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THE LITERARY GARLAND.

VOL. IV.

MARCH, 1846.

No. 3.

MONICA; OR, WITCHCRAFT.*

BY MRS. HOODIE.

CHAPTER X.

It was nightfall. A clear fire was burning on the hearth, in the basket-maker's cottage. The coarse white cloth was spread for the evening meal; and the pot containing the good-man's supper, was hissing and boiling on the fire.—Two boys were lounging upon a bench, lazily watching the white dumplings, as they bounced, every now and then, with the action of the water, to the surface of the vessel.

"My eye! but I'm hungry, Mat! I wonder where Dolly is, at this time o' night, and what keeps father so long at the town? I'm for fishing out of the pot, one of them ere white bobbles, Doll will never miss it, and if she do—why I don't care."

"That's your sort!" cried the other imp, as Master Mark thrust a long sharp pointed piece of saw into one of the dumplings and hooked it out upon the floor. "Half parts now, or I'll tell Dad, when he comes home."

"Well, and if you do, you mean goose-head—and father should lump I, why, I tell you what I'll do——"

"What?" quoth Master Mat.

"Lump you, to be sure. I know where there's a right good oak whacker. My eye! It would make your bones crack."

After the twain had gobbled up the dumpling, they held a long consultation as to the possibility of stealing another. But Mark thought it would be hardly prudent, so they contented themselves with watching the evolutions they made in the pot as before.

"Doll's a rum un—isn't she, Mat? If father knew what I knows, she'd catch it."

"Why, what do you think he'd do to her?" said Mat, opening his large round eyes very wide.

"I do think he'd tie her up to a stump all day, and give her no wittles."

"Oh, lud! lud!" said the other, "would'nt that be dreadful!"

"There's a fine chap comes here every afternoon to see Doll, when Dad's away at the town," said Mark, "and I heard neighbour Brod say to Ganner Goff, as I sat behind the hedge yesterday, that if father caught them, he would soon put a stop to such goings on. Doll boxed my ears to-day for nothing. I've just a good mind to peach. She tells lots of tales of me."

"It would serve her right—the nasty cat!" replied the other affectionate brother.

"Only I'm afraid, Mat, that we would get the worst of it, when Dad's away; and that tall fellow might give us both a licking."

The entrance of the basket-maker put a stop to the dialogue. He was a stout middle-aged man, with a stern, but in other respects, prepossessing countenance. After putting his wallet into the cupboard, and depositing his cudgel behind the door, he glanced around the mud-walled apartment, and asked for Dolly.

"She's out," said Mat.

"And who's cooking the supper?"

"It's cooking itself," said Mark. "Doll has been away the whole afternoon, and we be as hungry as hawks."

"Who laid the cloth, then, and put the platters on the table?" asked the old man.

"Oh, a' did that, before a' went away."

"Tell me no lies, boy," said the old man, with a frown. "She must have been here very lately. What is she doing abroad the night?"

"Talking to her sweetheart, to be sure," said Mark. "He comes here most every day."

"What is this you tell me?" said the old man rising from his chair. "Your sister talking with a strange man in the dark! Reach me my hat and stick."

With a knowing grin, the boys handed him

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the required articles, and muttering an oath, the old man left the house.

He had not proceeded many paces down the lane before he heard voices conversing in low tones, and discovered his daughter, seated upon the stile, and Squire Fenwick standing beside her, with his arm round her waist. They did not observe the basket-maker, and he stopped to listen to their conversation.

"Do not cry, Dorothy," said Fenwick; "I must leave you. I have accepted the office of Squire to my Lord of Leicester; and he returns to London to-morrow. But be of good cheer, I shall soon see you again."

"I know you will forget me," replied the girl, whimpering. "You love that proud, stuck-up Lady Monica, a thousand times better than you do me!"

"Silly child," said Fenwick, kissing her, "did you ever hear of a man loving the woman he sought for his wife, so well as his mistress?"

"I would rather be your wife," replied Dolly.

"To be treated with cold indifference—hey?"

"Ah! but I should be a lady, and would not care a pin for it. If you got another sweetheart I'd find one too, and so we should be quits."

Fenwick blessed his stars that she was not his wife, but he said: "It is growing late, Dorothy; the moon is up, and your father will miss you. One kiss, sweetheart, and then good night."

As he bent down to kiss his mistress, a heavy blow descended upon his head, which was followed by another, and another, and the gay Fenwick measured his length upon the grass.

"Home, vile girl!" exclaimed the enraged father, now applying the heavy staff to her bare shoulders. "Home! and receive the punishment you deserve. You have brought shame upon an honest man's house, and I will make you feel your dishonour."

"Merely! merely!" shrieked the girl, as she fled before him into the cottage, and, rushing up a ladder that led to the loft, hastily barred the door.

"Ho! ho! ho!" roared Mat, clapping his hands. "Only look how Dolly, do scamper. What fun!"

"She'll fall down the stair, and break her neck," responded Mark.

"No great loss. Now my boy," he cried, clapping Mat upon the knee, "we shall have her share of the pork, and father will never miss t'other dumpling."

Foaming with passion, the old man dashed his stick behind the door, and sat down in his oak chair, the froth upon his lip, and the perspiration streaming from his brow. "By the living Jingo!" he cried, "I could murder her!"

The boys crouched down upon the firm and eyed him askance, winking and nudging each other, whenever they saw that his eye was not upon them.

"But it's my own fault," continued the man. Her mother was just such another before her. I took her for her good looks, and a bad bargain I made of it. Her children are all like her, and this painted-faced Doll, more like her than all the rest. Ah, well a day! 'What is bred in the bone,' they say, 'never comes out of the flesh.' Take off the pot, Mat, and we'll have supper."

And, like a true English peasant, Snell soon forgot, while devouring his fat pork and dumplings, the cause of his vexation.

But, to return to Fenwick. It was some minutes before he was restored to consciousness. Stunned by the heavy blows of the basket-maker, he had received no other injury, his thick velvet hat and plume having providentially saved him from a broken head. When he unclosed his eyes, he found the Gipsy beside him, scattering water in his face.

"Get up, Sir Knight, that would be!" she said, with a sneering laugh. "This posture ill-becomes the doughty follower of the gallant Leicester."

"Now, do not laugh at me, Azubah," replied Walter, rising and wiping his brow. "That old man struck confoundedly hard."

"Thy harder head has fortunately saved thy life," said Azubah. "Did not I tell thee, Fenwick, that that low amour would soil thy plume in the dust?"

"Oh, hang her! I am heartily sick of her. The old man may keep his daughter now. I've done with her for ever. But, tell me, Gipsy, did you see the Lady of the Hall?"

"Yes, and I have come to tell thee that thou art not worthy of her—that such is my admiration of her, that I will take no further part in working her ill."

"Now, out upon you for a foul witch! Is this the manner in which you mean to fulfil your promise?" cried Fenwick, angrily, grasping her arm.

"I am not to be frightened by blustering words, Master Fenwick," said Azubah, proudly. "Nor do I carry an onken cudgel to defend myself from brave soldiers, who war against old men and defenceless women. But do you see this?" and she held up a small poignard that glittered in the moonbeams. "I am not without the means of defending myself."

"I meant you no injury," cried Fenwick, relinquishing his grasp. "My heart is sore with disappointment and ill-luck. The world is no garden of Hesperus, for me. My golden fruit was

all plucked and expended before I knew how to enjoy it; and if I win not the hand of the proud beauty of Conway place, I shall be lost indeed."

"I thought it was the beauty; not the gold, you coveted?" said the Gipsy.

"Love grows selfish when poverty presses hard," replied Walter. "Yet, before God, and on my conscience! I would prize possession of that woman beyond the riches of the world. I love her, with a mad, fierce love, which nothing can appease but the realization of its object."

The Gipsy sighed.

"It is your own happiness, not hers, you seek. She loves you not, and this ungenerous passion of yours will prove a curse to you both."

"Did she tell you this?" asked Fenwick, eagerly.

"She did,—nay more. She said that she never would be your wife—that death were preferable!"

"But she shall be mine! I will compel her yet to acknowledge that her fate lies in my hands," said Walter, gnashing his teeth. "But, thank God, I have no rival."

"The strongest on earth—a woman's will!" said the Gipsy, and they parted.

CHAPTER XI.

THE story of the Gipsy Azubah had made a strong impression upon the young heart of Monica; and after returning to her chamber, she pondered it long and deeply in her mind. That the poor stranger had loved Hubert Vincent, Monica felt no doubt; and she entered fully into the sad and wounded feelings, the outraged affections, and utter hopelessness of heart, with which the unhappy victim of selfish passion and bigoted prejudice had thrown herself destitute upon the world. She did not hate Master Vincent, but she pitied his weakness, and no longer regarded him as the high spiritual teacher, which she had believed him to be. But that was the age of fanaticism and gloomy enthusiasm. Not one mind in a thousand dared to think for itself. Every age has its own peculiar madness, and that of the sixteenth century was stained with the absurd belief in witchcraft. One marvels, in the present century, when even the long-cherished and natural belief in ghosts has faded before the light of reason and education, how wise and sensible men—men of powerful intellect and great practical abilities, like Judge Hale—could ever have so far joined in a popular mania, as to condemn to the stake young women and old, upon the accusation of credulous and ignorant people. It is much to be feared that witchcraft was used by the revengeful and malicious, as a tool to

destroy those who had, by their superior attainments, called forth their envy, or roused into active operation the base and cruel passions of their nature. In reading the trials for witchcraft, which disgraced the British Isles at that period, the mind is filled with indignation and horror. But when we find that Scotland, that grave and moral country, exceeded England in these unjust and barbarous executions; that her chief witnesses in these disgraceful trials, were pious clergymen of her austere faith; our surprise and astonishment, at their blindness and credulity, know no bounds. That men who had struggled to the death, to cast from them the deluding trammels of superstition and intolerance, should dare to appear against their fellow creatures on such an absurd charge as that of witchcraft, will always appear as one of the inexplicable enigmas of the human mind.

That Hubert Vincent, with all his piety and zeal, firmly believed in the black art, is not to be wondered at, when wiser and more learned men had cherished and publicly avowed the same opinions. Monica, who had a mind above the common prejudices of her age, because she had been accustomed from infancy to reason from natural causes, and to draw her opinions from reality and experience, rather than from the theories of others, held the belief in witchcraft, and the miraculous power of the evil eye, in sovereign contempt, and regarded those who differed from her as doting fools and madmen. The trifling circumstances which had induced the good minister to turn his back upon the child of his adoption, the beautiful and talented creature whom in girlhood he had loved, Monica justly considered did not deserve such severe and cruel censure, and she looked upon Hubert as a cruel bigot, and on Azubah as a much injured and calumniated being. Pondering over these circumstances, she undressed and retired to bed. Whilst reclining upon her pillow, the last injunction of the Gipsy, to remember her dreams, came into her head. "I dream of so many things," she thought; "I shall be sure to forget them before I awake."

Alena smoothed her pillow, and affectionately kissing her hand, bade her good night, and in a few minutes the young lady of Conway Place was wrapped in profound slumber.

The night was fast fading into day, when Monica, following the spirit of her dream, wandered in a lonely part of the park; and met, in the secluded dell which had witnessed her rencontre with Laurence Wilde, the Gipsy Azubah. The Sybil, accosting her with her usual air of mystery, bade her go to the stile which led to the Basket-maker's dwelling, and wait there, and the

first man who lifted her over, was to be her husband. Monica, who, waking, would have sat at naught such an injunction, promptly obeyed the Gipsy's commands; and, taking her seat upon the stile, gazed with intense interest down the dark path on either side, which led to the spot. After a few minutes, she heard the well-known voice of Walter Fenwick, humming a French air, which they had often sang together, as he advanced. Waking, she would have shrunk from him; but now, she climbed the stile, and held out her hands towards him. Just as he sprang forward, and clasped her in his arms, he was dashed back, and thrown with violence to the ground; and the arm of Richard Brandon was passed around her, and lifted her from the stile.

She awoke with a cry of joyful surprise; and in a few minutes was again asleep. Now, she made one in a long funeral procession, as it wound through the gothic arched door, into the old church. Tears were upon her cheek, and anguish within her heart, but she knew not for whom, nor why, she grieved. Then came over her senses, confused sights and sounds of horror. Yells and curses filled the air; and she appeared, she knew not why, the cause of this wild uproar. Bright flames soared before her eyes, a black terror overwhelmed her, and with gasping breath, and heart-bursting shrieks, she awoke, and found Alena leaning over her.

"My dear lady, what disturbs you so?" said the faithful girl.

"Oh, Alena! I dreamed a horrible dream! It shakes me still: I cannot get over it!"

"What was it, dear mistress?"

"It is all gone now. But it was so terrible! I felt that I was dying! dying some frightful death, when you awoke me. Bless me! it is broad day; the sun is quite high. How ridiculous that I should feel so shaken by a dream."

"To dream of death, my lady, signifies a wedding," said Alena. "May it come speedily. You would make a lovely bride," and she commenced arranging Monica's light brown locks at the mirror. "My master is going to hunt to-day; he has already breakfasted in the blue parlor with Mistress Barbara, and is off to inspect the hounds, with Squire Fenwick."

"Is he here?" said Monica, with a slight frown.

"Poor gentleman! he has grown so thin and pale, and looks so sad, my heart grieves for him," continued Alena. "He is a right handsome, gallant cavalier, and his mother is such a kind woman, and Sir Luke is so fond of him, it is a pity that your ladyship cannot affect him."

"You would not have me marry Walter Fen-

wick out of compassion, Alena, when I cannot love him?"

"Methinks, Mistress Barbara would be right glad of your chance," said Alena, ranning on. "I am right sure she thinks very much of him."

"She has my consent," said Monica. "Ah! dear Alena,—how I wish we could bring it about."

"It is useless talking of Mistress Barbara to Master Fenwick, when you are by, my lady. He would turn up his nose at her."

"She is a pretty woman—young and well born—accomplished in all that is required to make her a useful mistress of a house," said Monica.

"True, my lady. But as you said just now, if he cannot love her!"

"You are right, Alena. The real elixir of life is wanting; and, without that, there can be no real happiness in a wedded life."

And, forgetting her recent fright and the terrible dream, Monica sprang lightly down the stairs, to join her cousin in the blue parlor. As she entered the room, Barbara, with a deep blush upon her cheek, passed out, giving her the time of the day; and Monica found herself alone with Fenwick.

"The lady Monica!" he began, advancing towards her.

"Master Fenwick here!" quoth Monica, turning away.

"There was a time," recommenced the disconcerted lover, "when Monica Conway, if she could not love Walter Fenwick, treated him with courtesy. How has he deserved this cruel change?"

"I do not wish or mean to treat you unkindly," said Monica; "but you persecute me with addresses which are distasteful to me; and that alone has made your presence irksome to me. If you wish me to remain your friend, Walter," she continued, "you must only address me as such."

She gave him her hand, with an air of such sweet frankness, that Fenwick dropped upon his knees, as he pressed it passionately to his lips, and tears were in his eyes.

"Ah, Monica!" he said, "it is in your power to make me happy or miserable—a worthy and respectable member of society, or a wretched outcast. Speak, I conjure you, on your lips hangs my future destiny."

Before Monica could withdraw her hand, or answer his vehement appeal, a servant abruptly entered, and whispered something to Master Fenwick, casting, unconsciously, a significant glance upon Monica. Fenwick sprang to his

feet, and, without uttering a single word, both vanished.

Monica was struck by the man's look and manner. She felt something was wrong, and ran out of the house to satisfy her doubts. On the steps, she met a mournful cavalcade. Some one was borne upon a rude litter in the midst. Monica rushed forward, put aside the arm that vainly endeavoured to keep her back, and, lifting up the cloak that covered the face of the dead, she beheld her father! Sir Luke had dropped down in the stables whilst inspecting a favorite horse, and died of apoplexy.

Monica neither shrieked, nor wept, nor fainted. She turned very cold, and very pale; but she demanded in a low firm voice, if medical assistance had been sent for—if nothing could be done to restore the apparently dead to life?

"It is all over with poor Sir Luke," said Walter. "Dear Monica, we will do all that is necessary. Pray retire to your chamber."

The certainty of her bereavement now seemed for the first time to strike Monica. She pressed both her hands tightly upon her heart, cast one sad and hurried glance towards the litter, and suffered her cousin Barbara to lead her from the scene.

This blow was so sudden, so unexpected, that it was some hours before Monica could fully realize the anguish that it brought. Whatever her father had been to others, however lightly estimated, and little loved, he had been an indulgent, tender parent to her, and, in return, he was all but idolized, by the warm-hearted and affectionate girl.

"Oh! that I could shed tears, Alena," she cried, as she sat rocking herself to-and-fro in her chair, and pressing her hands upon her breast. "My poor heart will surely break. Oh! my father! my dear, honored father! Can it be that you have left your Monica?—left her alone in this world of ill! Come Alena, let us go to him. Let me see him—speak to him once more; and this burning, suffocating weight, which crushes my heart and brain, will melt in tears."

To act instantly upon the impulse of the moment, was so common to Monica, that, before Alena could detain her, she found herself by the side of her young mistress, leaning over the newly dead.

The stately, canopied bed, was hung with black and ornamented with sable plumes. The body lay extended upon a snow-white linen sheet, falling on all sides to the floor, which was covered with black cloth; a large pall of velvet, with the Conway arms embroidered with gold in the centre, and bordered with a band of gold, and rich fringes,

lay over the dead, leaving the face and head alone bare.

Ah! how unlike the rosy, handsome Sir Luke Conway, were the swollen features and blackened hue of the poor remains.

"Is this my father! my dear, dear father!" shrieked Monica, as she gazed, with blanched cheeks and startling eye-balls, upon the livid object before her.

A hand drew the pall gently over the ghastly face. That hand belonged to Richard Brandon; he had heard of his neighbour's death, and had come to render his assistance in performing the last sad rites.

"This is all that remains of the rich and powerful," he said. "Death is a great leveller. My dear young friend, may God enable you to bear this heavy trial."

But she to whom he spake heard him not; she had fallen insensible upon the pall that covered her father.

CHAPTER XII.

Sir Luke Conway slept with his fathers. The mourners had departed; and the lawyers had assembled in the oak parlor to open his will.

Monica was there as the heiress of Conway, dressed in deep mourning, and as pale as a marble statue.

Master Vincent was at her right hand, and Dame Fenwick and Barbara Heatherton were also present.

"Sir Luke," asked one of the professional gentlemen, "had no other relative?"

"He had one brother," said Monica, "who went abroad when young, and was killed in a duel. My father succeeded Sir Miles."

"Your father was the eldest son?"

"The second."

"Did your uncle leave any children?"

"We never heard that he was married," said Monica.

The gentleman then proceeded to read the will, which left to Monica all the Conway property, in default of male heirs, while it particularly bequeathed to her, and left at her entire disposal, the lands which had been granted to Sir Luke by the Crown, which had once belonged to the father of Brandon. This clause in the voluminous roll of parchment, was the only thing which seemed to interest Monica; and she remarked to Master Vincent, when the lawyers departed, that she was glad that her father had left it in her power to perform an act of justice.

"Explain yourself, Monica," he said anxiously:

"It is my intention immediately to restore to Richard Brandon, his father's forfeited inheritance."

"It would be a noble and generous act, Monica, but you are not called upon to make this great sacrifice."

"If you knew how I felt upon the subject," returned Monica, "you would not consider it a sacrifice. I thank God, that he has enabled me to vindicate my father's memory, by atoning for this one bad act, which has, from the moment in which it became known to me, weighed heavily upon my conscience."

For some minutes, Master Vincent continued to gaze upon the pale face of the enthusiast, with feelings of respect and admiration, till the thought obtruded itself into his mind—that such acts, however magnanimous and noble in themselves, if done in a worldly, self-approving spirit, were not acceptable to God. Monica had never made any decidedly religious profession, and though Vincent regarded her with love, which he vainly endeavoured to conceal from himself, he considered her no better than a Tugan enemy to the cross of Christ.

Monica was not long in empowering her lawyer to convey to Richard Brandon, a deed of gift, which bequeathed to him his father's forfeited estate. This deed was accompanied by such a generous and high-souled letter, urging upon him his legitimate right, and the pleasure that his yielding to her wishes would confer upon the donor, that Brandon, reluctantly, consented to accept the gift. This led, as might naturally be supposed, to a long correspondence between the parties. Brandon's letters breathed a spirit of exalted piety, and were full of noble sentiments, which spoke the heart-felt interest, and tender friendship he entertained for his lovely benefactress; but Monica was deeply disappointed that they never hinted at love. Could she indeed be an object of indifference to him? Were all her hopes based upon sand? Tormented by these jealous doubts, she gave herself up to melancholy, and was only roused from the indulgence of these feelings, by a strange and unexpected train of events.

It was towards the close of a dark December day, that Monica sat alone by the hearth in the oak parlor, bitterly pondering over her forlorn and orphan state, when the steward of the house announced a visitor. Monica hastily rose from her chair, but as instantly dropped into it with a faint shriek, as a figure, that she supposed to be an apparition of her father, presented himself before her.

"You surely do not know me, young lady," said the stranger, advancing, and taking her cold hand between his own; "yet I hope that you will find in me a friend and natural protector. I am the son of your father's elder brother; and, as

such, am the lawful possessor of Conway Place. But it is not to deprive you of a home I come. You shall lack no comfort that wealth can procure, whilst Miles Conway lives."

After the first surprise was over, Sir Miles proceeded to give some account of himself, to his astonished relative.

His father, who was a strict Catholic, had fallen in love with a young lady of rank in Germany, and had succeeded in carrying her off, but before he could elude the vigilant pursuit of her friends and intended bridegroom, they were unfortunately discovered. A duel between Miles Conway and the German Count was the result, in which the former was slain, and the disconsolate bride was reclaimed by her friends. The lady, shortly after, gave birth to a child; and her parents, fearing that this circumstance might interfere with her future settlement, kept the matter a profound secret, and the young Conway was brought up as a dependant upon his mother's family, and kept in total ignorance of his real name, and of the relationship he bore to his beautiful benefactress.

The lady soon formed a second splendid alliance, and the mother and son were for years separated.

In process of time, the young Sir Miles abjured the Catholic religion, and became a zealous Lutheran, and a leader in agitating the great question of reform, which at that period convulsed Europe. He had attained his thirty-fifth year, when his mother died; and upon her death-bed, sent for her long-disowned son. The secret of his birth was then divulged to him, and the necessary papers for claiming his inheritance were put into his hands. Upon making enquiries on this head, Sir Miles found that his uncle, who only possessed one daughter, held the estates; and being a generous, liberal-minded man, he determined to waive his own claims until after Sir Luke's death, when he could afford an asylum for his child. Ten years had elapsed, since the lawful heir, who was a man of considerable wealth, returned to England. He had married, and had buried his wife, and two sons, and was now a grave, middle aged man of forty-five, who looked more like the father, than her cousin, whom he strikingly resembled, than her cousin.

The entire loss of wealth, and the power and consequence which that wealth conferred, was borne with becoming fortitude by Monica. The laws duly inducted the lawful heir into his property, and the once envied Lady of Conway Place, sunk into plain Mistress Monica. Her cousin, though a grave, austere man, treated her with the greatest consideration and kindness, and offered to settle upon her a handsome annu-

ity. This, through a feeling of false pride, Monica refused to accept; for, though she respected Sir Miles, she could not help viewing him in the light of a supplanter, and his control over her was a restraint upon the freedom she enjoyed as her own mistress. It was now—when she stood alone, divested of the barrier that wealth had, in the sensitive mind of Richard Brandon, placed between them,—that that high-minded gentleman came forward, and offered himself as a suitor for the hand of the portionless Monica.

Master Brandon was a man after Sir Miles' own heart, and he of course placed no obstacles in the way of their union; and, when the year of mourning for her father had expired, Monica entered the quaint old fashioned home of Brandon, as his happy bride. There were two persons to whom this wedding gave deep dissatisfaction. To Hubert Vincent, who performed the marriage ceremony, it was the death blow of secret, but long cherished hopes; and it filled the mind of the less philosophic Fenwick with feelings of rage, hatred, envy, and despair.

CHAPTER XIII.

ALL that heaven could bestow, of calm and rational enjoyment, was to be found under the peaceful roof of Richard Brandon. Love, pure, disinterested love, whose chief aim was to secure the eternal welfare of its cherished object, was there,—with holy friendship, fraternal affection, and pious submission to age and virtue. Religion, with simple and heavenward trust, ennobled the possessors, and sweetened with its holy influence, all the petty cares and vexations of life. Monica now felt that life was a glorious boon—that the happiness of man, had been his Maker's chief object, in his creation—and that he must fulfil his high destiny, if he obeyed the precepts and walked in the footsteps of his Redeemer. The most perfect confidence existed between her and her husband. They had but one heart, and were soon actuated by the same spirit. Looking up to him, as her guide and monitor, she soon renounced those heretical opinions, which, in the enthusiasm of youthful presumption and inexperience, she had adopted on her first perusal of the Scriptures of Truth. She now read and prayed with her husband. Often, with hands locked within each other, they offered upon the household altar, eloquent petitions for each other; and some of the happiest moments of their lives were experienced during these blessed reunions of prayer and praise. Thus a year of peaceful, heartfelt joys, rolled over the newly wedded pair. The world, and its false pleasures, were nothing to those who had such a world within themselves.

The cultivation of a pretty flower-garden, containing many rare foreign plants—the care of her dairy, dove-cot, and poultry yard, afforded hours of innocent amusement and relaxation. Then, there were the poor to visit and work for, and her household affairs, which, as she was no longer the wealthy heiress, but the wife of a private gentleman, were not above her notice. Mrs. Brandon, Richard's aunt, was getting old and feeble; and much of her time, and that of Matilda, Brandon's only sister, was necessarily occupied in attending to her comfort, and contributing to her amusement. Monica was always employed, always cheerful, and bearing with her a grateful and contented heart, always looked beautiful and happy. If her delighted husband had an idol, it most certainly was his charming wife.

Sir Miles Conway often came to visit them. He was generally accompanied by Barbara Heatherton, who was Monica's cousin by her mother's side, and neither she nor Brandon were much surprised, when one fine spring morning they received a pressing invitation to Conway Place, to witness the nuptials of Sir Miles and prudent Mistress Barbara, now Lady Conway. Monica thought her hitherto quiet cousin looked rather big in her rich brocaded dress and suit of pearls, and gave her hand, with an air of great dignity, to her guests; but if she were amused by the sudden assumption of superiority, it awoke no feeling of envy. Monica was too happy to envy any one. Among the guests she beheld her old flame, now Sir Walter Fenwick, he having received the honor of knighthood from Queen Elizabeth when she visited Kenilworth Castle. He was a great favourite with his Lord, the handsome and dissipated Leicester; and his court airs, and elegant dress, added greatly to the grace of his handsome person, but did not render him more attractive to Monica. He seemed struck with the improvement in her personal appearance, and hovered about her like her shadow. Once, when he found himself alone by her side, he exclaimed, with an air of playful raillery:

"This is the first time I have had the happiness of paying my respects to Dame Brandon, since she made the great sacrifice."

"How mean you, Sir Knight?" said Monica, in some surprise.

"Destowed that fair hand upon a commoner, when its beautiful and accomplished possessor might have won a coronet."

"A crown, perhaps, had I been fortunate enough to have lived in the days of King Henry," said Monica, laughing. "I would rather be the crown, spoken of in the Scripture, to my husband.

But you don't know him, Sir Walter; let me have the pleasure of introducing him to you."

"Spare me, Dame Brandon," returned Walter, biting his lips, while the red blood mantled over his cheek. "Your spouse can only awaken in my bosom feelings of hatred and regret."

Then changing the conversation, he said:

"By St. George! your cousin looks bravely in her gay dress. Who would have imagined that the little prim Barbara would have changed places with the stately Lady Monica, and become Lady of Conway Place?"

This was partly said to see how far Monica sympathized in the unexpected elevation of her sometime dependant kinswoman. How little he understood the generous character of the noble being whom he professed madly to love!

"Dear Barbara!" replied Monica, following her with her eyes, as she flattered from group to group of her admiring guests. "She used to scold me now and then, and I, like a wilful girl, too often rebelled against her sage advice. But she is a good woman, and deserves her splendid fortune. Most sincerely do I hope that she may be happy."

Fenwick could not doubt her sincerity; but in his eyes, blinded as they had been by the selfish ways of the world, it appeared little less than madness.

"Do you accompany Lady Conway to London, this winter?" he asked, with some eagerness.

"To what intent?" said Monica.

"To visit the court. Have you no ambition to become the centre of attraction there? No curiosity to behold our gracious Queen?"

"None," replied Monica, calmly.

"And, are you really going to immure yourself alive in the dull, dark country?"

"It is neither dull nor dark to me, Sir Walter."

"One month spent amongst the gaieties of town would cure you of these romantic notions. There is only one thing upon earth which would reconcile me to a country life."

"It must be something very attractive," said Monica, "that could induce a man of the world to quit his proper element."

"Could I exchange places with Richard Brandon, and have Dame Monica for a ministering angel, the country would then breathe for me the fragrance of Paradise," replied Walter, casting upon her a glance of passionate regard, as he mingled with the crowd.

"I have sinned against my noble husband in listening, for one moment, to the vain flatteries of this foolish man," thought Monica; and she

felt sad and depressed, until she stood once more beneath the shadow of her own roof.

"Oh, Richard!" she sighed, as she sunk upon his breast, and hid her face there, "I always act imprudently when I leave your sheltering side, and my own dear quiet home. I am certain that were I to mingle much with the world and worldly people, I should become just as vain and sinful as the rest."

"Not while you possess this darling sincerity," replied Brandon, kissing away the tear that slowly trickled from beneath the long dark lash that veiled the blue eye of his beloved. "But how came Monica to prefer the plain Richard Brandon to you gay gallant, with his handsome face and bright plumes?"

"Which would you have me to prefer, Richard: the outside of the casket, or the jewel which it contained?" said Monica, raising her head, and gazing fondly upon him. "Walter may be compared to a handsome casket, from which the world has long ago stolen the jewel of great price. But my Richard shall shine as a star in the firmament of heaven, when the earthly tabernacle is dissolved in the dust."

"May you prove a true prophet, my best wife!" replied the husband, pressing her to his heart. "Poor Fenwick! I cannot help feeling an interest in the fate of one who has loved my Monica."

Before the mellow fruits of autumn had ripened in the sun, the domestic felicity of the Brandons was increased, by the birth of a son, whom Monica called Conway, in honour of her father, and for the love she bore to the place of her birth. Engaged in the first and all-engrossing duties of maternity, Monica did not observe the alteration which was rapidly taking place in the appearance of her adored husband. His cheek, always pale, was now at times flushed with a delicate but vivid tint of colour, and his dark eyes glittered with unusual brilliancy. Accustomed to the simplest diet, which generally consisted of fruit, milk, and eggs, he scarcely partook even of these; and often the day would pass away without his breaking bread. Matilda was the first to notice her brother's feverish appearance, and want of appetite.

"Monica," she said, "have you observed Richard lately? Do you not think that he is looking ill?"

"Ill!" exclaimed Monica, almost dropping the babe she held in her arms. "Matilda! do you think he is ill? I thought that he was looking beautifully."

"Ah!" said Matilda, with a sigh, "it is a false bloom. He eats nothing, and he is grown so thin; and I have often seen him stop and rest, as he comes up the hill to the house. Yesterday,

he complained that he felt very feeble; 'But,' says he, 'do not tell my darling Monica; she will know it too soon.' But my heart is so full," continued Matilda, bursting into tears, "that I cannot conceal my fears from you any longer. I know that God will call hence our beloved friend. May He give us strength to bear the trial."

Long did these two warm-hearted young creatures mingle their tears together. The object of their solicitude was from home, but was to return that evening; and never was the return of one so dear expected with more impatience. Night came, and brought with it wind and rain. A bright fire was blazing upon the hearth; the baby was sleeping in his cot beside it, that he might be the first object to greet the glad eyes of the father upon his return. The simple supper of bread, warm milk, and baked apples, was spread upon the table near the fire. The old lady was dozing in her arm chair, and Monica and Matilda were busy putting the last stitches in an ample frieze cloak, which they had been making for Brandon.

"It will keep the darling so nice and warm," said Monica, "and he will be so proud of our day's work. Shall we send it for him by Jonathan? the night is cold and wet and it is so dark and lonely coming through the park. Sir Miles does not think of my anxiety, when he keeps my dear husband so late."

"I hope he will not take a fresh cold," said Matilda, looking anxiously abroad. "For my part, now that they have detained him so late, I wish they would give him a bed, and keep him all night."

"Is not your brother home?" asked the old lady, opening her eyes. "It is very late for him."

Monica grew very uneasy. Rising from her chair, she opened the door and advanced a few steps into the open air. "He is coming!" she cried, joyfully. "Take the milk from the fire; I see a torch glancing through the trees!" and, regardless of the rain, she ran down the steep slope to meet her husband. Surprised and terrified, she recoiled several paces back, when she perceived that he was led by old Snell, who was carrying the torch. "Richard! my dearest heart!" she cried, flinging her arms about him, "what does this mean,—what has happened?"

"Do not be alarmed, my love," she replied, in a faint voice. "I have been attacked by ruffians in the lane, and but for neighbour Snell's assistance, who happened timely to come to my aid, I should have been killed. Softly, neighbour! Hold me well up, while I ascend these steps. I begin to feel very faint."

With Monica's assistance, he was partly lifted up the steps, and deposited, by the united efforts of Matilda, his distracted wife, and the basket-maker, in the same easy chair in which Monica lay insensible two years before.

"Thank God! I am home," said the sufferer, looking round with his usual sweet smile. "It is a blessing to see kind faces beaming upon me once more. I shall feel better in a few minutes. And you, Matilda, reach me a glass of water, and tell Mabel to draw neighbour Snell a horn of strong ale. Are you hurt, my good friend?"

"Oh, no, Sir, thank God! I am as tough as an osier band that has lain three months in the brook. Here's to your honour's health," he continued, tossing off the full horn of strong ale, "and a hempen collar round the necks of the rascals who conspired against your life."

"Wish ill to no man," said Brandon, solemnly, "particularly on my account. We are told to bless our enemies."

"A good faith to believe, but very hard to practise," returned the old man. "When a man offends me, I can never rest till I have had it out of his bones. Have you any idea, Sir, who the tall ruffian was, who knocked you down?"

"I have seen him before," said Brandon, in a low voice. "I fear he is a hardened sinner."

"You will fatigue yourself with talking, my Richard," said Monica, entreatingly. "You had better go to bed."

"That's just the best place for him, Dame. So a good night," said the old man; and Brandon found himself once more alone with his family.

He then proceeded to inform them that he had staid rather later than was his wont with Sir Miles, having entered into a long theological controversy against him and Master Vincent. That upon leaving the hall, he found it very dark in the park, and very wet from the dropping of the trees; and he struck across into the lane, which likewise led to his own house. He had not proceeded many paces, when he heard voices whispering, in the hedge, and one man said to the other: "By the living Jingo! we are fortunate! this is the very man you seek. Shall I knock him down with my cutgel?" Brandon could neither recognize his companion nor distinctly hear his reply. The voice of the first speaker he knew to belong to Laurence Wilde.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Monica, clasping her hands together. "How bitterly has that man been avenged of my foolish frolic. Does he mean to pursue me for ever with his hatred?"

"So it seems, my poor girl," said Richard, taking her hand. "We should not despise the serpent, because its path is along the ground. That, which appears too low to awaken our fears,

often proves in the end the most subtle enemy. While I paused a few minutes, pondering in my own mind which course to pursue, whether to return by the park, or boldly to proceed on my way, I received a severe blow upon the back of my neck; and was forced, in self-defence, to grapple with my powerful adversary. My calls for help were fortunately answered in the most effectual manner, by the honest basket-maker, who happened to be returning from the town. Upon his bringing his staff into play, the ruffians made off. I was so much overcome by the severe blows I had received, that I was forced to rest for some time in the good man's cottage. When I was able to proceed he brought me hither with his torch. How grateful I am," he continued, gazing tenderly upon his beloved family, "that I am with you once more! God is very good to his unworthy servant."

In a few minutes Brandon was helped to his own bed, and his faithful wife and sister watched all night beside his restless pillow.

From that hour Richard Brandon never left his bed. The severe blows which he had received, only hastened by a few weeks, or months, the progress of the fatal disease which had already fastened upon him. It was some days before Monica could believe that their brief season of love must so soon end; that she was called upon to part with all, save her babe, that was dearest to her upon earth. For days after the physicians had confided to her the reality of Brandon's situation, and that recovery was hopeless, she appeared like one stupified. She would glance from her boy to the sick bed of her husband, and her whole soul would dissolve in floods of tears.

"What shall I do when he is gone?" she would murmur. "How shall I bear his loss! Oh, dear! oh, dear! My poor heart! how will you bear this cruel agony! My love! my life! Would to God, I could die in your stead!"

And there was one, whom she often fancied sleeping, because he bore his infirmities so patiently, to whom those half-uttered complaints were far worse to bear than nature's weakness. Often, when she thought him unconscious of suffering, he was breathing fervent prayers to heaven, that she, the beloved, might be supported in the hour of trial. Poor Brandon! it was hard to part from that young, fond creature—from that smiling babe—but the heart of the Christian, though severely wrong, was stayed upon his God. Much sad and holy communion he held with Monica, upon the awful change that awaited him; and he seemed so full of hope and faith, so resigned to the will of his Maker, so truly fit to die, that vain human love, frantic

for the loss of its cherished idol, could alone have wished and prayed for its detention on earth.

"We have lived but a short time together, Monica," he said, one evening to her, as she held his hand in hers, and her arm supported his drooping head upon her breast. "To me, it has been very short; for we have been very happy. Should we not be grateful to God, dearest, who has allowed us to enjoy so much of heaven upon earth?"

Monica only replied by her tears.

"I go from you, my heart's best treasure," he continued, "and my body must moulder into dust; but the soul lives, and will be once more united to thine before the throne of God. Do not weep thus, Monica. Let your Richard still survive to you in his son. For my sake, live to cherish my dear babe."

"Oh! that I could die with you!" sobbed Monica.

"Nay, my love! God wills it not. You have your part still to perform upon earth, and God will give you strength to bear your affliction." He paused for some minutes, then said in a lively tone: "I have one request to make, Monica, yet it appears to me selfish, when I consider that you are still so young and fair."

"Name it, my Richard, and if it is in my power to grant it, your request shall be religiously obeyed."

"Promise me, Monica, my own Monica, not to divide that heart with another, which is now entirely mine own. As we have been one on earth, so let us be one in heaven."

"You need not have asked this of me, Richard," said Monica, reproachfully, kissing the cold, pale hand, which grew colder and colder in her clasp. "I shall remain thine, only thine, for ever!"

As she pronounced these words with a solemn emphasis, a serene smile lighted up the rigid features of the dying man, and remained upon his lips long after his heart grew cold.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LINES.

SENT TO A LADY WITH A NOSEGAT OF VIOLETS.

DEAR object of my late and early prayer!
Source of my joy and solace of my care!
Whose gentle friendship such a charm can give,
As makes me wish, and tells me how to live:
To thee the Muse, with grateful hand, would bring
These first fair children of the doubtful Spring.
O may they, fearless of a varying sky,
Bloom on thy breast, and smile beneath thine eye!
In fairer lights their vivid blue display,
And sweeter breathe their little lives away!

THE BEAUTIES OF WAR.

[At the present season, when the public mind is excited with expectations of war, it may not be amiss to call attention to the following article, illustrative of the horrors to which such a state of things would necessarily give rise. We believe that the picture here presented, although in itself sufficiently painful and humiliating to human nature, has in a thousand instances been immeasurably exceeded by the reality.]

THE deadly animosity which existed between the French and Prussians during the occupation of France by the allied army, can hardly be conceived by any but those who were spectators of it;—it showed itself in a thousand modes,—not merely in contest in the field, in the serious antagonism of war, but in the most trivial and insignificant actions of ordinary life. The hatred was reciprocal. I have seen a Prussian officer, when his load of wood came to his quarters, make the carters wait an hour, to his own inconvenience, before he would allow it to be unloaded; the man standing all the while in the rain, swearing with the peculiar grace and volubility of that period,—a fashion so extraordinary, that those who have only visited France within the last twenty years cannot form to themselves an idea of the extent to which the accomplishment may be cultivated. The man in his turn would contrive to place all the worst pieces of wood to come out first, so as to give the impression that the whole was of inferior quality; and when the Prussian had exhausted himself with complaints and remonstrances, and the Frenchman with oaths and exclamations, “that the worst wood in the world was too good for a Prussian,” he would ostentatiously place all the fine pieces uppermost, with a smirk which seemed to say—“Now, you can't make a complaint to the authorities, for the wood is better than average, and I have had my revenge by worrying you.”

A row of the largest pieces of artillery was placed along the Quai Voltaire, and all that side of the river down to the Chamber of Deputies. Night and day stood by the side of each a man with lighted match, and it was understood that they were loaded to the muzzle with grape shot. Directly in front of them, across the river, were booths, swings, stalls for fruit and confectionary, printsellers (not the most decent), rope-dancers, mountebanks, and all other enterers for the public amusement; while enormous crowds of grown men and women were amusing themselves with all the enthusiasm of children, apparently uncon-

scious of the existence of the deadly instruments of warfare which pointed their bruzen throats at them. The indifference to danger generated by habits of warfare is inconceivable by those who have never seen it. Every individual of the motley throng knew that on any sudden “ouente” he might be blown to atoms before he could reach a place of safety, but he trusted it would not happen, like the dwellers on Vesuvius: and if the guns were fired, perhaps he might be able to get out of the way in time—“If not, not,” and so he continued his amusement.

With those whose patriotism was too powerful for restraint, and who felt the utter impossibility of open resistance by arms, it was some consolation to walk behind the row of cannon, just out of the reach of the bayonets of the sentinels, and empty their hearts in execrations. I was often tempted to go to listen to them, from the extraordinary energy and eloquence of their vituperation, which was curiously composed of words (not sentences) without the slightest meaning; occasionally, however, the orators would break out into threats of revisiting Prussia, and wringing their vengeance; but as these threats were unintelligible to the soldiers, they excited no more attention than the preliminary oaths. The Prussians knew that the words were intended for insult, because the pantomime was so perfect that it did not require the aid of language to make itself understood; but they generally bore it with the most philosophical indifference. I was always apprehensive, however, that the patience of some one individual soldier might be unable to last out the succession of execrators, and that the human overcoming the military feeling, might vent itself in an explosion, and I might thus come in for a stray shot, which would have been a disagreeable reward for my anxiety to complete my vocabulary of French.

It was really a very extraordinary exhibition, and such as I verily believe could exist only in Paris. The crowds of sweaters and threateners

gave way to the approach of the large patrols (incessantly traversing all parts of the town,) and vanished—*how or where*, used to astonish me, for the moment the patrol had passed they made their appearance again like a swarm of gnats, and resumed their occupation. The thing seemed to give them great relief; and it so, as it did no body any harm, it would have been a pity to interrupt their expectation. A Parisian mob is, perhaps, the only collection of human beings in the world which could feel consoled by the process.

In remote parts of the country, however, the animosity was less *lively* and more *deadly*, and assassinations were frequent. The Prussians had so many deep injuries to avenge, that it is not extraordinary they should occasionally exercise the spirit of retaliation, and, in the small bodies of their troops dispersed in the villages, personal conflicts were common, in spite of military discipline. A large part of their troops were *landwehr* (militia), and even *landsturm* (levy en masse), so that discipline was necessarily imperfect. I was at this time quartered in the house of a gentleman who was secretary to a branch of the municipal government, and he often showed me petitions from towns and districts, entreating to be relieved from the presence of the Prussian troops, and to be allowed English in lieu of them; still more frequently came petitions for English instead of French, whose tyranny and exactions were intolerable. They wreaked their vengeance to madness, and they wreaked their vengeance indiscriminately on friends and foes. The state of demoralization of the French army was complete.

Occasionally a Prussian officer would take care to let his hosts feel that France was not safe from experiencing some of the miseries she had inflicted on other nations; and the hatred of Blucher was so intense for everything connected with Frenchmen, that offenders were pretty sure of impunity when complaints were carried to headquarters. The Duke of Wellington's general orders at this period show his great anxiety to establish better discipline, and his fears lest the severity of the Prussians should excite a general revolt, and jeopardize all the fruits of his hard-earned victory and arduous negotiations.

One of the instances of this tyranny and resistance will show that it is not always safe to indulge a spirit of retaliation in an enemy's country, however completely it may seem to be subdued. There was no part of France where there appeared less chance of collision between the foreign troops and the peasantry than in the province of Normandy. Prussian troops took up their quarters in the towns and villages of

that country with as much tranquillity and composure as in their own, and they no more contemplated opposition from the inhabitants, than an English regiment would expect it in Scotland. Being in very small bodies, the officers were enabled to exercise a close surveillance over their men, and whatever license they might allow to themselves, they maintained strict discipline among the private soldiers.

A Prussian officer, with whose friends I am acquainted, was quartered in the house of a widow, who, since the death of her husband, continued to conduct a large establishment for the manufacture of crockery (Fayence) at B—. This hard and heavy substance requires the greatest possible heat for its vitrification, and the furnaces are of gigantic magnitude and strength. The men employed in the manufactory lodged and boarded in the house, and, like the miners in Cornwall, were not mere servants, but a sort of fellow adventurers, whose gains depended in some measure on the success of the establishment. These men, whose laborious occupation was incompatible with any but great bodily strength, felt the honour of the head of the establishment to be in some sort their own, and that they were bound to maintain the cause of the widow and the fatherless. Madame L—'s family consisted of one son only, about fifteen years of age.

The servant of the officer, having seen the indulgence toothers for similar freaks, determined to exercise to others for the pleasure of authority himself, and after his master was gone to bed, was in the habit of keeping up the family to prepare his coffee, which he did not choose to take till two hours after the time they usually retired to rest; he would sometimes take it into his head to be hungry at three o'clock in the morning, and insist on having something grilled for supper, which, if not done to his taste, he would throw into the fire, and command them to take more pains with the next. Madame L— at last determined to make a formal complaint to the officer.

Whether the mode of stating her grievances did not please him, or the narration excited recollections which awakened a dormant spirit of revenge, he received her remonstrances with haughtiness. "Madam," said he, "my servant shall call you all out of bed six times every night if I please, and you shall wait upon him yourself. I am sorry that you have no daughters, that you might learn how your infernal countrymen behaved to my sisters. My mother was a widow with four daughters; six officers of your brutal and uncivilized nation were quartered in her house—she had lost her only other son in the battle of Jena, and I was far away. The con-

duct of your countrymen would have disgraced the lowest savages—my mother and sisters were subjected to loathsome indignities, and made to perform the most abject menial services for their brutal guests. My mother's heart was broken—she sank under the horrors she was compelled to witness; and, while her corpse yet lay in the house, the officers endeavoured to dishonour my sisters; but I should go mad were I to begin a list of the atrocities committed by your army. You shall know a little of the miseries of war—to-morrow you shall have a couple more officers and half a dozen soldiers to maintain—see that you prepare for them. Take care to let me have a turkey dressed at half-past two in the morning, and coffee at four."

The lady slunk away, terrified at the aspect of the infuriated Prussian, and retired to think of the best mode of pacifying him; she rightly conjectured that the attempt would be most likely to be successful after she should have prepared him a dinner with unusual care, and given him time to subside, and set herself to the task with the determination to please him, if possible; and hoped that a more humble entreaty in the evening might avert the dreaded infliction with which she had been threatened.

Not so her son, who had been listening at the door, attracted by the loud voice of the officer. He heard all; but in his attempts to rouse the workmen to resistance, did not think it at all necessary to repeat the officer's account of French cruelties in Prussia—he dwelt only on the threats held out to his mother, and the tyranny of the servant—and he succeeded in inspiring them with a determination to take a safe revenge.

The lady went on with her preparations for the officer's dinner, and was deeply engaged in larding a fine fowl, when horrible screams assailed her ear. She rushed to the door of the kitchen—it was fastened; to the door which led to the manufactory—that also was fastened; every outlet for escape was closed;—she screamed for her son, and was answered by him from the other side of the door, that there was no danger, and no cause for alarm. She entreated to be told what was the meaning of the screams, which now became fainter and fainter, as if retiring to a greater distance—"Soyez tranquille, ma mère," said her son, "you will know it all presently. I will let you out directly; there is no danger—none whatever."

Presently the door was opened, and her son led her into the manufactory; but what was her horror to see the officer and his servant lying on the ground opposite the great furnace, and bound round with bandages from neck to feet like an Egyptian mummy. At the moment she entered,

the door of the fiery furnace was thrown open, and cast its glare on the faces of the helpless beings; the servant had fainted from excess of terror, and the officer's bloodless countenance in vain assumed an air of firmness. "Save me, Madam, if possible, and I swear to you that this outrage shall never be betrayed. I and my servant will instantly remove, and you shall have no others quartered on you." The lady stood aghast and unable to utter a word. The men cried out, "Don't believe him, Madam, let us make his complaints impossible;" and they took up the helpless beings, and brought their feet near to the mouth of the furnace. "Say but the word, and in three minutes there won't be a vestige of either of them. We can never be detected—there won't be an atom of bone left, and their buttons will be undistinguished in the cinders. Say the word, Madam—say the word—they will be senseless in three seconds—the furnace is in full glow, and they will be turned into steam and ashes in half a minute."

It was an awful moment! the men had not exaggerated the effect of the furnace, for the intense white heat, much greater than that of a glass-house, would have volatilized every particle of the hapless wretches in an instant. The men held both the bodies in the attitude of throwing them into the furnace, and as their mistress' terror deprived her of the power of speech, they took silence for consent, and were proceeding to put their threat in execution, when the son, who had only intended to frighten the offenders, and never contemplated the actual murder, screamed out his horror, and threw himself on his knees to intercede for them. The mother had by this time found her tongue, and joined her prayers with those of the son; but it was not till after very long and urgent entreaties, that they succeeded in arresting the hands of the ruffians, who were gloating in anticipation of so complete and safe a vengeance. Indeed, except by the confession of one of the parties, detection would have been absolutely impossible.

The officer and his servant were liberated, the latter placed in bed delirious, and the officer was in no frame of mind to do justice to Madame L——'s cookery. I venture to guess the fowl went away untasted.

The next day both officer and man were removed to fresh quarters; but the servant's delirium gave rise to suspicion; and although the officer contended that the whole was a fable, it is supposed that his fellow soldiers believed his story, for the manufactory was shortly afterwards burnt to the ground, and the men thrown out of employment for months.

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER READING "THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS."

Wallace : thou hero who hast bleed
For Scotland's pride and glory,
In memory still victorious stand,
Wallace renowned in story!

Victorious chief! triumphant star!
Famed warrior of old!
Oh! grant me now, sweet muse, thine aid,
His virtues to unfold!

Brave victor! laurels crowned thy brow,
And myriads blessed thy name;
Countless the rising sons of earth
Shall long thy fame proclaim.

Thy powerful arm, by heavenly aid,
Crushed thousands in its might;
Thy presence, whilst it cheered thy friends,
Inspired them for the fight.

They fought for liberty and peace,
With justice on their side;
The Almighty father was their friend—
Wallace their earthly guide.

Glorious alike in word and deed,
Victorious he led on!
And blessed 'midst scenes of former days,
Was Scotland's warlike son!

Who could portray his heavenly mind,
Replete with all that's bright?
He dwelt up in a Saviour's love,
And conquered in His right.

Proud Edward, full of conquest,
For victory urged on;
His countless thousands fell before
Bless'd Caledonia's son.

Brave Murray and his Lanark men
Fought with a deadly aim;
Half England's hope and Britain's pride
Lay mingled with the slain!

And foremost in the deadly fray,
A lovely youth was seen,
Brave as a lion, bold and free,
Of gay and courtly mien.

"On, brethren, on!" brave Wallace cried,
The first to scale the walls;
"Glory is ours! Hurrah! hurrah!
Dunbarton yields—it falls!"

"Tis nobly done, my gallant boy,
Our prisoners are set free;
Behold with pride a father's grief
Is turned to joy by thee."

For closely in Dunbarton's keep
Were chiefs and ladies fair;
Helen, the light of every heart,
The pride of all, was there!

This lovely maid, whose virtues rare,
Vied with her matchless face,
Shone forth a star of dazzling light,
Adorned with feminine grace.

In constant prayer her youthful form
On bended knees was seen:
"Save him, bless'd Lord!" she meekly cried,
"Wallace from danger screen!"

"And still 'midst scenes of woe and war,
Stretch forth thy conquering arm;
With victory crown his noble deeds,
Shield him, oh, Lord! from harm!"

Triumph did crown "his noble deeds,"
But how, 'twere vain to tell;
How Cambuskenneth, Stirling, Ayr,
With victory long did swell.

But soon his pure, bless'd spirit fled
To the regions far above;
A heavenly calm possessed his soul,
A pure angelic love.

He died a martyr to his cause,
A patriot brave and free;
Confiding in a Saviour's love,
Wallace th' blest was he.

E.

A PLEA FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY FANNY FARMER.

It is not well for deathless souls to cling
Only to that whose end must be—to die!
Th' immortal spirit, borne on Faith's broad wing,
Should soar, and seek its first, best love on high.

Yet must we, therefore, teach our hearts to deem
The will of earth's Creator best obeyed,
By those who speak of beauty as a dream,
And scorn all earthly things—because they fade!

Not so! not so! for beauty, even on earth,
By love and power divine alone was given;
It is the seal of a celestial birth,
The glorious signet of the King of heaven.

"Love not the world!" its precept is divine,
"Love not the world!" its pomps, its idle toys,
For these with but deceitful lustre shine,
And cheat the heart with their unreal joys.

But oh! prize all that still is truly bright,
The love of what is lovely is its due;
'Tis the soul's prophecy of realms of light,
Where all things beautiful are pure and true!

False is the cold philosophy which paints
This God-created world as but a tomb;
Though fallen man upon his journey faints,
Still hath his path some of its early bloom.

Were it not worse than vain to close our eyes,
Unto the azure sky and golden light,
Because the tempest cloud doth sometimes rise,
And glorious day must darken into night?

Think ye, 'twas meant that man should find no spell
Of joy and beauty in the song-bird's lay?
Oh! were the bright flowers only made to tell
A warning tale of bloom—that must decay?

Not such the lesson the Great Teacher drew
From Flowers, the living jewels of the sod;
For men he taught, with wisdom deep and true,
To read in them the mercy of our God.

GABRIELLE D'ESTRÈES.*

BY C.

CHAPTER III.

DEEPLY had the boyish impetuosity of his young attendant, affected the great king. Sorrowfully he mused over the petty, unworthy jealousies, that had torn from him many hearts as warm as that which Bourdasière now gloried in. It was in vain that he strove to regain his equanimity. Rising, he traversed the apartment, and opening a window, gazed out upon the night. The fresh breeze fanned with its balmy breath his fevered brow.

The full moon was sailing through the azure skies, while in her wake followed light fleecy forms, seeming too bright ever to darken with anger or pour forth destruction. How calmly beautiful all nature seemed to rest in that holy light! The leaves scarce quivered in the gentle breeze, that seemed stirring only to breathe fragrance. Softly the sleeping waters murmured, as they stole from beneath the reflected gems that were imaged in the glassy stream. The fond flattering light threw its full radiance on beauty only, while it softened or concealed every rougher portion of the landscape. Gradually the calm beauty of the scene threw its softening influence upon the monarch's soul. To the poignant sorrow with which he had mused on the darker side of life's picture, succeeded a gentle melancholy that called forth from the past other and brighter scenes. Long had he thus remained gazing and dreaming, when the sound of a low warbling voice met his ear. Why did Henry thus start, and pass his hand athwart his brow, as though he would fain dispel a dream? Where was the magic in those simple notes that could thus deeply move? For a moment he listened, with an expression of devotion as rapt as though it were the song of a seraph. Then, springing through the open window, he strode towards the spot from whence the sounds seemed to proceed. Think not that the charm lay in the monarch's fancy that these were the tones of the Lady Gabrielle. They awoke a thrill in his inmost soul, but they swept the chords of memory, not anticipation. Softly he stole onward, fearful of breaking the spell,

till turning an abrupt angle, he beheld, at an open window, the Lady Gabrielle. He saw her, yet perceived her not; he listened, yet heard her not. The flood-gates of memory, which before had stood ajar, that murmured hymn had swept impetuously away, and now the long pent-up floods rushed onward. He had often, while yet a boy, heard his own loved mother sing that hymn; and, now that Gabrielle paused, he bent forward, almost expecting to hear, as he was wont in days of old, a fond voice invoke blessings upon his path.

The music had ceased, the minstrel had retired, but Henry remained stretched upon the turf; its vibrations were not yet stilled in the monarch's breast, and wild sad music did it waken there. Borne upon that silvery sound, his soul had floated back into the far, far past; it had shed a fresh glow on Memory's lamp, which now vividly revealed the before dim path. Again he heard his mother's murmured prayer, and caught her fond glance; again he saw the face of his grandsire beam with youthful fire, as with prophetic eye he traced for him a brilliant future. Convulsive sobs heaved his manly breast, as he gazed upon the withered hopes and vanished dreams to which his youth had given birth. It was not only that his dreams of others had outstripped the truth; that many, whom he once deemed noble, warm, generous, had proved base, callous, selfish; but, oh! how different from the visions which had inspired his youth did he behold himself. Then, he was a hero, rising above passions and prejudice; now, he beheld himself too often biassed and debased by their sway. And there, in that calm, holy silence, eyes that mocked at danger were dimmed with the bitter tears of contrition. Yes, the great, the brave Henry, wept and prayed for strength to resist himself, as he lay beneath the azure vault of Nature's temple.

It was late in the following morning when Henry awoke from his unquiet slumbers. The same train of thought had pursued him even in his sleep, but tricked with the wildest trappings of diseased fancy. But salutary had been its influence, and now he sincerely resolved, as he

was wont to do, that the reality should approach nearer to the ideal. He would conquer his weaknesses—the man should be merged in the hero. But he blushed to think that even now he was engaged in an adventure but ill-becoming one, on whose movements, even at the moment, hung the destiny of thousands. Yet he could not resolve to avow his real station; so, wisely yet fruitlessly, he resolved to guard sternly his too ardent nature. It is true the feelings with which he now mused on the Lady Gabrielle, were very different from those which had led him thither; that hymn, whose tones had borne him back into the far past, had also roused all the noblest and holiest sentiments of his soul. His musings were interrupted by the sound of Philippe's voice in the corridor, inquiring of his attendant if his master had not yet risen. Opening the door, Henry answered his question in person, and bade him enter. While performing the duties of the toilette, the prince listened to Philippe's description of the improvements which had taken place since his last visit to the castle, not forgetting to mention the excellent sport which might be expected from a hunting excursion which was already planned. But Philippe was not a little grieved on Henry's informing him that they, or he at least, should have no time to prove it, as he had determined on making immediate use of the opportunity which the temporary peace afforded him, of visiting the different parts of the kingdom. Wise but vain resolution!—far easier to execute thus in imagination, before he had seen the fair Gabrielle, than when the spell of her beauty and innocence came over him.

Descending, they found the ladies already awaiting them; the Lady Margaret presented Henry to Gabrielle as the Count d'Albret. As such, and as the kind friend of her cousin, she gave him a warm and cordial welcome. How lovely she seemed, as she stood in her graceful dignity, an undimmed soul beaming in every feature of her expressive face; beautiful, surpassingly beautiful, she certainly was, yet her beauty was not of that brilliant order which dazzles into admiration; but gaze upon her once, and your glance was riveted; there was a something there that seemed to hold the soul in strange, yet pleasing thrall, wakening feelings vague, mysterious, as the memories that sometimes flit across the soul, binding it to another and brighter state of being.

Vainly did Philippe wait for the sparkling wit and gracefulness of manner by which he expected the king would strive to dazzle into admiration the unsophisticated Gabrielle. It seemed as though the hours dragged through that long day, for the monarch; few, and of little import, were

the words which he addressed to Gabrielle. With the Lady Margaret he conversed more freely, for with her he spoke of the policy and prospects of France, displaying such knowledge of her resources and wants, painting so graphically the results which would accrue from the domination of either of the different parties, that, in admiration of his talents, the lady forgot to be piqued at his indifference to the claims of her favourite.

Although Henry had in the morning signified his intention of quitting the Castle, and from his manner during the day, one not deeply learned in the secret springs of human action, would have judged that he acknowledged no influence there which could make him defer the execution of his project, yet withal the sunlight had faded, the shades of evening were again gathering, and still he referred not, by word or gesture, to a desire to depart. Philippe was astonished and puzzled at this strange, fitful conduct, for while he had not expected Gabrielle to be much moved by the Count d'Albret, he had not even remotely imagined that the Count would escape unscathed; but he was apparently unhurt, nay untouched. Philippe, who had observed him closely, thought he perceived something of emotion, when he first beheld Gabrielle, but it passed away, and he had apparently assumed an air of unfeigned indifference. It could not then be Gabrielle who detained him, or even brought him hither. His journey had perhaps been one of political policy. So thought Philippe, as he remembered his conversation with his aunt; he had perchance come hither, knowing that the lady was at the time alone in the castle, in his assumed character, to sound her and make himself acquainted with the views and dispositions of her brothers. Philippe's reasonings were not however conclusive even to himself, so in a truly philosophic spirit he resolved not to trouble himself with a subject which he could not solve, but to employ his talents to better purpose in planning and arranging for the next day's sport. And now let us, better instructed by the future, give a glance into the monarch's breast.

When on the preceding day, Henry had so hastily taken the resolution of visiting, in an assumed character, the Lady Gabrielle, it was from a mere desire of excitement and adventure; he had frequently heard of her rare beauty, and he determined to see her. Philippe's representations of the indifference she manifested towards Bellegarde, her betrothed lover, had roused in Henry something of a spirit of rivalry; he would, as he said, try his fortune with the fair Indifferent. Had he beheld the fair Gabrielle on his first arrival, these motives would perhaps have

shaped his conduct towards her, and a few hours might have been trilled away without seriously affecting the destiny of either; for Gabrielle was not one to be moved by flippant gallantry. But the manner in which he first beheld her, the thoughts and memories, softening, yet at the same time ennobling, which had then been roused, joined to her own pure innocent beauty—these influences were breathing into his heart a new life, a love, which had never before dwelt there; now, it was a sentiment deep and generous in its nature. Apparently in listless indifference, yet in real anxiety, Henry had passed the day, inwardly resolving to flee her presence, and forget in scenes of excitement the newly awakened feeling—resolving yet desorring! And what in the mean time were the sentiments of the young Gabrielle towards the stranger guest? She also had noticed that momentary emotion; his subsequent reserve, and somewhat grave deportment, excited her curiosity; she remarked him closely, and thought she perceived an air of deep and settled sadness—and she pitied; she listened to his frank, unstudied eloquence, gazed upon his lofty brow, flashing eye, and stately form—and she admired. Pity, and admiration! she dreamt not—why should she?—that the union was dangerous, and she stifled them not, but rather nursed them from the fresh fountain of fancy; and, blended, these also will spring into a new life—and the fruit, will it be bitter or sweet?

And once more the moon rode high in the starry heavens, and rendered yet more beautiful the beautiful earth; and the soft breezes again wooed balmy sighs from the fair flowers; and once more Henry gazed on the lovely scene, but this time he gazed not alone, he stood with the Lady Gabrielle; again her voice thrilled to his soul, and his look grew yet sadder, and the girl saw the expression on her listener's face, and she knew not why, but the tones of her own voice spoke of deeper and newly aroused feelings.

Thus passed the first day.

CHAPTER IV.

BRIGHT and unclouded rose the morning sun, and as cloudless beamed the soul of the young Philippe, through his sunny face. Sweet on his ear came the peal of the merry horns, mingled with the eager cry of the hounds, and the neighing of the steeds, as with impatient hoof they tore the level sward.

It had been arranged that Gabrielle should accompany the hunters some distance into the forest, but before the chase was started, pursuing another path, she should return to the castle, ne-

panied by an ancient retainer, whose worn frame rendered it a far more grateful task for him to relate to his young lady tales of the fiercely foughten fields of his younger days, than to engage in the hardy sport. And now the cavaliers were mounted, Henry, dressed in a plain hunting suit, of forest green, and mounted on a steed whose symmetrical proportions and graceful motion, as he curveted beneath the practised hand that held the rein, excited the admiration of all. *Dominière*, in more youthful taste, clad in a suit of crimson, his cap docketed with black plumes tipped with the same brilliant colour, and riding a horse whose bright, restless eye, and quivering ear, seemed to proclaim his sympathy with his master's eagerness. Gabrielle, mounted on a milk-white genet, as delicately beautiful, and seemingly as timid, as a gazelle; its glancing eye roamed apprehensively around till soothed by the well-known voice of its mistress, and the caressing stroke of her gentle hand. She was arrayed in a closely fitting robe of black velvet. The sunny ringlets swept back from her forehead, and mingled with the glossy black of the plume that danced as in mirth over her fair cheek. And now with many a wave of the hand and cheerful word, in reply to the cautions of the good Lady de Coeurves, they start—and how I know not, but it so chanced that the lady and count, instead of riding in front, as would perhaps seem most likely, were in fact in the very rear: it must have been by chance, for the lady blushed when she saw her position, and the count seemed not altogether at his ease. But neither were willing to shew their embarrassment, so they rode on together, and gradually too the restraint which each had felt, melted away; one could not be silent when there was so much around that spoke to both soul and sense. Gabrielle was the first to speak; for to her the silence was painful, and when once the barrier was removed, the stream of converse flowed on uninterruptedly. At first they spoke but of the hues and scents of opening flowers, the clear blue vault of heaven, and the glad sunshine that laughed o'er stream and field. But gradually their converse assumed a deeper tone; they spoke of what could not but be the principal subject of thought and speech to all in France who possessed either head or heart; were either selfish or generous. Passing from more general topics, they discussed the leaders of the different parties, and Henry's cheek flushed when Gabrielle ingenuously demanded, "Whether confidence could be placed in Henry de Bourbon, a chief, who, at least in the early part of his career, seemed to have no settled principles; but to veer with every wind of circumstance?"

Eloquently, as a man interested for the honour which he pleads, yet modestly, as a hero speaking of himself, Henry entered upon the defence. He painted with the fire of a witness the horrid massacre of "St. Bartholemew." "Resistance," said he, "to the dictates of the imperious Catherine, whose policy never swerved, who could neither be softened by humanity, nor terrified by the sight of the misery which she caused—resistance to her dictates, enforced by her puppet and half-crazed son, would have been, in the young Prince of Navarre, a worse than useless immolation. A form, a mere form, under such circumstances, was the abjuring of his religion, and known to be such. Shall the captive eagle beat with restless wing his prison bars, that he may be guarded but the more closely, and thus shut out his every hope of again being permitted to range with unfettered wing? The prince had recognized a power from which he could not then escape, and he strove to make the wary keeper believe that he felt not the weight of his chains, sighed not for freedom, had forgotten the aspirations of the unsuccessful though devoted chief of Jarnac and Moncontour."

So interested had both become, that while the party, led by the eager Philippe, were proceeding at a brisk rate, Gabrielle and the count had allowed their steeds to wander slowly onward, thoughtless alike of the purpose and the party. But now they were suddenly aroused; a stag bounded across their very path; Gabrielle's horse, frightened by the sudden apparition, sprang forward, and the lady had but just time to take a firmer hold of the rein, when turning he rushed down a cross way that led through the forest. Scarce a moment had passed, and she was already out of sight. Henry knew that it would but augment her danger, to pursue the same path; glancing hurriedly around, he perceived another, which he thought must cross the one she had taken; he spurred his horse rapidly forward, hoping to reach the junction of the roads before the lady. The paths were almost parallel, and he could distinctly hear the tramp of the frightened animal, each step seeming to increase his terror, as he tore through the tangled brushwood. Now he catches glimpses of horse and rider, and animating his own steed to a yet swifter progress, he has almost reached the opening—another bound, and he is there. Onward comes the infuriated animal; the strong arm is in readiness to snatch the bridle; he grasps it; but, maddened by his terror, and conscious of his strength, with one tremendous bound he frees himself from his opposer, dragging Henry from his saddle. A cry of terror burst

from the before silent lips of the Lady Gabrielle, when she saw Henry stretched upon the ground; still onward rushed the steed. The river, of which we have before spoken, now lay but a short distance in advance; as Gabrielle beheld it, in the very abandonment of her despair, shuddering, she closed her eyes, as if for a moment to shut out her fate. A plunge, and she hears the waves rushing around, above her; the rein has dropped from her nerveless hand—she sinks—she has ceased to feel.

The evening sun threw its fading beams on an anxious group collected in one of the stately chambers of the Castle de Cœuvres; silently they move, inquiring only by glances. In a recess, or rather a small separate apartment, stretched upon a couch, lay the Lady Gabrielle: the wind waltzed amid her bright ringlets, and fanned her pale face, but no blush rekindled there; the long sunny fringe of her eyelids fell like a gleam of light on the marble of her cheeks, but no light was beaming from her eyes. By her side, clasping her cold hand, kneels the Lady Margaret; her streaming eyes are lifted to Heaven; she prays to Him, whose word called back the fleeting breath of Jairus' daughter, to save, restore, this precious life. Was it the wind breathing a requiem over that fair form, that fell upon the lady's ear?—or did a sigh break from those pale lips in answer to her prayer, saying, "Thy flower droops, but is not dead."

The lady's exclamation of joy, when, rising, she saw Gabrielle's eyes gradually unclosing, as from a heavy slumber, drew to her bedside Philippe, and the priest, who acted in the capacity of doctor. Father Clement's pretensions were humble, perhaps more so than his merits, for in those days, the unsettled state of the country, the independent isolation maintained by the barons, rendered it necessary that each castle should contain within its own walls the succour which this very state of the country rendered so often necessary to both lord and vassal; the offices of the physician were not unfrequently comprehended in the duties of the priest. The noble house of Cœuvres not being particularly distinguished for its peaceful inclinations, Father Clement had from frequent practice arrived at no mean degree of skill. Approaching the couch he drew aside the curtain, yet more freely to admit the mild evening air; as he did so, Gabrielle again unclosed her eyes, and the good father, glancing towards the Lady Margaret, smiled an encouraging assurance.

Let us now return to the forest where we left Henry. His fall had detained him scarce an instant; mounting his steed, which seemed to com-

prehend the necessity for his exertions, he had reached the river almost as soon as Gabrielle; almost the same instant he plunged into the stream, and reaching the lady as she fell from her horse, he had raised her sinking and unconscious form, and borne it to the shore. But though the descent to the river had been easy, not quite so facile did he find the ascent. His steed usually so sure and light-footed now trembled in every limb from excitement and exertion, and it was in vain that his rider urged him up the treacherous bank; nor was Henry uninjured by his fall, though in his excitement he at first did not notice or even feel it.—yet now the arm which bore Gabrielle had become extremely painful; he feared indeed that it would soon become incapable of supporting his scarce breathing burden. Once more he turned his horse directly towards the bank, and plunging his spurs into his sides, again endeavoured to force him up. The poor animal sprang forward, but the sand crumbling beneath him he lost his footing and fell back. Dropping the reins, Henry now dismounted, and prepared himself to scale the bank. The footing, though not firm enough for the steed, proved sufficiently so for his agile and hardy master. He had just borne Gabrielle some little distance into the forest, when his ear was greeted by the welcome music of a horn; blowing upon his own a call, in a few seconds he heard an answering note, and before many minutes had elapsed, Philippe and Laval, Henry's attendant, came up, closely followed by several of the retainers.

On first missing the king from the party, Philippe, supposing it possible that they had mistaken the road, wound his horn to inform them of their whereabouts. Hearing no response, they returned, and not seeing them or receiving any answer to their repeated shouts and blasts, they became alarmed, particularly Philippe and Laval, who feared that some hostile band might have been in the neighbourhood and recognised Henry. Nor were these apprehensions seemingly ill founded, for a trace scarce signified more than a change from open attack to treacherous ambuscade. Acting under the influence, yet without betraying those fears, Philippe ordered the party to separate and search the forest; this they were but just executing when Henry's call again united them. Philippe's look of satisfaction, on beholding his royal master safe, changed into one of sadness when he saw the apparently lifeless form of Gabrielle. A few words sufficed to explain the accident, and the fears of the party were somewhat abated when the servant who was to have returned with Gabrielle, drawing his

sword, placed it to her lips to convince them that she still breathed. She had in some measure recovered from her first swoon before they arrived at the castle, but only to fall into another scarce less death-like. It was in vain that Father Clement assured the Lady Margaret, and Henry, who refused to allow him even to inspect his arm, that Gabrielle was in reality in no danger, that a soothing draught and the faces of her friends would in a few hours restore her. Her sleep, or rather trance, had indeed been long and seemed so like that which knows no waking, that the lady feared that the Father's promises were but kindly wiles, for a while to cheat them of their sorrow. But now nature and the Father's skill triumphed—his gentle patient sighed, smiled, and wept.

Days had passed and still Henry lingered; he could not, would not, leave, till the lady was restored to her wonted health. And doubly hard was it then to flee, when he had once listened to the simple eloquence of the words which strove to tell her gratitude to her preserver—had again and again read it in the still more moving eloquence which spoke not, yet ever beamed from the depths of those soul-lit eyes. He loved to pore over that sweet face, when he could do so, as he thought, unnoticed; yet all too sad for one who read so bright a page—yes, too dreamlike, almost troubled, was the glance of that eye; and when he spoke, his tones, usually so frank and joyous, were low, and at times almost sad. It was strange, 'twas passing strange! Not thus had Henry ever before paid homage to a lady's charms, though many a time, and oft, his tongue had told a tale of pining sorrow, of which his bright eye and cloudless brow bore but dubious evidence; and shame to say, yet sooth to tell, those light tones had seldom failed to win as light a love. But now his tongue was silent, and a cloud hung over brow and eye, veiling its secret thought.

And no contracting, ungenial influence did this same debt of gratitude prove, to that new life whose seeds were already germinating in the pure soul of Gabrielle. And that love, yes love,—for now these mixed elements had sprung into a new existence, which alas! too visibly bore its impress,—that love, which the deep unveiled homage of the noble Bellegarde had failed to call forth, already lived for the moody mysterious stranger; lived, but as yet dared not put forth the bud of hope.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE EARLY CALLED.

BY KATHERINE.

It was in the afternoon of a gloomy day about the latter end of October, 18—, when the rich and varied tints of autumn were giving place to the sad and withered hues of a fast approaching winter, that three gentlemen were observed on the brow of the hill leading to the loftiest mountain in Britain. They were discovered by a party of labourers who were at work in the valley below, and much and loudly did they wonder at the recklessness and folly of those who were perilling both life and limb, in an expedition so fraught with danger, at such a season and such an hour.

Had the day been fine, there might have been partial glimpses of glorious scenery, that might well have repaid the toil and risk to which they were exposing themselves; but weather and time were alike against them. Dark masses of portentous-looking clouds hung like a pall over the mountain ridge—the wind came in wild and fitful gusts down through the deep and silent glens, and occasional showers of sleet rendered the progress of the climbers, for a period, impracticable.

Before proceeding further, I shall say something of the youthful guide, whose feet were climbing the steep and rugged ascent, for the eleventh and last time, and whose sudden and melancholy fate was a startling fulfilment of that prophetic admonition of our Lord, addressed to all: "Be ye also ready, for in a day, and in an hour when ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

Alick Macdonald was the son of a veteran soldier, who had retired to the village of ———, where he was born, to spend the remainder of his days amid the scenes of his youth. Young Macdonald, at the time I speak of, was about nineteen, slight in figure, of medium height, and strikingly handsome; he was active and hardy, with as light and fleet a step as ever trod the mountain heath. His talents were good, and had been cultivated with considerable care, and his fond mother had looked to the time when his future success in life would amply fulfil the glorious promise his childhood had given. Alas! for the fatuity of earthly hopes and human expectations! Long ere the next morning's dawn, the eyes that had returned her look of pride and

affection with grateful fondness, as they parted, were closed in that dreamless slumber that knows no waking.

A friend, travelling through the country on business, was induced to remain a day longer in the village where Captain Macdonald resided, that he might ascend the mountain I have already spoken of, accompanied by young Macdonald and an Englishman, whom they met, by chance, at the village inn.

The season, as I mentioned before, was far too late for such an expedition, and the day and the hour were equally unfavourable. It was in vain that the older and wiser heads advised them to choose a more appropriate season. The young are, generally speaking, presumptuous, and seldom admit their liability to error. Regardless alike of warning and expostulation, he persisted in his determination to pioneer his companions up the rugged ascent, deriding the idea of danger. His thorough acquaintance with the mountain in all its bearings, his boldness and activity, admirably fitted him for the task he had undertaken. Pleated with wine, the three young men set out, deaf to admonition and warning, and proceeded on their course in high spirits, anticipating no obstacle that strength and perseverance might not overcome. Did no presentiment of approaching evil cast a shadow of gloom over their youthful spirits? If aught of danger suggested itself to their minds, it was quickly banished, and they commenced the toilsome ascent, determined to convince the grey-heads they had left behind, that the dangers with which they had threatened them, existed only in imagination, unworthy of men, and fit only to frighten old women and children.

They reached the top in perfect safety, and as nothing had occurred to lessen their sense of fancied security, their spirits increased as they dwelt on their anticipated triumph over vulgar fears and doubtful courage. After having rested for a considerable time, and partaken of some slight refreshment which they had carried with them, they began to descend, wild with mirth, unmindful of the fast-declining day, and of the dense fog that hung heavy around them, rendering the return more perilous than even the ascent had been.

As Macdonald was perfectly acquainted with the intricacies of the mountain path, he had preceded his companions at some little distance, and was bounding down the devious and narrow sheep-track in all the exuberance of youthful spirits, when a sudden gust of wind carried off his bonnet, and in the attempt to regain it, he lost his balance, and rolled with terrific force over the rugged declivity, dashing with impetuous violence against every object that impeded his downward course. The Englishman, not aware of the appalling accident, continued his homeward way, becoming gradually more exhausted with the increasing difficulties he had to contend with, and more keenly alive to the danger, the reality of which he had, two hours before, ridiculed and despised.

Macdonald's friend, though considerably in the rear, had observed the sudden disappearance of his youthful guide, with no slight alarm, and hurried on with as much rapidity as concurring circumstances would admit, to ascertain his fate; but from his total ignorance of the localities, and the deepening gloom which rendered his own safety a matter of doubt and anxiety, a considerable period elapsed ere he succeeded in discovering the body of the unhappy boy, who had fallen a victim to his own temerity. The sight that met the almost frenzied gaze of G—— might well have appalled the stoutest heart. There lay the bruised and insensible remains of one, who, but an hour before, had been radiant with health, bold and fearless, whose merry laugh had so lately roused the slumbering echoes of the mountain, down which he had been descending with a speed almost equalling that of the native deer. The hue and rigidity of death were there; but the idea that, if immediate help were afforded, life might yet be recalled, roused G—— from the feelings of horror and stupefaction that were fast benumbing his faculties, and he shouted aloud, in all the vigour of awakened hope, to his other companion, thinking that their joint exertions might enable them to carry young Macdonald to the nearest dwelling. But, alas! no answering shout broke upon his listening ear. Again and again the reiterated and prolonged cry of agony and despair resounded through the mountain solitude. No sound was heard in return, but the moaning of the troubled wind, as it rushed down the snow-clad height. Convinced that he was far beyond the reach of human aid, he gently laid down the bleeding and insensible body, and wrung his hands in uncontrollable agony. One bitter cry for mercy and help from the all-seeing God, broke from his parched and quivering lips, and casting a look of unutterable anguish upon the hapless boy, whom he was

leaving in that desert spot, in darkness and solitude, alone with God, he bounded down the precipice with hazardous speed, nor did he pause for an instant, till he overtook the English traveller, whom he found sitting on the ground in all the helplessness of exhaustion and despair. After charging him, as he valued life, to remain where he was, and promising to return with help as soon as possible, he darted off with renewed haste; but, in the increasing darkness, he lost his way, and wandered for hours, seeking a path which might lead to the only dwelling where he could expect the aid that was necessary, to remove his almost equally helpless companions.

Though a native of the sunny west, G—— had none of that indolence and dislike to active exertion so common in the natives of a hot climate; he possessed a frame of Herculean proportions—iron nerve and indomitable resolution. He took in at one comprehensive glance the difficulties he had to surmount, and, undismayed by their magnitude, bent his mind to grapple them with a giant's might. He succeeded at last in reaching the base of the mountain; but there lay between him and the goal of his hopes, the most formidable obstacle he had yet encountered. The river, which, in summer, winds its way brightly and silently over its pebbled bed, swollen by innumerable mountain streams, came rushing on with the speed and force of a deluge, sweeping everything before it with terrific violence. Without a moment's hesitation, he dashed, struggling bravely against the almost overwhelming torrent, and gained the opposite bank, escaping, as by a miracle, the destruction that seemed to him, more than once, inevitable.

The family residing in —— House were, fortunately, not yet in bed, and instantly, on learning the fearful circumstances in which young Macdonald and the Englishman were placed, gave immediate orders that all the labourers on the farm should be collected; and having procured lighted torches, they began to ascend the path by which, as nearly as the agitated state of G——'s mind enabled him to ascertain, he had descended. The fury of the tempest still continued unabated, and the darkness was so intense, that even with the aid of the torches, they could see nothing beyond the immediate spot on which they stood.

After a long, laborious, and fruitless search, they had agreed to return to the glen for some hours, and, as soon as daybreak would permit, to resume their anxious task, when one of the party, seeing a dark object lying on the ground at a short distance from him, darted forward, and calling to the rest to bring their lights, he reached the spot, and found the Englishman quite

speechless and insensible. For some time, the remedies they tried were unsuccessful; but when hope was nearly extinct, they partially succeeded in restoring him to consciousness. Fearful that a longer delay might render their future efforts unavailing, they hurried downwards, and, after much labour and fatigue, succeeded in conveying their helpless burden to a place of safety, and amid kind hearts, where his complete recovery became no longer a matter of doubt or anxiety. Of his after life, I know nothing; a few days' rest sufficed to enable him to return to his home in merry England, and the horrors of that fatal excursion were perhaps forgotten amid the hurry and turmoil of a busy, bustling world.

Day had scarcely dawned, when G——, and the party who had accompanied him the previous night, again resumed the toilsome ascent, their hearts depressed with the sad conviction, that the object of their solicitude, when found, would be beyond the reach of human aid. The storm had subsided, and the mist no longer hid surrounding objects from their view; and ere two hours had elapsed, they reached the spot, where Macdonald was sleeping his last deep, unbroken slumber. One glance was sufficient to convince the gazers, as they bent for a moment in breathless suspense over the poor lost one, that their melancholy forebodings were too truly verified. The last struggle must have been a fearful one, for he had rolled considerably farther down the hill, and there were other indications besides, that spoke of warfare with the pale horse and his rider. If consciousness returned in that dread hour, what must have been the feelings of the poor deserted one, as he lay alone in that frightful solitude, amid darkness and tempest! Did his thoughts revert to his fond mother, who was keeping lonely watch, like her of old, and listening in painful anxiety for his returning footsteps? If they did, how must his dying agony have been increased by the remembrance of all the love of her, who he well knew would have gladly died to save him! Slowly and sadly they lifted him from his cold, rocky pillow, and placed him on a rude kind of litter, which they formed of the long poles they had brought to assist them in climbing.

After the lapse of a few hours, they reached the foot of the mountain, where they found a cart waiting to convey the unhappy boy to his bereaved parents. Every thing looked sad around the party engaged in their melancholy task; not a breath stirred the withered leaves, the sky was of a dull, leaden color, and the glad sun himself looked down upon them with a watery eye; as if in sympathy with their sorrowing hearts. It was only a few minutes pre-

vious to the arrival of the body, that they had ventured to communicate to Mrs. Macdonald the fate of her much-loved son; and none present will ever forget the burst of passionate grief, which broke from her in shrieks of mingled agony and despair, when the bruised and disfigured countenance of that poor boy first met her view. It was long after he had been committed to his kindred dust, that reason dawned on the mind of the heart-broken mother; and though time saw her apparently calm and resigned, his name was never heard from her lips. Other flowers of singular beauty and grace bloomed around the domestic hearth, but several of these, too, through the lapse of years, have been removed, teaching her that the treasures she so much valued, were only lent her for a season. Other trials were mingled in her cup of bitterness, of which it is needless to speak; but they were inflicted by the Wisdom that cannot err, and have been sanctified and blessed to her. None can mistake the source from which she draws her comfort; it influences her every action, beams in her look of chastened sadness, and has enabled her to still every murmur, and to bend in humble submission to the rod raised by a Father's hand. That spring, whose waters have brought health and peace to her crushed heart, flows from the exhaustless fountain of the mercy of that God who doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men; and who, when the purposes of His providence, with regard to her, are accomplished, will re-unite her to the loved ones, who are not lost, but gone before.

Of G——, I know but little; his lot has been like that of other men, a mixture of sweet and bitter; but sure I am the events of that fearful night, which I have so inadequately described, are engraven on his mind, in characters which neither time nor circumstances can ever efface.

SONG OF THE MARTYRS.

A LONG farewell to sin and sorrow,
To beam of day and evening shade;
High in glory breaks our morrow,
With light that cannot fade.
While mortal flesh in flame is bleeding
For humble penitence and love,
Our Brother and our Lord is pleading
At mercy's throne above.

We leave the hated and the hating,
Existence sad in toil and strife;
The great, the good, the brave are waiting
To hail our opening life.
Earth's faded sounds our ears forsaking,
A moment's silence death shall be;
Then to Heaven's jubilee awaking,
Faith ends in victory!

LOCAL LEGENDARY TALES OF IRELAND.

BY PHILANDER OFFALIE.

INTRODUCTION.

WITHOUT profound or high intent, I have presumed to collect the local traditions of my native place—a townland in the interior of the “Emerald, set in the ring of the Sea.”—to embody that floating romance, which has given a bias to my taste, by tinging my mind in earlier years with its influence. Youth is the period of romance and poetry, and those Stories of Castles, Chiefs and Clans,—of Fairies, Feuds and Factions, which we may then have heard, will come to us in after years, in borrowed brilliancy, in moments of thought and loneliness.

The dreamy imaginings of superstition, the legends and poetry of the past, in their dim outline and wild drapery, are seldom unalluring; such, as well as many of our customs, are the modified remains of the East and North—of Ancient Oriental Paganism, or Danish and Druidical practices,—since *Bail*, or the Sun, and *Crom*, or Destiny, were objects of the nation's worship.

No. I.

THIERNA-NA-OGE.

“And see you not that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elf-land
Where thou and I this night maun gae.”

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

The classical *Avernius* of the ancient pagan Irish, was *Thierna-na-oge*, the happy region of perpetual youth, situated beneath the waters; a land of *faëry*, to which mortals sometimes had access, where age wrought no wrinkle on the brow, and where time passed fleeting as a shadow. Though believing in the transmigrating of the soul, there was one prevalent theory of a future state, that if the entrance of *Thierna-na-oge* could only be found out, the lucky discoverers would ever be young and happy in that Land of Dreams.

Far away in the dim vale of distant years, lies our legendary tale, and no less renowned a personage have we for our hero, than “the voice of Conn, the first amongst a thousand bards,” the celebrated *Usheen* or *Ossian*, the son of the renowned *Fion MacComhail*, general of the Irish militia.

It is curious that the legendary lore of many nations is essentially the same, modified in some measure by time and peculiar customs. This coincidence of the superstitions and legends of different countries, is very strange. They have travelled where learning of a more useful nature had never, or but partially, penetrated, and become mixed up with the mythology of those nations. For instance, this legend resembles the story of *Peter Klaus*, the Goatherd—the oriental tale of the *Seven Sleepers*, from which the raw ma-

terial of *Rip Van Winkle* is drawn—the Enchanted Hunters of *King Arthur*, and that of the spell-bound *Garold Earlaw*, Earl of *Kildare*.

Usheen was once chasing a hare, with his favorite dog, “the white-breasted, hairy-footed *Bran*,” when the former disappeared, unaccountably, in a small clump of trees, situated by a clear lake. For several successive days he hunted a hare, which invariably baffled him in the same spot. In vain *Bran* sought her among the grassy coverts of the banks. *Usheen* at length searched the place well with the end of his hunting spear, when, to his surprise, he discovered an entrance to a subterranean cavern. Entering it in quest of the object of his pursuit, he groped about and walked on a long way, till he met a beautiful lady, dressed in white, with a portion of the skirt of her garment torn off. He knew at once that this was the hare he had so long hunted unsuccessfully, transformed into a woman, as *Bran* had just before pulled a mouthful of fur from puss, as she darted into the cavern.

Usheen was enraptured with the beauty of this enchantress; he never had seen a lady half so lovely among “the maids of the woody *Morven*.” With the sweetest smile, and most winning grace, she invited him into *Thierna-na-oge*. He followed her with an undefined feeling of attachment and awe, into the country of youth. It was a region of delight—such as eye of mortal

had seldom seen before. Paths, which seemed to possess an instinct that led them to visit every beautiful spot, pursued their wandering courses through the enchanted Elysium. Now they wound round a hill, and crept through a small wild bower, where bell-shaped blossoms hung like the minarets of mosques; then stretched off among shady groves of evergreens, and turned abruptly to look at some little fountain, whose jets sparkled through the leaves, and then flowed away like streams of crystal. A meadow seemed the next object of their visit, which, covered with myriads of many colored flowers, breathed perfumes on the air; and through these, they twisted and twined till lost in the distance. The music of the streams, and the murmur of distant waterfalls, was borne on the breeze that played among the green leaves, and red, laden branches of a grove of fruit trees.

The vernal bloom of the shrubs and flowers—the groups of beings in the spring-tide of youth—the scenery lit by the soft and voluptuous light of a dim pervading moonshine, brought rapture to his senses, and, far beyond, hill rose over hill, and mountain over mountain, increasing in magnitude, and becoming more dim and blue as they receded.

Usheen was bewildered with delight, enraptured with all he saw: but more than all, by the beauty of the queen of this flowery Isle of Dreams. After spending thus happily a few years, as he thought, in Thierna-na-oge, he asked liberty to return to earth again. The lady used all her arts of persuasion, in vain, to divert him from his purpose; and though he loved her tenderly, yet he felt a restless desire to depart. After exhausting every stratagem of fear and affection, to detain Usheen, without success, she gave him a fleet, white horse, which she said would convey him in safety to his own "leafy Fineor," and back again, provided he did not alight from his steed on the way; this she particularly urged, as the worst consequences would ensue if his foot once touched his native soil.

Usheen departed from Thierna-na-oge, and on arriving at his birth-place, was naturally much astonished that every face he saw was strange to him; and even the scenery had assumed an altered aspect. A new and degenerate race of men seemed to occupy the place of his former associates. He mentioned the names of Fion McCombail—Gaul McForm—Conan and Oscar; but they were dead. He was told that these heroes had been heard of as having existed two or three centuries before.

A very sufficient reason is assigned for this general change of scene, and demise of former friends. Time had passed lightly and swiftly

over Usheen in the land of youth, and what appeared only to him as a few years, was in reality ages; yet was he young and vigorous as when he had entered the portals of Thierna-na-oge; and such would he have continued, had not accident caused him to violate the lady's parting charge.

Grieved and vexed at finding himself alone, and that the deeds and fame of his father and his cotemporary warriors was almost forgotten, being remembered only in the traditionary tales of ancient sennachies, and the songs of the bards, with a heavy heart, he rode away, intending to return to Thierna-na-oge, from whence he came. As he pursued his journey back, he met an old man lying under the weight of a sack of corn, which had fallen from his shoulder. Usheen's good nature prompted him to afford assistance to the prostrate man. So, stooping from his saddle, he raised the helpless being to his feet, and lifting up the sack, placed it on his shoulder. Further on his way, he perceived another aged man, sitting in tears, beside a coffin, in a burial ground. On Usheen's desiring to know the cause of his sitting there, the mourner besought him to alight, and help him to lower the coffin into the grave. The warrior bard, dreading the penalties a compliance might entail, refused to dismount. The wretched creature (it was Death clad in the garb of Age, to decoy him) earnestly requested him, then, to allow a rope to be tied to his wrist, as thus he might retain his seat, and assist him to let the corpse descend into the clay. Usheen acquiesced, but the check of the coffin pulled him from his horse, and the moment his feet touched the ground, he shook with age, and all the infirmities of enfeebled senility pressed him to the dust. The apparition vanished—the steed dashed off to the Land of Dreams, and left Usheen behind in blind old age.

The remainder of his days were passed as a wandering minstrel, singing the deeds and fame of the Finean heroes. He was engaged in adoration of the Sun, on the banks of the Shannon, when he heard of the preaching of St. Patrick, and by that apostle, after a long controversial dialogue, he was converted and baptised.

The legend says that the Saint thrust a spear, or perhaps his cross, in through the novice's foot, as he poured the regenerating waters on his head; but the faith of the bard strengthened him to bear the trial without moving a muscle, and when the ceremony was concluded, Usheen said he thought it was part of the baptism. But he never after found his way to Thierna-na-oge, the land of youth.

"Where the flower of Beauty groweth,
And the stream immortal floweth."

No. II.

GAROLD EARLAW; OR, THE SLEEPING WARRIORS.

"—— Mortal! would'st thou scan
 Dark knowledge—all unmeet for man?
 Let it content thee to explore,
 The labyrinths of lawful lore,
 And learn the Future to forecast
 From Wisdom's horoscope—the Past."

PRINGLE.

IN times of old, if a man were given to the study of natural or experimental philosophy, or abstruse science, and in the pursuit of knowledge, secluded himself much from society, he was held in awe and reverence as an Astrologer, or in fear as a Necromancer,—especially if, often seen watching the motions of heavenly bodies; and it was easy to impose on the ignorance or credulity of the age. Thus Napier, the Laird of Merchiston, was supposed by many to hold strange and frequent communication with spirits of another world, in his old solitary tower, where he retired to prosecute those learned researches in Mathematics, which afterwards resulted in giving to the world the famous Scale of Logarithms. It was well for the Baron, that the Inquisition had not reared its gloomy towers, or sunk its dungeons, in Scotland, or he would have probably ended his days in the dismal cells of that frightful prison. His great Italian cotemporary, "the starry Galileo," after spending years to benefit his race, for publishing his theories, which he knew to be correct, and which are now ascertained to be truths, brilliant as beautiful, was only removed in his old age from his dreary walls, to be sent in banishment to Florence.

There were also searchers into Nature's secret laws, then so little developed, who, from their solitary habits, nocturnal rambles, and reserved manner, were supposed to be in deep and mysterious league with the Powers of Darkness—to have bartered their souls in a solemn manner, for an initiation into the fearful forms and secrets of demonology and the black art. Such was the German Student, Faust, who "sold himself to the devil;" and such was Garold Earlaw, or Early Gerald, the Lord of Kildare.

This nobleman was fond of science and literature, and consequently often shut himself up in his closet at Kilken Castle, to indulge his tastes, and pursue his favorite studies unmolested, or, wrapped in his long black cloak, walked abroad at dusk to look at the starry firmament, murmuring alone or thinking aloud; and in these excursions, he was followed by a tall, spectral-looking

greyhound. But the traditions of Kildare say he was a Magician; that, like Dr. Faust, he had entered into a compact of a fearful nature with his Satanic Majesty, and had even signed the covenant in his own blood. The Legend runs thus :

On a calm moonlight night, three centuries ago, a horseman was seen sweeping the copsewood of Kildare, near Kilkea Castle, preceded by a noble pack of grisly wolf-dogs, each defended by an iron spiked collar from the long fangs of their wonted game. He wore a saffron-coloured riding dress; his plume hung over his shoulder, torn by the branches and dripping with the falling dew, and his saddle and housings were scratched by many a bush and brake. Absorbed in deep and consuming thought, the rider gave a loose rein to his horse, and still continued to muse with an air of gloomy intensity; uneasiness and melancholy were stamped on his pale haggard features, and a brow that was black with care, shaded a dim, sunken, dark eye.

"Garold Earlaw!" said a voice behind the horseman.

The latter turned his head quickly in seeming terror, and, plunging the reins into his charger's flanks, dashed off towards the castle.

"Garold Earlaw!" said the voice again.

The horseman checked his flight, and stood still.

"Now Garold," said the same unseen summoner, "Now Garold, this is the night of inauguration.—the circle is drawn, the stars are bright, and the moon is bloody. Garold Fitzgerald! mock me once more, and that moon ere she wanes shall look upon your grave; your earldom and broad lands shall pass to another branch, and be to you and yours more light and worthless than a line of gossamer that floats in the sunbeam!"

"Lend on then, dark spirit," said the Earl, "and betake thee to thy strongest spells of evil. Would that I had never entered on this wild and wicked career of dark mystery and sin!"

"Small cause then have you to rue it, and less when you learn those mysterious secrets, which

are hidden in depths, searchless to the sounding line of human knowledge, and known but to those who, free from the dust of earth, and the ills of mortality, can withdraw the veil, or dive into the future." Thus spake the spirit.

Garold Earlaw rode on. The green sward and grassy slopes on the skirts of the wood, were chequered with lights and shadows dancing through the trees. A confused hum of conversation was kept up between him and the phantom, as they travelled towards the selected scene of conference. At length the Earl pulled up his horse on the banks of the Greise; the ripples of the river were glistening in the moonbeams, and each bush and fern, and blade of grass that hung over its mossy banks, was mirrored in the stream.

"Garold Fitzgerald!" said the spirit in a tone of solemnity, "see you your own dark shadow in the waters?—mine you cannot see. Even as that shadow shall you be, airy and bloodless, should those to whom you may choose to display any of those magical arts or revelations of Nature or of Fate, with which you shall be endowed, marvel at your miraculous powers; and should they scream, that note shall be your password to a land of enchantment. There in the stream are the clouds and moon of another sky; and by them I swear, you shall have but one chance of escape from that captivity. Listen to me and mark my words. At the expiration of each seventh year, on that white horse you now ride, whose silver-shod hoofs shall be covered with cloth of gold, shall you appear; and until, by this septennial ride, the cloth shall have been worn away, you must remain enchanted. These are the terms. You now know the bounds beyond which it will be ruin to step."

The remainder of that night was spent by Garold Earlaw, in a secret room of Kilkenny Castle; the low murmur of two voices engaged in deep and mysterious converse might be heard during the night; sometimes it ceased altogether, and a death-like silence prevailed,—not a breath, not a sound, not a whisper,—save when broken by a low growl or whine from a dog inside; then a voice in a deep, hollow tone, would seem as if urging the completion of some dark deed, from which the other shrunk in horror, and then it faltered, as if in the performance of some unholy rite; or in conjuring up some foul monster, it trembled at the awful solemnity, the wild grandeur of the cabalistic ceremony.

Next morning a dark form, closely muffled in a large mantle, walked with a hurried step from this room. It was Garold Earlaw; and a tall gaunt greyhound, snuffing the fresh air, followed at his master's heels. The Earl's eye, that once had nobility in its fire, was now sunk and lustre-

less; his pallid brow was furrowed by another rigid wrinkle; his cheek was hollow, his fine countenance haggard, his look wild and abstracted, and his whole dishevelled exterior told of one who had held close communion with the Evil Spirit of Darkness. On a table in the centre of the room were writing materials, and here and there, sprinkled on its polished surface, a few drops of blood congealed. Part of the oaken floor was black and blasted where the demon stood, and the atmosphere of the room was saturated with a fetid vapour, a stench so strong and offensive, that none but the Earl could endure to breathe it and live.

Some years of mystery and magic passed heavily over Garold Earlaw in his Castle of Kilkenny, and each year wrought a deeper wrinkle on his brow. The evening of one of those days was closing cloudlessly on the fields and forests of Kildare, and a bright cloud hung above the towers and battlements of the Castle. This now renovated ruin was then a splendid structure. It was the feudal time, and the Fitzgeralds, now become "more Irish than the Irish" themselves, ruled this princely clan and wide domain, which lay stretched for many a mile around the Castle; and often here, in rude magnificence and pageantry, had the Earls of Kildare summoned to their banners their kirtled clan of kerns and gallow-glasses, while its halls and terraces echoed back their war-cry of "Crom-a-boo!" The sun on this evening was pouring a flood of splendor on the Castle grounds; and a richness and mellowness was given to the scene, as mound, and field, and bank of moss, were bathed in the light of the evening sky, falling as it did through the purple curtains of the West.

At an open casement of the Castle, which looked towards the Slieve Bloom Mountains and the Dysart Hills, sat Garold Earlaw's wife. The Countess, though seemingly absorbed in the twilight scene, was far otherwise engaged in thought; her head leaned on her hand, and her long brown tresses floated on her arm and shoulders. She had long observed, with the deepest feeling of regret, the change in her husband's air and manner, and marked, with the concern of a wife's devoted fondness, the gloomy brow, the wan cheek, the vacant stare, the hollow tone of voice; and an old erone had whispered to her that such was the effect of supernatural agency—that he must have entered into some solemn covenant with Satan. But Garold kept his secret as profoundly buried in his own bosom, as ever was Eleusinian mystery in the heart of the Initiated.

The Countess sat watching the return of her lord, and listened with impatience for one yell

from his gruff pack of shaggy dogs. She had determined to work on his heart with every fond blandishment of a lovely wife, to induce him to make a discovery of the cause of his late abstraction. It was morning ere he returned from his solitary rumble to the haunts of the wolf, and the covert of the deer, the briary brake, the bushy wood, and the lone glen. Wilder and darker were the looks of the Earl, as he threw the rein on his horse's neck, and entered his hall, muttering,

"Foul fiend, avaunt! Why lurk in my woods, why cross my path, why dash my cup with thy poisoned breath?"

Loudly he called for his attendants, then dismissed them; and carelessly he flung himself on a couch, pitching his plumed hat and cloak upon the floor, without once noticing his wife, the gentle Eva, the object of his first affection.

"Garold!" said she, and her tone and word broke the spell that seemed to bind him; he lifted his eyes, and they rested with varying emotions on her, in whom every wild or pensive passion of his soul, every fond feeling, every thought of love, had centred since he met her first.

"Ah! Eva!" said he, his haggard cheek brightening with a momentary smile; "Ah! Eva, my wife! has your innocent eye been watching over me, and witnessed my weakness in this hour of trial, of sadness and of guilt?"

Again he drooped his head. At the mention of "guilt," in one whom she loved so much, sickness seized on her heart; a worm was engendered, which ever after preyed upon her vitals; she sank in terror to a seat. Garold started from his lethargy to support his Countess.

"What can I do, Eva?" said he, with a look in which sorrow, pity and gentleness were blended, "what can I do, my sweet angel, to relieve your distress?"

Faintly she replied:

"Reveal to me all this mystery that hangs around you."

"Never! it cannot be!" said the Earl. "Oh! Eva, if you knew, death or banishment to a land of enchantment might be the penalty."

"That cannot be, my own dear Garold," said she, imploringly. "Would you refuse your own little Eva this one instance of your love?"

He argued eloquently, but in vain, to dispossess her mind of that fatal curiosity which seemed likely to work evil consequences.

"Eva," said he with a look of mournful intensity, "Eva! would that I could grant your request, without incurring the danger, worse than death, that might ensue! But I will give you a specimen of the powers with which I am gifted, provided you

promise to make no exclamation of surprise or alarm at what you may behold."

"Agreed, agreed!" cried the lovely Eva, and her sorrow vanished like the brightening up of a summer sky.

The first act of the magician, Garold Earlaw, was to transform himself into a serpent, and erecting the folding wreaths, twist in a spiral column to the ceiling, then doubling round the Castle wall, took the tail in his mouth, and then re-assumed his mortal shape. This feat, the first part of the tragedy, passed off without any bad results. Next he caused a sea to appear rolling into the hall in full tide, and, taking the shape of a salmon, swam about; this transformation caused the Countess to be more amused than frightened. But on the third trial, when he stood before her with a hatchet in his hand, and laying his head on a block, cut it off at a stroke, she shrieked aloud and fainted.

The spell was instantly wrought, the penalties incurred, the work of enchantment accomplished, and the Earl of Kildare vanished in a flash of light, through a curious window which is still pointed out; and he must remain a shadow, a thing of air, till the judgment day, or until the cloth of gold should have been worn from his horse's shoes by the septennial ride. But for the screams of the Countess, Garold Earlaw would have finally fixed his head in its proper place, and have ended his earthly pilgrimage as a mortal. But even then, Satan would have claimed the reversion of his soul. Many of the peasantry believe that he will yet come on this stage of human life, take possession of all his estates, and finish the part, be it tragedy or comedy, which he left unacted. When he returns, it is easy to conceive that there might be a more welcome visitor in the halls of Kilkenny, or the woods of Shillelagh. To support the probability of the legend, an ancient piece of sculpture may still be seen at the Castle, which represents a prostrate figure with the head of a fox, the claws of a dragon, and the legs of a man, attended by a female and a dog. This was doubtless to perpetuate the memory of the magician—the Pilgrim Geraldine, and his deeds of subtle craft and mystery,—the gentle Eva and his hound.

Some years after Garold Earlaw became enchanted, one dark tempestuous night, a party of sailors, or fishermen, sought safety under shelter in an old castle, situated on the sea coast; it looked like a friendly asylum, from the dangers of the deep. One of the mariners raised a horn which hung outside the massive gateway, and blew a loud blast, that woke the echoes of the slumbering towers. The gate creaked on its rusty hinges, and then flew open wide, but no

porter was visible—some unseen hand had performed the office. They proceeded into a large room, where a number of warriors, clad in antique armour, were seated round a table in the centre of the apartment, each of whom leaned his head upon it, as if asleep; a sword, which was of a size that no puny arm of the present day could wield, lay in a rusted scabbard on the table. These were Garold Earlaw, and his men, in their castle of enchantment. The visitors were much astonished, and not a little alarmed, at so strange a sight; indeed, some were inclined to take a precipitate departure, till one, braver than the rest, stepped forward, took up the sword, and as he gradually unsheathed it, the sleeping warriors slowly raised their heads; struck with terror, he let fall the weapon. when the enchanted warriors resumed their grotesque position again, and perhaps for ever. The sailors, though accustomed to brave danger, in its most appalling forms, made a hurried retreat towards the vessel, preferring the chances of shipwreck to a closer acquaintance or encounter with bloodless beings, under such mysterious circumstances; and resolving never again to visit the fairy, dream-like abode of the spell-bound sorcerer, Garold Earlaw, or disturb the peaceful slumbers of the Enchanted.

As they hastily passed the postern, these startling words rang in their ears:

"If you drew the sword as you sounded the horn,
You'd be the happiest man that ever was born."

SCRAPS FOR THE "GARLAND."

BY A. J.

SCRAP THE SECOND.

THE TRAPPER'S SONG.

NURRAN for the glorious plains of the west!
They sleep like the sea when the winds are at rest;
Too long have we sighed 'mid the forests in vain,
The sight of the Prairie revives us again.

The bear in the thicket may wander about,
The fox from his covert look stealthily out;
But where is a home for the brave and the free,
Like the far rolling waves of the boundless Prairie?

Then loudly we'll shout for our freedom restored,
And gallop our steeds o'er the light springing sword;
The forest no longer shall cover our head—
The sky be our curtain—the Prairie our bed!

We'll feast us at eve on the haunch of the deer,
The hump of the bison shall add to our cheer;
And soon with our friends of the desert we'll be,
And whisper love tales to the bright-eyed Pawnee.

The far-setting sun seems to beckon us on,
To the bright glowing West—where before he hath gone;
Let us follow his trail while he's seen in the sky,
And at night on our weapons all watchfully lie.

Tlien on, my brave boys, should the "sign of a foe"
Be seen in our path, we against them must go:
For it ne'er must be said that a Trapper turned back
When the foot of an Indian appeared on his track.

Our steeds are as fleet as the deer that bound by,
Our sight is as keen as the eagle's on high;
Our rifles are steady, and true when they flash,
As the lightning that shivers the towering ash.

The herds of the bison, far over the plain,
Shall soon hear the crack of our rifles again;
And the bright eyes that wept, when we bid them adieu,
With gladness and joy shall be lighted anew.

Oh! wide though we wander, and far though we roam,
The wide waving Prairie alone is our home;
Soon, soon in the "far West" our watch fires shall burn,
And feasting shall welcome the Trapper's return.

STANZAS.

The day has open'd his wings of light
And comes, like a sea-bird, over the foam
Of the ocean-waves, which the winds of night
Arous'd, as they pass'd in their tempest might,
And went shrieking on to their distant home.

The sky is calm, though the waters swell
As if proud of their giant sea,
Who bares his wide bosom; yet none can tell
What treasures are hid, and what mysteries dwell,
Beneath in their lone obscurity.

But where is the barque that was seen to ride
At eve o'er the swelling main?—
She went like a meteor down the dark tide,
And the beings who crowded her gilded side—
They never will breathe again.

The mariner's song was loud and bold,
As I listen'd upon the shore;
But the days of the wariner now are told,
His eyes are dim, and his heart is cold,
And his song will be heard no more.

The foam has gone from the waves at last,
And the ocean is now serene;
And man might dream that no breath had pass'd,
And that darkling skies, and the tempest blast,
O'er the waters had never been.

'Tis even thus with our lives—and storms
May scatter mankind at will:
Yet though millions die, and their lifeless forms
Be borne to the grave for the icy worms,
The world will be smiling still.

LA DERNIÈRE FÉE.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE BALZAC.

BY T. D. F.

CHAPTER V.

LOVE IN THE VILLAGE.

THE young Catherine, without education, naïve and simple-hearted, could not understand what Abel said to her; his account of the fairies dwelt upon her mind, and became the chief object of her meditations; she resolved to speak to the curé of the village, and learn from him if such beings really existed.

The curé, a well-informed man, soon saw, by the nature of Catherine's questions, that she had a strong motive in asking them, and he tried to confess her; and she, too simple to turn aside his questions, finally told him all that had passed. The good priest was exceedingly astonished to find, that in this age, there could exist a young man in such a state of nature. Ignorant of the circumstances which had brought Abel to this state of credulity, he imagined he must have lost his senses, and he strove to impress upon Catherine, that she incurred great hazard in going near so extraordinary a person. He proved, to her entire satisfaction, that fairies were imaginary beings, created by pure fantasy; and to make her quite understand him, he explained to her the tale of "Peau d'Âne," one of Fontaine's fables, and also one or two oriental tales; and he tried, though in vain, to extract a promise from her, not again to return to the cottage. But Catherine, after she had left the priest, found she could not really believe Abel was a fool, and was quite convinced she ran no other danger in returning to him, than the greatest one of all, the loving, without being beloved. To satisfy herself, she determined to go to him once more, and tell him the history of the young reaper.

The next morning, therefore, she went up the hill, and soon seated by Abel's side, she began to tell him there were no such beings as fairies, and tried to make him comprehend the meaning of the priest.

"Catherine," gravely replied Abel, "you can never convince me that there are not other beings

higher than ourselves. Who has done all which we see? It is a great genius; there are fairies of the flowers, fairies of the waters, fairies of the air. Is it possible thou hast not learned to love something out of thyself?"

"Ah, yes!" replied she.

"Can'st thou not imagine flowers that fade not, and a day without night? All this is found among fairies; they dwell above the heavens, the sky is the pavement of their temples, the stars are their footprints. When the tempest obscures them, then the evil genii have escaped from their prisons. Catherine, hast thou never a desire to be other than thou art? dost thou not wish, like me, to fly into those heavens, and to lose thyself in a loving adoration, like that I have for a fairy?"

"I am a Christian," said she, gently, "and I love God."

"God!" replied Abel; "what is that?"

"It is He who made us in His image, to love and adore Him."

"I understand," said Abel; "God is the king of fairies and genii."

"But," said Catherine, a little pottishly, "the curé told me there were no fairies."

"What is this curé?" demanded Abel.

It was impossible for Catherine to make Abel understand what a curé was; she attempted to explain to him the social order which existed in the world; but she soon got perplexed herself, and finally ended by saying that a curé was a man who never married, because he loved only God; he prayed for the whole world, and dressed in black.

"Then people do not pray to God for themselves," said Abel. "But if this curé should show me a book which proves fairies do not exist, I can show him one which proves they do," and he rose to get a volume of the "Cabinet des Fées."

"Ah!" said Catherine; "you wish to believe in the existence of these fairies, and it is sweeter to you to remain in error than to know the truth."

"Catherine," said Abel, with the naïve curiosity of a young squirrel, which springs from branch to branch, playing with every fruit; "thou hast promised me a history—tell it me now, for I love to hear thee speak."

Catherine felt her heart leap, for she knew that by the manner in which he received her little story, she would ascertain how much she herself had to hope from his affection.

HISTORY OF THE YOUNG REAPER.

"At the last harvest," said she, "there came from Lorraine, (which is a country below there, where the inhabitants are very poor, and come in the spring to make our harvest,) a young girl, with her mother; they were very poor, and the mother was old; but, in spite of many infirmities, she chose to come with her daughter. The girl's name is Juliette; she is pretty as an opening rose, and under her large straw hat, she looks like a violet hid under a dry leaf; her arms are round and pliant as a young willow, and formerly her smile was as bright and sweet as a spring morning. She came with her mother to the large farm you see at the lower end of the village, and asked to be taken as a reaper. The farmer has a son—the handsomest and finest formed in the village; no one can equal him with the bow and arrow; he can read and write, he sings at the church on the Sabbath, he directs the reapers, and superintends the work of the farm. He stood at the door of the farm-house when Juliette and her mother presented themselves; as soon as Juliette saw him, she turned pale, and felt disposed to love him, he was so handsome."

"If I ever love," said Abel, interrupting her, "it will be for something more than beauty."

"Juliette supposed," answered Catherine, "that the soul of this young man was like its envelope, and the poor child, before she knew it, loved him deeply. She always reaped near him; she bound up the grain he cut; his sheaves she carried on her own head; she was ever near him; if he complained of the heat, she gave him water from her own brown jug, which became dear to her because his lips had touched it. When Antoine spoke, she tremblingly listened to the least sound of his voice; if he spoke to her, she blushed, and dared not look at him; she loved him with the whole warmth of her nature; she dwelt on the happiness of the present moment, and thought not of the future. Her mother perceived the change in her, for heretofore Juliette had been wholly absorbed in contributing to her comfort, but now her mind was otherwise occupied. One day when Antoine had aided Juliette to tie up her faggot, she had allowed her mother to carry alone the burden in which she had always

before been in the habit of aiding her. In the evening, the mother said:

"My daughter, the air of this country does not agree with you; let us return to Lorraine."

"Juliette simply replied: 'Lorraine now for me is here,' and her mother felt there was no remedy; and they continued to reap.

"Antoine could not remain long ignorant of Juliette's love. One night he saw her in the court-yard of the farm, seated on a stone; she looked first at the heavens, then at the house where he was reposing. As it was night, she thought all the world were asleep; all was so silent, she almost heard the music of the clouds as they rolled through the air; she threw a kiss towards Antoine's room. This mute adoration—this sweet love pleased the young man, and from that hour he became devoted to Juliette.

"Do you hear me?" said Catherine to Abel.

"Yes, yes," answered the young man, who seemed almost dreaming.

"Then," continued Catherine, "Antoine gave to Juliette less work than to the others; when it was very warm he bade her rest, and she did rest, with her mother, because it was his wish. At table, he took care that she was well served, and one day he put a flower in her plate; Juliette took the flower and hid it in her bosom, (though faded, it is still there. One evening, when all the world were sleeping, Juliette and Antoine seated themselves under a tree in the garden, and conversed for a long time. He was charmed with the grace and wit of the young girl. Juliette was happy when she saw that her love was returned by him whom she adored, and she gave herself up to enthusiasm and hope. Antoine loved every thing she touched; he watched her as she reaped, and aided her and her mother, who, notwithstanding her long experience, began to hope all would end well; and she could not, the good old woman, refrain from smiling with pleasure when she saw the farmer's son dancing all the evening with Juliette. One evening, on returning with the farmer, Juliette, who had taken Antoine's arm, said to him:

"My friend, thou hast given me a flower of the earth, and many flowers which come from heaven, and I can give thee nothing but this ribbon, which I have worn as a girdle; take it, and remember, that in offering it to thee, I give thee all myself."

"Antoine took the girdle, and pressed it to his lips. They soon learned to understand, to read each other's looks; their hearts were blended in a pure and delicate love; there was for neither of them time, nor season, nor earth; they were all soul—they were one. Antoine was all Juliette—Juliette all Antoine.

"One day when Juliette had wept because the farmer spoke of the end of the harvest, and paying the reapers, Antoine told his father that he loved Juliette, and wished to marry her. That same evening, the farmer, who had determined his son should marry me, sent Juliette from his farm, after having paid her what he owed her, at the same time telling her he could never consent to her marriage with Antoine; she was too poor to think of it. Juliette did not weep, but she was as pale as death. She went, with her mother, to another farm, where they work without pay, because she will not leave the country where Antoine lives. I saw her this morning, and I said to her:

"You may rest assured, Juliette, that I will never marry Antoine, and if you have need of any thing, you will find in me a friend who will aid you all she can."

"Ah, that is well!" cried Abel, clasping his hands like one much moved.

Catherine was speechless, so much did this praise touch her heart. But soon she continued:

"From this time, Juliette has no pleasure but to see Antoine at church, and sometimes in the field; it is rarely they find themselves together, but when they do, they are happy, and they repeat again and again the oaths that bind them to each other. Yet Juliette never ceases to reproach herself that she has brought upon Antoine the displeasure of his father, for the old man declares that should his son marry without his permission, he will disinherit him. Juliette is sad, and without hope; she looks like a beautiful flower, gnawed by a worm. All the village love and pity her. Now, what remedy can you find for such evils?"

Abel answered not.

"But, suppose," continued Catherine, "that Antoine had not loved Juliette, but that she had ever adored him, could there exist, for a soul full of love, a misery so great?"

As she pronounced these words, her voice trembled, and she looked anxiously at Abel, and waited for his answer, as the summer flower, parched by the sun, waits for the dew of evening.

"It seems to me," answered Abel, in an indifferent tone, "love conquers all obstacles; the good fairies always triumph."

"Shall I triumph?" whispered Catherine, to herself.

From this time, Catherine came often to converse with Abel, and the poor girl loved the chemist's son with the same ardour that Juliette loved Antoine.

Soon, however, the report spread through the

village, that there lived in the cottage on the hill, a young man, beautiful as the day; he was served by a demon, and had inherited from his father, the chemist, the power of commanding nature—that he held intercourse with fairies and hobgoblins; and that he had even been seen in the evening, by the light of the moon, conversing with a spirit that came to him, borne on a cloud, and which vanished as a shadow. These rumours prevailed around the country to such an extent, that the curé thought it necessary to preach a sermon, forbidding the young people to ascend the hill.

Abel loved Catherine, but he loved her as a sister, and his affection for her did not interfere with his own secret reveries, which he indulged as much as ever. The desire to see a fairy became a consuming passion with him; his dreams were filled with visions of these aerial beings, and he still believed one would be presented to his longing senses. He talked freely of his hopes to Catherine, who, while with him, restrained her tears, but when she left him, could not but weep, to find herself disdained for these imaginary beings, who, the curé positively told her, did not exist. But she still hoped her time might come.

She always went to the hill in the morning, because it was in the morning she had first seen Abel, and then, too, her absence was not likely to be so much remarked, her father being engaged with the duties of his office; indeed, he would never have suspected her, for he knew her innocence of character, and the horror with which he had formerly inspired her of the hill and its inhabitants, and he never dreamed of the possibility of her going there.

However, Catherine, from the time she felt she loved Abel, almost without hope of return, grew sad and pale, and the change in her face and manner could not escape the observant eye of the quarter-master, Dontemps, who was every evening in attendance upon her; he remarked, too, that for a long time he had not been so well received, for Catherine, comparing him in her mind to Abel, whose natural and elegant manners were so engaging, could not but find the contrast in his loud tone, coarse gesture, and boasting language, very repulsive. Nevertheless, Jacques flattered himself he should yet be successful in winning her, for he had received a letter which was very encouraging. It seemed his friend, the valet, had just been promoted to the important post of secretary to the minister. On this information, Dontemps composed a petition, praying for the place of collector, and sent it to his friend, with a request he would place it in the hands of his Excellency on the very first opportunity. It cost him infinite trouble to write the petition, but

after fifteen days of thought and perplexity, the precious "moreau," of which we shall give a copy, was completed:

"MONSIEUR.—Your Excellency will be surprised to learn, that the collector in the town of V— is a thick-skulled fellow, who, in the machine of which your Excellency is the soul, is like a wheel without greense; this being so, quarter-master Jacques Bontemps, to whom, by the bye, they refused a retiring pension, because he wanted a year's service—because, you see, he had been discharged expressly; your Excellency, not being then minister, cannot be blamed, but he is, nevertheless, without a pension. Therefore he prays you to give him the situation of collector, and certainly your Excellency will do well to grant this petition; it will only cost you the stroke of a pen; and the petitioner begs Monseigneur to remember that he was on guard at the gate door of his Excellency, before he was minister, and that he saved him from the Cossacks, without which Monseigneur could not have been his Excellency to-day. The petitioner cannot doubt the gratitude of Monseigneur, and he has the honour to be, &c.,

"JACQUES BONTEMPS."

This done, he collected all his ideas, to write a circumstantial account of the affairs of the two contending towns, and sent it to one of his old generals, with a request that it might be placed immediately before the counsellor of state, that, as he said, the king might decide instantly on so important a point. These documents being despatched, Bontemps declared to Catherine's father, that in a month he should be the collector of the town, and that the law suit would be terminated. Grandvoin repented his promise, that Catherine should then become his wife. Poor Catherine sighed, but spoke not.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FAIRY OF PEARLS.

ABEL had begun to despair of ever seeing a fairy, and in a paroxysm of discontent, he closed his books, which, however, he knew by heart, resolving never to open them again. Like all those who begin to doubt of something on which they have placed their happiness, he abandoned himself to melancholy. He found some relief when he thought of Catherine, but though all the elements of love were in him, he was not in love; his activity of mind wasted itself in objectless reveries, and when Catherine was not with him, he felt a sort of mental paralysis. In a word, he had that want of something to love, the "*besoin d'aimer*," which besets the young, when standing

on the threshold between youth and manhood, and which gives to first love so much charm and power.

One evening, after having contemplated for a long time the heavens, he apostrophised them in his oriental style:

"Clouds!" said he, "that rest on the summit of the mountain, send to my cottage some swift spirit to instruct me, who shall prescribe to me some difficult enterprise, into which I can put my whole soul—who will order me to throw myself into a lake, at the bottom of which I shall find a young fairy, guarded by lions, seated on a throne of diamonds, confined there 'or many ages, by the cruel artifice of an enchanter. Star, conduct me to her whom I should love. Guide me to the country where I shall find the castle of the fairies. Ah!" said he to Caliban, who listened to him without comprehending; "to-morrow I will lift the stone of the chimney, and will then go forth into the world, for all the princes in my tales have thus met with fairies, disguised as old women or beggars; but, ah! how shall I ever leave the place which contains the ashes of my mother?—and Catherine, and thee, Caliban, who cannot walk so far?"

Caliban kissed his hand.

"I wish to love," continued Abel; "my flowers, my cottage, my plants, are not sufficient—I am alone! Ah! fairy of love—the good fairy, who has so well served the prince of spirits—come to my aid!"

He re-entered the cottage, and sadly threw himself upon his bed, in the laboratory, and was soon in a profound sleep.

It was near midnight—the deepest silence reigned throughout the cabin, which was not disturbed by the faint sound of the wind, playing through the trees. Abel dreamed that a fairy appeared to him; he heard the most enchanting ærial music, and in the midst of it, the voice of a fairy rung, in silver tones, upon his ear; he awoke—the sad music of the dream continued, but what a spectacle met his eye.

To give one a just idea of the scene, a picture of Endymion, when first visited by Diana, should have been seen. Abel was as beautiful as the shepherd boy, and as he lay upon his rough couch, he seemed a very god. He was stupified by astonishment when he saw come from the wide chimney, the object of his dreams—a fairy, and the most beautiful of all fairies—the very fairy of love! She advanced to the middle of the laboratory, in a cloud of light, soft as a star; this light was produced by a bronze lamp, which the fairy had left in the chimney, and which Abel could not see. It was of an antique form, and cast a pure, celestial light, which filled

the whole laboratory. Abel thought himself still dreaming, and abandoned himself to the luxury of contemplating this beautiful being.

The song and music ceased—the fairy seemed from her cloud of light, to disdain the earth, which she scarce touched with her snowy feet; she was clothed in a white robe, so dazzling, that Abel thought it even surpassed the drapery he had supposed worn by the fairies; her hair, black as jet, was wreathed with pearls; a ceinture of pearls girdled her graceful form—a pearl collar around her throat, was hardly to be distinguished from the alabaster skin; her round and polished arms sparkled with bracelets of pearls, and her robe was embroidered with them. She held in one hand a wand of mother-of-pearl, and from her head fell behind, like a cloud of light, a transparent veil.

This daughter of the air was small and delicate, but no words could give an idea of her face; it united so much goodness, allied to a gentle pride, love, grace, and that indefinable charm, which results from a desire of pleasing; her eyes were brilliant, but soft, and they had that peculiar and voluptuous expression, which is given by the drooping lid, which half hides and half reveals the fire of love; her cheeks had the bloom of the rose, and her lovely mouth displayed teeth whiter than the pearls which adorned her dress; her head was exquisitely placed upon her neck, which rose, swan-like from her beautiful shoulders.

Abel saw all this in a moment; he feared his very breathing would snatch from him this divine apparition, and he hardly dared look at the fairy, whose eyes were like two stars from heaven. She seemed to enjoy the astonishment of Abel, and looked at him with a curious admiration; she cast down, then raised her eyes, and finally drew near him, and Abel, hearing her breathe, no longer doubted the truth of the celestial appearance. He threw himself on his knees before her, and, looking up into her angelic face, he said, with a voice full of enthusiastic adoration.

"Thou art the Fairy of Pearls?"

She smiled, and nodded her head, in token of approbation, and this simple movement made the diamond, worn upon her forehead, sparkle with such a light, that Abel thought a circle of glory was around her head.

"Beautiful Fairy of Pearls!" he continued, with a charming ingenuousness; "you have, then, heard my voice; take, oh! take, in those white hands, the reins of my life. I wish to belong to you entirely. Will you accept the offering of a pure heart, and deign to come sometimes to my cottage? I will gather for you the tears of the repentant—I will raise for you temples and al-

tars—I will live only for you; but speak, let me hear your voice, I tremble lest you are only a dream!"

Raphael has painted seraphim, angels bowing before the throne of the Eternal, and he has gathered all human perfection into a posture, which, spite of its humility, is full of grace; their faces are resplendent with heavenly beauty, and seem to cast a luminous reflection upon the earth, which is covered by their golden tresses. Such an one was Abel, as he thus prayed before his fairy. She gazed admiringly at him—the color deepened on her cheek—her eyes sparkled, and a radiant expression diffused itself over her whole figure. When Abel had finished his prayer, she gently moved her head, and pronounced these words:

"Abel, I see thou art worthy of all thou desirest; for some time I will come to thy cottage, like the ray of the moon, which sheds its silver light in the middle of the night; if thou merit it, I will be thy friend—thy star—thy —;" she stopped, as if fearing to say too much.

In listening to this angelic voice, which played upon his ear like the soft sounds of a harp, Abel was fascinated—they went directly to his heart, he seemed in his soul to hear the soul of the fairy; the sacred music which preceded the apparition, was not half so harmonious.

"Ah! methinks," said he. "I hear the harps, which Catherine tells me are ever playing before the throne of her God. I have never before felt the pleasure which one word of yours gives me; the bird which sings its death song—the nightingale—the kiss of a mother, are not so sweet. Oh! Fairy of Pearls, are you not the queen of the fairies, as the pearl is the queen of the ocean?"

The fairy smiled, and, intoxicated by that smile, Abel exclaimed:

"Oh! if I were eternal, I should be happy for a thousand years in a smile like that; smile again, and I will die content. Your smile would charm me from the night of the tomb; I should rather die with this remembrance, than live without you!"

"Abel, adieu!" said she, in a tender voice.

Abel prostrated himself before her; when he raised his head, darkness the most complete reigned: the fairy had disappeared as she had come, and the young man tried, in vain, to distinguish the place where she had been; he saw only darkness—he heard only silence. Soon he distinguished, at a little distance, a rolling sound like thunder; he ran out of the cottage to the top of the hill, and he saw, rolling away towards the forest, a bright chariot, borne with the rapidity of a tempest cloud. He re-entered the cabin, but not to sleep; he saw only the fairy of pearls,

and her cloud of light; he heard the gentle voice, and once more, in fancy, prostrated himself before her.

In the morning, he found proofs that all had not been a dream, but that a celestial apparition had indeed appeared to him; his mother's humble tabouret was before the chimney, and upon and around it were many pearls, which had dropped from the fairy's dress. He examined the chimney, and found, beaten into fragments, a small crystal bottle, which his father had placed there, and on which he had often read the word, *Esprit*.

"Ah!" said he, "it is in this, then, that my father left the fairy imprisoned, and her time, doubtless, expired to-night."

He mounted up the chimney, and found, on many rounds of the ladder, which had always stood there, many pearls, and small foot-prints.

He ran to awaken Caliban, to tell him of the visit of the fairy. The old servant rejoiced and said:

"Abel, I am growing old; you must ask of this fairy a spirit who may cultivate your garden, thrash your wheat, and raise your vegetables, for you cannot work."

"Perhaps she can make you live always," said Abel; "but I know not whether fairies have the power; I will look in my book and see," and he ran to his "Cabinet des Fées," to look for examples, while Caliban congratulated himself on getting a brevet of immortality.

Abel soon went out, and he had not got a hundred steps from the cabin, when he noticed a large white mass, he had never seen before; he could not recollect what had been there, but finally remembered, that it was the large green bush, which had hidden Catherine from his sight, the first morning she came to him; he ran towards it, and found that the bush had been burned, and that in its place was a large white stone; it was square, and covered with hieroglyphics. On examining more closely, he found at the foot of the stone, an extraordinary slab, which had apparently been buried for many years under the earth; in the middle of the slab was an iron ring. It must have been a work of some labour to have removed this slab, and erected the little monument by it, and Abel could not understand how it had been done, till the reflection came to him, that it must have appeared at the command of the Fairy of Pearls, and he imagined something important must be concealed under the hieroglyphic characters; he threw himself upon the ground, and put his ear to the slab; he thought he heard a heavy rolling noise, but it was only produced by the same cause which

makes the sound of the waves of the sea, in the shell the child holds to his ear.

He sought to decipher the characters, but in vain; he was still looking at this singular monument, when he heard a step light as a phantom's, near him; he started up, thinking it was the fairy, but he saw it was Catherine, who came guiltily towards him. Abel's chagrin and disappointment were visibly expressed in his face, and could not escape the quick eye of Catherine.

"What is the matter with you," said she, trembling like an aspen leaf.

"I thought," replied he with a sweet smile, that for a moment re-assured her; "I thought it was the fairy."

"What fairy?" said she with surprise.

"The Fairy of Pearls," answered he, with eyes sparkling with love; "but what disturbs you, Catherine? why do you turn away your eyes?"

"I cannot look at yours when they have that expression—and not for me," thought she to herself.

"What troubles thee, my little Catherine?" said he gently; "thou weepst! dost thou suffer?"

"Ah! yes, I suffer," replied she, sobbing; she turned towards him, and saw he was weeping too. "Thou weepst! our tears fall together!"

"Can I see thy pain without sharing it?" answered Abel. "Art thou not my sister, the only being who has smiled on me, except my father, mother, and Caliban?"

"Ah! well," said Catherine, striving to hide her anguish: "who is this fairy?"

Then Abel, with all the enthusiasm of youth, and all the fire of love, gave her an animated description of the celestial vision he had seen in the night; the most energetic phrases of a language, not yet polished down by civilization, taught the unhappy Catherine the impression made upon him.

"Yes," said he, as he closed, pointing to the heavens; "she comes from the garden of thy God, and I love him better for sending me one of the roses that bloom near his throne, and which is a rose of light, of perfume and charms, such as we never see below. Yes, Catherine! the whiteness of the lily, the thousand colours of the birds of the east, the song of the swan, the odor of amber, the fumes of the houri of Mahomet, all these wonders of nature, are eclipsed by this *chef d'œuvre* of them all."

"You love her!" said Catherine, tremblingly, dreading the reply.

"I dare not, for fear my love would tarnish her purity."

"But if she is so beautiful, and yet loves you not?"

"Thou readest my thoughts," said he striking his heart. "I fear it—it suffocates me."

"You love her, and she will love you, for a woman who has once seen you, can never forget the sweetness of your countenance."

Having said this, Catherine fled towards the forest, weeping bitterly, but she soon stopped, and returning precipitately, and seating herself by him on the stone, she said :

"Abel, be happy, and I shall be happy!" She then rose and left him.

The young man followed her pensively with his eyes, and for some time he thought no more of the fairy. The words and expressive looks of Catherine, came again and again to his mind; but it was only a vague pre-occupation, having for its source a confused sentiment, he sought not to understand.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WONDERFUL LAST.

For many days the soul of Abel lived on the remembrance of the apparition of the Fairy of Pearls, but he soon began to feel the want of seeing her again, till he could hardly restrain his impatience; he would not allow himself to sleep at night, lest he should lose one moment of her presence. He dressed himself with great care, bathed his hair in the clear water of the spring, and Caliban washed his embroidered collar till it was white as snow. One evening he gathered an enormous bunch of flowers, and placed them in the laboratory; he cleared out the chimney, and bound the ladder, down which the fairy had descended, with wreaths of lilies, that she might find a perfumed path.

The following night, just as the clock struck twelve. (the hour which all fairies love, because the silence, and mystery which pleases their souls, reigns every where,) a most divine music, united to the silvery song of a fairy, filled the cottage. Abel awoke immediately; he saw the fairy in the midst of a cloud of light, which diffused itself over the laboratory, like the soft veil of air which one often remarks on a fine spring day resting over the vallies. The charming being was seated on the old worn-out chair, looking at Abel; as soon as he awoke, she ceased her song, and the expression of her face became less tender in its expression. Abel, who since her first visit, had always retired fully dressed, rose and threw himself at the feet of the fairy. A moment of silence ensued, for she seemed to take great pleasure in the evident admiration of the young man, who gazed upon her as eagerly as if, after a long separation, he had met his

dearest friend. He then, with charming *naïveté*, said :

"You have broken the great bottle in which my father left you imprisoned?"

"Yes," replied she, smiling, "and it is because he took me from the hands of a wicked enchanter, that I have sworn to protect you."

"To protect me," said he slowly, and in a tone of reproach.

"What do you wish me to do more," said the fairy, who understood him perfectly.

"I do not know," replied he; but after a moment of hesitation, he added, with that submissive, yet passionate air, which lends so much expression to words: "I wish never to quit you. Have you not rendered the life I led insupportable? What would become of me, if I could not think of you, and if your image did not fill every moment? Nothing pleases me now, if it has not some connexion with you; my soul was full of happiness in getting these flowers, because I thought you would tread upon the leaves I scattered in your path. Formerly I loved to listen to the murmur of our fountain, I contemplated the heavens and the earth, without wishing any thing; now their only charm for me, is because I think I hear and see you in every thing. Beautiful fairy! I am ignorant of your dwelling, but I know you live here," and he placed his hand upon his heart.

The fairy heard with pleasure; (for fairies are always women;) she pointed with her wand of pearl, for him to sit beside her. Abel timidly obeyed her, and as he seated himself, he saw the beautiful lamp which burned in the chimney; for an instant he looked at it with surprise, the fairy noticed it, and as if divining his thought, she smiled :

"Beautiful Fairy," said Abel; "Can you prolong Caliban's life?"

She shook her head, and answered in a sweet voice :

"We cannot give or take life; that, God has forbidden us, but we can soften its miseries."

"You know then Catherine's God?"

"Who is Catherine?" cried the fairy, almost startled from the repose which she seemed to have prescribed to herself. "Is it not a young, and pretty girl whom you love?"

"No, I do not love her," answered Abel, "for we laugh together; I take her hand, but at her side, I am master of myself; I cherish her as a sister, she was sad the other day, and I wept with her."

"Abel, hear me! If you have any request to make, speak now.—I will grant you all you desire."

"I do not wish any thing for myself," said he

quietly, "for at this moment I am happy. Yet I feel it would give me pleasure to see my dear father and my tender mother, the good fairy. You know them; can you not grant I shall once more look at them?"

"It is necessary for me to consult my books before I can answer you; if I have the power I will show them to you."

"Ah! gentle fairy, I wish also to see your palace—your home."

"Wherefore?"

"Because, then, I shall see you always there; you can never be absent from me."

She appeared touched by this reply, and promised Abel to grant this wish. She cast upon him a look full of kindness, perhaps even a more tender sentiment, and made a movement to retire.

"Oh! remain," said Abel; "do not go yet," and he seized her pretty hand; she drew it quickly from him, and the poor young man thought he read disdain in her face. He feared he had offended her; he retired from her side with a sad look which implored her forgiveness, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. The fairy, astonished, drew near, and put her hand to the lips of the young man; he kissed it tenderly and respectfully, and he felt her hand tremble. In this second interview, a change had come over the fairy; she was no longer the laughing being she appeared on her first visit, but the son of the Chemist was himself too much agitated to notice the change.

The fairy had noticed particularly the laboratory and hangings of the old Chemist and his wife, which hung up in it. She turned towards Abel, and said:

"The dew is now distilling on the flowers, the morning comes, it is the hour in which we must disappear." Then lightly and gracefully she took her brilliant lamp, and springing into the chimney, she ascended the ladder like a young squirrel.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GEM FROM THE OLD POETS.

THE BOOK OF THE WORLD.

BY BRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDALE.

Of this fair volume which we "World" do name,
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of Him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare,
Find out His power, which wildest powers doth tame,
His providence extending everywhere;
His Justice, which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page, no period of the same:
But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleas'd with colour'd yellow, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribands, leaving what is best,
On the great writer's sense, ne'er taking hold;
Or if by chance, we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

THE LAST OF THE INDIANS.

BY D. D. D.

[The Indians seem to be disappearing so rapidly, that I think it will hardly be censured as too great a stretch of the imagination, to fancy the last of the race surveying the waves of the Pacific, when about to follow his fathers to that bourne whence no traveller returns.]

On the shore beside the sea,
Lying 'neath the spreading oak,
Gazing on the waves so free,
Thus the last wild Indian spoke.

"Ere the white men crossed that flood,
Numerous as you golden sand
Red men hunted in the wood,
Lords, not tenants of the land.

"Yonder sun, alas I will shine
No more upon that noble race,
Ne'er shall see her children join
Dance of war or noble chase.

"Last of all my race! I've seen
The stoutest trees by storms o'erthrown;
The fairest flowers have withered been,
And I am left to die alone.

"None shall live to tell my end,
None for me shall shed a tear,
None shall mourn a fallen friend,
None I leave to call me dear.

"All have gone! My native land
Hears no more their battle cry;
Last of all that warrior band,
I alone am left to die!"

Thus he sang. Dim grew his eye,
Pale his lips and fixed his gaze;
Still he lay. One deep drawn sigh
Told the end of all his days.

ODE TO THE LARK.

BY B. NAISMITH.

Sing on! thou sweet bird, for the sorrow and care
That weigh down my spirits to thee are unknown—
Sing on! for, exalted in clear morning air,
Thou'rt happier far than a king on his throne.

Thy sleep, 'mid the health-bells, is sweet, till the East
Is bright with the beaming that heralds the sun;
And then, while kind nature supplies all thy feast,
Thou sing'st to the peasant till day-light is done.

Thy song is aye cheerful—no sorrow's with thee;
The milk-maid and shepherd still love thy sweet lay:
No bird in the cage, and no bird on the tree,
Is always so happy, and always so gay.

O could I, like thee, on thy dew-wetted wing,
Soar up from this earth, and forget all my woe—
O could I, like thee, aye so merrily sing,
Oblivious to all my misfortunes below!

O could I, like thee, be so early at praise,
O could I, like thee, cheer my neighbours around,
O could I, like thee, sing so happy always,
And daily and early renew the sweet sound!

O could I, like thee, seek the regions above,
And leave all the troubles of earth far behind,
I'd mingle with choristers, singing of love,
Where music and gladness no limit can find!



Engraved by

THE BALCONY.

THE BALCONY.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH,

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

I.

EMILIE DE VALLORIN ought to have been born three hundred years ago, at least. When other girls of her age were dreaming of operas, balls and milliners, Emilie's imagination revelled in ideal tournaments, jousts and festivals of the olden time. She would have doated on an old castle, full of sliding pannels, secret staircases and gloomy dungeons; nay, we would not venture to assert that an assassination or two might not have had some charms for her, provided they were skillfully performed by an individual in a large picturesque cloak and black mask. But Fortune, as we have hinted, was unkind; Romance is a rare commodity in the nineteenth century, and no where rarer than within the bustle of a large town.

At eighteen Emilie had married the Marquis de Vallorin, who inhabited a handsome villa in the immediate neighbourhood of Paris; but all the comforts and luxuries of modern civilization, lavished with no sparing hand, failed to satisfy his romantic wife. Even in the extensive pleasure grounds attached to the villa, she found no pleasure, although the wealthy Marquis had spared no pains in their improvement and embellishment. In one retired nook alone, where a stone balcony overlooked a small quiet dell, did she seem to find any satisfaction. Here she would pass whole days; sometimes in deep musing; sometimes in the perusal of her favorite romances, from which she would at times rise, and, gazing forth upon the little dell, fancy it some well fought field of tourney, strewn with splintered lances, and herself enthroned as Queen of Beauty, to dispense the meed of honour to the victor in the lists. After the death of her husband, the old Marquis, which happened shortly after their marriage, she became more attached than ever to this spot: not that she pretended any violent grief for her deceased spouse, whom she had wedded at her father's will, but that her visions of the days of chivalry craved more indulgence the more they were indulged.

One evening, about three years after the death of the Marquis de Vallorin, Emilie was seated in

this balcony, and near her the Baron de Lircas, one of the few whom she suffered to intrude there. The eyes of the Marchioness were fixed on her "tourney-field;" those of the Baron rested, with an expression of earnest affection, on her finely-moulded features.

"Tell me, Baron!" she said, suddenly turning round to him; "do you not think these old baronial castles, with their towers and battlements, their moats and dungeons, much preferable to our modern white-washed mansions? Some of the country-houses of the middle age have a certain picturesqueness about them, that may make them enduring, but the square boxes which they call houses in the present day, I detest!"

"Ah! madame!" replied the accepted lover, for such he was; "why will you speak but of castles and houses, when I would have you speak of love? I have an infinite respect for the ladies of the middle age, but I prefer modern beauties by far. I fear, fair widow, you will even forget that our marriage is to take place this year—this very day you promised to fix its date."

"There is time enough," cried the Marchioness, gaily; "this is but the end of March, and there are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year."

"That means, I suppose, that you would have it postponed till the thirty-first of December. To speak frankly, madame!" cried the Baron, with increasing warmth; "I feel certain that some rival has robbed me of your affections."

"A rival!" repeated Emilie, and she laughed scornfully. "A rival amongst the young men of the nineteenth century! I esteem you, Baron, but more I cannot do for you, or any one of these degenerate days. Would you have me fall in love with one of those ball-room candles, whose love lasts no longer than the wax-light that illuminates the hall; or with one of those grave gentlemen who limit their affection to words, and never strive to show it by gallant deeds? Ah!" she added, pensively. "I could have loved, with all my heart's devotion—"

"Whom?" interrupted the Baron, impatiently. "Rolando, the nephew of Charlemagne, or some of his brother paladins!"

All the Baron's politeness, and his care to cultivate Emilie's favour, could scarce preserve him from a burst of laughter.

"Love Rolando as much as you please," he said, on recovering his composure. "I promise you that I will not interfere with him. In resigning you to him, however, I warn you to beware of your rival Angelica! When you have given over reading, by day and by night, the poem of Ariosto, or the history of Agnes Sorel, I may venture again to present myself before you. Meantime, noble Marchioness, adieu!"

Next day, the gossips of the servant's hall determined that the Baron de Lireas had "transferred his attentions" from the Marchioness to her sister, the fair Marceleine de Thionville. Nor was this opinion altogether without foundation, for the Baron and Marceleine had a long interview, at the close of which each appeared with an expression of suppressed mirth, that gave great annoyance to the Marchioness, and she repaired to her favorite balcony, to find consolation in her dreams of chivalry.

II.

That evening, when the Marchioness retired to her chamber, she abruptly dismissed her attendant. Her regard for the Baron de Lireas was deeper than she had imagined, and her trouble at his seeming happiness with another had taught her this. As she paced to and fro with agitation, her foot struck against an antique curiously carved coffer, which she had never noticed before. Who could have placed it there? What did it contain? With all the curiosity pertaining to the daughters (aye! and to the sons too) of Eve, Emilie hastily opened the coffer, which she found unlocked, and drew forth, piece by piece, a handsome and picturesque costume of the middle ages. To curiosity succeeded coquetry; she had soon donned the white satin robe, with its wide hanging sleeves, the broad hat, with its long white plume, and the rich girdle with its buckle of emeralds surrounded by seed pearls. When she had completed her toilet she regarded herself approvingly in the mirror, and the moonbeams that shone brightly through the window, seemed to invite her to her "throne of beauty" on the balcony. She obeyed the summons, and opening the door that led into the garden, soon reached the quiet nook.

It was now midnight—the hour of robbers, bats, nightingales and serenades. Emilie felt, however, despite the impulse that had brought her there, that it was no hour for her to be abroad, and she was about to turn away, when a slight noise caught her ear, and a figure,

clad in the costume of the reign of Charles VII. sprang from the shade, and seized her hand, at the same time exclaiming:

"Thou wilt follow me, Madame!"

The Marchioness shrieked, and called for help, though with little hope that the sounds would reach the house.

"Silence, for pity's sake!" cried the stranger; "shouldst thou refuse to accompany me I will kill myself in despair. For I love thee, Emilie! I adore each hair of these clustering locks, each fold of that flowing robe!"

"Sir," stammered the Marchioness, "this language—at such an hour—I have never seen you—I know nothing of you."

"But I have seen thee, beloved one! I have admired thee, without even obtaining a look in return. Such as thou seest me, I am a descendant of the famous Raoul de Coucy, and count amongst my ancestors some of the bravest heroes of the age of Charles VII. I am called Sire Olivier. Regarding with horror all modern innovations of costume and of manners, I have resolved to shut myself up in the fortress of my ancestors, and to adopt those of the good times of old. Wilt thou be the lady of my castle?"

During this speech, the marchioness had ventured to look at the daring stranger, and her anger somewhat diminished. His costume was that of a Seigneur of the middle age, with a clasp of rubies on his heaver, and his velvet pourpoint sown with silver stars. The face of the stranger was handsome, manly and intelligent. The sight of a figure advancing from the house revived her courage; she snatched away her hand, and running towards it, recognized her sister, and threw herself into her arms.

"What is the matter, Emilie?" asked Marceleine.

"I have come," interposed Sire Olivier, who had followed close behind, "to claim this lady's hand, and bear her off as my bride."

"Alas! my sister!" said Mademoiselle de Thionville, "I fear we are in his power; we are far from all assistance. But fear not," she whispered; "go quietly, and I can the sooner send to rescue you."

The two sisters embraced each other again and again. Tears rolled down the cheeks of the Marchioness, while Marceleine's agitation was betrayed by fits of short hysteric laughter. Sire Olivier at length separated them, and raising the Marchioness in his arms, bore her, with the vigour of a Rolando, to a small gate in the garden wall, through which he passed, and placed her on the back of a stout steed, which was in waiting for them. Having carefully enveloped her head in a thick veil, he mounted before her, and the pair rode off in a style, which, however romantic it

might seem to Emelie, was very like the jog-trot of a Flemish farmer to market, with his dame on a pillion behind him. No bandit, no spectre, no wizard crossed their path. The moon looked down upon the fugitives with the most perfect indifference—but then, she has witnessed so many elopements since that of Helen!

The thick veil in which she was wrapped, however, kept the Marchioness perfectly ignorant of their route, and left her imagination free scope to portray the most dreadful precipices, the most rugged ravines, the most frightful dangers of all kinds. After the lapse of a couple of hours, the horse's hoofs clattered on a pavement—which Sire Olivier informed her was the causeway that led to his fortress; and shortly afterwards he checked his steed, and assisting her to dismount, conducted her carefully along several long galleries and narrow staircases, till at length halting, he removed the veil from her eyes. Then, respectfully saluting her, he left her alone with an old crone, who, to all her impatient enquiries, could only mumble some unintelligible words.

The Marchioness, in despair, raised her eyes to heaven, and they naturally encountered the ceiling. Such a ceiling! festooned, it is true, but only with cobwebs, which hung gracefully from the rough heavy joists, unadorned with any carving, save the marks of the axe, very evidently remaining. Involuntarily she regretted the gilded cornices of her own boudoir, and began to suspect that romance did not mean comfort. She took a few steps along the room, and felt the cold seize on her feet; instead of the rich Turkey carpet, to which she had been accustomed, the floor was covered with cold hard tiles; but she consoled herself with the idea that the feet of Blanche of Castille, or of Agnes Sorel, had doubtless been frozen in a similar manner, in their day.

The poor Marchioness began to tremble with fear and with cold. The vast, desolate chamber, with its indistinct, gloomy recesses, seemed built for the habitation of spectres. She dared not go to bed, and as the aged crone had left her to herself, she took up a book which lay on the oaken table; it was a gothic missal, which she strove in vain to decypher. Suddenly, she heard a rustling noise, and a dark object passing close by the lamp, very nearly extinguished it. As the Marchioness could not pretend to the courage of Clorinda or Bradamante, she uttered a faint shriek; but, fortunately, the spectre was only a swallow, disturbed by the light from its nest on the rafters above. Scarcely had she recovered from her alarm, when she heard from without a mournful and choking cry.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "is that

some unfortunate vassal, whom they are hanging from the battlements?"

While entertaining this agreeable reflection, the moonlight showed her a large screech-owl flitting past the window, which repeated at the moment its lugubrious cry.

"It is foolish to alarm myself, thus," she thought; "but in the way of birds, I must confess that I prefer my little pet cunary!"

III.

For several successive days, Sire Olivier came to pay the Marchioness a visit. His manner was tender and respectful; his conversation, though short, was to the point; we cannot say that it had much variety.

The first day, he said, with a sigh, "I love thee!" The second day, with two sighs, he repeated, "I love thee, fair Marchioness!" Emelie thought this very sentimental.

The third day, he said; "If thou lovest me not, I will cast myself into the torrent, that foams past the foot of the castle wall." This was very exciting, and the Marchioness thought, with profound disdain, of the tame speeches of the Baron de Lireas.

The fourth day, he said; "If thou lovest me not, I will pierce thy heart with this poniard." This was irresistible—the marriage was fixed for next day.

The following forenoon, he conducted her into a hall, where he left her, to go, as he said, and have the chapel prepared for the ceremony. She had been alone but a few moments when a small side door opened; she turned her head and beheld the Baron de Lireas.

"You here, sir!" she exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes, madam!" he replied, "I learned that a villain had carried you off, and rested not till I had traced you hither."

"He of whom you speak," answered Emelie, with indignation, "is the most noble of men. He loves me to madness, and I shall soon be his wife. Leave me, sir! remonstrance is vain."

"Think not, fair Marchioness!" returned the Baron, "that I will yield you thus tamely to a rival. You forget that I, too, love you passionately!" And falling on his knees, he seized her hand, and raised it to his lips.

What the lady's answer might have been we cannot say, for at this moment the bridegroom returned.

"Hell and furies!" he exclaimed; "my bride alone with a stranger!"

The poor Marchioness stammered out that this was the Baron de Lireas.

"What! your son her lover!" he thundered. "You forget, madam, that I have a short temper and a long dagger!"

"For mercy's sake, listen!" entreated the Marchioness.

"And did you think," he continued, furiously, "that I would allow myself to be thus outraged by her who was to bear my name? In our family, madam, the honour of the men is bright as the steel of their swords—the honor of the women unsullied as the snow!"

"But, sir!" interposed the Baron.

"Call me not 'sir!' my name is Sire Olivier!"

"Well, my good Mr. Oliver! permit me to state, that I was acquainted with the Marchioness de Vallorin long before you, and that our marriage was determined on long ago."

"Thou liest in thy throat!" exclaimed Sire Olivier, violently.

"Allow me to remind you," returned the Baron, calmly, "that strangers do not 'thou' and 'thee' each other since the days of the Revolution."

"This insolence is too much!" cried Sire Olivier; and drawing his poniard, he struck fiercely at the Baron, who fell heavily to the ground.

He then turned towards the pale, trembling and almost fainting Emilie.

"Do not approach me!" she cried; "you inspire me now with the utmost horror and aversion!"

"Tell me, madam!" answered Olivier, with a sarcastic smile, "do you remember the story of Othello and Desdemona?"

"Othello!" she murmured to herself; "does he mean to smother me?"

"Perhaps," continued he, "you have heard of the fate of my ancestor, Raoul de Coucy, and of the fair Gabrielle de Vergy, the lady of Fayel?"

"What a monster!" thought the poor Marchioness. "Will he force me to eat the heart of the Baron?"

"As for me," he went on to say, "who am more jealous and more passionate than Othello or the Sire de Fayel, I must have more fearful vengeance still!"

Emilie fell on her knees, half dead with terror.

"Have you forgotten, madam, what building you now inhabit? This hall is placed above the castle dungeon—and you know what these ancient dungeons are," he continued, placing his hand on her shoulder. "You are at this moment kneeling on a trap, which, at the slightest motion, will open beneath you, and you will fall into a cell, the pavement of which is stuck full of sharp scythes and dagger-blades!"

The lady uttered a cry of terror, and instinc-

tively rose to fly from the fatal spot; but this movement was enough—the trap opened, and the Marchioness disappeared.

 IV.

In another room of the building, where this scene had passed, might be seen, a few minutes afterwards, a merry company seated round a table, well furnished with all manner of delicacies, liquid and solid. They were all elegantly dressed; copies, one would think, of the very last plate of the fashions—except one, a lady, who appeared strangely enough apparelled in the costume of the sixteenth century. She seemed just recovering from a faint, and was anxiously attended by another fair creature, who was employing every means for her recovery.

"Come, rally yourself, my poor sister!" said the latter—Marceline de Thionville—to the masquerading lady, in whom no doubt our readers have recognised the Marchioness de Vallorin.

"Give the Marchioness a little of this water," said one of the company, a young man, dressed in the height of the mode, who was none other than our friend, Sire Olivier. "As for me, I require something stronger; pass me the Margaux, De Jirens!"

"Where am I?" exclaimed Emilie, according to the immemorial usage of ladies recovering consciousness. "I remember a fall—a gloomy dungeon. And now, these flowers, this banquet—what mean they?"

Sire Olivier turned to reply to this question; but recognising him, in spite of his white waistcoat and black cravat, she sprang to her feet in horror, though she started back again with almost equal dread, on finding herself close to the slain Baron de Jirens, who held out his arms to receive her.

"Do not tremble, madam!" said Sire Olivier, respectfully addressing her; "Pardon the deception we have used. Your faithful knight is a simple gentleman of the present day; his old time-worn castle looks gay enough by day-light; the 'hall of the dungeons' is nothing else than the stage of a theatre, the curtain and wings of which were masked by heavy tapestry. At a given signal the trap on which you stood was gently lowered down; you fainted, and in that state were conveyed amidst this godly company, who were passing the time at luncheon, till our arrival.

"How! it was all a trick, then?" cried Emilie, with a glance of indignation at Sire Olivier, whom she found much less noble-looking in his black coat.

"I am the culprit," interposed the Baron de

Lercas. "With the aid of your sister and our good friend there, M. Vitry, I have endeavoured to give you some idea of domestic life in the middle ages. Read the chronicles of the times, I pray you, fair Emilie, and say whether our little drama is not strictly in accordance with historic truth."

A merry laugh from the assembled guests, at the disconcerted look of the Marchioness, rang round the room. For a moment she was uncertain whether to laugh *with* them, or be angry *at* them. She took the wiser plan.

"Yes!" she said, with a smile, "you are quite right. These gloomy dungeons were apt to be made use of very uncomfortably; and the poniard or the poison cup were not infrequently accorded, by a lover or a husband, for a little innocent coquetry."

"Well, madam!" said the Baron. "do you still retain your preference for old castles and fierce knights?"

"To say true," returned Emilie, "I would much rather inhabit a modern country mansion, or a house in the *Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin*. And for a husband—I suppose I must *c'en* be content with one of the nineteenth century."

And she held out her hand to the Baron, who took it affectionately, and thereon sealed the compact with a loving kiss.

B I N G E N .

BY THE MRS. NORTON.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,—
There was a lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth
of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him while his life-blood
ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native
land;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of
mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.
"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and
crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard
ground,
That we fought the battle bravely,—and when the day
was done
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting
sun.
And midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in
wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of
many scars:
But some were young,—and suddenly beheld life's mor-
ning
decline,—
And one had come from Bingen,—from Bingen on the
Rhine!

"Tell my Mother, that her other sons shall comfort her
old age,
And I was eye a truant bird, that thought his home a
cage:

For my Father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce
and wild;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty board,
I let them take what'er they would, but kept my father's
sword;

And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light
used to shine,

On the cottage-wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the
Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with droop-
ing head,

When the troops are marching home again, with glad
and gallant tread,

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and stead-
fast eye,

For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die.

And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name

To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place, (my father's
sword and mine,)

For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the
Rhine!

"There's another—not a sister;—in the happy days
gone by,

You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled
in her eye;

Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for idle scorning,

Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes
heaviest mourning!

Tell her the last night of my life—(for ere this moon be
risen,

My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison.)
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight
shine

On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the
Rhine!

"I saw the Blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed
to hear,

The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and
clear;

And down the pleasant river and up the slanting hill,
That echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm
and still;

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with
friendly talk,

Down many a path beloved of yore and well-remem-
ber'd walk;

And her little hand lay lightly, confidently in mine;
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the
Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarser,—his grasp was child-
ish weak,—

His eyes put on a dying look—he sighed and ceased to
speak;

His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had
fled;

The Soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked
down

On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses
strewn;

Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed
to shine,

As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

WORDSWORTH ON RURAL RAILWAYS.

[In the present day, when Railways are "the rage," it is interesting to notice the views on that subject entertained by one of the most celebrated Poets of the present day. Mr. Wordsworth, the Poet Laureate, had written a sonnet on the contemplated invasion of the Vale of Keswick, by the Railway Forces, which had found its way into print, and elicited some very severe criticism. The following letter was, in consequence, addressed by Mr. Wordsworth to one of the London papers, in which his sonnet had appeared.—Ed. L. G.]

SOME little time ago you did me the favour of inserting a sonnet expressive of the regret and indignation which, in common with others all over these islands, I felt at the proposal of a railway to extend from Kendal to Low Wood, near the head of Windermere. The project was so offensive to a large majority of the proprietors through whose lands the line, after it came in view of the Lake, was to pass, that, for this reason, and the avowed one of the heavy expense, without which the difficulties in the way could not be overcome, it has been partially abandoned, and the terminus is now fixed at a spot within a mile of Bowness. But as no guarantee can be given that the project will not hereafter be revived, and an attempt made to carry the line forward through the vales of the Ambleside and Grasmere, and as in one main particular the case remains essentially the same, allow me to address you upon certain points which merit more consideration than the favourers of the scheme have yet given them. The matter, though seemingly local, is really one in which all persons of taste must be interested, and, therefore, I hope to be excused if I venture to treat it at some length.

I shall barely touch upon the statistics of the question, leaving those to the two several statements before the Board of Trade, which may possibly be induced to refer the matter to the House of Commons; and, contemplating that possibility, I hope that the observations I have to make may not be altogether without influence upon the public, and upon individuals whose duty it may be to decide in their place whether the proposed measure shall be referred to a committee of the house. Were the case before us an ordinary one, I should reject such an attempt as presumptuous and futile; but it is not only different from all others, but, in truth, peculiar.

In this district the manufactures are trifling; mines it has none, and its quarries are either worn out or superseded; the soil is light, and the cultivable parts of the country are very limited; so that it has little to send out, and little has it also to receive. The inhabitants are so few, and their intercourse with other places so infrequent, that one daily coach, which could not be kept going but through its connection with the Post-Office, suffices for three fourths of the

year along the line of country as far as Keswick. The staple of the district is, in fact, its beauty, and its character of seclusion and retirement; and to these topics, and to others connected with them, my remarks shall be confined.

The projectors have induced many to favour their schemes, by declaring that one of their main objects is to place the beauties of the Lake district within easier reach of those, who cannot afford to pay for ordinary conveyances. Look at the facts. Railways are completed, which, joined with others in rapid progress, will bring travellers, who prefer approaching by Ullswater, to within three miles of that lake.

The Lancaster and Carlisle Railway will pass the town of Kendal, about six or seven miles from eminences that command the whole vale of Windermere. The Lakes are therefore at present of very easy access for all persons; but if they be not made still more so, the poor, it is said, will be wronged. Before this be admitted, let the question be fairly looked into, and its different bearings examined. No one can assert that, if this intended mode of approach be not effected, anything will be taken away that is actually possessed. The wrong, if any, must lie in the unwarrantable obstruction of an attainable benefit. First, then, let us consider the probable amount of that benefit.

Elaborate gardens with topiary works were in high request, even among our remote ancestors, but the relish for choice and picturesque natural scenery (a poor and mean word which requires apology, but will be generally understood) is quite of recent origin. Our early travellers—Ray, the naturalist, one of the first men of his age—Bishop Burnett, and others who had crossed the Alps, or lived some time in Switzerland, are silent upon the sublimity and beauty of those regions; and Burnett even uses these words, speaking of the Grisons—"When they have made up estates elsewhere, they are glad to leave Italy and the best parts of Germany, and to come and live among those mountains, of which the very sight is enough to fill a man with horror." The accomplished Evelyn, giving an account of his journey through the Alps, dilates upon the terrible, the melancholy, and the uncomfortable; but, till he comes to the fruitful country of Geneva, not a syllable of delight or praise. In the

Sacra Telluris Theoria of the other Barnett, there is a passage—omitted, however, in his own English translation of the work—in which he gives utterance to his sensations, when, from a particular spot he beheld a view of the Alps rising before him on the one hand, and on the other the Mediterranean sea spread beneath him. Nothing can be worthier of the magnificent appearance he describes than his language. But with the exception of this author, the poet Gray, if I am not mistaken, was the first English traveller whose published writings would belie an assertion, that, where precipitous rocks and mountains are mentioned at all, they are spoken of as objects of dislike and fear, and not of admiration. Even Gray himself, describing, in his *Journal*, the steeps at the entrance of Borrowdale, expresses his terror in the language of Dante:—"Let us not speak of them, but look and pass on." In my youth, I lived some time in the vale of Keswick, under the roof of a shrewd and sensible woman, who more than once exclaimed in my hearing, "Bless me! folks are always talking about prospects: when I was young, there was never sic a thing named." In fact, our ancestors, as everywhere appears, in choosing the sites of their houses, looked only at shelter and convenience, especially of water, and often would place a barn or any other out-house directly in front of their habitations, however beautiful the landscape which their windows might otherwise have commanded. The first house that was built in the Lake district, for the sake of the beauty of the country, was the work of a Mr. English, who had travelled in Italy, and chose for his site, some eighty years ago, the great island of Windermere; but it was sold before the building was finished, and he showed how little he was capable of appreciating the character of the situation by setting up a length of high garden wall, as exclusive as it was ugly, almost close to the house. The nuisance was swept away when the late Mr. Curwen became the owner of this favoured spot. Mr. English was followed by Mr. Poekington, a native of Nottinghamshire, who played strange pranks by his buildings and plantations upon Vicar's Island in Derwentwater, which his admiration, such as it was, of the country, and probably a wish to be a leader in a new fashion, had tempted him to purchase. But what has all this to do with the subject?—Why to show that a vivid perception of romantic scenery is neither inherent in mankind, nor a necessary consequence of even a comprehensive education. It is benignly ordained that green fields, clear blue skies, running streams of pure water, rich groves and woods, orchards, and all the ordinary varieties of rural nature,

should find an easy way to the affections of all men, and more or less so from early childhood till the senses are impaired by old age, and the sources of mere earthly enjoyment have in a great measure failed. But a taste beyond this, however desirable it may be that every one should possess it, is not to be implanted at once; it must be gradually developed both in nations and individuals. Rocks and mountains, torrents and wide-spread waters, and all those features of nature which go to the composition of such things as this part of England is distinguished for, cannot, in their finer relations to the human mind, be comprehended, or even very imperfectly conceived, without processes of culture, or even opportunities of observation, in some degree habitual. In the eye of thousands, and tens of thousands, (and happy for them it is so,) a rich meadow, with fat cattle grazing upon it, or the sight of what they could call a heavy crop of corn, is worth all that the Alps and the Pyrenees, in their utmost grandeur and beauty, could show to them; and, notwithstanding the grateful influence, as we have observed, of ordinary nature, and the productions of the fields, it is noticeable what trifling conventional prepossessions will, in common minds, not only preclude pleasure from the sight of natural beauty, but will even turn it into an object of disgust. "If I had to do with this garden," said a respectable person one day, "I would sweep away all the black and dirty stuff from that wall." The wall was backed by a bank of earth, and was exquisitely decorated with ivy, flowers, moss, and ferns, such as grow of themselves in like places; but the mere notion of fitness associated with a trim garden wall prevented, in this instance, all sense of the spontaneous bounty and delicate care of nature. In the midst of a small pleasure-ground, immediately below my house, rises a detached rock, equally remarkable for the ancient oaks that grow out of it, and the flowers and shrubs which adorn it. "What a nice place this would be," said a Manchester tradesman, pointing to the rock, "if that ugly lump were but out of the way." Men as little advanced in the pleasure which such objects give to others are so far from being rare, that they may be said fairly to represent a large majority of mankind. But as a more susceptible taste is undoubtedly a great acquisition, and has been spreading among us for some years, the question is, what means are most likely to be beneficial in extending its operation? And I have no hesitation in saying that the good is not to be obtained, by transferring at once uneducated persons in large bodies to particular spots, where the combinations of natural objects are such, as would afford the greatest pleasure to

those who have been in the habit of observing, and studying, the peculiar character of such scenes, and how they differ one from another. Instead, therefore, of tempting artisans and laborers, and the humbler classes of shopkeepers, to ramble to a distance, let us rather look with lively sympathy upon persons in that condition, when, upon a holiday, or on the Sunday, after having attended their parish church, when they make little excursions with their wives and children among neighbouring fields, whither the whole of each family might stroll, or be conveyed at much less cost than would be required to take a single individual to the shores of Windermere, by the cheapest conveyance. It is in some such way as this only, that persons who must labour daily with their hands for bread in large towns, or are subject to confinement through the week, can be trained to a profitable intercourse with nature, where she is the most distinguished by the majesty and simplicity of her forms.

But it will be said that the least susceptible of the uneducated might be advanced towards the point, which we acknowledge it is desirable that all, were it possible, should attain, by still greater facilities offered for procuring each a look at lakes, mountains, &c.; and therefore let each man take what he is capable of receiving. Undoubtedly, if there be no sufficient objection, applying to themselves or others, we should concur with those who speak in this strain. I wish, however, to guard them from overrating greatly, as they do in this instance, the amount of the benefit.

For further illustration of the subject, turn to what we know of a man of extraordinary genius, who was bred to hard labour in agricultural employments,—Burns, the poet. When he had become distinguished by the publication of a volume of verses, and was enabled to travel by the profit his poems brought him, he made a tour, in the course of which, as his companion, Dr. Adair, tells us, he visited scenes inferior to none in Scotland in beauty, sublimity, and romantic interest; and the Doctor having noticed, with other companions, that he seemed little moved upon one occasion by the sight of such a scene, says—“I doubt if he had much taste for the picturesque.” The personal testimony, however, upon this point is conflicting; but when Dr. Currie refers to certain local poems as decisive proofs that Burns' fellow-traveller was mistaken, the biographer is surely unfortunate. How vague and tame are the poet's expressions in those few local poems, compared with his language when he is describing objects, with which his position in life allowed him to be familiar. It appears, both from what his works contain, and from what is not to be

found in them, that, sensitive as his mind was to the general powers of nature exhibited in storm and in stillness, in light or darkness, and in the various aspects of the seasons, he was little affected by the sight of one spot in preference to another, unless where it derived an interest from history, tradition, or local associations. He lived many years in Nithsdale, where he was in daily sight of Skiddaw, yet he never was tempted to cross the Solway for a better acquaintance with that mountain; and I am persuaded that, if he had been induced to ramble among our Lakes, by that time sufficiently celebrated, he would have seldom been more excited than by some ordinary Scottish stream or hill with a tradition attached to it, or which had been the scene of a favourite ballad or love song. If this, then, be truly said of such a man, what ground is there for maintaining that wrong is done to a Blackburn or Manchester operative, if we be unwilling to accommodate him with a railway, to lessen the fatigue or expense of his journey to Windermere for the space of six or seven miles? And where-soever any one, among that class of persons, has made even an approach to the sensibility which drew a lamentation from Burns, when he had uprooted a daisy with his plough, and caused him to turn the “weeder-clips aside” from the thistle, and spare “the symbol” dear of his country, then surely such a one, could he afford by any means to travel as far as Kendal, would not grudge an hour-and-a-half's walk across the skirts of the beautiful country that he was desirous of visiting.

The wide-spread waters of these regions are in their nature peaceful; so are the steep mountains and the rocky glens; nor can they be profitably enjoyed but by a mind disposed to peace. Go to a pantomime, a farce, or a puppet-show, if you want noisy pleasure—the crowd of spectators who partake your enjoyment will, by their presence and acclamation, enhance it; but may those, who have given proof that they prefer other gratifications, continue to be safe from the molestation of cheap trains pouring out their hundreds at a time along the shore of Windermere; nor let any one be liable to the charge of being selfishly disregarding of the poor, and their innocent and salutary enjoyments, if he does not congratulate himself upon the especial benefit which would thus be conferred on such a concourse.

“O, Nature, a' thy shows an' forms,
To feeling pensive hearts hae charms!”

So exclaimed the Ayrshire ploughman, speaking of ordinary rural nature under the varying influences of the seasons, and the sentiment has found an echo in the bosoms of thousands, in as humble a condition as he himself was when he gave vent

to it. But then they were feeling, pensive hearts; men who would be among the first to lament the facility with which they had approached this region, by a sacrifice of so much of its quiet and beauty, as, from the intrusion of a railway, would be inevitable. What can, in truth, be more absurd than that either rich or poor should be spared the trouble of travelling by the high roads over so short a space, according to their respective means, if the unavoidable consequence must be a great disturbance of the retirement, and in many places a destruction of the beauty of the country, which the parties are come in search of? Would not this be pretty much like the child's cutting up his drum to learn where the sound came from?

Having, I trust, given sufficient reason for the belief that the imperfectly educated classes are not likely to draw much good from rare visits to the Lakes performed in this way—and surely on their own account it is not desirable that the visits should be frequent—let us glance at the mischief which such facilities would certainly produce. The directors of railway companies are always ready to devise or encourage entertainments, for tempting the humbler classes to leave their homes. Accordingly, for the profit of the shareholders and that of the lower class of innkeepers, we should have wrestling matches, horse and boat races without number, and pot-houses and beer shops would keep pace with these excitements and recreations, most of which might too easily be had elsewhere. The injury which would thus be done to morals, both among this influx of strangers and the lower class of inhabitants, is obvious; and supposing such extraordinary temptations not to be held out, there cannot be a doubt that the Sabbath day in the towns of Bowness and Ambleside, and other parts of the district, would be subject to much additional desecration.

And, passing to the remoter bearings of the subject, may it not be asked, without incurring censure from the truly enlightened, whether, in the laudable tendency recently and widely manifested to deal more justly with the poor, and to provide for their recreation more carefully and extensively than has hitherto been done, there be not some risk of running into the opposite extreme? Without due care, sound principle may branch out into sickly sensibility. The constitution of society must be examined with reflection. As long as inequalities of private property shall exist, there must be privileges in recreations and amusements. All cannot be equally enjoyed by all. Does it not indicate infirmity of mind even to desire, it? Pleasures are much more equally balanced than a superficial observer would suppose. What may be wanting in one direction is,

through the care of Providence, more than supplied in another. Of the well-meaning zealots (the word must not be taken in an offensive sense,) against whose opinions and practices I am arguing, there may be some, perhaps, who, in passing through the great squares of London, sigh over the exclusion of people in general, and of the poor in particular, from the groves and gardens which the owners of the neighbouring houses keep under lock and key. Leave the aristocracy in unenvied possession of such privacies. Be assured that upon the whole the extremely rich are neither better, nor wiser, nor healthier, nor happier, than those who stand far below them in the social scale. So far as we may, let us erect and equalize; but beware of short-sighted humanity, lest by attempting more than is possible, or even desirable, we should prove our own infirmity of judgment, and frustrate the acquisition of good which might otherwise be obtained. But whatever comes of the scheme which we have endeavoured to discountenance, the charge against its opponents of being selfishly regardless of the poor, ought to cease.

The cry has been raised and kept up by three classes of persons—they who wish to bring into discredit all such as stand in the way of their gains or gambling speculations—they who are dazzled by the application of physical science to the useful arts, and indiscriminately applaud what they call the spirit of the age, as manifested in this way—and lastly, those persons who are ever ready to step forward in what appears to them to be the cause of the poor, but not always with becoming attention to particulars. I am well aware that upon the first class what has been said will be of no avail, but upon the two latter some impression will, I trust, be made.

To conclude: The railway power, we know well, will not admit of being materially counteracted by sentiment; and who would wish it, where large towns are connected, and the interests of trade and agriculture are substantially promoted, by such a mode of communication? But be it remembered, that this case is, as has been said before, a peculiar one, and that the staple of the country is its beauty and its character of retirement. Let, then, the beauty be undisfigured and the retirement unviolated, unless there be reason for believing that rights and interests, of a higher kind, and more apparent than those which have been urged in behalf of the projected intrusion, will compensate the sacrifice. Thanking you for the judicious observations that have appeared in your paper upon the subject of railways, I remain, Sir, your obliged

WM. WORDSWORTH.

VALSE.

BY SCHUBERT.

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

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It contains a melody with various note values and rests. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with chords and single notes. The tempo and dynamics are indicated as *Légerement. pia.*

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and bass line from the first system. It features similar rhythmic patterns and harmonic structures.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece, showing the progression of the melody and the accompaniment.

The fourth and final system of musical notation concludes the waltz. It ends with a double bar line and the word *Fine.* written in italics.

for.

D.C.

THE FETCH.

FROM TALES BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

The mother died when the child was born,
 And left me her baby to keep;
 I rocked its cradle the night and morn,
 Or, silent, hung o'er it to weep.

'Twas a sickly child through its infancy,
 Its cheeks were so ashy pale;
 Till it broke from my arms to walk in glee,
 Out in the sharp fresh gale.

And then my little girl grew strong,
 And laughed the hours away;
 Or sung me the merry lark's mounting song,
 Which he taught her at break of day.

When she wreathed her hair in thicket bowers,
 With the hedge-rose and hare-bell, blue;
 I called her my May, in her crown of flowers,
 And her smile so soft and new.

And the rose, I thought, never shamed her cheek,
 But rosy and rosier made it;
 And her eye of blue did more brightly break
 Through the blue-bell that strove to shade it.

One evening I left her asleep in her smiles,
 And walked through the mountains, lonely;
 I was far from my darling, ah! many long miles,
 And I thought of her, and her only.

She darkened my path like a troubled dream,
 In that solitude far and drear;
 I spoke to my child I but she did not seem
 To hearken with human ear.

She only looked with a dead, dead eye,
 And a wan, wan cheek of sorrow;—
 I knew her "fetch!" she was called to die,
 And she died upon the morrow.

THE WHITEBOY—BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

We have hitherto known Mrs. Hall principally as the writer of sundry short amusing tales of Irish life and character, and (in conjunction with her husband) of some interesting tours through various parts of Great Britain. To the reputation thus established, she had not added much by the only "regular novel" which we believe she had hitherto published; "Marina," though well written, displaying little, in plot or character, to raise it above the ordinary level of novels. It is otherwise, however, with that now before us.

"The Whiteboy," which was published as one of Chapman and Hall's Monthly Series of Fiction, is a Story of Ireland in the year 1832, and abounds in all the humour and pathos which had marked the shorter sketches of the authoress.

Ireland was at that day, even more perhaps than at present, a country of two nations, "Irish-Irish, and English-Irish." Edward Spencer, the hero of the tale, an Englishman by birth and education, goes over to visit the Irish estates lately left him by his uncle, with the determination to ally himself, during his stay in the island, to neither party. At the very outset, however, he finds that his own bottle-green cloak, and the grass-green liveries of his servants, while they gain him the distrust of one party, give the other, in their own estimation, a sort of claim upon him, which is only shaken by his avowed sentiments of moderation. And so he finds it throughout his experience. The demon of "party" had poisoned society, and, too liberal and unprejudiced to embrace the extreme measures advocated by either, he is regarded as the enemy of both. This—the leading argument of the work—it will be seen is a very delicate one to touch upon; but it is so managed by Mrs. Hall as to avoid the slightest appearance of offence to either the Anglo-Irish, or "the mere Irish." While she hesitates not to point out the glaring faults of both, as parties, she does full justice to their individual kindness of heart and generous feeling.

The construction and development of the plot, through which this main idea is wrought out, is such as to render the story very interesting to those who read for mere amusement, whilst this interest must be vastly heightened to those who feel a concern (and what true-hearted Briton does not?) for the weal and woe of the unhappy country where the scene is laid. Ellen Mac-Donnell is such a character as a woman only can properly depict—warm-hearted, high-minded, and generous; firm and unwavering in her friendship and affection; compassionate and forgiving even to those who have most deeply wronged her; kind and benevolent to the suffering poor—and not only benevolent in action, but (what the Irish

peasant values still more) warm and sympathising in word and manner.

We would wish to have presented to our readers a specimen of the rude wit of "Doyle of the Cars," of the savage fidelity of "Mortogh of the Strong Island," or of the simple pathos of the "innocent" Mat the Schoolmaster. Our space however, will only permit us to extract the following legend, which we do, not more for the humour with which it is told, than for the excellent moral it contains.

The great grand-father of the narrator, spent with an afternoon's chase over the hills after a runaway cow, had laid him down to sleep under the shelter of an old stone on the hill side, known as the Druid's Altar. How long he slept, it appears, is not a matter of history, but when he awoke, he saw his cow—a genuine Kerry cow, by the way, famed as being the wildest in Ireland—quietly grazing beside him, and "the most beautiful little creature the sight of his eyes ever looked upon," sitting very comfortably between the horns upon her forehead.

"Haven't I tamed her?" said the little lady.

"You have, indeed, my lady," answered my grand-father's father, "and if you would not think I'd be making too bold, I'd be glad to know how you managed it all, for I'd like to try the same method on my wife, who's anything but tame. She's mother to fourteen, grand-mother to twenty-eight, and great-grandmother to five children. She'll be seventy-two years of age come next Saint Martin's, and she's just as bothersome, and talkative, and tasing to me now, as she was the day I married her, when she was not all out seventeen, and was called the Wild Rose of Muskerry."

"Is she a great bother to you?" said the lady, and her voice sounded as sweet as a lone mountain rill in hot thirsty weather.

"She is, indeed," he answered.

"But she has lived with you, and loved you, and worked for you, and brought you fine sons, and virtuous daughters?"

"She has so; but she fights sometimes to have a little of her own way; she does a deal that's pleasing to me in some things, but every now and then she wants to be what she calls 'considered.'"

"And you don't like that?"

"I do not, my lady; I like to have my own way, and not to be teased."

"And what have you done to keep her quiet?"

"Why then, I may as well tell you, for I dare say you know; whenever she puts me out with her grumbling, I give her a bating."

"And if she puts you out again?" said the little fairy.

"Why then I give her another."

"And if she still bothers you?"

"What do I do, is it, my lady?" asked my great grand-father; "why I give her another."

"And so on, I suppose," said the Jewel; and at first she laughed, but by degrees her face grew serious, and she looked at my great grand-father, very—very steadfast; "and suppose," she said, "you war to try the other way; try kindness—and justice—above all, kindness; it did well with a cow; she went on stroking the haste's ears, who moved like a wood-quest in answer; 'it did well with a cow, and I don't see why it should not do with a woman; you hunted her, I coaxed her.'"

"You're a capital maker of fairy tales," said Mr. Spencer, laughing, "and I must be more stupid even than an Englishman not to read it."

Happy will be the day for Ireland, when the "factions" which there divide society, take the good fairy's advice, and try "coaxing" instead of "bating."