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JANE REDGRAVE.*

A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER XI.

The deep, convulsive sob of grief,
Though painful to the ear,
Is nature's voice, and brings relief
To those who shed the tear.

But sadder far the reckless jest,
The joyless, mocking glee,
That hides the madness of the breast,
The laugh of hopeless misery!

"THE rich and the poor meet together, the Lord is the maker of them all." This text kept running in Rosamond's head all the time she was engaged in packing and preparing for their journey to the country. The scene she had witnessed at the sick bed of Arnold, and his great bodily and mental sufferings, were ever present to her mental vision, and filled all her thoughts. She longed to be of service to him, to restore that wasted form to health, that shattered mind to moral life and peace, and she earnestly besought her grandmother to grant her request, and allow her to take the wretched man into her service.

Mrs. Sternfield hesitated. She feared that Rosamond had been imposed upon, and her gentle humanity interested in behalf of some profligate villain. It required the forcible reasoning of Arthur to win her consent to their scheme.

"It is singular," she said, "that her sympathies should be so powerfully excited by a miserable creature from the lowest walks of the people."

"Am not I one of the people, grandmamma?" whispered Rosamond. Wealth has but raised, not ennobled me. I may be the wiser in much

sorrowful experience; but am I happier or better than I was?"

"I hope so," returned Arthur, "or else, sweet Coz, your experience has been learned in vain."

"Ah!" sighed Rosamond; "there are some lessons which we learn in the world which are taught in no other school, and the fruit of such knowledge is woe unspeakable."

She turned away, with her fine eyes full of tears.

"It is all for the best," murmured Arthur. "We cannot truly enjoy until we have learned to suffer. It is only through much tribulation that the saints are permitted to see God."

"You do not accompany us to Bramby, Arthur?" said Mrs. Sternfield.

"No, Aunt. I shall await in London the recovery of Arnold, and follow with him to Westholm. Besides, I have some business of importance to transact in town. Marianne of course goes with you."

"Marianne does no such thing," returned the young lady, stepping into the group. "Marianne is tired of a life of dependence. Henceforth she intends seeking a home for herself."

"You do not, cannot mean to leave me, Marianne?" said Mrs. Sternfield, beseechingly. "Have I not been a mother to you—are you not my child?"

"Rosamond can supply my place. She will be a more yielding and obedient daughter. The Mortons are made of sterner stuff. They love to have their own way. Yes—and they will have it, cost what it may; as your own history, and that of Arthur's mother, can fully testify.

* Continued from page 404.

Lady Dacre has offered me a very lucrative situation in her establishment, and as I love money, and hate to be dependent upon the cold, extorted charity of my relations, I have accepted her proposal, and leave you this evening. It is useless to interfere with my arrangements. I have attained my majority, and, thank God! am a free agent."

"Marianne, I will not urge upon you the plea of obligation, or bid you remember the ignominious obscurity from which I rescued you, for if you are insensible to these benefits, conferred upon you out of compassion to your forlorn and deserted childhood, it is both useless and vain to recall them to your mind. But I had hoped that you regarded me with affection; and to part with you in this cold, heartless manner, causes me severe pain."

Marianne seemed slightly moved by her aunt's appeal to her better feelings, but to yield would have ruined all her deep laid schemes of future advancement; she therefore replied with wonderful composure.

"It is true, Aunt, that you took me from a wretched home, where the guilt of my parents had consigned me to the tender mercies of the wicked; you educated, and placed me around your person; but until this moment I had no idea that you really loved me. Since I have been with you I have endeavoured to earn my living by waiting upon you, and obeying your commands; I have watched beside you in sickness, and tried to amuse you in health; and if you conferred a great obligation upon me, I too have been of great service to you. The debt is mutual. But the galling chain of dependence, if formed of gold, would eat into the heart. I have borne it too long, and now, I trust, it is broken for ever. I shall no longer be second to Rosamond in your estimation, or have to submit to the lectures of my Cousin Wallbrook. To each and all, I bid a hearty farewell," and, curtseying deeply, she withdrew, with a sarcastic smile upon her lip, leaving her aunt in tears, and Rosamond shook at her audacity.

Yet what a relief it was to Rosamond, to be separated from one who was a constant spy upon all her actions; a cruel animadverter upon all her words; who sought by every means in her power to insult and annoy her; and who, she too truly judged, had been the cause of all her grief.

The next day found her on the long anticipated journey to Bramby; and unconsciously the image of Edgar associated itself with the beautiful memories of the place. No longer with joy she thought of her high minded lover—his image was accompanied with sad and painful regrets.

She had forgotten him for one most unworthy of him and her, one whom she still loved with the tenacity of youth, whom she strove in vain to forget.

Still in her mind there lurked a hope that Major Sternfield would yet be her husband; that time would convince him of his error, and bring him once more to her feet. At such moments the smile would return to her lip, the rose to her cheek, and for a few brief moments she would forget the past in bright anticipations of the future.

Their journey was rather dull, and occupied the best part of two days. On the evening of the second, she found herself once more in her Aunt Dunstanville's arms, who was not a little shocked at her delicate appearance.

"You had better have remained with me, Rosamond. The air of London is killing you."

"All air is alike"—whispered Rose—"to a wounded heart. Even the pure atmosphere of Bramby will scarcely restore me to myself."

"We will find a balm for your sorrow," returned the old lady. "We have a physician here—and you, sister," she cried, turning to Mrs. Sternfield—"you are welcome to my home. There was a time when I could not have held out the right hand of friendship to my brother's wife, and said, 'God bless you!' How happy I feel that that day is past—that we meet as friends."

Mrs. Sternfield silently returned the warm pressure of Mrs. Dunstanville's hand. She felt how deeply they had both erred—she knew by her own experience how sincere had been their repentance, and the tears that flowed down her cheeks, were more convincing to her husband's sister, than words. In a few minutes, harmony was restored, and the parties so long adverse, sat down in cheerful re-union to their evening meal.

"I wish Edward could witness this scene," said Mrs. Sternfield.

"Be assured, grandmamma, he does witness it; that he is one of the party. The spirits of the dead sleep not; but hover around the living objects of their love, to reprove their errors, or strengthen them in the paths of virtue."

"And poor Ardyn!" said Mrs. Dunstanville; "can he reprove or admonish his angel child? Ah! my Rosamond, your theory is very beautiful, but I fear it is fallacious."

"I never knew my father living—I cannot realize him dead. He is surrounded with a tender, melancholy mystery, which pains me when I think about him; but let us change the subject, it distresses my dear grandmother."

The following day was spent by Rosamond in rambling over her favorite haunts, and many times she stopped on the brow of the hill to gaze at Oaklands, and asked herself the question she dared not ask of others: "Is Edgar still abroad?" Mrs. Dunstanville had not once mentioned her favorite, and Rosamond was half angry at her silence. Although no longer her lover, Mrs. Dunstanville knew that he was her friend, and as such, she must feel interested in his welfare; while these thoughts were passing through her mind, a dog leaped up upon her with a joyous bark, and Rosamond in an instant recognised Faithful. The next moment, with pale face, and thoughtful mien, slow step, and eyes bent to the ground, Edgar emerged from a dark grove, and stood before her in the open sun-light. With her usual frankness Rosamond hastened towards him with a cry of joy. He heard her not—yet she was the sole object of his thoughts. At that very moment his waking dream was of her, and the idea that she was about to become the bride of another, had filled his soul with bitterness. He saw not the flushed cheek, the outstretched hand of the worshipped idol of his soul; and passed on without a look, a smile of recognition. The dog, more awake to surrounding objects than his master, still lingered by her side; now crouching at her feet, now licking her hand, and bestowing upon her a thousand caresses. Rosamond stood motionless, until Edgar was out of sight. Then flinging herself upon the sod, she threw her arms about Faithful's neck, and, bowing her face upon his hairy shoulder, wept like a child. The dews were fast falling around her, when she arose from the ground, and slowly retraced her steps to the hall.

"Had Edgar seen her?—was it possible that he had forgotten her? Or had she become an object of such indifference that he could pass her without one glance of recognition?" Never had Rosamond felt so lonely and miserable as at that moment; and, feigning indisposition, she early retired to her own apartment.

A large party was given at a neighbouring mansion, in honor of Rosamond's visit to Bramby, and the only person uninterested in the fête was her for whom it was intended. She could not bear to go, and she implored her aunt to excuse her to Mrs. Ponsonby. Her grandmamma never went into company—she was not well that evening; she would remain with her. Surely no one could take offence at her conduct. Nothing could be more natural.

Mrs. Dunstanville shook her head at all her excuses. "Rosamond, I shall consider it a favor

granted to me. You must go." Rosamond sighed.

"Ah! if you knew how painful it is to me, to mingle in such scenes, you would not urge me."

"My dear child, I can read your heart; solitude only nurses the grief that preys upon it. In shunning society, you nurse the sorrow that destroys you. In order to forget Major Sternfield, you must mingle with the beings that resemble him. Your grandmamma wishes you to go, and I shall be seriously offended if you refuse."

Rosamond obeyed with a reluctant spirit. She found upon her toilette a case containing a set of beautiful diamonds, the gift of her aunt, a rich scarf of elegant material, and a dress of white Brussels lace, fit for the bride of an emperor.

"This is kind, very kind," she said, as she examined the costly presents; "but oh! if my dear aunt only knew how valueless such gauds are in my eyes, she would not have wasted a little fortune in order to deck me out in splendour. A small portion of heart's-ease were worth it all."

In order to please her aunt, for there was no one else in that gay party whom she wished to please, she suffered Mrs. Derby to array her in the costly garments and jewels provided for her; and in spite of all her philosophy, she was astonished at the reflection of her own image in the glass.

"Oh! that Dunstanville could see me!" she thought; "would it not remove the cruel suspicions, the unjust prejudices, he has formed against me?"

From this reverie she was aroused by her aunt calling upon her, and snatching her gloves and fan from the table, she hurried to meet her.

The old lady took her by the hand, and turned her round and round, with admiring fondness; then led her into Mrs. Sternfield's chamber.

"There sister—what do you say to my little girl now?"

"That she is the image of her father—poor Armyn! how proud he would be of his child."

Rose kissed the tear from her grandmother's pale cheek. "Bless you for speaking kindly of my father; and continue to love me, dear grandmamma, for the lost one's sake."

Mr. Bradshawe advanced, to lead her to the carriage.

"Fair Queen of hearts! behold an old man among your subjects."

"You must be bound then, to obey my commands."

"Or lose my head?"

"Ah, no! Your heart will be sufficient punish-

ment. You must dance the first set of quadrilles with me."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Most seriously so."

"But, my sovereign lady, I have not danced for twenty years, and know as much about dancing quadrilles as an untaught bear. You must allow me to find a substitute"

"Indeed, I shall do no such thing. If you refuse to dance with me, I will sit still all the evening."

"Ah! Bradshawe, you are fairly in for it," said Mrs. Dunstanville; "and to lose your heart at your time of life, would be a sad affair. All the boys in the parish would laugh at you."

"Those who knew the cause, would justify the folly of the deed," returned the old lawyer. "Older men than me have worshipped at such a shrine, and been forgiven. But here we are at Mrs. Ponsonby's splendid mansion."

"Rosamond had felt her spirits rising, while chatting with her good old friend; and when he helped her from the coach, she looked both gay and happy."

With the superannuated beauty on one arm, and the charming young belle upon the other, Mr. Bradshawe forced his way through the crowded ball-room, to the seat occupied by the mistress of the house; a matron still graceful and blooming.

Mrs. Ponsonby received Rosamond with the most lively demonstrations of regard, and calling her son, a fine lad of fifteen, to her side, who was spending his holidays at home, she introduced him to her lovely guest. The boy gazed with admiring wonder at the beautiful girl, and blushing himself like a girl, asked if she would honor him with her hand for the quadrille that was just forming.

"Well done, my boy!" said Mr. Bradshawe laughing. "I see you do not lack ambition or taste either, when you would run off with the brightest rose in the room. The young lady is my partner."

"Yours?" cried the disappointed urchin. "Do you dance?"

"To be sure I do, when the gout will let me. What say you, fair Rosamond, will you take this curly pated Henry for my substitute?"

"With pleasure," said Rosamond, giving the delighted boy her hand. "From youth to age is but a step."

"A long stride, if you please, young lady—but away with you, and let me see how well young Harry supplies my place."

All eyes were fixed upon that fair girl and boy, as they gracefully threaded the mazes of the

dance. Rosamond enjoyed the consciousness of having pleased her youthful partner; and while he looked up to her, as to a divinity, she smiled down upon him with a countenance beaming with goodness and benevolence. The eyes that had never wandered from him, were now raised to those of her *vis-à-vis*. The color fled from the happy face, her lips quivered, and big tears obscured her sight, when she felt her hand once more clasped in that of Dunstanville Sternfield, and met the cold, haughty glance, and the still colder inclination of the head, which recognised her, without admitting the least claim of friendship or sympathy.

A murmur ran through the room that Miss Sternfield, the beautiful heiress, had fainted. There was a great bustle in the centre of the splendid saloon; a sound like a half-suppressed convulsive sob, as a lady was partly carried from the gay scene, into an adjoining room, and the music again struck up, and the dance went on merry as before.

Seated in a large arm chair, at an open window, through which the moon poured a flood of silvery light upon her death-pale countenance, reclined the inanimate form of the still insensible Rosamond. The young boy, Henry Ponsonby, was kneeling at her feet, bathing her wrists with salvolatile, while his mother supported the drooping head upon her shoulder, and near her, leaning against the window frame, with a face as pale as her own, his dark eyes bent mournfully upon her death-like countenance, stood Edgar Hartland. There was a moisture in his eye-lashes, a quick, quivering motion in his compressed lips, that told of suffering as deep, as acute as her own; but, when the color again faintly dawned on that alabaster cheek, and the blue eyes opened wide and wild, and the bright tears gushed freely down, and the deep drawn sigh of returning consciousness, told that life and sorrow were again at work in that fragile breast, he had vanished, and Rosamond awoke to the reality of the frightful vision of the night among strangers.

"I have caused you great trouble," she said. "This fit was quite unexpected. I felt so well—so happy."

"The room was so hot," exclaimed the gentle boy. "But you are better now—we shall soon be able to dance again."

"Not to-night," said Rosamond, trembling lest the cause of her disorder should be known. "My head aches, and I must go home. But you must come to Bramby, and we will have our dance out, and a good romp in the garden. Will not that do as well?"

"Ah! but you will not be dressed in diamonds,

or look so beautiful as you do to-night," returned the boy; "and there will be no one to see us, or to envy me my partner. Oh! do come back to the ball-room!"

"Then it is only the diamonds, Henry, and the envy of the crowd, you covet," said Rosamond, sadly. "I despise both."

"He is but a child," said his fond mother, regarding him with maternal pride, "and 'tis human nature."

Mr. Bradshaw had now discovered Rosamond, and he, guessing the cause of her illness, urged her to return. "Your aunt is waiting for you in the ante-room. Your friends must excuse you to-night." Rosamond gladly accepted his arm, and, bidding Mrs. Ponsonby and her son good night, she hastened from a scene which had occasioned her so much mental anguish.

"And he did see me!" said Rosamond, as she once more regarded her altered countenance and rich attire in the large chamber glass. "And what has been the result? Coldness and contempt! Oh! that I could forget him—could hate him—for I now know beyond a doubt that such are his feelings towards me. Alas! that I should betray my weakness to him, for he must have suspected the cause. I will urge my grandmother to leave Branby tomorrow."

Rosamond was mistaken when she thought that Major Sternfield had beheld her with indifference. Though, taught by the world to conceal his feelings more effectually, his agitation was scarcely less than her own; and it was pride alone, that "first false passion of his breast," that hindered him from following her into the adjoining room, and imploring her forgiveness for the injuries he had heaped upon her.

His meeting with Rosamond was quite unexpected, and had been brought about in the following manner: Mrs. Ponsonby's husband was a general officer in India, under whom he had served; and when returning on leave of absence to put in his claims for the Westholm property, he had been commissioned by his superior with letters and packages for his family at home.

These had been forwarded on his first arrival, but his love affair with his cousin had hindered him from paying his respects to Mrs. Ponsonby in person; and after his final separation from Rose, he hastened to perform his promise to the General. He happened to arrive on the very evening of the ball, and had only just learned that it was given in honor of Miss Sternfield's visit to their mutual relative, when the injured girl appeared before him in all her simple loveliness; she looked so beautiful, and appeared so happy with her juvenile partner, that, while gazing with

wonder on her ingenuous face, his faith in her treachery was shaken, and he began to suspect that he alone was the traitor; but when she offered him her hand in the dance, and their eyes met, and she sunk before him, like one smitten with a deadly blight, he could no longer doubt that she had regarded him with affection, that she loved him still—and he rushed forward to receive her as she fell, when his arm was put back by Edgar Hartland, who carried her from the room.

"Who is that gentleman?" he demanded of a bystander.

"Squire Hartland—the deaf and dumb gentleman. An old friend of Mrs. Dunstanville's."

Major Sternfield bit his lip. He could not but admire the noble form and bearing of his silent rival; but he hated him for his evident superiority, and, finding that neither Edgar nor Rosamond returned to the ball-room, he left the scene, overwhelmed with remorse, and more in love with Rosamond than he had ever been before.

If the victim of his jealous suspicions passed a restless night, her vigils were shared by the man, for whose sake she had endured so much. Restless and unhappy, he never sought his couch, but continued to pace his room, through the remainder of the night. Once he took paper from his desk, and attempted to pen a long letter to Rose. Then again pride urged him to rend the document which would have restored him to her favor, and to treat the whole affair with a lofty disdain, that scorned to make the least concession, although urged by conscience that he alone was to blame. First impressions are from heaven, and if acted upon, often lead to the most happy results; but after thoughts are mingled with the cold, selfish policy of man; and the opportunity which might have saved from ruin, is lost to the over cautious for ever. So it was with Major Sternfield; the power of regaining his position was offered to him, and the time wasted in contemplating a failure, could never be retrieved. The next morning, Rosamond and her grandmother were on the road to Westholm—and Major Sternfield returned to London.

CHAPTER XII.

All this is mine—these broad and fair domains!
These eyvan woods—those grassy sloping hills;
Around whose base the joyous, tinkling rills,
In lengthy brightness, wind their silvery chaus.

WESTHOLM, an old castellated mansion, built during the wars of the White and Red Rose, stood in the midst of a deep valley, surrounded on all

sides by the Derbyshire hills. Embosomed in woods yet more ancient than the building, and watered by many streams, a more romantic or beautiful spot could scarcely be found in the kingdom, and Rosamond uttered a cry of delight when, upon gaining the summit of the last hill, which overlooked the home of her fathers, the whole beauty of the charming landscape burst at once upon her sight.

"And is all this mine? Am I indeed the owner of this earthly paradise?"

"Long may you enjoy it, my child," said Mrs. Sternfield. "To me it was a gloomy prison—the grave of hope; and I feel a chill creep over me, as I view its high, towering woods again. In the depths of that dark forest to the right, my poor Edward died. You cannot wonder why I should regard the spot with horror."

When the carriage drove up to the old Gothic gateway, the ladies were agreeably surprised by finding Arthur Wallbrook waiting to receive them; and he, with a benevolent smile upon his lips, hastened to present their young mistress to the old domestics. Many of them, who had known, and who still remembered the father with affectionate regret, greeted his orphan child with moistened eyes. Standing back from the group, who pressed eagerly forward to shake hands with their new mistress, Rosamond recognised the wasted, but interesting face of Arnold. Approaching him with her usual kindness, she congratulated him upon his recovery; and hoped that she should find in him a faithful and useful servant.

A profound bow was his sole reply, but his eyes followed her light figure through the motley group, with an air of melancholy devotion; which seemed to say, that his life was well bestowed, were he called upon to lay it down in her service.

"My dear Arthur," said Rosamond, when she found herself alone with her self-constituted guardian, "how glad I am that you brought poor Arnold with you. What are his capabilities? In what way had I best employ him?"

"That is a question not easily resolved. In the first place, in point of education and manners, he is so far beyond his station, that I cannot look upon him as a menial; nor do I think, that he ought to be employed in a menial capacity. This man, Rosamond, is better than he seems. He is a classical scholar, well learned in all the lore of the schools. A gentleman both by birth and education, who has lost caste through the vices of his youth. I pity him, and feel deeply interested in his fate. It rests with you, my dear Rosamond, to turn this sinner from the error of his ways;

and to restore him to the rank he has lost. But, this cannot be done all at once, it is a work of time. You have a fine, but neglected library here. I thought in the first instance, that you might make Mr. Arnold your librarian, and entrust to his care the management of your accounts. He is well qualified for both situations, which will allow you opportunities of conversing with him, without drawing upon him the observation of the other domestics."

"Your plan just suits me. I have conceived no ordinary friendship for this forlorn stranger. Would to God, that we may be of service to him, in the most extended sense of the word."

A few days after this conversation, Arnold was duly inducted into his post of librarian, and domestic secretary; and Rosamond, finding him possessed of great taste in the arrangement of trees and flowers, made him assist her in drawing out a plan for a new garden which she intended to construct. Arnold received the commands of his young mistress with profound respect, but he seldom spoke beyond the necessary affirmative or negative. A melancholy, heart-broken man, he seemed only roused into consciousness in her presence, and then he anticipated her wishes with a taste and alacrity, which drew from her the warmest encomiums.

"I have but one wish," he would say—"that of pleasing you—one hope, that of ending my wretched life in your service."

"You must extend that wish, and place it on a higher object, Arnold. Enlarge that hope, and fix it upon God."

The heavy sigh, and the mournful shake of the head, was his only answer to suggestions like these—his despondency appeared too great to anticipate aught for himself; he seemed to feel a mournful pleasure in fostering his sorrow.

Mrs. Sternfield had been so much fatigued by her journey, that she was obliged to keep her chamber for several weeks, and consequently she had never beheld the being in whom her nephew and Rosamond were so deeply interested. The first day she returned to the family table, Rosamond requested Arnold to bring into the drawing room a curious volume of wood-cuts to amuse her grandmother.

He came accordingly, but instead of presenting the book to Mrs. Sternfield, he stood gazing upon the old lady with such a wild, but mournful stare, that his mistress spoke twice to him, before he seemed conscious of her presence. Arthur rose from his chair, and said something to him in a low voice. He started, the color rushed to his sun-burnt, wasted cheek, and with

his usual profound inclination of the head, he abruptly retired.

"What a strange man," said Mrs. Sternfield; "he seems overwhelmed with sorrow. Yet his presence recalls a thousand painful thoughts. I have—I must have seen him somewhere before."

"It is not impossible," returned Arthur, carelessly. "At any rate, there are some persons who so powerfully awaken our sympathies in their behalf, that we can never regard them as strangers. He is one of these."

The summer passed quietly and peacefully onward, for Rosamond in her beautiful home. Engaged in planning, and improving, the young heiress almost forgot her sorrows. Arnold silently entered into all her plans, and executed them like the echo of her own wishes. Mrs. Sternfield, who was growing daily more infirm, took such a fancy to their melancholy inmate, that she would suffer no other hand to lead her to her carriage, or draw her round the gardens in her spring chair. Ever ready at her side, to anticipate her slightest request, Arnold seemed peculiarly to devote himself to her comfort, and often, during Arthur's absence, he read to her portions of the Scriptures, and passages from religious works, which he thought might amuse and interest her. Gradually he became on a more intimate footing, and although he never took his meals with the family, scarcely an hour passed without part of it having been spent in their company.

In a deep, secluded dell, at the foot of one of the most picturesque hills upon the estate, Rosamond caused to be erected a pretty summer-house, shaded with ivy, wild vines, and many other native and uncultivated creepers. This spot she dearly loved. It was so cool, so quiet, so apart from all the cares and sorrows of life, that she made it a sort of temple, within whose hallowed precincts she loved to meditate on things divine, to read the word of God, and pray, unseen, unheard by other ears, in that dim solitude. A bright, rapid trout stream ran gurgling along under its steep, rocky banks, fringed with alders and wild flowers; and here Rosamond would sit entranced for hours, gazing upon the lapsing of the water, while memory hurried her back to Jane Redgrave, and the home of her youth. In this spot no one ever intruded. She had even forbidden Arthur or Arnold to trespass upon her favorite haunt; and she was not a little surprised one evening, upon reaching the place, to find Arnold leaning against a tree, with his arms folded, and his eyes bent intently upon the ground. She passed him—he did not observe her—she looked

in his mournful face—his cheek was unusually pale—his eyes full of tears.

"Arnold!"

He started into life.

"Why are you here?"

"It is a melancholy spot," he said; "sad and dreadful associations bring me hither. Young lady, are you aware, that on this very spot, your uncle died by the hand of your father. Yes—at this very moment, I can fancy that I see his blood streaming over the green moss, and the look of unutterable horror with which your unhappy father regarded his involuntary victim."

"Good heavens! did you witness this? Did you know my father?"

"I knew him but too well, for my own peace—for his! I was present at that awful catastrophe, and can from my soul acquit your father of any intention to kill his brother. You see," he continued, "that bramble that still twines half way up the alder, on the other side of the stream. Your uncle Edward's spaniel had roused a covey of partridges on the hill above, and the lads pursued their game with their guns cocked, across this stream. Your uncle cleared it at a bound, and hurried on. Your father's dress got entangled in that accursed bramble, while in the very act of springing. The gun went off. Your uncle was in a direct line with your father—he fell dead. Your father rushed to the spot—he laid his hand upon the brow of the fallen, gazed horror-stricken into his face. He saw death there—thought of his mother's agony, her bitter upbraidings,—smote his breast—curse his evil destiny, and turned and fled."

"And you?" cried Rosamond, gasping with excitement; "why was your witness wanting to declare the innocence of your friend?"

"I followed the positive commands of your father, and accompanied him in his flight. Cruel circumstances drove me from my native country, and my testimony, when I could have given it, came too late. But your father, young lady—where is he?"

As he said this, he regarded Rosamond with a glance so stern and searching that she felt terrified, and turning away, replied in a faltering voice.

"He is dead."

"Dead—How know you that?"

"I have knelt upon his grave. He and my poor mother sleep in the same spot in ——— churchyard, near my grandfather Woodley's family vault."

"Your grandfather Woodley? Excuse me,

Miss Sternfield; I thought I was speaking to the daughter of Ellen Doyle."

"You speak familiarly," said Rosamond, offended at the want of respect with which Arnold had mentioned the name of her mother; a name which she had been taught to revere. "I was brought up by Jane Redgrave, the daughter of Mr. Woodley; and for many years I only knew myself as her child."

"Strange!" mused her mysterious companion. "What chain of unforeseen circumstances could have brought the twain together?" Then turning to Rosamond, with a flushed cheek, he said in a low, hurried tone:

"And, Jane Redgrave! does she still live?"

"She does—my best—my earliest—most honored friend. Were you acquainted with her?"

"Only through your father. Did her infant live?" he continued, in the same low, stifled tone.

"She never had a living child."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Arnold, emphatically. "Your wretched father is spared another witness of his guilt."

"It matters not to him," sighed Rosamond. "He has already settled the account of his crimes with his Creator. Oh, would to God! that my tears—my prayers, could blot out his sins."

"Angel!" exclaimed Arnold, gazing mournfully upon her. "The prayers of such as thee would sink him deeper in perdition, for they would horribly contrast with the enormity of his crimes."

"Ah! speak not so, of one whose memory, in spite of all his faults, must ever be dear to me," cried Rose, now weeping bitterly. "I thank you for having satisfied me, that the blood of my uncle was never poured forth intentionally by his hand, and on this very spot where he fell, will I raise a monument to his memory, and to vindicate that of my dear father from the foul stain which now rests upon it."

"But he was guilty of other crimes, Miss Sternfield, which no tribute of affection can obliterate. Crimes, in my estimation, of a darker dye than the blood with the shedding of which he has been charged. Forget that you derived your being from such a polluted source, and leave him to the oblivion which he justly deserves."

"Do you speak like a friend?" said Rosamond sternly. "Perhaps his very crimes he owed to his association with such as you. If you would continue longer under my roof, or hope to enjoy my esteem, you must learn to speak more respectfully of my father."

She walked proudly away. Arnold made no

answer. He remained rooted to the spot, gazing after her, as long as he could catch a glimpse of her white garments waving among the trees.

* * * * *

While Rosamond was leading the life of a recluse at Westholm, Major Sternfield was endeavoring to forget his recent mortification, by plunging into the gaieties of London. His father had amassed considerable wealth during a lifelong residence and command in India; and he was able to vie with the most extravagant gallants of the day, in their career of fashionable dissipation and folly. In a noted gambling house at the west end of the town, he met his supposed rival, Captain Doyle, and had the satisfaction of being instrumental in his ruin.

The sudden death of Mrs. Maurice had left her nephew independent, had he been wise enough to continue so; but the hope of making a splendid alliance, had induced him to exceed his means, and, foiled in all his projects, he had sought in high play to retrieve his shattered fortune. Ill-luck gave him Dunstanville Sternfield for an opponent. Strictly honorable, even at a gaming table, he was one of those excellent players, whose skill always commands success. A feeling of revenge, and personal dislike to the Irish fortune hunter, made him maliciously single him out for a partner, and as he had anticipated, Maurice never gave up the unequal contest while he had a sovereign left to stake.

"We are at last equal," said Major Sternfield, coldly pocketing his adversary's gold. "I have won a fortune from you, while you robbed me of the affections of my affianced wife."

"If it does you as much good as the other has done me, you will have no cause to rejoice," returned Doyle, bitterly. "If I thought you had acted unfairly in this matter, you should answer for it elsewhere, but though my hatred is equal to your own, I feel that you are a man of honor, and a gentleman."

A few evenings after this, Major Sternfield visited the Italian Opera, and was agreeably surprised, when he recognised the strikingly handsome face of Miss Morton in Lady Dacre's box. Her ladyship was an old acquaintance, and he was soon seated between the ladies, chatting in the most agreeable style.

"Where have you hidden yourself, Major Sternfield, for the last three months," said Marianna. "I really never expected to see you again."

"I spent a few days in the country, and unfortunately found myself in the vicinity of unpleasant neighbours. I quite forgot that General

Ponsonby's estate joined that of my Aunt Dunstanville. You may guess the rest."

"Did you meet Rosamond,"—eagerly asked Marianne.

"Yes—but it was purely accidental."

"So was your reconciliation?" said Marianne, with a quick, searching glance.

The Major laughed scornfully.

"There is a fate in our disunion, which no change of circumstances can alter. She is a charming creature, and looked most beautiful. I almost imagined her innocent."

A contemptuous sound from the lips of Miss Morton was her sole reply; and she quickly changed the subject.

Every day beheld the gay and fascinating Dunstanville a visitor at the house of Lady Dacre. Marianne did her utmost to attract his attention, and destroy the tender regard which she knew he still entertained for Rosamond, and she so insinuated herself into his good opinion, by artful flattery, and a thousand soothing attentions, that her society became essential to his happiness. The beauty she possessed was of no ordinary character; she was a being formed to command, and she gained such an influence over the proud, self-relying man, that he became that which she anticipated—her willing and devoted slave.

"Yes, Rosamond, he is mine, in spite of thee!" she muttered to herself on the morning of her bridal, as she clasped on the magnificent diamond bracelets she had just received from her infatuated lover—and surveying her queenlike figure in the glass. "Who triumphs now?—the rich heiress, or the poor despised family dependent?"

Other and darker schemes floated, even at that moment of success, through the fertile brain of the cruel, treacherous supplanter. Not contented with robbing her cousin of her betrothed lover, she could not rest satisfied unless she obtained her inheritance also. Her husband had made very handsome settlements upon her, so much so, that she might be said to enjoy a separate income; but even this could not satisfy her rapacity, or subdue her revenge. She had formed a diabolical scheme, in order to ruin Rosamond, and she only waited for a favorable opportunity to carry it into operation.

Among those who came to offer their congratulations on her marriage, Captain Doyle presented himself; and she not only received him very graciously, but gave him a pressing invitation to the house. Doyle, who had always thought her very handsome, was highly flattered by her attention, and shortly after repeated his visit. Major Sternfield was out, and Mrs. Dunstanville Sternfield received him alone in the drawing

room. For some minutes they chatted upon indifferent subjects; until Marianne suddenly changed the conversation, by asking rather abruptly: "If he had heard lately from his cousin Rosamond?"

A gloomy discontented expression passed over the face of her companion.

"Rosamond has treated me ill—very ill. I cannot forget it, or forgive her for having given rise to hopes which she determined never to realize. Her conduct is perfectly inexplicable."

"She is her own mistress now. Had you not better make a second attempt to win her heart?"

"Do not mock me. I have but one wish in reference to Miss Sternfield—revenge!"

"Oh! shocking—a gentleman, and talk of revenge! Now if you could but persuade her to marry you—think of the fine fortune, and the glorious revenge of spending it like a prince. This would be a far more sensible plan."

"Faith! and it would be so. The property left me by my poor aunt is all gone to the winds. Your husband could tell you that. Except one small tract of barren stony land, among the mountains of Skibbereen, and an old ruined tower which belonged to my ancestors of the true Milesian breed, I have not a foot of earth belonging to me. Last week I was forced to sell my commission to keep me from jail, and I was seriously contemplating hanging or drowning as a last resource."

"That would indeed be a foolish termination of a short life. Let me see if I cannot put you into a better way of improving your fortune. It was cruel in Rosamond to coax you as she did with that note, in order to make you believe that she was fond of you. I begged her at the time to desist,—told her that such foolish practical jokes were dangerous, and often productive of serious consequences; but she—you know her breeding—laughed at me. 'He is such a vain goose,' she said, 'he will believe that I am desperately in love with him, and it will be such fun to make Dunstanville jealous.' Silly girl! the jest ended in a tragedy, and she lost as she deserved the man she really loved."

"And gained the hatred of one who really loved her," cried Doyle grinding his teeth. "Do not talk to me of marrying her. No, not for all her wealth would Maurice Doyle make Rosamond Sternfield his wife. She has treated me with undeserved contempt, and I could,"—he crushed his foot upon the floor, then rose and paced the room with perturbed steps.

"Come, sit down quietly, Captain Doyle—let us talk this matter over calmly. You know I hate heroics. My cousin Rosamond was too fond of scenes. I love matter of fact, plain words

and plain people and I dare call things by their right names. If you still persist in looking so sublimely ridiculous, I must laugh."

"Oh! if you knew the bitterness of my heart."

"Well, well, I can imagine it all. You have been shamefully duped by an ill-bred, coarse-minded country girl. But relations, you know, often take such liberties, and treat each other with disgusting familiarity."

"Say no more, or I shall go mad. Revenge would be sweet; but poverty has rendered me powerless. Ah! how I wish that she was a man."

"Sit down and compose yourself. Let me pour you out a glass of wine. I am rich—I will be your friend. May I—dare I trust you?"

"May I perish! if ever I betray the confidence you honor me with, I should be proud to serve you."

"The obligation would be mutual. Are you a man of strong nerve—of sovereign will? Dare you undertake a business which would require skill, and courage, but which, if effectually performed, would secure to you both fortune and revenge?"

"Try me—and if I fail, call me a coward—a poltroon—a despicable wretch—worthy of all contempt."

"My proposal is a bold one—it will startle you."

"I am an Irishman."

Marianne drew her chair nearer, and fixed her large dark eyes searchingly on his face.

"Your country is renowned for fickleness. Brave as lions in the field, few of you possess that mental courage which, by its silent force, removes all obstacles, and ensures success. Can I rely upon the strength of your hatred?"

"For whom?"

"For Rosamond Sternfield."

"Confound her. I wish she were dead."

"Amen!—It is her death I covet—her death I require of you. Procure but this—which will confer her inheritance on me and mine, and I will settle upon you an income of one thousand a year, to be paid in advance, during your mortal life—and I will advance this moment, one thousand pounds, to assist you in the performance of the scheme."

The Captain rose from his chair, retreated a few steps—then drew nearer to Marianne, and whispered in a bitter tone, which went hissing through her ears.

"Are you a woman?"

"Yes—a true woman—in love—in hatred—in contempt;" returned his companion, also rising, and confronting him; "but what say you to my proposition?"

"It is like yourself—diabolical—cruel—and impossible!"

"It is perfectly feasible. Listen—you have not heard my plan:" and with the utmost coolness, she motioned Captain Doyle to resume his seat—astounded at her wickedness, he mechanically obeyed, and sat staring upon her, like one lost in the tortuous labyrinths of a fearful dream. "Rosamond is ruralizing in a lonely country house among the Derbyshire hills. It would be easy to surprise this romantic girl, and carry her off. A good equipage, and horses, and a faithful servant, on whose attachment you could rely, would be the only agents required. The old tower in Skibberreen would just answer the purpose. Once in your hands, and across the Channel, it is easy to find a grave for a troublesome companion. Her friends would pursue, but you must lay your plans too well for them to trace her, or discover the cause of her absence. For this purpose your residence in the neighbourhood would be necessary, and you must watch, in disguise, for time and circumstance. The means afforded for all this shall be ample. I have placed my life in your hands, and I await your answer!"

The Captain was silent. Far other thoughts than the death of his gentle cousin were working in his mind. Horror-stricken at the depravity of Mrs. Sternfield's character, he felt bound in honor not to betray her, but he determined to secure the fortune she promised him, and save the life of Rosamond; and he was laughing in his sleeve at the bare idea of deceiving her.

"I will think of your plan," he said, "and let you know by this time to-morrow. I have been a careless, thoughtless, dissipated fellow; but I have never yet been a villain. It requires the superior genius of a woman, to make me that. Still, your plan, though fraught with difficulty, offers a strong temptation, and I will not reject it until I have duly weighed the consequences. In the meanwhile, your secret is as safe in my breast as in your own. Should I fail—you must be prepared to share the consequences."

"I will risk that,"—returned the wife of the Major, with a scornful laugh. "A prompt answer: Yes, or No, is all I require."

"You shall have it. Farewell—I wish you a quiet night's rest."

"I am not afraid of phantoms; my conscience requires no opiates. I shall, however, feel anxious for your decision."

"What a monster!" murmured Doyle, as he left her presence. "I shall never be able to think that woman handsome again."

In the evening he despatched his servant with a note, in which he enclosed a card, inscribed with the simple word: "Yes!"

"It is enough," said Marianne,—"her doom is sealed."

(To be continued.)

CATALANI AND THE GIPSY.

A MUSICAL STORY.

BY MISS H. B. MACDONALD.

[The following sketch is expanded from a brief anecdote related of Madame Catalani, in Mr. Borrow's Work, "The Gypsies in Spain."]

PART FIRST.

THE Prince Borello, an Italian nobleman, and President of the Academy of St. Cecilia at Rome, while on his way from Rome to Venice, to superintend the *debut* of a young *prima donna* of his training, in the latter city, was waylaid by banditti, robbed, and grievously wounded. His attendants being dispersed, he was carried away by his captors into an unknown retreat of the Appenines, to be detained until sufficiently recovered to sign the terms of his ransom, which, according to bandit laws, usually consisted of a large sum of money, for the payment whereof the unfortunate prisoner was detained as a hostage, in some unapproachable haunt of those mountain solitudes, which the arm of the law, in the wretched government of Italy, is usually too feeble, or too apathetic, to reach.

Imagine a lonely valley of the Appenines, quiet, green, and watered by a spent mountain torrent, surrounded on all sides but one by masses of rock, rising one above another, like terraces, till they terminated in enormous peaks, whose tops lost themselves in the sky, or appeared occasionally above some sea of cloud, like islands in some far away heaven. A tent, like a gipsy's, was suspended on poles under a clump of trees, that sheltered it from the fervid beams of the sun, reflected from the mountains. The canvas curtains were partially drawn aside, to admit an occasional draught of cool air upon a man, apparently prostrated by illness, who lay on a pallet within; while a girl sat in a crouching position in the opening of the tent, apparently engaged in nothing but watching the countenance of the invalid. The scene looked inexpressibly quiet and peaceful; but at a short distance, in the opening of the valley, and again higher up, on a projecting terrace, were men in the common bandit garb, lounging and listless indeed, but the musket which lay beside each, and the eyes, restless and vigilant as those of the feline species, suggested the idea of senti-

nels placed there to keep guard for purposes of safety, or to prevent escape. There was, I do not know what, of singular and peculiar in the aspect of the girl. Attired in garments of the meanest and coarsest description, there was an indescribable something in their appearance, which rescued her from those associations which we connect with the meaner ranks. Her features were regular, and her complexion, without a tinge of colour, had yet even a deeper shade of the brunette than is common in these southern climes. The eyes betrayed the origin immediately; they were those of the gipsy, covered as they were in repose with that dim, almost imperceptible film—large and tranquil as a sleeping lake, yet only awaiting some agitating breath, to awake them into ardour and passion. She was gazing earnestly on the countenance of the invalid, which was so deadly pale, and apparently so lifeless in the profound repose in which he was buried, that one almost doubted whether that was the face of the living or the dead. The gipsy girl must have thus doubted within herself, for she rose and placed her ear towards his mouth to watch for the faint respirations which came almost imperceptibly and quite inaudibly from his lips.

"Fourteen long, long days," said she to herself, "fourteen long days of the fevered pulse and the wandering brain! and now the crisis is arrived, on which trembles the balance of life or death. The delirium caused by his wounds is abated—and now there has fallen that profound sleep of exhaustion, on the result of whose awakening hangs his destiny—whether youth, health, and vigour will triumph, or vanquished nature yield to her final foe. Yes! he is young—his veins are full of elastic vigor, and young life hath struggled manfully, and must prevail. Yet," said she, again looking at the countenance of the sleeper, "this profound, death-like sleep—what if it should only be the herald of the long and last!" and scarcely attempting to restrain her feelings, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into a paroxysm of grief.

Strange, mysterious birth of tenderness is this, which ever takes place in the heart of woman, for those who hang upon her in helplessness and dependance! So especially true is it with her, that pity is akin to love: and marvel not, sweet Pepita, if in thy vigils in that wild, lonely place, over one so young, so unfortunate, and but for thee so lost, there first should have dawned into life, that sentiment which afterward so presided over thy destiny.

"When he awakes," thought she, "abandoning herself afterwards to more hopeful sentiments; and I shall see the light of reason restored to those wandering eyes, he will know me—he will recognise the hand which hath ministered to him—he will feel all my cares, and perhaps he will even be grateful to me; and then, as he recovers, I will lead him out to feel the sunshine, and conduct him to the sweet and sunny places of the solitude, where his veins shall drink in vigour, and his mind balm. And when all is passed, and he is restored to home and health, perhaps he will remember the poor wanderer, who was so faithful to him; perhaps"—but a slight movement on the part of the sleeper arrested her, and she saw that he was awake.

An expression of pleasure broke over her face, as she marked the countenance of the sleeper, which was that of a person completely in the possession of his right mind. His was a noble face, and though pale and emaciated by illness, displayed the classic beauty of the Italian aristocracy; masses of brown silky hair set it off to greater advantage, as he lay half exhausted on his pillow, and might well have excused the gaze of admiration in which the gipsy girl indulged herself, under cover of the curtains which disguised her from his immediate observation. He was gazing about him with curiosity and surprise, like one trying to collect his thoughts. He had evidently remembered nothing of the events of the last few days; at last his eyes rested on Pepita.

"Approach, *cara mia!* and tell me what I am doing here, or how I came to be so weak that I can scarcely speak or stir—or what place it is—or how, in holy St. Anthony's name! I came into it."

"Hush!" said the girl, laying her finger on her lips, "I will tell you all tomorrow; you are too weak to hear it now. Go to sleep and I will sing to you." She put a cup of wine to his lips, and turning away from him, resumed her old position in the opening of the tent.

Who can tell the sweet, joyful reveries that thronged over the heart of the girl, as for the

next twenty four hours, she kept watch over her patient—perhaps they were even hopes. He slept almost uninterruptedly, and it was not till the afternoon of the following day, that he awoke. Pepita was absent, but she quickly appeared.

"You are better now," said she, laying her finger lightly on the pulse of his temples—"quite well—it only requires rest and tranquillity to restore you."

"I cannot recollect the whole yet," said he. "Prythee, dear girl, how dealt these villains with me? I thought they had shot me dead!"

"Low, low," replied the gipsy quickly. "Cut-amounts have subtle ears, and their eyes are on us too. They must not know that I am thy friend."

"Thou art my friend, then; I will trust thee by the betokening of thy kind eyes, and the gentle hands whose ministering was lately so solacing to me, though I discovered them not. How long have I lain here?"

"Fourteen days."

"Maledetto! and ten more bring round the first of the Pasch, the day appointed for the opening of the Opera, when I must absolutely be present in Venice. Must—do you hear me, girl? there is the highest necessity. I will give you gold—my eternal gratitude—every thing! only shew me how I shall come to Venice by the first of the Pasch."

"In ten days?—you are very weak; it will be impossible to escape thither."

"But they will take my ransom. I will sign anything to be free."

"I fear much—Tirontelli is absent, and has forbidden the discharge of his prisoners except by his own hand."

"Tirontelli!" exclaimed the nobleman, becoming almost ghastly pale; "am I then in the power of the notorious Tirontelli? And are you, dear girl, attached to the train of such as he?"

"The wandering Zingarri have little choice," said she sadly; "and if she sought honest associates, who of them would credit the sincerity of poor Pepita. But it is my lot; I have been born to it; and," added she with a slight gesture of pride, "I can sustain it without pity."

"Are you not happy then, Pepita?"

"Ask me not; I do not love to speak of myself. You were talking of Venice."

"Yes! is it possible you have heard none speak of Angelica Romano, the new cantatrice? What a voice—what power of music—what preternatural skill! Do you know that I prophesy Angelica shall soon be one of the most astonishing artistes who have ever delighted the world. And it is I who have been her instructor. For two

years I have superintended her education, under the training of the most accomplished masters. She is to make her *debüt* in Venice—it is announced everywhere—the musical world is assembling from all quarters, to welcome the rising of this new star; and I, who am her friend, her director, and on whom her reliance is principally placed, am here disabled and a captive in a corner," said he, looking hopelessly round on the mountains that rose on every side of them—"where, Heaven help me! all the blood-hounds in the world would never be able to track me. You know now, why I desire to be in Venice by the first of the Pasch. Why do I speak? I ought to be there now. Everything will go wrong;—and poor Angelica!—such a child—only seventeen—what will become of her!"

"You will injure yourself, Monsignore," said the girl; "such recollections do but retard your recovery. Will you trust to me, and place yourself implicitly under my instructions?—our tribe pretend to some skill in medicine—and then perhaps I might do something to assist you. Yet only on condition that for forty-eight hours you will speak nothing, and contrive to think as little as possible of this Pasch. You are very weak, and only the utmost repose of body and mind can place you in a condition to be removed from hence."

"You are a good girl," said the nobleman, patronizingly; "and I will reward you well." It was quite natural, but the gipsy girl sighed deeply, and turned away.

"You can sing," said Borello, who was a musical enthusiast; "I see music in your face. If you were to sing to me some of these wild airs which I have some indistinct recollection of hearing from you before, it might induce the tranquillity of spirit that you, most kind of physicians, so eloquently recommend."

"My poor warblings might displease you—who have doubtless so perfect a taste."

"I am in no condition to be critical, *cara mia!* and I am sure you are superior to affectation."

The gipsy girl prepared herself to sing. The notes, at first low and monotonous, though inexpressibly sweet, were sung in a language unfamiliar to him. By degrees they assumed more energy, and the girl's face, pale and immobile in repose, began to assume that sybilline aspect so characteristic of the gipsy physiognomy, when under the influence of excitement or enthusiasm. Improvised as the whole seemed to be, the girl threw her emotions more vividly into the music and unknown words. Now plaintive, now tender as the first murmurs of love—now impassioned and impetuous, like the turbulence of a mountain

torrent about to overleap the rocky barriers that confine its bed—now wailing and hopeless like the very voice of despair; and through the whole a current of tenderness running, that told the theme of all was love. No marvel that Borello, *diletante* as he was, listened rapt and delighted, raising himself by degrees, till at last he was seated upright on his pallet. The effect was so novel and strange—the voice so rich and magnificent, sounding in these solitary places, re-echoed by the cliffs and peaks of the surrounding Appenines. It was no wonder that he exclaimed, "*Doatvino, Glorioso, Celeste!*" as the girl concluded, pale and with the appearance of exhaustion, as of one after some supernatural effort.

"*Carissima!*" said the Prince, who, with the proper critical spirit of a connoisseur, did not choose to speak until his enthusiasm had somewhat subsided; "there is but one other organ in the world superior to yours—that of Angelica Romano. With two years of my instruction you might equal her—perhaps."

"My voice," said the gipsy, "is like the voice of a wild bird or a mountain stream, a breeze or any other free thing; tame it, or reduce it to rules and it is nothing—it is mute."

"Ah, *bellissima!* if you had been but trained to the *bravura* and the *solfeggio* and the *riscacciato*, what a divinity of a cantatrice!—only second to Angelica Romano; as it is, hers is the only voice I have heard with superior delight to yours."

An almost imperceptible pang shot across the countenance of the gipsy. This incessant recurrence to Angelica Romano—it pained her—perhaps, poor child, she scarcely knew why.

"You must see Angelica and hear her," continued the Prince; "she is as beautiful and good as she is wonderful; and a creature so devoted and grateful, that to serve her is only to serve one's self."

"Why does he speak of her so much?" murmured the gipsy to herself, as her patient anew disposed himself into an attitude of slumber; "and to me? But it is quite natural. What in common has the great and beautiful Prince Borello with such as I? He but thinks of me as of his mastiff or his slave, or anything else necessary to him; and whose cares and devotion he will remember, as ever is the wont of the high toward the lowly, as services less done to him than to myself. Too true—there is little in common between us; but he loved my poor singing—it touched his heart. Can it be that this poor talent, hitherto so slighted in my esteem, shall gain me some empire over him? Yes! I have heard that music has a key to unlock the avenues of the soul; and his *must* yield to the power of an energy like mine. He

spoke of art and culture; why should I not tame myself to this—if for the realization of this sweet dream? Why not?—But oh! this present sentiment which engrosses him so much—this Angelica of his! By Heaven!" cried she, with a sudden energy, "by Heaven, she shall not balk me!"

The gipsy felt to-night as she had never felt before, since her meeting with the Prince. The peaceful dream of the last sweet fortnight was interrupted—that dream which sleeping love, during its beginnings, throws round so many an unsuspecting heart, from which it only awakes to realize his presence, by the restlessness and inquietude which follow after. Perhaps Pepita could scarcely assign a rational cause to herself for her unhappiness. Her patient, in whom she felt so strong an interest, lay in the tranquil sleep of returning health. The voice to which she had so long sighed to listen, had spoken to her in those accents of kindness and gratitude which, but a short time before, she thought she would have laid down her life to hear. No longer insensible to her cares and tenderness, she was about to converse with him as a companion,—perhaps as a friend. But the thought of Angelica Romano struck her like a sudden pang or the sting of a scorpion, which imparted an anguish to every sensation.

She was occupied with these sad ideas, when one of the bandits appointed to keep watch over the prisoner, beckoned to her from a little distance to approach. He was an old, repulsive looking figure, with his face seamed with toil and age, and the lines of evil passions.

"How fares thy prisoner?" said he; "crazy as ever?"

"No, father, the fever is over."

"That is right! Tirontelli rewards me richly if his life is saved. A dead dog pays no ransom—you understand that. Pepita and Antonio, children of mine!" (this last the other sentinel who had joined them,) "I pledged my word for his life. And, now mind ye! mount steady guard. The peril to his life being over, I must betake me to some other business. There is small chance of prize or fortune in these out of the world solitudes; and I shall go hence—three days journey. Tirontelli, too, must hear from me of his prisoner's recovery, and he will probably return to treat with him of his deliverance. A rich prize, by the stars! And hark ye, children! have an eye on him—or by the infernals! if anything happens—this," said he, touching his stiletto, and looking at Antonio, "shall drink your heart's blood—blood as ye are of mine, and flesh of my flesh. And you," added he, fixing on Pepita a flashing eye, in which some

sudden suspicion seemed to be kindled, and seizing her long hair by which he shook her violently: "Mountain cat—wild goat as ye are—if ye should prove traitorous, I will treat you as I have often done before, and shake this body of yours to shreds as fine as the hair which I am now scattering on the wind."

"Certainly, father—I shall recollect your charges," said Pepita, whom this treatment appeared to have very little effect in discomposing from her usual placidity of demeanour; and the old man, buckling on his belt and accoutrements, soon trudged out of sight through one of the pathways of the ravine; while Pepita and her brother each departed to their usual stations—one by the side of the wounded Prince, and the other to a tent situated on an eminence, where it served as a sort of sentry box, in which he took up his lodgings for the night.

PART SECOND.

THE scene shifts to Venice. It was night, at the theatre Isola Bella; the Opera was over, and the stage occupied with the usual after piece of pantomime and masque. The crowd was immense—stalls, boxes, amphitheatre, in a swarm with eager and excited faces—for the new Prima Donna, Angelica Romano, afterwards more familiarly known as Madame Catalani, had that evening made her *début*, and with a success hitherto unequalled in the annals of the stage.

In one of the saloons fitted up behind the scenes, for the use of the actors, Angelica was seated, still in her stage dress. The crowd who usually assemble with congratulations on such occasions, had gradually dispersed, and but *one* individual remained. He was evidently a greatly favoured one, for he appeared admitted to a high degree of intimacy: and we should hardly have been able to recognize, in the gay, elegantly apparelled cavalier before us, the late captive and fever-stricken Prince Borello. Few traces of illness remained in the lighted eye, and animated figure he now presented, except a slight thinness and pallour, which increased the classic effect of his air and features. Never had he appeared more interesting to the cantatrice, never perhaps, through the years of unreserved intimacy in which the footing on which they stood, of preceptor and pupil, had placed them with respect to each other, had she thought of loving him until now. Perhaps the cause lay with himself. Hitherto treating her much as a child, or at least as an inferior, it was not till to-night, when the suffrages of the public had stamped rank, and if one may so speak, adolescence, on the young and

obscure cantatrice, that he assumed that blended air of respect and tenderness towards her, generally assumed to women by well-bred cavaliers. He felt proud of her success; he felt that himself was involved in the glory of it, and the applauses of the public gave a dignity, in his eyes, to those charms and accomplishments which he was the first to discover, and bring successfully under its notice. There are none of us unaware of the effect of the favouring suffrages of public regard in heightening our private esteem for an object. We appear by the sound of that glory-dispensing voice to be awakened to the consciousness of new charms in them, which we had no eye to see before. It is so natural to admire what every one admires: and besides, there is such a romance in glory, that it kindles love of itself. Warmly appreciated as were the qualities of Angelica, by the Prince, and intimately conscious of them, as he was, it is to be doubted whether ever, till this evening, he regarded them in the same lofty light in which they now appeared to him. Never had she appeared so worthy of admiration—of love! and he felt flattered and intoxicated by the praises she received, less now as a token of approbation to the merits of a pupil and dependant, who owed every thing to his protection, than as a tribute of respect to the woman of his love. In fact he was on the threshold of being profoundly in love; and this relates a whole volume in the history of one's thoughts. Angelica, all amiable and accomplished as she was, could scarcely be called beautiful. At least if she were loved, it must have been otherwise than through the inspiration of her beauty; for her features appeared irregular and inharmonious at the first view, and no one thought her beautiful till they had well known her. But there was an indescribable species of magic—a witchery about her, which every one who has seen her, will well remember—a something that sunk into one's soul, and made the first view of her, an era in one's existence, a recollection of a bright and lovely idea, that had stamped its colouring on the fancy for ever after. We have heard, in the dark ages of European chivalry, of certain enchantresses and sorceresses, who appeared in the form of young women, playing havoc with valorous knights, rude soldiers, and austere churchmen; whom they influenced and guided in a most unaccountable manner, till a misguided world, penitent of its yielding to such seductions, turned upon the unfortunate enchantress, and burned her, it might be, for a witch. We certainly are of opinion that had some of these musical enchantresses who have, for the last half century set the world in a flame of enthusiasm, happened

to have had their destiny cast in those middle ages, they would have incurred the extreme risk of being thus martyred. Do you enquire what this unaccountable power of fascination is? It is not beauty—perhaps it is not even grace! A power, it may be, which by a single wave of the hand, or a sudden cast of expression, will set a whole theatre in a *furore*—cool headed statesmen, phlegmatic age, as well as ardent youth, faction, critics, selfish men, and enthusiastic women, all animated by one glow, and queens and sovereign princes, forgetful for the moment of the etiquette of dignity, hastening to cast the tribute of admiration at their feet. This power—do you ask what it is? It is the power of *genius*—this strange gift, so named by the Greeks, from the designation, in their language, for a familiar spirit—so sparsely scattered, yet so mighty in its influence, in whose presence we feel as if electrified by a ray from some more glorious source of light, and feel too that there is an intenser, diviner life, somewhere, than is manifested in the dull routine of our daily existence.

Angelica and the prince were talking on a subject equally interesting to both—namely her success.

“Ah!” said Angelica, “it might not have been so signal, but for your presence. I thought I should have died, delayed as your arrival was, from day to day. How I should wish,” continued she, “to thank the poor girl to whom I am so much indebted.”

“An eccentric creature,” said he, “though, poor child, very devoted. She conducted me to the gate of Ferrara, riding a mule which she had provided; and then left my side, mule and all, like a spirit that had vanished through the woods. I shall ever have an inquiet conscience until she is rewarded, and never so much in my life regretted the loss of my purse. I must instantly institute enquiries, and send her money; she appeared, poor creature, wretchedly destitute.”

“What was that?” said Angelica, starting. “I am sure I heard somebody stir, and there is no third person near us.”

But Borello heard nothing, and told Angelica she was dreaming.

Angelica wore a superb wreath of diamonds in her black hair, of inestimable value, and in the form of an ancient coronal. It was the gift of Borello, in his official capacity of President of the Academy of St. Cecilia at Rome, and had been placed there by his hands, in the eyes of the theatre, after the conclusion of the opera, marking her by the suffrages of the public, as well as of the Academy, as the crowned Queen of Italian song. Seated on the couch beside her, he

was speaking rapidly and vehemently those half-whispered words, which are consecrated but to *one* ear. Their import, by his manner, could not be mistaken, nor did that of Angelica betray an unwilling ear. At length, rising and kneeling before her, he said:

"Young beauty! accept the fealty of a heart, as sincerely, and ten thousand times more devotedly accorded to thy worth, and for thine own sweet sake, as that my mind has been led captive at the shrine of thy genius;—and let this coronal be a token for both—that in looking on it thou mayest remember the day of glory as the day of love; and learn to associate the hour when thou didst win the homage of the world, with that in which thou didst extort another homage—poor indeed it may be—but which will remain to thee, when the world and its applauses shall have passed away!"

He drew her towards him, and kissed the coronal, and the fair forehead which it encircled.

"Dear coronal!" whispered Angelica, "henceforth thou and I shall never part; and when thou shalt see me wear it, Borello—as thou shalt do in my proudest moments—learn that I shall hereafter value my fame, only because it makes me more worthy of thee."

He held her in his arms for an instant, and there was a dead silence.

"What was that?" said Angelica, suddenly disengaging herself; "did you not hear somebody sigh?"

It was indeed a profound, half suppressed sobbing sigh. They looked enquiringly around; but the apartment was empty, and they saw nothing.

Yet there might have been discovered among the crowds of stage people, servants and others, who fitted behind the scenes, through the passages and open doors, gliding sadly away, at that moment, a pale, melancholy eyed young girl, in a faded gipsy cloak.

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PART THIRD.
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Two years had passed, and the celebrity of Angelica Romano, still on the increase, had at length brought an invitation from the Emperor Paul, to sing at the Grand Opera in his new theatre in Moscow. Paul and his consort had come from St. Petersburg expressly to enjoy the vocalization of the new cantatrice; and had already listened to her for several nights when she was *commanded* to appear in Mozart's "Sardanapalo," one of the most famous operas of the time, and acknowledged as Catalani's master-piece. But catarrhs and colds,—the evil angels of the opera-going world,

and of Prima Donnas in particular,—have little respect to exigencies; indeed, from the universal contrariety prevailing in the nature of things, they are certain to make their appearance when most inconvenient;—and it was with no small dismay that the manager of the Grand Opera at Moscow, when marshalling his forces for a final rehearsal, on the morning of the day intended for the performance of "Sardanapalo," found the voice of his Prima Donna, manifestly, though in a slight degree, affected by hoarseness, and she herself, by no means in such a vigorous state of health and animation as the exigency for her exertions on this particular occasion demanded. But postponement was not to be thought of—the Autocrat of all the Russias balked of his evenings amusement by a cold! The poor manager trembled, and fumbled nervously among the muscles that connected his head with his shoulders.

Angelica had not yet talked of refusing to perform. No—it was not yet quite so bad as this. But who could tell what an evening would bring forth? Hoarseness is apt to increase, and the poor manager knew, to his cost, that Prima Donnas are sometimes glad of an excuse to become petulant—and he said:

Signorina Bellissima! take care of thyself—nurse thyself well against to-night; sing thy best—do thy best—only appear—and thy thousand roubles for this shall be two. His Majesty's mind is wound up to the highest point of expectation, and if he should be disappointed—holy St. Nicholas guard us all!

Angelica, who was really good natured, and entertained no very high ideas of the critical ability of the Emperor Paul and his Muscovite subjects, did not conceive that it would be much to the peril of her reputation among them, even if she did sing under the united disadvantage of a little hoarseness and spirits more languid than ordinary, and pledged herself to appear, as well as use all practicable means to appear with success.

The lazy rolling hours—inexpressibly so to the opera-going world, who, on this occasion only lived to see and hear Angelica Romano—at length merged in that appointed for the opening of the theatre doors, and Angelica appeared in the green room, apparently as radiant and in as complete a state of efficiency as ever. She was attended by Borello, who often accompanied her in her travels. It was suspected they were privately married, but whether so or not, or that he only attended her in the capacity of a friend, scandal itself, although not usually in the most indulgent of its moods, when dealing with this too often most unjustly slandered class, had never dared to breathe a stain on the fair fame of Angelica Romano, or direct

a finger against the strict correctness of her life. Accompanied everywhere by her father, the attendance of Borello was laid to the score of his *amateurship*; at least professional pursuits were quite sufficient to account for any greater than ordinary intimacy that appeared between them. He was at the theatre on the evening in question, and superintended the arrangements for "Sardanapalo," as it was ever his wont to lend the assistance of his talents and operatic skill on such occasions. The theatre was crowded, and heated in consequence to a more than ordinary degree. Angelica was greeted with tremendous applause, and looked the Assyrian Queen to perfection. Elated with her reception, and also with her part, which was a favorite one, she forgot catarrh and cold, and every vestige of hoarseness appeared for the time removed. Thus she sang two of the first acts, and retired to dress for the third. A stream of cold air rushing through the passages, as she withdrew, heated by exertion, dashed across her face, and the hoarseness anew threatened to interfere with her efforts. But returning with the determination of braving it out, she accomplished it with comparative credit, though with painful exertion, as well as the fourth act, in which however she had little to do. The hoarseness painfully increased, which was the more ominous that in the fifth act and grand finale, the most triumphant efforts of the cantatrice were expected to be made. She tried the effects of wine, she used fomentations, she even attempted counter irritation by pungents to the outside of the throat—all in vain! and she found in a few moments that she was utterly incapable of uttering a sound.

All was horror and confusion in the managerial department! The Emperor Paul, who had condescended frequently to applaud, was now in a *furor* of expectation for the fifth act. The act being a long one, the scenery occupied a long time in pre-arrangement; but what could the almost-beside-himself manager hope to gain by delay. There was not the slightest hope that the cantatrice would be able to sing that night: she was for the time utterly and irrecoverably mute; and the unfortunate manager had no other means at command, than to throw himself and the cantatrice on the Emperor's mercy—a most hideous alternative!—for there was no reckoning to what extremities the Emperor Paul's indignation might impel his autocratic will. The affrighted manager was attempting, if possible, to collect together a few sentences to deliver before his majesty and the public, when a person closely muffled in a cloak, drew him aside, and spoke a few words in his ear.

"Now, glory to St. Nicholas and all the holy

saints!" said the manager, in whom rapture appeared suddenly to have succeeded to terror. "Glory to St. Nicholas for this! but where is she, and when did she arrive. I thought her a thousand leagues off. There is not an instant to be lost; let her come instantly."

"Certainly! she is quite ready—near at hand—only to throw on a stage dress, and the thing is done."

"The Opera shall go on! the Opera shall go on!" said the manager of the Grand Theatre, rushing into the room of Angelica Romano. "A substitute is found!—if there is one in all the Russias to do it, saving only your excellent highness, Signora, it is she!"

"But who is this?" enquired Angelica.

"I do not know—that is, I am not permitted to tell—only she will do it, that I know! Lend me a stage dress—*presto!* *Signorinu, prestissimo!* Holy St. Nicholas! from what are we all delivered!"

The good cantatrice, who had very little of envy in her disposition, and was besides exceedingly glad to see the excellent manager, as well as herself, relieved from so great an extremity, instantly handed him the superb Assyrian costume, in which she was to have appeared. She thought too, doubtless, that she would have very little cause for envy—the proposed substitute being probably some underling of the theatre, who might possess more ambition, or more nerve than her fellows.

The theatre presented a splendid *coup d'œil* on the evening in question. The front boxes, devoted to the Emperor and court, were brilliant in the extreme. Court dresses, jewels and plumes were there, in all the gorgeous display of barbaric magnificence; while the super-abundance of uniform made the whole semicircle appear one glitter of green and gold, and military decorations. The wild music of the brazen instruments of the orchestra having raised the feelings of the audience to the requisite pitch, the curtain drew up. But how was this? A new performer appeared on the scene, in the habiliments and character of Angelica Romano. Hers was an extraordinary face, and gained the sympathies of the audience at once. Apparently thin, even wasted, there was in the beauty of the features something almost superhuman, and the eyes appeared lighted with a ray that looked akin to immortal life. What a face!—there was genius in it, and something more—something spiritual, and which seemed more akin to heaven than earth. She propitiated the favour of the audience in a moment, and with one hearty burst of admiration, they accepted her in the stead of Angelica, whom for that night at least they thought

of no more. The new performer assumed the exercise of her part, with much grace and histrionic skill; but at the first notes of her voice, in the glorious "*Quest'amore*," the audience started as with an electric shock. What a voice!—it was like the music, that those of us who are poets sometimes conceive in our dreams, but never hear on earth. The listeners were thrilled, subdued—awed; they never thought of applauding, they felt as if raised on some elevation above the ordinary feelings of pleasure. And so she sang through the remaining airs of her part, with the same matchless skill; difficulties of execution seemed child's play to her. Hitherto unequalled parts of dexterity—triumphs of vocalisation, that could only have been accomplished by the highest musical talent, joined to laborious study and practice of the art—genius perfected by science—and whence had this prodigy been wafted hither? Nobody knew—nobody could tell! she seemed like a star fallen at their feet; and mystery, lending its charm to her other fascinations, the whole theatre remained in a trance of delight.

There was one effort more to be made—the grand finale, in which the Assyrian Queen appears with her Lord on the funeral pile, whereon they are destined to immolate themselves along with the treasures of their fallen empire. The unknown singer appeared in the "*Morte gloriosa*," like one inspired! Her *spirituelle* countenance flushed; and her glorious eyes shone like stars. Angelica, who with Borello had retired to a private box on the side scenes, from whence they could watch the progress of the play unobserved, noticed that in this air she by no means adhered to the notes of her score. There seemed something more pathetic and impassioned and true to nature in these improvisings, than even the great Mozart had been able to attain. There was something frightfully true and natural in the notes of the death song, and an idea flashed on the mind of Borello occasionally, as if he had listened to them long ago, like the revivings of a half forgotten dream. Still the glorious song proceeded, and the theatre, mute and apparently awe-stricken—in whose rapt silence one might have discerned the rustle of a bird's wing—resounded with that full triumphant voice, as it recounted the victory of the lofty soul over the pangs of death. But again, as if in the succumbing of nature, the notes became melancholy, panting, almost gasping; and the face and attitude of the cantatrice so faithfully true to nature, that many shuddered and turned pale, as if looking on something too terribly akin to reality, to be only a triumph of histrionic art. Angelica, herself, a slave to the beauties of her art, with

too much of the generosity of true talent, to be actuated by feelings of envy, was entranced with admiration and pity—and I do not know what of mingled sensations—for her interesting and magnificent rival.

"There has been nothing like this," whispered she to Borello, "ever heard or seen;" and as the song ceased, animated by an impulse for which she could not account, she rushed on the stage to the cantatrice, and unbinding the splendid coronal of diamonds from her brow—the coronal which Borello gave her—she clasped it, with trembling and eager fingers, round the long black curls of the cantatrice.

"It was bestowed upon Angelica Romano," said she, "as the crowned Queen of Song; now she confesses herself dethroned!"

The strange cantatrice reeled and staggered—her eyes swam. A sudden recollection seized Borello, as he sprang on the stage to support her.

"It is! it is!" said he; "Pepita, the Gipsy of the Appenines. Dear, unhappy, too long forgotten girl!" and the curtain falling, amid wreaths and bouquets, she was borne away in his arms, followed by Angelica, who already felt for her all the tenderness and affection of a cherished sister.

Alas! alas! it was the lay of a broken heart! She survived but a few hours. Worn down, and with her faculties exhausted by the long course of study she had prescribed herself in fulfilment of the rash wish she had formed for the attainment of the affections of Borello, that idol of her own—the impetuous and impassioned girl had hastened a climax, which one day, sooner or later, would not have failed quickly to overturn a shattered frame and a broken heart. Borello attended her to the last, and, poor girl, she had all she desired—the applauses and the tenderness of one who was to her all the world; nor was it, perhaps, a flaw in her lot that she did not live to attain the fame to which this evening was most probably destined to usher her, and only remained to be the marvel and glory of a night, like a sudden star, which shoots across the horizon towards the unknown void, while we have only time to exclaim, "How beautiful!" and we see it no more.

She was soon forgotten by all except by Borello, and especially by Angelica, who could never be persuaded to re-assume her coronal of diamonds, insisting, with a determination which all will know how to appreciate, that it should be buried in the same grave with the devoted and gifted, though unknown and hapless Cantatrice.

JACQUES CARTIER AND THE LITTLE INDIAN GIRL.

BY H. V. C.

THE first expedition of Jacques Cartier, to the Canadian shore, in 1534, proved highly satisfactory to his royal master, Francis I., to whose ambition it offered the hope of that new empire beyond the western ocean, which Spain, sanctioned by the Pope, had already appropriated to herself. But the locality, or the extent of the western hemisphere, was very imperfectly understood by those early navigators; the Atlantic was literally an unknown pathway to them, and the degrees of latitude which intervene between the north and south extremes, on their confused charts, presented no tangible point, to which they might steer their frail and adventurous barks. It is no wonder, then, that while various nations were seeking the same destination, their navigators were drifted wide asunder, tossed about by uncertain winds, and borne away on unknown tides; but the Spaniards, doubtless, thought themselves fortunate when they gained the fertile region of Florida, and the rich mines of Mexico and Peru; and Jacques Cartier, with equal pride, again entered the bays and rivers of the more sterile north.

In 1535, Cartier again obtained a royal commission, and sailed from France with three vessels, well fitted up for his important undertaking. He entered the River St. Lawrence, on the festival of the martyr whose name it bears, and in whose honor it was so called, and anchored a short time at the Isle of Orleans, which he called Bacchus, from its extreme fertility, and the abundance of its clustering vines. There he was visited in great state, by Donnacona, a renowned chief, attended by a multitude of swarthy warriors, and many acts of courtesy were exchanged between them. Two natives whom he carried away on his former voyage, had returned with him, and acted as interpreters; and their representations probably contributed to procure for Cartier, a warm and friendly reception, from the simple hearted savages.

Having heard of a large settlement, farther up the river called Hochelaga, he left the Port de St. Croix, or Quebec, and proceeded on his way to seek it, having first ordered a discharge of twelve cannons, whose thunders echoed through

the forest, while the bullets sent from them, pierced the trees, and rattled among their branches, to the great terror and astonishment of the natives.

At the Current St. Mary, Cartier and his people disembarked, and proceeded on foot, their way lying chiefly through extensive fields of Indian corn, then in the green ear, and presenting a beautiful appearance. Hochelaga itself, to the lively Frenchman, looked like an Island of enchantment. Robed in the richest verdure of a brief Canadian summer, it lay on the margin of that broad and mighty stream, whose restless current, tossing and foaming in the sunlight, sent the murmur of its chafed waters far on the quiet air, like the thunder of a distant cataract. The village, encircled by three rows of palisades, which completely guarded it from outward attack, contained the wigwams or dwellings of the inhabitants, some fifty or sixty in number, clustered thickly together, and completely embowered with foliage. Behind it, Mount Royal, with its peculiar and graceful outline, rose into the clear sky, covered by a dark, impenetrable forest, and before it, amidst the dancing waves, the lovely islands now called Nuns' and St. Helens', lay glistening with their thousand varying hues and deepening shades, fast anchored in the rushing stream.

Such was Montreal, when first beheld by the eye of civilized man; how different now, with its busy streets, its stately houses, and thronged wharves, the seat of opulence and commerce!

The Hochelaga Indians were of the Huron tribe, and Jacques Cartier was received by them with cordial hospitality, and treated with the most deferential kindness. Indeed they seemed to regard him as belonging to a superior order of beings, and they even brought their sick and infirm to him, believing that he had power to heal them.

Jacques Cartier returned to Quebec, early in the autumn, accompanied by several of the natives as a guard of honor; he made arrangements to pass the winter in that place, but totally unprepared for the severity of the climate, and deprived of European comforts, many of his people died, and few of them escaped severe sick-

ness, and suffering of various kinds. As early in the spring as it was possible to quit that frozen region. Cartier prepared for his homeward voyage; and then for the first time, the unsuspecting natives were startled by an act of treachery, which justly destroyed the confidence they had so freely bestowed upon their unknown visitants. Cartier invited the chief, Donnacona, with several of his warriors and people, to a friendly entertainment in his ship; the other vessels were already leaving the port, and while engaging their attention with various objects of curiosity, to them, and pleasing their rude taste, by gifts of gaudy toys, he caused the anchor to be weighed, and a fresh breeze bore them rapidly from the land of their forefathers.

Donnacona and his followers were filled with grief and indignation, when they discovered the perfidy of the white strangers; they would have cast themselves into the sea, and endeavored to reach the shore by swimming, but were forcibly prevented, and for some time strictly watched. But it is a well known trait of Indian character, that they seldom expend their feelings in a show of outward grief, but are taught from childhood to hide the most intense agony under a calm exterior. And thus Donnacona and his companions, after the first outbreak of indignant surprise, yielded passively to their fate, unmoved alike by words of flattering kindness, or by the hope held out of a speedy return to their country.

The most touching expression of grief was remarked on the countenance of a young girl, about twelve years of age, an adopted child of the chief Donnacona, who had accompanied him to the ship, at the special desire of Cartier. The beauty of the Indian child attracted the attention of the navigator, and he gladly included her among the number of those whom he designed to carry with him, as living specimens to gratify the eager curiosity of his countrymen, in regard to the inhabitants of the New World. They would be sure to admire the tawny loveliness of the little Fayawana,—her large dark eyes, so soft and expressive, her clear olive cheek, contrasted with the rosy lips, parted to display teeth of pearly whiteness, and her slight form, free and elastic as the bounding fawn of her native forest.

Jacques Cartier probably did not realize to its full extent the injustice he was committing; he knew not how dearly those poor savages loved their native woods, and the wild, migratory life they followed; and, fond of variety and adventure himself, he might suppose they would soon be reconciled to the change, and in a few months he would return them to their native shores.

But the dejected countenances of the captives, told a tale of suffering, which their lips were never opened to express, and though treated with unvarying kindness, and supplied with every comfort, they pined like caged animals, within the narrow limits allotted to them. Even the vigorous frame of Donnacona was bowed, and his proud eye became dim, and though his countenance remained impassive, and his bearing haughty, as became the renowned chief of a warlike tribe, he felt humiliated by captivity, and degraded by the subtlety which entrapped him.

Fayawana, his adopted child, watched him with a loving care, which anticipated every want, and with a tender anxiety which sought, by every endearing art, to lighten the burden of his heart. Her father, the brother of Donnacona, had been early slain, in battle with a hostile tribe, and from that hour, his infant children and their mother were sheltered in the cabin of the chief, and became objects of his warmest affection. He loved to train the young boy to feats of dexterity and arms; and under her mother's careful eye, Fayawana learned to prepare his favorite food, to weave the softest mats for his rude couch, and to rear the fragrant plant, which supplied the luxury of his soothing pipe. When troubled, her warbling voice could always cheer him, and when he returned weary from the chase, she ran with fleet foot to bring water from the coolest spring, and to gather ripe fruits from the hidden forest shades to refresh him. Joyous as the wild birds of spring, and graceful as a silver stream, her happy existence was continued sunshine, and, by the children of the forest, she was called the Singing Bird of their tribe.

But now a change had come over the sportive child, and the joyousness of her young spirit, was turned to sadness. When she first beheld the swelling sails, bearing them from the receding shore, and read, in the countenances of those around her, the tale of treachery, she uttered a loud cry, and stretching her arms towards the shore, called wildly on her mother and her brother, as if her feeble voice could reach the desolated home, where they vainly waited her return. The chief raised her tenderly, in his arms, for his own heart was full of sorrow; but when the first burst of grief had subsided, he sternly bade her restrain her tears, and suffer no outward trace to reveal to the pale faces the pangs they had inflicted.

Fayawana was the daughter of a proud race, and had been trained to habits of submission and obedience. The words of Donnacona were a law to her, and her affection made obedience a willing task. From that moment, the playful

child assumed the cares and responsibility of maturity,—the bounding step was restrained, the ringing laugh forgotten; her voice, still musical, was yet low and plaintive as the murmur of the turtle dove, and her humid eyes ever sought the countenance of Donnacona, as if the deep fountain of tenderness revealed in them could alone impart comfort to his wounded spirit. Had the power been given her, she would not have accepted freedom for herself alone, so deep was her love and reverence for the guardian of her childhood; and so entirely was she persuaded that he would droop and die, if her sustaining affection were not watching to protect him. She would sit for hours, nestled at his feet, singing to him the wild sweet songs of their native land, while her own heart was bursting with sad remembrances; or she would recount to him the fanciful legends of their tribe, or listen while he related the deeds of his youth, and the feats of valor which made his name terrible among the enemies of their race.

Many a time, when his restless soul, chafed by weary captivity, called him from his sleepless couch, like a watchful angel she stood beside him, and chased away the lagging hours of midnight, by the sweet influence of her serene and gentle spirit. No weariness excused these ministrations of love. Sometimes the moon rose from the ocean wave, and spanned the arch of heaven, and the stars shone out, and faded in the early morning light, and still the noble form of Donnacona paced the narrow deck, and the fragile Indian girl waited on his steps, and strove patiently to soothe the vexation and disquiet of his mind. The hardy sailors, at their silent watches, looked on them with superstitious awe, and muttered an ave, for the tawny chieftain, and the dark eyed child. Had storms arisen, and dangers threatened, the brave soul of Donnacona would have been aroused; but floating on the calm surface of a summer sea, the monotony of existence overcame him, and he sank gradually into torpor and inaction.

Jacques Cartier felt all the tortures of self reproach, as he witnessed the demeanor of the chief, and the devotion of his child, and gladly would he have relinquished the expected pleasure of surprising his countrymen by a novel exhibition, could he have restored them, at once, to the freedom of their wild forest homes. Sickness attacked several of their number, and if the voyage was long protracted, it was feared, their store of provisions would be totally exhausted. They were already on short allowance; but when Fayawana perceived the change, she carefully concealed it from Donnacona, and cheerfully re-

linquished to him, part of her own share of the food, which his more vigorous frame required. She had also a daily pensioner in a little Indian girl, a year or two younger than herself, who, regularly, when their food was served out, devoured her own share with savage voracity, and then, crouching at Fayawana's feet, fixed her large, black eyes on her face, without speaking, but with an expression which was truly interpreted by the other, "You eat so little yourself, pray give me all you can spare."

Maraquita was indeed the only one among the captives who seemed regardless of their situation, and who was constituted to enjoy existence under any circumstances. The gravity so common in Indian children had never for a moment shaded her dusky features; she was joyful as the squirrel of her own leafy bowers, and every thing in the new world around her, filled her with curiosity and wonder. Fayawana loved the merry child, whose playful sallies, and cunning tricks, sometimes cheated even Donnacona of a smile, and the sympathies of their early age also drew them closely to each other. Maraquita had become a favorite with all the ship's company, and shared, with the pet monkey, their good-natured favors and caresses. With as much agility too, as that mischievous little animal, she learned to climb with him the tallest ropes, and to imitate his antic tricks; and often were they seen perched together in the dizzy shrouds, eating the nuts and parched corn, which the sailors delighted to throw at them. When weary of her sports, she always threw herself by the side of Fayawana, striving to divert her sadness, or to arouse Donnacona's interest by her own childish prattle.

But severe sickness at length prostrated the captive band, and Maraquita's mother was the first victim to its attack. She was one of the Hochelaga Indians, who accompanied Cartier to St. Croix, and through some mistake, having been separated from her husband and other children, was unfortunately carried away from them. From that moment she pined without hope, and close confinement, and continued illness, soon reduced her to infant weakness. The first happy moment she experienced, from the period of their fatal voyage, was when she felt the hand of death upon her, and with the bright hope which clings even to a savage mind, believed that her spirit would soon be released from bondage, and go to inhabit some brighter region in the far off sky. Jacques Cartier, with real solicitude for her salvation, attended her with the rites and consolations of his religion; but she turned coldly from him, and by no word or sign gave assent to his instructions.

It was an impressive scene, when in the twilight of a calm summer's evening, all the ship's crew were piped on deck, to perform the last rites of humanity to the poor Indian woman. The females had apparelled her in holiday garments, according to the custom of their tribes, and hung about her the beads and gew-gaws so pleasing to the savage eye. They also placed beside her the measure of corn, which was to serve for her future food, and the silver voice of Fayawana, the singing bird, chanted the last farewell to the departed. The ship was brought to, with reefed sails, and Jacques Cartier himself, with a broken voice and a troubled spirit, read the funeral service for the dead, according to the ritual of the Romish church. The body, fastened to a plank, and made heavy by weights, lay in the gang-way, and at the conclusion of the service, was pushed slowly from the ship's side, and instantly disappeared in the yawning abyss. One heavy plunge, amidst that death-like silence, and then the parted waves rolled back, the sails were set, the ship steered on her course, and the last record of the poor savage was forever obliterated.

The Indians witnessed the scene with superstitious dread, and sad forebodings; Maraquita wept and would not be comforted, and Fayawana's heart was troubled, and many thoughts disquieted her. Long she remained that night, with Donnacona by her side, and Maraquita sobbing at her feet, watching the stars as they came forth, and the moon casting her pearly light upon the heaving waves, and the long phosphoric track of brightness, following the ship's course like a stream of clustering gems.

"Father!" she said at length, "Orabooa, the daughter of a chief, lies deep in the dark green sea, and far from the graves of her fathers,—can the Great Spirit find her there, and lead her to the hunting grounds of her tribe, that she may prepare venison for the happy? Speak, father, for the spirit of thy daughter is troubled!"

"Daughter!" said the old chief tenderly, "the Great Spirit watches over all, and Orabooa is not forgotten."

"Father, I am content," said Fayawana.

She took Maraquita in her arms, and thenceforth all that she had was shared with her.

The death of Orabooa, soon followed by two others, excited great alarm; but fortunately a favorable wind sprang up to avert the dreaded evils of disease and famine, and borne rapidly on in a few days, with inexpressible pleasure, Cartier cast anchor in the first French harbour which he could gain.

The sun shone brightly, on a clear autumnal

morning, when Jacques Cartier, with his exhausted crew, and the remnant of the captive Indians, cast anchor before the walls of St. Malo. The royal banner streamed gaily from the citadel, and under its protecting shadow, the old maritime town, shared largely in that prosperity which Francis, by his able policy, had revived throughout the kingdom, and which, more than the splendor of his arms, has given lasting glory to his reign.

It was soon rumoured, that Cartier, whose name was already renowned, had returned, safe from the *terra incognita*, which his adventurous genius added to his Sovereign's realm, and crowds were hastily gathered, to gaze at the weather-beaten vessel, and to catch a glimpse of the intrepid navigator. He stood on the prow of his ship, and beside him stood two tawny chiefs, in the full costume of their warlike tribe; and his heart swelled with honest pride, as he courteously bared his head in acknowledgment of the hearty cheers which rung from his admiring countrymen.

Great must have been the wonder and astonishment of those untutored Indians, when they first beheld the abodes of civilized man. The old fortified town, with its vast walls of solid masonry, rising suddenly before them,—the looped towers, guarded by mail-clad sentinels,—the Gothic church, gray with age,—streets of merchandize, and commodious houses,—citizens in rich dresses,—artizans in homely garb, and peasants bringing their rural wealth, in picturesque attire,—all formed a panorama, beautiful to the practised eye, but to a savage mind, confused and incomprehensible. Yet, with habitual caution and self-control, they repressed every emotion, and all outward demonstration; only, the scarce audible "ugh" involuntarily uttered, gave evidence of their observation and surprise. Probably a vague feeling of superstitious dread mingled with their other sensations; transported, as they were, from the depths of a wilderness, across the mysterious ocean, which their frail barks had never traversed, and which to them seemed boundless, as it spread in vast extent, bearing the waters of their mighty streams,—they stood at once in the heart of civilized life, and felt themselves surrounded by a spirit of intelligence and power, which they could not comprehend or resist, and which bound them,—hitherto free and independent children of the forest,—passively to the will of others.

Sickness, as we have said, had laid a heavy hand on the poor savages, and death had already taken several from their number. But abundance of fresh provisions, and other needed comforts, which were now liberally supplied, soon restored their native vigor, and Donnacona, whose iron

frame had for the first time felt the ravages of disease, on the third day after their arrival at St. Malo, was able to leave his couch, and look round on the new world, which he was unwillingly entering.

Long and steadfastly he gazed, with a grave and impassive countenance; and by his side stood Fayawana, her dark eyes fixed on his, as if to read the emotions which lay hid beneath that calm exterior.

"Father," she said gently, "the white men have fair dwellings to shelter them, and their braves have iron garments, and strong palisades; and golden fruits ripen under their skies, and grapes, which laugh at the poor clusters of our Indian land! It is a wondrous land, father, wilt thou have pleasure in it?"

There was a mixture of enquiry and deep feeling, in the sweet tones of the Indian girl, as she thus spoke; and laying her small hand on the warrior's sinewy arm, she waited anxiously his reply.

"My daughter," said the chief at length, in a sorrowful accent, "the land of the white man is not like the green forests of the Indian; our squaws and our little ones are not here, our hunt-grounds, nor our council fires."

"And my mother, and my brother," said Fayawana, mournfully; "but father, when a few moons have come and gone, we shall go back to them—the white chief hath said it."

"Daughter," returned the chief, "the white man's words are not as our words; he is powerful like the Great Spirit, and he speaks soft words, but deceit is on his lips, and treachery lies in his heart. Wo! wo! the day, when his big canoes spread their white wings for the Red-man's home, and his eye looked on the Red-man's hunting ground! We led him to our wigwams, we fed him with our corn, and sang to him the song of peace! but he dealt subtly with us, and the foes of Donnacona rejoice when they have heard that he is borne away, like a timid captive, and say that he became a woman, and forgot his tomahawk and his arrows."

The old warrior's countenance expressed the deep feelings of wounded pride, as he thus spoke, and he hastily covered his face, as if to hide his shame, even from the child before him.

Fayawana answered not, neither looked upon his sorrow, but seating herself at his feet, began to chant a sort of metrical ballad, which commemorated the valor of their chiefs, and gradually the warrior's features relaxed, and in the proud memory of the past, the present was, for a time, forgotten.

Jacques Cartier moved his barque to a safe

distance from the shore, that his captives might enjoy repose, and remain free from intrusive curiosity, while he repaired to the court of Francis, to acquaint his Sovereign with the successful issue of his enterprize, and receive his royal commands. The intelligence that a numerous people existed beyond the Western Ocean, powerful in war, mild in peace, hospitable and courteous to strangers;—who were ignorant of all the arts of civilized life, and roamed through interminable forests, in savage independence, relying on the fruits of an ungenial climate, and the success of the chase, for daily subsistence,—though long received with dubious confidence, was now confirmed, beyond the possibility of doubt. France, as we have seen, had already fixed her eye upon the prize, which she coveted to possess, and the king desired, if possible, to conciliate the good will of those savage tribes, whom he resolved, by address or arms, to bring within the pale of civilization. He was, moreover, not altogether indifferent to the gold and silver, believed to lie hidden in the rich mines of their rocky country, and which was greatly needed to replenish the royal treasury, so often drained by expensive and long protracted wars, with his great rival, Charles the Fifth of Germany. The fame of the riches, the gold, silver, and precious stones, actually acquired by the Spaniards, in Southern America, had kept alive the desire of acquisition, and the spirit of adventure; Cartier himself seems to have entertained the idea that gold and precious stones pervaded the whole continent, even the sterile north; for he brought to the King some yellow ore, which the early discoverers mistook for gold, and crystals, from what is still called Cape Diamond, which wore, in their eyes, the brilliance of real gems.

Under these circumstances, M. Cartier's success placed him in high favor with the King, and his name was borne in acclamation on the lips of his countrymen. The Indians were received under the royal patronage, and Cartier was charged with their supervision. It perhaps relieved his conscience, somewhat burdened with the sin of their abduction, to surround them with outward comforts; but alas! what could compensate for the loss of that freedom which they enjoyed in their native forests!

The arrival of those dark strangers in the gay city of Paris, seemed to have produced as much excitement as if they had actually descended from another sphere. The King showed them extraordinary attention, and admitted Donnacona to frequent interviews, both from motives of policy, and because the study of so *naïve* a character interested him. The most generous spirit-

ed, and gallant monarch of the age, he could well appreciate the true nobility of the brave old chief; nor was the wily, but simple hearted savage, insensible to the honor, or indifferent to the kindness thus conferred on him. With the discernment of a sound judgment, he perceived the advantages of a more civilised state, fondly as his heart still turned to the wild-wood freedom of his race; and he listened daily, with more and more attention, to the arguments of Francis, who sought to persuade him, that frequent intercourse, and friendly relations with them, might lead the way to gradual improvement among his own people.

Alas! how often has the good faith, and honest confidence of that devoted race, been repaid by the basest treachery! In all the dealings between the white men and the Indians, from their earliest history, how invariably has the intellectual superiority of the former enabled them to practice the grossest injustice and dishonesty! The cruelty and treachery of the Indians can never justify it; nor were those dark traits in their character brought into action, till Christians, by their violence and oppression, awakened the fell spirit of vengeance in their savage hearts!

A few weeks after their arrival, it was announced that a Court entertainment would be given, at which the red children of the forest were expected to be present, and, as may be supposed, it produced a prodigious excitement amongst the fashionable circles of Paris. Many were the *jeu d'esprits* elicited by the occasion, and endless the conjectures, as to the appearance, apparel and behaviour of the tawny strangers.

"Now, by my faith!" said the young Count de Roberval, "but I think our good king is distrait; what can tempt his gracious majesty to inflict these savages on us, his civilized subjects? On the word of a true knight, I could scarcely bring myself to endure their presence, only that thou, ma belle, wilt be there, to dispel their darkness, by the light of thy fair countenance."

"And, on the word of a fair demoiselle," said the sparkling beauty whom he addressed, "thy flattery, my lord count, has lost all its raciness; one grows weary of the conceits and common-places one hears from day to day—always the same! Methinks these savages might be taught more esprit; and by the way, Count René says this Indian Chief is magnificent,—a model for the chisel of a Phidias; and the young Indian girl will put the fairest beauties of our unfortunate land to the blush, by her surpassing loveliness!"

"What!" said De Roberval, laughing. "A young girl, indeed! A new Dido, or Cleopatra, I suppose, ready to set the world on fire again! But now the riddle is unravelled, for our loving king is ever gallant to the sex, and, like a *preux chevalier*, does homage to the charms of all, be they fair or brown."

"M. Cartier extols her beauty to the skies," observed the lively Marquise Perrot, who was related to the navigator; "so beware, Sir Knight, lest your heart be taken by surprise. Our young friend here, Countess Natalie, would scarce brook a rival among her own copeers, much less in this simple child of nature, as they are pleased to call her."

"A child of nature would be a rare sight indeed, within our courtly circles," returned the Count, sarcastically; "and would need a champion to defend her! but, as the Marquise knows, my motto is 'Constancy!' and he who wears the Countess Natalie's colors, needs no other protection to his heart."

He bowed low to the young lady, as he spoke, and was answered by the usual smile of gratified vanity; for the countess received the homage of admiration as a right, which her beauty privileged her to claim, from all who approached her. She had also especial claims on the homage of the Sieur de Roberval, for they had been betrothed from childhood, and the nuptials were delayed only till she became of age, a period which both awaited with perfect tranquillity, quite undisturbed by those hopes and fears which usually agitate the hearts of ordinary lovers. Natalie was an orphan, of high birth and ample fortune, and, as a ward of the king, he had been pleased to bestow her hand on his young favorite, De Roberval, whose birth and fortune rendered the alliance equal, and gave entire satisfaction to all connected with them. They had never asked themselves if they loved; the king's pleasure, and mutual convenience were enough; neither had any other preference, and, for the rest, the Count admired the brilliant and high spirited beauty, whom fortune had selected for him, and *she* was satisfied that her future husband was rich and handsome, and that her life would be passed amid the gaiety and splendor of a court.

Behold the charm—wealth and convenience! more potent than any yet woven in the web of Cupid—which creates so many matrimonial alliances, not only in courts, as in olden times, but at this day, through all the orders of society! Cupid and Plutus! alas! in the long strife between them, the little blind God too often finds

his arrows powerless, unless they are tipped with gold;—hearts have grown callous, and young men and maidens prudent!

Happily ignorant of court gossip, and unconscious of the marvel which their appearance created, the Indians, in the true dignity of unsophisticated nature, and self-relying, as in their native woods, stood in the presence of royalty, and before the gaze of the most refined and brilliant court of Europe. Nor was there a courtier present who bowed before the king with prouder grace than Donnacona, nor a beauty of the proudest lineage, whose graceful symmetry of form and feature could outshine the untutored lovelines of Fayawana, the singing bird of the Hurons.

Donnacona was attired in the rich costume of a Huron warrior; a tunic of sable furs, falling to his knees, was girded by a belt of wampum, richly wrought, in various devices, moccasins of deer skin, embroidered with porcupine quills, and colored beads, and leggins of fine cloth, similarly ornamented, composed his attire. His naked breast was tattooed, with various figures, and on his head waved the tuft of eagles' feathers worn only by warriors of high renown. He carried a bow in his hand, and a quiver of arrows, bound together by a glittering serpent's skin, hung at his side. Though past the prime of life, his figure was still erect, and his limbs supple as the fleetest youth; the fire of his eye was undimmed, his step elastic, and his bearing, that of one who is accustomed to command.

The younger chiefs, habited in similar attire, attended him, bearing on their countenances the calm gravity of their race, and totally unmoved by the surprise, curiosity and admiration, which was murmured from every lip.

Fayawana was also there, in the picturesque attire usually worn by young females of her tribe; but the short tunic or upper garment, commonly made of deer skin, was of fine scarlet cloth, of European fabric, given her by Cartier, and fancifully adorned with tufts of various colored feathers, from the wild birds of her native clime. Her moccasins, also richly embroidered, closely fitted her slender feet, and her beautifully formed arms, bare to the shoulders, were decked with bracelets of coral beads. Her long soft hair, black as the raven's wing, fell nearly to her feet, and among its glossy braids were mingled the scarlet blossoms of the promegranate.

Fayawana was still in the bud of early girlhood, but her figure, tall, and finely rounded, showed the premature development of savage life, and the perfect repose of her countenance, the thoughtful intelligence of her large dark eyes,

gave an expression of maturity far beyond her years. She looked round the courtly circle, with the self-possession of one who was familiar with pomp and splendour, for, in the rude, though stately ceremonials of her own country, she had held the place of a chief's daughter; and among the Princes of the white people she felt no inferiority.

Francis received his tawny guests with great distinction; and his bearing to the gentle Fayawana was marked by that gallant courtesy which he ever displayed towards the softer sex, and which, of course, becoming the fashion of his court, had elevated it to a degree of chivalrous refinement, hitherto unknown, and far exceeding that of any other court in Europe.

"Young stranger," he said to her, through Cartier, who acted as interpreter, "we boast of many fair dames, and beauteous demoiselles, in this wide realm of ours, but, by Our Lady! a fairer than thyself has never yet graced our presence."

Fayawana acknowledged the compliment, by a graceful smile, which lit up her whole countenance with feeling and intelligence.

"Am I not right, *Sieur de Roberval*?" continued the king, to that nobleman; "I should crave thy pardon, but methinks even the Countess Natalie would not scorn a comparison with one so lovely as this dark eyed child of our new found empire."

"The beauty that can please your Majesty's fastidious taste must indeed be faultless," said De Roberval, "and, by my faith! if the new world beyond the seas is peopled with such fair inhabitants, there will be no lack of cavaliers to do your Majesty's service there—nay, even to carry a crusade into the heathen land, if need be."

"Ah! it is a heathen land, truly," returned the king gravely; "but with the Saints' help, and our good bishop's," and he devoutly crossed himself, "we will bring them to the faith of our holy church, 'ere long. Explain to the young girl, *M. Cartier*," he continued, "and as pledge of our royal word, and token of our royal favor, we pray her to grace this holy symbol, by receiving it in our remembrance, and he took from his neck a chain of gold, to which was appended a small cross of brilliants.

He placed it in the hand of De Roberval, who, obeying a gesture from the king, threw it gracefully around the neck of the young Indian girl. Fayawana understood the scene, intuitively, and she received the gift, as a princess might have received a royal favor, with calm and graceful dignity; as the Count met her eye, the gallant compliment which he was about to utter, died on

his lips, and he bowed with silent respect, before the simple untutored child of nature.

"Ah! De Roberval," said the Countess Natalie, rousing him, by her gay voice, from a perplexed reverie; "does his majesty claim all your allegiance to-night, or are you learning a new dialect, to pour sweet nonsense into the ear of *la belle sauvage*?" and she glanced at Fayawana, as she spoke.

"Would it not be worth the trouble of learning a new dialect, to understand so beautiful a child as that, Natalie?" he asked, with vivacity.

"Beautiful!" she repeated, in a tone of pique; "why, I think the girl must have a love charm, to draw all the cavaliers of the court to admire her tawny face so much! For my part, I see nothing so very charming in it, unless, it may be, the charm of novelty, which always attracts your fickle sex, Count."

She looked haughtily at the young girl, as she thus spoke; and Fayawana, who, though she knew not the language, yet understood the expression of her face, returned the glance with one as haughty as her own. De Roberval felt annoyed by the slight rencontre, he scarcely knew why, but he said hastily:

"She understands you, Countess Natalie; why should you wound one, so unoffending? Believe me, she has a heart, under her tawny skin, as you term it, and affections as pure and warm as the fairest one among you."

"So much the worse, Count," returned the lady lightly; "we have little to do with hearts, in Paris, God knows! And, alas! for the poor demoiselle who has one to dispose of,—she will get but a sad counterfeit in return!"

She tripped away, half laughing, and half vexed. De Roberval sighed. He had a soul to admire the beautiful, and a heart not yet so spoiled by the vanities of a court, but that it could appreciate the rare charm of a pure, unsophisticated, and noble mind. From a boy he had breathed an atmosphere of intrigue, and been trammelled by the conventionalities of society; but, like truth at the bottom of a well, in the depths of his soul lay hid a germ of better things, which accident might kindle into life, or circumstances for ever extinguish. Time must determine which. He took no further interest in the events of the evening. A jarring chord had been struck, and there was no skilful hand to tune it. Countess Natalie was brilliant, beautiful, admired by all; the transient cloud had vanished from her face, and her clear laugh rung in her lover's ear, but—he knew not why—it awakened no response. He looked at her, as she stood, surrounded by admirers, and beautiful as

she was, a charm was wanting, which mere beauty never could supply. Then a compunctious feeling came over him—he thought himself unjust, and wondered why the dream of contentment should be thus unseasonably disturbed. Ye who are skilled in the metaphysics of the heart, can ye solve the problem?

(To be continued.)

ON THE DEATH OF

MISS MATILDA E. H. LATOUR.

WHO DIED AT THE URSULINE CONVENT, QUEBEC, ON THE
30TH APRIL, 1843.

A knell woe-laden, rends the startled air,
While youthful mourners slowly congregate,—
Come, join the train,—let us their sorrow share,
And weep with them the stern decrees of fate.

Around that bier the rose and lily twine,
Affection meets their fragrance with a tear;
The casket moulders,—yet, the gem shall shine
With brighter rays in the empyrean sphere.

A heart that glowed with feelings warm and fond
Lies there unstrung, e'en like a broken lute;
No more her youthful smiles to ours respond,
Her lips, for ever sealed in death, are mute.

Methinks again, beside her couch of death,
Amid that group in prayer, I bend the knee:—
Just on the verge of heaven her parting breath
I heard—Oh, God!—my love, I long for thee.

Ah! lovely girl! full long will mem'ry keep
Her vigils round thee;—oft shall fancy hear
Thy mellow voice, like music o'er the deep,
Or meet those sparkling eyes, so bright and clear.

But why are fondest ties so quickly riven?
Why melt the dew drops with the morning's ray?
Are virtue, grace and beauty, only given
To mock our hopes, to bloom, and then decay?

Come, blest Religion! come with healing balm,
And bring a solace to each bleeding heart;
Teach us to wait, in resignation calm,
Till death shall sound our summons to depart.

SONNET—SILVERY HAIRS.

HA! on my brow, what straggling silvery hairs
Be ye who curl and mingle in the throng
Of a more youthful race? Beshrew my heart,
Ye have a frosty aspect right severe,
And come to babble nonsense of the times
That once have been, and of the days that speed
With noiseless pinions o'er me—of the grave
That hungers for me, and impatiently
Awaits my coming. Softly now, fair sirs,
Emblems of frail mortality; in sooth,
Are ye the fruits of time, or those chance weeds
That sorrow's sullen flood hath left to mock
The broken heart that it hath desolated,
And killed each bud of hope that blossomed there?

THE NAMELESS TOMB.

BY M. A. S.

A MODERN writer* has condemned *in toto*, the system of having cemeteries within the inclosure of a town or city, and (notwithstanding that the reasoning by which he supports his opinion, is for the most part, sufficiently cogent,) yet are there many, (and I confess myself of the number,) who will venture to protest against his sweeping condemnation, and even in the face of so great an authority, assert and maintain that the practice in question is a good and salutary one, and that its evil effects, (if such there be,) are more than counterbalanced by the singularly striking lesson it presents to the overweening pride of man. There it stands—in the midst of the crowded city—that “lone place of tombs;” its everlasting silence contrasting forcibly the stir and bustle of all around, and irresistibly summoning the mind to the contemplation of the common lot of mortals. The grave-yard addresses its admonition to all mankind collectively, while for each individual it has its secret, and still more convincing homily. To the vast body of society it says: “Thou must one day be dissolved! Powerful in union as ye now are, ye shall crumble into nothingness, and go down into oblivion, like the generations who have already disappeared from the earth, which they, in their day, ruled as lords, even as ye now do.” To the man whose soaring ambition would prompt him to rise above his fellows, at whatever cost to them, the dread voice from the neighbouring church-yard cries: “Forbear!—thou art but man like them, and in a few years—nay, a few weeks,—thou mayest lie here in my cold embrace, the prey of rotteness and worms.” The midnight robber,—or the coward assassin, as they stealthily pass on their respective errands of plunder or of blood, hear when all human sounds are hushed, the dreary voice from the lone church-yard, speaking to their souls in dissuading accents;—while the good and virtuous—they who pursue through numberless difficulties, the narrow and thorny way of salvation, are consoled by the sight alone of that calm abode, where they shall one day find bodily rest, after the soul—the tried, and purified soul—has winged its way to the regions of endless joy. With

what longing eyes do the children of indigence and sorrow, regard the “house prepared for all living”—where grief shall be unfelt, and where poverty shall no more have power to crush and bow down the very springs of life! Oh! truly is the church-yard an ever open book, where “he who runs, may read,” and who reads, may acquire the science of the saints—that divine knowledge which fits him alike for earth and heaven. Away then with those utilitarian ideas which would banish the once-loved dead from the scene of their earthly sojourn, and deprive the living of a sermon, which in all days and in all times, addresses itself both to heart and soul!

There are, too, who call it a strangely disgusting sight to see the receptacles of the dead—that place wherein proud man undergoes the various processes by which he returns to dust—they think it revolting, I say, to have this hideous abode intruded upon the observation of the living. For my part I can only say of such that they are as dead to all right feeling as are the silent dwellers in they place they so detest. Now, I cannot remember a time when I looked upon the churchyard with fear, much less disgust; on the contrary, it was a favorite spot with me ere yet I could understand the mysterious awe with which it inspired me, and so far was I from shunning its vicinity, that few things gave me more enjoyment than a quiet stroll amongst the tombs, petitioning ever the guardian of my childish rambles to let me stop and read the names and inscriptions, which in many instances were all but illegible, for the burial ground in question was a very old one. It is true I was far from regarding with complacency the frequent relics of mortality which here and there obstructed my path, and if truth must be told, I have never wholly conquered the shuddering dread with which I was wont to look upon them, as they lay bleached and mouldering amid the long rank grass. Still I loved the churchyard walk, nor has this propensity of my earlier years been at all weakened by time, for my reason now confirms what then was fancy only, and although mature age may and does interdict the frequent and long visits which my childhood loved to make to the dwelling of the dead—though far from de-

* Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

siring to *meditate*, with Hervey, *among the tombs*, yet, even now, I can never pass, in the crowded street, the place where so many of my fellow-creatures sleep in death, without casting a wistful look into that calm sanctuary—the abode of enduring peace, while without its walls rolls the turbulent tide of life.

Years have passed away since I last beheld that old churchyard of which I have spoken above, and yet I have it now before my “mind’s eye” as vividly as when in those young years I loitered within its hallowed precincts, and saw the mellow sunlight streaming through the roofless walls, and dilapidated casements of its ruined church, and sleeping in tranquil beauty on its many tombs. Truly it was a quiet spot, and pleasant to look upon, although a churchyard. I can well recollect the childish wonder with which I read, or rather *spelled* over the quaint and old world inscriptions on various sunken stones which, thickly covered with the moss of centuries, would almost have defied the renovating chisel of Old Mortality himself, and which I was wont with an intuitive love for the *antique*, to prefer to the numerous modern erections which lay around, many of them white and smooth, as though just from the hands of the workman. Of this latter number was one which formed an exception, and which, for years long, was to me an impenetrable mystery, and consequently a source of deep interest. Smooth and shining lay that lonely tomb, half hidden by an abrupt projection of the wall in the farthest corner of the churchyard, and though the stone itself bore silent testimony to the elegant taste of the designer, and thus gave reason to suppose that it covered the mortal remains of one who had belonged to the higher, or at least wealthier classes of society, yet was its smooth surface unbroken by inscription or device. No scriptural text was there to remind the mortal traveller of the road to which he journeys, or encourage his fainting steps—no pompous word of praise blazoned forth the virtues, whether real or hypothetical, of the deceased, nor was the eye greeted even by one of those approved mourning phrases which usually decorate our tombs—in many cases where those we leave behind are heartily glad to have us so carefully laid up) not one of these—no, nor even name or date was there whereby to guess at who it was that lay beneath. And this, after all, was the chief attraction of the tomb, and many a time and oft have I, with a group of playmates, peered in through the iron gates of the churchyard (when at times forbidden to enter) at that mysteriously neglected tomb, wondering all the while that it alone should have

been left uninscribed, among the thickly-lettered monuments around. Strange it was, too, that though the stone seemed but recently placed there (at least but a few years,) all those to whom we addressed our enquiries, were as ignorant as ourselves of its origin, or whose remains it was intended to grace. And even now when the mystery is a mystery no longer, and when the rude jostling of the world has dispelled much of that romantic spirit which then threw its shadowy veil around that deserted spot, I can still enter into the feeling of wonder with which I and my young companions were wont to regard that tomb. For is it not passing strange, and strikingly illustrative of human inconsistency, that they, who shamed to acknowledge the sleeper by placing her name on the stone, should erect that graceful monument over the spot where her ashes rest? Was it love, which years of disgrace had failed to extinguish—or the mild spirit of forgiveness which death had evoked—or haply the “late remorse, and deep,” of those who had been accessory by their ill-judged harshness and severity to the fate they now deplored? Oh, heart of man! erratic and eccentric in thy wanderings as are those fiery orbs which call forth the terror of the nations; how vain are our endeavours to follow thy motives, or trace their hidden springs?

Years rolled on, and already were the halcyon days of childhood giving place to the chequered hues of girlhood, when chance threw in my way the long-desired solution of my childish enigma. Having spoken accidentally of the uninscribed tomb in the presence of an elderly person, who filled in our family the office of nurse-tender (as they are called) she declared herself, to my no small gratification, in full possession of its history.

“You, Mary!” I exclaimed, in delighted surprise; “why, who would ever have thought of your knowing any thing about that strange tomb-stone, when I have been asking every one that came in my way since I can remember, and none of them seemed to know any thing about it; Well! I am sure it is strange enough. But do tell me, Mary! how does it happen that you are acquainted with the story?”

“Because, Miss! I can remember a good deal of it myself, an’ my father told me the rest, for he was gardener then in the Forest, an’ often seen the lady, when she used to ramble about through the demesne.”

“The lady!” I eagerly interrupted—“then it is a lady after all!—ah! I had already guessed that it was. But pray, who was she? and why is her tomb without a name?—Surely, if she was one of the C— family, (as you say she resided

at the castle,) she would have been laid in the family vault: I cannot understand it, and must beg you to explain the mystery."

The old woman smiled at my childish curiosity, and at once commenced her recital.

The information thus received, I here in turn present to others, premising, that in order to lop off much useless circumlocution, I have related the tale in my own words. I do not engage exactly to

"Tell the tale as 'twas told to me,"

yet I have embodied its substance as nearly as might be.

* * * * *

Somewhere about the latter years of the eighteenth century, there was a masquerade ball given in Dublin, by an English nobleman, high in office. All the wealth and fashion of the Irish capital (then much gayer than it is, or for many years *has been*)—all that it could boast of rank, and grace, and beauty, was there, to shed lustre on that brilliant scene, and ever from beneath the closely drawn *capuchin* of a monk, or perchance the overshadowing *sombrero* of a Spanish Don, shot forth those radiant flashes of wit, which denoted the presence of some master mind. Amongst a vast crowd of cowed monks, veiled nuns, turbaned Turks, and Calabrian banditti, with here and there a sultana or a priestess of the sun, and all the interminable varieties of human character and costume usually seen in the higher class of masquerades, there was one mask which attracted universal admiration. It was a young girl, clad in the simple costume of a Highland maiden, her long, dark hair, confined by the snood, while around her slight, and girlish figure, hung in many a graceful fold, "Auld Scotia's" well-loved tartan. Her face was covered by a close-fitting velvet mask, so that none could see whether the countenance corresponded with the exquisite symmetry and exceeding grace of the figure. With a step as light as ever trod the mountain heath, she moved through the crowded apartments, and wherever she appeared, there arose on the instant, a buzz of eager enquiry and warm admiration. Yet no symptom of gratified vanity gave note that she valued the praises ringing around. Silently she fitted from room to room, addressed by none, nor addressing any—a creature of mysterious loveliness!

Amongst those who followed most pertinaciously in the wake of the fair *incognita* was a mask, attired as a Spanish *hidalgo*, a character which admirably suited his tall commanding person, while the short dark-coloured cloak which hung from his left shoulder, clung gracefully around a form which might have furnished Prax-

iteles himself with a model. His face was covered with a mask, but the eyes beamed out with a brightness that almost dazzled the beholder. Such was he who strode haughtily along through that crowd of peers and commoners scarcely less noble, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, but following steadily in the steps of that fair flitting figure, muffled in its heavy plaid. Once, apparently by accident, the lady dropped her handkerchief, and ere another could approach to perform the duty, the Spaniard had picked it up and presented it with a low obeisance, whispering at the same time,—“My heart with the offering.” The lady took the handkerchief, curtsying low in acknowledgment of the other's politeness, but no word escaped her lips, yet she paused a moment ere she moved away, evidently for the purpose of examining the mien and bearing of the don. It is probable she saw something in the dark, bright eyes of the mask which pleased her not, for she quickened her step as she turned away. From that moment she saw the impropriety of rambling through the rooms, and with a fluttering heart she set out in quest of her brothers, with whom she had come. They were neither of them to be seen, and with an indefinite sensation of dread she seated herself on a low ottoman near a door, in order to await their appearance. While she sat gazing listlessly on the motley scene, and watching anxiously for her brothers, she had unconsciously become the centre of an admiring circle, none of whom for some time ventured to address her. After a little while, however, she was accosted by an Arabian, who stood almost close to her side, with a polite request that she would sing to him a Scottish ballad! Amazed by the abruptness, as well as the effrontery of the address, the young girl turned to regard the speaker, and then for the first time saw that she was the object of general attention. Alarmed and terrified, as well as indignant, she hastily arose, and would have passed through the adjoining door; but this the Arabian effectually prevented by placing his bulky person right in her path, while he exclaimed with a coarse laugh: “Ha! ha! thou wanderer of the breeze unseen! fair bender of the thistle of Lora! as thine own Ossian would say; by the beard of Mahomet! but thou wouldst grace our Arab tents, and if thou art willing, I will make you the princess of our tribe!—what say you, pretty one! will you come to the desert?—a hundred camels shall be yours—camels that might have borne in triumphant march the favorite wife of our prophet—come, leave your bleak northern mountains and fly to the south with me!” He was about to

take her hand, when suddenly stepped forth the tall Spaniard and stood between the shrinking maiden and her bulky suitor. "For shame!" he cried aloud, after a moment's silence—"is it thus, oh follower of the great Mahomet! that you mussel-mans* woo the fair?—See you not that the lady is terrified by your unauthorized address, which you cannot in courtesy continue—go, seek again your own fair climes, nor shock by the southern ardor of your language the modest ears of a northern maiden!" By this time a crowd had gathered around, and the Spaniard, observing the distress of the lady, respectfully drew her arm within his, as though to assure her of his protection. But the burly Arabian was not to be thus foiled, at least without an effort, when his defeat, too, was witnessed by many spectators. "How now!" he exclaimed, in a raised voice, yet still preserving the language of his assumed character, and mindful of that of his opponent. "How now, most noble hidalgo! By what right is it that you assume the guardianship of this maiden?—nay, may she not as well be Queen of my harem as an ignoble slave in your gloomy Iberian palace?—Out upon you, base dog of a Christian! I will take the damsel though you do your worst!" And he actually stretched forth his hand to seize the lady, when her champion seizing him by the shoulder threw him back against the wall, and pointing significantly to the rapier which he wore: "I pray thee to take note, oh! valorous brigand of the desert! that *this* is not all for ornament, and also that *I know you*, though you do not, and cannot know me!—follow me one step at your peril!" And with this friendly admonition (which was evidently made on an intimate knowledge of the other's character,) he strode rapidly through the opening crowd, and with the lady still hanging on his arm, traversed the long suite of apartments which had been thrown open for the assembly, nor paused till they stood together at the head of the grand stairs. The lobby was entirely deserted, for supper had just been announced, and the usual rush had been made in the direction of the supper-room. To that centre of gravity there had flown even the idlest loiterer on the lobbies and staircases, and all was now deserted. Here then the Spaniard arrested his steps and bent his stately and plumed head to address his silent companion.—"Lady, will you deign to pardon this my most unpremeditated intrusion?—say that you forgive my interference, that peace may be restored to my soul—speak

* The plural of musselman is formed as in the text—it is an exception to the general rule of changing *man* into *men*.

and terminate the grievous suspense which weighs me down with apprehension, for if I have been so unfortunate as to offend you beyond forgiveness my life shall be henceforth miserable indeed!" And he eagerly leant forward to catch those first accents which were to guide his secret purposes. Alarmed, though she scarcely knew why, and more than ever anxious to find herself again under the safe protection of her own kindred, yet desirous to conceal her perturbation from the stranger, the lady hesitated what answer to make. A moment, however, and gratitude decided the struggle. "Sir," she at length said, in a voice whose tremulous tones went directly to the heart of the auditor—"Sir, whoever you may be, it would ill become me to feign a resentment for conduct which I cannot but attribute to the chivalrous desire of protecting from insult an unprotected female. You must be sensible that I owe you no ordinary debt of gratitude, and now that I have thus expressed my sense of the signal favor you have conferred upon me, may I venture to hope that you will finish what you have so generously begun by going in search of my brothers. It is with the utmost reluctance that I make this request to an entire stranger, but I am really unable to return to the rooms." And as a proof of the truth of the assertion she was obliged to catch hold of a neighbouring pillar to prevent her falling to the floor. With eager attention did the Spaniard fly to support her, suggesting at the same time that it would be well to take off her mask, in order that she might breathe more freely. This, however, the lady declined doing, alleging that she already felt much better; neither would she accept his offered arm, reminding him with quiet dignity that the most acceptable service he could render would be to seek her brothers, one of whom was habited as a Capuchin friar, and the other as a Swiss hunter, while both were of tall and slender proportions. "But how am I to leave you void of all protection?" inquired the Spaniard, with much apparent anxiety.

"Oh! fear not for me," returned the lady with quickness—"there is but little danger of intrusion here while supper is going forward within."

With a low bow the stranger re-entered the now-deserted ball-room, leaving his fair companion to her own undisturbed reflections, which were, truth to tell, anything but pleasing in their nature. She was not long left to pursue them, however, such as they were, for after a very brief absence, her self-constituted protector returned alone, and in a tone of deep regret, announced his search as unsuccessful. He had not been able, he said, to catch even a glimpse of either of her

brothers, but having inquired for them by their masquerade characters, he was informed that both had been observed searching through the rooms as though for some one they had lost, and had finally quitted the rooms together, so, he concluded, that they had gone home to inquire whether their sister had returned.

On hearing this, the young girl clasped her hands convulsively:

"My God! what am I to do?" she wildly exclaimed, almost unheeding the words of consolation addressed to her by the stranger.

"I should think, madam," he observed, seeing her utter distress. "I should think this unlucky mistake may be easily rectified. Cannot I see you home at once, and thus put an end to the fears of your family, which are by this time, I doubt not, beyond all bounds? Tell me only the residence of your family, and my carriage, which is happily in waiting, will at once convey you home, whither I will myself accompany you?"

"Oh, no—no!" she cried in a voice of piercing anguish; "you know not the stern nature of my father; he would never forgive my receiving attention from a stranger. I cannot—cannot accept your offer, but if you will have the goodness to order a hackney coach, or, better still, a sedan chair, I shall trouble you no further?"

With the utmost alacrity the Spaniard proceeded to despatch one of his servants for a coach, (as he said,) and in a few minutes he re-appeared to announce that it was in waiting, presenting his arm to the lady. This the latter again declined, but they descended the stairs in company, and when they reached the vestibule, the gentleman made a sign to one of his servants—"John! bid the coachman draw up close to the door!"

The coach was drawn up, and without further inquiry the lady entered, and extended her hand to the stranger, at the same time repeating the expression of her gratitude, and assuring him that it should not be forgotten. For a moment he stood irresolute—the next he sprang lightly into the carriage, and took his seat, calling out to the driver to move off quickly.

"Where to, my Lord?"

"Home! you stupid blockhead—home, as fast as your horses can carry us; the dawn must find us in Beaumont Forest." The coach drove rapidly away, while the lady, struck dumb with terror and amazement, vainly sought to call out for aid, or to demand an explanation of this strange proceeding.

In the meantime the carriage rolled on with unceasing rapidity; and maddened by the thought that her only opportunity of procuring aid, was as swiftly passing away, she burst from the en-

circling arm of her betrayer, and screamed aloud for help. Her voice died away on the stillness of the night, and awoke no echo in the silent and deserted streets, for it was now midnight, and the peaceful citizens were sunk in repose. "Oh, God! oh God!" exclaimed the unhappy young creature, when her hopeless condition at length struck upon her heart. "Oh! good and righteous God! is there then no hope?—to what am I destined, thus entrapped into the power of a stranger?"

"To a lot brighter than your fondest dreams of happiness," replied the stranger. "You are destined to reign over a heart as fervent as ever beat beneath the sun of the tropics; I have the power, as assuredly it is my wish, to make you happy, if you will but hear me, and refrain from these childish lamentations!" He would have taken her hand, but she drew it hastily away, saying with chilling coldness:

"So now I perceive that I am completely at your mercy, and from your generosity I have but little hope, for he who could plan and execute what you have done this night must be abandoned of all the better feelings of our nature. Yet, think not, cruel man! that your ends are attained. I warn you that your baseness shall recoil on your own head; for me I fear you not, since, however great may be your power to injure, there is one stronger and more powerful to protect the innocent."

Instead of resenting the bitterness with which she spoke, the Spaniard (as we shall yet call him) seemed more and more fascinated.

"Could it lessen in aught the indignation with which you regard me, were I to assure you that my design in thus spiriting you away, is perfectly honorable?"

This he asked in a hesitating tone of voice, as though half reluctant to put the question. Important as he deemed it, however, it was far from producing the desired effect.

"Perfectly honorable!" repeated the lady, in scornful accents. "How can you, Sir, for one moment suppose that, after receiving at your hands such unworthy treatment, I could ever listen with pleasure to a proposal of yours?—No—Heaven is my witness, I would rather become the bride of death, and sink into a premature grave, than bind myself to one who has proved himself so utterly base!"

"Then, Madam! I sue no more—remember how entirely your fate is in my hands—since you force me to remind you of what I had hoped to make you forget!"

He then threw himself back in a corner of the carriage, and maintained a moody silence, unbroken by his companion, who, on her part,

gave way to the most violent sorrow, increased in poignancy by the heart-rending reflection, that her own thoughtless separation from her brothers, was the undoubted cause of her misfortune, for what villain, be he ever so audacious, would have dared to approach her, under their guardian care. Viewing her conduct as she now did, she could not help observing the delicacy with which the stranger had refrained from taunting her with her own want of prudence, notwithstanding that he might justly have availed himself of it, as a sort of extenuation of his own offence.

"After all," she thought, "I might have fallen into worse hands, and who knows but I may yet induce him to restore me to my parents, ere yet it be too late? Still I must not let him perceive that I begin to regard his offence with less indignation. But oh! my father—my poor—poor mother!" she mentally exclaimed—"and you, my dear, kind brothers! what sorrow—what anguish must you all endure, while yet uncertain of my fate! Oh, when! when shall I see you again, fond and faithful guardians of my youth?"

Alas! poor maiden! weep on—weep ever—for never again shall you behold father, mother or brothers!—long years shall pass, and they shall still mourn you as dead even before the grave, the welcome grave, shall have closed over your head!

During all that long, melancholy night, our travellers remained wakeful and watching—few words passed between them—the lady returning but monosyllabic replies to the tender inquiries of her companion, while to his repeated assurance that they were drawing near the termination of their journey, she vouchsafed not a word in return.

Thus passed away the leaden hours of night, and the chilling air of the morning was already making itself felt, when the carriage having passed through the principal street of what seemed a large village, suddenly stopped at a low broad gateway, and the servant, descending from the dicky, knocked loudly upon it, with his heavy cane. A light was speedily seen through the windows of a porter's lodge, and in a few minutes, bolt and bar were drawn back (the servants exchanging a friendly greeting with the gate-keeper) and the carriage rolled through. The first grey streaks of daylight were just peeping from the eastern heaven, yet so faintly, that the enquiring gaze of the unwilling visitant could not discern surrounding objects. Still she could perceive that they were passing through a richly-wooded demesne, and as the light of day became stronger the opening features of the scenes through which

she passed began to assume a lovelier aspect. Hill and dale, glen and dingle, were in turn left behind, and just as the orb of day reared his glorious disc above the horizon, his earliest beam revealed to her admiring eyes a castellated building of noble dimensions, crowning a gentle acclivity, its numerous windows reflecting back the crimson glory of the morning sky.

"How beautiful!" she involuntarily exclaimed, forgetful of all, but her own innocent admiration. "How very beautiful!" She involuntarily turned to him who appeared the owner, but her glance was instantly withdrawn, and her face suffused with burning blushes, for the eyes which gleamed from out the mask, were fixed upon her now uncovered face, with an intensity of admiration, which speedily recalled the danger to which she was exposed. The morning light revealed to her wondering eyes a scene of fairy loveliness, which for a moment banished her sad and anxious reflections; while to her captor it disclosed a countenance which he had never seen equalled, albeit a professed *connoisseur* of female beauty. The lady had taken off her mask, during the night, having been oppressed with the close air of the carriage, and the ray which fell unheeded by him on his lordly mansion, shone like a halo on the Hebe-like face of his young companion. Perceiving at once that his gaze distressed her, it was instantly withdrawn, as he said in reply to her exclamation of delight:

"Would that it were still more beautiful than it is, and more worthy of her, who will, I trust, become the presiding genius of the scene!"

A slight bow was the only answer, and as the carriage stopped at the moment, the gentleman opened the door and leaped out. While the servant rang the bell, and the fastenings of the massy door were being withdrawn, he stood motionless, and apparently thoughtful, but no sooner was the door opened than, approaching the lady with a respectful bow, he offered her his arm. Within the last few minutes many and anxious were the thoughts which passed through the bewildered mind of the unhappy girl, who, totally unused to relying on her own judgment in any case of importance, would have given worlds for one word of disinterested and judicious counsel in that moment of fearful hesitation. At one moment she thought that it were better to protest aloud against the foul wrong done her in thus depriving her of liberty, but then came the more prudent reflection that by such a course she should gain nothing, seeing that she was so entirely in the power of one who had shown himself so unscrupulous in the means of gaining his ends, whereas on the other hand by

seeming somewhat to confide on his honor, at the same time that by her firmness in resisting all improper advances, she should command his respect, she might possibly awake and turn to account, those higher and nobler sentiments which she had already discovered, as forming no inconsiderable part of his varied character. She accepted his proffered arm, and though her heart beat almost audibly against her bosom, she ascended the long flight of steps which led to the parterre with a mien comparatively calm. An elderly female of respectable appearance stood in the outer hall, and to her charge was the lady consigned.

"And, mark me, Mrs. Brown," said her master—"you are to look upon this lady as the absolute mistress of my household—see that you treat her accordingly."

"Your Lordship's commands shall be truly observed!" returned the housewife (for such was the office filled by worthy Mrs. Brown) making at the same time a formal curtsy to the lady.

She then led the way to a richly furnished dressing-room, and throwing open a bed-chamber of corresponding magnificence:

"These, madam, are your apartments," said she, in tones whose icy coldness formed a strange contrast to her open and good humoured countenance. The lady answered not a word, and Mrs. Brown looking at her for the first time, saw that her eyes rested admiringly on a picture which hung above the mantel-piece. It was the full length portrait of a gentleman in the prime of life, and attired in a sort of half-military undress that gave in its extreme plainness and want of ornament, no token of the wearer's rank, yet on the high and noble brow, in the clear and eagle eye, and in the form which seemed to tower aloft in haughty superiority, it was easy to distinguish the proud patrician. Yet it was not the faultless symmetry of the form, nor yet the beauty of the dark handsome features, which had power to arrest the listless gaze of the sorrowing girl,—no it was the eyes—the living, flashing eyes—full of high and generous feeling, which thus riveted her attention, and awoke in her heart a strange and undefined sensation never felt before.

"Madam!" said again the worthy housekeeper, in a voice of increased peevishness—"is it your pleasure that I should assist you off with those things?" giving a contemptuous glance at the masquerade garments of the lady. "Truly," she added in an under tone "you might have waited, my fine lady, to put on some head-gear, great as your hurry was!"

Outwardly, however, she smoothed her face into a look of tolerable respect.

"I thank you, good Mrs. Brown—for so I think your master called you," (the housekeeper curt-sied.) "I believe I shall not trouble you—I am accustomed to perform these little offices for myself. I am now so exhausted from want of rest, and still more"—here she suddenly checked herself, and then quickly went on—"I am so overcome with fatigue, that I must beg to be left a few hours to repose."

Thus civilly dismissed, Mrs. Brown withdrew to discuss with her friend the steward the event of the morning. She had scarcely descended the stairs, however, when she was summoned to the presence of her master, and once more received his orders to treat the lady with all possible respect, and further to provide for her with the utmost despatch a fitting wardrobe. He then retired to seek that rest which even he felt so necessary.

When Henrietta (whom we shall henceforth call by her right name) awoke from her dreamless slumber, the sun had already attained his mid-day height, and shone in all the radiance of his summer light. Not a cloud was visible in the blue vault of heaven, and all the beautiful variety of wood and lawn, and hill and dale, which lay spread before the castle, seemed hushed into deepest repose by the burning heat of the atmosphere. Immediately at the foot of the hill on which the castle stood, lay a sheet of water, whose silvery bosom stretched far away to the west, and was crowned on the opposite shore by a richly wooded upland. Henrietta was still gazing with intense delight on the fair scene before her, when Mrs. Brown appeared, and with a respectful obeisance announced that in the adjoining dressing-room she had prepared the *toilette de matin*. Then with a sort of sarcastic deference she went on to say that her lord was most anxious to pay his respects to his fair guest, and begged to be permitted to breakfast with her.

"No, no, Mrs. Brown!" exclaimed Henrietta with sudden earnestness; "say to your lord that I must pray him to hold me excused for this morning—I do not feel equal to the interview—no—no—not to-day!"

Mrs. Brown looked at her with an inquiring eye—for a moment she seemed to regard her more kindly, but doubt and distrust again resumed their place, and she inquired in the same chilling accents whether she would have breakfast served immediately.

"Yes! here, Mrs. Brown! But will you have the goodness to inform me who your master is?"

"Really, madam! it is rather strange that you would seem ignorant of his name and quality,"

rejoined the housekeeper, somewhat tartly; "but since *you do not seem to know it*, I shall tell you. My master then is the Right Honorable the Earl of Beaumont, whose fame I am sure must have reached you."

"You are mistaken, Mrs. Brown! his name I have frequently heard mentioned, but merely in his official capacity—of his private life I know nothing—absolutely nothing." And she would have asked some further information, but speedily controlled her strong desire to do so, recollecting the extreme impropriety of seeking an explanation from one who, however discreet and intelligent she appeared to be, was still no more than a servant. She therefore dismissed the housekeeper and proceeded with all despatch to make her toilet.

(To be continued.)

SPARE THE BIRDS.

BY REV. G. W. BETHUNE, D. D.

Spare, spare the gentle Bird,
Nor do the warbler wrong,
In the green wood is heard
Its sweet and gentle song;
Its song so clear and glad,
Each listener's heart has stirred;
And none, however sad,
But blessed that happy bird.

And when at early day
The farmer trod the dew,
It met him on the way,
With welcome blithe, and true;
So, when at early eve,
He homeward wends his way;
For sorely would he grieve
To miss the well-loved lay.

The mother who had kept
Watch o'er the wakeful child,
Smiled as the baby slept,
Soothed by the wood notes wild;
And gladly had she flung,
The casement open free,
As the dear warbler sung
From out the household tree.

The sick man on his bed
Forgets his weariness,
And turns his feeble head
To list its songs, that bless
His spirit like a stream,
Of mercy from on high,
Of music in the dream,
That seals the prophet's eye.

Oh! laugh not at my words,
To warn your childhood's hours;
Cherish the gentle birds,
Cherish the fragile flowers:
For since man was bereft,
Of Paradise, in tears,
God the sweet things have left,
To cheer our eyes and ears.

THE IMPIOUS BOAST.

BY R. E. M.

The brilliant rays of the summer moon streamed down upon the sea,
And with silver lit the gallant ship that rode o'er its surface free;
And the hearts of the crew were bounding then, aye! light as the ocean foam,
For their course was swift, and each added hour was bearing them on towards home.
They pleasantly wiled the passing hour, with mirthful jest and tale,
Of distant friends and of native land, of tempest fierce, and gale;
But the sounds of mirth were sudden hushed, for right upon their lee,
A shapeless mass came drifting o'er the rippling silver sea.
It was the wreck of as brave a bark as e'er on ocean shone,
But the gloomy hull alone remained, the masts and spars were gone;
For a while they mournful gazed upon that object chill and dark,
And sadly thought of the hands that last had manned that spectral bark.
They knew that now they dreamless slept, beneath the treacherous wave,
And ocean's gems and sea-weed dank, adorned their lonely grave;
But ere long, one of the silent crew, the gayest of the crowd,
His trumpet raised, and with mirthful brow, he hailed the bark aloud:
"Whence come ye? Ho! I need not ask, ye're silent all, I see,
Ye come from the merry port of Death, bound for Eternity;
But trim your sails, and let your crew bestir themselves apace,
For if thus you lag, by All! I swear, we'll beat you in the race!"
The thoughtless crew, with laughter loud, approved the daring jest,
And with idle word, they turned away, and sought their cots to rest.
Another watch had calmly passed, the moon still cloudless shone,
And o'er the smooth and swelling waves, the bark sped swiftly on;
The mariners, wrapped in tranquil sleep, were dead to thought or care,
And pleasant dreams, their slumber blessed, with visions bright and fair;
But sudden, mid that silence deep, is heard a thundering shock,
That sound of fear! Great God! the ship has struck upon a rock!
No time was there now to bend the knee, or breathe one word of prayer,
Except the wild appeal to God, the cry of dark despair!
Another shock! another cry! the fearful scene was o'er,
And that noble ship, and gallant crew, were seen, alas! no more!
Oh! true had proved that impious boast, poured forth in daring free,
They had swiftly speeded on their course, and won Eternity!

THE DOOMED.

BY S. J.

I WAS returning from a summer evening's excursion along the romantic banks of the Tamar, in the County of Devon, when the transcendent loveliness of the view prompted me to pause and bestow a parting glance on the magnificent scenery which lay around me. The lofty elms mirrored in the deep water seemed to survey with pride their reflected beauty. A gentle breeze fanned the surface of the placid river, as, steeped in the roseate hue of sunset, it swept silently on in liquid loveliness. As I continued to gaze upon this scene of surpassing beauty, a tiny bark appeared in the far distance, and with distended sail, seemed almost imperceptibly to approach the spot whereon I was standing. The "farewell flush" of day was yet contending with the purple tints of twilight—when suddenly there rose a rich "voluptuous swell" of mellow breathing flutes and sounding viols, while ever and anon, a harp's wild, deep resounding chords, came floating on the breath of eve—waking the slumbering echoes of the neighbouring hills, and startling the feathered choristers as they poured forth their gladsome even-song. And now a love-lorn wailing melody came stealing to the shore; it ceased, and presently these words of mournful sweetness were wafted o'er the waters:—

SONG.

Oh! life is a weary dream,
A short lived summer's day,
A ripple that plays on a rapid stream,
And basketh awhile in the bright sunbeam,
Then melts away.

Oh! life is a furrowed way
Of friends and verdure void,
Where flourishes nought but fell decay,
And hope's bright bubbles burst away,
All, all destroyed!

Oh! yet there's a happier sphere,
Where the sunlight ne'er declines,
Where never is wept the bitter tear,
Where joy's bright, sun undimmed and clear,
For ever shines.

Still life is a weary dream,
A short lived summer's day.
A ripple that plays on a rapid stream,
And basketh awhile in the bright sunbeam,
Then melts away.

The last mournful echoes were yet sobbing along the wooded banks, when the boat touched the shore, and anxious to escape observation, I resumed my journey. The solemn stillness of the twilight hour is ever a fit season for melancholy musing, and I surrendered myself freely to its mysterious influence. I had remained absorbed in meditation for a considerable time, when a sound of deep and irrepressible emotion caused me to start abruptly from my reverie. The mild moon was shedding a full flood of mellow light o'er the gently gliding river, and its mimic waves fell regularly and softly, as the pulse of sleeping infancy. I gazed eagerly around, and at length detected the dark outline of a figure standing beneath the shadow of a huge oak which flung out its fantastic arms far into the stream. I approached cautiously until it became sufficiently distinct to observe its motions. It was that of a man in the decline of life; his arms were folded moodily upon his breast, while, at intervals, the convulsive shudder which agitated his frame, sufficiently betokened that he battled with some internal agony. As I pressed forward yet nearer with mixed emotions of sympathy and curiosity, my foot slipped and I was precipitated to the ground with considerable violence.

Ere I could recover myself the stranger observed and hurriedly approached me. The moonlight revealed his haggard countenance, which was blanched to an unearthly pallor, and bore the impress of no common grief. His eye flashed with supernatural brightness, and my cheek reddened as I met its piercing gaze.

"Ha! eaves-dropping," he muttered almost inaudibly, while a scowl of unutterable malignity settled for a moment on his countenance, then turning towards me with the utmost blandness, he exclaimed: "You have stumbled, Sir, and I hurried to offer you assistance, but my services, I trust, are not needed. I am happy to find that your fall has been attended with no worse results. I, too, fell," he ejaculated bitterly; "but then I fell, like Lucifer, never to hope again."

Anxious to learn something of his history, I took advantage of the severe strain one of my ancles had received, and availing myself of the

aid of his proffered arm, walked slowly onward. In the course of our conversation I endeavoured to elicit from him the cause of the fierce disquietude under which he suffered; but on this topic he maintained a sullen and forbidding silence.

We now stood on an eminence which overhung the river.

"How beautiful!" I exclaimed as I gazed upon the zone of liquid diamonds here flashing at my feet—there stretching away into the distant woods, and gleaming through the opening vistas of forest trees—until its attenuated thread seemed like the tiny track of flickering fire-fly. "Yes," I continued rapturously; "onward hast thou rolled thy crystal and undiminished tide even from Nature's natal day—thou sawest the infant sun leap into life—thou did'st behold the many lamps of light hung in the purple firmament. Night's pale Queen doth smile upon thee now as sweetly as when first thy liquid lustre mirrored back her beauty."

"Or when thy cursed depths closed o'er her gurgling death cry!"—shouted the hollow voice of the unknown.

I turned suddenly—he had fled. As I stood lost in astonishment, my eye rested on a packet lying at my feet; I hurried homeward, and seeking my chamber, opened the manuscript, and read as follows:—

THE DOOMED!

Melancholy presided at my birth—remorse has haunted me through life, and despair clings to me in death. By night and by day—in the listless eye of noon, in the starry arch of night—on the trodden track of the past, on the untrodden waste of the future—lowers a dark, impenetrable cloud, shrouding my soul in the utter loneliness of desolation. When yet a boy, the joyous shouts of my merry school-mates struck jarringly upon mine ear; and rushing from them, I would escape into the deep gloom of the surrounding forests, and watch the towering oaks as they wound their giant arms, and bent their lofty heads to the descending sun. Even then, full eagerly did I aspire after knowledge, but some malignant influence baffled my efforts and blasted my ambition. Ere I had completed my five-and-twentieth year, my father died, and when the unglutted grave closed over his relics, I deemed the last tie severed, which bound me to my kindred. Happy had it been for me, if the breath of the leprous pestilence had passed upon us both; but I was reserved for more exquisite torment. It was shortly after his decease that the Lady Vernon, an old schoolmate of my mother's, left her town residence, and established herself at Claremont Villa, bringing with her, her only daughter

Marion. She was passing beautiful—a purer spirit never found a fairer temple. Her dark eye beamed with unutterable tenderness, ineffable serenity sat upon her brow, and on her ruby lip dimpled an inimitable smile—not the vacant smile of childishness, but one indicative of the finest sensations of the mind, one illuminating the whole countenance, and lighting up the eye with chaste intelligence. Marion had not yet seen twenty summers. Months rolled away. I loved her to idolatry—I worshipped her, as man ne'er worshipped woman—how I yearned to pour out the thoughts which throbbled within my brain—to catch one gentle whisper to assure my hopes, and calm the mental strife which raged within my soul.

It was towards the close of a bright, autumnal day, when an old domestic handed me a letter. It contained matters of moment—urgent business required that I should set out immediately for the metropolis. I descended to the drawing room, to impart the intelligence to Marion. She was seated before the large oriel window, gazing on the river, over which the tall trees were already beginning to cast their lengthened shadows. She smiled sweetly, as I approached, and motioned me to sit beside her.

"Maurice," she said, after a short silence, "this is indeed a delightful prospect. How beautifully beams the evening star upon the dark bosom of the water. List, too, to yonder rumbling waterfall, I love the music of its ceaseless roar. It lifts its glorious voice, to swell glad nature's choral hymn. Oh! yes, the rippling rivulet and the impetuous torrent, the sighing summer breeze, and the loud howling blast—the mellow throated thrush, and the fierce eagle's scream,—all are instinct with life—all are replete with joy—all resonant with melody—all publish with a truthful voice of ceaseless eloquence their Maker's bounty! But, Maurice," she continued, and her dark lustrous eye fell full upon my countenance—"how happens it that you, hitherto such an admirer of nature, are now so sadly silent—too much study methinks has chilled the enthusiastic ardor with which you were once wont to regard a scene like this."

"Marion," I replied, "if a shade of sadness hangs upon my brow, the thought of being compelled to leave for a while all which my heart holds dear, must alone have placed it there."

"What!" she replied, in a voice still sadder than mine own; "must you—will you indeed leave us? Alas! how bitterly shall I lament your absence," and, and the fair small hand, which I retained, shook tremulously. "Marion," I exclaimed passionately, "I love you—nay start not, dearest—

this is no boyish fantasy, not the wild phantom of a heated brain—this love is no false wildering meteor's glare—which blazes but a moment, and then sinks into undistinguished darkness; but a pure, steady, undecaying flame, holy and imperishable, as the everlasting fire which blazed upon the sacred altars of the mystic Magi! I have no honied words, no practised adulation, where-with to win the ear of blushing beauty—but here in this solemn—hallowed—nay thrice consecrated spot, I swear that Maurice Mortimer would dare a thousand deaths so that he might secure the love of Marion Vernon. Can you, will you, return my love—or shall the quenchless flame burn on, until its altar be consumed?" A faintly whispered word stole softly from her lips—aye, softly as falls the pearly summer dew—but it sufficed—the vow was heard on high. I clasped her to my bosom, and in the ecstasy of that moment, the past faded into naught, and the syren hope, true to her treachery, whispered of future happiness.

But what have I to do with love, or hope, or fear? Let me on, ere the infuriated demons drag reason from her citadel. I pass over the dull detail of business. Ere it was accomplished, the woods wore again their gayest verdure, and the winged myriads of the sunny air, poured forth from hill and dale their summer jubilee. A golden flush of mellow light skirted the western sky, as I urged my panting steed up the long, wooded avenue, which led to Claremont Villa. On dismounting I ascertained that the whole family were on a visit to Lord Darnley, at Darnley Park. I waited for no further information, but hastily disencumbering myself of my travelling equipments, strode rapidly in that direction. My way lay along the river side, and I had arrived in sight of Lord D's, when the low, sweet tones of a female voice fell audibly upon my ear. I could not be mistaken, they were Marion's. There was a considerable eminence to the left, surrounded by a gigantic oak, which overhung the river. It was a secluded spot, and often had we stood together 'neath its sheltering shadow, and watched the descending sun, as the crimson clouds were steeped in his departing glory. Thither I sought her. Would to Heaven I had found her not. She was there, I say, but then there was another; he was a noble youth too; but he folded her within her arms, and that was torment—her head lay on his bosom—her tapering fingers parted the dark clustering locks which hung around his temples, and then her ruby lips clung passionately to his—aye his!

The fiends of hell possessed my tortured bosom

—my burning tongue "hung quivering, as if mad to quench its heat in slaughter"—with a demoniac yell, which might have startled the arch-fiend, I leapt upon my prey. A heavy splash, a despairing death cry, smote my ear. I heeded it not—yet, it was thine, Marion! He essayed to follow her, but my hand was at his throat, and no one human arm might loose that grasp of vengeance. He struggled with the desperate energy of mad despair, but vainly—the straining eyeballs started from their sockets—the reeking life-blood gushed from the distended nostrils. I hurled him over the impending crag, and—but the bubbling waters echoed back the last wild gasp of mortal agony.

I fled, but not alone—ten thousand howling demons followed me. I rushed onward—onward with frantic speed, but the infernal legion hemmed me round; louder and higher rose that damned chorus, until methought the o'erpeopled myriads of hell had burst their confines, and held jubilee on earth!

Whither I fled I recked not. 'Twas morn, when I stood beside the sea. A ship lay in the offing, and a boat was pulling from the shore. I leaped into it, and in another hour the fast receding mountains sunk behind the waste of waters. She was a gallant vessel, but she never reached her destined port. There was a night of horror, darkness o'erspread the Heaven—the spirit of the tempest walked the waves—our good ship battled bravely, but in vain; the bursting billows bore her to the shore; the rugged rock received her, as she bounded onward—then through the riven timbers rushed the insatiate waves, and coiling around their victims, bore them swift downwards to their prison caves beneath. I longed for death; I strove to clasp the flying billows, but they hurled me from them—I was too mean a prey!

Day dawned; I lay upon a desert island. Here, then, I said, thrice welcome death shall end me; but the un pitying monster passed me by; I lived. Once more I sailed upon the treacherous deep—again the slumbering elements awoke—again the dread artillery of incensed heaven boomed through the starless void. Louder and fiercer grew the elemental conflict. The lurid lightnings burst around us—they struck our gallant bark, down went her shattered masts—she shuddered like some horror-stricken wretch, in her last agony. I heeded not the work of desolation, for methought a myriad mocking devils hovered o'er me; they peered into my eyes, and then one master fiend drew nigher still and whispered, "Dost thou not know me—well we shall meet anon. I know thee, who thou art—thou art of us—our

seal is on thy brow. Hell's monarch bids thee hail, and waits to ope his everlasting gates to Maurice Mortimer the Murderer!" A universal shriek rose high above the blast, in fiendish echo, and suddenly the deep mouthed thunders hoarsely muttered, "murderer!" But now the yawning waves had gorged their prey, and I alone survived to curse the morrow's sun.

For fifteen years I wandered in a foreign land, and then again I sought my native shore.

It was a Sabbath eve in summer time, when, mingling with the pious worshippers, I entered once again the village church. The venerable pastor ascended with tottering steps the sacred desk. It was the same good, holy man, whose tones I oft had listened to in boyhood; whose arms had often pressed me to his bosom, whose hand full oft had rested on my infant head in blessing. He stood within the shadow of the tomb's dark portals, but his passport was secure, his guide was in attendance, his lamp was trimmed, and his light was burning. He spoke of mercy, boundless, unfathomable, free—of plentiful redemption, of compassion infinite—revivifying tears bedewed my cheeks, and as that copious and blessed stream welled from my riven heart, a transient beam of hope pierced through the dreary midnight of my soul. I lingered in the churchyard, till the last faint footfall tolled upon my ear, and then sunk into bitter musing. But my cup was not yet drained. As my eye ranged over the many storied tablets of the tomb, an exquisitely moulded monument of Italian marble caught my view. I walked towards it—the inscription was simple; it recorded the violent and untimely deaths of

"HENRY AND MARION VERNON."

My brain reeled; I staggered, fell, and sunk into a deathly stupor. When I awoke, the sun was shining in meridian splendour; I rushed precipitately from the spot, and wandered in a state of frenzy I know not whither. When memory returned, the moon was sailing slowly in the quiet sky, and I stood upon the spot where this cursed hand first dabbled in human gore, and invoked a childless, widowed mother's dying curse. Here my race is run—the award awaits me, and 'ere man shall shudder at this chronicle of crime, Maurice Mortimer—the murderer and the suicide—shall have entered upon his immortality.

May, 1848.

THE YOUNG MOURNER.

BY R. E. M.

They bade her deck her brow with flowers,
And wreath with gems her hair;
To mix in fashion's brilliant halls,
And be the gayest there.

They said, her smile was all too sad,
Too mournful was her glance,
For one who breathed in festive bowers,
And joined the festive dance.

What reeked they of the breaking heart,
To gloom and sorrow wed,
That ever mourned so wildly for
The unforgotten dead?

They knew that all the much loved ones,
To whom her young heart clung,
Who'd watched her from her childhood's hours
Aye! round her cradle hung;

And o'er her opening path of life,
Affection's roses strewn,
Had all gone down to dust, and she
Was left on earth alone.

And yet they told her e'er to smile,
Amid that heartless throng,
To wake the lute with joyous touch,
And sing the festive song.

How oft amid the glittering clouds,
That bowed at folly's shrine,
'Mid fairy forms and blushing flowers,
'Mid perfumes, music, wine,

The bitter thought stole o'er, that she,
Was left alas! alone,
No heart that beat or felt for hers,
No loving look or tone.

'Tis true that many bowed before
Her beauty's magic might,
And whispered words of homage deep,
And called her fair and bright;

But still she ever turned away,
Her heart unmoved and cold,
She yearned but for the loving tones,
The well known strains of old.

What, though the honeyed words that now
Were breathed to her so oft,
So full of flattery's silver spells,
So winning and so soft—

Were fraught with all the tenderness
Of deep idolatry;
They but recalled the thought of those,
She never more might see.

It was a spell 'gainst all the charms,
So oft around her spread,
Her heart was sacred, only, to
The Memory of the dead.

The world spoke of her want of heart,
They called her cold and proud,
And hinted "'twas a statue fair
To which they all had bowed."

But little reeked she of their taunts,
Or smiles—they pained her not;
They could not take, or add, one gleam,
Of sunshine to her lot.

And thus the mourner passed through life,
A life of weary pain,
Its only hope, that she would yet
The loved ones meet again.

CLUB NOTES.

BY T. D. F.

From time out of mind, Clubs have existed. There can be no doubt in any rational mind, that David, Jonathan, and the wise men of the elder Scriptures, had their clubs. Plato had his club, Aspasia her's; Diogenes and Orson are almost the only names standing boldly out on the historic page, who could not be supposed to have their clubs, their meetings together for sadness or merriment, intellectual jousts or gay revellings. It is a time honored custom, but perhaps in many cases, better in the breach than the observance, too apt to degenerate into scenes of mere physical enjoyment. Yet there is something ever interesting in these clubs; they call out a play of fancy, and have given rise to more brilliant *jeu d'esprits*, more stupid jokes, heavy orations, and sparkling addresses, than all the political meetings in the world. In what strong relief do the Pickwick Club, and the Club which Goldsmith has made immortal, stand out in every one's imagination! And, to come nearer home, who of the privileged members of the Canadian "Shakspeare Club," does not recall the pleasant evenings passed in its storied hall? The calm, grave face of the immortal bard, looking upon them from his lofty pedestal, the illuminated pages of his *chef d'œuvres* spread open to attract and enchain the careless passer by; while they inspire the eloquent professor, who reads, with such exquisite truth and grace, the living words. Who has not listened with a thrill of delight, to the play of voice, which now rung lightly out the merry words of the sparkling Rosalind, and the lovely Jessica, and now uttered with deep pathos, the prayer of the innocent victims of Richard the Third's jealous anger, or the deep complainings of the heart-stricken Catherine! And with equal interest too, perchance, they have listened to the graceful play of satire between the gallant editor, and his argumentative legal friend; or the Secretary's glowing reports, or addresses from some highly cultured mind, on Channing or Wilberforce, or discussions on civilization and its consequences! What if there be an occasional failure? a subject badly argued, or a false measure in a poem? What matters this? It cannot mar the general interest felt in the "Club."

Indeed, every individual can recall some Club, in which he or she has felt a deep interest. It may

have been one calling forth the whole depth of the masculine mind, or perhaps only a tea-table coterie. Such an one had existence not a thousand miles from Montreal, and its triennial anniversary, celebrated by a festive reunion, opened by the following address, which was most enthusiastically received by its hearers. The muse of the writer has, in the poetical portion of it, taken something of a license, more substantial than a mere play of fancy, but perhaps the readers of the *Garland* may not find it unamusing.

CLUBS IN GENERAL—OUR CLUB IN PARTICULAR.

If, my dear Club, you had only given me a subject for this exercise of mind that you have imposed upon me, you would have relieved me of a great weight, for I find myself very much in the situation of the school girl who has a composition to write—the subject being left to her own choice; had it but been given her, no matter if only the trite ones of faith, hope and charity, it would have been a relief—for then, turning over a few dictionaries, or reading some ancient essays—she could have collected ideas to aid in completing her task; but now half her time is wasted in selecting the theme. She writes a sentence on some grave subject—finds it too dull—she explores the realm of fancy, but nothing presents itself that quite satisfies her. Just so it is with me. I received your *commands* to write something for this, our anniversary celebration. You kindly left it to me, whether it would be a homely address, or a fanciful poem—a sketch or a sermon;—thus many parti-colored shreds and patches of subjects, have presented themselves, with kaleidoscope variety and irregularity, for my choice, but none that seemed suited to the occasion.

Shall I attempt a chronicle of the club? Alas! that would be more dry than, if not so voluminous as, Rollin's ponderous folios, for who could catch the subtle essence which has given the spirit and vitality to our meetings? A simple detail of our gatherings—the pleasant greetings, the creative hands, busy with their transforming power, turning the raw material into the various articles of taste and use—the sonorous voice of the reader, the many calls to "Order, order!"

from the President, as conversation usurped the place of the printed page; these things would be but the skeleton of our meetings, the bone and sinew, needing the filling up, the rounded outline, the delicate colouring, which could only be obtained by catching the *spirit*, which has been the chief charm of our club. The spirit of love and good will, which has brought us together, week after week, ever harmoniously, with no annoyings and strife, with no bitter words, but with smiling faces, and hearts full of love, kindness and social feeling. This has been the life of the club.

THE CLUB!—What different associations arise to our mind as we write or speak the word, from what was attached to it three years ago. Then at its sound, a vision of Crockford's, with its lounging, homeless men, drinking and gambling, to kill the time, which, unwinged by intellect, hangs so heavy on their hands. Or perhaps a more refined association would bring up before us the club of "Auld Reekie," where the stripping "Ariosto of the North" mounted his "cocked hat and cane," for the amusement of the little circle of boon companions, who gathered round the bowl of smoking punch, or quaffed the mountain dew, while the welkin rang with their wild, joyous and innocent mirth, and border ballads, and lowland tales, which have made more than one among them immortal, passed from lip to lip.

Another club, too, claimed its share in our memory:—the gifted twelve, who met at the "Turk's Head," in Soho, with the leviathan Lexicographer at their head—the sparkling Goldsmith, the noble Reynolds, the brilliant Burke, who formed a nucleus of the most distinguished wits and scholars of the time, while seated round the social board, they pledged each other in—

"Colvert's butt, and Porson's black champagne,"

which flowed not more smoothly, or bubbled more brightly than the ready repartee, or the play of fancy; while the learning and research of many of its members, gave a depth and character to its meetings, which few such could boast.

Such *have been* our associations with Clubs. What are they now? What will they be from this time forward? Treasured memories of pleasant hours, over which Iris has thrown her rainbow tints of memory and hope. A few undimmed links in the chain of our existence. *Our club! Ours!* how much is contained in these little words! They conjure up a whole train of remembrances; the first meeting of the new associates, the shy reserve, the fear of coming out with one's own opinions, the gradual unfolding of the

character, the strengthening the bond of sympathy, till each member seemed to become identified with, and a part of the others, and "Love me, love my Club!" became almost the motto of our hearts.

While thinking of the individual traits which had been developed by this friendly intercourse, I fell asleep, and a singular vision presented itself to my dreaming mind; the impression of it was so vivid and apropos to my previous train of thought, that I will e'en give it to you, first seating myself on Pegasus, who, being all unused to my guidance, will, I doubt not, give me many a plunge, uneven step, and fall:—

In visions of the night, methought I saw
A table set, and as I glanced it o'er,
A sweet low voice, just whispered in my ear,
Behold the members of thy Club are here,
Not with their laurelled brows, and hose "*bas bleu*,"
But as a twilight feast prepared for you.

Confin'd in hissing urn, thy Marion see,
The grateful tonic green, and hot Bohea,
Sweeten'd with brightest content, born of the sky,
With cream of quietest humor, arch and sly.
She can our Latin, Greek and French construe,
And Hebrew texts explain, at bird's eye view,
'Tis her, the *key stone* of our arch we call,
And should she leave us, it would surely fall.

Our Temple, next as plate of tongue I spy,
Season'd with Attic salt. Who e'er can vie
With her in graceful speech, that gives a zest,
To legends staid or wild, and doth invest,
With new and varied charm, the oft told tale,
Which flies from Highland glen, to lowly vale,
And though sometimes, the *guardian of our laws*,
Waits for the call to "order," but *her* pause,
With ill concealed regret, from fluent tones,
We turn to printed page, as dry as stones;
For such our reckless fate too oft has fixed on,
Dull historic tomes, in lieu of fiction.

A pile of spicy cheesecakes rears its head,
From out the midst of board so amply spread,
Of condiments not rare but delicate,
Which varied still, ne'er tire, or satiate;
An emblem fit of her, the playful elf,
Who, charming all, ne'er thinks a thought of self,
Ah! who can doubt? we mean our Mary Long,
Who's eve: ready for a joke or song;
She plays, she sings, and with her merry wiles,
She wins from all the circle, gleeful smiles.

It needs no prompter's aid, to tell the face,
Whose lineaments within the loaf I trace;
She who the hungry feeds, the naked clothes,
Whose constant charity forever flows,
To whom her friends in trouble all apply,
And find most ready aid and sympathy.
Well may our Wering, as her signet, wear
"The staff of life" which she with watchful care,
Gives ever to the shiv'ring, houseless poor,
Who ne'er are turned unanswered from *her* door.

In dish most exquisitely cut, I see,
A sweetmeat rare, our Messenger shall be;
Not melon crisp and green, not tropic pine,
Not fragrant lime, or aught beyond the line,

Not ginger hot, or tasteless crab, I ween,
 But native damsons, rich in purple skin,
 With spirit lofty, high, but well subdued,
 By sweet of self content, and heart renewed—
 A valued, honorary member, she,
 Whose absence ever will lamented be.

In plate of twisted sweet-meats, I descrie
 The witching glance of our Eliza's eye.
 The Dutchman's cake, most tempting, rich and good,
 That all, who taste, pronounce most luscious food;
 Not pasted o'er, the silly ones to hook,
 Who judge the inward, by the outward look,
 But like the kernel, hid within the shell,
 With nutty fruit repays the cracker well.

In centre rests, with festal garlands twined,
 The white laid cake, which snowy blossoms bind,
 Of fragrant orange flowers—the myrtle green,
 And box, of constancy the emblem Queen,
 This is the symbol of the fair young bride,
 The loved of her friends, and her husband's pride,
 She was warmly welcomed, in nuptial hour,
 And we hope, ere long, she will leave her bower,
 To join again our festive circle gay,
 For we ne'er are willing that one should stray
 From the sheltering care of the "Club's" warm fold,
 As, once admitted, for life they're enrolled.

A covered dish, that on the table stands,
 Fixes my eager gaze, but other hands
 Must raise the napkin white, which, o'er it cast,
 Hides from my view the type of her, who last
 Our circle joined, mid't tears, and threatened ill,
 The witness of the bond, which binds us still,
 Through ill repute, or good, come weal or woe,
 Together clubbed, adown the hill of life to go,
 A merry, happy, sympathetic band,
 The dearest, truest "club," within the land.

One dish I miss, which 'erst our table dight,
 Not "Annie's," one-egg-cake, but muffins light,
 Which like our lov'ring, crushed by heavy weight,
 Of stupid folios, (history of the date).
 Caused her astound us with a leave "Français,"
 As cloaked and shawled, she homeward led the way.

On the board is many an empty space,
 Which should have been the husband's destined place,
 But they, like recreant knights, desert their post,
 And lonely take at home, their tea and toast,
 Just dropping in, a little after nine,
 To get their wives, and sip a glass of wine.
 While mourning o'er chivalric spirit fled,
 I woke, the scene had changed, no table spread,
 No hissing urn, not e'en a trace behind,
 Was left, save in the impress of the mind.
 With thankful heart, I seized my pen 'ere while,
 Trusting this vision wild, to make you smile,
 And humbly do I beg you to receive
 The offering, which at your behest I give,
 Not with a critic's eye, and judgment keen,
 But pray, towards the side of kindness lean,
 For well I know, my faulty verse can ne'er,
 The bay, or laurelled chaplet, win or wear.

A SHORT ESSAY ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

BY F.

As the attainment of happiness is the grand spring of human action, I have often been surprised at the inattention so apparent in the generality of mankind, to the most important concern in their lives—the choice of a wife; a choice on which not only their terrestrial welfare, but even their everlasting felicity, may depend. Indeed, if we may judge from the slight regard that is paid to an object of so much moment, we might be led to suppose it commonly understood to be a trivial project, in which little or no reflection is requisite; or that fortune and beauty were in themselves whatever was essential to the happiness of the conjugal state. But let those who, in the ardour of unreflecting youth, form such gay visions of splendid enjoyment and everlasting passion, consider that there are requisites of a nobler kind, without which, when it may be too late, they may find themselves involved in irretrievable ruin. What melancholy histories have been recorded, where manly virtue has been united to fortune and to misery; blooming loveliness sacrificed at the shrine of avarice; or unthinking youth, smitten by exterior charms alone, instead of the attracting graces of modesty, sentiment, and discretion, has become a voluntary victim to insipid, if not to meretricious beauty. I would not be understood, however, that beauty and fortune are of no estimation. The former, when united to piety, virtue, and good sense, can be slighted by those only who are devoid of any ideas of whatever is lovely and excellent in nature; and fortune, or at least a competence, is absolutely necessary, since, without it, the highest degree of virtue, and the most enchanting graces, will be insufficient to ensure happiness in the conjugal union:

"Let reason teach what passion vain would hide,
 That Hymen's bonds by prudence should be tied;
 Venus in vain, the wedded pair would crown,
 If angry Fortune on their union frown;
 Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,
 And cloy'd imagination cheat no more;
 Then waking to the sense of lasting pain,
 With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain;
 And that fond love, which should afford relief,
 Does but increase the anguish of their grief;
 While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
 Than the sad knowledge of each other's care."

Certainly no prudent person ought to engage in the married state, without a sufficiency on one side or the other. That lover cannot regard his mistress with virtuous passion, who would

involve her in all the possible consequences of reciprocal poverty. True love never forgets the happiness of its object; for when it ceases to be regarded, it is not the generous tenderness of love, but the unthinking wildness of passion. These observations, however, cannot set aside the just complaints that may be made against the frequency of matches in which beauty or fortune only is regarded. "Beauty," says Lord Kaims, "is a dangerous property, tending to corrupt the mind of a wife, though it soon loses its influence over the husband. A figure agreeable and engaging, which inspires affection, without the ebriety of love, is a much safer choice. The graces lose not their influence like beauty. At the end of thirty years a virtuous woman, who makes an agreeable companion, charms her husband more than at first. The comparison of love to fire holds good in one respect, that the fiercer it burns the sooner it is extinguished."

It is unquestionably true, that happiness in the married state depends, not on riches, nor on beauty, but on good sense and sweetness of temper. A young man, who has himself a sufficient fortune, should not always look for an equivalent of that kind, in the object of his love.

"Who can find a virtuous woman?" says Solomon, "for her price is far above rubies."

The important objects of his enquiry are not whether she has riches, but whether she possesses these qualifications, which naturally form the amiable wife and the exemplary mother. In like manner, would a parent conduct his daughter to a wise and judicious choice of a husband; he will not so much recommend the necessity of a fortune, as of virtuous conduct, good temper, discretion, regularity, and industry. With these, a husband, if he be of a reputable profession, may improve the fortune of a wife, and render it of much greater advantage to each, than the most ample equivalent in money, with the reverse of these qualities. On the contrary, while interest pervades every bosom, and is the sole motive of every union, what can be more naturally expected than unhappy matches? Without a certain congeniality of sentiment, independent of the adventitious circumstances of beauty, rank, or fortune, the connubial state is the very opposite of a heaven. Home becomes disagreeable where there is a diversity of taste, temper, and wishes; or where those mental resources are wanting, which invite to conversation, and render it delightful and endearing. Neglect succeeds then on the part of the husband, and dissipation marks the conduct of the wife; happy if disgust succeeds not to insipidity, and criminality to both. But the scenes of wretchedness, inseparable from

such a state, must be obvious to every mind. We turn, with pleasure, to the exquisite happiness which is the result of a virtuous choice. Home is then delightful, and every moment is replete with satisfaction.

But without dwelling longer on this charming theme, permit me to ask, who would give up the enjoyment of such felicity for all the gaudy appendages of rank and wealth? What weakness of mind does it betray to forfeit "the matchless joys of virtuous love," for the ideal pleasures of affluence, and to be violently wretched, provided we are RICHLY so?

Bytown, January, 1848.

SCRAPS FROM THE OLD POETS.

WE chance to have the loan, just now, of what we may not easily see again, Sir Egerton Brydges' quarto copy of Breton's poems—first published in London in 1601. We make an extract or two, by which we shall give our friends the best part of an old book which they would not be likely otherwise to meet with. Sir Egerton gives a slight sketch of Breton's life, which he concludes in such a way as shows the poet's lot to have differed but little from that of most other poets. "Of gentle and honourable blood, which early excited him to look to refined society and superior station, he had not the pecuniary means to secure that to which his birth taught him to look; and in the alternacy between the strenuous exertions of worldly ambition, and the delirious forgetfulness of the muse's libations, the excursive wanderings of one day undid the whole painful progress of another, till exhausted spirits and continued disappointments brought on melancholy and despair. Such at least has been too often the struggle of many a great and lamented genius through this world of danger and mischance! Let him, who seeks the muse's favors as the reward of his toils, not hope that he can join with them a worldling's pursuits! The daily plodder, who bends neither to the right nor to the left, whose eye is never drawn aside by landscape, however beautiful, and whose hand is never tempted to gather a flower even on the edge of his path, will win the goal of worldly power and renown, long before him, even at a snail's pace! Breton enjoyed among his contemporaries a general popularity. But it has been too frequently proved that fame and support have no necessary nor even probable connection, in the walks of poetry. A giddy public, while pleased with the songster's ditties, neither thought or cared about the fate or

sufferings of him who produced them. It is a resistless and incomprehensible passion, which still impels the tuneful complainer to breathe forth his strains of delight or pathos in defiance of the pressure of neglect or want. Could Breton rise again from the grave, and choose his course through this life, it would scarcely be that of a poet, harassed by poverty and crowned with fruitless laurels. His "*Melancholick Humours*" flow from one deeply immersed in the Castalian spring, who had drank fully of its inspiring waters. These strains will, I trust, hereafter be received among the pure relics of the departed genius of England!

SEE, AND SAY NOTHING.

Oh! my thoughts, keep in your words,
Lest their passage do repent ye;
Knowing Fortune still affords
Nothing, but may discontent ye.

If your saint be like the sun
Sit not ye in Phœbus' chair,
Lest, when once the horses run,
Ye be Dedalus his heir.

If your labours well deserve,
Let your silence only grace them;
And in patience hope preserve,
That no fortune can deface them.

If your friend do grow unkind,
Grieve, but do not seem to show it;
For a patient heart shall find
Comfort, when the soul shall know it.

If your trust be all betray'd,
Try but trust no more at all:
But in soul be not dismay'd;
Whatsoever do befall.

In yourselves, yourselves enclose,
Keep your secrets unseens;
Lest, when ye yourselves disclose,
Ye had better never beens.

And whatever be your state,
Do not languish over long;
Lest you find it, all too late,
Sorrow be a deadly song.

And be comforted in this,
If your passions be concealed,
Cross or comfort, bale or bliss,
'Tis the best is not revealed.

So, my dearest thoughts, adieu!
Hark, whereto my soul doth call ye,
Be but secret, wise, and true,
And no evil can befall ye.

WHAT IS HELL?

What is the place that some do paint for hell?
A lake of horror for the life of man:
Is it not then the nest wherein I dwell,
That knows no joy, since first my life began?

What are the devils? Spirits of tormenting;
What else are they, that vex me in each vein?
With wretched thoughts my woful spirit tempting,
Or else perplex me in an after pain.

What is the fire, but an effect of sin,
That keeps my heart in an unkindly heat?
How long shall I this life continue in?
Till true repentance mercy doth intreat;

And patience cry, even at the latest breath,
Save me, sweet Lord! yet from the second death.

A TESTAMENT UPON THE PASSIONS.

To Care, that crucifies my heart,
My sighs and sobs I do bequeath;
And to my Sorrow's deepest smart,
The latest gasp that I do breathe.

To Fortune I bequeath my folly,
To give to such as seek her grace:
To faithless friends, that fortune wholly,
Brought me in this heavy case.

To Beauty I bequeath mine age;
To Love the hate of wit and sense;
To Patience, but the cure of rage;
To Honour, Virtue's patience.

Mine enemies I do forgive;
And to my friends I give my love;
And wish ungrateful hearts may live
But like ingratitude to prove.

To Pity I bequeath my tears,
To fill her eyes when they be dry;
To Faith, the fearless thoughts of fears,
To give to life, to let me die.

My care I do bequeath to Death,
To cut the threads that thoughts do spin;
And at my latest gasp of breath,
To Heaven my soul, to Hell my sin.

A DOLEFUL PASSION.

Oh, tired heart! too full of sorrows,
In night-like days, despairing morrows;
How can'st thou think, so deeply grieved,
To hope to live to be relieved?

Good Fortune hath all grace forsworn thee,
And cruel Care hath too much torn thee:
Unfaithful friends do all deceive thee:
Acquaintance all unkindly leave thee.

Beauty, out of her book doth blot thee,
And love hath utterly forgot thee:
Patience doth but to passion move thee,
While only Honour lives to love thee.

Thine enemies all ill devise thee,
Thy friends but little good advise thee;
And they who most do duty owe thee,
Do seem as though they do not know thee.

Thus Pity weeps to look upon thee,
To see how thou art woe-begone thee;
And while these passions seek to spill thee,
Death but attends the hour to kill thee.

And since no thought is coming to thee,
That any way may comfort do thee;
Dispose thy thoughts as best may please thee,
That Heaven, of all thy hell, may ease thee.

THE LIVING DEAD.

A GENTLEMAN of Bavaria, of a noble family, was so afflicted at the death of his wife, that, unable to bear the company of any other person, he gave himself up to a solitary way of living. This was the more remarkable in him, as he had been a man of jovial habits, fond of his wine and visitors, and impatient of having his numerous indulgences contracted. But in the same temper perhaps might be found the cause of his sorrow; for though he would be impatient with his wife, as with others, yet his love for her was one of the gentlest wills he had; and the sweet and unaffected face which she always turned upon his anger, might have been a thing more easy to trespass upon while living, than to forget when dead and gone. His very anger towards her, compared to that towards others, was a relief to him. It was rather a wish to refresh himself in the balmy feeling of her patience, than to make her unhappy herself, or to punish her, as some would have done, for that virtuous contrast to his own vice.

But whether he bethought himself, after her death, that this was a very selfish mode of loving; or whether, as some thought, he had wearied out her life with habits so contrary to her own; or whether, as others reported, he had put it to a fatal risk by some lordly piece of self-will, in consequence of which she had caught a fever on the cold river during a night of festivity; he surprised even those who thought that he loved her, by the extreme bitterness of his grief. The very mention of festivity, though he was patient for the first day or two, afterwards threw him into a passion of rage; but by degrees even his rage followed his other old habits. He was gentle, but ever silent. He ate and drank but sufficient to keep him alive; and used to spend the greater part of the day in the spot where his wife was buried.

He was going there one evening, in a very melancholy manner, with his eyes turned towards the earth, and had just entered the rails of the burial-ground, when he was accosted by the mild voice of somebody coming to meet him. "It is a blessed evening, Sir," said the voice. The gentleman looked up. Nobody but himself was allowed to be in the place at that hour; and yet he saw, with astonishment, a young chorister approaching him. He was going to express some wonder, when, the modest, though assured look of the boy, and the extreme beauty of his countenance, which glowed in the setting sun before him, made an irresistible addition to the singular sweetness of his voice; and he asked him with an involuntary calmness, and a gesture

of respect, not what he did there, but what he wished. "Only to wish you all good things," answered the stranger, who had now come up, "and to give you this letter." The gentleman took the letter, and saw upon it, with a beating yet scarcely bewildered heart, the handwriting of his wife. He raised his eyes again to speak to the boy, but he was gone. He cast them far and near round the place, but there was no trace of a messenger. He then opened the letter and by the divine light of the setting sun, read these words:

"To my dear husband, who sorrows for his wife:

"Otto, my husband, the soul you regret so, is returned. You will know the truth of this, and be prepared with calmness to see it, by the divineness of the messenger, who has passed you. You will find me sitting in the public walk, praying for you; praying, that you may never more give way to those gusts of passion, and those curses against others, which divided us.

"This, with a warm hand, from the living Bertha."

Otto, (for such, it seems, was the gentleman's name,) went instantly, calmly, quickly, yet with a sort of benumbed being, to the public walk. He felt, but with only a half-consciousness, as if he glided without a body. But all his spirit was awake, eager, intensely conscious. It seemed to him as if there had been but two things in the world—Life and Death; and that Death was dead. All else appeared to have been a dream. He had awaked from a waking state, and found himself all eye, and spirit, and locomotion. He said to himself, once, as he went: "This is not a dream. I will ask my great ancestors to-morrow to my new bridal feast, for they are alive." Otto had been calm at first, but something of old and triumphant feelings seemed again to come over him. Was he again too proud and confident? Did his earthly humours prevail again, when he thought them least upon him. We shall see.

The Bavarian arrived at the public walk. It was full of people with their wives and children, enjoying the beauty of the evening. Something like common fear came over him, as he went in and out among them, looking at the benches on each side. It happened that there was only one person, a lady, sitting upon them. She had her veil down; and his being underwent a fierce but short convulsion as he went near her. Something had a little baffled the calmer inspiration of the angel that had accosted him; for fear prevailed at the instant, and Otto passed on. He returned before he had reached the end of the walk, and approached the lady again. She was

still sitting in the same quiet posture, only he thought she looked at him. Again he passed her. On his second return, a grave and sweet courage came upon him, and in an under but firm tone of inquiry, he said, "Bertha?"—"I thought you had forgotten me," said that well-known and mellow voice, which he had seemed as far from ever hearing again as earth is from heaven. He took her hand, which grasped his in turn; and they walked home in silence together, the arm, which was wound within his, giving warmth for warmth.

The neighbours seemed to have a miraculous want of wonder at the lady's re-appearance. Something was said about a mock-funeral, and her having withdrawn from his company for awhile; but visitors came as before, and his wife returned to her household affairs. It was only remarked that she always looked pale and pensive. But she was more kind to all, even than before; and her pensiveness seemed rather the result of some great internal thought, than of unhappiness.

For a year or two, the Bavarian retained the better temper which he had acquired. His fortunes flourished beyond his greatest ambition; the most amiable as well as noble persons of the district were frequent visitors; and people said, that to be at Otto's house, must be the next thing to being in heaven. But by degrees his self-will returned with his prosperity. He never vented impatience on his wife; but he again began to show that the disquietude it gave her to see it vented on others, was a secondary thing, in his mind, to the indulgence of it. Whether it was, that his grief for her loss had been rather remorse than affliction, so he held himself secure if he treated her well; or whether he was at all times rather proud of her, than fond; or whatever was the cause which again set his antipathies above his sympathies, certain it was, that his old habits returned upon him; not so often, indeed, but with greater violence and pride when they did. These were the only times, at which his wife was observed to show any more than ordinary symptoms of uneasiness.

At length, one day, some strong rebuff which he had received from an alienated neighbour threw him into such a transport of rage, that he gave way to the most bitter imprecations, crying with a loud voice—"This treatment to *me* too! To *me*! To *me*, who if the world knew all"—At these words, his wife, who had in vain laid her hand upon his, and looked him with dreary earnestness in the face, suddenly glided from the room. He and two or three who were present, were struck with dumb horror. They said, she

did not walk out, nor vanish suddenly; but glided, as one who could dispense with the use of feet. After a moment's pause, the others proposed to him to follow her. He made a movement of despair; but they went. There was a short passage, which turned to the right into her favorite room. They knocked at the door twice or three times, and received no answer. At last, one of them gently opened it, and looking in, they saw her, as they thought, standing before a fire, which was the only light in the room. Yet she stood so far from it, as rather to be in the middle of the room; only the face was towards the fire, and she seemed looking upon it. They addressed her, but received no answer. They stepped gently towards her, but still received none. The figure stood dumb and unmoved. At last, one of them went round in front, and instantly fell on the floor. The figure was without body. A hollow hood was left instead of a face. The clothes were standing upright by themselves.

That room was blocked up for ever, for the clothes, if it might be so, to moulder away. It was called the Room of the Lady's Figure. The house, after the gentleman's death, was long uninhabited, and at length burnt by the peasants in an insurrection. As for himself, he died about nine months after, a gentle and child-like penitent. He had never stirred from the house since; and nobody would venture to go near him, but a man who had the reputation of being a reprobate. It was from this man that the particulars of the story came first. He would distribute the gentleman's alms in great abundance to any strange poor people who would accept them; for most of the neighbours held them in horror. He tried all he could to get the parents among them, to let some of their little children, or a single one of them, go to see his employer. They said he even asked it one day with tears in his eyes. But they shuddered to think of it; and the matter was not mended, when this profane person, in a fit of impatience, said one day that he would have a child of his own on purpose. His employer, however, died in a day or two. They did not believe a word he told them of all the Bavarian's gentleness, looking upon the latter as a sort of Ogre, and upon his agent as little better, though a good-natured-looking earnest kind of person. It was said many years after, that this man had been a friend of the Bavarian's when young, and had been deserted by him. And the young believed it, whatever the old might do.

POLONAISE.

J. T. Craven.

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

3/4

3/4

8va.....

POLONAISE.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and slurs. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with chords and single notes, also featuring slurs.

loco.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line. The lower staff contains the word *Fine.* above the first few notes, followed by a continuation of the bass line with chords and slurs.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with slurs and accents. The lower staff contains a bass line with chords and slurs, including a sharp sign (#) on the first few notes.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line, ending with a double bar line. The lower staff contains a bass line with chords and slurs, ending with a double bar line and a sharp sign (#) on the right side. The word *dim.* is written above the bass line in the middle of the system.

OUR TABLE.

THE RISE AND FALL OF LOUIS PHILIPPE—BY
B. FERLEY MOORE.

THE occurrences of the present year in Europe in general, and in France in particular, have created a natural curiosity with reference to the history of the Continental Sovereigns. The ex-King of France has occupied the largest space in the eyes of men, and the popular desires have been gratified by memoirs, histories, and letters beyond computation. Among the rest, Mr. B. Ferley Moore has given us a book which will be read with much pleasure.

The character of Louis Philippe is one of no common interest. There is much in it which we cannot fail to admire—much that must be unequivocally condemned. His rise to eminence was won by the better qualities of his nature—his fall is attributable to the worst and weakest. The Crown he had won was for a time ably swayed, but of later years he has gradually fallen in the estimation, not of his own subjects only, but of the world, and in his expulsion from his country, he has not even the consolation which sympathy might afford.

We give a short extract from the book, as a specimen of the style of the author, who is, however, tolerably familiar to a large class of readers, as the Parisian letter writer of the Boston Atlas:

With the execution of the Duke (Egalité) ended the connection between the House of Orleans and French politics, until the Bourbons were restored to the throne,—so it would be out of place here to take more than a passing glance at the various governments which rapidly succeeded each other,—as in a temple in ancient Rome, where the murderer of the priest became his successor. Years of warfare, that evil school, had engendered a frightful indifference to the Divine command, "Thou shalt not kill," and so lowered the standard of morality, that the social bond was easily broken, and full sway was given to individual passions. The struggle developed the abilities of many competent to govern, but after blazing in their orbits for a while, they were invariably jolted from the political firmament by the envy which genius ever attracts, or fell beneath the axe which they had so unsparingly wielded, until the temple of French Liberty, like that of Juggernaut, was known by the immolated victims with which the road leading to it was

overlaid. And each successive set of rulers encouraged the war spirit!

Faction after Faction rose—struggled—and fell. The Constituents were succeeded by the Girondins—the Girondins by the Terrorists—the Terrorists by the Thermidorians—the Thermidorians by the Directory—the Directory by the Consulate—the Consulate by the Empire; and all these governments declared to France that war—war with some power, or any power—was necessary to its political existence. The tri-coloured flag, which had floated above the scaffold when Louis XVI. fell beneath the axe of the guillotine, and to protect which, Marat had called for the heads of "three hundred thousand aristocrats," was to be borne in glory abroad, in order to prevent anarchy at home.

Brilliant, to those who worship before the shrine of military glory, was its flaunting career. Coalition after coalition—there were not less than seven of them—was formed among the principal continental powers; but still the tricolor was triumphant, amid all changes, and against all opposition. Napoleon bore it as a conqueror throughout Italy, Pichegru throughout Holland, and Moreau throughout the banks of the Rhine. To put down this detested banner, which threatened to make the tour of Europe, and which had already revolutionized Switzerland and Naples, annihilated Venice, and been borne in the van of Macdonald's army to the gates of sacred Rome herself, the Czar dispatched the victorious Suvarrow from the snows of Russia to the Alps, there to sustain a crushing defeat at the hands of Joubert and Massena—and England, from first to last, was engaged in a bloody war of twenty years, during which she added upwards of six hundred millions of pounds sterling to her national debt! Still the tri-colour was triumphant. It crushed Austrian Lombardy at Marengo—annihilated Prussia at Jena—and broke the heart of Pitt by its signal success at Austerlitz. At length came the period of its humiliation. In Spain—in Portugal—in Russia—at Leipsic—in the heart of France itself—and finally at Waterloo—it was only raised to be lowered again, in token of abject defeat. Then, after having been furled for upwards of a quarter of a century, the white flag of the Bourbons, with its golden lilies, was again waving from the Tuileries.

The book is very well got up, and contains some fair wood-cuts and several fac-similes of autographs. We can safely recommend it to the notice of our readers.