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THE RIVAL BROTHERS.

A TALE OF VENICE.

BY E. L. C.

WHO should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest.

Shakespeare.

THE delicious twilight of an Italian evening, was bathing with its purple hues the spires and domes of Venice, and shedding a golden radiance on the smooth waters of the Lagune, which were studded with innumerable gondolas crossing and recrossing each other in various directions, gaily adorned, and resounding with strains of music, or the heart-stirring melody of gleeful and happy voices. One only among them, whose richly ornamented prow, and canopy of silver tissue, bespoke its occupants of no ordinary rank, floated in silence over the waves, sending forth no note of joy, nor interchanging word or sign with any that glided by it.

On its luxurious cushions reclined two young men, twin sons of the Justiniani, one of the noblest and proudest families of the Republic, who so exactly resembled each other in person and attire, that it would have been impossible for a stranger's eye to detect the slightest difference between them. —But a practised observer soon saw how unlike was the expression of their features, and how evidently dissimilar it declared the character of the two brothers to be.

As their gondola moved noiselessly over the bur-nished waters, the spell of silence seemed to enchain them both; but with each it evidently arose from an opposite cause. The eyes of Angelo sparkled with the light of inward happiness, and roved from object to object, till their gaze rested upon the bright heaven above, the soft glory of whose calm cerulean depth, seemed as it were to mirror back the peace and joy that reigned within his soul. Ziani's attitude was one of quiet yet melancholy abstraction, — his head drooped listlessly upon his breast, and his eyes remained immovably fixed upon the silvery foam that curled around the gilded prow of the gondola.

Abruptly his reverie was broken, — they had entered the grand canal, and a blaze of light falling across the water, flashed with sudden brightness upon his eyes.

There was a sumptuous fête at the Ursolo palace, in honour of its young and lovely heiress, who on this evening attained her fifteenth year, and as the gondoliers flung down their oars, Angelo rose and sprang upon the marble steps which led to its princely entrance. But Ziani remained motionless upon his seat, — a deadly sickness came over him, and vainly he strove to rise, in obedience to the impatient gesture of his brother. Angelo waited an instant, and then sprang towards him.

“Let us hasten,” he exclaimed, “every instant that detains me from the presence of the divine Isaura is an age of torment! would that you, my brother, might be roused by such an influence to the perception of these exquisite emotions that thrill my heart with extacy!”

A deep sigh burst from the bosom of Ziani as he replied,

“Tarry not for me, my brother — I am in no mood for gaiety, — wherefore, it matters not. I ask you only to leave me, that I may exercise the evil spirit of disquiet by lingering here amid the gentle influences of this lovely night.”

“It must not be, Ziani; — a warmer and a brighter smile than that, which yonder cold moon sheds down upon you, shall chase every evil passion from your soul, and waken it to that rapturous enjoyment, which lovely and enchanting woman only can bestow. And now let us begone, for my impatience brooks no longer delay.”

As the young noble uttered the last words he leaped from the gondola, and began rapidly to ascend the marble steps towards the illuminated vestibule

of the palace, his cloak of rich Genoa velvet falling back from his shoulders, and revealing the richly embroidered dress and jewelled ornaments that adorned his handsome and graceful person. When his bounding foot had nearly gained the summit of the steps, he paused and looked around for Ziani; but there he still stood, motionless as a statue, and as the light breeze raised the drooping feather of his cap, Angelo was startled by the sad expression of his pale countenance.—In an instant he was again beside him, and eagerly grasping his hand;

“My brother, what has befallen you?” he asked in a hurried and anxious tone.—“No ill can betide you but my heart shares it, as you well know. Speak then, if you have aught to tell, for the moment we cease to confide in each other, that moment is the golden bond of affection weakened, if not riven between us.”

“May that never be,” fervently exclaimed Ziani, while a sharp pang momentarily convulsed his brow, —“but heed not my wayward mood, it comes over us all, at times, from causes which it would be difficult to explain—only leave me for a while, to float quietly over these tranquil waters, nor let a thought of me mar your happiness, while you quaff from the fountain of love draughts of intoxicating joy.”

“And think you, my Ziani, that even such bliss as this would content me while you were absent,—absent and sad, and I unknowing of the cause? Wrong me not by such a thought, for even Isaura’s love would fail to satisfy my heart, were yours withdrawn, which has ever been to me the very elixir of my life. Come, then, my brother,—many a bright eye watches for you in yon gay halls, and I would that you might find among them, a bride as fair as her whom I have chosen; that as we came into life together, so the same hour may see us kneeling at the marriage altar with those whom God shall ordain to unseal the deep and mysterious fountain of love within our souls.”

Ziani’s cheek grew deadly pale, and he shrank from his brother’s words, even as the wounded man from the hand of the leech, when he buries his probe deep in the quivering flesh,—but by a strong effort mastering his emotion, he briefly replied:

“I had promised to see Father Hilario for one half hour this evening—so let me row to San Francesco, and when I return, if not too late, you shall see me at the Urscolo Palace.”

“Nay, by St. Mark, I stir not hence without you,” exclaimed Angelo—“let the priest keep his ghostly counsel for a more convenient time, you have had too much of it already; come now with me—you have not yet seen my peerless Isaura, and if you love me, you will not refuse on this her birth-night, to offer a brother’s homage to the chosen of your Angelo’s heart.”

“Do not importune me thus, my Angelo, for indeed it is a hard task, to seem a very churl by

continuing to resist your wishes—and though I had given you my promise to accompany you, I feel now how totally inadequate I am to fulfil it.”

“And why?” asked the wondering Angelo; “I pray you unriddle to me the mystery of your denial,—unfold the secret of the change that has of late come over you. Tonight, I have promised to bring you to my Isaura, and have defied her, to tell her own Angelo from his more noble brother,—so mar not my sport by your waywardness,—and if it so chance that you are mistaken for her affianced one, why, if she will have it so, you must e’en stand in the bride-groom’s place, and leave me to seek what the world contains not,—another Isaura.”

Ziani’s bursting heart could ill brook the gay jest of Angelo, and turning away, he leaned in silence, against the side of the gondola. A sudden doubt, a dark suspicion, darted across the mind of Angelo, and for an instant he stood regarding his brother with a look of silent, yet stern inquiry. Ziani encountered the searching glance, and his conscious heart too truly interpreted its meaning.

“Bear with me awhile, my brother, and I entreat you leave me here alone. I should go mad to mix with yon gay revellers tonight,—but tomorrow I will tell you why.”

“Tomorrow!” interrupted Angelo, touched, in spite of his incipient jealousy, by the subdued sadness of Ziani’s tone,—“and why not tonight? There is naught dearer to me than your happiness, and bright as were the hopes this festive evening promised to fulfil, I can forego them all, if by so doing I may minister peace to the wounded spirit of my brother.”

Ziani was moved, even to woman’s softness, by this burst of noble and disinterested love, and casting himself upon his brother’s neck:

“Who can resist you, my generous Angelo,” he said—“not your Ziani, whom you ever conquer as a child? Come, let us on to the palace,—I will cast care behind me, and yield myself, for this night at least, to your wishes.”

Angelo returned his brother’s embrace, and together they ascended the steps, and entered the brilliant halls of the palace. As the light of its countless lamps fell upon their persons, Ziani saw that an unwonted cloud shadowed the gay brow of his brother, and he inwardly reproached himself for the selfish indulgence of feelings, which had subdued even for a moment, the bright hopes with which Angelo had long anticipated this night of joy. But the throng which was passing in, left them no leisure for speech, scarcely for thought—all were pressing eagerly towards the grand saloon, where the young Isaura, with a band of chosen friends, waited to receive and welcome her guests. Angelo was fortunate enough to gain its entrance; but Ziani, not unwillingly yielded to the current that bore him in an opposite direction, and on he passed.

without asking himself whither his steps tended, through suits of splendid apartments, till he found himself standing alone in a spacious gallery, where the light from candelabras of the purest chrysal, wrought in the furnaces of Murano, fell upon rare works of art, and precious foreign spoils and trophies, which the munificent Urseolo had gathered at vast expense from distant realms, and brought to enrich his princely mansion.

Under any other circumstances, and with a less distracted mind, the treasures of this unrivalled gallery would have offered subjects of never wearying interest and delight, to the contemplation of the gifted and tasteful Ziani. And even now, agitated and disturbed as was his whole soul, he could not but feel his admiration enkindled to enthusiasm, as he gazed on statues which the hand of genius had stamped with perfection, on the pictures, the Mosaics, the bronzes that had been wrested from Rome, from the classic temples of Greece, from ancient Egypt, and even from the hallowed realms of Judea, to enrich and beautify this, one of the most gorgeous palaces of the great and imperial republic.

The family of Urseolo, which was of ancient and patrician origin, had given more than one doge to the state, and were among the few, whose names at that early period of its history, were enrolled in *Il Libro d'Ora*, the golden book of nobility. The strictest friendship subsisted between the head of this illustrious house and that of the Justiniani, and to ensure its continuance, the young Isaura, the only child of the Count Urseolo, was betrothed, while yet in infancy, to Angelo Murizio, then a boy of five years old, and the eldest, by an hour, of the twin sons of Justiniani. The parents of each party had solemnly pledged themselves to see this union ratified, when their children should have attained the respective ages of fifteen and twenty—but those most interested in the treaty, grew up in utter ignorance of the destiny in store for them. Angelo knew indeed, that there was such a being as Isaura Urseolo; for young as he himself was, he remembered his sports with her, while she was yet an infant,—but beyond this, he gave her not a thought, for he had never seen her since she attained her third year, when in consequence of her mother's death, she was placed under the care of the Lady Abbess of Santa Maria, her maternal aunt, where she received her education, and lived in perfect retirement, interrupted only by occasional visits from her father. A month previous to the attainment of her fifteenth birthday she was withdrawn from her quiet cloister, and placed amid the gaities and splendours of her almost forgotten home, to receive the addresses of her youthful lover, before entering with him into the most solemn engagement of life. Still, when they met it was without any knowledge on the part of either, of the relation in which it was intended they

should stand to each other, yet with all the precautions which had been used to prevent the defeat of this long cherished plan, it was destined in a manner wholly unforeseen, to be finally defeated.

Perfectly similar as were the Venetian brothers in their persons, and their style of dress, in their characters and tastes, there was a marked and perceptible difference. Angelo was gay, light-hearted, impetuous—a lover of novelty, and a worshipper of woman's beauty, tuning his guitar beneath the window of many a high-born maiden, and winning bright smiles and soft hearts wherever he whispered his flattering words—ever ready also, to enter into the wild revels of his young associates, with an eager and hilarious joy that rendered him a coveted companion to the reckless and the pleasure-loving. But impassioned and enthusiastic to a fault, he was constant in nothing save his deep, unchangeable love for Ziani. In this, there was no variability,—no shadow ever for an instant darkened the bright and lucid stream of fraternal affection that flowed on fuller, and deeper, and broader, as the brothers passed from the sunny fields of boyhood, to the wider and richer landscape that stretched far away before the expanding vision of the man.

His first interview with Isaura was in the presence of her father, and of others, who were guests at the palace, and it is scarcely necessary to say, that, with a temperament, so ardent, Angelo was at once enslaved by her rare and exquisite beauty. This might have proved, perhaps, versatile as was his nature, but a passing tribute of admiration, had not his interest in her been heightened by the mysterious emotion with which she received his first greeting and attentions. The tender expression of her eye, as it timidly encountered his, the heightened colour of her cheek, and the quick heaving of her snowy bosom, as he gently addressed her, could not escape his notice, and while such tokens of interest awakened his surprise, a thrill of exquisite rapture ran through his frame, and the dawning passion that was then enkindled, promised, unlike his usual emotions, to vie in depth and constancy with the love which he cherished for Ziani. When Angelo returned home, his father, having observed with joy the impression he had received from Isaura, no longer hesitated to inform him of the relation, in which from childhood they had stood to each other,—a communication which he heard with overwhelming delight; it at once sanctioned the indulgence of his passion, and explained to him the emotion of Isaura, that could, he thought, only be attributed to her previous knowledge of their betrothment; and seemed an evidence that she regarded it, at least, without displeasure.

On the following morning his glad anticipations of again meeting her were disappointed by the painful intelligence, that during the night preceding, she had been seized with an alarming illness.

and to enhance his anxiety, for several days her situation continued extremely critical; and even when her physicians pronounced the dangerous crisis to be past, her health remained so extremely delicate, that for several weeks she was not permitted to leave her apartments. During this weary interval, Angelo fed his fancy with sweet thoughts of her image, till his love became an absorbing and all-engrossing sentiment, and when she began to recover, he lingered night after night beneath her balcony, gazing intently upward, or softly touching his guitar to the love-breathing strains of his enamoured heart.

Only once,—and ill could he endure the cruel banishment,—but only once, was he permitted to see her before the birth-night fête, and that was on the evening which immediately preceded it; and then, he thought her changed—as beautiful as ever, though her lovely cheek was pale from recent illness,—but there was a nameless something wanting, that he had found in her before. The charm, the glow, that like the soft flush of a summer sunset, had lent character, and tenderness to her beauty, was gone—she seemed cold, and passionless, and exquisite, as the statue which the tears and prayers of Pygmalion warmed into life—but less sensitive than that; for still and silent she sat, while the ardent Angelo poured his words of passion on her ear,—they called no blush of rapture to her cheek, nor won an answering glance of tenderness from her sad and downcast eyes. But when he spoke of his brother,—when he said that on the coming eve he would bring one to plead for him so like himself, that she could scarcely choose between the two, a torrent of vivid crimson dyed her cheek, and brow, and neck, and raising her startled eyes, she turned and scanned his person with a perplexed and troubled gaze, that he knew not how to interpret, though succeeding circumstances too soon and faithfully, revealed to him its meaning.

Ziani Justiniani, was in character almost the total reverse of his impetuous brother—some traits, indeed, they possessed in common, for both were high-souled and generous; but in Ziani, these qualities were the fruit of lofty principle, early instilled into a well-regulated, sensitive and discerning mind; in Angelo, they too often sprang from a reckless and confiding nature. Gentle and retiring, Ziani loved to live apart from the world,—to dwell amid the calm ministries of nature, to feed his love of the beautiful and the grand, by the contemplation of her ever varying charms; or to mature and refine his taste for the fine arts, by the study of those inspirations of genius, which the hand of the gifted had portrayed on the breathing canvas, or stamped with power and beauty on the shapeless marble. Every living thing loved him, for his eye beamed love on all. But it was reserved for one alone, and she the betrothed of Angelo, to waken the music of

these secret and mysterious chords, which if rightly touched, and with a cunning hand, respond divinest harmony.

One day, in a listless search for works of art, Ziani strolled into the small church of Santa Maria, annexed to the convent of that name, and there his foot-steps were enchain'd by a painting of the Adoration, which had been recently placed above the altar. The grouping, the colouring, but above all the inspired and elevated expression which the genius of the artist had thrown into the whole piece, transfixed and enraptured him. Day after day he returned to the delightful study of this picture; but shortly it was superseded by an object of even deeper interest, that as constantly drew thither, and absorbed his gaze. He had on two occasions, when the church was nearly vacant, surprised a young girl at her devotions before the altar, whom he knew from her dress, to be a boarder in the convent. The first time, he had scarcely observed her, till, as he brushed past her to attain the point whence his pious gaze could be seen in the most favourable light, she rose, and abruptly retreated through a private door into the interior of the building; but even then, the graceful shape, the airy step, the lovely face, beautiful as an unfolding flower, though seen imperfectly through the envious veil, did not escape the eye of Ziani.

A new attraction, an undefined hope, now brought him, daily as the morning and evening came, to the church of Santa Maria, and within a day or two, he again beheld the fair unknown, kneeling on the steps of the altar. He did not approach to disturb her, but he assumed a position at no great distance from her, and when at length she rose, their eyes met. Deep blushes overspread her face, and she moved hastily away, but as she passed a projecting pillar, some object on its surface caught her veil, and that lovely head was bared to his enraptured gaze. For an instant emotion rendered him powerless to move, then roused by her ineffectual efforts to disengage the veil, he sprang forward, caught it from whence it hung, and by an involuntary impulse pressing it to his lips, knelt and returned it to her. Her hand trembled as she received it from his, and her lips moved as though she would express her thanks for his courtesy; but no sound issued from them, yet her eyes, which for an instant encountered his, beamed with an eloquence not to be misunderstood,—and that glance, those beautiful blushes, were for long weeks after, his dream by night, his thought by day, nurturing and strengthening the passion which was enkindled, to expire only with his life.

It was many days before Ziani again beheld that lovely vision, though he ceased not to haunt the consecrated place where it had dawned upon him—night after night returned and brought him disappointment, yet still he hoped on, but never spoke

not even to Angelo, of the new and sweet emotions that had waked within his heart. To him, they seemed too pure and hallowed to be made the subject of discussion, and so he shrouded the image of his loved one within his soul's most secret cell, brooding over it in silent rapture, and folding around it his own sweet thoughts, to guard it with jealous care from the scrutiny of every prying eye,—even as the rose, when the chill evening approaches, closes her soft petals over the tender germ which she carries in her bosom, to protect it from the too rude contact of the night-breeze or the dews.

At length one eve,—it was that which preceded the holy festival of Christmas,—he had lingered later than usual in the church, till the purple twilight stealing on, poured through the narrow stained windows its many changing hues, deepening and darkening till the light, upon the altars, and before the shrines of the saints, alone rescued the interior of the church from almost total darkness. Ziani looked around him, the last worshipper had departed, and he also was in the act of retreating, when a chorus of female voices, singing the vesper hymn, fell upon his ear, and arrested his purpose. The music swelled into sweet distinctness as it approached, and Ziani had scarcely time to retreat behind the pillar against which he had so long abstractedly leaned, when the private door communicating with the convent opened, and a procession of young girls, led by two noviciates, entered the church. They were all laden with flowers, and when the hymn was ended, they began, under the direction of the novices, to dress the high altar for the midnight mass.

Ziani glanced rapidly over the lovely train, and he saw there the young, the beautiful, the high-born—but his eye dwelt only, with a lingering and insatiate gaze, on one bright form, that of the angelic girl, who had stirred to their very depths, the slumbering emotions of his soul. Motionless he remained, watching her every gesture as she stood in that soft light, with flowers less fair than herself, shedding their beauty and fragrance around her, and with graceful adacrity aiding her young companions to deck with starry wreaths and bursting buds the consecrated altar. The task was performed almost in silence, for the few words uttered, were whispered in tones too low to reach his listening ear,—and when it was ended the youthful band chanted an Ave Maria, and retired as they had entered.

With the sound of their last footstep Ziani came forth from his concealment, and as he advanced towards the altar, admiring the tasteful arrangement of its flowers, his eye fell on a missal, which he had seen his beautiful incognita lay upon a pedestal, shortly after her entrance to the church—she had forgotten to take it away with her. His seized it with trembling eagerness, and holding it to the light, opened its illuminated pages, and on the

smooth vellum of the first, he read, written in golden letters, the name of Isaura Urseolo. A thrill of joy ran through his frame as he pressed the precious volume with mute rapture to his heart. The revelation which it had made to him of her name and rank, gave glad assurance to his love, for was she not his equal in birth, in station—the daughter of his father's dearest friend, and wherefore should he not woo, and win her if he might? Alas, he knew not then of the barrier which fate had placed between him and this fond hope.

Rapt in a sweet reverie, Ziani still stood, clasping the treasured volume to his heart, when the sound of an unclosing door aroused him, and looking up the lovely object of his thoughts again entered the church. She had returned for her missal, and not immediately perceiving it, she glided forward, yet with a timid step, and cast round a hurried glance in search of the forgotten book. As yet she had not been conscious of his presence, but as he now stepped irresolutely towards her, a faint shriek burst from her lips, the colour forsook her cheek, and she turned to fly. His low, respectful voice, entreating her to pause, arrested her steps. She looked back, and when she saw her missal in his hand, and recognized the striking form and noble features of the young cavalier, whose image, since their first encounter in the church, had stamped itself indelibly upon her soul, a burning blush crimsoned her cheek and brow, and trembling with emotion and surprise, she grasped the railing of the altar for support.

Ziani was not less agitated, but the moments were precious, and with an air of the humblest reverence he approached and rested to her the book,—not a syllable could his faltering lips utter, but the thrilling glance of his dark impassioned eye expressed more eloquently than any language, the homage and devotion of his heart. Two peasants at this moment entered the church, and stood crossing themselves at the font; Isaura started, and the hue of her soft cheek varied as rapidly as the changing tints of the sunset sky,—her breath came quick, and with a sudden movement she retreated towards the door. Ziani followed her—it was an irresistible impulse which led him to dare so far, nay, even to grasp the folds of her robe in his eagerness to detain her, while in tones of the most tender and earnest entreaty he softly said:

“Lady, forgive me—forgive me, I humbly beseech you,—but ah, depart not hence, till you have breathed one word, to tell me this meeting shall not be our last.”

“Not here, not here?” murmured the soft voice of Isaura, as casting a terrified look towards those, who were now advancing up the aisle, she struggled to depart.

“Then where?” he passionately asked, “I cannot leave you without hope—the hope of a speedy

interview, where I may learn from your own lips whether my heart's homage is destined to be spurned or prized."

The overwhelming confusion of Isaura at this earnest and rapid appeal, rendered her powerless to reply—in vain she attempted it; the words died on her trembling lips—but again Ziani entreated, and she succeeded in saying, though in broken and scarcely articulate accents,—

"In a few days I shall quit the convent,—and if—if you—if my father——" She was too much embarrassed to proceed, and before she could recover herself, the door against which she leaned was unclosed, when casting one look of mingled tenderness and entreaty, upon Ziani, she fled, terrified, away.

It was only an old lay sister, deaf and nearly blind, who came to replenish the wax tapers on the altar, and as she passed on, her dim perceptions took no cognizance of Ziani, who at that moment would scarcely have moved, had the lady superior herself appeared before him. There he stood spell-bound on the spot where the beautiful Isaura had left him, recalling the broken accents of her soft voice, and treasuring up the brief glances of these tender eyes, which seemed to give his heart the sweet assurance that its cherished hopes were not lavished in vain. A few minutes he remained thus, then with a deep-drawn sigh slowly turned and departed from the church.

Ziani's blissful reverie was at its height when on his return home, his gondola touched the steps of the Justiniani palace. Lightly he ascended them, but he found the magnificent apartments thronged with the gay and the beautiful, and his heart, nursing one sweet and lovely image, longed for solitude; so, before the evening had worn half away, he stole from the lighted rooms, and wandering into the cool and fragrant garden, hid himself in a quiet bower, round which the jessamine twined its flowery arms, and created, even at mid-day, a soft twilight within its sweet embrace.

Not long, however, was Ziani left to the quiet enjoyment of his chosen retreat. Voices were heard coming down the walk, and as they approached the bower, he recognised that of his father in one of the speakers—and the other, the import of a few sentences which reached his ear as they paused beneath a tulip tree, soon informed him, was the Count Urseolo—the father of his divine Isaura. He would have come forth from his concealment, but the words that he had heard, paralyzed every energy. How terrible they were! like the rushing torrent which has burst its banks and whelms in its fearful might every bright and beautiful feature of the landscape,—or the searing flash of the lightning, that smites with sudden death the lovely things of life,—so fell these blighting words on the stricken heart of Ziani.

It was the subject of Angelo's union with Isaura which he heard discussed. The agreement which for years had existed between the parents, the proposition to ratify the contract as soon as possible after Isaura's return from the convent, the details respecting the future establishment of the youthful pair, and every circumstance connected with the subject, were dwelt upon and canvassed with a torturing minuteness, that harrowed up the soul of the unhappy lover, and like a blasting mildew blackened and destroyed his fairest buds of hope. Yet there he sat, his face buried in his folded arms, the image of desponding wretchedness, long, long, after the voices of the speakers had passed beyond the sound of his ear,—a strange fascination had chained him to the spot and made him drink in greedily every fatal word that confirmed the ruin of his happiness. Only one thing he desired to know, which he had not learned—whether Angelo was yet informed of the destiny designed for him, or if he was to be kept in ignorance, till a personal interview between the parties should produce such favourable impression, as would make them voluntary agents in accomplishing the wishes of their parents.

At all events, Ziani's hopes were ended. It was not for him to contravene the long cherished plans of those who gave him life, or to usurp by treachery the prosperous fortunes of his brother. He might have won Isaura for himself,—nay, the soft tale told by those lovely eyes, whispered him how nearly he had done so already—but what availed it? Her hand was destined for Angelo, and could he wish the brother whom he loved, to wed a soulless bride? Never! and far away, he cast the base ungenerous thought. For himself, he would see her no more, heaven should henceforth engross his affections, and the shade of the cloister, hide his struggles and his griefs from every eye. He had ever cherished a predilection for a religious life, and this first disappointment of the heart, fixed his resolution to embrace it. Then, he thought of the pang which his desertion might possibly occasion to Isaura,—yet to his humble and unselfish heart it seemed like vanity to believe that she could mourn long or deeply for one, who as yet had stood before her only as a stranger,—or to believe that the gay and brilliant Angelo would not shortly efface from her mind all tender emotions, save those awakened by himself. Indeed, aware of the perfect similarity of person, which existed between himself and his brother, and knowing that even among familiar friends they often passed for each other, he entertained a secret and romantic hope, that, never having seen them together, Angelo might appear to Isaura the same with him, who she had met in the church, and as such, might secure the conquest of the heart, in which, he could not avoid believing, he had first created an interest.

And this hope, when in the presence of parents

and guests, Angelo was first presented to the young Isaura, gave promise of fulfilment. She heard the same voice which in such thrilling and impassioned accents had once addressed her in the church of Santa Maria, and as she raised her timid eyes to answer the salutation, she recognized, as she supposed, the handsome features and graceful figure of the young cavalier, who had stolen into her heart and left his image there beyond her power to displace it. She started with surprise and pleasure, the delicate hue of her cheek deepened with emotion, and her eyes met his with a tender glance of glad, yet bashful recognition—yet, as the evening wore on, there was somewhat in the manner and conversation of Angelo, that disappointed her. She shrank from his brilliant repartee, and his gay laugh chilled her—for the sweet seriousness, the gentle dignity, visible even in the deportment of Ziani, had not escaped her observation; and during those brief and silent interviews that occurred in the church, she had rightly divined his character, and it was one in perfect contrast to that now exhibited by him, who in exterior, seemed the same.

When, therefore, she was informed by her father, that she was to look upon the young Justiniani as her affianced husband, she felt that her heart did not warm towards him as it should, and she marvelled at its coldness, when once it throbbled almost to bursting if but his shadow, for she thought it his, crossed the marble pavement of the church. The agitation of her mind, combined with some latent causes, hastened the illness, which for several weeks forbade a second interview with her lover, and in this interval doubt had strengthened to certainty—for she learned from her women, that Angelo had a brother who strongly resembled him.—but how perfect the likeness was, she could not know, or believe, without ocular demonstration. The feeling, however, that Angelo was not the stranger of the church, amounted to certainty in her mind, and tintured her manner with a coldness and reserve, when next she saw him, which could not escape his notice. But it did not pain him so much as her emotion, when he spoke of his brother,—there was a mystery in her embarrassment, her mantling blushes, that awakened dark thoughts in his mind, and a secret distrust, that had never before mingled with his affection for Ziani. He had of late been so absorbed in his newly awakened passion, that he had scarcely heeded the sadness, and absence of his brother. But now he recalled some instances in which he had noted the former, and remembered that almost his whole time Ziani had recently spent with the monks of San Francesco, that he shunned society and had never, since Isaura's return, appeared at the Urseolo palace. He knew not how to shape his doubts, yet undefined as they were, they haunted him, and he resolved to force Ziani into attending the birth-night fête of his mistress.

This, however, was no easy task to effect. Ziani, shuddered at the thought of such a trial to his firmness, when he had so hardly struggled, even for that degree of calmness, with which, as a man, it became him to bear his fate,—and long he resisted by every allowable plea, the importunities of Angelo. Finding at last that coldness, if not an open breach must ensue between them should he persist in his refusal, he consented to the wishes of his brother, resolving at the same time to hide himself if possible, in the crowd, and so avoid immediate contact with Isaura; but in case this were not practicable, to meet her as a stranger, and on the ensuing day, retire forever from the world. But he knew not his own weakness, nor was it till he felt himself borne rapidly towards the Urseolo palace, that the sickness of his failing heart, warned him how powerless he was, to meet, with even affected composure, the lost idol of his affection.

Then he made a last effort to excuse himself from mingling in a scene of gaiety so ill suited to his feelings,—but it was ineffectual, and reluctantly he followed Angelo to the palace. But when at the entrance of the principal saloon, he found himself separated, not without some little finesse on his part, from his brother, and borne on by the crowd, till he paused in the remote and silent gallery, where harmony and beauty presided, he felt like one set free from menaced danger, and secretly he congratulated himself on his escape.

None came to disturb his solitude, and as a feeling of security crept over him, he lost the poignant sense of his wretchedness, in the rapidly increasing interest, with which he continued to regard the rare collection of the gallery; nay, for a few brief moments, he almost ceased to remember where he was, and under what circumstances of hopeless regret, he stood in the home of Isaura, when a painting that occupied a recess, and was half hidden by a group of statuary placed before it, attracted his attention, and as he paused to gaze upon it, the vivid recollection of her he had loved and lost, returned with painful emotion to his heart.

The subject of the picture was the desertion of Ariadne, and the artist had seemingly chosen that moment for portraying his heroine, when the first agony of grief for the flight of Theseus had given place to a dawning hope of his return which beautifully mingled with and brightened the lingering expression of despair that still hung upon her brow. She stood upon the shore of Naxos, sending her eager gaze far over the blue waters, in the vain expectation of beholding the homeward sail of her unfaithful lover, and her attitude, was one of such perfect abandonment to grief and love, yet withal, so femininely graceful, so exquisitely expressive of all that woman suffers when betrayed, that one might almost have read her history, by gazing on it.

Yet it was not the subject of the painting, nor its masterly finish and expression, that held Ziani motionless before it. It was, that the lovely face of Ariadne wore the features of Isaura.—the same dark and lustrous eye—the same subduing tenderness softening its intellectual beauty—the same, too, the classic contour of the head, the softly rounded cheek, the delicately pencilled brow, the gently parted lips, full and tempting as a bursting rosebud.

The name of the artist, a Genoese of eminence in his profession, was inscribed at the bottom of the canvass—but he had died several years since, while Isaura was yet a child, so that this singular resemblance must have been accidental, unless indeed the Countess Urseolo, as seemed most probable, had sat for the original of the artist's sketch,—the features the same, but the expression adapted to the character of the piece.

But to Ziani's eye, it wore so much the look of Isaura, as to divert his interest from every other object, and he still remained studying its every line and shade, when steps entered the gallery, gay voices rang through its vaulted arches, and Ziani with a quick and nervous start turning suddenly around, beheld a bright troop of ladies, with their attendant cavaliers advancing towards him. Among them, pre-eminent in loveliness, came Isaura, leaning on the arm of Angelo, but her lip was silent, and a sadness, ill in keeping with the festive scene, rested like a shadow on her fair young brow. She moved slowly onward, her eye scanning the motionless figure of Ziani, till it encountered the full glance of his eye, when the hue of life faded from her cheek, and she sank fainting on the floor.

Angelo's eye had followed the glance of hers, and his darkest suspicions were confirmed by her sudden illness. The hot blood burned upon his brow, yet he raised her in his arms and bore her to a couch. Her friends gathered around her—her attendants were summoned, and leaving her to their care, he approached his brother with a look of haughty defiance and reproach.

"There is mystery here," he muttered in a fierce and angry tone, "aye, and treachery too, which shall be answered for, or the bond or brotherhood is forever broken between us." So saying, and with a brow as livid, as it had before been crimson, he ground his teeth, and passed from the apartment.

Ziani, stricken with sorrow and dismay, had no power to reply to these, the first words of anger, ever breathed towards him by his brother, and for a few moments, he remained gazing after him, in silent grief and consternation. Then, with a bursting sigh he approached Isaura. The guests had left her to the care of her women, and dispersed themselves through the gallery, and her attendants, mistaking him for Angelo, drew back in deference to the affianced husband of their lady. She still lay insen-

sible, and heedless of the regards that might be fixed on him, Ziani bent over her, and gazed with fond, sad eyes upon her loveliness; then gently pressing his lips upon her pale brow, he plucked from her hair a white rose that was falling from the loosened tresses, and placing it in his bosom, turned, and left the gallery.

The remainder of the night he passed at San Francesco in the cell of Father Hilario. His inclination to a monastic life had long been repressed by the opposition of his father, who, as the head of a princely house, naturally wished to see his sons filling high places in the senate and armies of the State—by the tears and entreaties of his mother, and by the strong tie of affection which united him to Angelo—with whose life his own, till now, had been so beautifully blended—like two bright streams that at their source have flowed into one, the gentle and the rapid, yet harmoniously mingled their glad current as they glided rejoicingly onward through the flowery fields of life. But now their waters had become turbid, a wild tornado of the passions had swept over them, and formed new and widely diverging channels, into which they separately flowed.

The scene in the gallery of the Urseolo palace, had impressed this conviction on the heart of Ziani, and made him feel, that to secure Angelo's peace, and to restore his own, which he could never more find among the busy scenes of life, there was but one alternative left him, and that was, to convince Angelo of his entire renunciation of Isaura's love, by immediately assuming the vows of a monastic life. Father Hilario, who thought him designed by heaven for this vocation, strengthened his purpose by the subtle and powerful arguments which he knew so well to wield, and having won his final decision, sat out with him at early dawn, for a monastery of Benedictines, situated in a sequestered and romantic pass of the Tyrol mountain. In boyhood, Ziani had once, when travelling in that region, passed a night with these Tyrolise monks, and been charmed with the beautiful locality of their house, and the treasures of art and wisdom gathered within its ancient walls. Its remembrance had since then, dwelt pleasantly with him, and now his wounded spirit turned towards it as a quiet refuge from the cares and sorrows that had withered the hopes of his youth, and as a safe asylum from the pursuit of his family, by whom he wished to remain undiscovered till they had become reconciled to his loss.

Angelo, in the meantime, was in a state of mind the most wretched and harassing. When on the night of the fête he entered the Urseolo palace, notwithstanding the half formed doubts that disturbed him, his heart beat high with hope and love, as he made his way to the saloon where Isaura was standing, the centre of a brilliant and admiring cir-

etc. In his eagerness to approach her, he did not heed that the crowd had separated him from Ziani, nor did he note, that when with a flushed cheek and beaming eye, he paid his homage to the lovely mistress of his heart, she answered him as though her thoughts were elsewhere, while her eye wandered towards the door, scanning all who entered, before it returned with a sad and disappointed look to his. Then he read its expression, and looked round for Ziani, but in vain.

"Have you forgotten your promise," she whispered, as she inclined gently towards him, and a deep blush overspread her face, as with a faltering voice she made the brief inquiry.

Her tone, her evident embarrassment, startled him, and wakened again the dark suspicions, which her presence for a time had lulled. He turned on her a keen and searching glance, as though he would have read her heart.

"No," he said hastily, "let us seek him,—the crowd has parted us," and as he spoke he drew her arm within his and led her away.

"Shall I again see him?" she softly asked herself, "shall my last doubt be removed! and yet it no longer exists;" and as this thought passed through her mind her emotion was such, that it did not escape the watchful eye of Angelo.

He bit his lip with vexation. "You are strangely solicitous to see this brother of mine, fair Isaura," he said, "what, and if he should find more favour in your bright eyes, than methinks I am like to win, on this eve at least."

"Why fear you so!" she asked in a tone slightly tremulous. "If, as you say, nature has formed you but as one, and that it would baffle the nicest eye to detect a shade of difference between you, neither need fear a rival in the other."

"But to the eagle glance of love," he answered, "the motion of a limb, the uplifting of an eyelid, the intonation of a word, identify the chosen object, though another may discern no sign by which to mark him from his counterpart. And if you, beautiful Isaura, shall be able to discover my brother from myself, it may, it must be, by the power of this talisman alone."

She was silent, but she trembled violently. Angelo remarked it, and became fearfully disturbed.

"What say you, lady?" he asked impetuously. "Is it that you have already seen the noble Ziani, and have learned to know that beyond the outward form, the resemblance between us ceases to exist? Say," he added, with a flashing eye, and turning sternly towards her,—“is it, can it be so? and have I lived to be the dupe of treachery and falsehood?"

"Ah no, no!" she answered, shrinking from his look,—“I know not—I cannot tell, but——"

"But what!" he vociferated, "keep me not in suspense, for now," he muttered, "light breaks in up-

on Ziani's gloom,—and yet it cannot be that he has wantonly deceived me. Tell me, Lady Isaura, if you have met my brother?"

"I know not," replied the trembling girl, yet now perfectly convinced that the gentle being, who had won her heart's young love, was not the haughty and impassioned youth, who stood with flashing eyes beside her. "I know not, yet in the church of Santa Maria I saw one like you,—so like, that when we first met beneath this roof, I dreamed not that I beheld in you another. But when you came again——"

"Ay!" interrupted Angelo, with a scornful laugh, "you then saw in your affianced husband, but the dim shadow of the bright image your heart had deified."

"Not so—I said not, thought not this,—but——"

"In words you have not said it, lady, but the changed manner, the averted look, have told me more than language could express. I see it all—the smile was for Ziani, with which you greeted me when first we met—and it was because I wore his semblance, and plead my suit in the tones of his voice, that I gained even a brief hearing from her, whose heart he had been before-hand with me in winning. Ay, he has made me deeply his debtor for this kindness, and I will thank him, as I have never thanked him for a boon before."

"Ah, say not so!—let me not be the unhappy cause of dissension between those of kindred blood. If I have met him, it was by accident, and doubtless he has forgotten it ere this—let it never more be spoken of, and whatever is required of me I will do, sooner than bring coldness and hatred into hearts knit in the holy bond of brotherhood."

Her touching voice, and the pleading eloquence of her soft eyes, which, filled with tears, she turned imploringly towards Angelo, affected him to the soul, and for her sake he strove to suppress the passion which was raging within him, against his brother.

"I will do all that you command me,—nothing that you forbid, lovely Isaura, if so I may win the hand as the reward of my obedience," he said, and as he spoke he clasped her trembling hand to his heart, with an ardent, impassioned tenderness, that told how fervently he coveted the prize.

They had, when this conversation commenced, paused in a recess ornamented with rare exotics, which screened them from the observation of the moving throng—but now emerging, Angelo led Isaura through the lighted halls, his eye roving restlessly round in search of Ziani, hers also wandering after the same object, though she secretly prayed that the brothers might not encounter in this moment of excitement and irritation, on the part of one. So they passed on, a troop of friends joining them as they moved through the brilliant apartments, till they entered the gallery, where the first

object that met the glance of Isaura, was the noble figure of Ziani, standing in rapt admiration before the painting of Ariadne, for the original of which her mother had sat while she was yet an infant.

Angelo's quick eye immediately discerned his brother, and the passion that struggled in his breast, refused to be controlled, when he read the confirmation of his darkest fears in Isaura's overwhelming emotion,—when he beheld her cheek grow pale as the marble statues around her, and saw her sink without life or consciousness at his feet. Then he fled precipitately from the palace, for its sounds of mirth were discord to his soul, and hastening home, all night he paced a balcony that over-hung the grand canal, watching every gondola that glided by, impatient for the sight of that, which should bring back the false Ziani to meet the bitter reproaches he merited.

But morning dawned without bringing him,—the day too, passed on, and still he remained absent, thus adding proof to proof, in the mind of Angelo, of his guilt. But with the evening twilight a letter came, which unravelled every mystery. It was from Ziani, and Angelo with angry impatience broke the seal. The expression of his eye softened as he read, for its first peace-breathing words were like oil upon the tempest of his wrath. His interest was kindled, his pity was aroused, and his fraternal love burst forth into a brighter flame than ever, as he perused the frank and simple detail of Ziani's first meeting with Isaura in the church—his repeated visits there in the hope of again beholding her,—the accident that had given rise to the only verbal intercourse that had ever passed between them, and the hopes, the tenderness, with which her beauty and sweetness had inspired him.

How he had checked his passion in the bud, when he learned that she was the destined bride of his brother, and how, lest a continued indulgence in her society might render his strength weakness, he had resolved to obey the early inclination of his heart, and enter at once upon a life of religious retirement. He besought Angelo still to cherish the sacred affection that had ever united them, to let no evil report, no unjust suspicion, disturb it—and entreated him with the earnestness of a last request, not to delay his union with Isaura, beyond the period named for its fulfilment.

“To me,” he said, “even were I not voluntarily renouncing the tender ties, and active engagements of life, she could never, henceforth be more than a cherished sister, knowing as I do, that she is the beloved of my Angelo's heart, whose happiness must ever be dearer to me than my own. Seek not, my brother, to discover my retreat—let time pass on, and touch with its obliterating hand the present,—and when we are able to recall without pain, whatever may now disturb our peace, we will meet again. Father Hilario is alone entrusted with the

knowledge of my abode, and through him we may still hold communion with each other,—but he is bound by a solemn oath not to divulge it—my purpose is irrevocably fixed—therefore resign yourself to it, my brother, and let the tender devotion of Isaura console you for my loss. I think of her, as of an angel, whom I shall one day meet in the realms of bliss, and ever for your united happiness, shall be breathed the fervent prayer of your Ziani.”

Many efforts were made by the family of Ziani to discover his retreat—but all proved in vain. Father Hilario faithfully guarded the secret; but through him they often received intelligence from their lost one, and the calm and happy tone of his letters, gradually softened their regrets. Angelo alone refused to be comforted—remorse for the injustice which he had rendered his noble brother, and sorrow at their endless separation, preyed continually upon his mind, apparently absorbing even the love which he had cherished for Isaura.

He had seldom seen her since the fatal birth-night. He viewed her as the cause of Ziani's banishment, and the source of their mutual unhappiness, and unconsciously, his feelings towards her underwent a change; yet, there were moments when her image rose before him in all its radiant loveliness, and he would call upon her name in the wildest accents of passion; and again, the thought of her was anguish, and he would madly curse the hour in which he first beheld her.

But she, poor blighted flower, had drooped and pined since the day on which Ziani's destiny had been made known to her.—Her cheek faded, her lip lost its smiles, her step its lightness, and she earnestly entreated her father to delay her marriage, and restore her again to the quiet of her convent, and the motherly care and counsel of the abbess of Santa Maria. Alarmed at her situation, he yielded a ready consent to her wishes—and the more willingly, as about this period, his own time and thoughts were painfully engrossed by public cares and duties, which the political aspect of the state rendered peculiarly arduous.

Some difficulties had arisen between Venice and the Emperor Manuel Comnenus, who had long regarded with jealousy the vast maritime power enjoyed by the Republic. Numerous instances of aggression on the part of the Greeks, at length roused the haughty Venetians to an open declaration of war, and all ranks pressed eagerly forward to sustain the glory of their country—the rich placing their overflowing coffers at the public service, and those, who had no gold to give, offering the strength of their arms to fight the battles of the Republic. The nobles summoned together, and equipped their retainers at their own cost,—the family of the Justiniani alone, furnishing a hundred combatants for the just cause,—they of their own blood,—and the descend-

ants of those faithful followers, who for centuries had fought beneath the banner of their house.

Angelo partook largely of the general enthusiasm, seeming to cast away his private griefs, while with the ardour of his versatile and impetuous character, he engaged heart and hand in the exciting interests of the day. A passion for military glory and adventure, seemed to have banished every softer emotion from his breast, and more than one eloquent appeal he made to Ziani, calling on him to quit the indolent repose of his cloister, and rally in defence of their insulted country, around the standard of St. Mark. Proudly he stood, beside his venerable father, on the deck of the noble galley, that contained all, save one, who bore his ancient name or clung to the fortunes of his princely house. And as the gorgeous armament, of which it formed a part, swept out to sea, whitening with its swelling sails the bosom of the Adriatic, no eye gazed with more delight upon the splendid spectacle, and no heart beat with a prouder assurance of triumph and renown, than did that of the young and gallant Angelo.

But ah! how vain are man's purposes, how futile the hopes and schemes, which he toils and labours to perfect. God in his wisdom disappoints his aims, and brings them to naught. Such, and so sad to human foresight, proved the issue of this brave enterprise, which went forth strong and self-confident to crush its foreign foes. The summer passed away, and still the Venetian fleet remained absent, redressing wrongs and inflicting vengeance where it seemed due; but as the winter approached, some wily overtures on the part of the Emperor, produced a cessation of hostilities, and the doge, hoping for a final settlement of affairs in the spring, retired with his armament to quarters at Scio.

But here, alas! an enemy more relentless than the sword assailed them; the plague broke out in the island, and hundreds in a day, perished by the fearful scourge. The Venetians were swept away, like locusts before a northern blast, for the disease revelled with dreadful virulence in their quarters. Among its victims were the Justiniani. Father and son, kinsman and follower, all, all of that patriotic band, whose hearts were knit together as the heart of one man, by the deep and strong love of their common country, sank beneath the pestilence. The last thought of the ardent and affectionate Angelo was with his brother, and while yet his mind retained its consciousness, he called for writing materials, and dictated a few words expressive of his last wish, and his undying love.

"When you read these few lines, my Ziani, the heart of your Angelo will have ceased to throb with life. But its last pulse beats for you and for my country, and with my latest breath, I entreat, I command you, in the name of our dying father, not to let the name of Justiniani perish from its annals. All of our fated house, save you, my brother will

soon sleep in the tainted soil of Scio, but it is for Venice that we perish, and as the last scion of our illustrious race, it befits you to forsake the shelter of the cloister, to call upon the church for a dissolution of your vows, to return to the palace of your ancestors, and cherish the desolate age of our bereaved and sorrowing mother. Come forth, my brother, at the call of your departing Angelo, and let the love of the blighted Isaura, console you for the afflictions of the past. Enter with her, who was the early chosen of your heart, into the holiest bond of life, and through the long line of your posterity, let the illustrious name of Justiniani descend with honor, to glow upon the latest page of our Republic's history. Farewell, my Ziani—my breath labours, and shadows gather before my fading sight,—but, blessed be God, there is a world where we shall meet again; and in this hope, I am, even in death, your Angelo."

So perished the noble and patriotic Justiniani, and, says a late historian, "their resemblance to the Fabii was destined to be complete. Like them they had given *all* to their country, and *all* had perished for her; as with them too, a single root was found for their revival. With the Fabii it was a boy too green for arms, who had remained in Rome; a forgotten monk drawn from the shade of a cloister, and released from his vow of celibacy, preserved to Venice a name which was often again to give lustre to her annals."

Sadly, when the spring opened, returned the miserable remnant of that gallant armament, to the stricken Queen of the Adriatic. The voice of mourning was heard in all her dwellings, for from beneath every roof were missing the glad smiles of loved ones, who slept with the dead at Scio. And soon the terrible pestilence swept its dark wing over the devoted city, and the lovely and beloved withered beneath its shadow. They, who had come back drooping and disheartened from the graves of their countrymen, had brought with them the seeds of the frightful disease, and sown them in the bosom of their homes. The trappings of death saddened that gay and festive city, and the music of the guitar, the song of the joyous gondolier, gave place to the sound of bitter woe and lamentation.

Silent and dark stood its marble palaces, but no where reigned such utter desolation, as within the lordly halls of the Justiniani. They who had once diffused through them the sunlight of happiness, and were as nerves and sinews to the state, now mouldered in their distant graves, and in a darkened apartment of the palace, lay the noble wife and mother of that stricken house, rapidly drawing near to the last mysterious change, which is the doom of frail immortality.

An aged servant fifted about the chamber, sprinkling scented waters over the rich carpet, and fumigating the air with burning pastiles, which emitted a strong and pungent odour, while, beside the bed,

knelt a fair young girl, gently waving a fan of peacock's feathers above the motionless features of the dying. Profound silence reigned, interrupted only by the labored respiration of the sufferer, and as the young girl watched the change gradually stealing over the features, tears burst from her soft eyes, and, hiding her face in her hands, she strove to suppress the sobs which agitated her bosom. The touch of a cold hand feebly seeking to clasp hers, aroused her—she looked up, and the deathly face of the lady, irradiated by a bright smile, was turned towards her.

"God bless you, my child, my sweet Isaura,—bless you, for your love shewn to the deserted and bereaved, in her hour of sorrow and death. May He preserve you from the pestilence which they say walks at noon-day through the dwellings of our devoted city,—but I fear for you—you should have flown from hence. Yet you linger to give me comfort."

"Dear lady, God can preserve me here as well as elsewhere—or if he smite me now, it will but shorten, by a few years, a life that has little to render it desirable."

The lady groaned—"Ah, I know too well its flowers are withered. Would it had been God's will that my Angelo might have been spared, to cheer it with his love."

A thrill of agony ran through the frame of Isaura, and she drooped her face upon her hands to hide the tears that gushed over it—a deep groan from the sufferer startled her,—she sprang to her feet, and bent in anguish over her. A fearful change had settled upon the rigid features, but as Isaura's warm tears fell upon her clammy brow, the lady looked up with a faint smile,

"I am passing away, to the land which death never enters—all will soon be over—but there we shall meet again."

She spoke with effort, and Isaura's grief deprived her of power to reply. The lady regarded her with compassion, and closely clasping her hand,

"Be comforted my daughter," she said, "for such, and more, have you been to me—and may God bless and reward you for the peace you have shed around my dying bed." She paused a moment and looked round the chamber, as if searching for some object hidden in its obscurity.

"He is not here," she feebly said. "Why comes he not to close my dying eyes—he, who is all that on earth I may now call my own! give him this, my daughter"—and she drew from her finger a ring. "It is my marriage ring—tell him——"

At that moment a light step crossed the chamber, a shadow fell upon the bed, and Ziani stood beside his mother.

"Thank God, it is my son!" exclaimed the dying matron, as his arms enfolded her, and she lay motionless within their fond embrace.

"Mother bless me! live for me!" said Ziani in expressively affected.

"God wills it otherwise, my son—but for one instant, have you arrested my spirit's flight—one instant, while I bestow on you my last blessing, and my last command."

"I wait to receive them—and my only consolation, when she is gone, who gave me life, will be in fulfilling her last wishes."

"My son, with this ring I received the name, the plighted love of your noble father—if his memory is dear to you, you will place this circlet on the finger of one, worthy to bear that honoured name to posterity."

"Mother, I obey you—my vows are annulled, and on the hand of her who will sustain untarnished the name to which the virtues of my mother have added lustre, I place this token of my lasting love and faith."

As he spoke he gently laid his mother from his arms, and turning to Isaura placed the sacred pledge of an inviolable union on her slender finger, and as he saw it glisten there, he pressed her fondly in his arms, and imprinted on her beautiful lips the first warm kiss of plighted love. It was a moment of overpowering emotion for Isaura; worn as she was by watching and weariness, she was unable to sustain it, and she fainted—Ziani signed to the attendant to convey her from the apartment, and turned again to his mother. She lay motionless upon the pillow, her lips were parted, and a bright smile of triumph, seemed to proclaim her victory over death. He bent anxiously down, and listened for her breath—but it had ceased to struggle—the spirit had winged its flight to eternity—and Ziani, the last of his race, stood alone with the dead—bathing the clay-cold face with tears and kisses, and yielding up his soul to the deep luxury of grief.

In the calm sanctuary of Santa Maria, Isaura awaited the period, when health and peace should again shed their benign influences over the afflicted city of her birth. There Ziani often sought her, and every interview riveted still closer the ties which knit their hearts together. And when, as the cooler months of autumn approached, the ravages of the pestilence were stayed, it was at the altar of the church where they had first beheld, and loved each other, that they plighted their marriage vows, and from that peaceful shelter, Ziani led forth his fair bride to grace the princely halls of his paternal home. There once again peace visited their stricken hearts, yet amid the mute, familiar objects that surrounded them, came fond memories of the departed, to chasten their bridal joy—but though sad, they were pleasant memories—and the voices that floated on the soft breeze, or mingled with the perfume of the flowers, spoke gently of the evanescent pleasures of earth, and taught their souls to look upward, beyond this

fleeting world, whose flowers and sunshine are touched with the shadow of death, to that unclouded region, where the perfected spirit rejoices forever in the ineffable presence of its God.

July 22.

KISSING OFF SAILORS.

AN Irish Guineaman had been fallen in with by one of our cruisers, and the commander of his majesty's sloop the Hummingbird, made a selection of thirty or forty stout Hibernians to fill up his own complement, and hand over the surplus to the Admiral. Short-sighted mortals we all are, and captains of men-of-war are not exempted from human imperfection. How much also drops between the cup and the lip! There chanced to be on board of the same trader two very pretty Irish girls, of the better sort of bourgeoisie, who were going to join their friends at Philadelphia. The name of the one was Judy, and of the other Maria. No sooner were the poor Irishmen informed of their change of destination, than they set up a howl loud enough to make the scaly monsters of the deep seek their dark caverns.—They rent the hearts of the pure hearted girls; and when the thorough-bass of the males was joined by the sopranos and treble of the women and children, it would have made Orpheus himself turn round and gaze.

"Oh, Miss Judy! Oh, Miss Maria! would you be so cruel as to see us poor crathurs dragged away to a man-of-war, and not for to go and spake a word for us? A word to the captain from your own purty mouths, and no doubt he would let us off."

The young ladies, though doubting the power of their own fascinations, resolved to make the experiment. So, begging the lieutenant of the sloop to give them a passage on board to speak with his captain, they added a small matter of finery to their dress, and skipped into the boat like a couple of mountain kids, caring neither for the exposure of ancles nor the spray of the salt water, which, though it took the curls out of their hair, added a bloom to their cheeks, which perhaps contributed in no small degree to the success of their project. There is something in the sight of a petticoat at sea that never fails to put a man into a good humor, provided he be rightly constructed. When they got on board the man-of-war, they were received by the captain.

"And pray, young ladies," said he, "what may have procured me the honour of this visit?"

"It was to beg a favour of your honour," said Judy. "And his honour will grant it too," said Maria, "for I like the look of him."

Flattered by this shot of Maria's, the captain said that nothing ever gave him more pleasure than to oblige the ladies; and if the favour they intended

to ask was not utterly incompatible with his duty, that he would grant it.

"Well, then," said Judy, "will your honour give me back Pat Flannagan, that you have pressed just now?"

The captain shook his head.

"He's no sailor, your honor, but a poor bog-trotter; and he will never do you any good."

The captain again shook his head. "Ask me any thing else," said he, "I will give it you."

"Well, then," said Maria, "give us Phelim O'Shaughnessy."

The captain was equally inflexible.

"Come, come, your honor," said Judy, "we must not stand upon trifles now-a-days. I'll give you a kiss if you give me back Pat Flannagan."

"And I another?" said Maria, "for Phelim."

The captain had one seated on each side of him; his head turned like a dog-vane in a gale of wind. He did not know which to begin with; the most ineffable good humour danced in his eyes; and the ladies saw at once the day was their own. Such is the power of beauty, that this lord of the ocean was fain to strike to it. Judy laid a kiss on his right cheek;—Maria matched it on his left; and the captain was the happiest of mortals. "Well, then, said he, "you have your wish; take your two men, for I am in a hurry to make sail."

"Is it sail ye are after makin'? and do ye mane to take all these poor crathurs away wid you? No, faith; another kiss and another man."

I am not going to relate how many kisses these lovely girls bestowed on the envied captain. If such are captain's perquisites, who would not be a captain? Suffice it to say, they got the whole of their countrymen released, and turned on board in triumph.

Lord Brougham used to say that he always laughed at the settlement of pin-money, as ladies were generally either kicked out of it, or kissed out of it; but his lordship, in the whole course of his legal practice, never saw a captain of a man-of-war kissed out of forty men by two pretty Irish girls. After this who would not shout "Erin go bragh!"

TO ELLEN—AN IMITATION.

OH! might I kiss those eyes of fire,
A million scarce would quench desire;
Still would I steep my lips in bliss,
And dwell an age on every kiss!
Nor then my soul would sated be—
Still would I kiss, and cling to thee;
Nought should my lips from thine dis sever,
Still would I kiss, and kiss forever;
E'en though the number should exceed
The yellow harvest's countless seed;
To part would be a vain endeavour,
Could I desist?—ah! never—never.

(ORIGINAL.)

LINES TO—

I love thee, Bessy, love thee still,
Almost against my foolish will :
I know that thou art false to me ?
But shall I, then, be false to thee ?

No, never !—though I'll seek thee not,
Thou wilt not, cannot be forgot.
When on this faithful breast reclining,
Our arms in rapture then entwining,
Say, didst thou think a breath could sever
Thee from this beating heart ? oh, never !

I will not, dare not think thee base
And heartless, as thou art untrue—
Alas ! one look on that sweet face
Would blind me to thy falsehood too !—
The mask of cunning may conceal
The malice of my foes awhile,
But time their baseness will reveal
And bring me back my Bessy's smile—

Perhaps 'twere wiser not to think
So fondly of a heart like thine :
Perhaps 'twere well to snap the link
That binds this constant heart of mine
But let the wise their thoughts control,
And every sweet affection sever ;
The love that lighted up my soul
In happier days, will last forever !—

Yes, sweetest girl, I love thee still,
Almost against my foolish will ;
I feel that thou art false to me,
But shall I then be false to thee ?
No, never !

ERNEST RIVERS.

ADVICE TO INSTRUCTORS OF YOUTH.

THE preceptors of youth, of either sex, ought, however, to be again and again admonished of the importance of the task which they have undertaken, and also of its difficulty.

It is their duty to be patient with the dull, and steady with the froward—to encourage the timid, and repress the insolent—fully to employ the minds of their pupils, without overburdening them—to awaken their fear, without exciting their dislike—to communicate the stores of knowledge according to the capacity of the learner, and to enforce obedience by the strictness of discipline. Above all, it is their bounden duty to be ever on the watch, and to check the first beginnings of vice. For valuable as knowledge may be, virtue is infinitely more valuable ; and worse than useless are these mental accomplishments, which are accompanied by depravity of heart.—*Shepherd and Joyce's Systematic Education.*

GHOSTS EVERYWHERE.

COULD anything be more miraculous than an actual authentic ghost ? The English Johnson longed, all his life, to see one, but could not, though he went to Cock-lane, and thence to the church vaults, and tapped on coffins. Foolish doctor ! Did he never, with the mind's eye, as well as with the body's, look round him into that full tide of human life he so loved ? did he never so much as look into himself ? The good doctor was a ghost, as actual and authentic as heart could wish ; well nigh a million of ghosts were travelling the streets by his side. Sweep away the illusion of time ; compare the three-score years into three minutes : what else are we but spirits, shaped into a body, into an appearance, and that fades away again into air and invisibility ? This is no metaphor ; it is a simple scientific fact : we start out of nothingness, take figure, and are apparitions ; round us, as round the veriest spectre, is eternity ; and to eternity minutes are as years and æons. Where now is Alexander of Macedon ?—does the steel host that yelled in fierce battle-shouts at Issus and Arbela remain behind him ; or have they all vanished utterly, even as perturbed goblins must ? Napoleon too, and his Moscow retreats and Austerlitz campaigns—was it all other than the veriest spectre-hunt, which has now, with its howling tumult that made night hideous, flitted away ? Ghosts !—there are nigh a thousand millions walking the earth openly at noontide ; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, ere thy watch ticks once. Generation after generation takes to itself the form of a body, and, forth issuing from Cimmerian night on heaven's mission, appears. What force and fire is in each he expends : one grinding in the mill of industry ; one, hunter-like, climbing the giddy Alpine heights of science ; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of strife, in war with his fellow ; and then the heaven sent is recalled ; his earthly vesture falls away, and soon even to sense becomes a vanished shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming wild thundering train of heaven's artillery, does this mysterious mankind thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane, haste stormfully across the astonished earth, then plunge again into the Inane. But whence ? Oh, heaven, whither ? Sense knows not ; faith knows not, only that it is through mystery to mystery, from God and to God.—*Carlyles' Essays.*

HUMANITY.

THE most eloquent speaker, the most ingenious writer, and the most accomplished statesman, cannot effect so much as the mere presence of the man who tempers his wisdom and his vigour with humanity.—*Lavater.*

(ORIGINAL.)

THE FIRST DEBT.

A TALE OF EVERY DAY

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

Continued from our last Number.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT eight o'clock the following evening (Sophia had been ready two hours before) Mr. Ogilvie's plain carriage took up the Miss Linhopes, to convey them to the assembly. Lucy and her aunt, Mrs. Austin, occupied the front seat. The Captain was in attendance on his cousin, to the great mortification of Sophia, who had anticipated the pleasure of his assisting her into the carriage.

Mrs. Austin surveyed the two girls with a cold glance, scarcely amounting to curiosity. They were strangers to her, and overlooking their great personal attractions, she secretly wondered how they could afford to dress so well, as Sophia's dress far exceeded that of her niece, who, like Alice, wore clear muslin over white satin.

Lucy appeared out of spirits—complained of a headache, and leaning back in the carriage, seemed lost in thought. Alice, who did not like the physiognomy of Mrs. Austin, did not attempt to break the silence, and all parties felt relieved when they arrived at their place of destination. Alice trembled violently as she saw Marsham advance from the hotel, to assist the ladies from the carriage—but what was her surprise, when, scarcely noticing her or her sister, he gave his arm to Lucy Ogilvie, and led her into the house, leaving some officers, friends of Mrs. Austin, to perform the same service for the rest of the party. "What is the matter with Roland Marsham?" whispered Sophia to Alice.—"Do you think he knew us?"

"Yes, but take no notice of him. You see he has cut us."

"The impertinent puppy!" muttered Sophia.—"But I never did like him. I perceive Alice and he understand each other."

In spite of herself, Alice felt rather hurt at the rude conduct of her lover; but she determined neither to take notice of it to any one nor resent it. After the promises extorted from her by his mother, she was surprised at his treating her as a stranger.—"What could he mean by it?" How many times during the evening, she asked herself that question.

The beauty of the sisters soon attracted universal attention. Sophia was giddy with delight, and was soon dancing away with a handsome young officer, with as much ease and grace as if she had practiced the accomplishment, instead of being a

perfect novice all her life. "What a lovely creature—who is she?" was the constant exclamation of the gentlemen. "What a giddy romp—how can they call her pretty and elegant?" was as often repeated by the ladies. "Who is that beautiful girl, Miss Ogilvie?" asked the German Count de Roselt.

"The daughter of a poor curate, Count," returned Amelia, with a scornful smile.

"Indeed, is that all—she is so well dressed I took her for a lady of rank."

"I am surprised at that, Count—I thought you knew the difference between dress and manners."

"I did not observe her manners, I was so struck by her face and figure, the ease and grace of all her movements—and only a poor curate's daughter?"

Amelia nodded a malicious assent. "What think you, Count, of love in a cottage?"

"Oh, mon Dieu! she is beautiful. Her face is a fortune. What a pity that she is only a parvenu."

"How fortunate," thought Amelia, as she saw with no small uneasiness her own volatile cousin and the Count contending for the fair hand of the poor curate's daughter. "But I need not fear her—without wealth, her beauty is but a snare to tempt others and deceive herself. How vain she is, too, of her doll's face—how presumptuous of her, to imitate my fashions. This is the second time she has served me so. But I shall have my revenge."

"And so Alice, you have ventured into the camp of the enemy! I did not expect to see you here," said a short, facetious, round faced, rosy old gentleman, sitting down by Alice Linhope. He was the Doctor of the village, the head man in his profession, for there were at least half a dozen of them. But Dr. Watson looked the picture of health, and was so good humoured and comical, that people had a prejudice in his favor, hardly thinking death would venture in where the Doctor's hearty laugh had once inspired hope into the drooping sufferer. He was no frequenter of gay scenes, but generally carried his cheerful mirth into the abodes of sin and misery. He was rich and benevolent, and Alice, who loved the old man for his practical piety, called him the father of the parish. She was surprised to find him making one in such an assembly.

"I see, Alice, you are as much astonished as I am. To tell you the truth, I yielded to the importunities of my little niece, to go to the ball, and

though her mother is here to take care of her, I thought I would act the part of Argus, and watch the golden fruit myself. I see you laugh; well, well—Harriet is not pretty, but she will be rich—this is the worse evil of the two. All plain people are vain, far vainer of what they have not than of what they have. Now Harriet is vain of beauty she never had, and cares little for the wealth she has. Some needy, well-dressed, well looking fool, will flatter her ugly face to possess her money. Now the girl, though deucedly mistaken about personal charms, is a good girl after all, and worth looking after; and so in my wisdom you see me here. “But why do you sit idle, Alice,” he continued in a lively strain—“is it possible that you should want a partner?”

“I have had the offer of half the room,” said Alice, “but I do not dance—I prefer a chat with you, my dear old friend, unless I hinder you from joining in this moving scene.”

“Which only moves me to laughter,” said the Doctor. “Of all fools, Ally, old fools are the worst; could you ever respect an old grey headed man or woman after having seen them dancing on the edge of the grave?”

“It would not increase my veneration,” said Alice; “but rather serve to remind me of the dance of death. But who is that handsome, intelligent looking man, who is flirting so outrageously with Sophia?”

“Yes, he is handsome and gentlemanly,” said the Doctor, “and his face expresses taste and a love of the sublime. But my dear Miss Alice, you must not be taken by chaff. He is a mere worldlyling after all. A man from whom one expects better things—but he has no moral courage, and our disappointment is the greater when we find ourselves deceived.”

“But you have not told me who he is,” returned Alice, who still felt attracted by the stranger’s soldier like bearing and good looks.

“All I know of Count de Roselty, I gathered from a brother officer, who was acquainted with his family abroad. His own accounts of himself I pay little heed to. He is connected with such great people, and boasts so many noble acquaintances, that he would lead you to imagine that he was at least, second cousin to the Emperor of Austria.”

“This is a common failing,” said Alice, laughing.

“His father” continued the Doctor, “was a soldier of fortune, who rose to considerable military rank in our army during the war, which, together with the title of Count, (whether assumed or real) added to his consequence in the eyes of the vulgar, and gave him ready admittance into genteel society. The son was born in this country, though he affects the air and manners of a foreigner, which is always interesting to the ladies; and he holds a commission in the ——— regiment, stationed

at ———. This is his history; you will find him an agreeable companion, for he has seen much of the world, and can talk well on almost every common topic of conversation. But do not trust him. He has smartness, but is destitute of real wit; a quickness in adapting the sentiments and opinions of others, but possesses himself no original talent. Yet he talks so plausibly that you are deceived into the belief that he is a man of genius.”

“He must be clever?” said Alice.

“Yes, in a certain way—but let him talk on, and you will find how soon he burns out, and when his stock of second hand stories and anecdotes are all told, and he is thrown upon his own resources, you are astonished to find what a trifle he is. You do not believe me, Alice, but I will introduce him, and you may judge for yourself.”

Away walked the good natured Doctor, but Alice remained perfectly unconvinced, so greatly was she prepossessed in the Count’s favor. At this moment she was joined by Lucy Ogilvie, Marsham, and her cousin Arthur. Lucy was all smiles, and looked well and happy; she sat down by Alice, and the gentlemen stood on either side.

“Will you not dance with me Alice, one sett?” asked Arthur in a persuasive voice. Alice shook her head. “Oh do, dear Alice, I cannot bear to see you sit still, while we are enjoying ourselves,” said Lucy.

“I too have my enjoyment,” returned Alice, “I love to see others happy, and take the privilege of being happy in my own way.”

“In witnessing the disappointment of others,” muttered Marsham, and his dark eyes encountered for the first time those of Alice. There was something in that look which made her shrink within herself. It extinguished the joy in her heart, and made her wish herself away. She had often pitied him, in many instances condemned him, but she never felt afraid of him before. She turned to Lucy to conceal her agitation, but she too was altered; her smiles had passed away—the tint which pleasure and excitement had given to her cheek had vanished, and she looked pale and discontented. “You are fatigued Miss Lucy Ogilvie?” said Arthur, as he offered her a glass of lemonade. “Let me lead you into the next room, it is cooler there.”

Lucy put back the untasted glass. “I do not feel well, Mr. Fleming, I must go home—will you be so kind as to call up my carriage.”

Alice was greatly distressed. She felt convinced that her friend was not ill, but that something had happened to agitate and distress her mind. She offered her the most tender and affectionate attentions, but Lucy coldly declined her offers of service, or repulsed them.

“What can this mean,” thought Alice, “I surely have not offended her? Let me accompany you

home dear Lucy," said the affectionate girl, taking her friend's hand.

"What, take you from the gay ball? Oh no, I will send back the carriage for Mrs. Austin and your party. I—I—would rather, Alice, be alone."

"Do you really feel so ill—or has any thing happened to distress you? Dearest Lucy, do not leave me in this fearful uncertainty."

The tears came into the eyes of Alice. Lucy seemed to collect her scattered thoughts. "Forgive me, Alice; I do not deserve your kind sympathy. I am not ill, but unhappy. I cannot stay here another minute; good night."

She took the proffered arm of Marsham, and bowing to Arthur Fleming, left the ball room.

"Poor girl," sighed Fleming, "I pity her; she is a charming creature, but her affections are fixed on one perfectly unworthy of them."

"What do you mean, Arthur?" said Alice, turning very pale, as a suspicion of the real state of Lucy's feelings darted into her mind. "Lucy Ogilvie has no engagement."

"Perhaps not, Alice, but I am certain that she loves that proud, stern, young man."

"Roland Marsham! Oh how I wish the feeling were reciprocal," murmured Alice. "This is unfortunate—poor Lucy."

Forgetful of the company, Alice sank into thought. The lights, the moving figures, in their splendid dresses, glancing to and fro, passed unheeded before her. Her very soul was absorbed in contemplating the certain misery of a dear friend, whom she tenderly loved. Lucy had been so happy whilst dancing with Marsham, and it was not until the discontented speech he had made to Alice fell upon her ear, that the pleasing delusion of having at last attracted his attention, vanished. "Oh, why did I come to this hateful place?" thought Alice; "I had no business here. I violated my principles in joining in a scene like this, and I have received my reward."

The music again struck up, and Arthur hurried off to try and engage Sophia's hand, for the waltz which was just about to commence—for he dreaded her waltzing with Captain Ogilvie.

"I don't know the dance," was Sophia's answer to the Captain, who had asked the favour of her hand. "You must excuse me."

"Indeed I will not, you learned the quadrilles without any trouble, you will find waltzing far easier."

"It may be," said Sophy, "but I promised mamma and Alice, that I would not join in this dance, and I mean to keep my word."

"Bah!" said the Captain. "You are too old to mind what mamma says, and too lovely not to be your own mistress."

At this moment Arthur joined them. He overheard Sophia's answer, and was pleased that she

had declined waltzing. At the sight of the young merchant, Captain Ogilvie drew back, and Arthur, with a feeling of pride and satisfaction, led Sophia across the room to Alice, who still sat absorbed in thought. "She has come off victorious, Alice," said Arthur, looking delightedly into his beautiful cousin's face, "and I feel quite proud of our little Sophy tonight."

"I do not deserve your good opinion," returned Sophia, "for had I known the dance, and mamma and Alice had said nothing about it, all my scruples would have vanished into thin air. But Alice made it one of the conditions of her going to the ball with me. I see no harm in it, I am sure those engaged in it appear to enjoy it more than all the rest."

Arthur sighed deeply—he was disappointed. He had hoped that Sophia's own delicacy and good feeling would have hindered her from wishing to make one in the group from which he now turned with disgust.

At this moment Mrs. Austin and Amelia Ogilvie came up. The latter surveyed the two fair sisters with an air of cold contemptuous superiority, and slightly inclined her head as her no less arrogant companion enquired of Alice what had become of her niece. Alice hastened to explain the absence of Lucy, which appeared every thing but satisfactory to the aunt and cousin.

"She is a strange eccentric girl," said Mrs. Austin. "Her father, poor man, suffers her to have entirely her own way. Only imagine, my dear Amelia, her leaving the ball room without informing me of it."

"She was ill," said Alice, "and did not wish to alarm you or break up the rubber in which you were engaged."

"Ill!" repeated the Aunt, with a strong sneer. "Some whim of the moment to conceal some fancied disappointment. A season in London would cure her of these fancies. My dear Amelia, do use your influence with your uncle to let me take her to town with me."

"It is of no use," said the heiress; "my cousin Lucy, like most other women, chooses to please herself. I have no influence with my uncle, and if I had I should never interfere with other people's matters."

The conversation between these two worldly minded ladies was interrupted by the announcement of supper, and no less a personage than the Count, who was one of the Lions of the night, advanced to lead Alice down stairs, having been previously introduced to her by Dr. Watson. They happened to be seated next each other at table, and Alice, who was very timid, for some time received the civilities of the Count with crimsoned cheeks, and replied to them in monosyllables.

De Roselt, who was evidently pleased with his companion, seemed anxious to draw her into more

general conversation. "You live near that fine old ruined Abbey?" said he. "Is it haunted?"

"Superstition has invested it with more ghosts than one," replied Alice. "But who, in the nineteenth century, has the temerity to believe in ghosts?"

She looked archly up in her companion's face. The Count rolled his eyes into a fine phrensy as he replied:

"My dear Miss Linhope, prove to me satisfactorily, that such agency never did exist, and I will cease to believe in them."

Alice looked incredulous. "You cannot be in earnest?"

"I was never more so."

"And you actually believe in supernatural appearances?"

"I do—I have every reason so to do. Did you never feel a sudden dread come over your mind in moments of gaiety, which you could not account for—how do you explain these mysterious feelings?"

"They are inexplicable," said Alice, "and may be considered among those mysterious dealings of Providence, which no created being in its present state of ignorance and probation is able to resolve."

"Then you acknowledge having experienced what I would fain describe, but cannot?"

"Who has not?" said Alice, again raising her eyes to his face.

"Thousands!" muttered the Count, in an under tone, "perhaps not one in this large assembly, besides you and me."

"Then they never have held communion with their own minds, or examined the mysterious chain which connects kindred spirits with each other," said Alice.

"You are right," said the Count; "they will not think they dare not examine these things themselves, though all have felt more or less influenced by them at some period of their lives. Now, Miss Linhope, there is nothing really more wonderful in the appearance of a ghost, than in these strange warnings, or premonitions, if we come to examine the question calmly."

"Perhaps not," returned Alice, "I must confess that there have been moments when I believed that such things might exist; but it has happened at times when circumstances and a nervous state of health have been highly favourable for the reception of such impressions. In sober day-light, reason laughs at the supposition."

"Let her laugh," replied the Count, "as ignorant people laugh at that which they cannot comprehend. In all matters which regard our spiritual nature, reason can tell us nothing—she may surmise and pronounce that probabilities are facts; but in reality she explains none of our doubts; we are still, in spite of all her fine theories, as blind, and as much

in the dark as ever. Did you ever fancy that you saw a ghost?"

"Never."

"Would the sight of an apparition greatly alarm you?"

"I have thought to the contrary, provided it was the spirit of a dear friend."

"I have thought so too," replied the Count with a deep sigh; "but it is not for flesh and blood to look steadily upon a nature so opposite to its own. How would you like to pace alone the desolate heath, to the right of Saint Mary's ruins, on a wild shadowy autumnal night?"

"It would not be so uncongenial to my feelings as you imagine," said Alice. "It is not amidst the noble works of God that my mind ever yields to superstitious fears—my thoughts are too much engrossed by the master spirit, who created all these wonders, to bow before an inferior agency."

"What an enthusiast you are," said the Count, "I should take you for one of my own country-women. But stay a moment, and do not let us lose sight of our argument: suppose you had to watch alone, amid the ruins of the Abbey, on such a night as we have described—would your mental courage preserve you from the assaults of fear?"

"I doubt not."

"Of what would you be afraid?"

"Of my own thoughts."

"Not them alone?"

"I should feel an instinctive dread of something, I know not what."

"I can tell you. You would at that moment believe the stories told you in the nursery."

"Undoubtedly," said Alice, with a smile.

"They are drawn from no fabulous source," said the Count, rolling his eyes, and turning very pale. The internal evidence of the soul attests their reality. The eye may be deceived, but in matters of a spiritual nature, that mysterious sympathy which connects the visible with the invisible world, the past with the present, and the present with the future, is unerring. I have myself beheld a vision—ghost—phantom—apparition, call it what you will."

The curiosity of Alice was strongly excited; she bent forward in the attitude of one who eagerly expects the recital of a tale of horror.

"Miss Linhope, I have thrice asked you to take wine with me," said Marsham in a satirical tone; "but you are too much engrossed by the Count's supernatural agency to attend to the affairs of this sublunary world."

The Count's proud eye flashed. The gentlemen laughed, the ladies held their handkerchiefs to their faces and tittered; while poor Alice was overwhelmed with confusion.

"Now don't look angry, Count, but give us the ghost story," said Dr. Watson; "I have heard it



before, but these ladies have not, and my little friend Alice's curiosity is greatly excited."

"The Count does not mean to affirm that he has seen a ghost?" said Marsham, with a bitter smile.

"Never mind him, Count," said the Doctor, "you must expect to find a Thomas or Didymus now and then among your auditors. I used to be one, but you convinced me long ago, that if your imagination deceived you, it was far from your intention to deceive others."

"Well," said the Count good humouredly, "I know that I have to contend against a host of prejudices. I forgive Mr. Marsham his want of faith in an exploded theory."

After a few minutes deep silence he yielded to the urgent entreaties of all present, and related the following circumstance which had happened to himself:—

"When a lad of fourteen I was sent to Harrow school, and had not been long there before I was attacked by a violent fever, which confined me for many weeks to my bed. My mother was apprized of my danger, for I was not expected to live; but, contrary to my earnest expectations, she never came to see me. This circumstance greatly depressed my spirits and retarded my recovery. I was much attached to my mother, and was indeed her only son. Until I went to Harrow, we had never been separated, and her neglect at this critical time filled my heart with sorrow, and I thought about it continually. It happened that I slept in a two bedded room, and both beds were in a line with the window. It was a beautiful evening in June, and I lay in a listless and dejected attitude, looking across the other bed out of the window, and deploring my mother's absence, when my eyes were arrested by a figure extended upon the other bed. A sudden awe fell upon my spirit; I rose up slowly from my couch, and the object which had excited my attention became distinctly visible in all its ghostly bearings. My mother lay before me a shrouded corpse. Yes, gentlemen, it was my mother, that dear mother that only a few minutes before I had accused of unkindness and neglect; there she lay in the stern solemnity of death, to refute my unjust suspicions. Human nature could only bear one glance at such an appalling object, and I fainted on my pillow."

"It was a dream," said Alice.

"An optical delusion," said the Doctor, "occasioned by the fever."

"Tell me not of such dreams—such delusions," cried the Count fiercely; "I have been a dreamer from my cradle, but this was no dream, no fleeting vision that passes away with the morning light to be forgotten. That evening, at that very hour, my mother died. If this were but a dream, it does not diminish in the least the supernatural tendency of the vision. It was attested by facts which I defy the greatest sceptic to controvert."

"I believe it true," cried Marsham, rising and holding out his hand to the Count, "Forgive me, Count de Roselt, for the rude manner in which I expressed my doubts." The Count shook his hand warily, and, smiling, showed a set of pearly teeth, which he well knew were not among the least of his attractions.

"Well, it may be true," whispered Amelia to Mrs. Austin, "but I verily believe that it was invented since the Count left college."

Mrs. Austin nodded and smiled in reply. The hour was growing late, the ladies rose to go, and so ended the first and last ball Alice Linhope ever attended.

CHAPTER XIV.

WITH aching temples supported by his hands, blood-shot eyes, and sullen and dejected countenance, Lieutenant Marsham appeared at the breakfast table the morning after the ball. The food passed by him untasted, nor did he attempt to moisten his parched and feverish lips, with the excellent cup of tea that his tenderly anxious mother proffered repeatedly to his acceptance. Indifferent to all that was passing around him, and alive only to his own bitter thoughts, he answered pettishly all his mother's gentle courtesies. "I am not hungry, mother, I cannot eat, and God knows I drank enough last night to quench my thirst for ever."

Indeed, this latter assertion was but too true. Deeply mortified that his pretended indifference to Alice Linhope had not produced some appearance of uneasiness in her looks and manner, and angry with himself for adopting the plan that his mother had marked out for him, he had joined a set of reckless young fellows, and had spent the rest of the night in gambling and drinking, and was now suffering from the nervous irritability which generally succeeds intemperance. Over all this a fierce and burning jealousy was consuming his heart and undermining his reason, which daily yielded before the combined effects of frequent intoxication, and disappointed passion. His mother watched him narrowly. She saw that all was not right. She read in his restless glance a language which she only too well understood, and she turned from him with a sigh so deep, so eloquent of misery, that it reached the heart of the prodigal son.

"Mother, what made you sigh?"

"A bad habit, Roland. I often sigh when I am not aware of it myself."

"Speak the truth, mother. You were perfectly aware of it in this instance. I know your thoughts, I know that you were thinking of me. Nay, don't attempt to explain them; like mine they were none of the brightest. That sigh spoke the natural language of the heart. Hope may flatter—misery never deceives."

The widow only answered by wiping away the

tears, which in spite of every effort to restrain them, slid slowly down her pale cheeks. There was a long painful silence. The bell was rung, the tea equipage removed; not a morsel had passed the lips of either mother or son. At length Mrs. Marsham made an effort to rouse Roland from his fit of abstraction.

"I fear you did not spend a pleasant evening, Roland, you look so gloomy and dissatisfied. Was Alice there?"

Roland nodded assent.

"Indeed! that was more than I expected. How was she dressed?"

"I never noticed her dress."

"Did she look well?"

"When does she ever look otherwise?"

"Did she dance with you?"

"Mother, you torture me with these questions. I followed your advice; I behaved myself towards her as a stranger; I treated her with indifference, and she in return treated me with contempt. I will never again be guided by a woman in matters which concern the heart. I detest these petty artifices which provoke reciprocal insincerity in those against whom they are brought to bear. She must know that I have attempted to deceive her, and though she never valued my love she esteemed me for my sincerity. I feel that this false movement has separated us for ever. Oh mother, mother! your crooked advice has broken the heart of your son. Would to God!" he continued with increasing vehemence, "that I were in my grave. This cruel passion is killing me by inches. I wish I had not gone to the ball. I wish she had not been there. To see her look so beautiful, to see her smile so benevolently on all, yet glance so coldly upon me. I cannot bear it—indeed, indeed I cannot!"

Again his head was bowed upon the table and his hands pressed tightly upon his temples, as if to keep down the swollen veins that throbbed beneath their pressure.

"Patience, my dear boy," said the widow, endeavoring to take his hand. "Remember her promise; would she, prudent as she is, have made it if you were wholly indifferent to her? Depend upon it, Roland, in spite of all her caution, Alice Linhope loves you."

A glow of hope for a moment cleared up the clouded brow of the young man; but again the dark shade came down and he muttered aloud:

"Love me!—It is impossible! Had you seen how earnestly she listened to the wild stories of that German officer—how delighted she was with his fine speeches, and the homage he paid her, you would understand my feelings at this moment—the nature of the fever that is consuming me."

"This is jealousy, Roland?"

"It is!" said her son with a hollow laugh. "Your fabled Jewish King called it an evil spirit. 'Tis a

fiend of hell!—born of madness, and nurtured by despair. But, thank heaven! there is one who at this moment feels all that I feel, and suffers with me pang for pang."

He started up, and strode through the room with flashing eyes, and an expression of scornful triumph on his brow. His mother beheld him with astonishment.

"It is not of this German stranger you speak—His love for Alice must be sudden and desperate indeed, to produce such violent effects."

"He—Count Roselt—ha, ha! He in love! A man grown old in the ways of the world—a man tired with all under the sun but himself—who acts a part, and most likely assumes a name to excite an interest in others, which he cannot feel for any one himself—a man dead to all but vanity. He in love! Yet Alice, my truly pure and noble Alice, could listen with such delight to the inflated German stuff, which this man of made-up feelings, and false sensibilities, poured into her inexperienced ears. I don't know which predominates most in women, the angel or the fool. Mother, can you keep a secret?"

"You should have none from me, Roland—I will try."

"Lucy Ogilvie loves me. You may well start. The discovery surprised me yet more than it does you."

Mrs. Marsham grasped his hand tightly.—"My dear boy, who told you this?"

"No one told me mother. Yet I had it from herself. Her trembling hands whilst clasped in mine, her bright averted eyes, and faltering voice, told me all that at present she conceals from herself. Yes, yes, she loves me—is jealous of me. The thought inspires me with a savage joy. One woman at least must share with me the burden that weighs down my spirit."

"My dear Roland, do not talk in this strain,—it is cruel and unmanly. Rather strive to transfer your affections from one that cannot share them, to this fair girl that can."

"Are our affections in our own power, mother?" Can you who have loved, make such a heartless proposal to the child of the beloved. Lucy may die with me; but to live together as man and wife, is not in nature. There is a strange contradiction in man, which makes him prize that which he cannot obtain; and shrink from an object, however lovely in itself, which is unsought by him, and known to be within his grasp. In my present misery I feel a fierce satisfaction in knowing that I do not suffer alone. And this too is human nature—given to us by whom? Alice Linhope would tell me by the author of good—the God of truth and mercy, to show forth the riches of his grace. How absurd is the doctrine of original sin; yet how firmly she believes it."

"Alice would never tell you that our sinful nature was the work of God; but was rather the heaviest of the awful punishments which fell upon us in consequence of the fall."

"Yours is a powerful God, if he could suffer an enemy to do this?" said Roland, with a sarcastic smile. "The being to whom I will bow the knee shall be able to avert the evil, not suffer it to triumph."

"Roland, you frighten me," said Mrs. Marsham; "I cannot bear to hear you blaspheme. It does no good, and will, I fear, draw down upon your guilty head the curse of heaven."

"Let it fall!" said the Infidel; "I can no more will to believe than I can force myself to love, however estimable the object may be. Ah, mother! I see you are pondering over a match between me and the good Lucy Ogilvie. It would be a capital speculation. She is good looking, amiable, and rich. Her wealthy connections could push me forward in the navy, and the world, which now looks coldly upon our altered fortunes, would flatter into notice the brave son of a fallen and forgotten hero. Oh yes—our cottage door would be thronged with carriages, and the great people who neglected us in poverty, would be the first to court our acquaintance. Confound the world and all its mean worshippers! bad as I am, I will live and die out of its debt. And now I will go and see how Lucy looks this morning; I feel an interest in watching the progress of her malady."

He snatched up his hat; then recollecting that his toilet had been neglected, he repaired to his own chamber, and carefully arranged his naval dress, and assumed that gay frank air, which was his best passport into society, and awakened an interest for him among the good which he did not deserve.

Poor Lucy had passed a miserable night; she had been teased all the morning by her aunt to declare the cause of her leaving the ball-room so abruptly, and she had evaded the curiosity of that managing lady with such little skill, that she suspected that her indisposition was a mere cloak to conceal her real motives for returning home. She told her in no measured terms that her conduct was highly improper; that she had no doubt that it would be severely commented upon by all the ladies there; and that she had treated her very ill in not informing her of her intentions before she took such a decided step.

"Do forgive me, dear aunt," said Lucy; "I meant it all for the best. I felt ill and low-spirited. I could not stay longer; but I did not like to break up the party by declaring my intentions. You were busy at cards—I did not like to disturb you on my account."

"Phoo, phoo!—I was losing, and should have been glad of the excuse. That odious Dr. Watson held four honours every time. I really believe that

he kept them in his sleeve—and then he has such a vulgar trick of boasting over his opponents, as if it was his excellent play, instead of his extraordinary luck, which made him constantly the winner. Had you been polite enough, Miss Lucy, to have informed me of your intentions, it would have saved me several crowns."

"But, how could I guess all this, aunt? and then the poor Linhopes, would it not have been cruel to have dragged them away from their first ball at that early hour?"

"I am sure I should never have given them a thought—the pert creatures—did you observe how superbly the younger one with the doll's face, was dressed? Did it become a girl in that rank to wear a frock the very duplicate of Amelia's—how could she afford to rival your cousin—the daughter of a poor curate?—I never was so much disgusted in my life."

"It was rather absurd," said Lucy, thoughtfully; "I wondered how Sophia could obtain such an expensive dress. Alice was dressed simply, and looked the lady from top to toe—were you not pleased with her modest conduct and appearance?"

"I saw nothing to admire in either of them. The elder Miss is more demure; but did you see how quietly she could flirt with our friend the Count, though she must have known that he is engaged to the Doctor's rich niece?"

"Is that really the case?"

"Amelia was telling me so—she and Harriet our great friends, you know."

Harriet likes him, but I never heard that there was any engagement. The old Doctor does not like the Count, and believes him to be a mere foreign humbug. He would never consent to his ward, marrying a soldier of fortune."

"She is an uncommonly plain girl," said the good natured Mrs. Austin; "nothing but her money could recommend her to any man." Mrs. Austin spoke from experience, having been married for her money by the younger son of a noble family, who had wasted his substance in riotous living.

The colloquy between the ladies was interrupted by the entrance of Lieutenant Marsham, who called to enquire after the health of his partner of the preceding night. The colour burnt on Lucy's cheek, which a few minutes before had been so pale, as she answered, in tones which were meant to be very calm, but which only served to betray her agitation, that she was better—quite well—and that she was obliged to Mr. Marsham for his polite attention. Her aunt watched her narrowly—smiled scornfully to herself, and taking up some fancy work, appeared absorbed in choosing suitable silks from among a basket full of gorgeous colours, whilst in reality she was intently listening to what passed between her niece and the Lieutenant.

"How did the ball go on after I left it?" asked Lucy, in a tremulous voice.

"It was a dull affair," replied the Lieutenant. "All the mirth of the evening went with you—the ladies discontinued dancing, and the German officer—Count I should have said,—amused them by telling ghost stories."

"The one about his mother."

"The same."

"I have heard it a dozen times," replied Lucy; "but the Count has such a natural way of telling all his wonderful adventures that he cheats us into believing them. For whom did he relate it?"

"For Alice Linhope."

"Indeed! and did she believe it?"

"She seemed much interested."

"I should have thought that she had had too much good sense," said Lucy—"well, I must laugh at Alice the next time I see her. The Count is a good story teller—but in general, he makes few converts."

"How is the Rector?" said Marsham, "I have not seen him for a long time?"

"He is here, to answer for himself," replied a voice near him.—Marsham turned, and beheld the tall spare figure of the good Rector of B—, Oliver Ogilvie. "And now let me ask you, young gentleman, what has made you such an absentee from church?"

Marsham coloured. "A man-of-war is a bad school for theology," he replied; "I must confess, that though esteemed by the world a subject of great importance, it is one to which I have paid little attention."

"Not for want of time, young man," said the Rector sternly? "Yours, if I am not mistaken, often hangs heavily on your hands. However, I may detest the sentiments you entertain, and the careless manner in which they are avowed, I appreciate the candour which will not stoop to deceive. I loved your father, Roland Marsham! He was a brave, good man, and what was better still, a good Christian—I wish you resembled him in his virtues, as strongly as you do in your person. But, I do not mean to discourage you—I have heard much of you from others—much which I would fain believe untrue? I would be your friend and counsellor, and I invite you to discuss freely with me all those points of faith which you now reject. If I cannot reclaim you—I have discharged my duty as your pastor. If I should be so fortunate as to rescue you from the error of your ways, I shall enjoy the happiness of being instrumental in adding another member to the church of Christ, and shall have gained a friend."

The worthy clergyman held out his hand to Marsham, who pressed it warmly, but was silent. He felt humbled and abashed, and when he recalled the evil mood which had led him to visit that morn-

ing the parsonage, he retired overwhelmed with remorse and confusion. As he left the room a sprig of field flowers, which had graced the button-hole of his waistcoat, fell to the ground, but he did not stoop to regain them. The door had scarcely closed, when, unseen as she thought by all, Lucy Ogilvie gathered up the fallen buds, and placed them in her bosom. There was an eye that watched the unhappy girl, a hard heart which ridiculed her devotion; and which determined to lay bare the secret, which Lucy as yet dared not whisper to herself.

CHAPTER XV.

SMALL was the satisfaction which that ball gave to those who attended it. The proud heiress, Amelia Ogilvie, was not less unhappy than her simple hearted cousin. She had been rivalled by a penniless girl, who not only presumed to imitate her dress, but whose beauty and vivacity had engaged the attention of the gay, thoughtless being, to whom she had unwillingly yielded up the affections of her heart. Philip Ogilvie had dared openly to prefer the village belle to the high-born lady, and Amelia felt insulted and degraded in her own eyes. She secretly resolved to cast him from her for ever, but found that she was no longer her own mistress,—that selfish and heartless as he was, she could no longer live without him—that the idea of his preferring Sophia Linhope, was maddening—that whatever it cost her, she must endeavour to crush their growing affection for each other in the bud. But, how was this to be accomplished?—Not by open violence, or direct opposition. Amelia was too good a politician to pursue a course, which would have strengthened the connection she dreaded, instead of destroying it. For upwards of an hour, she had walked to and fro the splendid drawing-room at the hall, trying to collect her scattered thoughts, and to hit upon some plan, that might awaken a divided interest in Sophia's heart. "She is vain and ambitious," exclaimed Amelia. "I can read her character at a glance—It is Philip's rank that she admires and covets, not himself. There is this gay Count Roselt, with his handsome face and military air, and interesting foreign manners; if he could be flattered into making love to her, Philip would stand no chance against him. De Roselt admired her, and were they often thrown together, admiration might end in the determination to possess himself of its object. I will sound the Count on the subject if he calls this morning, as he undoubtedly will, and will do all in my power to promote an intimacy between them—humph!—here is Harriet—she would not much approve of my benevolent intentions."

A plain but dashing looking girl, on the wrong side of twenty, broke in upon the heiress, and throwing herself carelessly upon a sofa, exclaimed:

"What, still alone, *mon ami!* I thought to have found you surrounded by a levee of beaux."

"The thought of which provoked you to jealousy, Harriet. What did you think of our fine ball last night?"

"Stupid!"

"And those girl Linhopes?" said Amelia, with a malicious smile.

"I wonder you can name them with such temper. The Captain seemed to have lost both heart and senses whilst dancing attendance upon Miss Sophia."

"And the Count too," replied Miss Ogilvie; "but his attentions were more divided—he appeared at a loss which of the sisters to admire the most. By the by," continued Amelia, "how does your affair with the Count proceed? Is it to be a match?"

"I hope so. But my uncle will never give his consent."

"But you are of age to please yourself."

"I mean to take that liberty," returned Miss Watson; "but I am not my own mistress until I am five and twenty."

"You will not have long to wait," said her dear friend, with another innocent smile.

Harriet colored deeply and endeavored to change the subject. "Your cousin left the ball early, was she ill?"

"I have not seen her this morning. She knows so little of the world that she would never affect what she did not feel. This country place will ruin Lucy. I hope my uncle will be prevailed upon to let her return to London with Mrs. Austin."

"She appeared in excellent spirits whilst waltzing with young Marsham; perhaps she over-fatigued herself? Mrs. Austin is a charming woman."

Amelia thought otherwise, but she was too crafty to give a decided opinion of any of her immediate acquaintance, so she let the subject drop, leaving Miss Watson to put what construction she pleased upon her silence.

"Did you observe the youngest Miss Linhope's dress?" asked Miss Watson.

"I did."

"Was it not exactly like your own?"

"Yes in every particular but one; it looked as if it had not been made for her."

"Indeed! I thought she became it amazingly. How much do you think it cost?"

"Fifteen pounds?"

"Twenty! Mrs. Lawrence told me so herself—and whispered in my ear that it was not paid for. Only think of the little proud minx running in debt in order to rival her betters; surely, Mrs. Linhope and old Mrs. Fleming are not aware of this."

"I should think not," said Amelia; "foolish girl, I really could pity her the ruin she is bringing upon herself."

"Were you introduced to their cousin, Mr. Fleming?"

"I was, and was much pleased with him. He waltzes admirably. But independently of this, I found him a gentlemanly, well educated man. I thought," she continued, with the same malicious smile, "that he far exceeded the Count in the graces of his person and the nobility of his manner."

Harriet Watson felt that this was said to provoke her pride, but she was too much flattered by the friendship of the heiress to resent it. She hated and feared Amelia Ogilvie, but yielded the most servile homage to her rank. Amelia saw that she was mortified, and enjoyed her triumph. Alas! that beings created in God's image should degrade their noble nature by such low and debasing passions, and harden into iron, hearts formed for generous sympathy and friendly intercourse with their kind. Miss Ogilvie's bright, proud eye, still rested upon the plain face of her friend with an expression of mental derision, as if she laughed at the idea of a man of the world like Count de Roselt feeling any tender regard for her, when the door was thrown open, and the Count and Captain Ogilvie entered, in company with Sir Philip.

"We were just talking of you, Count," said Amelia, after the compliments of the morning had passed.

"I am only too much flattered," returned the German.

"Perhaps not," said Miss Ogilvie, laughing. "I should not like to hear what my best friends said of me behind my back."

Harriet looked her astonishment.

"I am sure if they spoke the truth they could say nothing in dispraise," returned the Count.

"Truth is a word sadly misapplied," said Amelia. "I may consider myself, and who does not, a very amiable personage, and my friend, or one who calls herself so, may declare me to be a proud, malicious, envious, overbearing vixen. Now she may be right and I may be wrong; but I should most certainly deem her opinion false."

"There's many a true word spoken in jest," thought Captain Ogilvie. "I wonder what my cousin Amelia is driving at? How handsome she looks today; but there is so much of the fox in her disposition I cannot love her."

"You told that ghost-story with great effect last night, Count de Roselt," said Amelia. "You almost persuaded me to believe it."

"Miss Ogilvie cannot imagine that I had any wish to deceive her?"

"No; but I believe that you deceive yourself. I am a great sceptic on this point, and would not believe in ghosts, though Dives should return to this earth to convince me of my error."

"Do you remember what Schiller says upon want of faith?" said the Count.

Nothing on earth remains unwrenched and firm
Who has not faith."

"I hate poetry!" exclaimed the heiress, pettishly.

"It requires a peculiarly constructed mind to appreciate its beauties," returned the Count. "I really pity those who cannot understand it. It is to language what music is to sound. I am passionately fond of both."

"Give me plain, sober, honest reality," said Amelia. "But there is some excuse for you, Count de Roselt, who write verses in ladies' albums, and believe in apparitions, which belief in the nineteenth century, must be considered a mere poetical fiction."

"Who told you that I wrote verses, Miss Ogilvie?" said the Count, evidently not displeased with the accusation.

"I am not gifted with second sight; but I guessed it from your expressing your admiration of poetry with such warmth."

"Ah, my dear Miss Watson, you have betrayed me!" said the Count. "When I wrote those foolish lines in your album, you promised secrecy."

"And I kept my word," replied the young lady. "Miss Ogilvie read the lines, but I did not tell her the name of the author."

"But gave broad hints," said Philip. "Never, Count, trust a woman with a secret, without her pride is concerned in keeping it sacred."

"The verses were unworthy of the subject," replied the Count, endeavouring to look sentimentally at poor Harriet.

"It won't do, Count—its no go," thought Philip, and in spite of himself burst out a laughing.

"Well, young people, you have all the amusement to yourselves," said the baronet. "Philip, what are you laughing at?"

"I was thinking, uncle, of a ridiculous sonnet I saw the other day, written by my valet to my cousin's waiting woman, Honor Claxton, which made me blush my stars that I was not a poet."

"Do you remember the lines?" said Amelia;—"I delight in any thing ridiculous."

"Oh no, I should be sorry to tax my memory with such nonsense. However, they commenced thus:

"Honor! I love thee better than my life,
All I possess I'd gladly give for thee:
'Twere honor sure to call sweet Honor wife,
Then make an honourable man of me."

"Well done, John Tink!" shouted the baronet. "If he marries the girl, I'll pay the expenses of the wedding."

"And reward the fellow for wasting his time in writing such stuff, and the girl for her folly in believing it," said Philip. "By the by, cousin Amelia, you have not told us what you thought of the ball last night? Did it not go off well?"

"As well as I expected," said Miss Ogilvie, with a slight curve of her lip, which, however, was like any thing but a smile.

"It was a delightful evening," said the Count.

"I am glad you can be so easily amused, gentlemen," returned Miss Ogilvie. "Come, Harriet, let us take a turn in the garden." Then rising, she took the arm of Miss Watson, and left the room.

"How jealous these girls are of one another," said Philip. "Come, Count, let us go and call on our pretty country partners. I begin to be in love with nature, and natural people."

To be continued.

THE SPIRIT OF MOTION.

Spirit of eternal motion!
Ruler of the stormy ocean,
Lifter of the restless waves,
Rider of the blast that raves
Hoarsely through yon lofty oak,
Bending to thy mystic stroke;
Man from age to age has sought
Thy secret—but it baffles thought!

Agent of the Deity!
Offspring of eternity,
Guider of the steeds of time
Along the starry track sublime,
Founder of each wondrous art,
Mover of the human heart;
Since the world's primeval day
All nature has confessed thy sway.

They who strive thy laws to find
Might as well arrest the wind,
Measure out the drops of rain,
Count the sands which bound the maid,
Quell the earthquake's sullen shock,
Chain the eagle to the rock,
Bid the sun his heat assuage,
The mountain torrent cease to rage.
Spirit, active and divine—
Life and all its powers are thine!
Guided by the first great cause,
Sun and moon obey thy laws,
Which to man must ever be
A wonder and a mystery,
Known alone to him who gave
Thee sovereignty o'er wind and wave
And only chained thee in the grave!

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

THE liberty of the press is the true measure of the liberty of the people. The one cannot be attacked without injury to the other. Our thoughts ought to be perfectly free; to bridle them, or stifle them in their sanctuary, is the crime of leze humanity.—What can I call my own, if my thoughts are not mine.—*Mercier.*

(ORIGINAL.)

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF AN ORPHAN.

BY B. F. M.

But when I see thee meek and kind and tender,
Heavens! how desperately do I adore
Thy winning graces;—to be thy defender
I hotly burn—to be a Calidore
A very Red-Cross Knight—a stout Leander!—
Keats: Miscellaneous Poems.

CHAPTER I.

She met me, Stranger, upon Life's rough way,
And lured me towards sweet Death; as Night by
Day
Winter by Spring, or Sorrow by swift Hope.
Led into light, life, peace.

Shelley.

"Have you seen Mrs. Ellis' lovely cousin, Miss Beaufort," said Edmund Boyd, addressing his friend Frank Taylor, when threading their way, through the streets of Montreal, one cold frosty night, in the winter of 183—, during the festivities of "that right merrie season," Christmas, hastening to join a gay party at Mrs. Prescott's.

"It is a pleasure still in reserve," replied his companion. "I am told she is very beautiful."

"She is indeed so; I am sure you will be highly delighted with her. She promises to be the belle of the season; what a noble, intellectual forehead is hers; observe tonight her gem-like smiles; they are so winning, enhanced as they are by a pensiveness, which occasionally steals over her countenance, that I cannot but regard her as a sweet and fairy enchanter, likely to steal our hearts, my dear friend, unless we take very good care."

"You know," responded Taylor, "my affections have long been fixed, and though Miss Beaufort be, as you so eloquently portray her, I fear her charms, like the moon,—light without heat,—will make but slight impression on a heart so well pre-occupied as mine."

"I caution you," replied his friend "to make no rash resolves; you may be sadly mistaken in your effort to keep them. I, for my part, shall do my utmost to follow up the introduction, so fortunately obtained, a few nights since."

"I see," said the other, "you have determined well, and wish you the success you so ardently desire; in return for my best wishes, I require a favour."

"You shall have it, Frank, on asking."

"Nay, not so great haste, Edmund; *en vérité* you forgot your customary prudence, when descending upon the charms of woman. The next news will be, that from being grave and sedate, you have been transformed into

the lover.

Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad.
Made to his mistress' eye-brow."

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"The favour I request is an introduction to the fair one, who, in all probability, will shortly be your ladye-love."

"If you mean Miss Beaufort," answered Boyd, "it shall be done with all my heart; but as we are already at Mrs. Prescott's, I have a request to make,—you must not this evening pay exclusive attention to Lucy Prescott."

Ama Beaufort was, as enthusiastically described by Edmund Boyd, an exquisite specimen of beauty. As the rose which opens to the sweet breath of morning, she possessed a grace and loveliness bestowed upon few; but as the thorns about the rose, there were influences around her, which checked the ebullience of youth, and marked upon her fair, ample brow, the characters of depression and sorrow. She was born of affluent parents, and taught from the first development of reason, to regard wealth and leisure as of right her own; but by some mischances in the business of her father, a reputable merchant in the town of W—, she was in a few short months deprived of parents and home. Though there were many of kin, to her they bore not the aspect of friends. She came to them homeless and destitute, and they received her with chilling coldness and unconcern, strangely different from the warm love and trusting confidence of a mother, and the affectionate yearning of a father. What wonder, then, if there was a pensiveness about her, which plainly told of ill-concealed grief. With cheeks, usually as pale as the lily, you could rarely perceive that beautiful blush, eloquently described by a Grecian lady of taste, as the finest colour in nature.

CHAPTER II.

I never thought before my death to see
Youth's vision thus made perfect. Emily
I love thee.

Shelley.

If the first love is indeed, as I hear it every where maintained to be, the most delicious feeling which the heart of man, before it or after, can experience, then ours must be reckoned doubly happy as permitted to enjoy the pleasures of this chosen period in all its fulness.

Goethe's Wilhelm Meister

To one acquainted with the many attractive and engaging qualities of our fair heroine, it would not seem surprising that she, though unconsciously, should have cast around Edmund Boyd the golden fetters of love. To none, dared he breathe a syllable of the passion that consumed him. She, to whom he vowed in his heart eternal fidelity, was too far above him, in the scale of society, to allow him for a moment to think of addressing her as an accepted lover; he could only approach at a distance, and worship her, as some bright star, formed to in-

fluence his happiness, and be to him as a guardian angel in the turmoil of life.

Edmund Boyd had gained admittance into the fashionable *monde*, more by his prepossessing exterior, and varied talents, than by wealth or family pretensions. He had lost his father, at the age of thirteen, and though the family was not left entirely destitute by this bereavement, he was induced by the persuasions of his uncle to turn his attention to commercial pursuits. His relative was not, however, one of those, who, receiving no early advantages themselves, hold them of light esteem in others. In his contact with the world he had felt the want of an education, and determined that as far as he could prevent it, his nephew should not meet with those mortifications, which, on this account, had occasionally fallen to his lot. The consequence was, that Edmund Boyd had not gone behind the counter, with a narrow mind and a narrower soul.

When he had met Ama Beaufort in that society to which his education was as an Open Sesame, he could not but admire her winning manners and be captivated by her bewitching smile. But, prevented as he was, from pouring forth his deep admiration when they met in the gay party or the fashionable circle, good fortune, when least expected, tendered an assisting hand. An aunt of Ama Beaufort's, who had on all occasions shown herself a sincere friend of her orphan niece, proved on this occasion to be no dragon of Hesperides; but kindly assisted in smoothing the course of true love. It was unknown to her immediate friends, that on each successive Sabbath she met at the house of her aunt, one who was gaining the ascendancy over her affections, and communicating to her trustful mind the earnest love of a fervent heart. Their love was secret; no idle tongue could lisp their name together; no envious mind could blight the sanctity of their passion. They loved with increasing love; all nature seemed to have assumed a brighter livery. The world, indeed, seemed to them a lovely world, and in their bosoms was a wondrous bliss. Their dreams, too, partook of the happiness of their hearts—they were dreams of love and joy.*

*For a few phrases in the above, we are indebted to Miss Pardoc. We are sorry we cannot, at this moment, refer the reader to the particular passages in her works from which they were drawn. Let the reader be assured, however, that all her writings will amply repay their perusal. Often she seems to say exultingly:

‘Now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly or I can run,’

“to skim the earth, to soar above the clouds, to bathe in the Elysian dew of the rainbow, and to inhale the balmy swells of nard and cassia, which the musky wings of the zephyr scatter through the ce-
gared alleys of the Hesperides.”

CHAPTER III.

To meet, to know, to love and then to part
Is the sad tale of many a heart.

Coleridge.

For as certainly as spring will return after the lapse of winter, so certainly will friends, *lovers*, kindred, meet again.

Life of Goethe.

THIS world, though bright to those upon whom have fallen the mantle of love, is no place for mere fancy alone. If no harm happen to the poet, the earth continues to wear for him her smiles. If no accident occur to deface the artists fair creation, if the beauty communicated to the various parts is in no wise marred, he experiences that unmixed happiness, originating in elevated conceptions. But when it is otherwise—in place of the sublimer beauties, which he has been bodying forth, he meets with but stern realities, and too often, unwelcome forebodings. The poet finds that this earth is not all light; dark shadows occasionally overhang it. We have not sunny prospects alone; light fleecy vapours veil the face of nature, and portentous clouds career through the summer sky. The man of business goes forth in the morning, with a heart cheered by the smiles of the wife of his youth, and a mind filled with the innocent and guileless requests of his fairy prattlers; and these are changed for the vexations and troubles attendant upon the debasing strife for gain. The lover, too, finds that there are other prospects than those of beauty, other fetters beside those of love. Enthusiastic, generous, highminded, though he be, he too soon discovers that the world sells not its comforts for sighs. To the man whose days of romance are over, money is everything, and with Evelyn, in Bulwer's humorous comedy of *Money*, he has learnt that for truth and love to make us happy, in addition to *good health, a good heart, an innocent rubber, a proper degree of prudence, constitutional principles, knowledge of the world, we should have plenty of Money*. Edmund Boyd was not what the world would term rich; however skilled in classic lore, though he had pored

“Upon the scrolls of by-gone times, until
The mighty men, the giant minds of old,
Came at his call, peopling his solitude
Like his accustomed friends,”

all in his researches he had not discovered the subtle secret of turning into gold the pebble at his feet. But where is youth without hope? It beautifies his prospect with variegated colours, and every object partakes of its prismatic hues. It may not seem strange, then, if, after many struggles with his feelings, he determined to leave his home and seek his fortune where best he might. The distant West appeared to him to offer the most flattering inducements. He understood from report—what does not report tell us?—that there gold was to be obtained for the asking, coupled with but slight additional trouble; that speculations were rife, and a young

man of his talent could not fail instantaneously to amass a fortune. He was only to buy some tract of land, which he need not take the trouble of examining, and a day or so after the purchase, he could dispose of it at twice or three times the amount given.

"If," he was told, "you are anxious to better your circumstances, go to the West without delay, and let one say who has been there, you will in two months time not repent my advice; what young man of any spirit would content himself with being confined in one spot all his life?"

"But if I remain here," remonstrated Boyd, "I am certain of obtaining a competency in time; and then again my aged parent——"

"Nonsense," said his adviser; "do not let any silly notions hinder you from following disinterested advice, followed as it is with such assurances of success; think, too—you remember, you made mention to me this morning of that charming friend of yours—how soon you will be able to conquer all her cousin's preposterous notions about wealth."

Edmund Boyd was convinced by such sage reasoning—how many are by less cogent arguments—to leave a master who respected him, and was ready to offer him a share in a profitable business. With the uncertain prospect of stumbling on some mine of wealth, he was willing to go where he knew there would be no friend to greet him, no warning voice to check any inclination to wander from the path of rectitude, where he might without hindrance, plunge into the vortex of dissipation, where, indeed, had money been at his command, friends would assist him to lay it out in speculations, at the gambling table, or in brutalizing intoxication.

Nine months and more had rolled over the heads of Frank Taylor and Edmund Boyd, since they accompanied each other to the party at Mrs. Prescott's. They were now seated around a bright red fire in the library of the former, where books—old familiar friends—greeted them from every side. Reader: have you not found it one of the greatest luxuries this earth can afford, after the cares and vexations of the day, to enter the precincts of a quiet library, where, unobserved by any, you can indulge in those reflections which the hurry of business has crowded out of mind; where if sorrows have compassed you, and troubles like thick darkness covered you, you may still have recourse to fountains of consolation, and sources of unalloyed delight; to friends whom self interest cannot render unfaithful, whose sunny smiles are yours, as well in prosperity as in adversity; where if so your humour is you can talk to the fire, trace in it pictures and scenes of by-gone times, and imagine yourself again with those friends with whom you have listened to the symphonies and harmonies of philosophical eloquence, and revelled in feasts of reason vouchsafed to few.

The two friends were occupied with very different thoughts. While one was reverting in mind to

the success which had attended his endeavors in that all absorbing pursuit—Love—and counting up the many precious hours still in store for him; the other was tormented with many a care, and showed by his restlessness, that the future contained no bright spot upon which his mind could rest with satisfaction.

In truth, each had good reason for the particular mood of mind which possessed him. Frank Taylor—very likely out of a spirit of pure contrariety—had pursued a course of conduct directly opposed to the injunctions given him by Boyd, at an earlier period of this history. At the party at Mrs. Prescott's, he paid exclusive attention to the fair daughter of their hostess: Lucy Prescott was pleased with the attention given her, and, fair reader, you can imagine all the particulars connected therewith—their troths were plighted. Edmund Boyd, not to be outdone, or perhaps influenced by some other motive, acted as has been already described, and from considering all his prospects, came to the foolish conclusion to leave a home endeared by every tie.

"It is most unfortunate," said Taylor, "that you are so soon to leave us; would nothing induce you to stay?"

"Nothing that I at present know of," replied his companion, "unless it were the bright prospect that cheers you—the prospect of happy days, shared by so lovely a partner as will soon be yours; but as that cannot well be, I shall have to rest content with the gloomy and saddening one which at present depresses me."

"We shall have to hope," replied the other, "that the mists which veil your hopes may be rapidly chased away by the bright sun of prosperity."

"That, Frank, is my only consolation; it is sad, though, to leave one's home, even for a brief space, to place such distance between loved friends. What Burton says may be true—that a truly great mind loves to be separated by vast distances from home—but I should prefer to be near the sacred and venerated spot."

"No one can regret more than myself your sudden, and I must add, ill-advised departure. I have been counting upon you, as my chief supporter on that occasion, which tries man's soul—you know, I allude to the ceremony, which will soon make Lucy Prescott my own; and now I think of it, I must obtain her assistance in persuading you to defer your departure; you cannot, I am sure, resist our united entreaties."

"I would be worse than an infidel," answered Boyd, "if, in such a case, I should even wish to do so; but you must not blame me when I say that I had hoped to have escaped the sight of so much happiness."

"As I know," said Taylor "that envy does not enter into your composition, I must attribute your reluctance to remain, to some other cause than mere haste to be 'getting rich; extend to me the confi-

dence of a friend and disclose what troubles that heart of yours, and unfits it for participating in the joy of friends; ah! let me think I have been so occupied with my own plans, that I never thought of enquiring how that black-eyed friend of yours—she to whom one night of yore you were ready to promise me an introduction, and as ready to forget your promise—stands in your favour; well! as your looks betray you, I shall not press you too hard; one thing, however, I must insist upon, the fulfilment of your promise before you leave us.”

It may not be doubted that Edmund Boyd felt the keenest regret in forsaking his own native land, and abandoning himself to the mercies of a strange world, since he left behind him, those who were at all times solicitous for his weal. He was about to enter upon—to him—a new world, to form his opinion of men and things from personal observation, and by his own merit, more than by any early association, to gain the esteem of those with whom he met.

But while to him, there was the excitement of departure, and the hope of a smiling future, to Ama Beaufort, there was naught to cheer the path before her, save the trust of a pure mind in the faithfulness of her lover. It would be a difficult task to describe their last meeting, to speak of the interchanges of thought and renewal of vows consequent upon it. They quaffed deeply of the soul-fraught glances of each other; every object, save that of the loved one, was excluded from view, and each truly felt how utterly worthless all joy would be, unshared by the other.

At Edmund Boyd's request, Ama—though with a sorrowful heart—sung the following ballad:—

THE LAST ADIEU.

“Farewell dearest, fare thee well
And blessings with thee go;
May sunshine be upon thy path,
And flow'rs around thee grow;
For thou wert kind when all the world
From off my fortunes fell;
Thou'st soothed with smiles the troubled heart;
Then dearest, fare thee well.

Farewell dearest! may those smiles
That o'er all hearts have shone
Now smile, and throw their blessed power
Like sunlight, on thine own,
And may the joy that thou hast given,
For ever with thee dwell:
Sweet thoughts and pleasing dreams be thine,
Then dearest, fare thee well.

Farewell dearest! still I stay
And yet I know not why,
To hear the music of thy voice,
The music of thy sigh,

Once more thy hand is press'd in mine
Once more I feel its spell,—
Oh! give me back one sunny smile,
Then dearest, fare thee well.”

CHAPTER IV.

They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.
Shakespeare: King Richard III.

My Lord—my Lord,
I can bear much—yes, very much from you!
But there's a point where sufferance is meanness.
Coleridge.

WE now introduce the reader, who has followed us thus far, into the dining-room of Mrs. Ellis. Miss Beaufort had, a few moments previous to the following conversation, so important in its results upon her future happiness, left the dinner table to attend to her usual evening avocations.

“We had, last winter, a most lively season,” observed Mrs. Ellis, addressing her husband, “the city was gayer than it has been for many a year.”

“I am sure,” answered Mr. Ellis, “that I was completely wearied out with the frivolities of those whom you style fashionable people. I almost regret we ever left our country seat at W—; the more I become accustomed to the life of a city, the more am I persuaded of the hollowness of its pleasures.”

“Certainly, my dear,” said Mrs. Ellis “something has occurred to day to ruffle your mind: hitherto you have never regretted our choice of life in town. Pray, may I ask what has happened to disturb you?”

“I was not aware, Mrs. Ellis, that my answer to your observation could have led you to suppose any thing to be the matter with me; but now, while I think of it, I wish to ask you, if you know the reason of Ama Beaufort's aversion to society.

“I must confess, I have noticed lately in her a desire for solitude; but as she always pays strict attention to all I require of her, I never took any particular note of it.”

“I am afraid, Mrs. Ellis, she allows her mind to rest too much upon her peculiar situation; she seems to regard our house, not so much a home, as I should wish.”

“As for that she might easily obtain a home of her own. Did you observe last winter, the reception she gave to the attentions of Mr. Wallis. It would have been, on many accounts, a desirable match; but she is altogether too haughty for one of her dependent situation.”

“I love her the better, Mrs. Ellis, for her independence; still I hope she may not carry it too far. Of late she has been frequently with her aunt. Perhaps it would be as well for us to call upon her, to consult with her about our cousin Ama.”

“As we have leisure this morning, Mr. Ellis, perhaps it would be as well to call immediately; I hope

we may there obtain some clue to her strange conduct."

How desolate is the orphan's fate! No one possesses for her the deep love, which can overlook, or kindly correct faults, which have been fallen into from the need of a directing mind. Instead of striving to cultivate virtues, which shall counteract errors—errors naturally accompanying the orphan's lot—a process is pursued which only serves to fix more deeply, what is attempted to be eradicated. This, however, is not confined to her alone; but is shared by all, who have the misfortune to be born of those who take upon themselves responsibilities they cannot fulfil. Slight trespasses, which a mother would veil with the mantle of love, a relative is too often more willing to expose to the gaze of the world than to conceal or forgive, so that a character of perverseness is irremediably fixed upon the unhappy object of persecution. A fond mother's eyes, those wells of love, are closed in death, and she knows not the tenderness, the forgiving spirit of a gentle parent. The world is apt to imagine that a woman's heart, free from the unquietness and agitation, the harsh and worldly realities of a man's character, could not be estranged from a lovely female, parentless and homeless. But the particle of selfishness ingredient in man, is shared by woman also. She sees around her daughters, as blooming and as fair as the one who claims her protection; and the spirit of a mother causes her to feel an interest in the latter, while, if she possess not the heart of a Christian, the former may be regarded as a somewhat better than a servant, indeed—but bound in every instance to succumb to the unregulated wills of the others.

Though, as has been before said, Ama Beaufort was residing with a cousin of hers—one, who had been forward in offering her the shelter of a home, when misfortunes had come thick upon her—though she was deeply loved for her parent's sake, and had received every advantage which a good education could furnish; in many respects, she had missed a mother's tender care, and parental advice. To a pensiveness of disposition, which created an interest for her in the bosoms of her friends, there was added at times a certain waywardness, which repelled control. Izaak Walton has somewhere said, that love is a flattering mischief, that has denied aged and wise men a foresight of those evils that often prove to be children of that blind father; a passion, that carries us to commit errors, with as much ease as whirlwinds move feathers. If one, who is blessed with affectionate parents, kind friends, and all the comforts and luxuries of home, is led to commit errors of this kind, unknown to those most interested in her welfare, we may not severely blame our heroine, friendless and homeless as she was, from centering her affections upon him, who seemed to fill the void in her heart, occasioned

by early losses, and who appeared in every light, well worthy of her love. But she loved without the allowance of those friends, whose approbation always was, and ever will be, necessary to make even a virtuous love become a source of joy. Though their earlier meetings together were unknown, concealment throughout was impossible. It was not difficult for them to perceive that a change had come over her. Before, though she had shown no great inclination to enter into the society of the gay city, she now exhibited a desire for seclusion, for which at first they knew not how to account. They observed she took pleasure in visiting but one place—her aunt's—there she was anxious to go, whatever difficulties might be in the way. This led them to make enquiries, and to use towards her a watchfulness, which ended in the discovery of the long kept secret. The astonishment and vexation of her friends were unbounded. They were astonished—because they had heretofore placed the utmost confidence in the trustfulness of her disposition; they had never for a moment entertained the least suspicion that she would proceed in an affair such as this, without consulting them: they were vexed, because their long cherished plans for what *they* thought her advancement in life, were defeated. They made use of every argument, to convince her of the folly of such conduct, and to persuade her, that her lover was not worthy of her. Their arguments and counsel eventuated, as in similar cases, arguments and counsel usually do, in fixing more firmly in her mind, the image of Edward Boyd. But her friends were not of those who yield, when neither argument nor compulsion can conquer an opponent. They determined that she should either follow their advice, or seek a home with those who encouraged her in her love, and rendered aid in the pursuit of it. The consequence was, that shortly after Boyd had bade her adieu, she left her cousin's house, to reside with her aunt. These circumstances, though unpleasant in themselves, did not prevent her from partially enjoying the present, and forming in her mind, plans of future pleasure. Her thoughts often reverted to the past, when inclining her graceful form over the favorite piano, some familiar note or well-known air, in which he had assisted her, would call up the unbidden tear. At such times, she would almost wish, that she were with him, to smooth his path in life, to share his sorrow, or to participate in his joy. The garden attached to her aunt's residence was her most favourite place of resort—there, she would indulge at will in thoughts of by-gone days, and connect the pleasures of the past with anticipations of future bliss. While tending the delicate flowers, she would often imagine them, as smiling upon her love. They suggested to her many thoughts of pure and holy love, of love unmixed with passion, of love required and successful. Such converse was

enchancing, and enrapturing in its influences. All depression of mind was banished, and she felt that buoyance of spirit which her circumstances were not calculated to inspire. And then, when communing in the secluded bower, with minds of olden time, "in antique verse or high romance," this earth would appear to her Elysium.

"In solitudes

His voice came to her, through the whispering woods,
And from the fountain, and the odors deep
Of flowers, which, like lips murmuring in their sleep
Of the sweet kisses which had lulled them there,
Breathed but of *him* to the enamour'd air."

The past was the world in which she seemed mostly to live, and it would be hard to say, were it not for this, with what confidence she could have borne up against the present. The cold looks of friends, formerly kind, seemed at intervals to cast a shadow over her, which created a fear on the part of her aunt, as to its results on her health. Then, her thoughts would recur to the past, in which seemed garnered her deepest joy, and all would be well again. The flush of health would return to her cheek, and brightness and trust would beam from her radiant eye.

CHAPTER V.

The heart is elevated and inspired with a powerful enthusiasm by the sight of new countries.

Anatomy of Society.

"—When we first set the naked foot of inexperience on that burning and arid path through the fiery desert of desire and disappointment."

James.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle—
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty.
Shakespeare's Sonnet.

CHRISTMAS with its allotment of holidays, had come round again,—a day, when the poor man may, for the time, forget the hardships of his peculiar situation, and revel in enjoyments, denied him on other occasions. As usual, the merry sleigh-bells were to be heard through the streets of Montreal, and parties of mirthful people were at all places to be met with. But where, during the festivities of this season, was Edmund Boyd? A year before, and he was well content with his prospects, and joined with hearty good-will, in all the merry-makings of the time. Meanwhile, however, he had met with one, who not only changed the current of his thoughts, but had deranged the plans of his judicious uncle. For, in his anxiety to be able to place Ama Beaufort in a home not inferior to her own, he had gone forth a wanderer from the land of his fathers. As might be anticipated, he failed not, at due intervals, to inform his friends of his

welfare. His journey to the west had been a slow and tedious one. Were it not for thoughts pre-occupied, it would have been a journey the most exciting; but his mind was filled with but one subject, and the new scenes which every where presented themselves were unnoticed or disregarded. His correspondence was characterized by a sombre shade. He gave a minute sketch of every feeling which chased through his mind, and depicted in sad colours the loneliness which possessed him. When about to leave his home, there was the excitement of departure; now there was nought but the sadness of reality, and the anticipation of discomfort, unattended by any smile from her he loved. He would willingly have sunk under his present gloom, had it not been that the future was pictured in bright relief.

Whatever were the feelings of Edmund Boyd, upon his arrival at his new home, he could not but acknowledge the loveliness of the spot, which he had chosen, as his future abode. The village of L—, for though now, as is the case with many places in the west, small in their beginning, it has risen to considerable importance it was then but a *village*—is situated near a bend in the river P—, commanding a fine view of the stream, as it traces its winding current through valley, and through plain, now widening into a placid lake, and anon dashing through a narrow chasm, with trees jutting out from the fissures of the rocks, seemingly stretching out their arms from each bank to welcome one the other. There were then but few houses scattered here and there, through the place; but about most of them, there was a neatness displayed which told of better days, and more affluent circumstances. To many a family in this far-off place, there was attached a tale, which, if known, would teach the worldling content with his lot; but upon which it would be almost sacrilege for us to intrude. Each man has only to open his eyes to see enough in daily life of what is, par excellence, called romance, but which might with more propriety, be termed reality.

Passing over a period of six months in the history of Edmund Boyd, we shall once more and for the last time exhibit him to the view of the reader. He had been successful, beyond his most sanguine expectations, in the realization of wealth; but business had left him but little leisure to indulge in vain regrets of home. By degrees, his mind had become less fixed upon his absent friends; even the image of Ama Beaufort had become less bright in his remembrance. At first, he had endeavoured to strive against this feeling, and was shocked that he met with difficulty in reviving the memory of past scenes. But as the time from his departure from home had lengthened, the feeling of remorse had worn away, and he had become fully absorbed in the pursuit of wealth. How many, like Edmund

Boyd, in the pursuit of a particular end, lose sight of it, in the means to that end. His letters to his friends at home, had become less frequent; their contents plainly told that the heart was not there. There is a law of our natures which assimilates us to the circumstances which surround us. We catch the spirit of those with whom we associate, and are impressed with the scenes in which we mingle. The selfishness of those with whom Edmund Boyd daily met, was not without its effect upon his mind. That selfishness, natural to man is heightened where he is, as it were, cut aloof from society; where he is regardless of the opinion of his fellow-man; where he is surrounded by no conventional ties; and where he has gone for the sole purpose of adding house to house and land to land. In the natural world we find that the plant needs tending, that it may blossom, and put forth fruit. Out of the seed it unfolds itself, and by retaining connection with its mother earth, it derives sustenance, strength and support. It opens itself to the light of heaven, and the budding leaves are softly produced by the air, light and moisture. The successive impulses it receives brings it to its highest destined completion. But the frosts may nip it in the bud, the wind uproot it, and other influences may check its formation. Thus it is with the habits and feelings of man; they are constantly undergoing a change, so that the characteristics of one season of his existence are often the reverse of a former one. Up to the time that Edmund Boyd had left his home, he had never been placed in such circumstances that his passions could develop themselves. He had desired wealth, in the first instance, for another; but having become absorbed in the pursuit of it, his mind was led off, from its first object, and other considerations came to control him.

Had he remained where he could occasionally have seen Ama Beaufort, there is no doubt but he would have continued true to her in all his thoughts. Her beauty was of that captivating kind that it alone would have caused him to have been enamored of her. But it is true, as has been already related, that her beauty was not the only quality attractive to him. He could not but admire one so bright, so beautiful, so amiable; but his admiration was heightened by a knowledge of her mind, until it seemed to him that deep and true love took the place of every other feeling. With some, whatever may be the scenes through which they pass, whatever passions engage their minds—whether ambition, the love of fame, or the desire for wealth—love still holds supreme control. Their hearts like the pure diamond, retains unchanged that which has once been engraved upon it. The mind of Edmund Boyd was unlike those; as the canvass it received the impress of the painter's brush, whether for good or for evil. The colours impressed upon it, at first appeared luminous and enduring, and the brightness was increased by the inherent

value of the colours themselves; but through the faultiness of the substance on which they were distributed, they became dim and indistinct, and required a renewal of the painter's skill to preserve them from decay. Thus we have seen that though his professions of love for our fair heroine were firmly believed by himself to be sincere at the time they were made, and were received as such by her whom he unwittingly deceived, his heart, unlike the diamonds, received the impress of affection but to be quickly effaced. In the place of true love, there arose in his heart the eager passion for gain. Whatever other passions now rage there we leave for the future to disclose.

Omitting an intermediate chapter, the particulars of which are too recent in the remembrance of many to be exposed to the public eye, we hasten to the last scene of this history, where is exhibited the ultimate effects of the events already made known.

CONCLUSION.

Stop and consider! life is but a day;
A fragile dew-drop on its perilous way
From a tree's summit. * * * * *

* * * * * Why so sad a moan?
Life is the rose's hope while yet unblown;
The reading of an ever changing tale;
The light uplifting of a maiden's veil.

Keats.

For as certainly as spring will return after the lapse of winter, so certainly will friends, lovers, kindred meet again; they will meet again in the presence of the all seeing Father.

Life of Goethe.

It was on a bright Sabbath evening of the month of June—that month when nature is wonderfully beautiful—that a carriage was to be seen slowly climbing one of the steep hills of Vermont. Within was reclining upon the soft cushions of the vehicle, a lovely invalid. She was on her way—not to the sunny South in search of health—but to the land of her fathers, the home of her childhood, the abode of cherished friends, to spend with them the last few days of her sojourn on earth. Her course was directed to the little village of W—, on the banks of the Connecticut. This river, one of the most beautiful on the continent of America, whose banks throughout its whole course are covered with highly cultivated farms and delightful country residences, glides through this particular section of the country softly along, as if fearful of disturbing the Sabbath like repose, which here prevails in unbroken interruption. Visit this spot, and if a lover of nature, you will meet with many beautiful objects of her handywork; if you delight to ramble through the woods, with book in hand, to enjoy the stillness of a summer's day among their recesses, or to rest under the friendly branches of some lofty overhanging tree where the loveliness is charmed by the lulling mur-

mur of waters, accompany our fair friend to the place of her destination.

It would be painful to describe the feelings of one gradually sinking into the grave, who passes for the last time through a lovely country, long since rendered familiar. Each object, as it is quickly seen, and instantly lost sight of, strikes her heart as the knell of many a cherished hope. The earth, rich in the promise of a plentiful harvest, may breathe forth its summer fragrance, the brooks with their soft sweet music may meander through the meadows, yet if the rich blood of health course not through the veins, if the spirit do not bound at the sight of the hills and green pastures, and lowing cattle, if there is no yearning to stride forth over the field to enjoy the air of heaven, the sight of wild uncultivated nature, or of the work of man combining usefulness and beauty in one spot, affords no pleasure to the eye. Soothing, though it be for a brief space, it is not so welcome as the curtained chamber, from which the bright rays of the sun are excluded, where kind friends are ready to attend to every want, to smooth the pillow and assuage the pains of sickness. The melody of the feathered songstresses rising up, as it were, in praise to their beneficent Creator, affords much pleasure to the weak in body and desponding in mind, as the voice of kindness and friendship.

One acquainted with Ama Beaufort in the early bloom of youth and beauty would hardly have distinguished her as the invalid above described.—There was no longer upon her cheek the tints of health. In their place, there was an ashy paleness which augured ill for any hopes which might be entertained of her recovery. The light of her brilliant eye was dimmed, strength of body and exquisite grace of person was supplanted by weakness and lassitude; and in the place of sparkling conversation there was the cough of the consumptive. Such were the effects produced by the desertion of one in whom she had centered her first and best affections. Scenes such as these need but to be described to warn the unthinking from tampering with the affections of kind-hearted, trustful woman. The face, which now sparkles with hope and cheerfulness, the form which seems all activity and grace, may be soon changed by neglect or desertion.

A few short months our heroine lingered among her friends—short they were, but full of hope to herself, and trust in the prevailing merits of one higher than man. On the last day of the year 18—, her dust was consigned to its mother earth; a plain marble stone was erected to her memory in the church-yard of W—, and all that distinguishes it from those around is the simplicity of the tablet which points out where the ORPHAN lies.

P—, July, 1841.

WEEP NOT FOR FRIENDS DEPARTED.

Weep not for friends departed;

But keep the bitter tear
For those who, broken hearted,
Are doom'd to linger here.

Farewell!—I now must leave ye,
Companions kind and true!
Think not ye can deceive me,
Or fleeting hopes renew!

Weep not, when I'm departed,
Around my lowly bier,
But mourn the broken-hearted,
Still doom'd to linger here!

Though ruthless death may sever
All nature's dearest ties;
The soul shall live for ever,
Above the azure skies.

LUCIOLI.

“It is a superstition of the Italian peasantry that the Luciola (fire flies) are the souls of the departed, released for a few brief hours from purgatory, to hover round the scenes of their earthly existence.”—*Miller in Italy.*

You tell me, where the fire-flies gleam
Beneath your southern skies,
The living have a cherished dream
That thus the dead arise;
And, hovering round some loved one's way,—
Loved once, and hallowed still—
So gladden with a tender ray
Their path, left dark and chill.

Oh! gently greet the fire-flies' light
If such their errand high;
But can the lost through life's dim night
Thus shine immortally?
Believe it not! too blest we were
Might such communion be:
Earth's children have their chains to bear,
And are the grave's more free?

It may be so; this clay may cease,
In death, to jar the mind:
Life fetters; but there comes release:
Death frees what life would bind,
Then dream, though darkly prisoned here,
Ye bear the bonds of night,
Some loved and lost one hovers near
Winged with a Soul of Light!

KNOWLEDGE.

I ENVY no man that knows more than myself, but
pity them that know less.—*Sir T. Brown.*

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JEST AND EARNEST."

IN a room which, sooth to say, was somewhat moved from the basement story, sat Arthur Jervis. His elbow was placed upon a small table near the fire, his head rested upon his hand, and he appeared buried in meditation. The subject of his meditation was his own situation. He was without money, and therefore without friends, and he was an author by profession. At five o'clock he was to call on a bookseller, who had promised to read his manuscript and give an answer. This would be the sixth trader in brain-work who had done these two same things—or, to speak more certainly, the last—all of which had been in the author's disfavor. Arthur Jervis amused himself bitterly by imagining, with the vivid minuteness which anxiety gives, the coming scene. He has entered the rich bookseller's door, his request to see the principal, after some careless and irritating delay, is granted. The principal is disguised in an appearance of wisdom, and commences the interview by an ominous shake of the head. The book is clever—very clever, but in the present state of the market he really could not undertake it without a name. If Mr. Jervis had done anything before, the work might take; but as it was, he must beg to decline; for the trade would never look at a first work. Mr. Jervis bows, says a few words not very distinctly, and, with a miserable affectation of proper unconcern, puts the manuscript into his pocket and walks out of the shop.

"And thus," thought Arthur, "will it be. Five times before it has been so; and this, the sixth, will surely not be different. If I could only get before the public," exclaimed he, rising and pacing the room; "If I could but get before the public I feel that I should do. The booksellers politely advise me to publish at my own expense. At my own expense! Tenpence would not be enough—and that is about the extent of my fortune: a little more or less,—it may be ninepence—it may be elevenpence! I remember," continued he, speaking aloud to himself, for lack of better company, "I remember the enthusiasm and yearning love for the world and all in it that I felt when I composed that work. It seems to me now like a pleasant dream. Then I believed men destined to reach a state but little below perfection. The prevailing vice, hatred, discord, and deceit, I considered the necessary effects of the existing forms of society: and as these were originally founded in ignorance, so I believed that the increase of knowledge must infallibly cause their gradual fusion into those of a more rational description, and that truth and love and justice would at last over the whole world be something more than names. The present superior power of evil I considered temporary, and designed to evolve the future superior power of good; so I bore patiently with

men as they were, by thinking what they might be, and would be. Charity seemed to me mere mild wisdom, and harshness but brutal folly. This was, then, my creed, which had completely saturated my mind and tinged every thought and action; and under its influence I wrote my first work. What is my creed now? I have none. Man may be improvable; but I know well that he is bad enough as it is—and when he strikes me shall I not strike again? He has done nothing to make me love him—nor will I. Whilst the world continues a deadly struggle of brother against brother, who would stand still and preach harmony and happiness, and so be trampled to death? No!" exclaimed he, pacing the room more rapidly; "I will not constitute myself a teacher of common sense when the teaching of common sense brings poverty and contempt. If I write at all I must write sincerely; and, since I find it is so difficult to publish my thoughts, I will write no more. I will descend into the arena, and cant and cheat, and love and hate, like the rest. If God have given me talents, and I use them badly, and for myself alone, let society alone be responsible! God, who gave them, knows that I began life with the best intentions; but necessity makes me a worldling."

As he uttered these words the little Dutch clock, which ornamented one side of the apartment, struck five. Arthur stopped short in his hurried walk. "It is the time of my appointment," said he, "and, before I go, this is my determination:—When the rich bookseller returns me my manuscript I will not hawk it about again. I will preserve it as a record of a former state of mind now quite passed away. Once I loved men: now I hate and despise them; and if I prudently conceal my real feeling from them, it will be only that I may more effectually turn them to my purpose."

So saying, he proceeded to his little bed-chamber, which was adjoining, poured out some cold water, and bathed his heated forehead; then changing his coat and taking up his hat, he stirred the fire carefully together, and locking the door of the room, put the key into his pocket, and sallied forth.

It was a cold cheerless day towards the end of February. The sky was overcast, and the countenances of the passengers seemed to have formed themselves to accord with it: every face wore an expression of care and dissatisfaction. The streets were covered with mud, which the reckless vehicles scattered on all sides; policemen walked along, scowling, as if just in the humour to catch thieves; women selling apples and gingerbread on stalls by the path-side looked miserable and not well pleased with their situation in life, and when they saw a policeman, or were obliged to move to let some rich and beautiful lady alight from her carriage, they looked still less pleased.

Arthur marked all this as he went on his way. It

was the food most agreeable to his misanthropic mind. He arrived at the bookseller's, and, on sending in his name, was at once admitted.

Mr. Rawlings was seated at his desk in the counting-house. Files of letters and papers were strewn thickly around, and a huge ledger was lying open before him. He requested Arthur to take a seat, and commenced operations thus:—"Well, Sir, I have read your manuscript, and like it mucy—very much. I should certainly imagine it to be a first work; for there is an evident want of power fully to work out the meaning; but there is stuff in it, Sir—there is stuff!"

"Ah!" thought Arthur, "after the bit of praise that every one is pleased to bestow upon me, comes the regular addition—want of name, and state of the market. People can afford to praise when they do not intend to buy. Number six will be like numbers one, two, three, four, and five!"

Mr. Rawlings, having refreshed himself with a pinch of snuff, proceeded:—"But the want of name—the want of name, Sir, I must tell you, is a formidable—a very formidable objection; and, in the present state of the literary market, the chances of success are greatly against a work by a totally unknown author."

"The very words!" thought Arthur, "I could have foretold them, every one. He does not know how often I have heard them before."

Mr. Rawlings continued: "Still, as I have said, I like the book. It is good, sir; and the man who wrote it will do better. So, if we can agree about a price I should have no objection to publish; but you must be moderate. The risk is great, sir, I assure you—very great!"

Arthur was quite taken by surprise. He had given up all hope of deriving advantage in any way from his literary labours. Alone in the world, and suffering from extreme poverty, how could he have refused anything that the bookseller had offered! He would gladly have accepted a ten-pound note; but, in a calm, self-possessed voice, and with an air of gentlemanly indifference, he named—three hundred pounds.

"Three hundred pounds!" exclaimed Mr. Rawlings. "No, no, sir; recollect I've no name to put on the title page. Come, we'll say two hundred for this, and five hundred for a work to follow it; you shall not have to complain of me. The book shall be a hit—a hit, sir and by this time next year the people will know your name well enough, or I'm mistaken."

Why should I relate how the bargain was concluded; how Arthur shook hands with the worldly bookseller, and left the shop—another man! Everything, too, seemed different; the air warmer—the sky not so cloudy, the people more contented; and when he turned the lock of his poor apartment, and entering, saw the fire burning smilingly, as if to

welcome his return, he sank into a chair and tried, but in vain, to think over soberly his new prospects. An entire change had stolen over his mind. The ferocity called forth by poverty was gone. Indignant hatred, by the magical influence of money, had become gentle disapproval. "Yes," said the young author, "I return, a repentant wanderer, to my old cheering creed; and, since it is my destiny, will endeavour, in an humble spirit, to become one of the world's teachers; a learning teacher. Nor will I lose the pleasures around me, whilst telling of those far distant. Though looking forward to a bright future I will not believe the present utterly dark. I have experienced kindness, and will think better of all for the sake of one."

The old Dutch clock struck six. An hour ago Arthur Jervis was not so happy; and now he set about preparing a cup of fragrant and refreshing coffee.

MORAL. Charge not all mankind with baseness even in their existing rudimental state of progress. In ten thousand grains of sand there may be one grain of gold—and who knows but you may light on it?

(ORIGINAL.)

GOD IS HERE.

BY AUGUSTA B—.

"All thy works praise thee."

Go forth and view the boundless sky
 Arrayed in glorious hues on high,
 Eehold the stars that shine above!
 All, all proclaim that "God is love!"
 For Nature's voice in every tone
 Gives glory to our God alone;
 And all his works proclaim his power,
 Even to the humblest wild-wood flower;
 His voice is heard in all that here
 From Nature's harp falls on the ear:
 The roaring thunder speaks his might,—
 The sun that rises warm and bright;
 The moon, whose soft and beauteous ray
 Succeeds the splendour of the day;—
 The ocean's sigh, and cataract's roar,
 The music on the steamlet's shore;—
 The boundless forest's deep repose,
 The beauties of the evening's close;
 The very air that passes by
 A feeling sweet brings with its sigh,
 That calms the stormy trembling breast,
 Like some sweet spirit whisp'ring rest,
 All speak the truth that God is here;
 His presence brightens all our sphere;
 Love's gentle spirit dwells below,
 The light of life's the balm of woe:
 In all that's lovely, bright and fair
 The spirit of our God is there!

A SKETCH OF LONDON IN 1840.

BY A FOREIGNER.

ONE thing seems to distinguish London from all other capitals. At Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Rome, and Turin, the most heterogeneous dwellings touch one another; you behold a lodging-house, a shoemaker's or tailor's shop, close to magnificent mansions wherein the wealthiest or most distinguished people dwell; seldom do three or four consecutive contain the same sort of people, and it is impossible to determine the social station or fortune of an individual by the part of the town he resides in. London, on the contrary, the streets and quarters are built for a certain class of people, and they cannot change their destination. You have such a street where every dwelling must be occupied by persons who spend at least 40,000 francs a year in house-keeping, and such a square as Grosvenor or Belgrave Square, where no one can have a house without an expense of between 200,000 and 500,000 francs, and so on. Thus, whenever any person mentions the part of the town he lives in, you may reckon with some certainty the apparent amount of his fortune—apparent, I say, for how many glittering miseries do not those dwellings, so fresh and so well ornamented, cover?—How many families live in grand style without the world being able to guess whence they derive their money, or the credit with which they deceive and defraud their trades-people?

Now, if London resembles, outside, no other capital, London has, inside, also, its peculiar features, which is scarcely to be seen out of the British islands. In general there are three ways of living in London—family life, club life, and bachelor's life. Let us say something of the two last.

The clubs, of which the regulations of Geneva *cercles* may give an idea, are immense buildings, constructed most of them with extravagant splendour. Those establishments contain all that is necessary to the most comfortable isolated life. Immense drawing-rooms, perfectly warmed; a library in which all the new publications and an excellent selection of old works are assembled, and all the newspapers of the globe; handsome drawing-rooms, admirable kitchens; numerous servants, in elegant liveries, always at one's command; baths and dressing-rooms; nothing is wanted to you for an annual contribution of a hundred or a hundred and fifty francs. Every club consists of between three and five hundred members, who are brought together by common political views, professions, pursuits, or tastes. Extreme severity is observed in the admission of new members, so that union and order always prevail in those establishments. The frequenters of a club have in general a small apartment at a short distance from it; they sleep and breakfast there, and then spend the day, dine and play at the club, unless they spend their evening at the the-

atre or at parties. For a moderate sum a man procures all the *douceurs* which require a large fortune when one wishes to have them to oneself in one's own home; but that organization promotes, to a prodigious degree, the English nation's tendency to egotism, and indefinitely increases the number of bachelors, young or old, whose influence over society is mischievous, not to say more.

The life of bachelors is very different, it is to be found more particularly among the secretaries of the various government offices, commercial agents, clerks, and young merchants. Three or four young men, after maturely studying their tempers and tastes, take two or three servants, and divide between them the task of carrying on the *menage*.

In the morning they breakfast together, chat half an hour, and then each goes out, betakes himself to his business, and remains a perfect stranger to his companions till six o'clock, when, the offices being closed, the associate bachelors meet for dinner, but seldom alone, for every person has a right to invite his friends. The evening passes thus, and always in an interesting manner, for the circle of each's acquaintance being very different, anecdotes and the day's news are derived from various sources, and uniformity cannot exist in such a way of living. By this means each of the associates lives in circumstances four times more comfortable than if he lived alone. I know some of those bachelor *menages* which cost £600 a-year; each member paying £200 or £150 a-year, according to their number, and enjoying the advantages of an establishment which would almost require a fortune. This sort of life, besides the pleasantness it procures, is far from detrimental to the connections which bachelors form later, when their circumstances permit them to think of marrying in a rational manner, for the ladies agree that very often the best husbands are those who have lived thus for some years. In the bachelor *menages* one learns to love home, and know what housekeeping costs; one is compelled to adapt one's temper and a part of one's tastes to those of one's partners, in order to maintain peace and harmony; and, in general, what is there required more to render a married couple happy.

And now, though I should be accused of *engouement* and prejudice, I declare that, in my humble opinion, there exists not in the world a domestic life happier than that of the English. Every thing in material and social life is concentrated in the word *family*. If you admit the principle, unfortunately proved by experience, that immorality increases in a direct ratio with the density of population—if you must allow that in all capitals ties of affection and moral feeling are looser than in places of minor importance—you will confess that London is of all cities in the world that where domestic life is most honoured, where the love of home and what it yields has become a sort of worship, and where every

thing tends to develope and strengthen it; you will, I say, confess that the institutions which yield such a result are worthy of the envy and respect of every man who has a due sense of the pleasing influence of order and morality.

Let me attempt to describe what I consider to be in general the sort of life led by English families, rich or in comfortable circumstances.

You are already aware that cleanliness, carried to the minutest refinement of elegance, prevails in all houses, and all establishments, where manual labour is employed. At an early hour in the morning, chamber, house, and kitchen maids, &c., are occupied in removing every vestige of dirt, and in restoring to every hinge, lock, window, and bit of metal, the brightness which they had when they came fresh from the workman's hands, for the slightest spot is inexorably dealt with. At eight o'clock the maid servants vanish to the kitchens to appear no more for the whole day, for the English servants neither must nor will be seen by either master or stranger, unless in a perfectly clean and tidy dress. At half-past eight the family come down to breakfast, all *toilette de ville* as *soignée* as if some formal visit were to be paid. Even in family intimacy, *négligé* is never permitted; and the *robe de chambre* leaves not the bedroom, into which none but the servants and physician are admitted.—When the senior members and friends of the family are round the table, the children who take their tea at eight, both in summer and in winter, in the nursery or school-room, make their noisy *entrée*, leap to the necks of their parents, interrupt the conversation by putting a thousand questions as to the health of those they prefer, then play for a quarter of an hour, and go back to their nursery or school-room. The newspapers come in and supply the topics of the breakfast chat. After about an hour's reading and conversation, all rise, the father and eldest sons repair to their business, if they have any, the cabriolets or omnibus conveying them to the city or government offices. The mother and daughters stay at home; the *menage* occupations are shared between them, and engage their attention till one o'clock; the day's expenses, the weekly accounts, arrangements of every description are classified and completed in perfect order, and without any omission.

At one o'clock comes luncheon and the dinner to the children and governess. The persons in the house, or friends who may happen to pay a visit at that hour, breakfast a second time, standing round the table, where the youthful family eat mutton, potatoes, and the pudding in season, a species of food invariably given to English children, and to which they are indebted for the admirable colours and magnificent complexions which distinguish them from all others. When this meal is over the children spend an hour their mother; that is the time for

giving an account of the morning's behaviour, of their occupations and improvements. The mother attends to this examination with intense interest, enters into every detail, has every thing explained to her, improves upon the governess' remonstrances, discusses with her the *forte* and *foible* of each child, smiles when she notices the slightest improvement, and points out the slightest defect. And yet that active vigilance, that daily scrutiny, is managed so as always to leave to the child a sense of the utmost possible responsibility.

Such are the fundamental principles of English education. The child is taught to decide by himself as soon as he can have a will of his own; he is assisted, without being aware of it, in weighing all the consequences of his youthful determination. When this is done, he is left to enjoy or suffer without being blamed or consoled for the result of his determination.

This method, which commences in the nursery and finishes at Oxford or Cambridge, powerfully develops in a young man a sense of his personal dignity, and teaches him promptly to appreciate the morality and worth of an action according to the rules of religion, propriety, and justice. Every day the conscientious mother of a family assembles her children at a fixed hour, to read them a chapter of the Bible, and never on any pretext does she interrupt or postpone that duty. They endeavour to make them love the sacred volume and its doctrines; they apply its precepts to the occurrences in the lives of their youthful auditors, and strive to connect every part of Scripture with every interesting recollection of childhood and youth, well assured that in pursuing this method the religious remembrances of the paternal roof will be stronger and more useful in days of adversity than the regular lessons which often speak to the mind without touching the heart.

The afternoon is employed by women and men, who have no particular business to attend to, in paying visits, making purchases, and driving in the Parks, going to exhibitions or concerts, which last from two to five, and indulging in all the occupations and amusements which the capital affords to those who have a carriage and a well stocked purse. At six o'clock all return home, when a *toilette* is made, as complete as if one were going to a ball. None dispense with this custom; the husband and wife, who dine *tête-à-tête*, are as *pares* as when they have to receive a number of friends. That *toilette*, however, is by no means detrimental to the evening's comfort, for the clothes are so flexible and well made that they adapt themselves without effort to all movements.

You, perhaps, know what an English dinner consists of; but what you, perhaps, do not know, is the splendor of the liveries and elegance of the *service* daily displayed in wealthy families, or those in good circumstances. You have always from five to six

servants round the table. The custom of invariably changing plates, &c. for every dish, which seems so minute, becomes so quickly agreeable, that after living in England one is no longer surprised at the care with which the English persevere in it on the continent.

Fish alone occupies the table at the first course. After the second course, which consists of roast meat, boiled vegetables, and every sauce necessary to make quickly on one's plate a refined fare suited to one's taste, game is served, as well as puddings, of which there is an innumerable variety. Everything is then removed, and the mahogany table shines in all its splendour, to do due justice to the dessert, the splendor of which exceeds all expectation. You not unfrequently behold a symmetrical display of fruit from the five parts of the world, and of the four seasons, in whatever part of the year you may happen to be.

The habit of drinking more than one should, which was still the fashion a few years ago, has fallen into so much disrepute that a gentleman who should venture into the drawing room in such a condition would run the risk of being banished from the house where he committed such a breach of propriety.

When the men have gone up, tea and coffee are handed about. From that moment each does his utmost to render the evening as agreeable, animated and interesting as possible. You never see, as elsewhere, clusters of men discussing the rise or fall of the funds, or Ministerial questions, whilst the women are left sitting in a circle to yawn behind their fans or count the flowers of their dresses.

All the company mingles, none observe or criticise one another. The young ladies chat and laugh with frankness, and without any fear of compromising themselves. They do not apprehend that for half an hour's conversation with a young man they will be married next day in another circle; persons who sing, or play on instruments, sing or play without making any fuss. A quadrille is formed for a time. An entertaining anecdote, remarks upon a new dramatic piece, some picturesque scene in Parliament, or perhaps some adventure at sea, will bring several persons into a transient cluster. The table is covered with the finest albums, or the caricatures of the day. The foreigner who is introduced for the first time at an English *soiree*, and who anticipates formal stiffness, cold manners, and *ennui*, can scarcely believe his eyes and ears when he beholds a display of freedom, life and genuine gaiety, and the new comer shares in this pleasing manner of living as if he had long been on familiar terms in the house.

What seems to me to shed a great charm over English life is the complete separation between the hours of the day devoted to business, and those devoted to domestic life. The father always gives the signal for gaiety and cheerfulness, and every body

knows what influence the mode of the head of the family exercises over the general aspect of the house. Therefore it is that the principal quality an Englishman endeavors to impress upon the character of his children is an absolute control over themselves.—The man of business, overwhelmed with cares and intent upon some great commercial speculation, appears, in the last half of the day, as serene as if he were engaged upon the most indifferent matters. A man who has experienced any affliction, deems it an unworthy weakness to suffer a tear to scape his eye; and I do assure you that concentrated sorrow, which an expression often heart-rending will betray, makes a far deeper impression on him who perceives it than sobs and all the display of mourning.

The young man, whose feelings are engaged by a young lady, carefully strives to avoid any external manifestations; he confides not in his best friend; he examines long the character of her upon whom his thoughts and wishes are centered. Mothers, who in other countries are the main-springs in the establishment of their children, here carefully keep aloof. It is not surprising that married people should in general be more united and better matched in England than elsewhere, since a thorough acquaintance with one another's temper precedes an irrevocable union: and although divorce is permitted, it is of unfrequent occurrence; public opinion stamp them with reprobation almost equivalent to a lawful prohibition.

The developement of family affections, which all the English usages fortify, imparts to life a certain uniformity which hurts and shocks lightheaded and bustling persons, but which deeply attaches men determined in considering life in a serious point of view, and on making their way in the world by means safe and honorable.—*Bibliothèque de Geneve*

LINES.

BY AUGUSTA B.—

Come, come to me when daylight closes
And faintly sighs the western gale,
Come, come to me when all reposes;
Then breathe to me thy loving tale,
Or haste to me while linger yet,
The sun rays in the cloudless sky,
Come, come to me when dew drops wet
The flowers that bend to the low wind's sigh!

TRUTH.

TRUTH will ever be unpalatable to those who are determined not to relinquish error, but can never give offence to the honest and well-meaning: for the plain-dealing remonstrances of a friend differ as wildly from the rancour of an enemy, as the friendly probe of a surgeon from the dagger of an assassin.—*E. W. Montagu.*

(ORIGINAL.)

THE ARTS AND THE ARTIST.

BY ARTHUR THISTLETON, ESQ.

THE most glorious epochs in the history of nations. are when they paid due attention, gave fitting encouragement to the culture and progressive excellence of the fine arts. They are not only distinguished as the ages of freedom, of national prosperity and greatness, but the periods of refinement, of literature, the times, the nurses of genius, of great and noble men, of high and generous deeds. They hand down to us, the records of brilliant exploits, the songs and praises of heroes, the struggles and glorious achievements of manhood; not only then has the light of truth shone more intensely bright, dispelling with its deep, far-searching rays, the gloomy darknesses of error and superstition. but man's life has been fraught with greater happiness; the island of his existence beamed with fairer hopes; he was exalted by noble pursuits, eminently characterised by more illustrious virtues, advancing him in the refined excellencies of his nature, elevating him in the intellectual scale of his being. Thus exalting him in many praiseworthy examples, making him to stand forth as the teacher, the fire-pillar to succeeding generations.

We look back to the ancients for our models of excellence in every art. They are our examples of every thing great and noble; our authorities to whom we refer in all matters of taste and elegance, the kings and princes before whom we bow, and to whom we yield without envy, the palm of all that is beautiful, grand, sublime, in the intellectual world.

Aye, look at Greece and Rome, the brave examples, the idol models for the world's imitation and worship. History records none more gallant and renowned, than were these same nations. Though ages have passed away,—have mingled their strifes and crowning incidents with the eternity of time, since they sank from their high and palmy state,—yet the glory of their name still survives, will ever live after them,—alive in the history of their exploits, and the inspirations of genius; the eloquence of their orators, the songs of their poets, and in their inimitable monuments of art. These still cast a lustre over their fallen greatness. Were these nations of heroes, statesmen, and artists, nursed into sluggish inactivity, into indolence and effeminate ease, by cultivating, by patronizing, by idolizing the creations of the artist? They were the happiest ages of their existence; the proudest periods of their national greatness and political prosperity, the days of great men, of sages and philosophers, of lofty achievements.

But, reader, mark the contrast, when these arts were neglected, suffered to languish—when to patronise them was no longer a public virtue—when

cold selfishness began to coil itself around the heart, then darkness, crime and corruption began to overspread these fair gardens of the world.—centuries pass without being distinguished for aught but ignorance and superstition—for savage barbarity, and acts of unparalleled cruelty. Men arose endowed perhaps with the richest and rarest gifts, yet were they wasted in vain pursuits, in inglorious inactivity, or in oppressive acts of tyranny; rendering miserable, by the perversion of their powers, that life which they should have gladdened—that existence they should have beautified. Aye, reader, when these arts of refinement were neglected, were forgotten in self, then began to decline the strength and glory of these ancient nations. The illustrious virtues, the pride, the patriotism, the public zeal, the spirit of their chivalrous ancestors departed. The wild barbarians, of whom they once were the terror, rushed from their mountain fastnesses, and like melting floods of Etna-fires, swept over their vast and beautiful possessions, destroying their gardens, demolishing their temples, laying waste their cities, their villages and their houses, despoiling the very earth upon which they trod of its beauty, defacing with barbaric fury, the glorious records and splendid monuments of man's greatness and skill. Their hearts kindled not with that noble enthusiasm which led their sires on to victory; the one common feeling for country, and its honour and glory, had merged into a thousand ignoble contest of selfishness; and Athens, the proud seat of learning and the arts, and Rome, the seven-hilled city, the mistress of the world, sank to rise no more. Why were they thus humbled, why did they shrink appalled from the rude savage, over whom they once held with iron sway, the rod of terror? Why sank they beneath the rolling tide of ruin and death? In vain they implore the interposition of the Gods; in vain sacrifice to their deities, and question the oracles of wisdom. They have abandoned the lessons taught them by the brave examples of their fathers. They have flung from them, and discarded the teachers who imbued them with the spirit of nobleness; who kindled in their breasts, by the magic arts of genius by recording the past, by representations of all noble deeds, a love of bravery, the passion-fire of liberty, aye revealing to them by the ethereal-touch of inspiration, the living representatives of all that is greatest and noblest in human nature; and thus, by making them proud of themselves, and their country, embellishing their homes, arming,—aye, doubly nerving their hearts for great and mighty deeds,—to battle earnestly, heroically for the right. But we stray from our subject.

That one, who by the subtlety of genius, and the Promethean aid of the pencil, can skillfully throw upon the canvas, the living representations of nature; can represent her in her deep and silent repose, in all her loveliness, grandeur and sublimity,

is one of the rarest specimen of God's handiwork. The great author of all, has bestowed upon that one a gift; has given to that one a talent, which is nearest allied to his own essence of omnific greatness,—for it is creative. It is of more value than the wealth of Indies; no princely rank can ennoble it. He hath bestowed these for great ends, for noble purposes, to beautify the bleak wastes of human existence, to make the desert blossom as the rose; aye, noble, indeed, if it were only, that we may the more reverence the great Eternal, and glorify his name through the majesty of his works; and that these rich gifts should be wasted, flung away, rendered useless to the world,—the possessor as well as to the great giver,—to is subversive of the ends for which the were given of the consequent dignity of man. But if he use them well, improve them as he may, according to his destiny, (for so must we speak), then will his own life be refreshed in gladness, and the promises of man's existence be enriched, and beautified.

St. Albans, June 21, 1841.

THE NETTLE-KING.

BY MARY HOWITT.

There was a Nettle both great and strong,
And the threads of his poison-flowers were long,
He rose up in strength and height also,
And he said, "I'll be king of the plants below!"
It was a wood both drear and dank,
There grew the Nettle so broad and rank;
And an Owl sate up in an old ash tree,
That was wasting away so silently;
And a Raven was perched above his head,
And they both of them heard what the Nettle-king
said.

And there was a Toad that sate below,
Chewing his venom sedate and slow,
And he heard the words of the Nettle also.

The Nettle he throve, and the Nettle he grew,
And the strength of the earth around him he drew;
There was a pale *Stellaria* meek,
But as he grew strong, so she grew weak;
There was a *Campion*, crimson-eyed,
But as he grew up, the *Campion* died;
And the blue *Veronica*, shut from light,
Faded away in a sickly white;
For upon his leaves a dew there hung,
That fell like a blight from a serpent's tongue,
And there was not a flower about the spot,
Herb-Robert, *Harebell*, nor *Forget-me-not*.
Yet up grew the Nettle like water-sedge,
Higher and higher above the hedge;
The stuff of his leaves was strong and stout;
And the points of his stinging flowers stood out;
And the child that went in the wood to play,
From the King-nettle would shrink away!

"Now," says the Nettle, "there's none like me;
I am as great as a plant can be!
I have crushed each weak and tender root
With the mighty power of my kingly foot;
I have spread out my arms so strong and wide,
And opened my way on every side;
I have drawn from the earth its virtues fine,
To strengthen for me each poison spine;
Both morn and night my leaves I've spread,
And upon the falling dews have fed,
Till I am as great as a forest tree;
The great wide world is the place for me!"
Said the Nettle-king in his bravery.

Just then came up a Woodman stout,
In the thick of the wood he was peering about.
The Nettle looked up, the Nettle looked down,
And graciously smiled on the simple clown;
"Thou knowest me well, sir clown," said he,
"And 'tis meet that thou reverence one like me!"
Nothing at all the man replied,
But he lifted a scythe that was at his side,
And he cut the Nettle up by the root,
And trampled it under his heavy foot;
And he saw where the Toad in its shadow lay,
But he said not a word, and went his way.

DUELLING ANECDOTES.

FRANCE may be considered the classic ground of duelling, the field of single combat *par excellence*; whence, from the Duchy of Normandy, as we have already seen, it was introduced into the British isles, if we are indebted to our neighbors for this practice, it is also to them we owe the various codes and regulations drawn out to equalise, as far as possible the chances of victory, and to prevent any unfair advantage being obtained to the opposite party. Of these various documents, possibly the rules given by Brantome may be considered the most curious. In the first instance he says:

"On no account whatever let an infidel be brought out as a second or a witness: it is not proper that an unbeliever should witness the shedding of Christian blood, which would delight him; and it is moreover abominable that such a wretch should be allowed such an honorable pastime. The combatants must be carefully examined and felt, to ascertain that they have no particular drugs, witchcraft, or charms about them. It is allowed to wear on such occasions some relics of Our Lady of Loretto, and other holy objects; yet it is not clearly decided what is to be done when both parties have not these relics, as no advantage should be allowed to one combatant more than to another. It is idle to dwell upon courtesies—the man who steps into the field must have made up his mind to conquer or die—but, above all things, never to surrender; for the conqueror may treat the vanquished as he thinks proper—drag him round the ground, hang him,

burn him, keep him a prisoner; in short, do with him whatever he pleases. The Danes and Lombards in this imitated Achilles, who, after his combat with Hector, dragged him three times round the walls at the tail of his triumphant car. Every gallant knight must maintain the honor of ladies, whether they may have forfeited it or not; if it can be said that a *gentille dame* can have forfeited her honor by kindness to her servant and her lover. A soldier may fight his captain, provided he has been two years upon actual service, and he quits his company. If a father accuses a son of any crime that may tend to dishonor him, the son may demand satisfaction of his father: since he has done him more injury by dishonoring him, than he had bestowed advantage by giving him life."

Notwithstanding Brantome's authority, the right of a soldier to call out his captain has been a questionable point; and La Beraudiere, and Basnage, and Alciat, have discussed the point very minutely. The last author came to the conclusion that such a meeting could only be tolerated when both parties were off duty—*post functionem secus*.

There is a passage in Brantome which singularly applies to modern France as regards the multiplicity of decorations of honor, and their various button-hole badges, distinctions which, from the facility with which they are obtained, he does not consider as qualifying the wearer to fight a gentleman. "If these people were attended to," he says, "one could no longer fight a proper duel: such numbers of them pullulate in every direction, that we see nothing but knights of St. Michel and St. Esprit; to such an extent were these orders abused, during our civil wars, to win over and retain followers, being no longer the meed of valor or merit." To tear off a decoration, or even to touch it, was considered an unpardonable insult; and we have seen in modern times an example of the respect to which such attributes of distinction are entitled. In August, 1833, Colonel Gallois, an officer in the service of Poland, felt himself offended by an article in the *Figaro*, a paper conducted by Nestor Roqueplan; and, having met him, tore off his riband of the Legion of Honor. The parties met in the wood of Meudon, when Roqueplan received three wounds, and Gallois one in the knee: the two seconds of Gallois at the same time had thrown off their coats, and challenged the seconds of Roqueplan, who very wisely declined any participation in the fight; when one of Gallois's party insisted upon satisfaction from Mr. Leon Pillet, a friend of Roqueplan, with whom he was on intimate terms, and to urge his suit, requested that he might be allowed to take the badge of the Legion off his coat, to overcome his apparent repugnance, adding, that he entertained too much friendship and esteem toward him to offend him in any other manner. There was no refusing so polite a request.

The colors of a lady, in a knot of ribands worn by her admirer, and called an *emprise*, were equally sacred; and when a *brave* of these chivalric days was anxious for a combat, he exerted himself to find some daring desperado who would put his finger on the badge of love. In Ireland to this day, in many of its wild districts, a pugnacious ruffian will drag his jacket after him, and fight *unto death* any *spalpeen* who ventures to touch it.

Choice of arms was a matter of great importance in these meetings, indeed of a vital nature; since, if a weapon was broken in the hands of one of the parties, he was considered vanquished, and at the discretion of his conqueror—such an accident being looked upon as a decision of Providence; a mis-fire at the present day is considered a shot, although on a less religious principle. Pistols were introduced in the reign of Henry II., and being considered as affording a more equal chance to both combatants, this arm has been generally selected in modern duels, more especially in England. On the continent the small sword and the sabre are more frequently resorted to; and we shall shortly see the regulations regarding their employment, which in France from a regular code. Some of the ancient modes of fighting were most singular and whimsical. Brantome relates a story of two Corsicans who had fixed short sharp-pointed daggers in the front of their helmets, being covered with a suit of mail called a "jacuue" over their shirts, although the weather was remarkably cold; such an arrangement having been proposed by the offended, who had the right to select the name and mode of combat, and who was fearful of his antagonist's renown for his power and dexterity in wrestling. Both were armed with swords, and they fought for some time with such equality of skill that neither was wounded; at length they rushed upon each other, and wrestling commenced. It was during this struggle that the daggers came to play, each butting in his antagonist's face, and neck, and arms, until blood was streaming in every direction, and in such profusion that they were separated. One of them only lived a month, in consequence of which the survivor was well nigh dying of *tristesse* and *ennui*, as they had become friends, and expected that they both should have died. Notwithstanding this valorous disposition, it appears that the choice of arms and appointments was frequently made a subterfuge to gain time, or cause much trouble and expense; and Brantome relates that, in the fatal duel between Jernac and Chasteneraye, the former proposed no less than thirty different weapons to be used on horseback and on foot, and had also specified various horses, Spanish, Turkish Barbes, with different kinds of saddles; in consequence of which our chronicler adds, that if his uncle had not been a man of some independence, and moreover, assisted by his royal master, he could

not have maintained the challenge; and he very truly observed, when receiving it, "This man wants to fight both my valor and my purse."—This privilege of the offended to choose their arms and regulate the nature of the combat, however capriciously, afforded considerable advantages, since the art of fencing taught many secret tricks, the knowledge of which gave great reputation to professors. So secret, indeed, were these instructions, that not only was the pupil solemnly sworn never to reveal the mysterious practice, but instructions were given in private, after having examined every part of the room, furniture, and the very walls, to ascertain that no third person could have been concealed to witness the deadly lesson. To this day in France, such cuts and thrusts are called *coups de maître*, and by the lower classes *coups de mulins*.

A curious case is recorded of a knight who, having been taught invariably to strike the region of the heart, insisted upon fighting in a suit of armor, with an opening in each cuirass of the breadth of the hand over the heart; the result, of course, was immediately fatal to his antagonist.

The "cunning" of armourers was also frequently resorted to to obtain unfair advantages. A skilful workman in Milan had carried his mode of tempering steel to such a point of perfection, that the solidity of the sword and dagger depended entirely on the manner in which they were handled: in the hands of the inexperienced the weapons flew into shivers; whereas, in the grasp of a skilful combatant, they were as trusty as the most approved Tolledan blade. Nor were these valiant knights very particular as to odds. It is related of two French gentlemen, La Villatte and the Baron de Saligny, who fought a duel with two Gascons of the names of Malecolom and Esparezat, that Malecolom having speedily killed his antagonist Saligny, and perceiving that his companion Esparezat was a long time despatching Vilatte, went to his assistance.—When Vilatte, thus unfairly pressed by two antagonists, remonstrated against the treachery, Malecolom very coolly replied, "I have killed my adversary, and if you kill yours, there may be a chance that you may also kill me; therefore here goes!"

More punctilious, however, were some of these persons in point of honor. We read in Brantome of two Piedmontese officers, intimate friends, who having gone out to fight, one of the parties received a wound that was supposed to be mortal, when his opponent, instead of despatching him, assisted him off the ground, to conduct him to a surgeon. "Ah!" exclaimed the wounded man, "do not be generous by halves! let it not be said that I fell without inflicting a wound: so, pray wear your arm in a scarf, and say I hit you ere I succumbed." His friend generously acceded to the proposal; and having smeared a bandage in his blood, he wrapped it round his arm, published abroad that he had been wound-

ed ere his companion received his mortal thrust.—The wound, however, not proving fatal, an everlasting friendship, cemented by gratitude, ever after prevailed between them.

A CHAPTER FROM CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON,

RENCONTRE.

"LIEUTENANT O'Malley, 14th Light Dragoons, is appointed an extra aid-de-camp to Major-General Crawford, until the pleasure of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent is known." Such was the first paragraph of a General Order, dated Fuentes D'Onoro, the day after the battle, which met me as I awoke from a sound and heavy slumber, the result of thirteen hours on horseback.

A staff appointment was not exactly what I coveted at the moment; but I knew that with Crawford my duties were more likely to be at the pickets and advanced posts of the army, than in the mere details of note-writing or despatch-bearing; besides that, I felt whenever any thing of importance was to be done, I should always obtain his permission to do duty with my regiment.

Taking a hurried breakfast, therefore, I mounted my horse, and cantered over to Villa Formosa, where the general's quarters were, to return my thanks for the promotion, and take the necessary steps for assuming my new functions.

Although the sun had risen about two hours, the fatigue of the previous day had impressed itself upon all around. The cavalry, men and horses, were still stretched upon the sward, sunk in sleep; the videttes, weary and tired, seemed anxiously watching for the relief, and the disordered and confused appearance of every thing bespoke that discipline had relaxed its stern features, in compassion for the bold exertions of the preceding day. The only contrast to this general air of exhaustion and weariness on every side, was a corps of sappers, who were busily employed upon the high grounds above the village. Early as it was, they seemed to have been at work some hours—at least so their labours bespoke; for already a rampart of considerable extent had been thrown up, stockades implanted, and a breastwork was in a state of active preparation. The officer of the party, wrapped up in a loose cloak, and mounted upon a sharp-looking hackney, rode hither and thither, as the occasion warranted, and seemed, as well as from the distance I could guess, something of a tartar. At least I could not help remarking how, at his approach, the several inferior officers seemed suddenly so much more on the alert, and the men worked with an additional vigour and activity. I stopped for some minutes to watch him, and seeing an engineer captain of my acquaintance among the party, couldn't resist calling out:—

"I say, Hachard, your friend on the chestnut

maye must have had an easier day, yesterday, than some of us, or I'll be hanged if he'd be so active this morning." Hachard hung his head in some confusion, and did not reply; and, on my looking round, whom should I see before me but the identical individual I had so coolly been criticising, and who, to my utter horror and dismay, was no other than Lord Wellington himself. I did not wait for a second peep: helter-skelter, through water, thickets and brambles, away I went, clattering down the causeway like a madman. If a French squadron had been behind me, I'd have had a stouter heart, although I did not fear pursuit. I felt his eye was upon me—his sharp and piercing glance, that shot like an arrow into me; and his firm look stared at me in every object about me.

Onward I pressed, feeling in the very recklessness of my course some relief to my sense of shame, and ardently hoping that some accident—some smashed arm, or broken collar-bone—might befall me, and rescue me from any notice my conduct might otherwise call for. I never drew rein till I reached the Villa Formosa, and pulled up short at a small cottage, where a double sentry apprised me of the general's quarters. As I came up, the low lattice sprang quickly open, and a figure, half-dressed, and more than half asleep, protruded his head.—

"Well! What has happened? Any thing wrong?" said he, whom I now recognised to be General Crawford.

"No; nothing wrong, sir," stammered I with evident confusion: "I'm merely come to thank you for your kindness in my behalf."

"You seemed in a devil of a hurry to do it, if I'm to judge by the pace you came at. Come in and take your breakfast with us; I shall be dressed presently, and you'll meet some of your brother aides-de-camp."

Having given my horse to an orderly, I walked into a little room whose humble accommodations and unpretending appearance seemed in perfect keeping with the simple and unostentatious character of the general. The preparations for a good and substantial breakfast were, however, before me; and an English newspaper of a late date spread its most ample pages to welcome me. I had not been long absorbed in my reading when the door opened, and the general, whose toilet was not yet completed, made his appearance.

"Egad, O'Malley, you startled me this morning: I thought we were in for it again."

I took this as the most seasonable opportunity to recount my mishap of the morning, and accordingly without more ado, detailed the unlucky meeting with the commander-in-chief. When I came to the end, Crawford threw himself into a chair and laughed till the very tears coursed down his bronzed features,

"You don't say so, boy? You don't really tell

me you said that? By Jove. - I had rather have faced a platoon of musketry than have stood in your shoes! You did not wait for a reply I think?"

"No faith, sir, that I did not?"

"Do you suspect he knows you?"

"I trust not, sir; the whole thing passed so rapidly."

"Well, it's most unlucky in more ways than one?" He paused for a few moments as he said this, and then added. "Have you seen the general order, pushing towards me a written paper as he spoke. It ran thus—

"G. O.

Adjutant General's Office, Villa Formosa.

6th May, 1841.

"Memorandum—Commanding Officers are requested to send in to the military secretary, as soon as possible, the names of officers they may wish to have promoted in succession to those who have fallen in action."

"Now look at this list. The Honourable Harvey Howard, Grenadier Guards, to be first lieutenant vice—No, not that: Henry Beauchamp—George Villiers.—Ay, here it is! Captain Lyttleton, 14th Light Dragoons, to be Major in the 3d Dragoon Guards, vice Godwin, killed in action; Lieutenant O'Malley to be Captain, vice Lyttleton, promoted. You see, boy, I did not forget you: you were to have had the vacant troop in your own regiment. Now! I almost doubt the prudence of bringing your name under Lord Wellington's notice! He may have recognised you: and, if he did so,—why, I rather think—that is, I suspect—I mean, the quieter you keep the better."

While I peured forth my gratitude as warmly as I was able for the general's great kindness to me, I expressed my perfect concurrence in his views.

"Believe me, sir," said I, "I should much rather wait any number of years for my promotion, than incur the risk of a reprimand; and the more so as it is not the first time I have blundered with his lordship." I here narrated my former meeting with Sir Arthur, at which Crawford's mirth again burst forth, and he paced the room, holding his sides in an extacy of merriment.

"Come, come, lad, we'll hope for the best; we'll give you the chance that he has not seen your face, and send the list forward as it is: but here come our fellows."

As he spoke, the door opened and three officers of his staff entered, to whom, being severally introduced, we chatted away about the news of the morning until breakfast.

"I've frequently heard of you from my friend Hammersley," said Captain Fitzroy, addressing me; "you were intimately acquainted, I believe?"

"Oh yes! Pray where is he now? We have not met for a long time."

"Poor Fred's invalided; that sabre cut upon his

head has turned out a sad affair, and he's gone back to England on a sick leave. Old Dashwood took him back with him as private secretary or something of that sort."

"Ah!" said another, "Dashwood has daughters, hasn't he? No bad notion of his, for Hammersley will be a baronet some of these days, with a rent roll of some eight or nine thousand per annum."

"Sir George Dashwood," said I, "has but one daughter, and I am quite sure that in his kindness to Hammersley no intentions of the kind you mention were mixed up."

"Well, I don't know, said the third, a pale sickly youth, with handsome but delicate features. "I was on Dashwood's staff until a few weeks ago, and certainly I thought there was something going on between Fred and Miss Lucy, who, be it spoken, is a devilish fine girl, though rather disposed to give herself airs."

I felt my cheek and my temples boiling like a furnace; my hand trembled as I lifted my coffee to my lips; and I would have given my expected promotion twice over to have had any reasonable ground of quarrel with the speaker.

"Egad, lads," said Crawford, "that's the very best thing I know about a command. As a bishop is always sure to portion off his daughters with deaneries and rectors, so your knowing old general always marries his among his staff."

This sally was met with the ready laughter of the subordinates, with which, however little disposed, I was obliged to join.

"You are quite right, sir," rejoined the pale youth; "and Sir George has no fortune to give his daughter."

"How came it, Horace, that you escaped!" said Fitzroy, with a certain air of affected seriousness in his voice and manner; "I wonder they let such a prize escape them."

"Well, it was not exactly their fault, I do confess. Old Dashwood did the civil towards me; and *la belle Lucie* herself was condescending enough to be less cruel than to the rest of the staff. Her father threw us a good deal together; and, in fact, I believe—I fear—that is—that I didn't behave quite well."

"You may rest perfectly assured of it, sir," said I; "whatever your previous conduct may have been, you have completely relieved your mind on this occasion, and behaved most ill."

Had a shell fallen in the midst of us, the faces around me could not have been more horror-struck, than when, in a cool, determined tone, I spoke these few words. Fitzroy pushed his chair slightly back from the table, and fixed his eyes full upon me: Crawford grew dark purple over his whole face and forehead, and looked from one to the other of us, without speaking; while the Honourable Horace Delaware, the individual addressed, never changed a

muscle of his wan and sickly features, but lifting his eyes slowly from his muffin, lisped softly out,—

"You think so? How very good!"

"General Crawford," said I, the moment I could collect myself sufficiently to speak, "I am deeply grieved that I should so far have forgotten myself as to disturb the harmony of your table; but when I tell you that Sir George Dashwood is one of my warmest friends on earth; that from my intimate knowledge of him, I am certain that gentleman's statements are either the mere outpourings of folly or worse——"

"By Jove, O'Malley, you have a very singular mode of explaining away the matter. Delaware, sit down again. Gentlemen, I have only one word to say about this transaction; I'll have no squabbles nor broils here; from this room to the guard-house is a five minutes' walk: promise me, upon your honours, this altercation ends here, or as sure as my name 's Crawford, you shall both be placed under arrest, and the man who refuses to obey me shall be sent back to England."

Before I well knew in what way to proceed, Mr. Delaware rose, and bowed formally to the general, while I, imitating his example silently, we resumed our places; and, after a pause of a few moments, the current of conversation was resumed, and other topics discussed, but with such evident awkwardness and constraint, that all parties felt relieved when the general rose from table.

"I say, O'Malley, have you forwarded the returns to the adjutant-general's office?"

"Yes, sir; I despatched them this morning before leaving my quarters."

"I'm glad of it; the irregularities on this score have called forth a heavy reprimand at head quarters."

I was also glad of it, and it chanced by mere accident I remembered to charge Mike with the papers, which, had they not been lying unsealed upon the table before me, would in all likelihood, have escaped my attention. The post started to Lisbon that same morning, to take advantage of which I had sat up writing for half the night. Little was I aware at the moment what a mass of trouble and annoyance was in store for me from the circumstance.

ILLIBERALITY OF PARENTS.

A MAN shall see, where there is a house full of children, one or two of the eldest respected and the youngest made wantons; but in the midst, some that are, as it were, forgotten, who, many times, nevertheless, prove the best. The illiberality of parents in allowance towards their children, is a harmful error, and makes them base; acquaints them with shifts; makes them sort with mean company; and makes them surfeit more when they come to plenty; and therefore the proof is best when men keep their authority towards their children, but not their purse.

MOUNT MELLERIE, IRELAND.

TODAY we made an excursion to Mount Mellerie, the establishment of Trappis monks. The road to it from this place is along the left bank of the Blackwater and amid lovely scenery, as far as Cappoquin. There we left our comfortable carriage, and mounted a jaunting car, which proved as rough as any of our old friends that jolted us over the Kerry mountains in our last tour; but the violent shaking, and the still more violent shower of rain we encountered on approaching the bleak range of Knockmoldown mountains, were amply compensated by our visit to the interesting convent. The first part of the road winds up the sides of a finely wooded glen; a clear stream rushes along far below; and the ruins of an old castle, which are situated on the summit of a precipitous rock on the other side, forms a beautiful object in the landscape. A turn in the road took us out of sight of the wood and glen, and brought more fully to view, the mountain, and bleak region where the convent is placed, and which, till within a few years, was perfectly wild and uncultivated. Dark masses of clouds were blown along by the high winds, and cast deep shadows over the stern mountains; but soon a single ray of brilliant sunshine crossed the middle distance, lighting up the white towers of the monastery, and defining their outlines sharply against the purple rocks behind.

The crops, enclosures, and painting of this extraordinary establishment are truly wonderful, when we consider that seven years ago it was a wild mountain. Our wonder increased when we approached the buildings. They are of great extent, and though not finished, are advancing rapidly towards completion.

We were told that the change of habits in the population of this mountain district, since the establishment of the Trappists, is very remarkable. It was a notoriously lawless neighbourhood, where outlaws and stolen sheep were sure to be found. Now nothing can be more peaceable.

While we are amongst the monks we must give a brief picture of their mode of living—

Strict silence towards each other is observed, and their mode of life is very severe. They rise at two o'clock every morning, both summer and winter, yet they do not partake of their first meal until eleven o'clock. They never eat meat or eggs, and have only two meals in the day. The second is at six, and we saw what was preparing for it—brown bread, stir-about and potatoes. The latter are boiled by steam, and a prayer is said by the monks just before they are turned out of the huge boiler, and carried in wooden bowls to the refectory. We also visited their dairy, where they make the best butter in the neighbourhood, by a peculiar method, in which the hand is not used. The dormitory is

fitted up with a number of wooden boxes on both sides. Each box is open at the top, and contains the small bed and crucifix, and just room enough for the brother to dress, and perform his devotions.

The chapel is very large; and the monks are now decorating the altar and seats with very rich carving. It is entirely done by themselves; and we were told that some of the best carvers and gilders were rich men, who, of course, had never even tried to do anything of the kind till they became monks. It is the same, too, with those who now dig the fields, and plant potatoes, and break stones and make mortar! With all this hard life of deprivation and labour, the monks appear happy and very healthy.

DEATH.

Who comes? Who comes?
Who rides through the prostrate land?
With pale and haggard band,
Swift as the desert sand?
'Tis Death!

Who comes, who comes?
To sever the closest tie,
To close the brightest eye,
To laugh at the piercing cry?
'Tis Death!

Who comes, who comes?
To tear from the lover's side
The fairest loveliest bride,
With his ghastly band to ride?
'Tis Death!

Who comes, who comes?
At whose sight all nations wail,
Before whom warriors quail,
Health, beauty, valour fail?
'Tis Death!

Oh, he comes, he comes!
Through the breadth of the land he has passed,
He hears with his chilling blast,
And we must ride at last
With Death!

ERROR.

A MAN should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.
Pope.

ADVANTAGE OF GENERAL INSTRUCTION.

AN enlightened people were a better auxiliary to the judge, than an army of policemen.—*Prof. Austin on Jurisprudence.*

OUR TABLE.

BIBLICAL RESEARCHES IN PALESTINE, MOUNT SINAI, AND ARABIA PETRÆA.—BY DR. ROBINSON.

WE have met, in several of the American Reviews, lengthened notices of a book under the above title, being a journal of the Travels of Dr. Robinson, and the Rev. Mr. Smith, in the Holy Land, during the year 1838. The journey was undertaken in reference to Biblical geography, and, by general assent of the Reviewers, the work appears to have been performed in a manner such as to reflect the highest honour upon the authors, and calculated to assist materially the cause of Biblical learning throughout the world.

We believe that among the literary men of the United States, there are few, if any, better qualified than Dr. Robinson, for such a herculean task. He is already well known as the author of an elaborate Lexicon of the Greek Testament, which is a standard work in the neighbouring States, and he has devoted many years to the acquirement of oriental learning, in which he is equally with any living man, a proficient. He is, also, extensively and favourably known as a teacher of the Sacred Classics—a profession which of itself naturally prompted a leaning to and affection for the mysteries of the Holy Land.

Dr. Robinson being convinced, from the whole course of his studies, of the insufficiency of the information upon which former Geographies of the Bible had been compiled, determined upon a journey to Palestine, to examine personally the most important localities. All the authorities agree in saying that “he has been eminently successful,” and a new series of maps has been produced, the correctness of which is supposed to be much greater than any formerly prepared.

The learned author commenced his journey in 1837, in the summer of which he sailed from New York, and arrived at Athens in the December following. From Greece he proceeded to Egypt, and visited all the objects of interest in that ancient land. Of these his descriptions are very general, the Doctor being apparently satisfied with the correctness of former descriptions.

In Egypt he was joined by the Rev. Mr. Smith, formerly a pupil of his own, who had subsequently been for many years a Missionary in Palestine, during which time he had, by his intercourse with the Arabs, and his knowledge of the languages used in the Holy Land, become qualified in an eminent degree to assist in the enterprise contemplated by the enthusiastic Doctor. Indeed, had the world been searched, a fitter coadjutor in such an undertaking could not have been found than the learned, patient and untiring Missionary.

With such men and such materials, it may well be expected that a work of immense value has been produced, and though it has not yet reached this country, we have felt it our duty to take this brief notice of it, satisfied that if it be what it has been described, it must possess no ordinary interest to its reader, of all times and of all countries.

We have pleasure in extracting from a notice by Colonel Stone, (a gentleman eminent in the United States, and well known in Canada,) the following paragraphs,—with which, after entering into a description of the contents of the volumes, the Colonel closes his critique:—

The most interesting results of this literary pilgrimage were found in the holy city of Jerusalem and its vicinity. The account of these is spread over half of the first volume and a considerable portion of the second. In this notice we cannot mention even the most important of the conclusions which are given by our author. Having saturated his memory with classical and sacred information before visiting Palestine, he knew what to look for, and was rewarded by discoveries in localities which other travellers and the ecclesiastics of the country had passed by without being aware of their claims to attention. By a series of explorations combined with literary research, he recovered the long lost Eleutheropolis, determined the position of Michmash, Gibeah, Lebona, Shiloh, and many other places of sacred interest.

Having completed the survey of the region around Jerusalem, and made excursions to the Jordan, to Petra in Idumea, &c., Messrs. Robinson and Smith continued their route northwardly through Samaria—the proud capital of Ahab and Herod—and across the plain of Esdraelon—famous for great battles, from the days when Deborah and Barak routed Sisera and his host, down to the time when the legions of Napoleon, under General Kleber, withstood the shock of ten times their number of Turks, and finally put them to ruinous flight. Nazareth, Mount Tabor, Tiberius, and the hallowed shores of Genessaret, are visited and described with minuteness; and we much underrate the amount of lore possessed by the clergy of our country, if they do not find many things of surpassing interest in the geography and history of this part of the Holy Land, which are now for the first time brought to their knowledge. For ex-

ample, the account of the great battle of Tell Hattin, (Hill of Hattin), July 5, 1187, which really decided the fate of the Franks in the Holy Land, is, we believe, nowhere to be found so fully detailed. Dr. R. has in this case, and in a hundred others, ransacked the Arabian historians, as well as the Western writers, and brought together a mass of information which invests almost every heap of stones in Palestine with an almost romantic interest.

From the plain of Gennesaret and its sacred localities, Messrs. Robinson and Smith travelled North to the sources of the Jordan, and thence West to the Mediterranean. Every step, of course, was replete with interest; the men of other ages—prophets, potentates and pilgrims—seemed to start up from behind every rock and ruin, and tell what *therè* they did or suffered.

The volumes which contain these researches are evidently the result of great labour. Indeed we have our fears that the very fidelity with which they are drawn up may render them unattractive to those who most need the information they are designed to furnish. The good public is like a spoiled child, whose very bread and butter has to be overspread with sugar in order to tempt his palate. But matters of genuine learning cannot be dressed up in the *ad captandum* fashion of the day. There is no royal road to learning—or rail road either; but those who travel in that direction must be content to plod. If Dr. Robinson should not receive from the multitude the present reward to which his laborious perseverance entitles him, he may yet have the satisfaction of knowing that he has accumulated a treasury of facts from which the archæologist may draw illustration, and the Christian derive the confirmation of his faith, to all future time.

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

A CAPITAL story, under the above original title, is now in course of publication in Blackwood's Magazine. It is, however, a story of interminable length, extending, (in the telling) over a period of eighteen months, or more, during which time the interest has been wonderfully well sustained. It is written in the humorous strain, of late so generally come in to vogue; but underneath the sparkling surface there is a well of deep and genuine feeling,—at times almost painful from its intenseness,—which adds greatly to the captivating character of the tale.

The plot is easily explained. The prominent character is a certain Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse, (a clerk, in the establishment of Mr. Tag-rag, a London mercer,) who is put forward by a firm of clever lawyers, Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, as the heir to a valuable property held by a Mr. Aubrey, of Yatton, Yorkshire. The unyielding perseverance of the pettifoggers, aided by a stray fact or circumstance,—Mr. Titmouse being illegitimately related to an elder branch of the Aubrey family,—prove at length successful, and Mr. Aubrey is ousted from his delightful home, which falls into the possession of his opponent. The miserable Titmouse, elated by his new found honours, and goaded on by the principal agent in his success,—one of the firm of lawyers, Mr. Oily Gammon,—proceeds to make the most of his good fortune. Rioting, extravagance, and a whole host of vices hurry him on to ruin; nevertheless, he succeeds in obtaining a seat in Parliament, and invites to his residence the Earl of Dreddlington, a needy peer, distantly related to the family, with whose daughter he succeeds in forming a matrimonial alliance.

Mr. Gammon is one of the most finished scoundrels ever painted. A merely mercenary villain, whose only object in labouring to achieve Mr. Aubrey's ruin, is the hope of turning the tool he uses to his own pecuniary advantage—in which, for a time, he admirably succeeds, rapidly becoming rich upon the spoil of the Yatton property. He is the only living person acquainted with the illegitimacy of Titmouse, and he keeps the secret so as to hold a check upon the growing independence of his protégée. But, having entered into certain speculations with the old Earl of Dreddlington, which prove a failure, a quarrel ensues between them, in the course of which Mr. Gammon lets the secret escape his lips. From that moment the star of Aubrey begins to rise again to the ascendant, and disclosures, one after another, blast the infamous character of the conspiracy. The old Earl is thrown into a fit of sickness, which ends in insanity, and the disclosures made in his delirious ravings cause his daughter's death.

Vainly Mr. Gammon endeavours to avert the mischief—vainly he declares that he never asserted the illegitimacy of the unfortunate Titmouse. A law-suit respecting the succession to some other properties causes a complete investigation of his parentage, when his illegitimacy is proved, and the Yatton property restored to Mr. Aubrey.

The death of Gammon forms a striking picture. The wretched man, finding all hope of retrieving his fortunes gone, determines to wind up his portion of the drama, by committing suicide. To shew, however, that instances are wonderfully rare of men altogether villainous, the author has given one good trait to Gammon's character. He has succeeded in seducing a

young girl of uncommon beauty, who yet lives upon the hope that she may become his wife. To make some provision for her is the last thought to which her destroyer applies himself. To that end, he effects an insurance upon his life to a considerable amount, and so fences his self-murder round, as to make it seem like a sudden but natural death. He writes letters to his friends and clients, appointing meetings with them as usual for the next day and the next again, and sends a messenger to his club to give notice of his intended coming. He then despatches his housekeeper for a coach, to convey him thither at the appointed hour, and during her absence puts an end to his existence by means of poison. To do the author justice, however, it will be necessary to quote the closing scene of Gammon's guilty existence, which, fictitious though it be, is not without a moral:—

He was not more than a quarter of an hour over his toilet. He had put on his usual evening dress, his blue body-coat, black trowsers, a plain shirt and black stock, and a white waistcoat—scarcely whiter, however, than the face of him that wore it.

"I am going for the coach, now, sir," said Mrs. Brown, the housekeeper, knocking at the door. "If you please," he replied, briskly and cheerfully—and the instant that he had heard her close the outer door after her, he opened the secret spring drawer in his desk, and calmly took out a very small glass phial, with a glass stopper, over which was tied some bladder. His face was ghastly pale; his knees trembled; his hands were cold and damp as those of the dead. He took a strong peppermint lozenge from the mantelpiece, and chewed it, while he removed the stopper from the bottle, which contained about half a drachm of the most subtle and potent poison which has been discovered by man—one extinguishing life almost instantaneously, and leaving no trace of its presence except a slight odor, which he had taken the precaution of masking and overpowering with that of the peppermint. He returned to get his hat, which was in his dressing-room; he put it on—and in glancing at the glass, scarcely recognised the ghastly image it reflected. His object was, to complete the deception he intended practising on the Insurance Company, with whom he had effected a policy on his life for £2,000—and also to deceive every body into the notion of his having died suddenly, but naturally. Having stirred up the large red fire, and made a kind of hollow bed in it, he took out the stopper and dropped it with the bladder into the fire; took his pen in his right hand, with a fresh dip of ink on it; kneeled down with his feet on the fender; uttered aloud the word "EMMA;" poured the whole of the deadly contents into his mouth, and succeeded in dropping the phial into the very heart of the fire—and the next instant dropped down on the hearth-rug, oblivious, insensible—DEAD. However, it might be that the instant after he had done this direful deed, he would have GIVEN THE WHOLE UNIVERSE, had it been his, to have undone what he had done—he had succeeded in effecting his object.

Poor Mrs. Brown's horror, on discovering her master stretched senseless on the floor, may be imagined. Medical assistance was called in, but "the vital spark had fled." It was clearly either apoplexy, said the medical man, or an organic disease of the heart. Of this opinion were the coroner and his jury, without hesitation. He had evidently been seized while in the very act of writing to some broker, Mr. Hartley came, and produced the letter he had received, and spoke of the disappointment they had all felt on account of his non-arrival; the other letters—the appointments which he had made for the morrow—all these things were decisive—it was really scarcely a case requiring an inquest—but as they had been called, they returned a verdict of 'Died by the Visitation of God.' He was buried a few days afterwards in the adjoining churchyard, (St. Andrew's,) where he lies mouldering away quietly enough, certainly—but as to any thing further, let us not presume to speculate.

This has been one of the most popular stories ever published. Scarcely second to the "inimitable" tales of the laughter-moving Boz, it has been looked for, month after month, with wonderful anxiety, and its conclusion has been longed for with impatience by thousands upon thousands of readers. The great fault in it is its length—published as it has been periodically. It will, however, in this instance be forgiven, and as it will speedily be published in a connected form, the lovers of light and pleasant reading will not fail to possess themselves of copies.

AMERICA, HISTORICAL, STATISTICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE—BY MR. BUCKINGHAM.

THIS celebrated traveller, whose visit to Canada will still be fresh in the memory of the public, has issued an interesting journal of his tour upon this continent, accompanied with strictures and remarks upon all matters of interest which came under his notice. The work is spoken of in terms highly flattering to the author, and the extracts which we have seen afford evidence that the commendations are deserved.

Mr. Buckingham has been one of the most extensive travellers of his age. He has seen almost all that other men have read of, and his talent for observation, and retentiveness of memory, admirably qualify him to communicate to the world the scenes and incidents which, in his wanderings, have come before him. His travels in America may therefore be expected to pos-

sess a very great degree of interest, the more particularly as it may be presumed from his general character, that he will suffer no unworthy prejudices to mar the truth of the pictures he will present,—although, we regret to notice, that, with characteristic sensitiveness, some of our American neighbours have already begun to find fault with his descriptions of things as they are.

The following analysis of female character, however, being generally esteemed correct, we submit it as a fair specimen of the critical truth of our author's observations :

The American ladies did not appear to me to evince the same passionate admiration, which is constantly witnessed among English females, for the pursuit or object in which they were engaged. Neither painting, sculpture, poetry, nor music, neither the higher topics of intellectual conversation, nor the lighter beauties of the belles lettres, seem to move them from the general apathy and indifference, or coldness of temperament, which is their most remarkable defect. In England, Scotland, and Ireland, in Germany, France, and Italy, and even in Spain and Portugal, well-educated women evince an enthusiasm, and express, because they feel, a passionate delight in speaking of works of art which they may have seen, of literary productions which they may have read, or of poetry or of music which they may have heard; and the sympathy which they thus kindle in the minds of others, only seems to increase the fervor and intensity of their own. Among the American ladies, of the best education, I have never yet witnessed anything approaching to this; and as it is not deficiency of information, for most of them possess a wider circle of knowledge, in whatever is taught at school, than ladies do with us, it must be a deficiency of taste and feeling. Whether this is the result of climate and physical temperament, as some suppose, or the mere influence of cold manners, as others imagine, I cannot determine; though I am inclined to adopt the former supposition, because the same phlegmatic temperament is evinced in the progress of that which, if women have any passion at all, however deep-seated it may be, will assuredly bring it out—I mean the progress of their attachments, or loves; for I have neither heard or seen any evidence of that all-absorbing and romantic feeling, by which this passion is accompanied in its development, in all the countries I have named; and although probably the American women make the most faithful of wives, and most correct members of society, that any nation or community can furnish, I do not think they love with the same intensity as the women of Europe, or would be ready to make such sacrifices of personal consideration, in rank, fortune, or conveniences of life, for the sake of obtaining the object of their affections, as women readily and perpetually do with us.

THE EMIGRANT—BY STANDISH O'GRADY, ESQ., B.A., T.C.D.

We have been favoured with glimpses at a few pages of this work, a poetical composition said to be of great merit, which it is intended by the author immediately to publish, by subscription.

The work bears the character of an epic poem, enriched with a considerable store of notes, of a laughter-inspiring nature, and occasionally sparkling with wit and genius. Some of the parts of the poem itself which we have read, are very beautiful, and highly indicative of genius, and the respectable names which the subscription list already presents, with the highly flattering notes addressed to the author, afford evidence that the work is of no inconsiderable merit.

Mr. O'Grady, the author, has devoted a considerable portion of a long life to literary pursuits, the accumulated proceeds of his labours being now intended for the public eye, in connexion with the principal poem,—the *Emigrant*—which is designed to give its title to the book—the whole being expected to occupy four respectably sized volumes. He has been for some time resident in Sorel, and by the gentry and public of his neighbourhood he seems to be held in high esteem, and to be very generally sustained. We hope that from the community at large he will receive such encouragement as will afford something of hope to future aspirants for literary fame.

CIRCUMSTANCES of an untoward nature, but which it is unnecessary to explain, having interfered with the completion in time for the present number, of a spirited sketch entitled "The Australian Bush-Ranger," from the pen of a favourite contributor to the *Garland*, we have felt it necessary to apologise for its non-appearance. It will, however, be concluded in September.