failure, was ploughed, harrowed, and sown. A kind neighbour lent me a cow, whose milk, I hoped, would nourish Peggy and the little ones when I had left them.

"In fair weather or foul the tide stays not, and in weal or woe, time stops not its course. The last Sunday in May came. I was lying awake on a little shake-down of straw in the corner of my cabin—for the days were gone when my sleep was unbroken. The dead of the night is aye lonely and awful—and I loved not then, as I do now, to look out in its silence, and to listen to the grass waving in the fields, and the quiet song of the night wind. I was sometimes trying to pray, and sometimes I strove not to think, when I would hear Peggy, drawing in her breath hard and feverish; and the deep sough of my innocent babes, that must soon be fatherless. The daizening of poor Brownie soon gave me new alarms. I forgot to tell you that our byre had been pulled down by the Welch horse, under pretence of searching for arms—and the poor beast had been bruised by their wanton cruelty. They did worse deeds than that, I trow—but few of them came back to boast of them. I rose up and lit a candle, and found the cow, that was soon to be the only support of my family, ill, very ill, indeed. I had beer and cowspice in the house, but how to give her a drink I knew not. The weans were all too young, and Peggy too donsy to help me. I durst not go to awaken any of the neighbors, as the country was under martial law—and I heard the light horse prancing up and down the road. In a few minutes they were thundering at the door—and the shout of 'put out your light, you damned croppy dog!' was followed by an attempt to smash open the door with the but end of their carabines. A voice of authority commanded them to desist, and in the King's name demanded admission. I drew back the bar and let them in, and I then knew that the officer was Lord William—the General of the district. He demanded my reason for being out of bed at that unseasonable hour. I told him my situation as well as I could. He looked round where my wife had started up from her pallet of straw, in an agony of terror, and at the little ones who clung frightened to their mother. He pulled his hat over his brows, and then ordered his soldiers to proceed on their way, without troubling a poor man further.

"'By your leave, brother William,' said a young officer, stepping forward, 'I will stop a few minutes longer—I have often looked at an Irish cabin, but the interior of one (yes that was the word), the interior of one I never saw.' The General nodded consent, gave the word of command, and the sodgers mounted and rode down the loanin'.

"The young officer listened till the clang of arms and the clattering of the horses died away down the high road, and then asked what was the matter with the cow. 'I have some skill in cattle,' said he, 'and perhaps can assist you.' I told him—and I showed him the drench I had

made for her. He approved of the medicine—and laying down his hat, he unbuckled his broad-sword—took off his buff gloves, and turned up his sleeves. Had he been bred to the butchering trade, he could not have held her head more beautiful than he did. I poured the drench down her throat, and in five minutes my poor kindly brute was chewing her cud. He then began to make enquiries about my family. He listened attentively to my little tale of misfortunes, and when I spoke of Peggy's sickness, he suddenly *turned round.* The candle I had stuck against the hallin wall, was shining down on my Peggy's cheek, that was pale as death, but never I thought *had looked so bonnie. But why should I talk* of it now! The worms of the grave-yard, that rioted on it, are perhaps returned also to the dust. The young man started and blushed—and suddenly lifting up his hat and accoutrements, said I should hear from him in the morning, and left the house.

"About grey day-light a tap came to the door; a gentlemen came in, who said he was the surgeon of the regiment quartered in the town. He enquired after my wife—felt her pulse—left a powder for her to take immediately, and promised to come again to see her in the course of the day. In about an hour after, a servant came in with a basketful of every kind of nourishment a sick heart could wish for. And just as I was sitting down with the weans to breakfast, who should *come in but the winsome cow-doctor himself!*

"Five-and-twenty years have rolled by, but I think I see him yet on that creepy, taking share of the milk and potatoes: excellent apple ones they were—and my eldest little girl had just milked the cow.

"I think I still see the little ones, in spite of all I could say or do, fingering the lace on his regimentals, and plucking his gilt buttons. My eldest boy Billy, had taken possession of his broad-sword, and was trying with might and main to pull it from the scabbard. My poor William!" continued the narrator, his voice faltering, and the tear gathering in his eye as he spoke, "I believe in my heart he loved a red coat ever after. He grew up as clean and clever a young fellow as ever stepped in a black leather shoe; but he is gone—and I—I was too harsh with him. He was wild indeed; but then his heart was noble and true; and he died like a soldier *and a man. In the front rank of the Enniskilleners,* in the heart of the enemy's column, he fell at Waterloo."

The old man paused. His eyes had kindled with proud enthusiasm, as he spoke of the glorious death of his gallant son; but the fire of his glance was soon quenched—*his eye darkened,* and his countenance fell. Those fountains which never cease to flow in the human heart, till frozen by the hand of mortality, will prove too strong for every artificial barrier. He covered his face with his hands, and bent his head on his knees. The workings of his countenance I could not observe—but I could discern his forehead redden, and the veins of his temples swell with the life-blood warm from his father's heart. Happily in a few moments tears came to his relief, and he wept. I would like to have some other foundation for my claim to the feelings of humanity, than the being able to say, that he wept not alone.

Having 'paid nature her tribute,' the old man went on.

"I was about to tell you something of what passed between us: but the story has been too long, and I cannot tell it now. On going away, the young officer slipped a purse into Billy's hand, and told him, when he was tired playing with it, to give it to his father. But to make a long story short, the time slipped round—I cannot tell how—and I never once thought of my tryst on the Navan Forth: How could I? I was happy. Peggy was recovering—my children were all well and hearty—and the bounty of the stranger had brought plenty again into our dwelling. The first Sunday in June 1798 came—I remember it well—as blessed a Sabbath as ever dawned. The sun was shining, as I verily believe he never shone since. Peggy was on foot, getting ready the breakfast—a little pallish, but well and canty. The children were out in the loanin', majoring *about with rush caps and swords, playing at sodgers;* and brownie was chewing her cud down in the close. I thought I could have looked and listened for ever—*when the deep knell of the cathe*dral bells ringing for prayers, came swelling down the glen, and the recollection of my engagement flashed like lightning on my mind. I took down my pike-head from the cason of the house, and my green cockade from under the cupboard—"

"And in the name of heaven," said I, "did you after all ——?"

"I put my cockade under the kettle—and flung my pike head into the callon—drest myself and went to meeting. There—I spoke not a word—I opened not my lips, but in the presence of Him that searcheth the heart and trieth the reins of the children of men, I swore allegiance to King George, more firmly than if I had kissed all the books in Christendom."

* * * * * * * * *

I never could ascertain which of Lord William's brothers was the hero of this story; but humanity and true British feelings have long been associated with the name of Bentinck.

DRAMATIC ACTING.

MACREADY.

All the fine arts agree in one object, and that, is to produce certain emotions,—emotions of pleasure, or emotions of sympathy. Their media and instrumentality are different—their effects different in duration or intensity; but their end is the same. Painting and sculpture address the soul through the eye, in colors and form; poetry and music act on the soul, through the ear, in the deep meanings of words and tones; all of them, whatever agency they use, *move* the soul. The material shapes or sounds or signs are but suggestive; they are but links of communication between the soul of the artist and the souls of others; they are significant or symbolical of the thoughts, images, and feelings which arise within the originator, and which he tries to transfer to his fellows by some appropriate, yet always imperfect, method of expression. Free acting combines in itself the elements of all these arts, and requires the spirit of them in its artist.

The actor, then, is an artist: the great actor is a great artist, and a great artist is a man of genius. There is a vulgar generalization which confounds the actor with the show-man; and once there was, and though in a milder degree there still is, an aristocratic condescension towards "*the poor player*," scarcely less insulting. Molière, when alive, brushed the clothes of Louis XIV. and made his bed; and when dead, he was refused Christian burial. Times are changed; Talma has since been the friend and companion of Napoleon —yet the great actor, even now, however amply paid in money, does not receive the meed of respect which he deserves. Let us examine what is implied in a really great actor.

For the mere externals of his art, the actor needs to have, in some degree, the united talents of a painter and a sculptor,—of a painter in colors, and in costumes,—of a sculptor in grace and boldness of gesture. He must execute in the positions of the living body, what the sculptor does in the inanimate marble; and what the sculptor requires years to accomplish, he must exhibit in the course of an hour. Changing his positions as quickly as the eye can take them in, each position brings forth a sculptor's conception into action and reality. But it is in the inward part of his art that the actor's power truly lies. It is only as these external movements reveal ideas and passions that they are of any worth; it is only by such a revelation that they are raised above the gesticulation of a posture-master. Add even to these, the musical accuracy which an actor requires, an accuracy sensitive to every delicacy of articulation, and capable of modulating the voice according to the nicest transitions of the mind, we have yet but the mechanism of an actor's art. Without the *poetic*, the *imaginative* faculty, all is but "sound and fury, signifying nothing." Imagination is to an actor what charity is to a Christian, an essential quality—the essential life of his art—without which all besides profiteth him nothing. An actor must be a scholar, that both by history and philosophy, he may know the text of his author, and appreciate his commentators. But I say nothing of his scholarship. An actor must be a critic, to take the genuine meanings of his author, and to interpret him with a correct reading. But I say nothing of his criticism. I return to the one necessary point; an actor must have imagination, he must have the spirit of a poet. A man of moderate talent may *declaim* Shakspere—only a man of genius can pluck out the heart of his mystery. An actor must not simply understand the meanings of a profound poet, he must fathom the depths of his mind, and that which the poet hath conceived, the actor must embody and must live. The most subtle motives he must comprehend and make his own: he must explore a passion in all its windings, and depict it with the truth of nature. By the force of his own humanity he must realize whatever humanity can feel; of malignity or goodness, of suffering or enjoyment, whatever it can commit, whatever it can endure—and this, not in coarse extremes, but in the minglings or contrasts of truthful combinations. And this same common humanity of his, an actor must be able to shape into whatever charac-

ter has played a part upon the world's stage. He must realize in an hour conditions which involve the destiny of highest and profoundest life; he must suit himself to circumstances which he has only intuition to explain. That which experience teacheth other men, imagination must teach *him*: and the moment he assumes a character, he must fit and wear it, as though it were his personality. King, courtier, lawyer, doctor, soldier and citizen—hero, villain, gentleman, poltroon, knave or fool, all must in turn be mirrored in the actor, and if the image is not recognised in the reflection, the actor is not "to the manner born." It needs a fine imagination to meet such requirements as these, and only he who meets them is a great actor. A great actor is therefore entitled to the admiration, to which any artist is entitled, who can attain eminent excellence, only by industry, by study, and above all, by genius.

These reflections were suggested to me on witnessing Macready lately, in a few of his leading characters. It would not consist with truth or sober criticism, to say that Macready has all the qualities that I have mentioned, each in the utmost power, but he has them in larger proportions than any actor living whom I know. In the taste, the skill, the scholarship of his profession, I am not aware of any who pretend competition with him. I would not refer for evidence on these points to the picturesqueness and grace which characterise his own personal movements on the scene; I would refer to what he has done for the stage in general. Garrick acted Cato in a court dress and bagwig: John Philip Kemble removed such incongruities: but still left dress and scenery inconsistent and imperfect. Macready was the first who brought the externals of the stage into harmony with truth and history: he called up past ages to the view of modern audiences, with the taste of a painter and the learning of an antiquarian: and schoolboys clapped their hands, and classic sages opened their admiring eyes, to see the Rome which Coriolanus entered, and the Romans whom he scorned. It is not my purpose to say more on topics like these, on which many have said so much already. I desire only to make a few personal impressions which Macready's acting has left on me. I speak here of him in deep tragedies, such as Macbeth, Othello, The Stranger, and Hamlet. I would say that his acting is eminently *intellectual*. A spirit is in it; it is vital in the smallest part. Thought pervades it like a soul. Every word, gesture, movement, disposition, has a meaning in it, that fixes the attention of the audience, and that sometimes taxes it. He therefore utters a moral sentiment as I never heard any other man utter it. A great thought is often shorn of its greatness by a barren utterance, but in the profound meditative speech of Macready, it swells out to its full grandeur. This is finely illustrated in his readings of the reflective passages in Hamlet and Macbeth. The acting of Macready appears to me also exceedingly *concentrative*. Macready has more of *internal soliloquy*—if I may coin a phrase—than any performer I have ever witnessed. He seems upon occasions to wrap himself up entirely with his own communings—to shut out performers and audience—and to live in the silence and darkness of his own soul. He seems to seek the companionship of his grief or wrong, to hug it as his solitary household guest, to close the window, and to bar the door, lest any passing stranger shall disturb the gloomy intercourse; or, like a miser that watches with haggard face over his gold, and counts his guineas with his skinny fingers, he will not share with any the cause of his terror, and he loves to monopolize his curse. There is great moral power in this capacity to abstract all energies from outward objects, to gather them into a single focus of suffering or passion. Many an actor can startle you with a sudden flash, but it is a mere shock to the *nerves*, and never reaches the mind—very few can appal, because very few can prepare, you. But when the shock of passion comes from this awful stillness, it is like the bolt and the crash, with which the cloud is rent asunder, that you have watched for hours gathering and blackening in the noiseless heavens. The peculiarity which I have here noticed, gives harrowing effect to Macready's acting in "The Stranger." There you observe in all the force of wordless sadness, the scared, desolate, broken-hearted man—the man whose only friend is sorrow, and whose existence is despair. He who has no tears for Macready's "Stranger" and Miss Charlotte Cushman's "Mrs Haller," has in him no heart of flesh. Macready's acting, as a matter of consequence from its other qualities, is distinguished for its *unity*. If imagination be that faculty which tends to reduce many things to one, or out of scattered elements to create a whole, Macready's imagination is of a high order. His impersonation of a character is unique and complete. It is not a thing "of threads and patches," but a compact and unbroken texture. It is as a fine discourse, harmonious in its parts, and progressive in its development, and you follow it to the end, with enrapt admiration, and an attention which scarcely allows you time to breathe. Macready does not, therefore, aim at *making points*, as the slang of theatrical criticism phrases it, because his mind is fixed on *one* point, the leading idea of the character. For the illustration of this he takes his whole power, and allows no temptation of clap-trap or applause to draw him from his purpose; there is a centre of vision in every noble

picture, which the eye must find, or lose the meaning of the whole: so in every deep dramatic character, there is a centre of interest, which must be made prominent to the mind, or the acting is but fragmentory. I think that Macready never fails to illustrate this centre of interest. Macready is evidently a man of strong passion, and there is much passion in his acting, but not being torn out from the part, constituting merely an element of its totality, his passion does not startle with melodramatic effect. I will not say that in Macready, passion does not sometimes stand in awe of art, that sometimes it is paled by thought, but in general, if you strip Macready's acting of the splendid intellectual qualities that adorn it, you will have remaining an amount of simple passion, before which the traditionary gaspings of the stage appear as the writhings of an infant in convulsions. Two forms of gratification Macready affords to every intelligent spectator of his acting; he sends him away with his mind filled with suggestions, as well as awakened for study; and he gives him the pleasure of beholding a true and devoted lover of art. For my own part, I never see even a carpenter reduced to a mere mechanic, that I do not feel a sorrow for the humiliation of the *man*, and it is a pure relief to meet one who *understands* the principle of his trade. But when a great intellectual profession is turned into a drudgery or a quackery, then do I feel grieved indeed. It is therefore a high enjoyment, in these days of worldly competition and hard utilitarianism, to know a man who has kept an ideal constantly before him, and who has followed it, with a brave and a faithful heart. Macready has won approval in his native country from the noblest, for genius and for worth. I rejoice that, we on this side of the Atlantic have given our testimony to pre-eminent ability in no niggard appreciation.

And, I would not forget Miss Charlotte Cushman, who has supported Macready in many of his most difficult characters, with distinguished talent. Miss Cushman possesses the elements of a fine actress: with an imposing person, she has a vigorous mind: she can conceive forcibly and utter nobly. By her careful preparation she shews that she loves her art; and therefore, her industry is equal to her enthusiasm. Those who labor to reach an elevated standard, in every effort to satisfy themselves, will gain success with others. Miss Cushman makes progress in this onward course; she grows daily in favour, and yet favor must increase rapidly, if it outrun her merits. Although characters of a solemn and tragic order suit her best, in the most austere impersonations gleams are ever and anon let in upon the darkness, which reveal a gentle and a kindly womanhood. She is a "child of the soil,"—a sister of those among whom, hitherto, she has played; but to their partiality she owes nothing. Genius such as hers needs not to ask, for it can command applause. Wherever, and whenever, she appears, she cannot fail therefore, of sympathy—to be cherished as a woman, and appreciated as an artist.

ELOQUENT PLEA FOR EDUCATION.

Let those whose wealth is lost or jeodardized by fraud of misgovernment; let those who have cause to quake with apprehensions for the fate of all they hold dear; let those who lament and behold the desecration of all that is holy; let rulers whose council is perplexed, whose laws are defied or evaded, let them all know, that whatever ills they feel or fear, are but just retributions of a righteous heaven for a neglected childhood. Remember, then, the child who first lisps to-day, before that voice shall lisp sedition in secret, or thunder treason at the head of an armed band: remember the child whose hand first lifts to-day the tiny bauble, before that hand shall scatter fire brands, arrows and death; remember those sportive groups of youth, in whose halcyon bosom there sleep oceans, as yet scarcely ruffled with the passions, which soon shall heave as with the tempest's strength. Remember, whatever station you fill, these immortals are your care. Devote, expend, consecrate yourself to the holy work of their improvement; pour out light and truth, as God pours sunshine and rain. No longer seek knowledge as the luxury of a few, but dispense it among all as the bread of life: learn only how the ignorant may be preserved, the victim reclaimed.

A VALUABLE CORK LEG.

Some time since a pauper belonging to Whitby, named William Holliday, formerly a tailor, became a confirmed lunatic, and the parish authorities were under the necessity of sending him to Mr. Martin's retreat for insane persons at Gate Helmsley. About two months since this pauper died in the asylum, and on the 15th inst. Mr. Martin addressed a letter to Mr. Beckon, the clerk of the Whitby Union, informing him that £20 5s. 4d. had been "found in William Holliday's cork leg, wrapped up in rags," and that the amount was placed to the credit of the Union. Instsuctions, it is said, have been given for the cork leg to be forwarded to the Whitby Museum.

THE FAIRIES' FOUNTAIN.

BY E. L. C.

"Race of the rain-bow wing, the deep blue eye,
Whose palace was the bosom of a flower;
Who rode upon the breathing of a rose;
Drank from the lare-bell; made the moon, queen
Of their gay revels; and whose trumpets were
The pink-veined honeysuckle; and who rode
Upon the summer butterfly; who slept
Lulled in the sweetness of the violet's leaves:
Where are ye now?
And ye of eastern tale,
With your bright palaces, your emerald halls;
Gardens whose fountains were of liquid gold;
Trees with their ruby fruit and silver leaves,
Where are ye now?"

On the margin of the great desert of Arabia, just where the last trace of vegetation yielded to the sterile waste of sand that stretched like an illimitable sea before the shrinking traveller, a cluster of wild fruit trees grew around a fountain, which gushed from a rock in their midst, and overflowing its granite basin, sent its bright waters trickling with a sweet and musical murmur through the green-sward, tempting the weary pilgrim to stoop and quaff its limpid stream before entering upon the burning heats of the desert. Wild roses fringed the brink of the Fairies' Fountain, and the delicate clematis with its climbing arms and snowy blossom, the splendid passion flower, that wonder of the floral kingdom, with many other parasitical plants of exquisite form and odour, clothed the grey rock, from whose dark bosom it burst brightly forth, with their delicate tracery, and draperied with the graceful luxuriance of their rich and fragrant festoons, the ancient and spreading trees that kept watch, like sentinels, above it.

Scarce an hour in the day, but this lovely spot was tenanted, either by the weary wayfarer, or by the maidens who came to fill their vessels from the fountain, and to wreathe in their soft hair the flowers that grew around it, lingering while they prinked their tresses in the mirror of its waters, to tell some wild legend of their romantic country, or to invoke the benison of the supernatural beings, who were said to dwell in the depths of its transparent bosom.

But one there was who, duly as the morn returned, there caught the sun's first rising beam, and sitting on the fountain's brink, watched his last ray fading behind the far-off hills of the west. Azra was a bumble, but a fair and virtuous maiden;—there was not one in the land who loved better to do a kind action, or who with a more willing heart yielded her own pleasure to the wishes and comfort of others. Her mother had died in giving her birth, and her father, who was a vine-dresser, followed his daily occupation, leaving the damsel to the charge of an old nurse, who had supplied to her a mother's place from her infancy.

Mahala managed all the concerns of the simple household, leaving the young Azra to tend her birds and flowers, or to spend whole days beside the Fairies' Fountain, singing the beautiful songs of Arabia, and weaving from wild grasses, or the thready fibres of the palm tree, various fantastic ornaments, which she disposed of to the passing traveller, who often paused to rest in the deep and refreshing shadow of the trees, beneath which was her accustomed seat.

A beautiful greyhound, which was her only companion, crouched, when wearied by his gambols, at her feet, and guarded the basket of delicious grapes, and bursting pomegranates, which she was wont to bring with her to her favourite haunt, and which with a glad heart and a free hand she loved to share with the weary and way-worn stranger; but from those whose appearance

betokened wealth, she willingly received in return for her luscious offering the proffered trifle, which, added to the small earnings of her industry, she carried home at night to enhance the scanty pittance of her father.

Azra was beautiful as a houri. The crimson of her lip was brilliant as the vivid hue of the pomegranate blossom, and the carnation that glowed upon her cheek delicate as the tints of the roses which she loved to wear on her bosom. Her voice was enchanting as that of the nightingale, and her shape and step, graceful and airy as those of the wild antelope. She had, too, an affectionate heart, full of tenderness, and generous to a fault; but Azra had wild dreams of something never yet beheld by her,—of a world of splendour, power, and riches, which made man omnipotent—where his look was the signal of command to obedient slaves, who lived but to do his pleasure,—where the gales breathed perfume around him, and the jewels of the mine, and gems from the ocean depths, were piled up in glittering heaps for his sole use. Palaces of gold rose up before her imaginings, and in their gorgeous halls, and amid the flowers and spices of their spacious gardens, love, beauty and pleasure revelled in perpetual joy.

Often, while yielding to these visionary delusions which were created by the marvellous legends with which she daily fed her ardent fancy, Azra almost forgot her identity; and when the falling of a leaf or the caress of her greyhound, disturbed her splendid revery, she would start from it with a sigh, and as she caught the reflection of her own surpassing beauty in the fountain, audibly repine at the destiny which had to denied her the greatness she coveted.

"Why," she one day exclaimed, "why is a love for all that is beautiful and magnificent implanted in my breast, if its longings are never to be gratified? or wherefore am I endowed with charms superior to my companions, if they are to wither in this solitude, where day after day the same unvaried scene is before me, and where I have no higher object than to plait these paltry ornaments, for which I obtain a few sequins, given rather in courtesy, than as an equivalent for their value?"

As she ceased speaking, she threw herself back against the vine clothed rock, at whose base she sat, and covered her face with her small hands, through the slender fingers of which the bright tear drops glittered like pearls. For a few moments the deep silence remained unbroken, and then suddenly, a clear sweet voice, which seemed to proceed from the depths of the Fountain, pronounced these words:

"Daughter of Hassan, why dost thou repine? Remember that in every station a contented mind is the true talisman of happiness, and a virtuous soul the only gem of price worthy to be coveted."

Azra sprang to her feet and gazed earnestly into the fountain; its surface was unruffled, but numerous air bubbles, reflecting a thousand brilliant hues, were rising from its bottom, which burst as they ascended, and showered forth gems dazzling as those which sparkle in a monarch's diadem. The maiden stretched out her hand to catch them as they fell, but they eluded her grasp, and when in the eagerness of disappointment, she bent forward in a fruitless effort to reach them, she saw them glittering, as if in mockery, at the bottom of the fountain, while at the same moment, a silvery laugh rang through its clear depths, and the voice again exclaimed:

"So delusive are the hopes of mortals! so evanescent the riches which they covet! virtue only is permanent; wisdom only exhaustless; contentment the living gem which irradiates the breast wherein it dwells. Seek these treasures, daughter of Hassan, and be wise; they only will bring thee true peace!"

Azra knelt down upon the turf, and bent over the rocky basin of the fountain, with an eager longing to discern the visible form of the speaker within it. But in vain—even the bubbles had ceased to rise through the transparent water, and among the white pebbles which strewed its bottom, the burning gems that had dazzled her were no longer discernible.

"Invisible Fairy of the Fountain," cried she, stirred by a resistless impulse to invoke her unseen monitor; "it is thou who speakest to me—thou knowest the hidden cravings of my heart, and if thou hast the power, I implore thee, despite thy warning, to grant me their fulfilment."

A minute passed in silence, and then a low and mournful sound arose like wailing music from the fountain depths; but almost instantly it ceased, for the noise of many feet, and the tinkling of camels' bells, announced the near approach of a caravan. Azra rose and retreated within the shelter of the trees, where, as she sat looking forth from her covert upon its advance, she was surprised to perceive, that it presented not the usual assemblage of laden camels, Turks, Jews, Arabians, and pilgrims, but a long array of elephants whose housings sparkled with gold and jewels; camels glittering in rich caparisons; litters curtained with silks; minstrels and slaves, and gallant warriors mounted upon the proud steeds of the desert, a band of whom, rode near, as if to guard with jealous care a milk-white elephant that bore upon his majestic back a pavilion of purple, richly embossed with gold.

Azra rose instinctively, and pressed forward to gaze upon the gorgeous spectacle, and as she marked the numbers that composed it and the magnificence of its equipments, her heart beat with a pulsation painful from its rapidity, for she felt conscious that she stood in the presence of those great ones of the earth, whose distinction and whose power were the objects of her envy and her admiration. Spell-bound she stood, unmindful of the regards she drew upon herself, while the caravan paused, and one after another came to the fountain, and stooped to quaff its sweet and fragrant waters. But she started and awoke to a recollection of herself, when suddenly a small hand drew aside the silken curtains of the pavilion, and a beautiful face, partially visible through the folds of a transparent veil, looked kindly forth upon her. Instantly with a gesture of deep reverence, she retreated a step or two, abashed by the observation she had attracted; but the gentle and gracious voice of the lady reassured her.

"Maiden," she said, "methinks thou hast a pleasant dwelling place, beside this sparkling fountain, which the sunbeams can scarcely kiss through the leafy boughs that shadow it. Prithee, hast thou no companion in thy solitude?"

Azra's colour went and came, and her limbs trembled as she replied! "None, madam, save my greyhound."

"And he, though mute, is faithful, whereas one of thy own species might perchance prove treacherous," said the lady, with an arch smile. "But, fair maiden," she added, "art thou well content to dwell here, or hast thou a mind to go forth into the world, and behold all it hath of rare and wondrous to reveal to thee?"

"It would please me much to do so, gracious lady," answered Azra, timidly, "if I were fitly appointed for such an enterprise. "Possessed I, as thou dost, gold and jewels, rich clothing and attendants, I would not long tarry in this solitude, much as I love its pleasant shades, and the low murmur of this fountain, which makes such sweet music to the ear."

"Yet hast thou youth and great beauty, gentle maiden, and what else thou lackest I will supply to thee, so thou will consent to follow me hence. I lost my favourite attendant three days since by the bite of a poisonous serpent, that lay coiled in a basket of figs, and if thou art content to fill her place, thou shalt have gentle treatment, fair raiment, and costly pearls to braid in thy dark hair and wear upon thy bosom. What answerest thou, damsel? Clingest thou still to thy humble lot; or wilt thou go forth with me to behold and share the glories of the world?"

Azra's cheek glowed, and the blood coursed like a burning current through her veins, as she listened to the words of the lady.

"Oh! that I *could* follow thee!" she said, passionately, "how gladly would I do so! But my father——" and at the thought of the poor old man left desolate by his ungrateful child, the maiden's tone faltered, and her head drooped sadly up her bosom.

"And has thy father no ambition for his daughter?" asked the lady. "Chooses he to keep thee here, following the humble occupation, and clad in the coarse weeds of a peasant, rather than send thee forth to follow one who will care for thy fortunes, and array thee as befits thy beauty?"

"Ah! lady, thou holdest out to me most tempting lures," said Azra, with increasing confidence; "and were there none dependant on me for happiness I could not say thee nay; but my father is aged, and I, his only child, am the staff and solace of his life. How then can I forsake him? No, I must not go with thee, lady—I would it had been my fate to abide with princes; but I was born a peasant, and I cannot change the decree of destiny."

Azra pronounced the last words in a tone of passionate bitterness, that was instantly echoed by a voice which came up through the transparent waters of the fountain, in a tone of mockery that caused her to start in sudden terror from its brink. But the lady noticed not her emotion, she was eager only to add the beautiful maiden to her train, and vexed to meet with any resistance to her wishes, she mingled warning and persuasion in her accents as she said:

"I must leave thee here then, foolish child, in thy poverty and thy loneliness: though I yet bid thee ponder well, ere thou permittest me to depart without thee. Cannot gold repay thy father for thy loss? It will give him food and clothing without labour, and many other comforts which thou in thy feebleness, might toil in vain to provide for him. Take thou this purse, fair maiden," and she held forth one, through whose silver network glittered the yellow coin; "it is thine, be thy decision what it may; and if thou fulfillest my desire, yearly shall such an one find its way to the dwelling of thy father. I leave thee now to reflect upon my offer; our beasts are refreshed, and if thou shouldst resolve to accept it, come to the grove of date trees beside yonder rock, where thou wilt find our tents pitched for the night. Ask for the Princess Mirzana, and thou wilt be conducted to my presence."

Azra made no attempt to grasp the purse proffered to her, and as the princess ceased speaking, and let drop the silken curtain of her pavilion, it fell heavily at the maiden's feet. The gallant band of warriors gathered around their mistress

and the snow white elephant which bore her, moved majestically forward, the small silver bells that fringed the canopy of of the pavilion, ringing as he went, and making sweet melody with his slow and measured step. The gay caravan wound onward

"Like a long tulip bed across the plain;"

glancing and sparkling, as it moved in the last beams of the setting sun, which invested with additional splendour, its magnificent array. Azra stood in motionless silence watching its retreat till the gorgeous train disappeared behind an angle of the grey rock which rose at the entrance of the date grove, and then she sank powerless upon the green turf, and burying her face in her hands, she yielded to the conflicting emotions of duty and inclination, which were at war within her.

Silence was around her—silence broken only by the melody of the birds, that made every leaf vocal with their evening songs, and by the sweet murmur of the fountain, as its bright waters gurgled over their rocky basin, and ran to hide themselves in the deep shadows of the trees, whose drooping branches clasped them in a loving embrace. But the exquisite face of nature seemed a blank to her, since that vision of splendour had passed over it and disappeared, and the familiar sights and sounds which were so dear to her, failed now to soothe and tranquillize her distempered mind. Instead of continuing firm in the path of duty, her discontent deepened, and her weariness and disgust at the calm and waveless tenor of her existence increased, and rendered still keener her morbid longing to share in those more splendid and stirring scenes, of which she had just caught a transient but dazzling glimpse. Yet bewildered and entranced as she was by the spectacle of power and grandeur she had witnessed, and fascinated by the urgent invitation of the princess, whose persuasive accents still rung in her ear, it was a hard struggle for the tender-hearted Azra to resist the voice of nature and of duty within her, and follow as she was impelled to do, the bent of her long cherished inclinations.

The sun sank below the horizon, the day slowly declined, and the gathering shades of twilight found her still lying irresolute upon the green herbage, when a strain of exquisite music, floating from the distant encampment, fell upon her ear with an appeal no longer to be rejected. Those liquid sounds, recalled, as by an invisible agency, the pageant that had recently vanished from her sight, and springing to her feet she exclaimed:

"Yes, I will depart,—and yet, even yet, the daughter of the humble vine-dresser may become the companion, nay ——" and her soft eye flashed, and her beautiful lip curled with unwonted pride—"perchance, the equal of princes!"

Without another moment's deliberation, the maiden plucked the heavy purse from the turf, where it had lain till then, untouched, and deposited it with the simple ornaments of which she had not yet disposed, in a light basket, woven by her own hands, which she hung around the neck of her greyhound, and for the last time caressing her faithful companion, bade him carry to Mahala that with which he was entrusted. The sagacious animal, accustomed to execute such missions, wagged his tail in token of obedience, and set forth in the direction of his mistress' cottage; and when he had disappeared from her view, Azra turned, yet not without a pang of bitter but unheeded self-reproach, to fulfil her purpose.

The moon was beginning to shed her pearly light abroad, and casting her farewell glance over every shadowy object of the landscape she had so long loved, the maiden knelt to bind up her disordered hair, and before quitting it forever, bathe her face once more in the sweet waters of the fountain. Its murmurs sounded mournfully in her ear as she bent over it, and by the light of the moon-beams that slept upon its quiet surface, she fancied she beheld reproachful eyes, looking sorrowfully at her from its silent depths. Yet unheedful of the warning, she twined the last braid of her shining hair around her head, and bounding to her feet, darted away, with the speed of a young gazelle, towards the grove of dates, which rose dark above the grey irregular rocks that skirted it. Once only, before she reached its limit, she turned to look back through an open vista upon the fountain, when she started to behold in the midst of the silvery vapor that was rising from its bosom, and upborne as it were upon the fleecy folds, a sylph-like figure of minute and exquisite proportions, that with slow and solemn gestures signed her to return. For an instant, awed by the visible presence of the Fairy of the Fountain, she hesitated; and at this symptom of irresolution, the figure expanded its arms, and bent forward as though to welcome her back. But at that instant a strain of joyous minstrelsy burst from the date grove; and resisting the appeal of her mute, though better genius, Azra renewed her flight, and in a few minutes stood within the illuminated circle of the Princess Mirzana's encampment.

The splendour of the lights, the overpowering melody of such music as she had never heard before, and the multitude of strange figures moving to and fro before her, so bewildered the maiden that she stood silent and amazed, unknowing which way to turn, or where to find her whom

she had come to seek. Every moment her terror and uncertainty increased, and she was upon the point of flying back to the solitude she had deserted, when a gigantic Moor with huge strides approached, and signed her to follow him. Tremblingly she obeyed, when he led her to the entrance of a stately pavilion, which formed the centre of a vast circle of tents, and from the interior of which proceeded strains of delightful minstrelsy, intermingled with silvery laughter, and the gay tones of female voices.

Three times the Moor tapped lightly against the silken sides of this pavilion, when the heavy drapery was raised, and a maiden richly attired appeared, who received Azra in silence from her sable guide, and leading her to a tiring room within, began immediately to divest her of her peasant's garb, which she replaced by garments of the richest stuffs, fashioned after the form of those in which she was herself arrayed. With inexpressible delight the untaught child of the desert, watched the magic change that was being made in her apparel,—from the caftan of flowered brocade to the little embroidered slipper into which her small feet were thrust, all was new and wonderful to her; and when the transformation was complete, and she gazed at herself in the mirror which her youthful tire-woman held with an air of triumph before her, she started back in amazement, unable to believe the resplendent figure she beheld,—whose long tresses braided with pearls reached nearly to the ground, and whose arms and bosom, blazing with gems, dazzled the eyes that looked upon them,—could be the same which she had so often seen reflected from the glassy surface of the fountain, that till now had been the only mirror to reveal to her, her charms. And there she stood, her wild wishes on the eve of their fulfilment! She, the free born Arab girl, the companion of slaves! herself a slave, yet pleased with the thraldom that loaded her with splendour, nor yet dreaming of the hour, when she should shed bitter tears for the wild freedom of her native land, and pine, amidst all that earth could give of luxury, for the peace and simplicity of the early home she was forsaking.

"Thou hast gazed long enough upon thy beauty," said Leila, the attendant maiden, breaking at last the silence; "haste thee now, and do homage to thy sovereign lady, whom henceforth it is thy doom to serve. But have a care that thou omittest not one iota of thy duty, lest the neglect bring thee sorer evil than thou wottest of."

"Yet I pray thee, maiden, grant me some instruction touching the part I am bound to perform," said Azra, entreatingly; "since I have been bred among peasants, and know not the habits and requirements of princes."

"Follow me," returned her companion, "and if thou wilt closely imitate what thou seest me do, thou canst not err."

So saying she took a small salver of gold, richly chased, and gave a similar one into the hands of Azra. On her own she placed a cup formed of one emerald standing in a *soucoup* of fretted gold, which she filled with fragrant coffee; and that of the Arab maid's, she furnished with a dish of cut crystal, containing sweetmeats of a rare and exquisite flavour. Then moving gently towards the central apartment of the pavilion, Leila raised the rich folds of silken drapery that curtained it, and gliding through, admitted Azra to a scene of splendour, surpassing all, that in wild legend or romantic song, had ever before dazzled and captivated her young and vivid imagination. Amazed and overwhelmed by all she saw, she would have retreated instinctively into the comparative obscurity she had just quitted, but for a reproving look from Leila, which recalled her to something like self-possession.

Hangings of crimson, stiff with gold, and glittering with gems, tapestried the lofty apartment; which was lighted by silver lamps, fed with perfumed oil, and suspended by curiously wrought chains of the same metal, from the roof. The rich carpet resembled a bed of living moss, strewn with a thousand glowing flowers, and the cushions and sofas were of different coloured velvets, embroidered with most exquisite taste. In the centre of the room, a band of young girls, beautiful as houris, were performing the graceful dances of their country, to the sound of entrancing melody, poured forth from the instruments of unseen musicians.

But the object which chiefly attracted the regards of Azra, was the Princess Mirzana, who seemed as if reclining upon a bank of flowers, with such inimitable skill were the mimic roses and jessamines wrought upon the green velvet of the cushions that supported her. Her attitude was one of graceful listlessness;—one might have thought it that of sound repose, had not she given evidence of her wakefulness, by constantly passing through her small and delicate fingers a chaplet of costly pearls alternating with emeralds of surpassing beauty and lustre. At her feet knelt a young slave, fanning with a bunch of peacock's feathers, the light and perfumed smoke that evolved from a silver censer of burning amber and aloes wood; and beside her stood another, bathing with scented water the long tresses of her soft and glossy hair. She was attired with equal taste and magnificence. Her robe was sown with gems, and a girdle of diamonds fastened in front by a flaming carbuncle, encircled her slender waist. Bracelets of the rarest stones

were clasped around her exquisite arms, and a garland, formed of pearls and emeralds, lightly confined the tresses of her dark luxuriant hair. The folds of a transparent veil, which, though only in the presence of females, she still wore, were gathered over one temple, and fell thence gracefully to the shoulder, like an envious cloud, shadowing a portion of the countenance, which glowed with youth and beauty.

Never before had Azra gazed upon so radiant a form, and oppressed and intimidated by all she saw, scarcely could she contain herself, or prevent the golden salver which she bore from falling to the ground. Leila marked her disorder, and hastened to reassure her.

"Follow me," she whispered, "thou hast nought to fear; but be guarded and silent; and whatever thou remarkest strange, note it not; nor essay a single question as thou valuest thy life."

Thus warned and encouraged, Azra stepped firmly on through the whole length of the gorgeous apartment, following closely the guidance of Leila, who, as she approached the divan on which the princess reclined, prostrated herself in humble obeisance till her brow touched the floor, then advancing she knelt and presented her mistress the fragrant beverage which she bore upon her golden salver. Azra imitated her companion in every gesture, yet so great was her agitation that when she in turn presented her offering, the princess noticed her disorder, and turned quickly as if to ascertain its cause. With the first glance which she cast upon her new attendant she recognised the fair maiden of the fountain, for through all changes Azra's beauty remained the same; as rare and exquisite in the rude simplicity of her peasant garb, as in the embroidered robes and glittering gems that now adorned her person.

"My Arab maid!" exclaimed the princess, with a sudden start of pleasure, while a flush of joy heightened the delicate carmine of her cheek; "thou art most welcome; and well and wisely hast thou done to leave thy rustic life for that which thou shalt lead in our gay halls. Henceforth I will have thee near me—ever near me, in place of my lost Zucantha. Shall it not be so, my bird of the desert? Speak, for I would call thee all my own, thou art so beautiful!"

"Fair princess, I have left all, to surrender myself to thee, and for thee, in future, only will I live!" said Azra; and as she spoke, she bowed her forehead to the ground, and pressed her hands fervently upon her heart.

"I will remember thy promise," said the princess; "yet I would thou shouldst again repeat it, and seal thy words upon my hand." And she held forth her slender fingers to receive the willing kiss of her voluntary slave.

The maiden thought it impossible she could ever prove false to so fair and gracious a mistress, and fervently did she reiterate her words, and seal them with the ardent pressure of her lips upon that beautiful hand. As she relinquished it, her eye was caught by the richness and variety of the rings with which it was adorned, and one of them, worn upon the third finger of the right hand, especially attracted her notice. She had seen many rare and curious gems, which the Arabian merchants as they rested at the fountain had often displayed to her, but never one so remarkable as this. It was an opal of irregular shape, and on the rim of gold which formed its setting, talismanic characters were engraved, which greatly excited her interest and curiosity, for Azra was not unskilled in the cabalistic lore of her country. That the princess attached more than ordinary value to this singular ring, was indicated by the jealous care with which it was guarded from accident, being secured to the finger by several minute chains of gold, which, passing from the ring, were linked to a narrow band of gold, that fastened by a concealed spring closely around the wrist.

The fixed gaze with which her new attendant regarded the opal, did not escape the notice of the princess Mirzana, and a cloud passed over her fair brow, as with a changed air she drew her hand within the folds of her robe, and threw herself back upon her cushions. Azra saw that her suddenly awakened curiosity had been too unwarily displayed, yet she continued to feel such a strange interest respecting the mysterious opal, that she could not avoid thinking even more of it than of the displeasure exhibited by the princess. Lost in thought, she still remained in a kneeling posture, when a slave approached, bearing a silver basin of perfumed water for the ablution of the princess, who languidly dipping the tips of her rosy fingers into the fluid, held them up to be wiped by the attendant. Azra marked the gesture, and seizing the embroidered napkin, with such inimitable grace forestalled the slave in her office, that the princess immediately recovered her good humour, and with child-like gaiety, felicitated herself upon the acquisition to her train of a maiden so ready and attentive to her wishes.

Preparations for repose were now being made, and the princess gave orders that the Arab maid should occupy the cushions nearest her own. Yet Leila only attended her mistress while attiring for the night, and Azra remarked with surprise that even when the princess lay down to sleep, the veil still retained its place upon her head, twined round it like a turban, while the ends were gathered in thick folds over one side of her face. It was the first night of Azra's servitude, and the

novelty of her situation alone prevented her from being sensible to its weariness. Ever before had her sleep been light and undisturbed—with no care upon her brow, and no sorrow in her guileless heart, she had lain down night after night upon her simple bed, the moon only illuminating her lowly apartment, the pure breath of heaven stealing through the fragrant vines that curtained her lattice, and the sweet melody of the birds awaking her at early dawn to the renewed enjoyment of a blameless and happy existence. Now she reclined upon a couch of down, and the richest fabrics of the loom, the costliest gems of the mine were under and around her; ravishing music stole softly on her listening ear, and with every vibratory motion of the hanging lamps, the wasting oil shed forth a gush of fragrance that loaded the air, almost to oppression, with its sweetness.

The pomp which she had so long coveted was about her; but ever and anon, in the midst of her admiring wonder, would rush into her heart, the thought—the stinging thought, so full of bitter anguish to the unfettered spirit of the free-born: "What am I but a slave?" And when sleep came at intervals to still the tumult of her vague and wild sensations, the image of her deserted father, uttering words of tender warning or of sad and fond reproach, would seem to stand before her;—or the murmurs of the Fairies' Fountain were heard in her disturbed slumber, shaped *into moaning sounds of melancholy lamentation.*

Yet even rest so unquiet she was not permitted to enjoy undisturbed. The princess was wakeful, and she called upon Azra to sing to her, or to recount wild tales, of which the maiden had good store, gathered from the romantic legends of her country. And thus passed on the night, as one had never before passed to the young Arab girl; but as morning approached the princess sank into sleep, and then too the maiden, exhausted by fatigue, forgot the past and the present in that deep and dreamless slumber which falls only on the eyelids of youth.

The tinkling of the camel's bells, the heavy tread of the elephants, and the neighing of the high-bred Arabian steeds, aroused Azra from her slumber, just as the first ray of morning stole *through the silken draperies of the pavilion.* The princess was still sleeping, and Leila too lay buried in deep repose. But Azra felt oppressed by the confined air she had been so long inhaling, which though still laden with perfumes, could not boast the fresh and dewy fragrance poured from a thousand living flowers, which she had been accustomed to breathe on first awaking; and languid and unstrung, she stole from her luxurious couch, and hastily arranging her toilette, crept over the soft Persian carpet, that echoed not her fairy tread, to the outer apartment. There, likewise, the attendant maidens lay fast locked in the spell of sleep, unconsciously respiring an atmosphere as oppressive as that from which she had just fled, but from which, accustomed as they were to its impurities, they suffered no annoyance. A sudden feeling of faintness and suffocation came over her, she thought she should have fallen to the earth, and springing towards the entrance of the pavilion, she raised the drapery and bounded forth into the pure, cool air—nor paused in her rapid flight, till she stood in the centre of the date grove, on the borders of which the tents of *the gorgeous little caravan were pitched.*

When she found herself once more alone with nature, a joyous feeling of liberty rushed upon the maiden's heart,—her pale cheek flushed again into its wonted beauty, and her eye sparkled like the bright planet that still lingered in the western horison, winning her upward gaze; and her light and buoyant step showed how dear to this child of the desert were the soft harmonies of nature, and the pure incense breathed from her unpolluted shrine. She turned towards the Fairies' Fountain, and stood with ear bent forward, hoping to catch its sweet though distant murmur, but in vain; the note of busy preparation alone reached her, for in the area before the tents all were in motion, to hasten the speedy departure of the caravan, before the burning heats of noon should again pervade the atmosphere. For an instant an instinctive impulse urged her to fly and regain the home she had forsaken; but just then, she chanced to cast her eyes upon the limpid rivulet on whose banks she stood, and the reflection which it gave back of her beautiful and splendidly attired form, held her spell-bound to the spot.

While she paused to gaze with delighted eyes upon her own bright image in the watery mirror, the sound of some one moving near startled her, and turning quickly round, she beheld the gigantic Moor, who on the preceding evening had been her conductor to the pavilion of the princess, plucking ripe dates from a laden bough, which he eagerly devoured, stooping at intervals, to scoop with his broad palm, draughts of pure water from the stream that murmured by. Azra liked not the searching glance of his sinister eye, and closely gathering her veil around her face, she moved to depart, when noting her purpose, he stepped abruptly before her, and addressed her in a voice so hoarse and discordant, that she felt the warm *blood curdling with terror at her heart.*

"Tarry, fair maiden," he said, with a grisly smile; "I would fain learn how thou dost affect this new mistress of thine, and if thou findest her service an easy yoke?"

"I have scarce had trial enough of it as yet, to answer thee fairly," said Azra timidly. "Yet, methinks, one must be hard to please, who could do otherwise than like the yoke of a mistress so gracious and so gentle."

"Aye, gentle, forsooth, so thou dost not mar her humour," said the Moor, with a sardonic sneer; "and yet methinks not over fair for a Sultan's bride. There are some I wot of—one at least."—and he cast a meaning glance upon Azra—"who might bring to the 'Lord of the World' a richer dower of beauty than this proud princess hath to boast."

"Can it be then that the Princess Mirzana is the destined bride of the renowned Sultan of the East?" breathlessly inquired Azra. "She, from the distant shores of Ormuz, with whose name our land has rung, and whose beauty has been the theme of many a gifted bard?"

"Even she, simple maiden. Knowest thou not whom thou servest?" contemptuously asked the Moor.

"I know only that her beauty is marvellous, and that she ranks with the great and mighty of the earth," replied Azra; "but now that thou hast revealed to me thus much of her history, I am well content to follow her, for the fame of her virtues has reached even me in my lowliness, and taught me that the chosen bride of the Sultan is worthy to be loved."

"Thou speakest of her beauty, maiden, and I would know of thee if she hath yet unveiled in thy presence?" asked the Moor, in a tone beneath which seemed to lie some deep and hidden meaning.

"Only partially, as yet," returned Azra, surprised by the interrogatory; "but the portion of her countenance which I have seen is of such surpassing loveliness that it cannot deceive me as to the whole—for never saw I a fairer cheek or a more radiant eye, and it would be strange indeed, if they prove not perfect counterparts of their fellows."

The Moor shook with inward laughter as she spoke, and the peculiar expression of his distorted features was so frightful, that the innocent maiden shrunk from him with abhorrence. It was her earnest wish to avoid all further parley, and turning quickly away, she endeavoured to pass on in her way back to the pavilion. But perceiving her design, he adroitly stretched a branch of the date tree which he had severed from the trunk and stripped of its fruit, across the path to intercept her progress, at the same moment bending towards her, and saying with a hideous smile, and in a low tone of mysterious meaning:

"Wearest she not an opal, that lady of thine, maiden, fastened with chains of gold to a band around her wrist? A wondrous opal, within whose lucid stone, the colours of the rainbow seem imprisoned, yet ever struggling to escape?"

Azra's cheek grew pale, she felt herself within the sphere of some unhallowed influence, and fear paralyzed her lips. Anxious only to escape from the presence of the frightful Moor, she rushed forward, and with a desperate effort strove to thrust aside the date branch. But he still held it extended before her, and grasping her slender arm with his huge bony fingers, he drew her towards him, and in a hissing voice that curdled every drop of blood in her veins, he whispered in her ear:

"Mark me, maiden, upon that opal thy destiny depends—thy destiny and mine!—remember this! Ay, even as thou lovest power and pomp, and cravest all that ministers to earthly pride and luxury, forget it not;—and when the wish to become other and higher than thou now art, is strong within thee, recall this hour in the date grove of Arabia, and fail not to seek aid and counsel of Kalathi the Moor."

As he ceased speaking, he lowered the date branch to the ground, and filled with mingled emotions of terror and amazement, Azra bounded forward, and sped like an arrow towards the pavilion. The low withering laugh of the Moor rung in her ear as she passed on, but she paused not to look back, nor relaxed her speed till breathless she regained the safe and welcome shelter which she sought.

The princess had arisen, and the business of the toilette was ended, and by the time the morning repast, consisting of coffee, fruits, and the most exquisite sweetmeats, was partaken, the Arab maid had recovered her self-possession, and was gayest among the gay train which surrounded their beautiful and mirth-loving mistress. The brilliant caravan was soon again in motion, and Azra was one of the four maidens who sat with the Princess Mirzana, within the pavilion of purple silk, which, looped with cords of gold, and fringed with minute bells of silver, the gentle and majestic elephant bore upon his back. The remainder of the female attendants travelled in litters, and they, together with the elephant of the princess, occupied the centre of the caravan, and were immediately surrounded by the splendid band of mounted warriors, that formed their guard.

The whole cortège indeed presented a spectacle of no common magnificence and beauty. The warriors upon their proud and gorgeously caparisoned steeds—the litters of the females, draperied with silks of gold and silver tissue, and borne by mutes, whose faces of polished ebony contrasted strikingly with the rich and showy

costumes which they wore,—the camels with their splendid trappings—the enormous elephant, unsullied by a spot, and moving with a slow and majestic pace that seemed to declare him conscious of the high honour conferred on him in being chosen to bear the affianced of the Sultan to her royal bridegroom; and lastly the troop of minstrels who in rich and fanciful array formed a picturesque part of the long cavalcade, singing as they journeyed on, the praises of their sovereign lady, or pouring forth with voice and instrument in full and mellow chorus, their bold or tender lays of chivalry and love.

Enraptured by the splendour and novelty that surrounded her, Azra seemed to forget every foreboding save that which told of joy and happiness to come. The ties of home and kindred appeared no longer to exist for her—she had ceased to be the peasant girl of the fountain—the daughter of Hassan the humble vine-dresser,—but as she pressed the luxurious cushions of the pavilion, and gazed on the bright persons of her companions, she felt a thrill of joy in knowing that she was not less gorgeously attired than they—that she also was destined to dwell among princes, and that henceforth her step like theirs would resound in the halls of palaces! Alas! in the intoxication of her vanity and ambition, she even forgot that she was a slave, nor dreamed that the hour might come, when she should long for one draught of water from the crystal fountain, beside which she had sat in her innocence, and deem it sweeter than the choicest beverage which luxury could offer to her lips.

The Princess Mirzana was extremely indolent, and like all indolent persons loved to be amused; reclining listlessly upon her embroidered cushions, she constantly demanded of her maidens a song or a tale, scarcely permitting them to pause, and with childish pleasure bestowing some costly gaud, upon her whose legend was the longest and most marvellous. Azra, more frequently than her companions, was the recipient of these jewelled gifts; for many and strange were the tales she had gathered, and she never wearied of recounting them to her wondering and attentive hearers.

Thus as they journeyed on, time passed with the fair bevy in that gay pavilion, and frequent were the shouts of sweet and merry laughter that shook its silken folds, and drew towards it the longing gaze of many a gallant rider in that princely train. When the heats of noon came on the caravan halted in some lovely spot, where the tents were pitched, refreshments served, and the hours given to repose till the declining sun permitted them to resume their progress. But when again they stopped for the night, the pavilion of the princess was made brilliant with lights, and fragrant with perfumes, and a repast prepared, as if by unseen hands, of the most varied and delicious viands, and then the song and tale went round, and gay sports and graceful dances were performed to the sound of exquisite music that floated like fairy melody from the instruments of unseen minstrels.

At length, after many days of similar progress, the travellers drew near their journey's end, and when within a short distance of the capital of the Sultan, Azra was struck with the restlessness and inquietude evinced by the princess, nor could she forbear thinking that the mystery of the ring and the veil were in some way connected with it, for never yet had she seen the features of the princess fully revealed; even with only her maidens around her, and during the most intense heats, the folds of the veil, like an envious cloud, shadowed a part of her lovely face. The ring too, in those hours of repose, when every other gem that adorned her person, was laid aside, still retained its place upon her finger; yet these circumstances, strange as they at first appeared to Azra, might have been noticed only as singularities, and ceased to awaken her wonder, had not the mysterious insinuations of the Moor, led her to attach to them a meaning and importance which constantly stimulated her mind to curiosity and conjecture.

These musings so absorbed her on the last night of their sojourn on the road, that the hours had waned almost into morning before sleep visited her eyes, and then by one of those sudden and strange changes which take place in dreams, she fancied herself transported to the side of the Fairies' Fountain, with her beautiful and faithful grey-hound crouching lovingly at her feet. Once more she bent over its bright waters, but started back in amazement, as she saw, pictured as it were, on the glittering sands that lay far down in its pellucid depths, all that had befallen her, since she quitted its flowery brink. There she beheld, although in mininture, the gay pavilion of the princess—the warrior guard—the minstrel band—the blooming train of maidens—slaves and camels, even the milk-white elephant—all were there in the beauty and the splendour that so enchanted her. As she gazed, a brilliant throng pressed on to greet the affianced of the Sultan, and then all passed away, and a stately palace with its marble courts, its latticed balconies, and gilded domes, sprang up like magic to her view, and still more wonderful, as she looked, she beheld herself walking in the delicious gardens that surrounded it. Kalathi, the Moor, was at her side, he whispered in her ear, and she turned away with affright. When she looked again she saw the interior of a magnificent apartment, and herself kneeling beside

the sleeping princess. Her hand was upon the mysterious opal, and as she drew it upward with gentle force the chains snapped, and the gem remained in her grasp. Then the dark form of Kalathi darted into the chamber, his wild laugh echoed through the vaulted roof, and she awoke in an agony of terror.

A cold dew stood upon her brow, and her limbs trembled with excessive agitation, but she rose hastily up, *at the same moment that her companions* sprang also from their couches, for a deafening shout, intermingled with the trampling of steeds, and the strains of loud and joyous music filled the air. In a moment all was explained—the mighty Selim! the 'Lord of the East,' the 'Light of the World,' was approaching to hail his expected bride. Immediately the tent was struck, and with her brilliant retinue, the princess moved forward to meet the royal bridegroom, who advanced rapidly towards her, as though impatient of a moment's delay. A band of musicians, clad in blue and gold, preceded him, who touched their instruments with such inimitable skill, as made the air vocal with divinest melody. Then on a steed, white as the mountain snow, whose eye glanced fire as he champed his golden bit, and tossed with graceful pride his flowing mane, rode the Sultan, attired in the gorgeous magnificence of Eastern royalty, and surrounded by the flower of his warriors, and his high officers of state, each mounted on a jet black courser of rare symmetry and beauty.

After these appeared fifty camels, laden with costly gifts of shawls and embroidered garments for the bride, and then followed thirty slaves, black as the night, wearing huge crimson turbans, and bearing on their heads baskets of golden net work, containing jewels of immense value, perfumes of a thousand different odours, napkins of embroidered gold, and every article of luxury and beauty, for the use and enjoyment of the toilette. Last of all came a low chariot, formed of mother-of-pearl, exquisite both in shape and workmanship. The panels were fastened with *gems set in clusters, and the wheels of burnished* gold, sparkled like sunbeams as they turned upon their glittering axles. Its interior was lined with satin of a pale rose colour, wrought with silver; and the windows were latticed with silver net-work. Eight horses, diminutive in size, but of perfect beauty, drew this fairy vehicle. Their heads were adorned with ribands of rose colour, and on the back of each sat a young Ethiopian slave, whose dress of rose coloured silk, embroidered with silver, corresponded with the delicate and tasteful appointments of the equipage.

When the two brilliant cavalcades met, each halted, and the Sultan, attended by his body guard, advanced towards the pavilion which contained the princess. She saw his approach from the loop holes of her retreat, and by a signal commanded that the elephant should be made to kneel. Instantly at the word of his guide, the obedient animal sunk upon his knees, while the Sultan reining up his proud steed, lowered his sword, and bending his imperial head to the saddle bow, coursed slowly around the pavilion. *His followers also bowed their heads in sign of* homage, as they moved slowly after their lord, while the musicians of each party struck up a merry and triumphant strain of joy.

All then passed on, leaving the elephant of the princess in the rear, when a slave advanced, followed by the chariot of pearl, and bearing on a golden salver, a bouquet formed of the choicest gems, in imitation of such flowers, as in the east betoken, the love, the hopes and wishes of a devoted and impassioned heart. This he presented kneeling, and when the princess thrust her small white hand through the silken curtain, to receive the costly offering, he intimated the wish of his lord, that she should pursue her journey in the chariot, which awaited her pleasure. She graciously signified her assent, nothing averse to the transfer, and in a few mintues, attended by her maidens, was luxuriating amid the downy cushions and delicate perfumes of the fairy equipage. The Sultan himself rode on in state before it, his own guard closed around it, and the splendid train of the princess mingling with that of their new master, all moved on in gay triumph towards the proud capital of the East.

The last rays of the setting sun were gilding the lofty turrets of the imperial palace when the brillant cavalcade entered its spacious courts. The heart of the Arab maiden throbbed with wild and tumultuous delight as she gazed through the silver lattice-work of the chariot upon the gaiety and splendour of the scene without. The princess on the contrary seemed overwhelmed with contending emotions; she sank back upon the cushions, and drew her richly furred pelisse closely around her, *as though to hide herself from sight, while* Azra heard her say in answer to Leila's low and gentle tone of soothing:

"If this first hour of our meeting were only past, I would be calm; but I dread lest the talisman prove false—and if it should, I am undone!"

In another instant the door of the chariot flew open, and the figure of the sultan appeared at it, calling upon the name of his bride. But, as if those accents of tenderness heightened her alarm, she crowded the folds of her veil closer around her face, and shrank back pale and trembling with emotion, till Leila, with gentle force drew her forward, when the impatient lover caught her

in his arms, and bore her to the apartments of the serraglio.

It was with strange and mingled feelings that Azra, the unfettered and the free, found herself the voluntary inmate of a *gilded prison—for such* in truth it was. She, whose dwelling had ever been with nature, and among the cottage homes of the lowly and the simple, was overwhelmed with wonder and admiration at the splendid appointments, and luxurious elegance of her new abode. Each apartment of the palace, as it seemed to her, surpassed the rest in beauty—though all were hung with costly draperies, and cooled by gushing fountains—all were furnished with luxurious couches, and piles of richly embroidered cushions, while every where, exquisite vases, filled with delicious flowers, met the eye, mingling their fragrance with that of the perfumed waters which silent slaves continually sprinkled around to refresh the air, and with the odoriferous smoke which evolved in light wreaths through the small *apertures of the bronze and porphyry censers in* which fragrant pastiles were kept constantly burning.

For a few weeks, Azra rioted with a delight, which she fondly thought could never change to satiety, in the unaccustomed luxury and splendor that surrounded her. But soon all grew familiar to her senses, and with its novelty, departed also the charm which had made her seek for its attainment,—till at length every weary day seemed but the transcript of that which had preceded it, and she learned to hate the tiresome monotony of her existence. Her spirits lost their buoyancy, her bright face its glad glow of happiness. Nothing in short gave her pleasure—the conversation of her companions was insipid—the graceful dances of the country, which she had at first admired so much, she soon thought less beautiful than those of her own dear land—the music seemed to her passionless, compared with that which her ear had drank in among her native hills,—and even the rare and dainty viands that daily tempted her palate, she thought less delicious than the rich clusters of her father's grapes, and the sweet barley-cakes prepared for her by the hand of her faithful Mahala.

In a word, though living amidst the pomp of eastern luxury, and though the favourite and trusted attendant of her royal mistress, she felt herself a captive and a slave, and this humiliating thought preyed like a canker-worm upon the root of all her joy. She was indeed free to range through the spacious halls and saloons of the Sultana's palace, to brush the early dew, and watch the evening star in its spacious and delightful gardens, but amid their shades she inhaled not the air of freedom, nor did the music of their hundred fountains soothe her soul like the low murmur of those sylvan waters that gushed from the grey rock in the far-off land of Arabia, and she longed, at times intensely, to fly beyond the *stately walls of her prison, and seek again the* free and simple home of her childhood.

But alas, for poor Azra! She knew not her own heart, and when she only believed herself weary of the pomp that surrounded her, she knew not that she loved it still, that her high ambition had not attained its aim, and that regret filled her soul, because she had not achieved for herself the greatness which she coveted. Inwardly she repined to feel herself only a cypher in the household of the Sultana, a mere dependant on her will, an instrument of her pleasure, and her proud spirit rebelled at the degradation she had sought. Could she have exchanged positions with her mistress, and have reigned where she was now doomed to serve, the current of her thoughts and feelings would have flowed in a far different channel, and it *is* to be feared the *fountain, and the* grove, and the simple home of her father, would have been remembered only in humble contrast with the brightness of her exalted fortunes. But she did not seek to analyze the vain desires and regrets that were busy in her heart—she thought *only, it is better to be the object of idolatry in a* mud-walled cottage, than to be the slave of another's caprice in the gilded saloons of a palace. And as these feelings day by day gained a stronger hold upon her mind, the sweet flow of her thoughts and affections became chilled and embittered; she learned to envy the power and happiness of her confiding mistress, to brood with morbid melancholy over her voluntary degradation, and to deprecate unceasingly the hour when she had yielded to the bondage that now so hopelessly enthralled her. This self-inflicted torture was rendered more poignant by a certain degree of indifference, of late manifested towards her by by the Sultana, whose absorbing love for her husband rendered her almost regardless of her former favourites, while the power which she had *obtained over her fickle and imperious lord*, seemed little else than the effect of magic.

Dwelling upon these circumstances, and mentally aggravating every real or fancied slight which she had recently received, Azra stole one sultry noon from her restless couch, when the eyes of the whole Seraglio were sealed in their customary siesta, and wandered forth alone into the latticed balcony, and from thence into the embowered shades of the garden. Full of brooding thought, she strolled slowly on, now pausing listlessly beside a marble fount, and now resting for a minute's space within some mossy grotto which the hand of art had formed into a faint

resemblance of inimitable nature. And as thus, without aim or object, she moved almost unconsciously from place to place, the fever of her mind produced a thirst so intense, that she paused beneath the loaded branches of a tamarind tree, which overhung the path, and plucked some of the ripe and juicy fruit as a substitute for the iced sherbet, which at that moment was not within her reach. The grateful fruit having fulfilled the purpose for which she gathered it, she turned to move away, when a slight rustling on the opposite side of the thick branches startled her, and suddenly the leafy screen was raised and the gigantic form and hideous face of Kalathi the Moor were revealed to her affrighted gaze. Since her encounter with him in Arabia, Azra had never spoken to this fearful being, though she had seen him often, and knew him to be one whom the Sultana cared not to offend. When now, however, in a remote and solitary part of the gardens, he stood alone before her, the scene in the date grove, and her dream in the tent, rushed to her remembrance, and with a faint shriek, she turned to fly. But with a rigid grasp he detained her, and, paralyzed by fear, she did not even struggle to escape.

"Maiden," he said, in hoarse and guttural accents, "I would learn of thee, if thou dost yet weary of thy bondage?"

"Do I?" exclaimed Azra, roused by a question that seemed to divine her secret thoughts; "never was the wild stag more sorely chafed by the snares of the hunter, than am I, the free-born child of nature, by the gilded bonds that so hopelessly enthral me."

"And if thou couldst," he asked, "wouldst thou forsake the luxuries in which thou art lapped, and return again to the simple fare and lowly home of thy sire?"

"Would I?" she re-echoed, "ay, gladly, joyously, even as that mountain stag bounds from the toils that have entrapped him, back to the glorious freedom of his own wild woods and laughing streams."

"But why is it that thou dost weary of thy gorgeous home?" he asked, in a tone that he vainly strove to tutor into softness. "The queen of the Seraglio fares not more daintily than thyself—she reposes not upon a softer couch, nor wears she raiment richer or more costly than thine own. Look, maiden, upon the watery mirror of this fountain—gives it not back unto thy gaze, an image radiant as her's who holds such boundless sway over the 'Light and Glory of the World!' Skows it not a brow as fair, and one that might as well become a proud tiara, as hers who styles herself Sultana of the East?"

"'Tis fair enough, I grant," said Azra, "and wears, too, as thou mayst mark, a stamp of pride—pride, that I vainly thought, craved only stately halls and gorgeous robes to satisfy its longings. But now I sorely feel these gauds were dearly purchased by the degradation of a free-born soul. Though fed and clothed as daintily as she I serve—what am I but a slave? and that one thought contains a drop of bitterness, that sheds its poison over my whole existence."

"But what if thy state were changed?" asked the wily Moor; "if kneeling slaves saluted thee by the proud title of Sultana, and thou didst see around thee, thousands subservient to thy will?—then wouldst thou willingly exchange thy queenly robes for the peasant's rustic garb, thy glittering halls and fragrant gardens for a peasant's humble home, and a peasant's rude companionship?"

"Nay, wherefore question thus?" said Azra, agitated by the deep emotions which he stirred within her; "the destiny thou dost depict is not for me to attain, and I tell thee I would rather reign the queen of a peasant's cot, than dwell a slave in the palace of kings!"

"Maiden," asked the Moor, in a mysterious whisper, "rememberest thou my words in the date grove of Arabia?"

"I do," she replied; "but what boots it to recall them? They cannot change the decree of fate—and mine is shaped by a greater hand than thine."

"But thou knowest not all my power," he replied; "and maiden, the hour which I then foresaw, has now near arrived, when thou dost desire to become that which thou art not, yet ignorant of the means by which to accomplish thine end, thou art ready to abandon it as hopeless."

"Moor, thou dost read aright my secret thoughts," exclaimed Azra, losing her timidity, as he touched with cunning hand the responsive chord within her breast. "I would, in truth, gladly attain dignity and power, could I do so without the aid of criminal and unholy means."

"They who require and hold their power by hidden arts, must expect to be baffled with their own weapons," said the Moor. "Listen, therefore, while I reveal to thee, the secret which involves the destiny of thy mistress, and which may, perchance, shape thine into brightness, so thou do but use it a-right. But first tell me, maiden, if thou hast learned wherefore that mystic veil forever shades the fair brow of the Sultana, and conceals the fellow of that radiant eye, whose single glance holds in subjection the proud Commander of the Faithful?"

"I have learned only from Leila, that in the childhood of our mistress, it was pierced by an arrow, which darkened it forever, and changed

its beauty into deformity—and for this cause she ever conceals it from the view of all."

A low ominous laugh, like that which once before in the date-grove of Arabia, chilled the blood of Azra, shook the frame of the Moor as he replied:

"Maiden, it was no mortal hand which darkened the vision of that terrible eye. When in the first moment of the princess' existence, it was unclosed to view, her attendants beheld, not the soft and beautiful eye of a new-born infant, but an orb of living fire, that seemed to burn those on whom it glanced, and they fled from her with affright. The skill of the most renowned leeches was assayed to temper the flame of that fiery organ. But in vain—no art could change it; it blazed and burned within its orbit like a spark from hell, lending a fearful expression to the otherwise lovely face of the infant. The parents, who had joyfully expected the birth of their child, were inconsolable at this misfortune, but all to whom it was necessarily known, were sworn under a dreadful penalty to perpetual secrecy. The princess was never seen unveiled, and the story of the arrow, which thou hast heard, was invented as a reason for this constant, though partial concealment, of her countenance.

"But she grew up, beautiful as an angel, and the fame of her charms spread throughout the world, till the news reached the ear of the Sultan Selim, who, when she had scarcely attained her fourteenth year, sent to demand her hand in marriage. Then it was that she first learned truly to bewail her frightful deformity, for the picture of her affianced lord had inspired her with the most ardent affection, and she knew too well the effect produced by her burning eye, not to feel assured, that its first glance would change his passion into horror and disgust; since she could not hope always to conceal it from him—to deceive him as she had done others would be vain, and her health and her spirits seemed sinking beneath the weight of her anxiety and dread. The king, her father, was perplexed and well nigh distracted by her sorrow, and knowing that I was not unskilled in the arts of magic, he sought me, to learn if there was any expedient which might save his child from the unhappy doom which awaited her.

Riches and honours without measure were promised me if I could suggest any, and, lured by ambitious hopes, I girded my garments about me, and went forth to seek the distant summits of Mount Caucasus, beneath whose roots, far down in the secret bowels of the earth, hidden beneath eternal snows, dwells the great Magician, Almacerez. I had been his pupil in early youth, and knew well each labyrinth of his subterraneous abode. I threaded them all in safety till I reached the inner recess of those mighty caverns, where I found him again, even as I had left him years before, patiently unravelling the deep mysteries of science—while around him lay piled vast heaps of gems and ores, whose natures he had analyzed, and whose secret uses were as familiar to him as are those of the ripe ear of wheat to the husbandman, who plucks and garners it for his subsistence. An immense carbuncle illuminated the vaulted cavern, hanging, self-suspended in the midst, even as the sun in the firmament, and like that, sending its subtle rays of light into every crevice of the intricate abode.

"It matters not to tell of all I saw in that strange place, nor of the words which passed between that fearful man and myself. It is enough that my errand sped, and that I won from him, but at a price I will not name, the changeful opal with its ring of mystic characters, which thou seest ever upon the finger of thy mistress. It is a talisman of power, and while she wears it, her lord may gaze upon her unveiled face, and read in every feature the characters of perfect beauty. But let it quit her finger for a moment, and her secret is revealed, the hideous eye flames forth in all its horrible deformity, and terminates at once her reign of love and power, while she, to whom the treasure is transferred, becomes at once an object of passionate adoration to the enamoured Sultan. Maiden, readest thou now thy destiny? Yea, thine! but yet on one condition only."

"Name it," said Azra, in a voice hoarse from the overwrought feelings of her ambitious soul.

"Listen! For the mighty service which I rendered, the father of this false princess gave me gold—ay, more than I had craved; but when, as some slight guerdon for my toils, I asked of her a post of honour, which the Sultan at her instance would have granted me, she laughed me to scorn, and bearded me with jests and jeers, that wrung from me a bitter oath of vengeance. And now the hour is nigh for its fulfilment; swear to me only that thou wilt refuse no favour I shall ask, or else I crush thy new raised hopes upon this spot,—and when thou hast sworn, beware how thou dost swerve one tittle from thy oath, lest I force thee also, to quaff the angry cup of my revenge."

"I swear!" exclaimed Azra, shrinking from his grasp, and shuddering at the terrible expression of his demon eye,—yet still the eager desire of accomplishing her hopes, subdued her fear, and anxiously she said—"thou dost intimate that I must win this wondrous talisman; but who may obtain it, linked as it is with chains of gold to the wrist of the Sultana?"

"Maiden, I possess that potent elixir which would unloose those chains though their strength and thickness were seven-fold greater than they are," said the Moor, and as he spoke he drew forth from the inner folds of his tunic, a small crystal vial, containing a transparent yellow fluid, and on which were engraved in gold, mystic characters, similar to those which surrounded the opal. "This liquid," he continued, placing the vial in Azra's hand, "is the servant of thy will. Thou hast to borrow but one feather from the wing of thy mistress' pet dove, and when she sleeps, moisten its tip with this subtle fluid, which thou must then apply to the slender chains, just where they are linked to the broad setting of the opal. The gold will not resist its power, and when the ring yields to thy touch, and thou hast it safe in thy hand, replace it on the finger of thy mistress with this false gem," and as he said this, he gave her a ring, in form and colour exactly resembling that worn by the Sultana; though a practised eye might have been at no loss to discover that the stone was a counterfeit. "These links," he added, "as thou mayest perceive, are designed to fit so nicely to the broken chain, that not even she herself will ever dream it has been ruptured. So when thou hast accomplished thy task, and won the talisman, thy aspiring hopes will be fulfilled,—thou wilt reign queen of the Seraglio, empress of the Sultan's heart, and then, if thou rememberest not Kalathi the Moor, and redeemest not the promise thou hast given him, I swear to thee, maiden, that darker and more terrible, shall be thy fate than that of the hopeless princess whom thy ambition is now about to betray!"

"Thou shalt! by the Prophet in whom we believe! I swear thou shalt be well remembered!" exclaimed Azra. "Yet I pray thee instruct me how, and when I may achieve this task, which thou dost deem so light? I dare not essay it when the Sultana sleeps, lest my touch awaken her, and then my hopes must perish—nay my very life itself prove nothing worth."

"The pupil of Almucerez were not worthy of his master, knew he not to guard against such chances as these," said the Moor, with a dark smile. "Mark me, when thou dost serve thy lady's sherbet, infuse into it this powder—it is tasteless, and for six hours her sleep will be like that of one over whom the angel of death hath cast the shadow of his wing. Then, maiden, to thy task, and do it fearlessly—this very night, too, if the occasion serve thee—or tomorrow night at farthest, let the deed be done."

Azra trembled as she took from the hand of the Moor the small grey powder that he proffered her; but an evil influence had polluted her—she was no longer the guileless and innocent maiden of the Fountain, for pride and ambition fevered her soul, and the dark stain of purposed guilt had already fearfully sullied its purity. Her cheek was pale and her hand unsteady, but she remained resolute in evil, and when the Moor asked, as if to try her strength:

"Thinkest thou, maiden, that thy woman's heart will not fail thee in the hour of trial? Speak, for if thou harborest but the shadow of a fear that thou mayest shrink from thy purpose, depart, and I will find another emissary for the work."

She answered in a firm, unhesitating voice:

"Banish thy distrust, and rest assured I will not fail—for come what will, this hand shall at least essay the deed, which, if successful, is to work my triumph."

"Go, then," said the Moor, "lest while we parley here, the fortunate moment should have passed away. Go, and may the fiends of Mount Caucasus aid thee with their arts!" and, darting away, he disappeared among the trees.

Azra stood for a few moments on the spot where he left her, trembling in spite of her courage, and then fleeing rapidly towards the palace, entered the apartments of the Seraglio, breathless with speed and emotion.

"Ah! truant," said the Sultana, with a glad smile, that smote upon the heart of the guilty maiden, "I have missed thee so long from my side, that I am fain to have thee bound like my fair gazelle with silken ribands, lest thou stray quite away at last."

Azra strove to stammer forth some words of apology, but the Sultana gaily interrupted her:

"I understand thee, maiden," she said, "nor can I pass harsh sentence upon thine innocent offence. I know thou art not yet weaned from the wild habits of thy peasant life, and so I doubt me not thou hast been floating like some gay butterfly among the garden bowers, revelling in its shades, and quaffing health and beauty from its perfumed air, while these silly maidens, withered by the heat, lie strewn like faded lilies on their cushions, waiting idly for the evening dews to revive them. But come now, take thy guitar, and let me have music—thy voice too, my bird of the desert—'tis sweeter than the fall of yonder fount, and dearly do I love its tones."

The maiden, glad to be relieved from conversation, readily obeyed the command, exerting all her skill to call forth the sweetest notes of her instrument, and accompanying it with a voice, which was indeed sweet and musical as the low sound of gushing waters to the ear. Long the Sultana remained listening to the strains of her favorite. The apartment in which they sat was a

room of gilded lattice-work, draperied by clinging vines, whose odorous blossoms were each a censer of perfume. Music was abroad, and within, the alternate song and tale, gave token that each drooping flower of the Seraglio, had revived beneath the delicious influence of that soft eastern night. It was later than usual before the Sultana sought her couch, and when Leila, as was her custom, had attended at her toilette, Azra was summoned to remain beside her mistress.

"If thou art not over weary, maiden," she said, "I would fain hear an end of the 'Golden Pomegranate,' before I sleep. Sit thee down on these cushions by my side, and let me know how the poor dwarf escaped from the detested labyrinth, and if at last he won the promised prize."

Azra obeyed, though scarcely able to control her emotion; silently she pressed her hand upon her bosom, where she had deposited the fatal gifts of the Moor, and then proceeded with the legend, which she had commenced on the previous day. By the time it was ended, all the attendants in the ante-room were fast locked in sleep; even on the watchful Leila its deep spell had fallen, and Azra felt that the hour was approaching for the accomplishment of her evil purpose. Rising, she prepared a glass of sherbet, and dexterously shaking into it the subtle powder, presented it to the Sultana, who drank the insidious draught, and then composing herself upon her cushions, directed Azra to occupy those near her while she slept. With deep and breathless interest the maiden watched her, till she saw a sleep like that of death steal over her senses, and then to assure herself that she could not be lightly awakened, she ventured to touch the hand, and even to adjust the folds of that mysterious veil, which ever partially obscured her features; nor did the Sultana move, even her breathing was imperceptible, and her face wore the fixed and passionless expression of a corpse.

Trembling at the deed she was about to do, yet gathering courage from the thought of all that was depending upon it, Azra drew forth the crystal vial, and moistening the top of a feather with the transparent fluid, touched it to the golden chains that secured the ring, just where they were linked to the wrought setting of the opal. Anxiously she watched its effect upon the gold, and in a few moments she saw the minute links open and expand, so that with ease, she drew them from the small orifices through which they had been passed, and with gentle force abstracted the ring from the finger of her unconscious mistress. Another instant, and the precious talisman was safe in her bosom, for she dared not expose it to view, and the false gem of the Moor gleamed in its stead, on the hand of the princess, linked fast by the slender chains that confined it to her wrist.

How wildly throbbed the guilty heart of Azra when the deed was done! and with what mingled dread and hope did she long for the hour to arrive, which should test the virtue of the talisman, and prove the truth of Kalathi, by placing in her grasp, the glittering prize for which she had sacrificed both innocence and truth. Wearily passed with her the lingering hours of that miserable night, and as she anxiously watched the deep, deep slumbers of her mistress, she almost feared that for some wicked purpose of his own, the Moor had deceived and given her a deadly drug, that had already done its fatal work on the unhappy Sultana. But just as the day dawned, she moved,—she half rose from her pillow, and gazed with a bewildered air around her. Azra bent over her, and with her heart lightened of its agonizing fear, and in the joy of still beholding her in life, she for a moment ceased to remember the deep wrong which, during the silent watches of that fearful night, her hand had wrought against her.

"Give me air, maiden," said the Sultana, gasping for breath, "and water, for my lips are parched with thirst."

Azra hastened to open the lattice and admit the dewy air of morning, and then with a trembling hand she brought water, and offered perfumes and refreshments to her mistress.

"I have had a fearful night, maiden," said the Sultana, glancing at the false opal on her finger, as though that were connected with her dreams, and sinking back with a shudder upon her couch. Azra remained silent, but she was pale with conscious guilt.

"It was a vision of terror," resumed the Sultana, "but it boots not to chill thy young blood by recounting it. I will sleep again, for it is yet early, and fairer ones may perchance come on the wings of this bright morning to refresh me;" and she turned away as she spoke, signing at the same time for Azra to depart.

The maiden gladly obeyed, and stole out to seek the balmy influences of nature, which hitherto had never failed to soothe and elevate her troubled spirit. But now, peace came not at her call, and she felt that the purity and fragrance of early morn, offered a strong contrast to the dark and tumultuous passions which were striving for mastery in her soul. A prey to a thousand vague and terrible emotions, she sat down upon a green and shady bank, and remained wrapped in moody thought, till the fervid rays of the sun, penetrating her retreat, warned her that the day was advancing, when she rose, and returned with haste to the palace. The Sultana had just quitted the

bath, and was toying with the pet dove, from whose wing Azra had plucked the feather, which aided her nocturnal crime. She looked radiant with youth and beauty, and the unwonted paleness of her cheek lent a new and touching interest to her charms. Leila sat at her feet, and her maidens were gathered around her, waiting to obey her behests. Azra joined the group, and in the usual idlings, the morning wore away till the hour of noon arrived.

Shortly after this, a visit from the Sultan was announced, and Azra's heart beat high as she impatiently awaited the moment which she trusted was to crown her daring deed with its promised triumph. Soon he was seen approaching, through the long suite of apartments, to that in which the princess and her maidens were gathered to receive him—in a moment more he entered, and unobservant of any, pressed forward and threw himself upon a cushion at the feet of his fair Sultana. Her features brightened with delight when she saw him, and the soft carmine returned to her cheek, as she listened to his whispered words of love. Music was commanded for his pleasure, and the dance also, in which he ever delighted. But in vain the fairest maidens with their graceful evolutions strove to win his notice, he seemed to see only his lovely bride; and wearied by efforts which attracted no regard, the dancers one by one stole from the apartment, leaving only Azra, who though vexed and disappointed, still lingered behind.

At length, persuaded she had been duped by the Moor, she too was in the act of retiring, when her exquisite figure caught the Sultan's eye, and springing to his feet, he stood gazing upon her with evident wonder and delight. Conscious that the spell was working, the maiden's fears became lost in the certainty of coming triumph,—a vivid blush crimsoned her cheek, her pulses throbbed audibly, and she felt the opal that lay concealed in her bosom, burning like a living coal into her heart. Under pretence of gathering up some pearls which had fallen from her hair, she still delayed her departure from the room, when suddenly the Sultan approached her, and unclasping a chain of brilliants which he wore about his neck, he threw it over her's, whispering as he bent towards her:

"Thus do I bind thee, enchanting maiden, even as thou with thy matchless beauty dost bind in the spell of love, those who gaze upon thee. Thou art impatient to be gone, but on the morrow let me behold thee again, for it is fitting that thou shouldst be great, even as thou art beautiful."

Azra ventured not to reply, but she raised her eyes with no forbidding glance to his, and retreated from the apartment. In the ante-room she paused to recover her self-possession, but such a tide of new and strange emotions rushed upon her heart, that sinking upon an ottoman she yielded unresistingly to their influence. Not long however sat she thus subdued, before the door of the Sultana's apartment flew open with a sudden bound, and, uttering exclamations of terror and disgust, the Sultan rushed wildly forth. His countenance was deadly pale, and his eyes seemed starting with terror from their sockets, as darting towards Azra, he cast himself at her feet, and burying his face in the folds of her robe, vehemently exclaimed.

"Save me! save me! ay, if thou lovest me, shield me from that spectacle of horror!"

The maiden repulsed him not, for she read the cause of his dismay, and proudly felt herself Sultana of the East. Gently she bent towards him, but ere she could give utterance to the words that trembled on her lips, the appalling figure of her unveiled mistress burst upon her startled sight, and almost changed her into stone. Wildly the Sultana tossed her arms, and tore her dishevelled hair, as she rushed impetuously forward, that flaming eye uncovered, glaring like some portentuous meteor, and giving to her youthful face the fell expression of a demon. Azra shrieked aloud with agony and fear, and darting from the Sultan's clasping arms, for in the strange excitement of terror, he had wound them convulsively around her, she turned to flee, when suddenly the riband that confined her vest burst open, and the fatal talisman fell from her bosom, at the feet of the Sultana. The injured princess seized it with a cry of joy, and grasping the robe of the affrighted maiden, as she would have fled, she turned full upon her the scorching light of her terrific eye, exclaiming:

"Thou, wretch, hast wrought this deed! and now for my revenge!"

But Azra heard no more, for in a moment, as it were, the fiery organ from which she shrank with fear, seemed tranferred to her own head—she felt it searing her very brain with its burning heat—she saw the Sultana clap her hands in triumph; she heard then the mocking laugh of Kalathi echo through the lofty room, and beheld the Sultan recoil from her with dismay, and overpowered by terror and despair, she fell in a swoon upon the tessellated marble of the floor.

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She was awakened by the tender accents of a well-known voice, calling upon her name, and coupling with it every expression of endearment known to the language of the east. But she moved not, nor unclosed her eyes, dreading to behold again the fearful countenance of the Sul-

tana. Yet nearer and nearer came that dear familiar voice—the sound of feet was by her side—a gentle hand pressed hers, and the words, "My bird! my peri! whither hast thou strayed?" rung like a strain of well remembered music in her ear—then came the fond pressure of warm lips upon her brow, and in amazement she raised her head, and gazed on the objects which surrounded her. But no silken cushions were beneath her, no gorgeous walls glowing with vivid painting, and fretted with gilded sculpture, enclosed her, nor were the glittering waters whose sound refreshed her ear, flung from the fantastic founts that grace the marble halls of a palace.

But high in the azure vault of heaven rode the summer moon, looking down through the interlacing boughs of date, and tamarind, and feathery acacia, to kiss with her silver light the dancing *waters of the Fairies' Fountain, upon whose* flowery brink reclined the Arab maiden, pillowed upon the emerald turf, and guarded by the vigilant eye of the faithful greyhound, that crouched in loving silence beside her. As with a doubting and bewildered look she cast her eyes around her, she met the tender gaze of the fond Mahula, peering with anxious love into her face, while with earnest words she besought her to rise, and hasten with her to the shelter of their home.

"We have missed thee since the hour of noon, my pearl of the desert," said the old nurse, "and marvelled why, when the sun shed his parting beam upon the hills, thou didst not come to glad us with thy smile. But let us tarry here no longer, my nightingale, for the evening repast is already prepared,—my barley-cakes were smoking on the board when I came forth to seek thee, and thy father hath tonight gathered the choicest grapes of his vintage, with which to regale thee."

Azra arose mechanically, and stood gazing abroad, as though she expected the pageant that had so dazzled her imagination, to re-appear in all its splendour before her. But the soft light of the moon shone not upon minaret or mosque, and the glow-worm's lamp gleaming in the dewy grass, bore faint resemblance to the gay illuminations which even yet, it seemed to her, she had so long dwelt amongst in the gorgeous halls of the Sultana. All was calm, and pure, and peaceful, in the quiet landscape, not a sound disturbed its repose, save the sighing of the sweet evening wind through the umbrageous foliage, and the low murmur of the Fairies' Fountain, as it flung a shower of glittering waters over its grey and rocky basin: And of *that lovely fount*, as of a friend, it seemed to her, she might ask a solution of the mystery that perplexed her, and as she bent over it, and gazed into its transparent breast, she heard, or fancied she heard, these words ring in silver accents from its moonlit depths:

"Maiden, that which in the vain ignorance of thy heart thou didst desire, it has been granted thee to behold—a vision of earthly splendour and greatness. Bless, then, thy guardian genius, that it hath proved but a *vision* only, and be warned by the temptations with which it beset thee, by the suffering which it hath caused thee, to be content with the sphere in which Providence hath placed thee, nor with sickly repinings crave aught of seeming good, which in His wisdom He has seen fit to withhold from thee. Contentment is the truest wealth—virtue and benevolence the living gems with which youth and innocence should seek to be adorned—religion, the blessed talisman which transmutes to joy and peace, the poverty, and pains, and trials of the humblest child of earth. *Go, and henceforth strive to possess these treasures*, that wisdom and happines may be thine!"

The sounds died gently away, and Azra, rebuked and chastened by the discipline of a dream, arose and meekly follwed Mahula to her humble home—proud of its simplicity, and no longer sighing for unattainable possessions—but grateful for the blessings that brightened her path, and rejoicing ever that her lot was cast with the simple and the lowly, rather than with those around whom were spread the fatal snares of riches and of power, who were continually tossed upon the stormy billows of passion, and beset by temptations, which they wanted strength and principle to resist.

NIGHT STORM

ON THE SOUTH COAST OF ITALY.

BY DR. HASKINS.

I.

The moon rode high, the heav'ns were fair,
There stirr'd no sound through the voiceless air,
There breath'd no wind thro' the shelter'd grove
Save a breeze as soft as the sigh of love,
That stole o'er the sleep of the elms vine-curl'd,
Like music that comes from the spirit world.
The shores slept'd down to the waters wide
And gaz'd at their green in the waveless tide;
The flow'rs that close border'd the blue serene
In that magic mirror were lovelier seen.
For the waters were pure, and as crystal clear,
And each fairy form did therein appear
Like that of Narcissus in the deep well,
When he died of love, as old fables tell.
Tall cliffs arose in majestic state,
With far blue hills to the heav'ns elate:
And many a wild sequester'd cove
Shot far in the land, with woods above
Broad waving, and rocks and craggy steeps
That like giants o'erlook'd the placid deeps.

The Pine tower'd high with its column vast,
And its sombre shade o'er the waters cast:
The proud Oak stood in imperial might:
The weeping Ash wav'd its branches slight:
The Cypress black, and the Service white,
Each lent a charm to adorn the night.
And many a beauteous garden slope
Whose blossoms bloom'd rich with sweet summer's hope,
Intermingled with flow'rs whose varying hues
Sweet balm on the breath of night did diffuse,
Were seen each opening the rocks between,
With meadows and vales of the softest green.
Those rocks were all wreath'd with Eglantine,
With the wilding Rose did Clematis twine;
The Elms were enclasp'd by the curling Vine,
That in broad festoons high overhead
A gentle gloom o'er the verdure shed;
Th' Acacia unfolded its leaflets green,
In the still moonshine its form was seen—
So light, so graceful—the shade it threw
Scarce darken'd the grass all wet with dew.
With golden clusters the Cytisus stood,
In the waveless waters its image view'd:
The Lilac pale with Syringa vied—
In sisterly sweetness side by side
Intermingling blooms by the moonbeam dyed,
As pure as snow in their stainless pride.
All around in vernal beauty attir'd
With love and sweet hope the heart inspir'd:
For spring had arriv'd, and o'er the earth
Strew'd her buds and blossoms of fairest birth,
And now was just yielding to summer's sway,
And rosy smiled ere she sped away.
The birds close crouch'd 'neath the leafy boughs
Or wak'd but to plight fond, faithful vows;
The Nightingale breath'd its love-lorn strain;
The Ring-dove at times was heard to complain,
As she woke from the dreams of her dewy rest
And took a short flight from her peaceful nest.
For the hour was so calm, so fair and so bright,
To give all to sleep were to wrong the night.

II.

Taranto's broad and beauteous bay
All mirror-like in its stillness lay,
O'ercanopied by the starry sky,
That in gorgeous glory out-spread on high;
And each star that bedeck'd that pavilion proud
Intensely blaz'd undimm'd by a cloud;
The azure dome did its roof unfold
With resplendent hangings of blue and gold:
That blue was of pure paradisal tint,
That gold of heav'n's own dropless mint:
And each was soften'd by that blest clime,
And all was sweet yet no less sublime;
All—all was beauty and love and bliss;—
The earth met the heav'ns with ambrosial kiss;
And the heav'ns breath'd love o'er earth's fragrant breast,
And both were beauteous and both were blest.

III.

The solemn voice of the midnight hour
Was heard from Taranto's tallest tow'r;
And with startling sound on the list'ning ear
Fell its warning notes vibrating near.
Tho' unheeded, too oft, Time speeds by day,
On feathery foot, away, away,—
Yet with thrilling voice and impressive tone
He speaks to the heart at midnight lone.
Ere an hour had sped its noiseless flight
A change had come o'er the beauteous night;
Her brow grew dark, and a sable dress
Of gloom hung o'er her loveliness;
The stars grew pale and the moon grew dim,
The sullen skies wax'd lurid and grim:
The face of the heavens show'd ghastly and drear,
Like the visage of Death when he frowns full near;
A fearful sound o'er the forests pass'd,
Tho' stirred not a breath of th' impending blast;
From the distant mountains a dread voice came—
A tone of terror that hath no name;
The shuddering waves uprose from their bed,
As rous'd by the call of the mighty dead,
Over whose bones for countless ages
Dark Ocean hath roll'd in his ruthless rages—
Then came the Storm in its fury's might.
And stamped with horror the brow of Night;
It swept o'er the land and it plough'd the sea,—
And ocean arose in stern majesty,
And asked with awful, earth-shaking tone,
Why the storm invaded his billowy throne.
But the storm heeded not, but with terrible force
Impell'd the waves in their headlong course;
Till phrenzied and mad 'neath its iron scourge
Each doth on other infuriate urge;
In passion fierce to the heav'ns arise,
As though they laughed to scorn the skies;
Then along they rush with deaf'ning roar,
And lash the rocks and invade the shore:
The mountains re-echo with voices vast;
While the storm speeds on, blast upon blast—
Blast upon blast and surge upon surge—
Sweeping afar to the broad earth's verge.
The pride of the forest is rent and shatter'd,
Huge trunks upturned, and their branches scatter'd,
The Pine lies prone; th' imperial Oak
Lies shiver'd as rent by lightning's stroke;
The tall tow'rs shudder and quake and reel,
While their bells ring out a dismal peal;
Rocks topple down from their headlong height,
And with new horrors alarm the night,
With their consort vines the elms are upcast,
And whirl'd like straws by the demon blast;
The gardens all stript of their loveliness,
While fiend-like forwards the wild gusts press.
Madly, madly, along, away,—
No limit, no pause, no stop, no stay.—
Rush the roaring waves in phrenzy blind,
Lash'd, goaded and scourg'd by th' infuriate wind.
Loud speaks the thunder o'er land and sea,
Like the echoed voice of eternity;
The lightning flashes upon the sight
Its tremendous sword of matchless might.
Earth frowns at th' heavens, and th' heavens with a frown
Of deeper darkness look grimly down;
And each is so black, the beholders gaze
Blindly at both, till the lightnings blaze,—
Then view all around such a fearful sight,
They close their eyes against that piercing light.

IV.

None slept that night—save the shrouded dead,
Who lay unmov'd in their earthy bed:
None slept that night: and many a grave
Was found beneath the billowy wave;
And when morning came, the coast was all strewed
With corses, and wrecks, and fragments rude
Of many a gallant ship, whose pride
Full long had brav'd the tempest and tide;
And for years was remember'd that awful night
That began so lovely, so calm and so bright.

A PASSAGE FROM THE LIFE

OF

JAMES DUKE OF ORMOND.

BY R. O. H.

The noble subject of this memoir, at the period of which we treat, was a youth of about nineteen summers. Though young in years, the Lord Charles possessed a mind of that superior order, which outsteps the sand of time, and arrives at a point of excellence that is seldom attained, but after profound experience, and often only at an advanced period of life. Unlike the young nobles of his time he had devoted the energies of his boyhood to the cultivation of the arts, and to the acquirement of science, and with the sensitiveness attendant upon minds of such a caste, he had uniformly shrunk from all society, for few there were with whom he could have formed a companionship. Neither did he repine at his loneliness, for his mind was too keenly alive to the perception of the beautiful, not to find an unceasing delight in the sweet varyings that nature afforded to his contemplation. 'Tis true that sometimes he sighed for an Egeria in his solitude, and often in his fairy-formed dreams he would see a beautiful vision in whose companionship he foresaw communings with an intelligence like his own. But lo! in an instant the fair spirit had disappeared, and he was left to feel in the darkness which remained behind, that it had been but a dream, and one in the realization of which he dared not trust.

The little cottage in which the young noble indulged his love of study and retirement was situated in a sylvan spot, remote from other habitations, unless we except Clinton House, the residence of Sir Reginald De Burgh, between whom and himself there had sprung upan intimacy, by a meeting as fortunate to the knight, as it was creditable to the Lord Charles' brave generosity. We shall relate it.

It was evening. The setting sun still lingered over the summit of the distant hills. The air resounded with the joyous notes of the little feathered songsters, and the gentle, breeze sweeping across the neighboring expanse of water, expired in graceful murmurs amid the leafy groves. The young noble left his more serious occupation, to enjoy the beauties that surrounded him. Slowly he sauntered along the margin of the murmuring river, gazing on its waters, which, borrowing a beautiful radiance, from the rays of the setting sun, rippled on in the most fantastic curves. But from these his attention was soon attracted to a small vessel in the distance, whose graceful motions, impelled by the rising gale, gave an additional charm to the rich gaiety of the scene. Merrily the little boat danced along, as if laughing at dangers, ills, or care; and indeed, which of these could it apprehend, thus fondly cradled in the silvery deep, caressed by the little frolicksome waves, and smiled upon from above by so bright a sky? But alas! are not appearances ever false and deceitful? Here they were even so, for a dark cloud, which till *this moment had treacherously remained* concealed, burst into view, and rapidly spread its ominous shadow along the whole extent of the horizon, while the breeze, swelling into a strong gale, announced the near approach of one of those fearful storms that sometimes reached these parts. The young noble, whose anxiety for the safety of a fellow being chained him to the spot, could see by the aid of a pocket spy-glass which he carried, that the boatman had pulled down his little sails, and was plying the oars with the energy of a man who feels a dread alternative. However, such was his dexterity, that near and nearer did the little boat draw towards a point of safety, and already was danger looked upon as past, when by a fresh and more violent gust of wind, it was driven in sudden contact with a rock, whose mossy *head just peeped above the foaming waters*, and unable to resist the rude shock, it capsized, giving its owner to the deep. The Lord Charles, who was an excellent swimmer, seeing no other mode of assistance at hand, quickly plunged into the river, regardless of its dangerous aspect, and resolutely breasting the waves, reached the fatal spot in time to save the unknown from that worst of fates, an unlooked-for death. Carefully depositing his charge on the beach, he went to summon aid, and ordered his servants to transport

the stranger to the cottage. Here, after a comfortable change of dress, and a few restoratives, what was Sir Reginald de Burgh's—for he it was,—surprise, to find that it was to the young heir of Ormond, that he owed so deep a debt of gratitude, for he it remembered Sir Reginald was a close connection of the family of Desmond, between whose house and that of Ormond, there had for years existed a feud so deadly that many of their several friends had become violent partizans in the cause, and even at this moment a chancery suit was pending that threatened the destruction of both. Still Sir Reginald had never taken a prominent part in their dissensions, and the fact of his alliance to the Desmond, did not for one moment occur to lord Charles, as one of sufficient importance to induce a haughty refusal of that gentleman's warm offers of friendship. 'Tis true that these were at first received with the coldness and reserve habitual to him, yet he soon learned to appreciate the society of a companion whose tastes and pursuits were so much in unison with his own. We shall, however, in silence pass over that pleasant space of time,—during which Sir Reginald learned to look upon his friend with all the affectionate gratitude and admiration he deserved, to arrive at that period which formed so bright an epoch in our hero's after life.

It happened one day that the young noble had paid his friend a much shorter visit than it had been his wont, and scarcely had he left the castle when a courier arrived there, to announce to Sir Reginald, the coming of the Earl of Holland, with his ward, the lady Elizabeth, heiress of Desmond, and his daughter the lady Isabel. These guests Sir R. had been for a long time expecting on a visit to the Castle, yet he had never mentioned it to his young friend, for he knew that his antipathy to all society alone was sufficient to prevent his meeting them, and he was anxious that the young adversaries should meet, for surely that little urchin Love could not remain an unconcerned witness in the presence of two beings by nature apparently formed but for each other. He therefore wrote to the Lord Charles, inviting him to dine at Clinton house on the morrow, but took care not to allude to the arrival of these guests. The young noble thought it strange that he should not have asked him while at the Castle, and when on the morrow he saw Sir Reginald coming to meet him it struck him that his friend had made some new discovery, or had found some learned author bearing evidence to the justness of one or other of his own favorite opinions, when, instead, he heard of the presence of two fair ladies, and one of these his young feudal opponent. His surprise was only surpassed by a sense of injured pride, and for the first time the proud spirit of the Ormond showed itself in his anxiety to withdraw. But was it fortune who smiled propitiously, or was it through little Love's agency, that at this moment a casement happened to be thrown open, and the Lord Charles, who stood surrounded by the heavy foliage, could unobservedly gaze upon the fair vision thus presented him? The lady Elizabeth was at that age which the poet has termed "sweet seventeen." Her dark hair fell in graceful confusion on either side of a brow,—but how shall we describe that brow? Shall it suffice to say, that its pure and transparent contour seemed but the fitting arch for such a mind as that there dwelt within? A flood of light beamed from the dark hazel eye, while the varying rose-tint that on her fair cheek reflected every hue of thought, gave a peculiar charm to her meteor like beauty. The Lord Charles remembered the fair spirit that haunted his thoughts, but never in his wildest dreams had he imagined aught so beautiful. There he stood as if transfixed to the spot lost in a bewilderment of feelings, as multiplied as they were strange and new, and there he would have delighted to continue had not Sir Reginald interrupted his reverie again to invite him into that fair presence. Loth to say nay this time the young noble yielded a greater readiness to the good knight's request, nevertheless, with that gentleman's promise of presenting him to his friends under the incognito of Mr. Charles. The Earl of Holland had left the picture gallery to enjoy a walk on the terrace, but the lady Isabel with her lovely friend had paused before the portrait of a youth whose intellectual beauty, and manly grace called forth their warmest admiration.

"Ah, Isabel," cried the lady Elizabeth, divided between jest and earnest, "were this a breathing original, instead of an insignificant piece of canvass, I fear me that what you are pleased to call my obdurate heart——"

Before the fair girl could complete the sentence, Sir Reginald, whose approach had been unnoticed until this moment, begged leave to present his friend Mr. Charles to their fair ladyships. What was their surprise, and the lady Elizabeth's confusion, when on turning, she beheld the same noble features, the same patrician-like expression of countenance, and above all the same soul-lit eye. But proudly mastering her embarrassment, she returned the young stranger's profound inclination, with that graceful courtesy which so peculiarly distinguished her, and the Lord Holland's re-entrance at this moment assisted in relieving her from further confusion. The day passed away, and the Lord Charles marvelled at its shortness. He returned to his sylvan home, but his thoughts still

remained with the lady Elizabeth, for they delighted to dwell on so entrancing a theme. Yet in the midst of these the dark barrier that must forever divide their houses rose, gnome-like, to dispel from his breast all the bright and ambitious hopes that love had already implant there. With the blood of a Desmond in her veins would she not recoil from any, the slightest contact with her hereditary foe? Alas! to that misgiving there could be but one answer; and forthwith the young noble resolved to shun a passion, that in return would meet with naught but scorn, and contempt. Alas! for the vanity of our youthful resolves! Already in his breast had that passion taken birth, which increased with every succeeding day and every succeeding hour, until he was no longer able or willing to resist its sweet influence.

And the lady Elisabeth, did she reject the homage of such a heart? Alas! she knew not, *until it was too late, the nature of her feelings* towards the amiable stranger. The lady Isabel who had perceived the tender interest that existed between them, one day ventured to jest her friend upon the subject. On hearing which the proud maiden's cheek assumed its deepest blush, while she mildly but haughtily denied the meaning her friend's words seemed to apply.

"Could the lady Isabel for one moment doubt that she, the descendant of the Desmond, could so far forget what was due to her name? For who is Mr. Charles?" "Oh!" cried the fair Isabel anxious to spare her friend's blushes, "how that proud majestic air becomes my Elizabeth! methinks 'tis such as you should wear towards that young stranger, were he my Lord Charles instead of simple Mr. Charles," and the gentle girl ran to kiss her friend as an amendment of her fault. But as soon as she was left to herself, the lady Elizabeth was not without serious reflections, the result of her friend's remarks, and as to her own breast concealment was in vain, her lovely brow flushed with the consciousness of a sentiment until that moment unknown, and one which she had so lately pronounced as unworthy of herself. Though when she recalled to mind, not only the young stranger's eminent personal beauty, but also that to which a woman's heart ever yields its willing homage, his refinement of mind and feelings, is it a subject of marvel, if we say that the beautiful girl thought not to suppress a thrill of delight, when her heart now whispered to her how to interpret the beaming tenderness of his dark eyes, whenever they had sought her own, and why his voice sank into a softer cadence when she drew near? But the question, who is Mr. Charles? again arose to her mind, quickly to dissipate love's more gentle whisperings. In vain did the maiden repeat to herself "I must forget!" Love once implanted in a heart like hers, there was no power on earth to efface its impression—this she felt too truly, and with that firmness of mind which she had inherited with her name, she immediately resolved to fly a presence in which she felt she had already lingered too long.

When on his arrival at the Castle on the morrow the Lord Charles was informed of the approaching departure of Sir Reginald's guests, his mortification and disappointment can be better conceived than described. He vainly lingered to to see once more the beautiful idol of his every thought. But fearful of betraying her own weakness, she had on various pretences evaded meeting him, and at last, unable any longer to suppress his agitation, he took his departure and was soon lost to all, but to his own overwhelming grief. On he rode, heedless of where he went, till on a sudden, a new thought flashed across his mind, and *pulling up the reins of his steed*, he paused for a few moments, then turned his horse's head, and slowly retraced his way to the spot he had left. However, it was evident that he wished to avoid observation, for fastening his horse to one of the adjoining trees, he entered the Castle's garden, by a small postern that stood at the further end of the walk, and was threading his way through the retired path towards the mansion, when sounds assailed his ears that transfixed him to the spot, and the many loop-holes in the surrounding shrubbery would quickly have discovered to him the identity of the love-lorn musician, had not his own impassioned heart already whispered to him that in those trembling notes he heard the sweet voice of the lady Elizabeth. She leant against a pedestal that stood in the centre of the flowery retreat, her pale brow rivalling its snowy marble; the long tresses of her dark hair escaping from their confinement, fell in graceful disarray to her feet, while pearly tears still lingered in the depressed eyelids, as if unwilling to forsake their beauteous home. Gracefully she struck the lute's sad chords while she sang in a plaintive tone the words which her young lover omitted not to remember: they ran as follows—

He is gone!—and the delusive ray
Which for a moment flitted o'er
My life's dull waste, has passed away
And left it cheerless as before.

Where can be found a brighter mind,
A nobler or more graceful form,
A taste and feeling more refined,
A heart more delicate and warm?

'Tis true no noble ancestry
Have left him their emblazon'd roll,
But who possesses more than he
The true nobility of soul?

With him I might have passed my days
In some sequester'd spot,
Instead of glitt'ring in the blaze
Of an unhappy, splendid lot.

The impassioned youth remembered that she had known him not surrounded by many qualities belonging to his rank, and forgetting in his first bewilderment of hope all but the confession that these last words implied, he rushed to the fair maiden's feet and there disclosed the burning feelings of his heart. The lady Elizabeth could not have been more surprised had this been a vision from an unknown world, instead of him, whose absence she was found in the act of bewailing; but summoning to her aid, all that remained of self-possession, she rose, and proudly flinging back the rich tresses from her fevered brow, replied in a tone of offended dignity.

"Pray, sir, arise, and do not so far forget what is due to both you and myself, as to detain me any longer."

With this she disappeared from the bower, leaving the enthusiastic Lord Charles speechless with disappointment and chilled to the very soul, by a seeming so cold, so insensible. Starting from the painful reverie into which he had fallen he bitterly exclaimed:

"Ah! have I, the son of the Ormond, offered my soul's worship at the shrine of a beautiful statue? Has this heart's all-enduring love been squandered at the feet of a soulless being? Yes, fool! more than fool that I have been! to expect that anything like tenderness, or sympathy, could have found a shelter in the breast of a Desmond!"

And in a state of mind bordering on distraction, the young noble rushed from the spot that in the few last moments, had witnessed his brightest hopes, changed into despair, rendered the more poignant when he recalled the words of the song. Jealousy whispered that they must have alluded to another. He hastened home, where he delayed but a few moments, to write an affectionate letter to Sir Reginald, for in the wildness of his sorrow he resolved to seek in another land forgetfulness of that disappointment which he had known in his own.

On his arrival in France, in the endeavour to drown remembrance in oblivion, he plunged with the recklessness of a ruined heart into all the whirling gaieties of the French capital. In the lordly saloons of Paris, he met women whose gay converse and ready wit pleased and attracted him, but quickly he would turn away, for little could they bear comparison with the fair girl it was his endeavor to forget. He returned again to his former mode of life; but as he pored over the voluminous manuscripts, or stood transfixed before some *chef d'œuvre* of art, still would his truant thoughts revert back to the beautiful Elizabeth; and at last, seeing that forgetfulness was beyond his reach, and feeling perhaps more unhappy than had he remained in the society of Sir Reginald, he determined on returning home. On his arrival in the metropolis, he heard of a grand pageant that was to be held at court, and at which all England's nobility would be present. She also would be there, and this thought prompted the young noble, contrary to all his former habits, to be present also, were it only to catch a glimpse of his idol. Already were the great and gay assembled. Care was forgotten; and pleasure was at its height; the train of admirers that encircled the beautiful heiress of Desmond in vain exerted their gayest wit to win one of her sweet smiles, when presently it was rumoured that the heir of Ormond was among the guests, to which was as soon added: "That is he! how noble looking! that smile! Ah! how like his mother's!"

Anxious to see this all accomplished adversary, the beautiful maiden turned her eyes towards the same quarter, when, oh! surprise! there in the person of the princely Ormond she saw her youthful lover, Mr. Charles, of Woodland Cottage. Concealment of her feelings was impossible, for her fair brow suffused with crimson, a new light beamed from beneath her eyelids, and the secret of her heart stood confessed in the gay and sunny smiles which she now flung around, in the vain hope of hiding her feelings. But, ah! it is not in our power to give a just and faithful picture of that which followed on this memorable and happy evening. Suffice it to say that the young lover had the boundless joy of hearing his wildest hopes confirmed by the fair Elizabeth's own lips, and this time, when came the moment of parting, 'twas not in anger and disappointment, but as plighted lovers, that they bid one another adieu. Yet as has been often said "The course of true love never did run smooth." Another cloud shadowed again the bright horizon of their hopes. The king, who had the disposal of the lady Elizabeth's hand, she being a ward in chancery, had already destined her for another, and hearing of her attachment for the Lord Charles, he immediately and in great wrath, sent that young noble a message, commanding him to desist from further attentions towards the lady Elizabeth, as her hand was already disposed of. To this the Lord Charles replied with that undaunted spirit that so truly marked his after-life:

"Tell his majesty that I am an Ormond, and in nothing shall I swerve from the long tried loyalty of my house, but methinks there are none fitter than myself to pay those attentions due to that lady's beauties and merits, seeing that I am her cousin and kinsman."

The arbitrary monarch immediately gave his consent to the earlier celebration of his favorite's nuptials with the beautiful heiress, who persisted in denying her consent, and in vain pleaded that reason and interest were on her side, till at last the maiden maintained, and that too, in the royal presence, her determination to yield her hand to none other but the Lord Charles. Notwithstanding this commendable firmness, of what avail could it be, when the monarch's word was the subject's law? Now were the youthful lovers distracted by fears perhaps worse than those they had known before, and already they looked upon their dismal fate as inevitable, when a happy expedient occurred to the young noble. He had often heard of the Lord Holland's boundless avarice, and therefore with an ability and studied deliency worthy one more experienced in such transactions, he offered an enormous bribe to obtain his interest with the king. His majesty, not a little surprised at this sudden change in the Lord Holland's views, nevertheless could not but yield to the truth and justness of that wily nobleman's reasons, and with his habitual fickleness, the monarch retracted his consent in the former instance to give it in the present, at the earnest solicitation of his faithful servant.

And as the lady Elizabeth stood in that vast hall, by the side of her noble lover, her queen-like beauty heightened by the flush of deep excitement, her lowly eyes cast downwards with maidenly timidity, her fair lips sweetly echoing the words that made her the bride of the princely Ormond, she did not appear more worthy of admiration and homage, than in after-life, when she waited upon the stern Protector to solicit the enlargement of her glorious son, the renowned Earl of Ossory. Cromwell drily assured her, that he had more reason to fear her than any one else; the Lady Elizabeth, now Duchess of Ormond, replying with the proud dignity of her nature, said, that she had not come to solicit favors at his hand, but merely justice to her innocent son, and that she knew not how she could have been represented as so dangerous a person, seeing that she had never, on any occasion whatever, interfered with either his person or government.

"No madam," replied the Protector, who was certainly not given to complimentary speeches, "but your worth has gained you so great an influence over the commanders of our party, and we know so well your power over your own, that we are well aware your Ladyship can do what you please."

WHY is an adjective like a drunken man? Because it cannot stand alone.

CONFESSION OF A MANIAC.

"In the still watches of the drowsy night,
I hear it still!"

TRUE!—nervous—very, dreadfully nervous I had been, and am: but why *will* you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses—not destroyed—not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heavens and the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Harken! and observe how healthily—how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but, once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me an insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his his eye!—yes, it was this! He had the eye of a vulture—a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell on me, my blood run cold; and so, by degrees—very gradually—I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen *me*. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—with what caution—with what foresight—with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficiently for my head, I first put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see the old man as he lay upon his bed. Ha!—would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously—oh, so cautiously (for the hinges creaked)—I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights—every night just at midnight—but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning when the day broke, I went boldly into his chamber and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had

passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute-hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never, before that night, had I felt the extent of my own powers—of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and the old man not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea. And perhaps the old man heard me; for he moved in the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back—but no his room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness, (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers,) and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept on pushing it steadily, steadily.

I had got my head in, and was about to open the lantern when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in the bed, crying out—"Who's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing. For another hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear the old man lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed, listening;—just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror; it was not a groan of pain, or of grief—oh, no!—it was the low, stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well; many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up at my own bosom, deepening with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me.

I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at the heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been, ever since, growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself—"It is nothing but the wind in the chimney—it is only a mouse crossing the floor," or "it is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp." Yes, he has been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions; but he had found all in vain. *All in vain*; because death in approaching the old man had stalked with his black shadow before him, and the shadow had now reached and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel—although he neither saw nor heard me—to feel the presence of my head within the room.

When I waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing the old man lie down, I resolved to open a little—a very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it—you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily—until, at length, a single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot out from the crevice and fell full upon the vulture eye.

It was open—wide open—and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness—all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person; for I had directed the ray, as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And—have I not said that what you mistake for madness is but over-acuteness of the senses!—now I say there came to my ears *a low, dull quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton.* I know that sound well too, it was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker, and louder, every instant. The old man's terror must have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment;—do you mark me well? I have said that I am nervous;—so I am. And now at the dead hour of night, and amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable wrath. Yet, for some minutes longer, I refrained and kept still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst! and now a new anxiety seized me—the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once—once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and dragged the heavy bed over him. I then sat upon the bed and smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But for many minutes, the heart beat on, with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the walls. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. The old man was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The

night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs. I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even his—could have detected any thing wrong. There was nothing to wash out—no stain of any kind—no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had all—ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labours, it was four o'clock—still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I came down to open it with a light heart,—for what had I now to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night: suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police-office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled,—for what had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search—search well. I led them, at length to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them here to rest from their fatigues; while I myself, in the wild audacity of perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct; I talked more freely, to get rid of the feeling; but it continued and gained definitiveness—until, at length, I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale;—but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly—more vehemently;—but the noise steadily increased. I arose, and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations;—but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro, with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observation of the men;—but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what could I do? I foamed—I raved—I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had sat, and grated it upon the boards;—but the noise arose over all, and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—louder! And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God!—no, no! They heard!—they suspected!—they knew!—they were making a mockery of my horror?—this I thought and this I think. But anything better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die!—and now—again!—hark! louder! louder! louder!—

"Villains!" I shrieked, "dissemble no more! I admit the deed!—tear up the planks!—here, here!—it is the beating of his hideous heart!"

THE RUSSIAN WINDOW.

The sliding window is a characteristic peculiar to the Russian people; even in our own times, compel a Russian merchant or peasant to make double casements for the winter, he will perhaps make them, but he will nevertheless always leave one window free—that can be opened or shut as he pleases with a sliding door. Without this window his house feels to him like a prison—close, stifling, and gloomy; he would, rather than have no free openings, knock out a pane of glass; what cares he, iron child of the North, for the frost? Surrounded with snow, in the bitterest cold, he opens his beloved little window, and through it admires God's light, the midnight sky strewn with angel eyes. He looks out at the passengers, going and coming, listens to their gossiping talk, harkens with a kind of delighted sympathy to the rustling sound of the belated traveller's step upon the snowy road, to the distant tinkle of the sledge-bell dying faintly along the wintry deserts—sounds which have a pensive attraction for a Russian heart.

INGENIOUS CONFESSION.

When Mr. Wilberforce was candidate for Hull, his sister, an amiable and witty young lady offered the compliment of a new gown to each of the wives of those freemen who voted for her brother; on which she was saluted with the cry of 'Miss Wilberforce forever;' when she pleasantly observed, 'I thank you gentlemen: but I cannot agree with you, for really, I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce for ever.'

OUR TABLE.

MURRAY'S COLONIAL AND HOME LIBRARY.

Mr. Murray has commenced nobly the redemption of the promise made by him when he originally proposed the publication of the "Colonial and Home Library." Already seven parts have reached the Canadian publishers, Messrs Armour & Ramsay, and are offered to the public, at what all will readily acknowledge, are sufficiently moderate prices.* The books to which we refer are:—

Borrow's Bible in Spain—two parts.
Bishop Heber's Indian Journal—four parts.
Irby and Mangles' Travels in the Holy Land—one part.

The handsome and substantial style in which these works have been got up present a striking and pleasing contrast to the slovenly reprints to which we have been accustomed on this continent. Indeed, their appearance is all that even the admirers of typography and paper can desire—no apparent effort at cheapness being at all visible about them. For a permanent Library nothing can be better, and the selection of works, from the sample before us, we have reason to believe will be unexceptionable.

We cannot do better than to give an extract from the Publisher's explanation of the design, premising that the pledges given appear to be most honorably redeemed:

Mr. Murray's Colonial Library will furnish the settler in the backwoods of America, and the occupant of the remotest cantonments of our Indian dominions, with the resources of recreation and instruction, at a moderate price, together with many new books within a short period of their appearance in England; while the student and lover of literature at home, who has hitherto been content with the loan of a book from a book-club, or has been compelled to wait for its tardy perusal from the shelves of a circulating library, or perhaps has satisfied his curiosity by the scanty extracts in Magazines or Reviews, may now become possessed of the work itself, at the moment of its publication, and at a cost little beyond that entailed by either of the methods above mentioned. He may at the same time lay up a permanent Library in a condensed and portable form.

It will no doubt prove a source of satisfaction to the lovers of English literature in the Colonies, to know that they are enjoying the intellectual gratification of the native Authors, without doing any wrong or injury to those Authors' interests.

Persons residing in the distant quarters of the world to which the dominions of Queen Victoria extend, and unacquainted with the practical system of authorship and publication, may probably never have dreamed that they were doing an act of injustice to the Authors, for whose works they perhaps entertained the sincerest devotion, by the encouragement they have been in the habit of giving to foreign reprints. But the reason why the American, French, or other pirates of British copyrights, have no difficulty in producing cheap books is that *they pay nothing to the Author of them.* They cannot publish the works of their own authors at the same rate. But besides availing themselves of the genius and hard toil of others without making them any return, the cost of printing and paper in those countries is nearly one-half less than in England.

On the other hand, the pirated editions, owing to the hurried manner in which they are got up (being generally printed within twenty-four hours of the receipt of the English edition), and in order to save the (in England necessary) expense of common revision, are full of the grossest blunders, which must often interfere with the correct understanding of the work.

The series of works designed to appear in Mr. Murray's 'Colonial and Home Library' will be selected for their acknowledged merit, and will be exclusively such as are calculated to please the most extensive circles of readers. They will be printed most carefully, in a superior style, and on good paper.

* By a special arrangement with Mr. Murray, Messrs. Armour & Ramsay are enabled to sell these books at 2s. 6d. currency for each part, although the publishing price in London is half a crown.

THE GARLAND.

Under this title, Messrs Armour & Ramsay have recently published an admirable selection of songs, the object of which is to supply to the musical taste of "the million," the place of the trashy collections with which the Province has hitherto been inundated. The songs in the "Garland" are all of the very best, being taken from the works of Moore, Byron, Scott, Burns, Lever, Dibdin, and all the eminent song writers of the age. We are well pleased to find among them several of thoroughly Canadian origin—a few of Mrs. Moodie's, and others which have already appeared in the pages of our own magazine. Altogether, the collection is the best we have seen, and deserves to be universally patronized by the admirers of music, "wedded to immortal verse."

THE PROMPTER.

We have been favored with a glance at some of the sheets of a book, now in press, which is intended to be published in a few weeks, under this title. It is meant, chiefly, for the use of teachers, to whom it affords many useful hints, the fruits of the experience and observation of the author.

This book has been submitted to the inspection of many of our most respectable teachers, who have unanimously declared themselves well pleased with the design, and the manner in which its has been carried out, and have recommended its general adoption. It may be presumed, therefore, that the book is well worthy of the support which is so modestly asked for it by the author.

His Excellency the Governor General, with the liberality which has always characterised his patronage of literature, has, we are pleased to learn, subscribed for a number of copies; and his example has been followed by many of the most distinguished inhabitants of the Province.