

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

THE LITERARY GARLAND,

AND

British North American Magazine.

Vol. VIII.

OCTOBER, 1850.

No. 10.

EVA HUNTINGDON.*

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE door of the cottage was opened by Mrs Huntingdon, herself, who had seen her sister-in-law from the window, and had joyfully hastened to welcome her; but whilst Lady Huntingdon was alighting, Eva contrived to make her sister in law a rapid sign, which she, though imperfectly comprehending, yet, understood sufficiently, to repress the warm words of recognition that rose to her lips.

"Can we remain here till the storm passes?" inquired Lady Huntingdon, with the tone and manner of one conferring, rather than soliciting a favour.

"Certainly, Madam," rejoined the young girl, as she led the way to her humble drawing-room, still bewildered by conjectures as to why Eva wished to remain unknown, and who was the proud, elegant lady, with her. The latter, with all the arrogant *insouciance* of a lady of the great world, threw herself into the one easy chair the apartment contained, even though the needle-work on the table beside it, betokened it was the seat from which her young hostess had just risen.

A silence followed, during which, Eva's embarrassed glance was fixed on the window, whilst her sister-in-law's gaze was bent, half enquiringly, half timidly on herself. At length, Lady Huntingdon, patronisingly exclaimed:

"You have a pretty place, here—your flowers are beautiful."

She spoke with wonderful affability for the one hurried glance she had taken of the cottage and

its mistress, at once told her that the latter belonged to a world so far removed from her own, that no danger could arise from any condescension or familiarity on her part. It was evident too, from her tone and manner, that she looked on her as a mere child, and when after some additional remarks on the luxuriance of the honeysuckles and laburnums, she exclaimed:

"Of course, you have no graver pursuit or occupation to attend to, unless indeed it be your studies," the young wife listened in silence with crimsoning cheek, too much abashed to undeceive her. Meanwhile the storm burst forth in all its fury, peal after peal of thunder shook the cottage, and the blackness of the clouds seemed to foretell that no favorable change was at hand. At length, Lady Huntingdon, disguising as well as she could a wearisome yawn, asked if she might inquire the name of their kind hostess.

"Mrs. Huntingdon, madam," stammered the girl, as if half ashamed of the avowal.

The visitor sprang to her feet, her whole frame convulsed with agitation.

"Mrs. Huntingdon!" she repeated, the angry brilliancy of her flashing eyes rendered still more startling, by the sudden ashy pallor of her cheek: "The Honorable Mrs. Huntingdon!"

"Yes, Madam," was the half-faltering, half-wondering reply.

A short pause followed, and then the guest passionately ejaculated:

* Continued from page 395.

"Girl! you do not mean, nay, you dare not tell me, that you are my son's wife."

It was now Mrs. Huntingdon's turn to tremble, to wish that the earth might open and cover her. What! she was face to face with the haughty mistress of Huntingdon Hall, the terrible mother-in-law, who had haunted her day and night dreams with more terror and pertinacity than the wildest story of demon or spirit that had ever filled her infant fancy! It was almost too much for her, and as she leaned for support, faint and trembling, against the window-sill, Eva feared for a moment that she would have fainted. Lady Huntingdon, either dreading such a result, or probably, as much agitated herself, made no farther remark, and the party were profoundly silent when the door was impetuously opened, and young Huntingdon dripping with rain, entered the apartment.

"Why, mother! you here!" he exclaimed, starting back in inexpressible astonishment, "Well, though unexpected, believe me, you are sincerely, heartily welcome."

"Reserve your welcomes, Mr. Huntingdon, till they are solicited or sought," was the scornful reply; "Err not so egregiously as to suppose for one moment, that Lady Huntingdon could ever forget herself so far as to become a guest beneath your roof!"

"Well, we will not quarrel with your Ladyship's determination, nor weary you with importunities to change it," he negligently replied, as he turned to a mirror to arrange his thick curls, disordered and damp with rain.

"It was to seek shelter from the storm, that I entered here," resumed his mother in her sternest tones, "but, had I known who were its inmates, I would have braved the wildest fury of the elements, rather than have degraded myself thus."

"Oh! mamma, mamma!" pleaded her daughter, imploringly.

"Silence, girl!" retorted Lady Huntingdon, turning her flashing eyes upon her; "Have you already, during the few moments you have breathed the same atmosphere with your ingrate of a brother, learned to plead for and defend him?"

Eva shrank back, and Lady Huntingdon continued with a laugh of bitter superciliousness.

"And so, Mr. Huntingdon, it was for such a home as this, that you resigned Huntingdon Hall, and its lordly demesne, your princely residence in London, your equipages, servants and valets. It was for such a home as this that you resigned your brilliant position in society, your high-born friends and associates, and oh! climax of madness! it was for you ignorant, insignificant girl, destitute

alike of beauty, manner or talent, that you outraged the love of a devoted mother, trampled on the claims of a marquis' daughter, and the open preference of many a high-born, gifted woman!"

"Enough, Madam," was the stern rejoinder of her son, who had listened with unruffled composure to her reproaches, whilst directed solely against himself; "Enough! Let your Ladyship remember, however great your wrongs may be, that you are now under Mrs. Huntingdon's roof, and do not outrage beyond all bounds, the hospitality that has hitherto kept her silent."

"Mrs. Huntingdon!" echoed his mother in her haughtiest accents; "I neither know nor acknowledge such a person. This roof, short a time as I intend to test its hospitality, belongs to my son, and I have a claim on it that no ingratitude of his, no new and worthless ties can efface."

"That may be, but your Ladyship must respect at the same time the claims of your son's wife."

"Yes, his wife!" she repeated with an hysterical laugh; "His wife! The future Lady Huntingdon! Oh! I knew not, till now, infatuated boy, the depth to which you had fallen, nor the utter worthlessness of the object for which you have erred so madly, so unpardonably! but come, Eva, we have lingered here too long. Evil, indeed, was the chance that brought us hither."

Young Huntingdon glanced towards the window as she spoke, it was still raining heavily. Anxious on her account, but doubly so on Eva's, whose delicacy of constitution, the result of her late severe illness, he well knew, he coldly, but respectfully exclaimed:

"Let your ladyship not deem it derogatory to your dignity or my own, if I ask you, to remain here till the weather is more favorable. The shelter I proffer you, I would proffer equally to the most perfect stranger; hesitate not then, in accepting it."

Lady Huntingdon replied only by imperiously waving him aside, and with a haughty step, swept from the cottage. He seeing it was useless to combat further her determination, hurriedly caught up a heavy shawl belonging to his wife, and carefully wrapped it round Eva, who after a grateful pressure of his hand, and an affectionate glance towards her young sister-in-law, followed her mother. The young man stepped out into the porch and gazed after the carriage till it was nearly out of sight, he then silently and sullenly re-entered the drawing room. His wife was seated near the window, weeping, her face buried in her hands, but her husband was in no mood for consoling her then, and he coldly exclaimed;

"What are you crying for, Carry! Is it be-

cause my mother has not carried you back in triumph to that terrestrial Eden, Huntingdon Hall! What! too sullen to answer! Well, you will have time to indulge in your present mood, for I am going out and will not be home for some hours."

He sprang through the window as he spoke, perfectly regardless of the rain which was falling in torrents. The storm, however, soon passed over, and the setting sun streamed brightly out as if to atone for the previous gloom, but it was not till long after its bright hues had faded from the west, that Augustus Huntingdon returned to his home. He entered the little parlour, his brow wearing a look of deeper gloom than when he had left it, and with bitter replies on his lips to the reproaches with which he expected his wife would as usual assail him. Mrs. Huntingdon was seated at the table, on which the evening repast had long been spread, but though her countenance was sad, no tokens of anger or silliness were there. Softened, despite himself by that, and by the kindness of the tone in which she addressed him, he succeeded in answering her with something of his usual lively cordiality, but after a few fruitless attempts at partaking of the food before him, he rose and threw himself on a sofa, saying "he was wearied, and needed repose." It was not repose however, that he sought then, but leisure, opportunity, to indulge undisturbed in all the torturing regrets and reflections evoked by his mother's late visit, and which now shadowed for the first time his light and reckless spirit. He had not till that day, fully measured the length and breadth of the barrier he had so rashly mised between himself and the friends of his youth, he had not comprehended how entirely, how irrevocably he had separated himself from the pleasures and privileges of his early life, and with many a bitter sigh, he acknowledged to himself, that Lady Huntingdon had not censured his folly so severely without reason. Sleep, however stole over him, and he forgot for a few hours, his many troubles. When he awoke he was still lying on the sofa, though in a more comfortable position, for a cushion had been placed under his head. He at first fancied he was alone, but the bright moonlight streaming in through the parted curtains, clearly revealed to him the figure of his wife who was seated near the window, almost concealed by its deep shadow. The thought struck him that she too was sleeping, for her head was bowed on the arm of her chair, but the white handkerchief raised ever and anon to her face, and the irregular, sobbing breathing, repressed with such care that his ear could scarcely catch the sounds, told a different

tale. There was something wonderfully touching in this quiet sorrow, so different from her usual passionate displays of grief, or rather fretfulness, and her companion instantly left the couch and approached her. Uncertain whether to attribute her tears to his mother's harshness or his own late abruptness, he laid his hand lightly on her shoulder, exclaiming:

"Well, Carry, what are you fretting for, now! Is it my mother's delinquencies or those of your very faulty husband?"

"Neither, Augustus," was the low, sobbing reply, "but, for my own faults and follies. Alas! I have many tears to shed, ere I can hope to expiate them."

"Nonsense! my little wife!" he rejoined in a tone which notwithstanding its assumed levity, revealed much deep feeling. I fear my stately mamma has frightened you into regret for having connected yourself so nearly with her."

"No, my dear kind husband, it is not that, but to day, in listening to her just reproaches, her vivid contrast of what you are, with what you might have been but for me, the consciousness of how poor was the return you had met for all your generous sacrifices in my own behalf, flashed for the first time fully upon me, and bitter, harsh as were Lady Huntingdon's words, I felt all the while, they were, alas! but too just; still, Augustus, if you have not learned to hate me yet, if any of the love I was once so blessed as to possess, lingers in your heart; say, that you will forgive me, that with the same noble generosity with which you have heretofore endured my faults, you will now forget them, and oh! my future life will atone for the past, will prove to you the depth, the heartfelt sincerity of my repentance."

"God bless you, my own Carry, for those words!" exclaimed the young man as he fondly strained her to his heart; "Fulfil them, and a happiness more pure and perfect than thrones could offer, will yet be ours."

"And you will never regret Huntingdon Hall, Augustus dear, and,—and the Marquis' daughter."

"There is not the slightest danger of that, Carry," was the smiling but emphatic reply; "In your very worst moods you would be more endurable to me than Lady Mary Lawton in her best. Continue to smile on me as you are smiling now, to love and trust me, and I would not exchange our little cottage for a ducal palace."

Half timidly, half hopefully the young wife raised her bright, tearful eyes to his, but the earnest, softened expression of her husband's handsome countenance, the gentle pressure of his

hand, spoke of an affection deeper even than that with which he had plighted his vows to her at the altar itself. The good seed that Eva had so patiently yet almost hopelessly sown in her sister-in-law's really generous though faulty nature, had at length borne fruit, and to her sweet counsels and example was owing the first step that Carry Huntingdon had taken towards repairing the faults of her early married life. The event, however, so favorable to the domestic peace of the inmates of Honey-suckle Cottage, had produced very different results to the other actors in it. Eva and her mother had arrived at the Hall, thoroughly saturated with rain, and either the exposure, or the agitation of her unforeseen and unexpected interview with her son, had brought on the latter, a dangerous attack of illness. Eva, protected in some measure by the shawl her brother had wrapped round her, was more fortunate and she was even well enough to take her post as occasional nurse in her mother's sick room. The few weeks of toilsome watching that followed were not the only evil results of the visit to the Cottage, for one morning on entering her mother's room, a few moments after the physician had left it, Lady Huntingdon informed her that the latter had recommended, in fact insisted on the necessity of a more southern clime, and as the advice tallied with her own wishes, she intended leaving England as soon as her strength permitted.

Eva was overwhelmed, paralyzed by the intelligence, but neither then, nor at a later period, did she express either surprise or regret. She knew too well how totally indifferent her mother was in all cases to her feelings or opinions, yet not the less bitterly did she mourn the change that was about to separate her from the new ties of love and happiness her heart had formed to itself. If another regret lurked in her breast, adding a tenfold bitterness to those that already haunted her, she neither wished nor dared to analyze it, and not even to herself would she acknowledge that another shared in the many sad thoughts and bitter sighs she lavished on her brother and his wife. With the latter, she now frequently, almost daily, found herself, and it was not entirely the solace of their affection, or a temporary distraction from her own anxious cares that she sought. No, a purer and more unselfish motive actuated her, and that was to ensure the continuance of the perfect peace and happiness that had commenced to dawn for the beings so dear to her, to pour into the now willing ear of the young wife, gentle counsels teaching her how to preserve the love of her husband, and to ren-

der his home the Eden, his boyish imaginings had pictured it.

To Augustus himself she had but little cause to speak. The very depth of feeling, with which he, usually so reckless and volatile, spoke of the un- hoped for change in his wife's character, her generous promises and purposes of amendment, convinced Eva that whatever domestic trials and troubles were yet in store for him, her brother would in all probability, be more sinned against than sinning, and as she listened to his eager though boyish schemes of happiness for the future, his merry jests on the renewed honey-moon vouchsafed to himself and his little Carry, she inwardly thanked the Providence that had preserved their happiness secure, even at the time that her own had been irremediably shipwrecked.

This thought solaced her even in the dread hour of parting, when Mrs. Huntingdon hung round her neck in an agony of tears, and Augustus strained her to his heart with a sorrow not less deep, though more restrained than that of his young wife. Generously thoughtful of their happiness to the last, Eva, in the final moment of farewell, pressed upon her brother, almost despite his will, the greater part of the large remittance transmitted her by her guardians on receiving the intelligence of her approaching voyage; convinced that while she would have always around her the luxuries, Honey-suckle Cottage might yet perchance be deficient in the necessaries of life.

Shortly after, the establishment at Huntingdon Hall was broken up, the servants dismissed, for the family contemplated a lengthened absence, and the *Morning Post*, among its other items of fashionable intelligence contained the announcement that Lord and Lady Huntingdon, accompanied by their daughter Miss Huntingdon, had embarked for France.

CHAPTER XXIII.

For five long years the dust silently accumulated in the stately apartments of Huntingdon Hall, and the spider suspended its web unmolested from the gilded cornices, yet no word came from its careless owners. The neighbouring gentry after a few selfish regrets lavished on the by-gone Christmas festivities of which the Hall had ever been the theatre, and a few wondering conjectures as to what the Huntingdons intended to do with their pretty daughter, whether to marry her to some grey-haired Italian *principe*, or mate her more equally with one of their titled countrymen whom they were likely to meet abroad, troubled themselves no more about them and

soon ended by completely forgetting their existence. Great then was the surprise and wonderment, when after the long period above mentioned, the gates of Huntingdon Hall were thrown open, the building crowded with mechanics and artisans, and the preparations and improvements carried on in a scale that betokened the proprietors were returning to it, as ostentatious and luxurious as ever. The taciturn old steward was plied on all sides with questions and conjectures, but the extent of the information he imparted was, that he had received a letter a short time previous from Lord Huntingdon, bidding him see to the arrangement of the Hall immediately, as the family were returning home.

It was towards the close of a gloomy November day that the heavy carriage drove up to the mansion, and it needed all the cares and wealth that had been lavished on the edifice itself, and all the accessories of cheerful fires and countless lights, to counteract the almost ominous gloom of the evening that witnessed the return of the travellers to their home.

Lady Huntingdon who seemed fearfully exhausted, retired at once to her apartment and as she slowly ascended the stairs leaning on her husband's arm and pausing every second step for breath, many a foreboding sigh was breathed by those who had seen her some few years before, sweep past them with a lofty carriage and haughty step that seemed to disdain the very earth on which it trod. But Lady Huntingdon was not the only one on whom time had heavily left its trace. Evr, the young and once blooming Eva was also strangely changed and few would have recognized in the pale silent girl, whose saddened features and deep, mournful eyes spoke so long a tale of grief, the happy, child-like being who had first come among them as bright as the flowers that had formed for a while her only world and her only joys. With a cheerfulness which even their unsuspecting natures could easily detect was assumed, she replied to the warm greetings of the retainers, but when one or two old and privileged servants respectfully but pityingly breathed their hopes "that the pure air and tranquil repose of the old Hall, would restore health and bloom to their dear Miss Eva's cheek again," she hurriedly turned from them lest they should read in the tears that blinded her eyes, the mournful fear her own heart had long ere then acknowledged, that health or happiness for her, existed not on earth again.

How coldly did the desolate stateliness of the drawing-room strike upon her as she sat there a moment alone. What, a mockery, seemed the

lighted candelabras, the blazing grates, the countless tapers. The master of all had not deemed it worth his while to cast even a single glance into the apartment, the proud mistress, broken in health and spirits, was fit only for the quiet gloom of a sick room, and she their unloved and unregarded child, she, on whose brow the cares and sorrows of womanhood had been stamped, ere the very first freshness of childhood had passed from it, surely it was not for her that all this pomp was displayed? Oh! that were indeed the wildest mockery of all! Impatiently turning from its glaring light, she hurriedly sought her own dressing room, whose quiet, unpretending comfort, was more soothing to her, then, morbidly excited feelings. Dismissing her maid who was overpowered with sleep and fatigue, she looked sally around. All was still the same. No alteration, save the new curtains and hangings that had replaced the former ones, and the costly Mosaic table, a reminiscence of Rome, that had superseded the olden, rosewood stand.

"All unchanged!" she murmured, with a deep sigh, "All unchanged, save myself."

For a moment she paused before a full sized portrait, which had been taken about a month after her first arrival at the Hall, and which was full of the radiant bloom that had characterized her as a child. For a moment her weary glance rested on the bright features, the happy smile that parted the glowing, coral lips, and involuntarily she turned to a mirror beside her. The contrast appalled even herself. The faultless features alone were there, the colouring, the expression, the very life of the picture were gone.

"The girl and the woman!" murmured the gazer, with a quivering lip. "Oh! what a fearful change, and six years have wrought all this!"

Eva had drank long and deeply of the cup of earthly sorrow, she had seen her dearest hopes blighted, her affections trampled on and flung back on herself, and yet, that moment brought with it a pang as bitter as if it had been her first initiation into suffering. No woman can look on the ravages sudden sickness or sorrow have wrought on her personal beauty, however previously she may have undervalued it, without a sinking of the heart, a feeling of weary hopelessness beyond almost the reach of earthly consolations, and however entire may be her succeeding resignation, its first intensity is ever overwhelming. So at least, Eva found it, but she yielded not long, and when she raised her head after the lapse of a few moments from the clasped hands on which it had fallen, her countenance was calm, almost as before,

still, something like a bitter smile, stole over her face, as she whispered :

"And, why should it not be so? Why should not the form as well as the spirit, change! Is that dim, faded semblance reflected in the mirror, more unlike its youthful type, than my present, hopeless, heavy heart is to the joyful life that once coursed through my veins? Why should I ask or expect that light and happiness should sparkle in the eye and lip, when they have fled forever from the soul within?"

As if wishing to shake off the new and mournful train of ideas into which she had fallen, she raised the taper, and carelessly passed around the apartment, without even glancing at the pictures and statues which had excited so often her girlish admiration. Her rapid survey concluded, she threw herself on a couch at some distance from the portrait. In setting down her taper on the table near her, a porcelain vase in which a few autumn flowers displayed their scentless bloom, attracted her attention. For a moment she looked earnestly at it. Yes, it was the same—the very vase in which the false Rockingham's flowers had been so often preserved, even before she knew aught of the giver. The thought brought no emotion in its train, no blush dyed her marble cheek, and a faint smile, either of wonder or contempt, betokened the feelings with which the woman now regarded this relic of the girl's early fancy.

"My first love!" she murmured. "Oh! how inapplicable, how untrue the name. How could I have ever fancied myself into the belief, that he was dear to me, but he was handsome and fascinating, favored by circumstances, I, young and childishly inexperienced. Why, had I loved him, the very first suspicion of his falsehood would have killed me, but, instead of that, at the very moment it was breathed into my ear, my heart was wasting itself in agonizing regrets for the forfeited favour of another. And that other, oh! how vainly I have striven to banish his image from the heart he won by no effort of his own, how I have striven in the intercourse of strangers, the learned and the gifted, in the bewildering changes of new lands and new scenes, to obliterate from memory the one haunting recollection that has embittered life. Why, why! did I ever meet Edgar Arlingford! Why was he so noble, so faultless, and worse than all, why did he so cruelly reveal to me, the tale of his own dawning preference, at the very moment too, that he was abjuring me for ever! But, for that wild thought I might be more reconciled to, nay, even happy in the new destiny awaiting me, that destiny I

can no longer avert, for I have trifled with *him* too long."

She covered her face with her hands, as she spoke, and a half sigh, half shudder ran through her frame. But what was the destiny *Eva* so darkly alluded to—who was the mysterious person, of whom she had spoken! Anticipating the voice of public report, which was likely to soon noise it abroad, we will at once inform the reader, both of it, and the purpose which had brought the Huntingdon's back to England. It was to celebrate, with all becoming splendour, at the family mansion, the nuptials of their daughter with her early suitor, Sir George Leland.

To recount to the reader, step by step, the means by which Lady Huntingdon had won her daughter to yield her consent to a union she had once regarded with such shuddering abhorrence, were too wearisome, nor will we attempt, either to describe, with anything like detail, the course of the five long years that the family had passed abroad. Their result was plainly seen in poor *Eva's* sad, sorrow-worn brow, and wearied, almost broken spirit. The two first had been to her, years of almost unmitigated misery, devoted entirely to nursing her mother through a long and dangerous illness. The office of attendant on Lady Huntingdon, even in the very bloom of her youth and happiness, had been no sinecure, but since her temper had grown doubly harsh and morose from disappointment and sickness, it had become almost insupportable. On *Eva*, fell the whole weight of the countless faults and imperfections of that undisciplined character. To *Eva*, Lady Huntingdon looked for attendance, amusement, care, and yet, that heart, so utterly encased in its own intense selfishness, had neither love nor gratitude for the gentle young being, whose bloom and youth were alike withering beneath the *Uras*-like shadow of her own gloomy egotism. For many weary months the invalid and her daughter sojourned in an isolated, though elegant villa, in the environs of Nice, whilst her husband, wearied, and perhaps, not without reason, of his domestic ties, sought distraction in the gaieties of Paris. A winter passed amidst its amusements, was followed up by way of enlivening contrast, by a summer excursion to Norway, and then Lord Huntingdon joined his family. After a few months spent in penitent goodness at her villa, he prevailed on his wife to accompany him to Rome for the Carnival. As Lady Huntingdon's health was somewhat improved by the pure, balmy breezes of Nice, she consented, and the change was at least, a happy relief to *Eva*. About a

back after their arrival, as they were slowly driving through one of the principal streets, Eva leaning back beside her mother in the carriage, wondering at the crowds of happy smiling faces they encountered, and recalling with a sigh, the time when her own had been as happy as the happiest they met, a startled exclamation of:

"God bless me! Is that you, Miss Eva?" struck upon her ear. The adjuration as well as the accent itself were purely English and with a strange feeling of apprehension she turned. It was as she feared. Mounted on a thorough-bred English hunter, that showed his tall figure and commandment to tolerable advantage, was Sir George Leland. The sudden shade, so palpable, so oppressive, that flitted across Eve's features was lost on the young baronet, and bending towards her, he whispered:

"Have, no fears of any farther annoyance from me, Miss Eva, for, I address you, now, as a friend, and not as a lover. To, convince you entirely of that, I have only to say that the magnet which detains me in Rome, is the society of a charming young country-women of my own who is now living with her family."

Eva again breathed and Sir George instantly turned to Lady Huntingdon, who either pleased to meet a friendly face in a land of strangers, or animated by her usual spirit of haughty opposition, received him with marked cordiality. As they slowly moved on, Sir George impatiently, Lady Huntingdon receiving with equal satisfaction the latest London gossip, a plain, green chariot, drove past them. It contained an elderly gentleman and three young ladies, decidedly English in their appearance. Sir George bowed to them with the most smiling countenance, at the same time eagerly whispering to Eva:

"There, that is Miss Stanton, the lady I was speaking of, in the blue bonnet."

The latter, a gentle though plain-looking girl, turned to her very temples as she returned the glance, glancing at the same time eagerly at Eva and by confusion coupled with the Baronet's discomposure, at once dispelled some uneasy feelings she had previously entertained as to the real existence of the "charming young per-

son! What, do, you, think, of her?" enquired Sir George.

"She has a very gentle, prepossessing countenance," was the unhesitating reply.

"Glad you think so and by-the-way she really has a sweet temper. Those are her sisters, she has three more at home and all

unmarried, herself the eldest. The family are very poor, but I do not mind that, as I am rich and the young lady, this is in strict confidence, a little partial to myself."

Assured on this important point, no longer importuned by lover-like attentions on the part of Sir George, Eva soon lost the species of dislike she had acquired for him during his visit at Huntingdon Hall. His willingness to share with her the burden of amusing Lady Huntingdon and supporting her Ladyship's countless whims and ill-temper, which he did with a certain dogged composure that might easily have been mistaken for the most imperturbable good-humour, farther did away with her prejudices, and when her mother informed her, some weeks after, that she had invited the Baronet to spend a month at their villa, she was conscious, at least, of no feeling of dissatisfaction. The month was lengthened to three, Sir George's conduct all the while so unexceptionable, that when Eva learned by chance that the "charming young person" had returned long since to England, unwooed and unwon, it caused her no uneasiness. Her security, however, was ill-founded, for the Baronet took occasion on the eve of his departure, to again renew his proposals. He listened, however, to Eva's second rejection, so resignedly, begging "she would still continue to look on him as a friend and permit him to contribute, as formerly, to Lady Huntingdon's amusement or comfort, as far as lay in his power," that so far from feeling any irritation against him, Eva was only sorry for the pain she had been compelled to inflict.

Lady Huntingdon too, either controlled by her promise to Mr. Arlingford, or by the conviction that harshness was not the best policy, made no open effort to force her daughter's inclinations. She quietly represented to her, indeed, the advantages of a union with a man of Sir George's position and unexceptionable character and temper, recapitulating all the arguments she had once brought forward on a similar occasion. Wisely, but briefly, she spoke too, of the only alternative awaiting Eva, a life spent in a home, which from circumstances, could never be otherwise than dull and cheerless and in which she would ever be entirely dependent on the will of others. That argument was perhaps the best chosen of all, and when after another six months, during which Sir George accompanied them on all their wanderings abroad, bearing with Lady Huntingdon's imperfections and atoning for the indolent negligence of her husband, who when travelling, always "left every thing to Providence," he again humbly proffered his hand, Eva

gave him a sort of provisional promise "that if after the expiration of a year, her sentiments had undergone no change, she would become his wife." She also gave him clearly to understand, that the engagement was no more binding on his side, than on hers, and that if during the interval, chance threw him with any one he might prefer to herself, he was perfectly free to transfer at once his hand and homage.

From all this it might naturally be inferred that the young baronet was passionately attached to the object of his attentions, and yet incredible as it may appear, affection had very little to do with it. He certainly loved Eva in a measure, that is to say, he preferred her to any other lady of his acquaintance, the charming Miss Stanton herself, not excepted, and the very difficulty he found in winning her, made him more anxious, more doggedly determined to secure the prize. He knew too that she was gentle, well-bred, and would make in all respects a desirable wife, but that was the extent of his love and when Eva deeming it a necessary duty, gently informed him at their final explanation:

"That, though her gratitude and esteem might be his, she feared her love never could," he most magnanimously declared:

"That, that was quite enough, he should be perfectly satisfied with it."

Lady Huntingdon was as happy as her character would permit, when informed of her daughter's betrothment, conditional thought was. Her worldliness and self love were both gratified by it. She had secured a suitable and wealthy *parti* for her child, and still more signal triumph!—the very man whom she had from the first selected as a son-in-law, and whose rejection had excited so strongly her indignation. This tardy acceptance of him seemed an act of amendment, a tacit acknowledgement of her own superior power and discrimination, and her deportment towards Eva became thenceforth kinder, her manner more friendly than before. Lord Huntingdon, too, was pleased in his indolent way, and he, one night, confidentially declared to his future son-in-law:

"That he was cursed glad, little Evy would soon be out of her mother's dominion, for the latter worried the very soul out of her. To be sure," he added in the same breath, "'twill be all the worse for myself then, for I'll be all alone, to bear the weight of her ladyship's brimstone temper, still, no matter, 'tis time Evy should have a little rest."

When the proscribed year was within a month of its close, Lady Huntingdon issued her mandate that the family should return to England for the

celebration of the nuptials, but this return was sorely against her daughter's will, who opposed it, though vainly, by every means in her power. The change indeed, that came over Eva from the hour the voyage was ultimately decided, was inexplicable, even to herself. The species of monotonous calmness that had for many months fallen to her lot, vanished, and was replaced by a restless disquiet, a vague unhappiness that partook at times of foreboding. With terror, she found, too, that her heart was often insensibly yearning for freedom from the new ties she had contracted, and which she had schooled herself at one time to look on with resignation, nay, cheerfulness.

Equally alarmed was she, by the strange and almost fatal pertinacity with which her thoughts ever recurred to passages in her life, that now she felt 'twere most unwise to dwell upon, to scenes and events, trifling in themselves, but all forming part of that one whole, all connected with that being she wished at once and forever to forget. Even Sir George noticed the change, though of course, without divining the cause, and annoyed by Eva's occasional irrepressible coldness of manner, and singular marked predilection for solitude, he at times murmured, though indeed very low, to himself:

"That after, all, he was not certain he had been so remarkably fortunate. He might have been just as happy with Miss Stanton, whom he was certain, was not by one half as whimsical as her more successful rival."

There were times when but for very shame's sake, Eva would have cancelled the engagement, but the childish inconsistency of such a step, the pain and humiliation it would inflict on Sir George, whose feelings she really feared wounding, and the motive that had chiefly swayed her through life—dread of her mother—restrained her. With such feelings, feelings she had vainly struggled against with all the generous determination of an upright will, it required no sibyl to foretell the amount of happiness awaiting her as Lady Leland.

The only solacing thought connected with her return to England, was the hope of seeing her brother and his youthful wife, but even this expectation was clouded by anxious doubts, for more than four years had elapsed since she had heard from them. Their silence, certainly, was in a measure easily accounted for. The movements of the Huntingdons abroad had been so uncertain and Eva so little taken into her mother's confidence, that it had been utterly impossible for her to give her home friends her address, with any degree of certainty. A letter might have arrived for her at Nice, when she was on

her way to Naples, or have sought her in Rome whilst located in some out of the way bathing-place, chancedly recommended by Lady Huntingdon's physician. Still, that reflection served but in a very slight measure to dispel her uneasiness. There were so many dangers and trials surrounding the young couple, of which poverty and pecuniary embarrassments were the most trifling. The impetuous thoughtlessness of her brother's character, the inducements constantly held out to him by former friends to join again the reckless circle of which he had once been the life and favorite, and the utter inability of his wife to counteract either by her own personal influence, or by her counsels, those powerful temptations. The differences and estrangements too that had so early risen between them, promising so ill for a union that admitted the like whilst both were in the spring time of existence, on the threshold of wedded life, afforded ample cause in themselves alone, for fear and anxiety. True, Carry had shed tears of repentance, had fervently promised, whilst clasped to her husband's heart, amendment and patience, but were the purposes of a young inexperienced girl, infallible were they, not even as frail as those of the thoughtless, boyish being, who instead of being able to direct or support her, was, alas! as yet, unfit to guide himself! Four years! four, long, years! What changes might not have taken place during them! Her own watchful presence and unceasing efforts, her admonition to the wife and her influence with the husband, had scarcely sufficed to keep clear their domestic horizon for one short year, how, had it faded with them, then, abandoned entirely to themselves, without friend or counsellor in the difficult journey of life? In anxiety for them, her own regrets and cares were forgotten, and the last purpose of her waking thoughts, was to seek them out without delay, even on the morrow itself.

To be Continued.

ALOISE SENEFELDER.

At Munich, in the year 1795, a new comedy was acted one night at the theatre. The part of one of the characters, whose duty it was to keep the audience in a perpetual roar of laughter, was sustained by a young man, whose mournful actions and spiritless gestures were strangely at variance with the drolleries he uttered. He seemed to be about seventeen years old, his figure was tall and

slender, his countenance pale, and his large blue eyes wore an expression of profound melancholy. The piece was unmercifully hissed; and, as soon as it was over, while the young actor was changing his dress, one of the attendants made his appearance.

"Mr. Aloise Senefelder!" said he, "the manager wishes to speak to you immediately."

"Tell him I am coming," replied the young man; and hastily finishing his toilette, he repaired to the manager's room.

"Mr. Senefelder," said the man in authority, "do you know I am the author of the play acted to-night?"

"Yes, sir," said Aloise, timidly.

"Do you know the piece is condemned!"

"Sir," said Aloise, "I did my best—"

"To make it fail, and you have succeeded," said the incensed author. "From this moment you are no longer one of my company. Here is what I owe you—take it, sir, and withdraw."

Astonished at these words, Aloise stood like a statue. He seemed without power either to take the money, or to move. At length the box-keeper who was present, took the few coins and placed them in his hand; and the cold contact of the silver recalling him to recollection, he clasped his fingers convulsively together, and falling on his knees, burst into tears.

"Ah! don't send me away!—don't send me away!" he cried.

"I want an actor, not a mourner," said the manager-author, in whose ears the hisses were yet ringing. "In place of laughing you weep."

"Sir, my father died two days ago, and he is not yet buried, for want of a coffin to contain his dear remains. My mother and my five little brothers and sisters have only me to depend on. Try me, then, Mr. Sparman—try me once more, I beseech you."

"Sorry I can't grant your request," said the manager, taking up his hat and moving towards the door. As he passed Aloise, on whose pale face the burning tears seemed frozen, the better feelings of the man partly conquered those of the author.

"Double the salary, and pay for the father's funeral, Mr. Fitz," he said to the box-keeper, and went out.

Fitz took a few crowns from a drawer, placed them in the hands of Aloise, helped him to rise; and then giving him his arm, assisted him out of the theatre.

Kindly supporting the poor boy's tottering steps, the box-keeper led him to an undertaker's shop, and gave orders for an humble coffin. Then see-

ing him able to walk to his mother's lodging, Fitz took leave of him and returned to the theatre.

The widow Senefelder inhabited a miserable apartment in an obscure part of the city. Want and misery were stamped on the innocent faces of the five little ones who surrounded her, and who, with one accord, rushed towards Aloise as he entered.

The eldest, a pretty girl about ten years old, drew them back, and putting her lips close to her brother's ear, whispered—

"Have you brought any supper, Aloise?"

"Here," said he, giving her the silver he had received.

"So much as that?" said the sister; "they must be much pleased to give you so many crowns."

"So much pleased, Marianne, that they have dismissed me."

"Then you are no longer an actor?" said one of the little boys. "So much the better. It is an ungodly profession, our curate says."

"Yes," rejoined another child, "but how shall we get money to buy bread, if Aloise does nothing?"

"Hush, hush," said Marianne; "don't let our dear mamma hear this bad news to-night. We will pray to God, who has taken papa to himself and perhaps He will send us some consolation."

Aloise was silent. He watched all night by his father's corpse, and the next morning followed it to the grave. Instead of returning home, he wandered idly through the streets, pursued by the still recurring question—"What can I do?" Night approached. He thought of returning to his mother, recalling how uneasy his absence would make her; but when he looked around he knew not where he was. In absence of mind, he had wandered far into the country, and the rushing of a river struck his ear. He approached its bank, and, overcome by fatigue and hunger, sank down upon the soft grass. For some time he watched the flowing water, till a dreadful idea entered his poor harassed brain.

"Beneath that quiet wave," he thought, "all woes would soon be ended. I am no longer good for anything. I am only a burden to my mother, giving her another mouth to feed. I will therefore die, and all will be over!"

Aloise had been educated in sentiments of Christian piety; and now like a ray of light from heaven, the thought struck him that he was meditating a fearful crime. He shuddered, and kneeling down, prayed fervently to God for pardon.

While on his knees, his ideas became gradually confused, the water ceased to flow, and the stars to shine. Aloise slept.

When he opened his eyes, it was day-light. The scene around was gilded by the rising sun. He heard the pleasant singing of the birds, and his heart expanded with joy. He was still among the living—he had not accomplished his wicked resolution; and, falling again on his knees, he thanked God for his mercy. Notwithstanding his bodily weakness, he felt refreshed, and sat down for a few moments on the grass, to collect his thoughts, ere he set out on his return to the city.

While thus resting, his eyes fell on a smooth white chalk-stone, on which was traced the delicate semblance of a sprig of moss, with all its minute flowers and tender fibres. He remembered that the evening before, his tears had fallen on this stone, and moistened the sprig of moss which had probably fallen on it from the beak of some wandering bird. Now, the moss was no longer there, the wind having borne it away, but its impress remained so exquisitely traced on the smooth white surface of the stone, that the young German could not help being struck with the phenomenon,

"This means something," thought he. "I may have been led in mercy to this spot. I am a bad actor, a bad singer, but who knows! I may be reserved for something better."

Taking the stone in his hand, Aloise rose up and turned his steps homeward.

At the gate of the city, he met his little brother, whom his mother had sent to seek him. The child told him that an old uncle of their mother had come to see her on the morning of the burial and had given her a sum of money to relieve her wants.

"My God, I thank thee," said young Senefelder mentally. He did not then know that the stone which he held in hand, would cause him in a few days still greater emotions of thankfulness. At first he employed his discovery only in ornamenting the covers of caskets, snuff-boxes, &c.; but, one day it occurred to him to take off on wet paper the picture drawn on stone. The experiment succeeded, and lithography was discovered.

In time, Aloise brought the art to perfection. He studied chemistry for the purpose; and rich and happy were his prosperous family around him. He felt that he could never be sufficiently thankful for having outlived his design of self-destruction.

"Why should we ever despair!" he would say. "God can turn our pain into pleasure, and our bitterness into joy."

ERAS IN WOMAN'S LOVE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZCHOCKE.

My father formed at the University an intimate friendship with a young and very gifted man named Waldern. When they left the high school, the night before their separation, with tearful eyes they pledged each other over a glass of punch, and swore to remain true to each other even to their last moments; and whatever might be their future lot, if it were in any manner possible, they agreed to see each other every year. There have been many friendships sworn, and faith often pledged over a glass of punch or wine, but people return to a more quiet state of mind,—they look back upon youthful enthusiasm, and smile at it,—they forget themselves. The times change, and men change with them.

Yet it was different with my father and young Waldern. They kept their word and faith. They grew sober, but their hearts beat warmly, even in ripe years. Their paths in life were very distant, but their souls always turned toward each other, notwithstanding the distance which separated them. They married, but never forgot their brotherlike tenderness. Once every year they visited each other, notwithstanding they were separated by a three days' journey. And even when they each had the engagements of an office, and a family of children, they devoted two or three weeks to their annual visit.

For several years, at first, the visits took place alternately at their different homes. Afterwards, it was usually my father who made the journey and was entertained by his friends. I do not know how this happened; but Waldern was rich by marriage and inheritance, dwelt in the city, and held an office at court, which gave him a great deal of occupation; these reasons might have kept him at home. My father held the office of head forester in a village; his house had no superfluous room for guests accustomed to luxury; perhaps it was more pleasant to him to see, once a year, the varied bustle of the city, than for the courtier to, inspect the woodcutting in a forest, or the table in a village; for some reason, however, it came at last to be the custom for my father, every summer, to take a journey and visit his friend.

I might have been a boy of ten years old, when my mother dressed me in new clothes from head to foot, and my father said:

"Gustavus, you shall go with me to the city, this time. My brother Waldern has long desired to see you."

Who was so gay as I! The mamma travelled with us this time. For a quarter of a year we looked forward to the journey. I was the only child remaining to my parents; they enjoyed my childish anticipation of the wonders of the city.

In fact, there was enough for me to see and hear in the city. It seemed to me like life in a fairy tale, every day something new. Waldern was an exceedingly agreeable man, but he had an only daughter, just as old as I was, named Augustina, who seemed to me much more agreeable even than he was. She jumped and danced incessantly before me, and her first question was: "Gustavus, have you seen my new doll?" Then she seized me by the arm, and I was obliged to admire the doll, whose splendid dresses, of which she had at least a dozen, were changed every day. I was also called to express my delight at the sight of the doll's furniture, her tables and chairs. The second day, however, Augustina let the doll repose, and rambled with me about the grounds. She taught me to dance, and I taught her to play soldier in the garden, with flower stalks for guns. We were never separated, and from morning till evening in an incessant frolic and play.

"Listen, old friend," said Waldern, one evening at supper, to my father: "we have charming children."

At these words I looked at Augustina, for I had not yet thought whether she were pretty or not. And to be sure her dark locks, confined only by a simple rose-colored band,—the delicate oval of her fine face,—the black, animated, roguish, good humored eyes,—her red, plump lips,—the graceful motions of her whole body,—all appeared to me to be really pretty.

"Papa," cried Augustina, with a face wonderfully between sour and sweet, "if I only had such pretty hair and eyes as Gustavus, you would certainly think I should do very well."

"Old friend," continued Waldern, without suf-

fering himself to be interrupted by the little vanity of Augustina, "Our friendship must descend to our children, and they shall make a couple; it is plain they are intended for each other."

My father nodded smilingly, and raised his wine-glass. The old people touched glasses. I did not exactly understand what the Chamberlain meant by the inheritance. But Augustina explained it by a question she put to her father:

"Indeed, little papa," cried she, "do you mean that Gustavus shall be my husband! Oh! that is charming. I shall certainly love him dearly. Oh! yes, papa, let it be so; do not you like it, Gustavus?"

A loud laugh went round the table. The next day we played man and wife. We had a wedding, but before that, we had a betrothal. In the garden, which was bordered by grape vines, we had our church between two acacia trees, which were then rare in Germany. A wooden garden bench was the altar; a cousin of Augustina's, somewhat older than we were, who often came to play with us, was the priest. Augustina had arranged everything; two pewter rings, set with green and red glass stones, had been purchased; these were exchanged before the altar, and because on account of their large size they tumbled from our fingers, they had ribbon wound about them on the under side.

After the wedding, we went to a wedding feast in a corner of the garden. Table and chairs were placed, sugar plums of all kinds, cake and milk were served up in a doll's tea-set by the bride herself. Everything went off bravely. After the feast, we had a dance, the cousin being musician.

Yet, why should all this childish nonsense be repeated. Three weeks passed away in the city like a dream to me. And when we separated, there was sorrow and crying between the husband and wife. We begged them not to separate us, but our parents consoled us, laughed at our emotion, and at last took us from each other with the promise that we should soon have another visit.

We did not go back again so soon to the city as I wished. At home everything seemed empty, dead, and solitary. For some time I wept in secret for Augustina. And even when I ceased to grieve, and became accustomed again to the quiet house of my parents, and the stillness of the village and the forest,—for this soon happened—all was not yet right in every corner.

For this reason I was well pleased that a change took place. My father placed me at school in a neighboring city. I was delivered over to

his acquaintance, the Rector of the school,—an old, worthy, learned man,—as a pupil and a boarder. My mother wept bitterly when I went away from home. She packed my trunk closely with my clothes and books, but I found room enough to stow Augustina's pewter ring between the folds of a handkerchief. My good mother herself first carefully wrapped it up in paper.

A life of study with the Rector was not at first altogether pleasant to me, but I soon came to like the bustle of the boys in school. Multiplication, division, conjugations, definitions, extemporising, all now went briskly along, and time went along with it. As the city where my education was conducted was only three miles from my native village, I was often at home. This was always a high festival for me, for I could only be there a day at a time. Oh, maternal love! oh, heart of a father! How unspeakably happy was I every time I returned to the scene of my youthful sports.

The Rector, my master, was an excellent man; I loved him like a second father. His learning made him seem to me like a superior being. He had not much intercourse with the inhabitants of his little city. He delighted rather to live with the exalted spirits of other days, and with his youthful pupils: "for," said he, "there I see the perfected, and you bear in your hearts the seeds of perfection. Many of you will deceive my hopes; yet I hope by some to work in the world, when I no longer breathe under the heavens."

I now approached through the porch of the grammar into the holy of holies of ancient wisdom. How did Homer and Curtius excite me, but above all others, Plutarch. I could have wept over the great world of the past. How merciful seemed to me the men of our own times, still, in fact, barbarians on whom may be seen the scars of the strong hand of slavery, and the dust of the people's wanderings. I read, I translated, I wrote verses, I was happy, as knowledge makes every young man.

I had nothing to do with the journeys to the city, though my father regularly made his visits there, in conformity to his old customs. I no longer sighed after it; I had altogether forgotten my little wife there. I should have lost her little pewter ring, if I had not put it aside with some other toys in a little bag, where it lay undisturbed for years. My vacations I usually spent at home, in company with some of my fellow students, or made journeys to visit them at theirs.

Thus the years passed away. In my nineteenth, the Rector considered me prepared for the University, and my father sent me there. It was a bitter parting, for I was unwilling to leave the

erthy man, who, in forming my mind, had laid the foundation of all my inward happiness. Still unwillingly did I bid adieu to the neighboring home of my father, from which I should now be fourteen miles distant. Now, everything which had prized and loved as a child, became more dear. I visited again all the scenes of my sports; and as I was one day packing up for my journey, I did not neglect the little bag containing my mementoes. I took out the smallest articles, as medals, and reliques of my departed childhood, and laid them near Homer and Horace in my trunk. Augustina's pewter ring was among them. Notwithstanding I made verses in which the moon above and tender love, the young heart gay, the sun's bright ray, hearts and smarts, figured largely, yet of the ring of the little maiden and the city, I retained no distinct impression. I looked rather for the eyes of modest virgins, on which I could honorably pay a couple of Petrarchian sonnets; but this I did with fear and trembling. And I cannot say that any one pair of the many eyes whose lightning glance I often met, ever inspired me to write an ode. And yet, among the products, and Institutions, and other forms of science with which I was surrounded, because my father desired to see me a head forester, my mind never sighed for something. I did not know what it was, but I did not find it.

I had advanced so far, during the three years which I had passed at the University, that I was able to become *Doctor utriusque juris*. I was pressed, after having taken my degree, to apply for a professorship, and give private lectures. But my father, as head forester, considered no office in the State so honorable as a forest Counsellor; and through the influence of the Chamberlain, Waldern, I was established as Refendarius in a provincial city.

Before I went to my post, I wished to visit my parents. I had been to see them once a year, during all the time which I had passed at the University. My father wrote to me to meet him in the city, where he with my mother were going to visit our old friend Waldern. I had some further directions respecting my office to receive from the latter.

I hastened thither, in compliance with these directions. On the journey I thought sometimes of Augustina, but always with aversion, as if I were ashamed of our childish jests. Meanwhile, I thought I, also must be pretty well grown, and perhaps she is still handsome. But the thought was odious to me, that our parents would, perhaps, make a serious matter of these jests, and might

couple us together in earnest. It seemed to me this meeting had been contrived for no other purpose. I took a mental oath this should never be.

And I kept my oath, but certainly against my will. For, after the first hearty embraces on entering Waldern's house, I looked round the apartment, and there, standing ready to salute every one, was a young lady, beautiful as a Hebe, with black, piercing eyes, into which I could no more look than into the noonday sun, without incurring the danger of being struck blind. Ah, I was already blind; I only saw that she saluted me with a bow and with blushing cheeks. What I replied to this, I do not know. I wished myself a thousand miles off, that I might collect my thoughts; and yet I would have rather died than have gone away.

I was fortunately relieved from my embarrassment by the embraces and questions of my parents and friends. I was obliged to answer, and thus by degrees recovered my self-possession. I heard Mr. Waldern say to the charming unknown, "Augustina, is supper ready?" Alas, thought I, is that indeed Augustina! I had not courage to believe that this unearthly creature was once, in times past, my little wife. Such a thought seemed almost blasphemous.

We went into the supper room. Mr. Waldern offered my mother his arm, my father his to Madame Waldern,—Augustina remained for me, I tremblingly advanced to give her mine. She had better have offered me hers, for certainly I needed a support.

"How you have grown," said she. "I should never have known you."

"And I,—and I,—," stammered I. "I wish we were still little." This I said in all sadness. It was the silliest thing I could have thought of, for what girl of nineteen would wish to be a little miss again?

"Indeed! why do you wish that?" said she, in astonishment.

"Then I was so happy; oh, happy as now I shall never dare to be." Here a sigh burst from me, and I touched my left hand to her right, which was lying on my arm. Augustina remained an answer in my debt. Perhaps I had again said something foolish. I was ashamed of myself.

At supper the company were gay and lively I became accustomed to Augustina's glances. I could even give her a reasonable answer, but eating was in spite of all reason, entirely out of the question. The more I looked, the more beautiful she seemed. The next day she was still more so; and the third still more. It was manifest

witchcraft. I repented my oath, which I had far too hastily made, in the post-chaise on my journey, and resolved, without hesitation, to become perjured at some future time.

On the evening of the third day it happened, I know not how, that we found ourselves together in the garden. I had for some time desired to say something to her, but did not exactly know what it should be. We reached the grape-vine walk. I remembered it well. "Oh, how large the two young acacias have grown," said I; "their branches now meet."

"Do you still remember these trees?" said Augustina, timidly.

"Could I forget my happiness?" said I. "Oh, how often have my thoughts been here! Ah, you were often in this walk, I suppose, without thinking of your little Gustavus, who shed so many tears in parting from you."

"How do you know that," said she, with a gentle, sinking voice.

We entered into the grape-vine walk; it was darkened by the shade of the acacias. I looked about me. All the world of my youth revived within me. I looked silently at Augustina. Ah, how different was everything now! Her eyes sunk to the ground. I took her hand. "Here was once the church."

She pointed to the green garden bench, and lisped, "There the altar; I know it all."

"Actually all?" said I,—Ah, Augustina, all!"

"Oh, Gustavus!" stammered she.

After a moment, I drew out the pewter ring of betrothal. "Do you remember this, Augustina?"

When she saw it, her countenance brightened. She took it, looked long at it, and her eyes grew moist. "It is the same," said she, and examined it again with extreme emotion. "Oh, Gustavus, you are better than I am," When she became more calm, she drew a gold ring from her finger, placed it on my hand, and put the pewter one on her own. "This I keep. I am thine forever; art thou also mine, Gustavus?"

It will be understood that I answered as a poet of the age of twenty can answer. We swore by sun, moon, and stars, by the upper and the lower world, to love each other and belong to each other, on this side and the other side of the grave. Yet why should I relate all this circumstantially? Every one knows the use lovers make of time and eternity, heaven and earth. Love placed the Paradise of Adam and Eve about us. Three weeks passed away in innocence and bliss like a Summer's dream. Then the talk was of parting.

(Good heavens! it seemed to me that I had just arrived!

I wondered at the inattention of our parents. They might have seen what was passing between us. Our looks, our actions, every thing betrayed that we were now going over in earnest what we played ten years before. And yet the Director Waldern never said at supper what he said ten years before: "Old friend, our children must inherit our friendship; we must make a couple of them."

With Augustina I had never the courage to speak of a formal engagement with our parents,—of promise of marriage,—of legal betrothal,—a wedding, and such prosaic accidents of true love, which are demanded by common souls; this was all too little, too profane for us. We supposed our parents had settled all such business between themselves.

Meantime the parting hour came, which we had dreaded for three days before. My father could be urged to stay no longer. The morning of my departure, we two lovers, before sunrise, were in the dear grape-walk, to speak to each other once more alone, and explain all our feelings. With tears and vows the holy union was renewed. The vine-walk was actually changed to the church, the bench to the altar. We fell despairingly upon our knees, stretched our hands in prayer to heaven, and made the most solemn promises. I assured Augustina that as soon as I reached home, I would speak to my father, and then, returning to the city, would receive from her parents her hand. Augustina blushed crimson when I called her my bride, my future wife. She hid her face in my bosom, and stammered "Only Gustavus."

Thus we separated.

I had no sooner reached our village with my parents, than I seized the first opportunity to speak with my father alone, and reveal to him all my wishes and hopes of happiness. He, as well as my mother, had, during our journey, joked with me upon Augustina's conquest, when I had been lost in reveries. This gave me occasion for confession.

My father, a very sensible and upright man, and a tender parent, listened to me quietly and patiently; and patience he certainly needed, for I talked to him a whole hour, that I might explain to him the inviolable vow Augustina and I had made to each other.

"Child," said he, "I have nothing against it. I honor the feelings of both of you. I am glad you and Augustina love each other. The thought

of her will guard you from many wrong thoughts and feelings. Yet I advise you not to be too hasty at this time. You are still young, hardly more than two and twenty. You have yet no office which will give you support. But this is necessary before marriage. Augustina is rich to be sure, but you would not be supported by your wife. Nothing is more dishonorable than for a man to make himself dependent upon the property of a wife, and have to thank her for a fortune. The husband should be a man, and by his wealth and his labors support his wife and children. I myself, from my office of forester, derive but a moderate income. I can only give or leave you a small property. You must first labor for yourself, as I have labored for myself.

"These circumstances may perhaps have the effect of causing my friend Waldern to refuse you, at least for the present, the hand of Augustina. She, brought up in the bosom of luxury, is accustomed to certain conveniences, that have become necessities to her. You are not in a condition to provide her with these necessities. Yet another circumstance is added to all these. The ages of both of you are not favorable for a long continued happy marriage. Augustina is about as old as you are. This is not well. Woman comes to maturity earlier, but she fades also earlier than man. You would be unhappy to have an old wife when you are still in the fullness of your manly strength. Between a man and woman of the same age, there is always a difference of at least ten years."

In this manner spoke my father. Every one will perceive he was manifestly wrong. I proved it to him as clear as the sun, and was very much astonished that he did not admit the force of my reasoning. I appealed to my mother.

"Gustavus, you are right," said she, "I must own you are right. Augustina is an angel; I do not wish for a better daughter-in-law. But your father is right, too. I can advise you nothing better than he has done. God help you," said she, weeping and tenderly kissing me.

We had now daily conversations and consultations. We never came to any conclusion. I suffered unspeakably in silence. After a week or two, when I was making preparations to begin my journey to the city, and from there to the little town where I was to shine as a Refendary, a letter came from Waldern to my father. Mr. Waldern's letter was full of complaints and lamentations about Augustina, who, after my departure, was inconsolable, and was obliged to take to her bed with a fever. She had now become more tranquil. But he adjured me, now that I had no

possession by which I could, without making myself ridiculous, think of a serious engagement with his daughter, not to visit the city again. I should only, by doing so, fruitlessly renew her sorrow and endanger her health. He repeated to me what he had already said to his daughter, that he did not object at all to our union, if I were in any office which would afford me a considerable income, and which I could not fail to be in, in a few years. Still further, he had no objection to my keeping up a correspondence with Augustina, to make up for our separation, if I wished it.

This letter at first entirely overpowered me. I raved and raged against the tyranny and cruelty of men, till from fatigue I became quiet. I then began to think that Waldern had written very sensibly, and had promised me more than, from what my parents had said to me, I had a right to expect. The latter gave me, even, a sort of triumph over my father. I blessed Waldern. I resolved to act like a man, and to win the hand of Augustina by my exertions. The permission to correspond by letter, I availed myself of at once. I wrote Augustina a letter three pages long, and a short one to Mr. Waldern filled with my grateful emotions.

Waldern had wordly wisdom. He knew the human heart, and did not strive to dam up the violent stream of youthful inclination. The stream would only have become more furious and powerful and destructive. Now it flowed more quietly.

I did not journey toward the city, but went to the place where, as Refendary, I was to enter the course which was to lead me to an office of more profit and trust. The parting from my dear parents, the diversions of the journey, the first entrance into my new abode, and the beginning of the business of my office, had no small effect in bringing me to a more tranquil state of mind.

I labored with the most untiring diligence to perform in the most perfect manner the duties of my calling. My exertions were noticed. Every one did honor to my knowledge of business. I had but one fault, I was too young. I must first reach the *annum canonicum*. Oh, how I sighed for my five-and-twentieth year!

At last I reached it. One lives up to any age, if he does not die first! But there was sorrow here. My good mother died at that time, and a few months after her my father also. Yet my father had the pleasure, before his death, of seeing me Assessor in a Provincial College, with the title of counsellor, and endowed with a small salary.—A great step toward the summit of my wishes, the hand of Augustina.

My correspondence with my beloved was in a good way. To be sure, during the first years we never wrote a letter which was not three pages long. In the course of the second year, we cut off at least half; and by the third, it was reduced to a single page. Time does wonders, but it does not extinguish true love. Augustina had, in the mean time, refused several young men who had paid their addresses to her. My letters were generally filled with regrets that I was not yet in a situation to ask her hand. My present salary was barely sufficient for my own personal expenses. The little inheritance from my father was nearly expended. She on her part assured me her parents were daily becoming more and more desirous she should accept some of the proposals of marriage which were made her, because she would soon have reached a certain age, when she would not be in so much demand, and would be called an old maid.

I felt her parents were right; and my understanding with Augustina being clear, I forgot the former proposal, and wrote to Mr. Waldern with regard to Augustina, that though I was not yet able to support a wife, yet I was consoled by the brightest hopes. This consolation did not go far with Waldern. He, in the meantime, refused again to give me Augustina, and gave me to understand that I made his daughter unhappy by these useless negotiations, since she was now in the middle of the twenties, and was advancing with a quick step toward the thirties.

On receiving this letter, I sighed sorrowfully. "The man is right, perfectly right," and I was magnanimous enough to acknowledge this to Augustina herself. I wrote to her, that as I could not see with any certainty the time when I could with propriety ask for her hand, she should not sacrifice her best years for me. I should not love her less, even if she were the wife of another; and my happiness would be increased, if I only knew she were more happy.

This gave materials for a correspondence that lasted for nearly a year, and in which the same circumstances were considered on all sides. We wished to exceed each other in love and generosity. But at last I gained the victory, or rather Time, the wonder-worker, gained it, for Augustina was already six-and-twenty years old, a fatal period for maidens who would not increase the number of the eleven thousand in heaven.

However, very unexpectedly I received a letter from the city in an unknown hand. A counsellor of justice, Von Winter, thanked me in the tenderest and most feeling manner for my magnanimity, for Augustina was now his wedded wife.

He begged for my friendship, and Augustina herself added a few pretty lines to the letter of her "dear husband," as she called him.

When I read this, it seemed as if I had fallen from the clouds. I cursed my untimely magnanimity, and Augustina's faithlessness. But what was to be done? Augustina was six-and-twenty years old. She was not altogether in the wrong. Notwithstanding, I was filled with extreme vexation on her account, which was increased when, a year after, her father died, by which event she arrived at free power over her hand and wealth. If she had only waited one year longer. Now it was all too late. I wrote not another line to her, nor she to me. We became to each other as if we had never met.

Partly in revenge and retaliation for Augustina's faithlessness, partly to amuse my mind, I looked about among the daughters of the land. Lovely roses were blooming there; willingly would I have gathered one of them, but alas the money!

Fortune now favored me. I was in a better place, in another city. Some of my labors drew the attention of the minister of State. I was employed in several important causes, and the success of these operated in such a manner, that when I had reached my thirtieth year, I received the honorable appointment of President of the criminal court, in the province in which I had until now been laboring. I had, beside the honor, a liberal salary,—was able to keep house handsomely,—visited the best families in the neighborhood, even where there were grown up daughters.

Thoughts of the city sometimes drove the blood to my cheeks, though I imagined I had forgotten Augustina, or I should rather say Madame Von Winter. As far as I could hear from travellers, her husband was a somewhat old gentleman of noble family; and the gracious lady lived, as they say in the court cities, upon the *court footing*, surrounded by admirers, every day engaged in parties of the nobility, pic-nics, ronds, assemblies, *ridottoes*, concerts, &c. The old simplicity of her father's house was gone. I was grieved when I heard these things. I could not accustom myself to think of the good, the celestial Augustina as so employed. Sometimes I could not but think, "Thank God, that she is not my wife."

A second letter from the Minister of Justice made it necessary for me to take a journey to the city, which I had not visited for many years. I was received by the Minister, and even by the

Monarch, in the most flattering manner. I had been three days in the city, without having found a moment in which I could visit Augustina although I had intended it. One morning I received the following note:

"My dearest Mr. President,—Must your old friend learn first from the papers that you are here? Under fear of my displeasure, I command you to come this evening and sup with me, in company with some good friends. Do not fail.
Yours attached,
A. VON WINTER."

Natural enough! who would fail? But yet the tone in which she asked me, did not exactly please me. I had imagined her first address very differently, for there had come over me a peculiar anxiety and fear when I, on the previous days had thought, "I must go and see her." The separation for so many years, the various succeeding events in this interval of time, the old passion, and since then the changes between us two; these ideas all filled me with peculiar, and I may say, contradictory emotions, which made me dread the first meeting with my former love,

With a violent heart-beating I entered the coach, and alighted before the old Waldern house, now the house of Winter. Over the door I saw the coat of arms of a nobleman cut in the stone. Within, everything was new and elegant, so much so that I hardly knew myself there; but two quick-footed servants in pale green and gold livery, conducted me in the right direction, up the broad staircase, and into a spacious saloon filled with company.

The lady of the house, the gracious lady, received me, standing at the entrance of the apartment. It was Augustina,—yes, it was she; and yet it was not exactly herself. Certainly not the fresh beauty of a girl of nineteen; but yet she was charming as a woman of thirty, full, majestic, easy. I could scarcely stammer out a word or two, I was so surprised, so bewildered. Her eyes, too, her blushes, told me of her quickened emotions. But she was so entirely her own mistress, so self-possessed, that she saluted me in the most agreeable manner possible, drew me from my embarrassment, reproved me sportively for having neglected an old acquaintance for so long a time, and taking me by the hand led me to the company, and presented me as a good friend whom she had not seen for ten years.

I soon recovered myself in the confusion of a general sprightly conversation. The lady of the house must do the honors of the house. She was equally kind, pleasant and amiable to all. As she came again for a moment near me, she said,

"How long do we have the pleasure, Mr. President, of keeping you in our city?"

And meeting me afterwards again, "Excellent, my dearest, I tell you once for all, I expect you here every day, and appoint you for the whole time of your stay my *Cavaliere servente*."

I now made my request to her to present me to her husband. "Indeed," cried she "I cannot tell you where he is; I believe, however, he is on a party in the country, with the royal master of the hunt. Apropos," added she, "are you married?"

The evening passed away. There was no opportunity for any confidential conversation with Augustina. We danced, we feasted; wit and folly reigned, and pomp and elegance dazzled.

I had, the next day, the happiness of seeing the husband of Augustina. The Counsellor of Justice was a man over fifty, very fine, very polite, nice, but sickly, feeble and meagre in his appearance. "Not so, my brave sir," said Augustina once in passing me. "You look very proud near my dog of a husband, and think to humble my taste a little, but I assure you, on my honor, he is, after all, a very good sort of person."

The tone of the house did not please me, and nothing but the urgency of Augustina that I would be at all her parties, as much as my business would allow me, could have moved me to go there. She did not please me; and yet I found her so amiable, her lively manner, her grace, her wit, drew me there again, often when old recollections and a comparison of the present with the past would have held me back. I even felt she might be dangerous to me, in spite of her levity and her fashionable airs.

"But are you indeed happy, my gracious lady?" said I to her, one evening, when I at last sat alone with her in her box at the opera.

"What do you call happy?" replied she.

I took her hand, pressed it affectionately, and said, "I call that happiness which you once gave my heart. Are you happy?"

"Do you doubt it, Mr. President?"

"Then I am happy, if you speak truly."

"Speak truly? So, my little President, are you still the same old enthusiast. It befits you very well. But do not forget that an opera box is not a confessional. To tell you what you want to hear, we must be by ourselves. Visit me tomorrow morning, at breakfast."

I pressed her hand in gratitude. After the opera, we went together to the house of a friend of Augustina, a lady of the court, to join a supper party.

The next morning I was at her house at eight o'clock. The gracious lady was still asleep. At ten I was admitted. She was in a morning dress,

but only the more lovely for that. Now came the confession, as she called it. I learned that when one has passed the sentimental season of girlhood, she must seek her happiness in solid things. She was very well contented with her husband, because he was reasonable enough to leave her undisturbed to her own occupations. The old-fashioned ideas which we have in our childish years, vanish when our understanding comes. To be sure, she could not deny that she had not by any means loved her husband as she had loved me; and she added with a roguish smile, "old love does not rust. I like you still very well, but believe me I had rather have you for a lover than a husband."

I had much to say in contradiction to this, but she answered it all with laughter. Meantime her woman came and announced that breakfast was ready. She took my arm, and we went into the well known garden.

Ah, the dear garden, I no longer recognized it. The old flower beds were gone; instead of them there were clumps of foreign shrubs and trees arranged after the so called English taste, between green grass plats, single paths wound about them. The vine bower was changed into a close Chinese temple, shaded by the two acacias. We entered it. It was the prettiest boudoir in the world. Instead of the green wooden bench, a well-stuffed mahogany sofa offered us a seat before a japan table, on which was placed coffee, chocolate, and sweetmeats.

"Oh, the beautiful holy vine bower, our church, our altar, our childish blessedness, oh, where is it all?" sighed I, and gave a glance to Augustina, filled with sad reproach.

"Does happiness, then, depend upon the vine bower," said she, smiling. "I suppose, for the same reason, I am not half so dear to you as I was ten years ago, because I no longer wear the same dress."

"But, Augustina,—yes, I must call you so once more, and this place gives me the right,—have not certain memorials of those divine moments always remained with you? For example, see here your gold ring, which ten years since you placed upon my finger. I have constantly worn it since as a holy treasure."

"And I, to honor you, also, at least at breakfast to-day, have the well known pewter ring," said Augustina, and she held her hand before my face. "You see it has turned black, and yet I place it in my jewel case, a jewel among jewels."

As I looked at the ring, a bitter feeling came over me. I took her beautiful hand, which the ring made more beautiful, and impressed upon it

a kiss of gratitude. Augustina withdrew her hand, and said:

"Gustavus, you are still the same impatient enthusiast; it is not well for you to be near me. With you I might perhaps have been happier."

After we had breakfasted, we left the Chinese temple, while she held up her finger with a threatening air, and said,

"Ah, Mr. President, it is not well to confess to you."

She then resumed her usual sportive manner of conversing, and reminded me of the hour when I should meet her at a ball in the evening.

Though I remained fourteen days longer in the city, I had no farther opportunity to see Augustina alone, perhaps because I avoided any. Notwithstanding, from the moment I left the Chinese temple, I felt the last spark of love extinguished in my breast. I could not conceal from myself that there might be danger in our meeting in this way. The time of my departure came. Oh, how different the parting from that of ten years ago! We separated with drums and trumpets, at a ridotto, which I left early because I was to set out on my journey the next day. We had waltzed with each other, and said many pretty things. She accompanied me to the door, and called after me an *adieu mon ami*, while she was reaching her hand to another partner in the dance.

I was glad at heart to fly from the wearisome bustle of the great world, and belong again to myself. I mused at my ease over what was to be my future life, as I travelled through fields and forests, through cities and villages. I mused upon the future,—the past with Augustina had become painful to me. Oh, how time had changed everything! My journey,—I was four days in reaching my home,—was somewhat tedious, for it was without any adventure. The last day I met with one of a very pleasing kind.

My servant stopped in the morning in a village, before an inn to feed his horses. I went into the house, and heard the sound of quarrelling. The host and a half-drunken hired coachman, whose carriage was before the door, were disputing. A young, well-dressed lady, in a riding habit, sat weeping on a seat near the table. The difficulty had arisen because the driver would not carry the lady to the place where she maintained he had agreed to take her, but insisted upon going to a little town away from the principal road, where he had other business. He declared that he had, in the first bargain, agreed to carry her to this place. The host had taken the part of the young, timid beauty. On hearing she was the

daughter of the minister of a village an hour's ride from my home, and but little out of my way there, I soon set the matter right. The lady, after some hesitation, (I told her where I was going, and who I was,) yielded to my request, and became my companion.

On the way there was much conversation. She had a sweet, soft voice, the purest, most angelic innocence in all her looks. In my whole life no ideal pictured beauty had I ever seen with such loving, kind and trusting eyes. I learnt she was called Adela. Her brother, two weeks before, had carried her to a small town where she had been visiting at the Burgomaster's, her father's brother. A misunderstanding had doubtless arisen in giving the directions to the stage-coachman, to which I was indebted for a very pleasant day. Adela with all her good humor appeared to have much natural wit. She was, however, rather too timid. When I reached her father's village, and I gave her to him, a stout, active old man, with what ecstasy did she throw her arms about his neck. I almost wished myself her father. Then appeared for the first time her natural and true manner. I was not able to stay long, notwithstanding the worthy pastor besought me to do so. I promised, however, to renew my visit; which, however, I did not very soon. I forgot it between business and amusement.

At a ball, about half a year after, I saw among the dancers another lady,—for in the thirty-first year of an unmarried man, ladies become of the greatest importance, one trembles more and more at the number of years,—I saw, as I remarked, a dancer that might be called incontestably the queen of all the beauties present. The young men fluttered like butterflies about her. It warmed my heart, if the eyes of the pretty Sylphide sometimes turned toward me; and to my astonishment that happened often. But at last it seemed to me as if I had seen this lovely figure in some company before, perhaps in the city, at Augustina's. I asked my neighbor who she was.—Heavens! it was Adela! very different, certainly, in her ball dress from herself in her riding veil. As she went to rest after the last dance, I, a butterfly of thirty-one, approached the young lady, and she was so kind as to recognize her travelling companion. We danced. I inquired after the health of her father, regretted that business had prevented me from visiting him,—an exaggeration, perhaps, but before such an angel one must wash himself clean. I promised myself soon the pleasure of a visit, with a pleasant freedom. She assured me a visit from me would give her father great pleasure.

The ball caused a great revolution in me. The President of the Criminal Court became again a poet. I could not sleep for the whole night long; I saw nothing but celestial glances, dancing seraphim, and Adela floating between them. I wondered that so lovely, so amiable, so bewitching a maiden had not yet found a husband. Her father, they say, is as worthy as she is beautiful: but, alas, he has not much wealth! Oh, the fools! After a few days I went to visit the minister,—repeated the visit from week to week. Soon I was considered as a friend of the family; Adela would even reproach me if I staid away beyond the usual day, and once the tears came into her eyes when I pretended that she would prefer I should not come so often. We quarrelled sometimes, for the sake of making up again, and once in the course of the reconciliation I gave her a kiss, which did not renew the quarrel. She was silent and her cheeks glowed with the deepest red. In short, I loved and was beloved. The worthy father shrugged his shoulders, and said "You have no treasure with her but love, virtue and economy; but he who knows how to value these, has more than a ton of gold.

With the first flowers of spring, I wove the bridal wreath for my Adela. Her father himself blessed our union before the altar of his village church. And now, by the side of my noble little wife, I was the happiest of the happy.

In time we saw ourselves surrounded by blooming children,—angels of love,—who united us more tenderly to each other. Adela became more and more lovely every day; a young mother is certainly more lovely than the most beautiful girl. The pure soul of Adela elevated my own ideas to a point they had never reached before. Man is never entirely happy, until he has the courage to be virtuous. Before my marriage, I had only thought of saving and amassing wealth; but when some years of our wedded life had passed, Adela's excellent management had made me feel that if I were to lose all I was worth, I could never be unhappy while Adela and my children were left to me.

I now found that my departed father was entirely right in what he said when dissuading me from my pursuit of Augustina, in regard to the relative age of a husband and wife. For, when I had reached my fortieth year, and Adela her thirtieth, and we had children of six and eight years old frolicking about us, Adela was still a handsome woman, who might have made conquests. Augustina, on the contrary, had arrived at a matronly age.

I seldom heard from the latter. We ourselves

never wrote to each other. I heard sometimes from strangers, that she was somewhat faded, but that she was surrounded by a coterie of young men particularly poets and artists, to whom her open table was very agreeable. Then I learned that her husband was dead, and the poets who formed her court were middle-aged enthusiasts and mystics, protestant catholics, and that Augustina herself was much given to romancing, and some of her poetical effusions had graced the last Almanac of the Muses.

At the same time in which I received a new order from the Minister to visit the court, I also had a letter from Augustina, consulting me on a lawsuit in which she had become involved with some of the relatives of her late husband, and requesting my advice and presence in the affair. I was glad that my approaching visit to the city gave me an opportunity to comply with her request.

I was forty, Augustina the same. She could not be so dangerous to me as she was ten years before. This time I went the second day after my arrival in the city, without any heart-beating, to her house. I had sent before to know what time she would receive me, because I had been told she was seldom alone, being generally surrounded by fashionable poets, listening to or reading romantic jingle, talking religious mysticism, or at the card table with ancient ladies and gentlemen,—for play had become her passion. Her former friends, male and female, whom I had seen about her ten years before, had fallen off from her, for they were no longer sufficient for her. She was known throughout the city for her venomous tongue, was at enmity with everybody and if one wished to know the city news, Madame von Winter was the person to visit. This I had heard from two of the former friends of Augustina, whom ten years before I used to meet at her house. Hum—thought I,—but these good friends are also ten years older, and perhaps have themselves some disposition to slander, or as they call it in the city, scandal.

It was a summer evening, and as I entered Augustina's house, the servant told me her lady was with company in the garden. I went,—ah! the well known garden of my childhood! For the sake of affording the subject for a little joke with Augustina, I wore her gold ring, which she had, twenty years before, given me in exchange for the powder one. Now the garden and the ring, the Chinese temple before me, I could not remain entirely unmoved.

"Is your lady alone?" I said to the servant on the way.

"No, she has company, only a few persons."

I entered the temple. There sat, at two tables, two parties, engaged so deeply in playing cards, that they hardly saw me. I recognized Augustina.—Oh, all-powerful Time! how changed! No, there was no danger now. I reflected with delight on my Adela.

Augustina was so engrossed in play, that she only saluted me, and begged me to excuse her a moment until she could finish the game. When this was over, she arose, overpowered me with civil speeches and questions, ordered refreshments for me, and offered me cards. I declined this, as I did not understand the game.

"In heaven's name," said she, "then how do you kill time, if you do not play cards? it seems unaccountable in a man of your spirit."

She resumed her play; the game was faro. The banker had great luck; all the money of the players soon lay before him. Every passion here shone out in the burning cheeks, the piercing eyes, the compressed lips. The banker was radiant with pleasure.

"I have stripped you all quickly," said he. "We were speaking just now, of my very costly diamond," and he displayed a ring on his finger. "I will stake it in a lottery against all the rings in the company."

Eagerly and with longing eyes they all viewed the diamond. They accepted the proposal. Madame von Winter said:

"Rings trouble me at cards; I have none on." But she looked at me; "apropos, my friend you are very kind, and will lend yours for the moment."

Surprised at the request, I drew off Augustina's ring and reached it to her. "You see, my lady, it is yours; you may remember it."

She looked hastily at it, and saying, "So much the better," threw it into the pool with the rest, and fixed her eyes upon the diamond. But the rings were all lost. The banker won. Even the holy ring of our first love was gone, and on the very spot where in tears I had received it. Oh, all-powerful Time, how dost thou overturn everything!

We went to supper. The guests were in good humour; Augustina forced herself to appear gay which gave to her features a disagreeable contortion. The wine was applied to, to raise the tone of conversation; it became more gay, but not more wise. The news of the city was discussed; their acquaintances and the secret histories of them passed in review. The conversation did not lack wit so much as charity, and to my great grief Augustina was the most full in wicked

remarks. She did not hesitate, sometimes to bear hard upon her own guests. Ah, could I have thought the adored, angelic being of fourteen would have reached this point? I felt weary and disgusted; and when, after supper, the cards were resumed, I took my leave.

It distressed me to find myself in the city, or rather to have seen Augustina so changed. I visited her once or twice with reference to the progress of her lawsuit, but I did not find her more agreeable than at first. In spite of the wrinkles in her face, she was not willing to be thought old. She freely applied rouge. I acted as if I did not perceive it. She now and then appeared willing to talk sentimentally of our former tender relation to each other, but it was disgusting to me. When I once let fall a word of her being forty years old, she looked at me with astonishment.

"I believe you are dreaming, Mr. President," said she, "your memory fails before its time. When we were first acquainted, you were ten and I five years old. I was still playing with my dolls,—I remember it perfectly. A girl of ten years thinks no longer of her dolls, but on more serious matters. Therefore I am now five-and-thirty; and, between ourselves, it is not impossible that I should marry again. A very excellent man, one of our first poets, has been long seeking for my hand. All the poems to the Madonna, to the saints,—all his holy legends, breathe the sweet fire of pure affection for me."

I gave my good wishes to the success of "the sweet fire of pure affection," and was glad to leave the neighborhood of the court, and return again to my Adela and her children.

—
One does not realize he is old until he sees the ravages of time in the well-known faces of his youthful friends. I returned from the city older than I went there. But as I embraced again my true my faithful Adela, and my children clamoring about me, I unpacked first this thing and then that, which I had brought as presents from the city; then I grew young again. In the domestic circle of innocence and love, is eternal youth.

"In the course of time, many go before us into the better and enduring and higher world of spirits, and our hearts bleed for them. But even these separations make life and the world more important to us; they join the Here and There more firmly in our minds, and carry something more spiritual, more exalted, into our thoughts, wishes and actions. The child is well pleased with a flower, a colored stone, a narrow playground, and grieves himself little about the pursuits of grown up men. The young man and the

young maiden press out into the broad world and the free air. The nursery becomes too narrow for them. They would have something more, they win, they lose, they strive, they never are satisfied. They would gain all the good of the earth; at last even this is not enough. With years, life grows broader, and our views of life. To the child, the flower and the colored stone become too little; to the man and woman the enjoyment of all honour, all wealth, indifferent; the earth has too little for the spirit,—it stretches out its arms into the universe,—it demands and it receives eternity."

These were the words which the respected father of Adela said to us, on his death-bed. We wept, as we stood over the departed, but we loved him with a still more earnest, holy love which sanctified ourselves. Adela and I lived a higher life, since there was no barrier between us and eternity, and we had something to love there as here.

The purest of all joys comes to us from our children. I accompanied my eldest son to the University; and it was the most agreeable surprise to Adela and myself, when I received, on my fiftieth birth-day, the royal appointment to the easy and honorable office which I now hold. This office made it necessary for me to live in the city; and from there to the University, where my son was pursuing his studies, was only a moderate day's ride. We were together as often as we wished.

Adela, indeed, left with regret her native city; but of the court residence she had heard often, and it had a charm for her maternal heart in its proximity to her first-born son. She was in her fortieth year,—no longer the ideal beauty which I thought her, when, at our first meeting, I saw her beside me in the carriage; but her features had acquired more exalted charms, her form had added dignity to grace. The heart of Adela had retained its youth. I loved her with the first love. Her lovely face, distorted by no passion in her youth, needed no false coloring to make it charming.

She knew my early relations with Augustina, and when we came to the city, she was very curious to become acquainted with my first love.

—
Three or four months passed away before I visited Madame Von Winter, for I felt little inclination to do so. We were told she no longer received company, that she lived extremely retired and had become in her later years as avaricious, as she had before been extravagant. This change of feeling might be considered as a consequence

of her passion for gaming, to which she gave herself up, when she was no longer young enough for gallantry. She was most frequently found at mass, for, some years before, excited by the romantic poets of the fashionable school, she had thrown herself into the bosom of the only true church, and had become a catholic.

When I visited her now for the first time, I was conducted again into the garden. As I passed through the house, I had seen pictures of the saints hanging on the dusty walls. The garden was like a wilderness, and thorns grew where Augustina and I once enjoyed the marriage feast. The acacias had been cut down, out of economy, to make firewood. The Chinese temple had lost all its outward ornaments, and was covered with honest dutch tiles; little pointed gothic windows of colored glass, like the church windows of the times of romance, and a cross on the top of the roof, made the little house resemble a chapel.

And so it was. As I entered, I saw an altar, a crucifix, and an eternal lamp. Madam Winter, fifty years old, clad in a very simple matronly dress, just risen from her devotions, came to meet me, her rosary in her hand, and the murmur of prayer on her lips.

I stood still before her. She knew me and seemed pleased. I could not conquer my feelings, but without moving I took her hand, and with moistened eyes pointed to the chapel. "Ah, Augustina," cried I, "when the light vine-bower stood here, when we in happy childhood exchanged our pewter rings,—when, ten years after, lover and beloved, we gave and received the first kiss of our innocent love, and vowed before heaven—"

"I beseech you, think no more of such vain children's play," interrupted she.

"Ah, Augustina, it was not well to change the simple vine-bower into the splendid boudoir; still worse that I should see the golden ring of love thrown away at the faro table; and now a chapel!"

"Sir," said Madame Winter, "we are cured at last of the intoxication of the world and its vain pleasures. You wound my heart by such recollections. If your salvation is dear to you, follow my example, learn to forsake a false world, and call upon the saints in heaven for their intercession."

When I returned home, I said to Adela: "No, dearest, we will not go to see her. I no longer know her. She has become a bigoted devotee.—Oh, all-powerful Time!"

A SEA-SHORE ECHO.

—
BY BARRY CORNWALL.

I stand upon the wild sea-shore—
I see the screaming eagle soar—
I hear the hungry billows roar,
And all around
The hollow-answering caves out-pour
Their stores of sound.

The wind which moaneth on the waves,
Delights me, and the surge that raves,
Loud-talking of a thousand graves—
A watery theme!
But oh! those voices from the caves
Speak like a dream!

They seem long-boarded—cavern-hung—
First uttered ere the world was young,
Talking some strange eternal tongue
Old as the skies!
Their words unto the earth are flung;
Yet who replies?

Large answers when the thunders speak
Are blown from every bay and creek,
And when the fire-tongued tempests speak
The bright seas cry,
And, when the seas their answer seek,
The shores reply.

But Echo from the rock and stone,
And seas, earns back no second tone;
And Silence pale, who hears alone
Her voice divine,
Absorbs it, like the sponge that's thrown
On glorious wine!

—Nymph Echo—elder than the world,
Who wast from out deep chaos hurl'd
When Beauty first her flag unfurl'd,
And the bright sun
Laugh'd on her, and the blue waves curl'd
And voices run,

Like spirits on the new-born air,
Lone Nymph, whom poets thought so fair,
And great Pan wooed from his green lair,
How love will flee!
Thou answerd'st all; but none now care
To answer thee!

None—none: Old age has sear'd thy brow
No power, no shrine, no gold hast thou:
So Fame, the harlot, leaves thee now,
A frail, false friend!
And thus, like all things here below,
Thou hast an end.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.*

BY MISS M. HUNGERFORD.

CHAPTER XX.

The third morning after the interview between Isabella and the robber chief, an hour before the dawn of day, Blanche stole gently into the apartment of the former, and arousing her from a gentle sleep, informed her that all was in readiness for her departure. Isabella sprang from her bed; and assisted by Blanche was soon arranged for her journey. Another entered bringing her morning repast, and both sat down to enjoy the last hour which they might ever spend with their well loved companion. Although the joys of home now seemed inviting her, Isabella still lingered, unwilling to say farewell, until a low rap at the door, admonished them of the passing moments, Isabella sprang to her feet, and threw an arm around the necks of each of the fair sisters of St. Maury, pressed her lips alternately to the lips of each, and then declared her readiness to depart. "Nay but you have another farewell to make," murmured Blanche. "Our poor brother, desired me to say that he would see you once again, before you leave us forever!"

They left the apartment, and sought that of St. Maury, who had arisen, and was sitting as when Isabella last beheld him. He extended his hand to her, and as she placed her own in his, he pressed it to his lips; she knelt beside him, and poured forth the grateful emotions of her heart.

"Arise fair maiden!" he exclaimed, "I cannot see you thus! to me no thanks are due, for in serving you I but add to my own enjoyment! you now leave our poor abode, and may you reach in safety the home of your fathers! May happiness, the purest that earth can give, ever be your's, and when its beams are spread around you, will you sometimes deign to think of the hopeless St. Maury, and those two pure angels, kindred spirits of thine own, that have shared and cheered his lowly lot!"

"Never, dearest, kindest friends will I forget you! and should the time ever arrive, when you will be unable to protect the sisters that you love, the home of Isabella McDonald shall be shared with them, as freely, as the generosity of St. Maury has been bestowed on me!"

"Thanks, thanks for this, for their unfriended state has been to me a source of much care; but time wears on, and we must say farewell! go now, and may good angels guard thee!"

Isabella left the apartment:—tears dimmed the lustre of her eyes, and pressing the hands of her weeping companions in silence, she joined the escort that awaited her homeward journey.

Slow and toilsome was their progress, as they traversed the mountains. Sometimes ascending steep and rugged heights, at others plunging into the depths of dark ravines, where even the bright rays of the sun could scarce penetrate the gloom; but all, the tender daughter of Glenelvin's Earl, bore without a murmur. The goal before her, she felt was worthy of any sacrifice, and with a firmness of purpose which astonished even her hardy guides, she encountered the difficulties of the way. The coming on of night found them in the depths of a dark and gloomy forest, and fearful of accident, they determined to remain until the following morning. Providing as well as it was possible for them to do for the comfort of their charge, they, by turns betook themselves to rest.

At an early hour of the following morning they resumed their route, and after much difficulty, they succeeded in emerging from the forest, and stood on the side of a high mountain, from which the eye wandered over an extensive range of mountain scenery, but apparently of a more gentle character than that amid which they had journeyed, and beyond which, lay spread out, in rich luxuriance, extensive plains, dotted here and there with the clustering hamlets of the happy peasantry. Long and earnestly did the eyes of the little group wander over the scene, and then, one who seemed the leader remarked, that he was assured there was naught to fear, and they began to descend the fearful steep.

"From this height, fair lady!" said one of the men, as he assisted Isabella in the descent, "we can command an extensive view of the world below; from hence we are often apprised of the approach of an enemy, far as it is from our haunt; for knowing as we do, every part of these mountains, a few hours will bring our trusty sentinel

to his master's side, and while we are preparing for a stout resistance, our foes sometimes spend whole days in searching for our retreat! but you care not for this, and far more will you rejoice to know, that a few hours more will bring us to those fair plains, and then our future route lies through a country of surpassing beauty, and soon, I trust, we shall consign our precious charge to him, whom our noble chief thinks worthy of the important trust. But see! our companions are awaiting us! Yes! and they are warning us to observe much caution, I hope we are not in danger of meeting our foes!"

With the utmost caution, he now lead forward the alarmed Isabella, who feared that some new trial now awaited her. She dreaded falling into the hands of a new power, from whom she would not even dare to hope for the generosity of St. Maury and his followers. They reached the rest of the party, and a gesture from one of them, as they approached, enjoined the strictest silence. Not a sound broke the solemn stillness of the scene, and naught appeared to indicate the presence of any being but themselves in that lonely wild; but as they stood there in breathless expectation, suddenly the clear notes of a human voice singing a lively air, broke the silence. The sounds seemed to proceed from a grove hard by, and as they listened, Isabella, in a transport of joy, exclaimed:

"That song is a favorite of my own dear country, that voice is the voice of a son of Scotland, and we have naught to fear! Oh! let us go at once to them, for I would once more behold the face of one from my own loved land!" and with a cry of wild delight, she darted forward toward the spot from whence the sounds seemed to proceed, regardless of the efforts of her companions to detain her. Two, tall, athletic forms, whose torn and soiled garments bespoke the extreme of poverty and wretchedness, peeped forth from amid a neighbouring thicket, but the eye of affection could not be deceived, and the next moment, Isabella was clasped to the heart of her faithful Francis d'Auvergne.

"By our holy faith," cried Malcolm, as he imprinted the fond kiss of a brother's affection on the fair cheek of his sister, "for once, my song, illfated though it oft hath been, hath led to a joyous result, for it hath guided our long lost treasure, safe to our arms, and thus brought to a happy issue, our hapless wanderings.

The followers of St. Maury approached, and briefly related the manner in which the lady Isabella had fallen into their power, and informed them of the intentions of their chief concerning

her, and with messages of kindness from Isabella to St. Maury and his gentle sisters, and many sincere thanks from Malcolm and Francis to the former, for his generous conduct to one so dear to them,—they parted; the robbers returning to their mountain haunt, and the now happy wanderers, with their precious charge, pursuing their route towards Avignon. It was several days ere they reached their destination. And during that period, Isabella was informed of all that they had endured for her sake, and doubly was Francis endeared to her, as she listened to the tale of his constancy. They arrived at length at the proud palace of the Duke of Avignon, and most gracious was their welcome beneath its time-honored towers. Much had the parents mourned for their only son, of whom they had heard no tidings since he departed from them, and as time sped on, and he came not, they almost resigned the last fond hope of again beholding him. And Isabella, the beautiful being in whom was centred his all of earthly happiness, was received by the Duke and Duchess with parental kindness. The bright, rich glow which had ever bloomed on the fair cheeks of Antoinette d'Auvergne, had grown a shade paler, for dear, very dear to her, was Malcolm McDonald, and much of anxious care had she suffered for his sake, but now his presence dispelled each sorrow from her heart, and all at Avignon were blest and happy.

After a few joyous weeks, during which, our wanderers had recovered from the effects of their previous sufferings, they prepared to set out for Scotland, for still were the parents of Isabella mourning over the uncertain fate of their well loved child. Many months had elapsed since the departure of Malcolm and Francis from Glenelvin, and well they knew with what mingled hopes and fears its noble inmates awaited their return. Isabella, too, was all impatience to behold again, her dearly loved home, and to embrace again, the tender parents, from whom, so long she had been separated.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AFTER a journey unmarked by any incident worth narrating, they at length found themselves in Ayrshire, the native home of Malcolm and Isabella. With what pleasure did our heroine gaze on every familiar object which presented itself to her view, as she drew near her child-hood's home. The verdant hills, the darkly waving forests, and the vallies now blooming in all the glory of summer. All seemed the same as when one year before she had looked upon them. At length the

prond towers of Glenelvin broke upon the view, and Malcolm turning to his sister, exclaimed:

"Behold my Isabella, our father's home! there, anxious hearts are bleeding for thy sake! There are our parents mourning the fate of their darling child! Shall not I ride forward and announce thy coming?"

Ere Isabella could reply, Malcolm had left her side, and was dashing on at a rapid pace toward the castle. His noble steed bore him onward with impetuous speed, and in a few moments he was lost to the view of Francis and Isabella. Naught stayed his progress, until he checked his rapid course at the gateway of his ancestral home and then he threw himself from his panting steed, undid the fastenings with his own eager hand, and walked hastily up the broad avenue that led to the castle. Rarely did aught of either joy or sorrow ruffle the philosophical calmness of Malcolm McDonald, but in his anxiety to impart the joyful intelligence of the rescue of Isabella, he forgot, that next to his descent from a long line of noble Scottish ancestors was his cool firmness of purpose which naught could disturb, a source of pride; and thus he found himself at the very door of the castle, surrounded by an eager crowd, who had seen and hastened forth to meet him, ere he remembered that for once in his life he had yielded to the excitement of a moment, and that an action which might not excite a thought if performed by another, had had the power of drawing forth the whole household, when performed by him. But there he stood beside his panting steed, while every voice demanded the cause of his eager haste.

"Why 'tis nothing!" he replied with his own calm smile, as soon as he could make himself heard, "save that I have returned home after an absence of some months! I hope it was not unexpected! did you think I had said adieu forever?"

"We were beginning to fear it!" replied the Earl, but our lost Isabella,—he paused, unable to inquire farther; for Malcolm's was not a face which told its sorrows, or its joys, and the fact that he had returned alone, almost quenched the last faint hope that his long lost darling might be yet restored to him."

"Well in good faith, if I am not to gain admittance to the interior of your well guarded castle until I have related all my adventures, and heard your remarks upon them, I may as well begin at once; for in truth I am weary with long journeying, and much I fear that my fellow travellers will be bearing down upon us, ere I have accomplished the purpose for which I left them behind me!"

"And who may your fellow travellers be?" asked the Earl impatiently, as the fate of his darling remained still untold, although the words of his son had inspired a hope of her safety.

"Why who should they be but my true and faithful friend, Francis d'Auvergne, although I have several times since we left Glenelvin, been tempted to discard his friendship, and a fair maiden whom we met in one wanderings, and who gladly accepted our protection, and moreover, I have promised this same fair one, a hearty welcome to the hall of Glenelvin.

Though the words of Malcolm were vague, yet all knew him too well to suppose for a moment that he would say naught to excite hopes which might not be realized, and in a moment all was joyous confusion. The countess, overcome by glad emotions sank into the arms of her lord, who for some moments called for assistance in vain, Lord Robert and his young brother, with eager haste were already rushing to meet their idolized sister, and Malcolm was surrounded by the happy menials, who in the joy of their hearts regarded not even the call of the lord to whom for long years they had yielded implicit obedience. The Lady Josepha had retired to a short distance, and stood apparently absorbed in watching the receding form of Lord Robert; but thoughts of her brother were passing rapidly through her mind. The story of the danger to which he had been exposed by the hand of an unknown assassin had been conveyed to her in a letter from her brother, and she had ever felt assured that the reserve of Isabella had been in some way connected with that event, and now although from the length of time that had elapsed, she felt assured that the deed had not been effected, yet her heart felt sick and faint lest she was doomed to hear a tale of that brother's guilt, truly painful for a sister's ear. The countess at length was led into the castle, and in expectation too deep to permit them to converse with Malcolm or even to inquire the means by which her restoration had been accomplished, the parents awaited the coming of their child. How slowly to those anxious hearts did the moments pass away! how intensely was the eager gaze fixed on the point from which the first glimpse might be obtained! but the delay seemed intolerable to the fond father and soon he too hastened forth, leaving the countess and Malcolm alone. But at length a glad shout was heard from the servants of the household, who like their superiors were anxious watchers for the coming guest. And Francis d'Auvergne and his precious charge, now accompanied by Lord Robert and his brother, were seen descending a gentle hill at no great distance

from the castle. Despite the many years he had numbered, and the inroads which his late sorrows had made on that noble frame, the Earl hastened forward with the ardour of youth, and as soon as the happy Isabella beheld him, although almost exhausted with the fatigue of her long and toilsome journey, she urged her horse to quicker pace, and rapidly advanced to meet him, she sprang lightly to the ground and the next moment her arms were entwined around the neck of her father in a fond embrace, while the single words, "My father, Oh my father!" alone broke from her swelling heart. "God bless thee, my lost darling!" murmured the venerable Earl, as he pressed her convulsively to his heart, my dearest wish is granted, I prayed but to look on thee again, ere my eyes were forever closed in death; for sadly, sadly have we mourned thee!"

Francis d'Auvergne and the two McDonald's approached: the former sprang from his horse and clasped the extended hand of the Earl, and although he smiled gaily, and sought to speak in merry tones, his voice was hoarse and unsteady as he exclaimed, "you see, my dear lord, that I have fulfilled my promise to rest not, until your daughter was restored to you! and now good sir for this good service I shall ask a rich reward!"

"My richest treasure, I pledged thee should be thine if thou wouldst restore my Isabella to my arms, and thus I fulfil my pledge!" and he placed the hand of Isabella in that of Francis, adding, "Take her my noble friend, for well hast thou won her, and unto thee without one anxious fear for the future, do I commit my best loved child! and now may Heaven bless you my children!" he paused: his full heart refused to give further utterance to his emotions, and the little party proceeded toward the castle in almost unbroken silence.

Most affecting was the meeting between Isabella and her mother. Again and again, was she pressed to the heart which had long bled for her sake, and then the evening board was spread, and the happy group gathered around it, and mirth and joy reigned around. And not until the repast was finished, did the Earl demand a narrative of the means by which his child had been restored to him.

"First," cried Francis d'Auvergne, "Let the Lady Isabella relate the manner in which she was borne away, and what has since befallen her! Hers is the tale which will interest you most."

"So be it my daughter!" cried the Earl. "Glad shall we be to know the sad history of the long months of thy absence!"

Isabella would fain have dispensed with the

painful task of calling up remembrances, from which even now, amid the joys of home she shrunk in horror; but she knew that the tale though unpleasant, must be told, and now in the truthful language of a heart all innocence, she related her story. Dark angry frowns oft gathered on the brows of the brothers while tears flowed down the still fair cheeks of the mother as she listened to the story of the sufferings of her child, but the brow of the Earl was unclouded by any emotion save mingled pity, and joy. But when she mentioned her rescue by Gustavus de Lindendorf, Lord Robert started to his feet, exclaiming, "He came to your rescue, and yet did not restore you to your home! my sister how is this?"

The face of the Lady Josepha was deadly pale, and the eye of her husband turned toward her with a face from which the look of fond affection with which he ever regarded her was banished, but her evident distress dispelled whatever of anger might have kindled in his heart, and pressing her hand to his lips in silence, he sunk back into his seat beside her, and motioned his sister to proceed.

More than once during the remainder of the recital, was Isabella interrupted, by bursts of angry feelings from the Earl and Lord Robert, against Gustavus de Lindendorf, and when it was at length concluded, Lord Robert sprang from his seat, crying: "Henceforth, and forever do I renounce the friendship of Gustavus de Lindendorf! Never again will I meet him but as a deadly foe!"

"Oh say not so!" cried the Lady Josepha, throwing herself into the arms of her husband, "Remember he is the brother, the only brother of your wife! forget not, that with all his errors, he is my brother still, and for my sake forgive his guilt, and revoke the cruel words you but now uttered!"

"Not for thy sake even, Josepha!" he answered "will I forgive the inhuman conduct of which he has been guilty, in tearing my sister from her home, nor can I forget the gross insult offered to the house of Glenelvin by such an act! 'tis true I cannot meet the brother of my bride in bloody strife, but henceforth his name shall be to me a hated sound, fitted to arouse all the angry passions of my soul! and I charge thee if thou wouldst retain my love, speak of him not to me, for—"

With a faint cry of anguish, the Lady Josepha sunk down at the feet of her husband without sense or motion, but on the death-like face, heart-breaking misery had left its trace, and Robert subdued by the sight of what his rashness had done, bent over her in the deepest anguish. Every

effort to restore her, long proved ineffectual, but at length a convulsive motion of the limbs revived their hopes, and she was borne to her chamber, by the distracted husband, who now would have given much to recal the hasty words, which had wrought such evil to her he loved so truly.

The days which had passed since the departure of Malcolm and Francis, had been days of much anxiety to the Lady Josepha. Fully convinced in her own heart, that her brother was indeed the instigator of the Lady Isabella's abduction, and yet concealing this even from her husband who had so generously defended him from the charge, she had mourned in bitterness of heart, more bitter because concealed, over the guilt of her brother, who with all his errors was her brother still, and loved by her with all a sister's fond affection. Anxiety for his safety had added its weight to her sorrow, for she knew that two resolute and determined men, with the best feelings of their hearts outraged, had gone out against him, and she well knew that in the neighborhood of Lindendorf he might easily fall into their power. This fear for him had led her to commit an act which she knew would incur the enmity of the whole house of Glenelvin against herself if known; she even doubted if the devoted love of Lord Robert would shield her from his wrath, but yet she had risked all for a brother's sake, and had privately apprised him of the discovery of his guilt and the intention of his foes, although Robert, assured of the innocence of his friend had expressly desired her to say nothing of the charge against him in her communications with her friends. This, his first, and only command, she had disobeyed, and from that hour a sickening dread that he might learn the whole came over her. The natural timidity of a gentle, and far from firm mind, had by her intercourse with her brother, long years before been converted into fear of all who might control her actions, and thus from the time that she had disobeyed the injunction of her lord, she had learned to regard him with dread, nor could all his deep affection, win back her confidence.

Until this evening, to promote her happiness had been the only aim of her husband's life. Her slightest wish to him was sacred, and when pale and trembling, she had ventured to plead her brother's cause, she thought not of the harsh repulse she was doomed to meet. It overpowered a mind so poorly formed as hers to bear the ills of life, and almost exhausted by the anxieties of the preceding months, her faculties recovered not their powers. Little did Lord Robert know how fragile was the flower he had cherished with such

tender care! little thought he that the first chill blast would destroy its bloom and lay the drooping blossom in the dust! But so it was;— and many days of anxious watching passed over the inmates of Glenelvin castle, ere the beautiful lady of its prospective lord, awoke to consciousness, and when she did, it was but to confess to him her offence, to implore his forgiveness, to learn how bitterly he regretted his rashness, to hear his renunciation of the brother for whom she had suffered, retracted, and to die,—yes, in the arms of him, to whom but one short year before, she had plighted her vows, her head pillowed on the bosom, whose every pulsation was her own, she yielded up her breath, and far from the home of her childhood, far from the parents who had watched over her with the fondest care, but still amid a weeping train, the Lady Josepha was laid in her early grave.

From that day no smile ever rested on the face of Lord Robert McDonald. The light of life had now for him no charm. The voice of affection soothed not the sorrows of a breaking heart, he only wished for death, to rejoin the loved one gone before, in her home of bliss; nor was he long left to mourn her doom, for he went rapidly to the rest for which he sighed, and ere the coming of another joyous Spring, the house of Glenelvin numbered but two of its once six goodly sons' Sincerely was he mourned, and by none more so than Malcolm, although the right of succession to Glenelvin's earldom, devolved upon him by his brother's death. But he was now the possessor of a treasure which might cheer the darkest hour of sorrow, for during the preceding autumn he had accompanied Francis d'Auvergne back to Avignon; and there from the hand of its ducal lord, he received the lady of his heart, the lovely Antoinette d'Auvergne. At the earnest solicitation of the countess who could not yet yield to other hands her long lost child, the union of Francis and Isabella was deferred until the latter had remained with her parents one year from the time of her restoration; and to Francis, whose mind was agitated by the fear that his old enemy Gustavus de Lindendorf, might find means once more to get her in his power, the time passed but slowly away. But yet at length the tedious period expired, and the dearest wish of his heart was gratified, for amid a small but lordly band in Glenelvin's chapel, was he united to her, for whose sake he had braved danger in many forms, even when he had no hope that his sufferings might be rewarded. But even at the altar a shade passed over him, for before his mind arose the memory of the beautiful Theora; but like a guardian angel, hovering near, her image only

served to modify the joy which but a moment before had been too much for a being of earth, by mingling with the joyful, the bitter realities of life.

CHAPTER XXII.

MANY were the schemes proposed, and abandoned by Gustavus de Lindendorf and the bandit Rodolpho, for wresting the Lady Isabella from the power of St. Maury. Rodolpho well knew that the power of St. Maury was far greater than his own, that his retreat had hitherto been inaccessible to his foes, and gladly would he have aided in the suppression of one, whom he had long envied, had not his reason whispered that the attempt would be in vain. When, therefore, Gustavus proposed that he should collect together all the band, and seeking the retreat of St. Maury, compel him to resign his lovely captive, Rodolpho refused to comply, urging the watchful vigilance which had long sought to ensnare him, and the almost certainty of falling into the power of his enemies, which would result from such rashness, and Gustavus convinced even against his inclination that the bandit was right, and uncertain what course to follow, bade his friend adieu, and set out on his return to Lindendorf, for he feared his parents might return before him, and he knew not, in what manner to account for his long absence from the castle. And well it was for him that he did so, for he had but just entered and expressed his wish to the domestics, that no mention might be made to his parents of his long absence, ere the trampling of horses was heard, and the baron and baroness, rode into the court yard.

Gustavus sprang to greet his parents with much apparent joy, although in his heart he regretted their coming, for he knew that their presence would interfere with any plan he might devise for the recovery of Isabella; but disguising his real feelings under a smile of pleasure, he began a lively discourse, relating to their late visit.

"Aye! but I have joyful intelligence to impart," suddenly exclaimed the baron: "Decisive measures are being taken to destroy the dreadful scourge which has long infested our land, the bandit of the Black Forest."

The heart of Gustavus beat quickly, but suppressing all emotion, he merely inquired:

"Ah! and how is that?"

"Well, I only know that a powerful force is going out against him, with the full resolve to destroy him, or perish in the attempt, and as he may not know of their coming, I trust he may

fall into their power! Oh! how shall I rejoice to know that from those men of guilt and blood, we have no longer ought to fear! When we can lay us down in peace, nor tremble, least before another morn, a horrid death await us!"

By many well-timed inquiries, Gustavus sought to learn more; but the baron had told all he knew; and soon after, the son withdrew from the presence of his parents, and sought the solitude of his own room.

Throwing himself into the nearest seat, he remained for some time, lost in thought, then starting up, he cried:

"Yes, I must save him! should I refuse to do so now, he will think it is because he refused to aid me in the recovery of Isabella, and if he should succeed in driving back his foes, then, regarding our treaty as broken, Lindendorf will become his prey, and from his fury we have much to fear; should he fall into their hands, might he not betray me? Yes, I am in his power, and come what may, I must save him!"

He heard not a stealthy step, not many moments after, glide softly from the door, and knew not that what he had uttered in communion with himself, had fallen on the ears of one, who, for long years had been his secret, but determined foe. A brother of him, who, in his early youth, Gustavus had sought for some slight offence to slay, and who was now a follower of St. Maury. The vengeance of the brother against his young lord had never slept; but he sought a revenge, deeper still than raising his hand against his life, a revenge which should cover with ignominy the name of the young heir of Lindendorf, and this he doubted not, the reckless course of Gustavus would afford him. He had long suspected that Gustavus was secretly leagued in some course of guilt, and the sparing of Lindendorf, when far more distant castles had fallen beneath their power, had led him to suspect the truth, that Gustavus de Lindendorf had, by some means, gained the friendship of Rodolpho the bandit.

By one of those fortunate incidents, which often occur, he had over-heard the remarks of the baron, and lingering near, he had seen Gustavus retire from the presence of his parents much sooner than was his wont, and with the hope, rather than the expectation, that he might learn the secret which he believed was hidden in his young master's heart, he had cautiously followed, and by listening at his door, had learned enough to place the safety of Gustavus de Lindendorf in his hands.

Returning hastily, he gained the servant's hall, and touching lightly the arm of one of his fellows, (one who had recently received a blow from the

hand of his young master for some slight offence,) he passed on, and soon found himself in the courtyard. For some time he stood alone, apparently absorbed in gazing on the evening sky, but his every thought was given to the formation of a plan, which would ensure his long meditated revenge. He often turned his eyes toward the door, but it was some time ere the comrade he was evidently awaiting, made his appearance. He came at length, and as he drew near the other, whispered in his ear:

"Come with me, Philip, for I have something to say to you!"

The two left the castle, and sought the grove on its eastern side. They gained its thickest part, and then, Philip in a low voice demanded the business which had led him hither. Soon was it told, for well his companion knew that in his bosom rankled feelings of bitter hate against the man that had lifted his hand against him.

As the tale was told, Philip clasped his hands in exultation, and exclaimed:

"Now, if this be true, I may well hope to see him hung like a dog!"

"But," replied the other, "we have still a part to perform, ere the gibbet claims its due, and for yours, you must away to the leader of the band that is going out against the robbers, tell him what you have learned, and as I well know that the young master in his visits to the mountains, ever takes the path that leads to the cottage in the dell, you can guide them hither. I will remain, and when my master sets out to visit his robber friends, I will follow at a distance. Now, if you arrive before my master and his humble follower have passed, you will find no token from me, and must lie concealed in the thicket to the north, until you learn something more; if not, I will let fall a dagger at the point where the path-way enters the little dell, and in that case you must follow speedily to the mountains. I will mark our pathway by breaking off small branches of the trees as I pass along, and dropping them in the way, so that you may easily trace our course! What say you, will you perform the part assigned you?"

"Most willingly! and before an hour will I be on my way!"

They returned;—and not an hour had gone by, ere Philip stealing forth went on his errand, and his comrade, ere yet the great gate was closed, had gone forth saying he was going to pass the night in the cottage of his mother.

Gustavus sat above in his chamber; his head rested on his hand, and an expression of anxious care was on his face. At length he arose, and

murmuring to himself: "Yes, come what will, it must be done!" he seated himself at a table and prepared to write. But long his eyes rested on the paper, and the pen was held carelessly in his hand, as if his heart loathed the deed he was about to perform, suddenly he nerved himself for his task, and with hasty hand, he traced a few lines to inform his parents that he had promised to spend some days with a friend, and that he must leave at an early hour, even at the break of day; that in the joyous moment of the return of his parents, he had forgotten to mention this engagement, and ended by entreating them to feel no anxiety on his account as no danger could attend him.

Leaving this epistle where it must be at once observed, he opened the door of the apartment, but all was still, and hastily dressing himself for his excursion, he once more approached the door of his chamber. He stood a few moments as if irresolute, and then cautiously stepped forth. With noiseless step he passed onward, until he reached the strong gate, which separated the inmates of Lindendorf from the world beyond. It was locked, and the key removed, but Gustavus drew out a key which he had long possessed, and by its aid soon passed the barrier which was thus presented. Again he paused to listen, and then with rapid step, took the path which led toward the Black Forest; while from the midst of a thicket of trees, at a short distance, stole forth a tall athletic form, and at a short distance behind, and still seeking the protecting shadow of every tree or shrub, he followed in his path. Onward still they passed, for to the stout serving man the ground was almost as familiar as to his lord, and just as the grey light of morning tinged the eastern sky they arrived at the mountain dell. The dagger, the sign promised to Philip was laid in the path, and while Gustavus bent his steps toward the little cottage, his watchful foe still concealed by the friendly shade of the trees that skirted the mountain side, sought a spot from which he might watch unseen the reappearance of his lord. More than an hour had passed, ere he came forth once more to pursue his way, and then striking into a path, that led at once into the depths of the forest, he walked leisurely onward, while at a distance just sufficient to enable him at times to catch a glimpse of his young lord, came the other, and at short intervals, the broken branches of the trees, and shrubs marked his way.

When Philip left the castle of his lord, he hastened onward, with rapid step, after thinking of the long path which lay before him. But not more than one league had he passed until he

reached a small town, and as he was passing onward, the challenge. "Who goes there?" arrested his steps, and turning hastily, he found himself standing in the presence of a soldier on duty, Philip answered, that he sought the leader of the band about to go out against the banditti of the Black Forest, and right glad was he to learn that they had already commenced their march, and halted for the night in this place. He was conducted at once to the presence of the captain; his message was told; and he was commanded to be ready to set out at the dawn of day, and then was conducted to a rude apartment where a large number of soldiers were sleeping on the straw which had been provided for their bed. Here he was told to seek repose; but it was long ere he could sleep, for though he rejoiced that his revenge against Gustavus might be complete, yet conscience smote him when he thought of the master, whose voice had ever addressed him in tones of kindness, whose heart was about to be wrung by the keenest agony, by the exposure of the guilt of his only son. But knowing he had now gone too far to recede, he determined to perform the part he had undertaken, and abide the result.

At the first appearance of the coming morning all were called from their rest; and after a hasty meal, they set forward on their route. As the towers of Lindendorf broke upon their view they turned from the course they were pursuing, and crossing the broken ground between the open country, and the mountain's base, they soon reached the path well known to their guide, that led to the little dell. They followed it with eager steps, and great was their joy, when as they reached the little vale, the unconcerted signal was found in their path. Hastening onward with eager speed, they entered the wood beyond, soon a branch, as yet scarce drooping, met their view, and with hasty steps they followed the road thus marked out for them. They knew that a few hours only had elapsed since Gustavus had passed before them, and now they hurried onward hoping that they might overtake their accomplice, ere they reached the retreat of the banditti. They knew they could not follow the path marked out for them, amid the darkness of night, and thus they resolved to proceed as far as might be, during the day. The sun had set and twilight was gathering around them, and they were already thinking of halting for the night, when from a thicket of trees they saw the face of a man look forth, and then the waving of a hand beckoned them onward to the same friendly shelter. They approached with much caution fearful of falling into some snare prepared for

them by their wily foes, but this fear was allayed when the accomplice of Philip came forth to meet them.

He hastily informed them, that Gustavus on reaching this place, had paused for a few moments, and then blowing a low blast on a hunting-horn, a large dark looking man had came forth from a grove of trees which covered the side of a rugged steep, which arose before them. After a few moments, during which they had conversed eagerly in a voice so low that the words did not reach his ear, they had disappeared, and soon after two men, came forth, and taking different routes were soon lost to view. Since then all had remained quiet; once or twice a human form had appeared for a moment, as if to look if all was quiet, but none other had gone forth, and none had arrived. Believing it probable that the two persons who had left the cavern, were sent to summon such of the band as might be absent, they determined to await their coming, and by attacking them, draw Rodolpho from his retreat, for one glance had sufficed to shew them, that much danger would attend an attempt to scale the mountain's side, with above them a well armed band of desperate men, whose lives hung on the destruction of their foes.

More than an hour had passed, and now twilight had given place to the darkness of night. The silvery light of the few stars which were visible, scarcely penetrated that lonely wild, and there all was thick darkness. At length a confused murmur of voices, mingled with the tread of several men, was heard, and soon after a small band passed near where they lay concealed. To the demand "Who goes there?" they answered, "Friends of Rodolpho!" and in a moment the whole party rushed upon them. With a wild shout, they turned to meet their foes, only to encounter the weapons raised against them, for overpowered by numbers, every man was soon numbered with the dead or dying. But this was only the prelude to a more dreadful strife; for aroused by their cry, Rodolpho himself followed by every man who was at the rendezvous, and sustained by Gustavus de Lindendorf, rushed down the mountain side and in a moment both parties were engaged in desperate strife. The force of Rodolpho was far inferior to that of his adversaries, but yet he fought with maddened fury, and more than once his opponents gave way before him; but it was only to rally, and with increased determination to conquer or to die, rush once more to the contest. In the midst of that scene of bloody strife, the moon rose over the eastern hills, and shed her gentle light upon the little vale, al-

ready bathed in blood. Now aided by her light they could with greater ease distinguish friend from foe, and deadlier grew the strife. But as Rodolpho was rushing forward followed by several of the bravest of his men, he fell, deeply wounded, to the ground, and in a few moments the robber chief was numbered with the dead. For a moment his followers paused, and in that moment the victory was decided, for when resistance ceased, more than half the robber band had shared their leaders fate; some few had fled, the rest, nearly all of whom were wounded, were captives. Among the latter was Gustavus de Lindendorf dangerously wounded, and exhausted by the loss of blood, he was found when the strife was over, beneath a heap of slain, and in this state was he borne, from the mountain wild, to the nearest town. A messenger was sent to apprise the baron of his fate, and soon the wretched father was beside his guilty son. At his earnest request Gustavus was conveyed to Lindendorf, and many weeks of anxious watching beside his bed of suffering passed, ere the sorrowing parents dared to hope that he might live. Live! for what! to die a felon's death! and many times they breathed a sigh of fond regret, that death had not removed him from his shameful doom.

Several months had passed;—his recovery was so far advanced that on the morrow, he was to be removed to prison. The mother sat beside him in silent woe, for it was the last day she might spend with the son, she had ever loved so fondly. The father entered;—a deeper shade of anguish still, sat on his careworn face, and taking the hand of the baroness tenderly within his own, he murmured in a scarcely audible tone. "Another grief awaits you dearest! I have just been with a messenger sent from Scotland, and, our Josepha is no more!" For a moment the mother struggled with her emotion, then clasping her hands together, she exclaimed. "Thank God! she died unconscious of the agony which wrings the hearts of her wretched parents; of the woe that has fallen on the house of Lindendorf!" A cloud gathered on the brow of Gustavus; but suppressing the feelings of anger which the words of his mother had aroused, he turned to the baron, who was vainly striving to suppress the emotions of his soul, and said. "But what further my lord! as yet you have not informed us of when, or how my sister died, nor how fare our friends at Glenelvin!"

The hopeless father, glad to turn for a moment from the new grief which wrung his heart, replied; "Well I believe they are doing as well as you could wish, and notwithstanding the death of Lord

Robert's bride, I doubt not they are happy, for the lost daughter is at length restored, and that may sooth them, in the midst of grief!" Gustavus sprang to his feet exclaiming. "The Lady Isabella restored to her home! impossible! tell me how was this!?"

"The man merely said that she was found by her brother, and Francis d'Auvergne, the Gallic friend who came with you from Palestine!"

A death-like paleness overspread the face of Gustavus, and in hollow uncerthly voice he asked "say, did he tell you this?"

"Most surely did he, and moreover added, that in gratitude for his zeal in seeking her, and the many dangers, and the sufferings he had endured, Glenelvin's earl had promised to repay him with his daughter's hand!"

With a cry of anguish Gustavus de Lindendorf fell to the floor;—his parents sprang to him, and as they raised him, a stream of warm, fresh, blood burst from his mouth and nostrils. He fixed his eyes with horrible intensity on the face of his mother, and pressed his hand convulsively to his heart for one short moment. His head fell heavily on the bosom of his father, his hand dropped listlessly by his side, and the arms of the baron of Lindendorf supported all that remained of his son,

A few weeks after, the weeping tenantry of the house of Lindendorf assembled in the chapel of the castle, to consign to its last home the body of their well loved lord. His deep sorrow had speedily done its work; he died heart broken, and in him terminated the long line of the house of Lindendorf.

ROSE MCCARTHY'S SORROW.

Rose has gone so patiently, so uncomplainingly about her work, that no one has suspected how grievous the burden at her heart has been these three months past. If her face has been unusually subdued, if the smile has visited it rarely, there are, unhappily, many circumstances to which that might be attributed without one's going out of the way to account for it. There are first, improvident relations who have managed to get out of their proper sphere in this great mart of toiling brain and straining muscle—that is no enlivening matter to think upon; then there are expectants in that poor distressed country, whom she hears indirectly and directly, too, are at the lowest ebb of misery "by reason of the poverty that is in it, and the fever;" and these expectants are her near kindred, constrained to spend the golden prime in

ineffectual struggle with poverty, or in that apathy into which the sturdiest sink when unsustained by hope. Is not this a state of affairs sufficiently depressing to account for the shadow occasionally deepening on Rose's once sunny face? True, her self-appointed teacher marvelled that her interest in her writing lessons ceased so abruptly; but what more satisfactory explanation was needed than her plea of weak eyes; and who was to surmise that the weak eyes were the effect of nightly weeping for the dead?

No, we should never have guessed at a grief so unobtrusive as hers, but for the hints of her communicative sister. Since then she has told her own story; it is not its uncommonness that recommends it to one's interest, for are not love and sorrow the truest of events? Speak, ye wanderers in California! Speak, ye wishing wives, mothers, sisters at home! the deep, deep pain! the irrepressible, the unappeasable yearnings of separation! are not *they* so universal, as scarcely to confer upon the sufferer the privilege of complaint! And is not death itself, but a longer or shorter absence from those we love! Yet, oh, love and sorrow, and death, ever old, and ever new, when will your records cease to interest us!

The incidents of Rose's story, gathered from her homely, but expressive phrases, are mainly these:

"Hugh Doyle and herself were neighbors *childer*, and had kept company two years before either of them came to America. Hugh was the first and only boy she ever did keep company with; they were promised to each other, since three years; they had looked and hoped for the day when, her service of duty done in contributing her quota towards bringing James and Judy, little James, Terry and Pat to this country—and praise God they could have waited for that—sure the patience of love was its own reward—waiting and working together was but a holy-day for true hearts, while hoping for the time, when hand to hand, let joy or trouble, sickness or health, come together they could——" Rose's voice faltered, and she flung her apron over her head.

And so death put its cold seal on these humble hopes! Humble, do we call them? When was youth's vision humble! The enchanting promise of the innocent, the happy love,—humble! when it exalts the poor servant to a joy, monarchs may not, in right of their possessions, look for! But alas! alas! all these hopes are dead, buried with the lover of her youth; poor Rose; poor Rose.

Pestilence, dread minister of death, catching up and whirling away, even as a withered leaf, the goodly presences that have been the sunlight on

our paths. "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," no farewell spoken, no glance of unutterable affection to be a sanctified memory to the survivor while life lasts! Ah, it availed little to lighten Rose's bereavement that she was with her own people when the shaft sped, since she was not near *him* to sustain and comfort—since for Hugh, there were the peculiar and cruel attendants, of pestilence, hospital, loneliness, and—grief to Rose, good Catholic as she is—death without the consolations of the Church, and consignment to unhalloved ground. Rose is not philosopher enough to deem it of little import where the poor frame moulders into dust.

But all this time we in our wisdom have been sadly misjudging her; she has had a very natural desire to accommodate the outward seeming to the inner mourning; and seeing how becomingly "the mistress" cast off black has been remodelled to fit her, we have thought it a little vanity on her part, pardonable enough but still a vanity, that she has never taken her "evening out" since the month of August, without wearing that black dress and a neat linen collar, and looking very lady-like.

She has learnt, too, that not to ladies only is it forbidden to wear the heart upon the sleeve, for on the return of Halloween, her natural sensibility, her instinctive shrinking from being "fublythe that night," has been laughed at by her sister Kate, coaxed and *made fun of*, by turns. "What daughter of Erin," nay, what daughter of Eve could withstand the two? Not Rose; so she went to the Halloween party, and doubtless smiled, and was seemingly as gay if the curly black head that ducked with her own fair locks for apples in the Halloween tub last October, was not resting with the dew of the grave upon it, in Randall's Island. Yes, Rose has already rallied; she is right; there is no virtue in that sullen thing, endurance, for we must endure; only in the patient continuance in well doing, is there hope that the latter days will be happier, because holier than the first.

And Rose has duties to perform, as she deems; there is much depending on her responsibilities; enough to break down her courage, only we see how much the patient persevering workers accomplish. It behoves her to see to it that brothers and sisters, escaped hitherto from the maw of famine and disease, be not long exposed to their fangs.

Bridget, her sister, the pioneer of the family to this country, is weighed in the scales and found wanting in those qualities that are commonly essential to enable people to earn a living, even in

land of milk and honey—homely plodding
 or well-directed enterprise—so she has
 her husband, child and a half a
 friends, and emigrated farther West "to try

attend her in the new "diggings!" A
 girl, with all her follies; what an
 of personal vanity did she prove
 equal to in the first year and a half of ser-
 when she grudged every dollar expended
 as so much subtracted from the first
 due to the family in Ireland. No ribbons,
 shawls, no tasteful bonnets with artificial
 bright gowns: who can estimate the
 of self-denial it cost one to whom, certes,
 in her very baby-hood, (cradle, we suspect,
 never had,) "some demon whispered, *Bridget*,
 a taste." But pranksome were the curvet-
 of that taste when the curb of circumstance
 had removed. She worked faithfully until
 had accomplished bringing half the family
 New York, and then thought it high time to
 her inclinations, and to leave it to them to
 the good work.

it happened to be her inclination to marry
 Michael O'Leitrim, "a rich fellow enough."—
 five hundred and seventy-five dollars were
 to his account on the books of the Saving's
 at G——, where he had worked as market-
 for more than twenty years. Now as
 twenty years were as legibly traced on
 Michael's features, as his deposits were inscribed
 the books of the G—— Saving's Bank, it was
 averred by Bridget's good-natured friends
 she had married "a shaky ould chap" for his
 We know not how it was—we are nei-
 prepared to allow or disallow the truth of
 charge. Bridget certainly entertained a due
 of her own merits, and had had her chances
 younger lords of the creation; but she also
 a full proportion of social ambition, and it
 was admitted that Michael's suit prospered
 the less rapidly for twelve hundred and se-
 five golden arguments in its favor. And
 married, mercy on us! what profusion!—
 Michael, a good-natured man, unused to city life,
 led implicitly to the noble spirit of his spouse.
 bought out a "business" and paid down for
 "good-will" that had never been, for a stock
 was not, and for fixtures that disappeared
 they took possession of the premises. Then
 pleasant month of June they gave a house-
 and wedding-party, whereto Mrs. O'Lei-
 would fain have substituted the Waltz and
 for the good old fashioned Irish jig and
 dances; an innovation stoutly resisted by Pat

the fiddler, (save us! the musician we would say,)
 for private reasons, best known to himself; but
 the rogue had kissed the blarney stone and de-
 clared, "the misthress bate the flure at a jig, and
 he would pit her agin the world for petticoatee."

Another trifling objection, in the graphic lan-
 guage of Mr. Phelim O'Toole, was, that "not a
 boy or a girl of the company had ever shook a
 foot at them new thricks of dancing." The novel
 additions of plum cake and ice cream, to the regu-
 lar condiments of whisky and boxty cake, were
 more favorably received; on the whole, the party
 went off gloriously, and Io Triumph! Mistress
 O'Leitrim, by unanimous voice of her guests, was
 declared to be a woman of "illigint sperrit, and
 the beauty of the avengin'." Biddy's happiness
 could no further go.

But if one's candle is lighted at both ends, one
 must look to have it rapidly diminish. Where
 everything goes out, and nothing comes in,
 there will soon be an empty house, &c., &c., &c.
 It has taken exactly one year and six months to
 spend, and lend, and give away, and be cheated
 out of twelve hundred and seventy five dollars,
 and with nearly as light chattel as she left Ire-
 land four years ago, and with quite as elastic spi-
 rits, Mrs. O'Leitrim has betaken herself to the
 West with Mr. and Master O'Leitrim. Again, we
 say, success attend them.

The anglicé of Bridget's *great bad luck*, is a
 necessary digression, explanatory of the various
 sorts of obligations imposed latterly upon Rose.
 To say nothing of onerous duties, she is to assume
 Biddy's office of amanuensis to her countrywoman
 as soon as she is competent to that responsible
 charge; so when it was suggested lately that she
 should renew her exercises in writing, she cheer-
 fully assented, and after spelling out her copy,
 Time softens every grief," there was an unmis-
 takable tone of resignation in her comment, "Ah,
 and this is a nice copy."

Doubtless she has derived much consolation
 from that little red-covered prayer-book, with the
 gilded cross on the back, for long its leaves opened
 at the place of Devout Prayers in time of Famine
 and Pestilence; but of late the scrap of perforated
 card has moved on to Meditations on Christ's Pas-
 sion. To us, used as we are to the terse narrations
 of the Evangelists, who, in the absorption of their
 momentous theme, forget themselves and the
 whole world, these meditations, interpolated with
 pious ejaculations, loving, mournful or indignant
 epithets, seem trivial. Yet not for worlds, Rose,
 would we, by depreciating word or smile, weaken
 thy faith in that little prayer-book, albeit, the
 New Testament, with thy own name written in it
 with thy own hand, lieth beside it, with leaves
 and cover far less litho from use. Well for thee
 if thou gainest from a Catholic *Key of Heaven*
 that faithfulness and trustfulness which we haply
 seek at a higher source.

M. B.

MY AUNT PHOEBE'S COTTAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HALLS OF THE NORTH," AND OTHER BORDER LEGENDS.

CHAPTER I.

THE INTRODUCTION.

Still linger, in our northern clime,
Some remnants of the good old time;
And still within our valleys here,
We hold the kindred title dear.

MARMION.

ON re-visiting my native country last Summer after several years absence, I called, of course, upon what few of my relatives were left alive, an old maiden Aunt about eighty years of age among the number. She lived in a neat little cottage of her own, by the sea shore. She was a hale healthy woman, with a complexion as ruddy and blooming as that of any rustic maiden in her neighbourhood, attributable no doubt, as she said herself, to her long morning walks on the sand, whenever the weather and the tide would permit. When the latter was the obstacle she turned her steps to the hills. She had an old woman, as old and as healthy as herself, to wait upon her and take care of her cow and tend her little garden in front of the cottage. Her bees and fowls and pigeons, and she had a profusion of each, she attended to herself, and they were a source of no small profit to her, without taking into consideration the inestimable value of the amusement they afforded her. Her other means were small, but quite adequate to her wants, and "she was passing rich with forty pounds a year" the exact amount of an annuity which had been left her by her father out of the family estate.

The cottage had been bought partly with her own little savings, the balance being made up out of Janet's wages which had accumulated for so many years that both servant and mistress had long since ceased to count them. At the time I speak of they had both made their wills, Janet bequeathing all her wages to her mistress while the latter had left to Janet, her cottage and garden with all else she might be possessed of.

All Aunt Phoebe's leisure time, and it could not have been much, was occupied in reading, and

that without the aid of spectacles. The light reading of the present day she viewed in the same light as the novels of her youth, and considered it a sin to read it.

"Oh, if I could but write like you," she said to me, one day when I was busily employed in some work of fiction, in which I was engaged at the time, "if I could but write like you, instead of such stuff as that," pointing to the manuscript before me, "I could give you a story ten times more interesting and true besides."

"What would it be about," I said, in no little surprise at the new trait which I supposed I had discovered in Aunt Phoebe's character.

"About!" she replied rather snappishly, as if under the impression that I was disposed to laugh at her literary pretensions; "About! why it would be about this cottage of mine, and the room you're in, aye, and the very chair you are sitting on. I well remember the night when your poor old Aunt, she was not old then though, was providentially saved from a watery grave, and that poor dear suffering angel—no, that's not what I was going to tell you about just now.

"But, dear Aunt," I said, interrupting her as I saw she was beginning to ramble off into an old story I had heard, but without heeding, a hundred times before, if you want to tell me all, begin at the beginning, and give me time to note it down and we'll make a story of it and have it printed."

"*Make a story of it!*" she said, repeating my words interrogatively, "Why it is made, all put down in writing. It would want, I dare say," she continued after a moment's pause, "a little polishing up and a few connecting links put in to make it read properly, you would have of course to describe this cottage for instance, a principal scene in the story, I've said nothing about it, nor about the box-wood tree, you must mind and put that in too."

"But tell me, Aunt of mine," I said with no small doubts about their very existence, "where are all these memorandums to be found!"

"Just hand me down that box, if you can reach it," she replied, pointing at the same time to a small tin one on the top of the corner cupboard in the room.

I did so with perfect ease, and as she applied the key to open it, she expressed her astonishment at my having grown so tall, and added with a cunning smile, "but ill weeds always grow apace, you know."

After searching for some little time, she took out a bundle of papers and handing them to me, she said, there you'll find all about the story I've so often told you, but mind you "she continued," how much soever I should like, myself, to see it fairly written out, you musn't talk of printing it, not at least while your poor old Aunt's alive, but when I'm dead and gone, and laid by my Fanny's side, for I must be buried there, you may then do what you will with it.

On the arrival of the last mail but one from England, I received a letter. The envelope was edged with black, the seal was of the same colour, and impressed with the family cypher. It was, I knew, the messenger of death, and on opening it with a trembling hand, not knowing what branch of the family tree had been lopped off, I found it contained an account of my Aunt Phœbe's death.

It was from poor old Janet, my Aunt's servant of all work already referred to, and is so much of a curiosity that I must give it to the reader, although it has nothing to do with my story, further than announcing to me the removal of the only bar to its publication.

It ran as follows:—

BOKS.WOOD COTTIDGE, August 22nd,

Dear Maister Phillip,—I tak up me pen to inform ye that yer Ant my puir guid Mistress is no more, she departed this life last Sabbath morn at sixteen minnits efter twa o' the clock, without a grone or a struggle, just like a wie bairn ganging to sleep on its mither's bosom, her head was on mine at the time, and O Maister Phillip it wad hae done yer heart guid to hae heard her talk as she did, the varra neet o'her departure, aboot heaven and her joining Fanny Millway their, and how happy they would be together, an then, just as her hour was come, she told me to kiss her farewell for it was getting dark she said, and she was going, and when she saw me greeting as if my heart wad break, "dinna fret Jennet," she said, "its only for a little, ye'll soon be comin efter me." "God grant it may be sae I wad hae said," but could na my heart was too full to speak, but I can say it now for its waesome to think how she can get on without me, but aiblins Fanny Millway may be some help to her.

This to Maister Phillip M——,
from his poor servant,
to command.

JANET RUSSEL.

P. S. Some story ament this Fauny Millway that your Aunt was aye garring me greet about, will be prented noo that she's dead an gane, leas'twise she used to say it wad be, an if it sud I'd like to see it.

J. R.

Poor old Janet! and so you shall if you've not gone home to your beloved Mistress before these pages reach you.

CHAPTER II.

THE POOR.

Let not ambition mark their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

GRAY.

"No, Bella, no! you'll never marry William Armstrong, and therefore its very wrong and very sinful in you, to encourage his comings here or to keep company with him."

This was said in a weak and faltering voice to her sister, by a poor young woman in the last stage of consumption.

It was a bright evening, one of the brightest and softest of an unusually early harvest. The rest of the family, and it was a large one, had been out all day at work as was their wont at this busy season, some to reap, others to assist in housing or stacking the rich ripe sheaves while the little ones were profitably employed in glean- ing up the scattered heads of wheat left on the stubble, when the field was cleared of all at least that the farmer thought worth his notice.

So profitable indeed was this glean- ing that the three youngest children of this very family have seldom been known to bring home less, than what amounted, when thrashed out, to nearly a peck of wheat, worth, at the time I speak of, not less than half a crown, better than three shillings our money.

But I perceive that I have commenced my tale at the wrong end, or rather in the middle. I will therefore try agnin and begin at the beginning.

My story, be it premised, has nothing to do with "lordly halls and ladies' bowers," not a coach or barouche or phaeton, not even a one horse shay with its luxuriantly soft cushioned seat will ever be seen in it. So that the young little minxes of readers, whose heads have been stuffed with fictitious tales about balls and routes and masquerades, and other fashionable follies, may skip these unpretending pages, in which little or nothing will be found but the "simple annals of the poor."

There is a lonely cottage on the side of a common, not far from Boothby, a little village in the west of Cumberland, inhabited chiefly by fishermen. This cottage has something about it sufficiently picturesque to attract the notice of the few travellers who happen to pass that way. A wide spreading sycamore at one gable, and an immense bushy box-wood tree at the other, or rather at the front corner, together with the little garden before it, combine in forming the coup d'œil of as pretty a little picture of rustic simplicity as could well be imagined. The picture was more perfect still, than I have described it, or so at least it seemed to me on the only visit I ever paid to that locality some forty years ago. It was in the evening as I've already said, I remember it as well as if it had been yesterday. The gold and purple of a gorgeous sunset were reflected with intense brightness upon the white walls of the cottage, from the placid sea. A cow with distended udder, stood lowing at the little wicket gate leading into the garden, and a ruddy faced girl, just ripening into womanhood and the very picture of health with no small pretensions to beauty, coming to milk her, and at the same time affectionately apostrophising her with endearing epithets, evidently as intelligible to old Bossy herself as familiar 'household words.' I had hardly returned the respectful and blushing salutation of the tidy milkmaid, ere I came upon the extensive works of two ragged little urchins who had been making mills all day, in a ridge of sand hard by.

CHAPTER III.

PLAYING AT MAKING MILLS.

There were two brothers at the scule,
And when they got awa—
It's will ye play at the stane-chuckie,
Or will ye play at the ba'.

OLD BALLAD.

'READER!' I am addressing myself now, to a different and more intelligent part of the community, than that to which I before referred. "Did you ever play at making mills?" "No?" than you're to be pitied, as the happiest days, though few and far between, as such days always are, and always have been, and will ever be, throughout this chequered scene of life, have been employed by me, or flown away with hasty and unheeded wing into the forgotten past, or been idly wasted, if the reader will, "in making mills."

This is so important, this playing at "making mills," that I must give a description of it, any or every thing indeed is of great importance that

affords even a single day's gratification in our boyhood's years.

These "mills" then, are formed in this wise, A ridge, or precipice, some four or five feet deep, formed, no matter how, whether by man or by the sea, the two principal agents in such formations, is requisite as the site of such mills. A hole at the top and near the edge, the size ad libitum, the depth the same, provided it exceeds not half that of the fall, is first dug, tapering to a point at the bottom, an inverted cone in short, like the upper half of an hour glass, the mill is nothing else indeed but an hour glass on a large scale, for this hole is filled with dry sand which gradually runs out through a small aperture, made laterally, inclining a little upwards from the face of the 'fall,' to the bottom of the hole, this we called the hopper.

The boys' wind and water mills belong to a later period in life, and are so nearly allied to *real* mills, besides being associated, the latter at least, with wet feet and punishments, that I have no wish to advert to them.

One of these little boys, the oldest, and the head man at these said mills, undertook, on my offering him a few ha'pence, to shew me the way to Frank Johnstone's house in Millam—the adjoining parish a few miles distant.

He was a smart intelligent little fellow, and proposed to take me across the sands by a nearer cut. I started with him at once, but ere we got half way the tide came in, rippling up to our very feet before we were aware of it.

I saw at once that we could neither go backwards nor forwards, but must retreat before it at a right angle with our path, some three or four miles to the very head of the inlet or bay up which the tide was flowing. And we had hard work to keep out of its way, even for the first mile or two we were frequently ankle deep in water, and before we had accomplished the next mile, the enemy was gaining upon us rapidly and would soon have overwhelmed us, had not a boat come to our rescue.

David Millway, the proprietor of the cottage I have mentioned.—I must here remind the reader, that I am speaking of a period forty years ago, when a poor man *could* be the proprietor of a cottage, and a patch of ground sufficient for a garden. The case I know is sadly altered now. Times became harder for the poor cottager and he was obliged to apply to the parish for relief, but this he could not obtain so long as he was in possession of any real estate, however small. He was therefore obliged to sell his little inheritance, and live upon the proceeds of the sale until they were expended, which was not long, when, as a

natural consequence, he threw himself, disheartened and discouraged, with a numerous family, upon the parish for support.

The fruits of this foolish and mistaken policy, are now being gathered with fearful apprehensions for the future. But I am wandering from my tale, David Millway at the time I speak of, whatever afterwards befel him, or his unfortunate fellow sufferers in the same rank in life, was the proprietor of Box-wood Cottage as it was called. He was also the father of my little guide, and this darling little son of his, David also by name, his very second self, so like him was he, had been seen by some one to attempt to cross the sands with a stranger, when the tide was actually coming in.

The disheartened father as soon as his tale was told, was rowed, by two stalwart fishermen, up the inlet, in search of the lost boy and the *kind and gentle* stranger, as I was afterwards flatteringly designated by these rude and simple people.

When we landed it was quite dark; the sky was completely overcast, and it was beginning to rain, so that I required no great pressing to avail myself of the hospitality so kindly offered by my deliverer.

"I can promise ye naught," he said, "but shelter frae t'comin storm, with hamely fare and a hearty welcome."

—
CHAPTER IV.
—

FAMILY WORSHIP.

The cheerful supper done, wi serious face,

They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;

The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,

The big ha' Bible once his father's pride;

His bonnet reverently is laid aside,

His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;

Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,

He wales a portion with judicious care,

And, "let us worship God," he says with

solemn air.

BURNS.

—
From what I had heard of David Millway and his family, I was glad of an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with them.

I always, indeed, felt a deep interest in that portion of the poor, now alas! no longer to be found, in England at least, who are industrious and independent, cleanly in their habits and orderly in their behavior, and above all, pious, sincerely pious in their conduct and demeanor, with a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man.

No, no! such people are not to be found nowadays, David Millway was the last of his race, and therefore a more minute and particular account of him and his family may be the more interesting.

On entering the house I was shown into a garret room, where a change of dry clothes of the coarsest fabric, but perfectly clean, was provided for me, my own, I need not say, what with the tide and rain together were soaking wet.

When I returned to the family circle seated round the comfortable kitchen fire, and took my place in the "old arm chair," the only one in the room, which had been left vacant for the "kind and gentle stranger," the hum of the busy spinning wheel was hushed, all work in short was laid aside, and the old man sat at the head of the table in all the solemn dignity of patriarchal times, with the large family Bible open before him, ready to commence their usual devotional exercise for the evening. A door leading into an adjoining small room, partitioned off from the end of the cottage, was left more than half open and a dim and subdued light was seen within it.

A chapter was read, no not a chapter, but a psalm, the forty first, I remember it well, and never can forget the look of intense and affectionate interest that was turned upon the mysterious room within the half open door, when the third verse was read.

"The Lord comfort him when he lieth sick upon his bed; make thou all his bed in his sickness."

The old man's voice faltered as he read the passage, and a slight pause ensued during which, I saw, in the dimly lighted room where we were sitting, or thought I did, and I could not well have been mistaken, a bitter tear steal down the parent's cheek, as he slightly changed the construction of the verse I've mentioned, and read it thus;

"The Lord comfort *her* when *she* lieth sick upon *her* bed. Make thou all *her* bed in *her* sickness."

The change was trifling in itself,—merely a substitution of the feminine for the masculine pronoun, but the effect was electrical, even upon myself who knew not what it meant. I thought, however, that it had reference to some mysterious being within the precincts of the adjoining chamber.

And I was right in my conjecture, during the short pause that ensued, every eye was turned towards the half open door, and the prayer was repeated in a soft whisper by the weeping mother.

"The Lord comfort her when she lieth sick, upon her bed"

Tears started to my eyes as I heard the muttered prayer, and I repeated it without being fully aware, at the time, of its application.

The service proceeded, the psalm was finished and a prayer followed, selected from a collection presented to them by the minister of the place.

After the service was over the 'gentle stranger,' as they persisted in calling me, was made more intimately acquainted with the history of the family, and I therefore learned that David Millway had a wife and three grown up daughters, and as many sons, all younger than their youngest sister Fanny. Poor Fanny! How many a tear I've shed upon the very mention of that much loved name, and never since that night, on which she died, now many years ago, have I retired to rest, without offering up a fervent prayer to Him in whom we live and breathe, whenever He shall see fit to call me hence, to take me to himself, to be forever happy with him and with that blessed saint, "in that sweet world of love" where pain sorrow and death can never come.

CHAPTER V.

THE DISTRESSED SISTER.

So ne'er may fate thy hopes oppose,
So ne'er may grief to thee be known;
They who can weep for others' woes,
Should ne'er have cause to weep their own.

LEWIS.

But I am anticipating. The mystery of the little room with the dim light glimmering faintly through the half opened door I have mentioned, was not yet cleared up. No sooner, however, had we risen from our knees, than a whispering ensued between the sorrowing mother and one of her elder daughters, and then the blushing maiden came and asked me if I would not like to see her sick sister. I said I would, and she immediately led me into the room.

On passing the threshold, I do not know why, but I trembled in every limb as if I were about to be ushered into the presence of some holy and angelic being, too pure for sinful eyes like mine to look upon. Everything in that large family, down even to the little thoughtless boys, was so hushed and still,—their whole air and manner so softened and subdued, that if a sound was heard at all, it seemed like an echo from the dead. All this, together with the poor man's simple and extemporaneous addition to the printed prayer before him, "The Lord bless our poor afflicted child,

and comfort her when she lieth sick upon her bed," made such an impression upon my mind, as led to the strangest vagaries of fanciful illusion I ever remember to have indulged in.

Perhaps too the terror and affright to which I had just before been subjected, from the coming in of the tide, and the sea "and the waves roaring," together with the providential escape from the imminent peril I had been in, had something to do with those wayward wanderings of this waking dream. And the illusion was completed as my guide put off at the door her wooden shoes, of course to prevent the noise of her footstep from disturbing the sick one within, but it seemed to me, in the state of excitement I was in, to have been done because the place wherein we were about to tread was holy ground. And it was holy!

The patient sufferer was in bed, she was too weak to sit up, and her face was turned from the side at which we approached her.

"No, no!" she said, as she recognized her sister's voice, and evidently adverting to some conversation at their last interview, "No, Bella, no! you'll never marry William Armstrong, and it's therefore very wrong and very sinful in you to encourage his coming here, or to keep company with him.

Poor Bella's eyes filled with tears, and she was so utterly confounded, she could not say a word. Her silence surprised her sister, and she turned her face towards her, and as with her attenuated hand, she put aside the flowing tresses of her dark brown hair from off her eyes, they fell on me, and she saw at once that I was a stranger.

"Pardon me," she said, as a slight flush relieved the outline of the hectic spot upon her cheek, and tinged the marble whiteness that surrounded it. "Pardon me, I thought it was my sister. Oh! there she is," she continued, as her eye turned upon the sobbing girl at my side:—"Forgive me, dear Bella, I thought you were alone," and then again, addressing me, she added:—"Please to sit down, and since you've accidentally heard so much, I think I ought to tell you all, for I am sure you are good and kind and gentle, or we should not have seen you here."

"Oh, Fanny!" exclaimed her weeping sister, as she rose and left the room:—"How can you be so cruel."

"Nay, not cruel, but kind, dear Bella, the lady, for your sake, shall know more about it."

But, Bella heard her not, the door was closed between them, and the poor girl had retired to her lonely garret chamber, to pour out her soul in earnest prayer to Him, who alone had power, with

His saving grace, to bless the renewed efforts she had made, that very evening, to turn her lover from his evil ways, and bring His lost sheep—no, not lost, but straying, to His fold again.

Thus, closeted alone with a person I had never seen before, nor ever exchanged a word with, and for the purpose too, of receiving a confidential communication of an interesting and delicate nature, I hardly knew what to say or think.

Poor Fanny's feelings, I saw, were much hurt by her sister's distress, and she appeared to be so much exhausted, as to be hardly able to say what she intended to tell me, and the pause that ensued, became every instant more embarrassing to us both. At last I broke the spell, by speaking to her.

My dear young friend, I said, you're too weak to tell me now, you've talked indeed too much already; I will come in to see you again in the morning.

"Oh, no!" she said, and that so earnestly, "pray let me tell you to-night, I may not live till morning."

CHAPTER VI.

THE GRACKLESS.

To spend the daye with merry cheare,
To drinke and revell every night,
To card and dice from eve to morne,
It was I wceen his heart's delyghte,
To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
To alwaye spend and never spare,
I wott, an' it were the king himself,
Of golde and fee he mote be bare.

THE HEIRE OF LINNE.

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG was the son of a small farmer, who rented about a hundred acres of land in one of those numerous rich valleys, or dales, as they are called in that locality, which intersect the mountains here and there in that district of country called the Border Fells. Whether or not he was a descendant from any of those Armstrongs, so famous in the Border wars, I could not learn. But if strength of arm, from which they derived their name, and a wild recklessness in his air and manner, together with a fondness for a fray or fight, the distinguishing characteristics of the ancient Armstrongs, would entitle him to such an honor if honor it were, he might well claim it. In that age, William Armstrong might, and, most likely, would have been as famous a warrior as any of his namesakes, while in this, such enviable qualities degraded him into a bully, for he was little better.

There was not a cock-fight nor a wrestling match, within twenty miles of where he lived, in which he was not the foremost man.

At a fair or the market, if a row or a fight was heard of, his name was sure to be coupled with the story, and this was not all nor the worst. If an orchard was broken or a nocturnal predatory incursion made into a game preserve, "Big Bill," as he was generally called, was sure to be suspected of the robbery.

He was connected too in some way or other with the smugglers, so at least the rumour ran, and at the time I speak of, all that coast for many a league was swarming with them.

It was said too, though few believed it at the time, that whenever he was short of money, and that, notwithstanding his idle and extravagant habits, was very seldom, he took a trip to Holland.

He was certainly absent from home occasionally for weeks together, and always returned with his pockets full of money, but how he got it or where he had been, no one seemed to know.

Such was the character of William Armstrong. I could tell the reader much more about him, but what I have said, will amply suffice to shew that he was a bad and wicked man.

And it was a pity too, so every one that knew him said, for he was as fine and handsome a looking fellow as could well be found, in the whole circuit of the Fells.

But what tended most of all to ingratiate him into the favour of his neighbours, despite their disapproval of his bad and idle habits, was the noble and generous spirit that reigned within that stalwart and manly frame, and might, if properly trained and tutored, have ruled and regulated his every act and thought and word.

If any thing could have excused or palliated the wild and reckless conduct of William Armstrong, in the estimation of all right-minded people, the want of maternal care and nurture, in his case, would have done so.

It is certainly an undeniable fact, that every boy is moulded into manhood, in whatever shape or form his mother pleases. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." And who so likely or so capable of doing this as the mother, but William Armstrong lost his, before he was old enough to appreciate her worth, or benefit by her instructions, and therefore after all, perhaps, he was as much to be pitied as blamed.

William Armstrong and Isabella Millway had grown up together, like two rose bushes in adjoining gardens with a fence between them. But

the fence was so low or so open, that they grew over it or through it and mingled their branches together, and thereby became so interwoven with each other, as to render it difficult if not dangerous to separate them, dangerous at least to the life of the smallest and weakest of the two.

They had gone together, for years, to the same school while they were children. When grown up, they had worked together in the same hay or harvest field; had always been partners in the dance at the harvest-homes, twelfth-nights, and other merry-makings; and although the Armstrongs, from the circumstance of their not being obliged to go out to daily labour for their sustenance, like the Millways, were in a somewhat higher position in the conventional division of the different ranks of society; yet the partition wall between them was but a low or an open one, inasmuch as the one was the independent proprietor, in his own right, of a cottage and a garden, with an undefined right of pasturage on the common hard by, while the other rented a farm sufficiently large to afford occupation upon it to more than the whole family. Hence, the employment of the Millways as labourers by the Armstrongs on their farm, and the consequent intimacy between them. And the reader will therefore hardly be surprised to learn, that a scheme for effecting a still closer and more intimate connection, betwixt the two families, was formed by William Armstrong and Bella Millway and approved of by their parents.

They were both very young when this engagement was entered into; far too young indeed either to judge of its fitness and propriety, as regards the temper, disposition and habits of the parties, or to form a just and proper estimate of the importance of such a step, as they, like too many young people in higher ranks of life, had rashly taken.

And here I might give my fair readers, a long and useful lecture on the subject of matrimonial engagements, but they I know full well in their eagerness to pursue my true and simple story, would skip it if I did, besides, the moral of my tale may do more good than any thing I could say and therefore *revenons à nos moutons*.

To be continued.

The tears we shed for those we love are the streams which water the garden of the heart, and without them it would be dry and barren, and the gentle flowers of Affection would perish.

POETRY—the music of Thought conveyed to us in the music of Language.

THE POPE AND THE BEGGAR.

The Desires, the Chains, the Deeds, the Wings.

BY SIR E. L. BULWER.

I saw a soul beside the clay it wore,
When reign'd that clay, the Hierarch Sire of
Rome;
A hundred priests stood, ranged the bier before,
Within St. Peter's dome.

And all was incense, solemn dirge, and prayer—
And still the soul stood sullen by the clay:
O soul, why to thy heavenlier native air
Dost thou not soar away?

And the soul answered with a ghastly frown,
"In what life loved, death finds its weal or woe;
Slave to the clay's desires, they drag me down
To the clay's rot below!"

It spoke, and where Rome's purple ones reposed
They lowered the corpse; and downwards from
the sun
Both soul and body sunk—and darkness closed
Over that two-fold one!

Without the church, unburied on the ground,
There lay, in rags, a Beggar newly dead;
Above the dust no holy priest was found,
No pious prayer was said!

But round the corpse unnumbered lovely things,
Hovering unseen by the proud passers-by,
Formed upward, upward, upward, with bright
wings

A ladder to the sky!

"And what are ye, O Beautiful!" "We are."
Answered the choral cherubim, "his Deeds;"
Then his soul, sparkling sudden as a star,
Flashed from its mortal weeds.

And, lightly passing, tier on tier, along
The gradual pinions, vanished like a smile!
Just then swept by the solemn-visaged throng
From the Apostle's pile—

"Knew ye this beggar?" "Knew! a wretch who
died

Under the curse of our good Pope now gone!"
"Loved ye that?" "He was our Church's pride,
And Rome's most holy son!"

Then did I muse;—such are men's judgments,—
blind

In scorn or love! In what unquest-of things,
Desires, or Deeds—do rags and purple find
The fetters or the wings!

THE STORY OF A MOTHER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. C. ANDERSEN,
BY OMICRON.

A MOTHER sat beside her child, sad and over come with care, lest it should die, for it was so pale and its little eyes were closed, it drew as heavy and at times as deep a breath as if it were sighing its little life away, and the mother looked yet more sorrowfully upon her child. A knock was heard at the door, and a poor old man came in who seemed to be covered all over with a great horse cloth, to keep him warm, and indeed he had great need of it for it was then cold winter. Outside, every thing was covered with ice and snow, and the wind blew so sharply in his face that it made him shiver with cold. And while the old man shivered, and the little child slept for a moment, the Mother went and placed some beer in a small pan on the hearth to warm for the old man. He sat and rocked himself, and the Mother seated herself on a stool near him and looked upon the sick child. She took its tiny hand in hers, and still it drew its breath as deeply and as heavily as before.

"Do, you not think," she said "that he will be left to me, and that the Blessed God will not take him from me. Then the old man,—'twas Death!—nodded so evasively that it might just as well mean yes as no, and the Mother cast down her eyes, and tears rolled down her cheeks.

For three long days and longer nights she had no rest, and her head was so heavy that now she slept, but it was only for a moment, and she started up and shook with the cold. "What was that?" she cried as she looked around on every side, but no one answered, for the old man was gone, and her child was no where to be seen, and yonder in the corner creaked and groaned the old clock—the heavy leaden weight ran down the floor with a bang—and the clock stood still—and the poor Mother rushed out of the house and called on her child.

In the midst of the snow sat a woman in long black robes—and she said to the bereaved Mother: "Death has been with you—in your chamber—I saw him, but just now, come out with your child—he was in great haste and walked swifter than the wind. He never brings back what he takes away."

"Tell me! Oh tell me only which way he went, and I will find him" said the Mother.

"I know the way" said the woman in the black garments "but before I tell you, you must sing me all the songs that you have sung for your child—I love those songs—I have listened to them before—I am the Night, and have seen your tears as you sang for your sick child."

"I will sing them all,—all" said the Mother, "but do not detain me now, I must go and find my child."

Then the Night sat down silent and quiet, and the Mother wrung her hands, sang, and wept, and there were many songs but still more tears.

Then said the Night. "Turn to the right among the dusky pines, I saw Death go in there with your little child."

Deep and far into the dark pine wood did the Mother work her way, and she knew not what direction she should take, but she saw a Thorn-bush which had neither leaves nor flowers upon it, for it was cold winter and icicles hung from the twigs.

"Have you seen Death pass by with my little child?" asked the Mother.

"Yes," said the Thorn-bush, "but I will not tell you which way he went until you first warm me in your bosom for I freeze here to death, I shall soon be clear ice."

Then the Mother clasped the Thorn-bush to her bosom, and so closely that it became altogether thawed, and the thorns penetrated into her flesh, and her blood flowed in great drops. But the Thorn-bush shot out fresh green leaves, and blossomed in the cold wintry night; so warm is the heart of an afflicted mother.

And now the Thorn-bush told her the way, and she next came to a great Sea on which neither ship nor boat was to be found. The Sea was not frozen hard enough to bear her over, nor yet was it shallow enough for her to wade through it, so she laid herself down to drink it up, but that was indeed impossible, yet, the sorrowing Mother thought that perhaps a miracle might be wrought in her favour.

"No! that will never do," said the Sea, "let us two rather be of one mind—I love to gather pearls, and thine eyes are the most precious pearls I have seen. If thou will weep them out into my bosom, I will bear thee over to the great conservatory, where Death dwells. All these that thou seest are his trees and flowers, each of them corresponds with the life of a human being."

"Oh! what would I not give to find my child," said the weeping Mother, and she wept still more, until at last her eyes fell out upon the sea shore, and became two costly pearls.

Then the Sea lifted her up so softly, just as if she were on a couch, and in a moment she found herself on the wished for shore. There, was a house, wonderful in size and structure, so that one could not tell whether it was a great mountain with woods and caves, or was divided into numberless apartments, but the Mother could not see it, she had wept away her eyes.

"Where shall I find Death," she cried "he has carried away my little child."

"He has not yet arrived," answered an old grey-headed woman who lived in Death's conservatory, and tended his plants: "How have you found out this place, and who has helped you?"

"The Blessed God helped me," replied the Mother: "He is merciful, and you I am sure will be so too. Where shall I find my child?"

"I know not," said the old woman, "for you cannot see it, and many trees and flowers have withered this night. Death will soon be here to root them up. You must know that every one has his tree or flower of life arranged as in nature, they appear like other plants, but with this difference, they have hearts beating within them,—children's hearts beat also—judge by that and perhaps you might recognize the heart's beating of your own child. But what will you give me if I help you?"

"I have nothing to give," said the sorrowing Mother," but I will go for you to the end of the world if you desire it.

"I have nothing there to look after," replied the old woman, "but you can give me your long black tresses, you know well they are very beautiful, they please me, and you can have my white hair instead."

"Do you require nothing more," said the Mother. "I will give you that with joy," and she gave the old woman her beautiful black hair, and received her snow white locks in place of it. She then entered the great conservatory of Death where trees and flowers grew so wonderfully together. There stood beautiful Hyacinths under glass bells, and great Easter Roses as strong as trees, and there were large aquatic plants, some quite green, others half dead and withering, and water snakes lay upon them, and black beetles crawled up their stalks. Here were also splendid palm trees, oaks, and plane trees, and there too was sage, and blooming thyme, and every tree and every flower had its name, they were each of them a man's life, some of whom lived in China, others in Greenland, and in every part of the world. There were besides great flowers in very small pots, so close and pressed together that many of them burst their pots for want of room. There were also small weak flowers growing in rich ground, kept up and sheltered with soft mosses, and the afflicted Mother bowed herself down over the smallest plants she could find, and she heard a human heart beat in each, but out of millions she recognized that of her child.

"There it is," she cried at length, and she stretched out her hand over a small crocus blossom which hung its head quite faintly.

"Do not touch that flower," said the old woman, "but place yourself here, and when Death comes—I expect him every moment,—do not let him pull it up, but threaten him that if he does you will tear up every other plant there. He will be obliged to give way, for he must answer for each plant and flower to the Blessed God; not one must be taken up before he gives him leave. Then all at

once a wild sigh was heard through the hall and the blind Mother knew that it was Death."

"How have you found your way hither?" said he: "How have you reached this sooner than myself?"

"I am a mother," was her answer.

And Death stretched out his gaunt and fleshless hand towards the little flower, but she held her's closely over it, so close, yet so full of anxious carefulness that she touched not a leaf. Then Death breathed on her hands, and she felt his breath colder than the coldest ice wind, and her hands sunk down powerless.

"You can do nothing against me," said Death. "But the Blessed God can," said the Mother.

"I only do what He wills," replied Death "I am His gardener, I pull up His trees and flowers, and plant them in the great garden of Paradise in the Unknown Land. How they pass their time there and what kind of a place it is I dare not tell."

"Give me back my child," said the Mother, who while she wept and entreated, seized fast hold of two beautiful flowers, and cried:

"I will tear up all thy flowers for I am in despair."

"Do not touch them," said Death. "You say that you are unhappy and would you make another mother as miserable as yourself?"

"Another mother," said she, and she let go both flowers.

"There are your eyes," said Death, "I took them from the Sea, they shone so bright and beautiful, but I did not know they were yours, they are still more bright and far clearer than they were before—look down there into that deep brook, and I will tell you the names of the two flowers which you would have torn up, and you will see their whole future—their human life in its waters—you will then see what you would have destroyed."

She looked into the brook, and it was delightful to behold how one was a blessing to the world—diffusing joy and happiness around, but she saw the life of the other, one of care, want, sorrow and misery.

"Both are the will of God," said Death.

"Which of them is the flower of the happy one, and which the unhappy," asked the Mother.

"That I may not tell you," answered Death, "but this much you shall know from me, one of them is your own child whose future you behold."

Then the Mother cried aloud with terror, "which of them is my child—tell me, oh! tell me, free the innocent, free my child from misery, and take it away into God's Kingdom,—forget my tears—forget my weeping, and all that I have done.

"I do not understand you," replied Death, "will you have your child back, or shall I take it to that place you know nothing of."

Then the Mother wrung her hands, fell on her knees and prayed to the Blessed God:

"Oh hear me not," she said, "hear me not when I pray for what is contrary to thy will, which is always the best. Hear me not,—Hear me not. And she let her head sink on her breast, —and Death went with her child to the Unknown Land.

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

Thomson said of Thomson, that he looked upon poetry as a poet. "He could not," said he himself, "have viewed these two candles burning with a poetical eye." This was just saying that to his eye this world was displayed in an open vision, arrayed in those bright forms of the imagination, in which it appears to us by glimpses, and that by him, all things were contemplated, at all times, from such a point of view, and seen in such a light, as all men like to see them in, but as they are beheld by every man only on rare and fortunate occasions. This is a gift, not an acquirement, and cannot lend us his eyes with which to view nature as he views it, still he can teach us to make a better use of our own, and call our attention to sights worth the seeing, which, but for discoveries, we might pass by unheeded. Thomson is therefore a delightful guide with whom to wander through the wide and variegated field of Nature, as he can both point out to us what is most worth seeing in the different objects there meet our eye, and lead us to the spots where they can be seen to the greatest advantage.

It is peculiarly desirable that the youth of our continent should be taught thus to look upon the country, and the sights it presents under the different seasons of the year, and for this purpose a better instructor can be found than Thomson. By far the largest portion of the families of the Western World are engaged in agricultural pursuits, and by the necessity of circumstances, seek their happiness, as well as find their pleasure in the country. But, according to the course of a country life are no where less esteemed than here, where they are within the easy reach of almost all, and to the greatest number, the only source where outward enjoyment is sought. There is a tendency amongst us to look upon our fields as the tradesman looks upon his shop, and to regard them with no deeper interest than is awakened by the thought of the profit that may be drawn from them. We do not see why a well cultivated farm, with a suitably arranged home-stead, surrounded with trees and a pleasant garden plot, and kept in such a state of order and convenience and as most conduces to convenience and pleasure, should not be as much an object of desire, as the aim of ambition to the farmer, as a commodiously and elegantly furnished, is to the inhabitant of a city. He willingly expends the fruits of his labours in surrounding himself with such

elegances and comforts. The other style of luxury, might, we think, afford as much real and certainly no less rational enjoyment as this one. The drapery of Nature, and there is much left to man in the mode of arranging it, may surely be so disposed, as to do more than vie with the works of the cabinetmaker and upholsterer.

We are far from despising the beauties of art, but if the highest specimens of pure art are seen in her most successful imitations of nature, certainly the best results are obtained, when art impresses her designs on the body of nature itself and man thus obtains for his dead works what he cannot himself bestow upon them, a living principle of growth and movement. A fine landscape painted upon canvass is nothing, when compared with beautiful grounds well laid out and adorned by art and man's device. Some fantastic enthusiasts have indeed endeavoured to represent nature as appearing to greatest advantage, when undeformed, as they say, by the hand of man. But it is not so. When we contemplate nature in her primeval solitudes, where she has not yet been visited by man, she appears rude, rugged, and unsightly; she does not deck herself in her fairest robes, and put on her sweetest smiles, till she is wooed by her destined lord, and all her beauties are drawn forth, and heightened by the fostering care of his guardian hand. Every farmer has it in his power to do a little in this way, and were the taste for doing it to become general, the whole country would be rendered more beautiful, as well as more fertile. But would not an addition of beauty be an addition of riches? Man's life does not consist in the abundance of the things he possesseth, but in the innocent enjoyments or necessary virtues to which they minister. It was evidently the design of the Great Creator, that man should adorn his earthly inheritance, as well as cultivate it, with a view to obtain from it, the substantial necessities of life. We read, that when he was placed in the garden of Eden, he was appointed to dress and to keep it. Nor has the curse doomed him to the sole necessity of seeking his food, in the sweat of his brow. If the earth bring forth thorns and thistles, which he must root out and destroy, to make room for a better produce, it brings forth also the lily and the rose, which displaying to him their beauties as they bloom in the waste wilderness or uncultivated valley, invite his careful hand to transplant them to his garden, and form a little paradise, amid the fields of his toil, to which he may retire, and resting from his labours, and wiping the sweat from his brow, thank God for an inheritance, still yielding much that is pleasant to the eye as well as good for food.

As we propose to review the "rolling year" under the guidance of the author of the "Seasons," in a few short sketches, we shall conclude at present with a few lines from him in praise of a country life. It is not certainly, in drawing reflections from the scenes he describes, that the writer chiefly shines. His philosophical disquisitions and moral reflections about nature, are not at all equal to his exquisite descriptions of it.

"Oh! knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.

* * * * *

"Sure peace is his; a solid life, estranged
To disappointment, and fallacious hope;
Rich in content, in nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When heav'n descends in showers, or bends the
bough;

When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Concealed, and fattens with the richest sap;
There are not wanting, nor the milky drove
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains, nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught beside of prospect, grove or song,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear.
Here, too, dwells simple truth, plain innocence,
Unsuited beauty, sound, unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleased,
Health ever blooming, unambitious toil,
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease."

Nature was the mistress of the poet's affections, and as it is more natural for the sincere devotee to clothe the object of her devotion with all the splendours and beauties which imagination can throw over it, than to pry into and philosophise about its more recondite properties, so this is the part he has best performed. All false transports are apt to find utterance in high flown and affected language, and there is something like affectation in the inflated terms in which the philosophic raptures of our poet are usually delivered, unlike the simple energy of words, in which his real admiration at the appearances of nature usually breaks forth.

He looked upon all nature with a poetical eye, but did not search into it with the curiosity of a philosopher. All her glories lay fully disclosed before him, the minutest traits and faintest hues of her more retiring beauties did not escape his notice, the secret mysteries of her more hidden

operations he did not importune her to reveal. It is as a poetical, not a philosophical guide, that we mean to follow him; and nature is presented to us by the Great Creator as a glorious show to be looked on and admired, as well as a field to be searched into and subdued to our use. J. C. M.

AN ALLEGORY.

The heart, the heart, still let it be, a pure and sacred thing.

PART I.

My father gave me the citadel, and charged me to preserve it as I would preserve his love; to keep it with all keeping, for out of it are the issues of life. He said that some of the neighbouring citizens, might seek to possess it, for the beauty of the gardens around it; of these I was to be particularly watchful. They would, most likely, seek to besiege the citadel by scaling the walls, and looking in at the windows, pretending to be only admiring the flowers, or listening to the music; but all the while seeking to ingratiate themselves with my attendants, by whispering soft words in their ears. Three of them are great favourites with the citizens, namely, Vanity, Pride and Ambition; because they never think of doubting the truth of their promises, nor perceive the hollowness of their praises. So you must endeavour to keep these attendants confined, lest any of the strangers should see them, never let them come to the gates or even look out at the windows. Indeed I wish they could be banished altogether, for they are discontented, disagreeable creatures, and often put the citadel in confusion. Ambition is less vicious than the others, and he may be made useful if kept in subjection.

But it is impossible to banish them altogether, for they have had possession there ever since the citadel was built, at least, I think they had.

But in order to preserve the citadel, you must keep the gates well guarded.

First by Prudence—and then Idleness and Poverty cannot enter; for they generally come together, and Sorrow and Suffering are ever with them. Next by Wisdom, and then Impiety and Vice cannot enter, even though painted and dressed in the trappings of finery. And lastly by Truth; and then Flattery will never seek to enter, for they hate each other with a perfect hatred.

The rose that all are praising, is just the rose for me.

PART II.

For sometime after these arrangements had been made, the citadel remained in perfect peace.

strangers came to the gates, and spoke to me; some of them came often, and spoke to me, and their gratitude led me to the gates to speak to them; and Friendship was at my side, and they kissed her tiny hands, and she wept deeply and her soft eyes were dimmed when they departed. I was half inclined to leave her behind the next time she came, for she is a sensitive creature, and she is like to see her weep. But Hope whispered they would soon return. And then she kissed the tears from her cheek, and she smiled and danced to the sound of his

There was one of the young strangers of frank and courteous manner, easily gained access to the gates, and his praise was in all ears. I sometimes feared that if he sought entrance, there would be few to resist him; eloquent, and they listened to him with attention; they praised his genius, and pointed to the laurels he had won, they were kind and generous, and I know he was for the poor blessed him. He must have been radiant, for I saw that the timid ones drew to his side when danger was near, conscious that he would protect them. Ambition entered.

Young Love was there. What had he to say! the bright and beautiful flower that came to cheer us in this dark and gloomy season, to shed around our path, a slight, rare ray of the joy and brightness of that place where every atmosphere is love, and where coldness and indifference can never enter!

Prudence, weary with watching, was fast asleep. She waked up, and rubbed her eyes, but she gave me no advice about the matter. Wisely she smiled and said she saw no harm in this, she believed he was honorable, but it was better not to let him get acquainted with all my attendants.

What could I do now? they had listened to the voice of the charmer, and I could not keep my back. Besides Friendship was an enthusiast, when the youth spoke to her, her eyes were shining with admiration, she was mistaken for my dear brother, while he with a demure look never step had passed the guards. It might have been so, for they are twins, it is not for strangers to distinguish them, and I must not be always watching.

And the moon shed her calm silvery light

upon the bright happy faces, as they stood together and listened to his low whispered words.

And winter is when those we love have perished,
For the heart ices then.

PART III.

THEN the Storm came and passed over the citadel but not without withering some of the flowers, and one, the fairest and brightest of them all, one whom I had loved since childhood, was drooping and dying. Love and Friendship were clinging around her weeping and trying to get Hope to come to them for the invalid loved to hear the sound of her sweet voice, but she was lying at a distance dangerously wounded, the physician had almost given her over, she smiled sadly, saying, "when the cold winter passes away the warm genial sun will revive us all." But alas! the summer sun comes not to revive the flower when the winds have torn it from its stem. I bent over her and pressed my quivering lips upon her pale cold brow, but she heeded not my touch. Grief was rending her garments and weeping aloud.

The whole citadel was in mourning.

Joy had taken up the timbrel and harp, and left the citadel offended, because Friendship and young Love had hung down their heads and wept at the sound of his glad voice, and Prudence said he had better not play, for the chords of his harp were broken, since the day that Grief had taken it to sound the funeral knell, over the grave of my favorite flower.

Alas! my eyes ached to look upon my sweet flower, but she had gone to bloom in the garden above.

Soon Resignation came and with her calm low voice hushed the tumult, and stilled the beating of the rain against the windows, and drawing down the long sable curtains over the citadel, left it to sleep in peace.

And in the morning Hope the day-star from on high, who had so long been a stranger in the dwelling, came and drew aside the curtains, and wiped the dewdrops from the long silken fringes, and fanned my feverish cheeks with her soft wings.

Friendship was again smiling by my side. I too looked up and smiled, when I remembered my father's promise; though sorrow should endure for a night, yet Joy cometh in the morning. And lo! he was peeping in at the windows.

RONDO GRAZIOSO.

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

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each consisting of a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The notation includes various rhythmic values such as eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and dynamic markings. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

tr tr tr

3 3 3

Fine

8va.....

loco

BIS

D.C.

OUR TABLE.

Mr. R. W. Lay, 193 Notre Dame street, has placed upon our table several new works to which we would call the attention of our readers. They are as follows:—

MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS BY W. IRVING.

THESE two volumes contain a clear and unpretending narrative of those startling events in the career of "the great apostle," which attended the early history of his religion. They are written with Mr. Irving's characteristic purity, clearness and simple beauty. They are popular in their character. "The whole aim of the writer has been to digest into an easy, perspicuous and flowing narrative, the admitted facts concerning Mahomet, together with such legends and traditions as have been wrought into the whole system of oriental literature; and at the same time to give such a summary of his faith, as might be sufficient for the general reader." The first volume which gives us a biography of Mahomet and a brief outline of his religion is written with great candor. It is far more readable than Okley's—more impartial and truthful than Pridcaux's—but is less eloquent than Gibbon's masterly sketch of "the leader of the faithful." The second volume contains a very spirited narrative of the rapid progress of the religion and the arms under the immediate successors of Mahomet. As we follow the pen of the historian in his sketches of the personal exploits, and the acts of daring intrepidity which distinguish the early course of the simple Arabs of the desert, we can hardly divest ourselves of the feeling that we are in the realms of imagination instead of the sober domain of history. The unparalleled and swift tide of conquest which followed these hardy and irresistible warriors, the occasional gleams of lofty heroism that lighten their path, the ardent, though merciless enthusiasm that roused their courage and nerved their arm, these, as they are portrayed by the accurate and faithful narrator, possess the interest of a drama. To all who desire a popular and truthful sketch of Mahomet and his successors, we commend these volumes.

RAMBLES AND SKETCHES BY J. T. HEADLEY.

The author of this work is well known to the public by a series of graphic, highly colored and *flashy* portraits of "Napoleon and his Marshals," "Washington and his Generals. In a former number we have given him a more extended notice, all that we will now add, is, that Mr. Headley improves by experience. His style is becoming more simple. These sketches are varied and spirited.

They are marked, more by a power of description than a discrimination of men and the principle at work in society. They are, however, what they pretend to be, sketches:—and, as such, will be found full of interest and life—very much less turgid than some of his earlier efforts. This book, like his others, has decided popular tendencies, and expresses generous sympathies. He predicts, in the process of time, an entire emancipation of Europe. "If," says he, "there be one thing fixed in destiny, it is the steady, restless progress of the republican principle. Struggle as despots may—surround themselves as they will, with all checks and restraints on popular feeling—bind and torture, and exile and slay, the terrible day of reckoning is slowly advancing. Before this single principle, Europe is incessantly pushed forward to the brink of a frightful gulph. On that brink, despotism will make its last stand, and its final struggle." Upon the whole, this is a very pleasant book to lighten a heavy hour, or as a travelling companion. If one wishes for anything acute or profound, they must look for them somewhere else. They are not here.

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, ARRANGED ON A NEW PLAN BY THE REV. S. FIGGOTT; A. M. J. AND F. TALLIS, LONDON AND NEW YORK.

THIS is designed to be "completed in twenty parts, at one shilling each; each part embellished with two beautiful steel engravings." This novel, but commendable publication, is enriched by notes, "introduced to obviate prejudices, to satisfy doubts, to illustrate what is obscure, and to impress the great, pure, simple, Protestant truths of the gospel, on which these prayers were founded by the Martyrs and Saints who composed them." It is really a pleasure to see the "Book of Common Prayer" in such large, clear and beautiful type.

THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF IRELAND, PART FIRST, By the same publishers, is also a beautiful number of a new work. Besides the two fine engravings, we are glad to see a map of the country. This is a valuable aid; and no history should ever be without one. To read of different places, in a nation without some conception of their situation and geographical relation to each other, serves to give the mind vague and uncertain impressions. This History begins at the earliest period of the Irish annals, and continues to the present time.