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THE BUCCANEERS OF TORTUGA.*

BY MISS JANE STRICKLAND.

CHAPTER XI.

"But a far darker storm—
The tempest of the heart, the evil war
Of fiery passions, is fast gathering
O'er that bright creature's head."

L. E. L.

The dwelling of Montbelliard was situated in a lonely part of the island; it was raised on a platform, and fortified by several pieces of cannon towards the sea; but the back-ground was surrounded by trees, from which it appeared to rise. His household consisted of a deaf and dumb negress, and the black youth, of whom some mention has already been made; but the neighbouring ajoupas and boucans were within the sound of his horn, so that he was not left without the means of defence, although his followers did not occupy any part of his little fortress.

The dread and danger he had lately escaped had still left their impression on the brow of Montbelliard, and the sight of the beautiful female, who was sitting in a melancholy attitude on a low seat, touching the strings of a guitar to some wild irregular words, the offspring of grief and a dis-tempered fancy, did not tend to remove his gloom.

"You have played the spirit to some purpose, lady," said he, in a sarcastic tone, glancing his eyes significantly towards her dress.

The female thus addressed, raised her head, and her pale cheek, whose death-like whiteness had lately formed a ghastly contrast with her long jetty ringlets, now glowed with a hectic and

indignant crimson, that even invaded her neck and bosom.

"Do you think," replied she, "that I would tamely see him bestow my rights upon another? I abhor—detest—and yet madly love him. Yes; Montbelliard, spite of my wrongs, I feel I love him!"

"Distraction!" exclaimed he, fiercely; "I know it well; your jealousy induces you to hover round that guilty man, who scorned—slandered—rejected—and gave you to the sword. I saved you, and yet you still prefer the wretch to me——"

"You saved me, Montbelliard; would that I had died! would that I had never seen you."

"Ungrateful lady, I know that you regard me with abhorrence," replied he; "but ought you to do so? Have I not watched over the welfare of your neglected child, and permitted you to see him, and shed a mother's tears over his cradle! Think of that, Victoria."

"I do—I do!" said she, in a tone of deep feeling; "but now that blessed privilege is mine no longer. She can behold my babe, can hear his silvery murmurs, view his sweet smiles, while I, who bore him, can only wander round the walls that hide my treasure from my sight, and weep! Oh! my dear babe—my Victor! other arms may now embrace thee—other lips kiss thy coral mouth—other eyes look upon thee—while I, who love thee with all the doating fondness of a mother, am debarred thy presence! Yet, Montbelliard, she shall not have my Victor in her whelpish keeping; for I will tear him from her!"

* Continued from page 58.—Conclusion.

"She is dead," replied Montbelliard; "she died of fear that night! your presence cut the bonds of life asunder——"

"Dead!" reiterated Victoria, and her cheek became pale and bloodless, and her large dark eyes fearfully expanded.

"Yes; you are avenged," replied he; "and the traitor, who doomed you to death, shall not long outlive his guilty paramour!"

"Montbelliard," said she, "I am already deeply avenged. The guilty woman, who seduced the affections of my lord, has paid the forfeit of her crimes, and now I can forgive him. Plead then my cause with him," and she threw herself at his feet. "Tell him that I was innocent——"

Montbelliard smiled sarcastically. "You would sacrifice yourself and me—Victoria, you are dreaming! He was weary of you, and when love once dies in the breast of man, it never blooms again. You would betray me; but you shall not, madam! I have my revenge to gratify, even if you are desirous to forego your own. The wrongs of years—the cruel blight of early days! And shall I forego that for which I have watched and laboured through sleepless nights and weary, painful hours—~~because a weak and wavering woman loves an~~ ungrateful man! You forget, Victoria, that you are mine—bound by ties as strong as love and vengeance ever fashioned!"

She started from her knees, a single burning spot tinged her cheek, and her downcast eye was veiled by its long lashes; but even they could not hide its shame.

"I was mad!" shrieked she, "and I sought revenge, and with revenge you tempted and undid me! Reproach me not with my sin, for my brain is burning, and the evil spirit is stealing over me, and whispering tales of murder and horror in my ear. The ocean looks calm and placid, and sometimes I have thought I could rest in its placid bosom, and find there forgetfulness and peace!"

"Indulge not such vain and gloomy fancies, my adored Victoria," replied he; "but rather rejoice, that your false friend has not gained the guerdon of her treason. Be composed, and I will bring your child; but no, that is not possible, unless you resume your male attire and Ethiop complexion."

"My fame is black as night," said she, wildly regarding him; "nothing will ever wash that white again—what need of unguents for the skin, when the dark despair of my sad heart should blacken it more than the negro dye?"

"Do you remember how your voice startled him, when first you assumed the oriental hue and

dress?" said he, artfully turning her words from herself to St. Amante.

"Twas well you did me from his presence, or I had discovered all! His soothing voice made a coward of me!"

"How conscience shook him on the banquet night—that eye, whose pride never bent to man, quailed beneath his injured wife's wild glance. Last night, his guilty cheek grew pale—his half uttered vows were choked by terror—and his features were convulsed like his unhappy and expiring partner's. Oh! how he weeps for her; what bitter drops fall from his eyes as he deplores her death!"

"He never wept for me. No, no! though I forsook a court for him," muttered Victoria, relapsing into her own language, and speaking quick and indistinctly; and then suddenly becoming silent, she relapsed into a sort of lethargy, from which Montbelliard did not attempt to rouse her, but hastily quitted the apartment.

The sound of his departing foot-steps had an instantaneous effect on the Spanish lady. "He is gone," cried she, "and I breathe more freely. This man's presence haunts me; sometimes I wonder why I hate him so, and then at other times, I think he is the tempter—the evil enemy of souls; at least, I feel he has murdered mine! Would I had never desired revenge—never become his slave—his tool—his victim! Ah! wherefore did I quit my father's palace to wed an outlawed traitor! Sometimes I have thought that could I view my native Spain once more, peace would return again, and this fierce fever of the brain would cease! this warfare of the soul would end! When last I slept—but that is many, many nights ago—I dreamed I saw my cousin; and methought he led me to a pleasant place of flowers and sunshine; the air was full of song and sweetness, and clear fountains murmured harmony and music to my ear. Among the trees, bright forms were gliding, and the golden gates opened to let us in. He entered—I was following, when I felt an arm repel me back; that glorious garden vanished away, and I was left alone in darkness,—with ghastly shapes and forms, to weep and wail for evermore,—and with the horror of that thought, I awoke, and found it but a dream. 'Tis strange that I have never seen my cousin's face since the dreary hour in which we parted. Perhaps he perished in this grave of souls—this island home of sin and sorrow! Sometimes I have thought his presence was a phantom of the brain; but no; his plumed hat still lies within the hut, and there his rapier is rusting—once it was bright like my fame, while yet I dwelt

in my own far off land. Oh! had I wedded him, I had been happy and pure; but much I fear his death is added to my list of crimes!" She sighed deeply, and then became silent, and resumed the melancholy and abstracted air of one whom reason deserts for a time, and in this gloomy state she continued for many days, apparently forgetful of everything but some deep concentrated sorrow, that absorbed in its vortex every other thought and feeling.

CHAPTER XII.

"Kill me to-morrow—let me live to-night."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE fatal night when Montbelliard had convinced the distracted St. Amante that his wife was unfaithful, the treacherous slanderer decoyed the unsuspecting Victoria into a cave near the sea shore, under the pretence that her consort wished to communicate to her intelligence of the deepest importance, which he had just received from France. The unhappy lady entered the grotto as unconscious of her danger as the lamb of the slaughtering knife of the butcher; but the absence of her lord, and the reserve and singular expression of Montbelliard's downcast eye, excited suddenly her alarm; and she demanded in a tone of surprise, not unmingled with displeasure, "why he had brought her to such a lonely place under false pretences!"

"To obey the orders of an ungrateful man," was Montbelliard's brief reply.

A cry of surprise, amazement, and unbounded terror, burst from the lips of Donna Victoria, and she stood for a moment as if she were rooted to the spot; at length she regained the power of utterance, and cried:

"It is false! My Henri loves me dearly—prizes me beyond his own life. He would not—could not command my death——"

"Poor, deceived, injured lady," replied Montbelliard, in an under tone, as if forgetful of her presence, "would that the ruffian had chosen some other man to execute his cruel orders; but they are strict, and I must obey them. Lady," continued he, "you must prepare for death;" and he drew his sword, upon whose shining surface the moonbeams threw a ghastly glitter, that sent a thrill of mortal terror through the veins of the shuddering Spaniard, who caught his right arm, and clung to it with all the fearful energy of despair, exclaiming in a tone of frantic entreaty:

"Slay me not, Montbelliard, thus unprepared.

It is a dread, an awful thing, to die, without an hour's—a moment's warning!"

"Who dares to cross the will of St. Amante in Tortuga?" replied Montbelliard. "My life would pay the forfeit of my disobedience——"

"Oh, you wrong him!" answered the agitated Spaniard, "basely wrong him! He cannot be so cruel. No, no! he loves me too well to wish my death!"

The cold, sarcastic smile, that parted the lips of Montbelliard, brought horrible conviction to Victoria's mind; she wrung her hands, and gasped out:

"What have I done to merit such a doom? tell me, I conjure you, the cause of his displeasure?"

Montbelliard remained silent.

"Does he doubt my truth? Some one has slandered me, perhaps! Oh, let me live to plead my innocence! Spare me, to convince him that his suspicions are unfounded. Let me see him—speak to him once more!"

"Urge not such vain requests, unhappy lady—he does not doubt your honor—he loves another—adores Almeria Guarda, for whose sake he has resolved that you should die, that he may wed with her!"

Victoria loosened her frantic hold, and sank on the ground as motionless and unconscious as if the sword had already done its office.

Montbelliard raised her in his arms. "What! dead—quite dead!" cried he, as he anxiously regarded the pallid features of his victim. "Can there be indeed such faithful love in woman's bosom, that the bare idea of his infidelity should kill her like a mortal blow! Her form, so lately full of bounding life, is now cold and rigid as the rocky pillow on which it lies. My vengeance is only half accomplished if she dies; but soft, the vital spark is not quite extinct—her heart still beats—I feel her breath upon my cheek—she lives! still lives, to aid my great revenge! With care she may recover; and while I have her in my keeping, I hold a treasure more precious than all the riches of this western world. Tremble! thou fool! thou vain and blinded man! who left thy great inheritance to rob me of this little spot—to dispossess me of the poor honor of ruling a few rude savages and outcast men. Yes; Henri, dearly shalt thou rue the hour that brought thee to supplant the man whose childish days had felt thy power, and spurned thy cruel yoke!"

Montbelliard then bore the insensible Victoria to a place of safety, and during the weeks of mental aberration that followed her long swoon, attended her with the most assiduous care. Reason at length partially returned; but its wandering light only mialod the unhappy Spaniard, who was

in the hands of a bold, bad man, who continually excited her feelings to a pitch of intensity; yet at the same time regulated the mental torture he inflicted by the health of the sufferer, as the officers of the Inquisition are said to feel the pulse of the wretch upon the rack, to ascertain the pain he is capable of bearing, without giving up the ghost. Donna Victoria at length only wished to live for revenge, and nursed that gloomy and destructive passion in her heart, till it consumed every softer feeling but maternal love, which lingered like a lonely flower in the desert of the mind, surrounded by ruin and desolation.

Montbelliard took advantage of her frenzy; she became his slave—his victim—yet though he treated her with deep homage, and avowed the most passionate love, no maniac wretch ever dreaded his keeper, as the dishonored wife of the Buccaneer Chief feared her betrayer. The very sound of his step made her tremble; she shrank from his glance with terror, and felt relieved whenever he quitted her to follow his lawless profession.

Montbelliard perceived her abhorrence; but with refined art, affected not to see it, although it excited the evil passions of his heart, and made him regard her with hatred only second to that he cherished for her lord. Still he determined to marry her, because he intended to make her the stepping stone of his ambition, as well as of his revenge; and he needed her co-operation in the dark conspiracy he was forming against the life and fortune of St. Amande. Master of the human passions, intimately acquainted with all the inconsistencies and weaknesses of the human heart, he knew that Donna Victoria, notwithstanding her thirst for revenge, would stop short and repent of her purpose before it was half executed. Nevertheless, his desire of torturing St. Amande led him to permit her to assume the complexion and dress of a Black, and appear on the island, that she might occasionally haunt him in his hours of triumph and revelry, to gratify his own malice, as well as to confirm her in the belief of his guilt.

Often, very often, Donna Victoria had wandered for hours round the lonely hut that contained her child, like a perturbed and restless spirit. The fatal night dews steeped her burning brow and uncovered head, without injuring her, or having any pernicious effect on her frame. They even failed to cool the fever that throbbled in every vein. Sleep had deserted her, with peace and sanity; and her scorching eye-balls were seldom moistened by a tear, excepting when the sound of St. Amande's voice, or the cry of her babe, pierced her ear; and then, heavy drops would fill them,

and her falling tears would relieve the anguish of her breast.

In spite of her projected vengeance, she cherished a passionate and jealous fondness for her husband, that had led her to conceal herself in the chapel, and become a spectator of his nuptials, unknown to Montbelliard, and she had availed herself of the confusion that followed Almeria's swoon, to escape unperceived by any of the spectators of that extraordinary scene.

The death of Almeria frustrated the hopes of Montbelliard, and disconcerted all his plans; but fruitful in expedients, he resolved to work on the mind of Victoria by means of her maternal feelings; since, he plainly perceived that she loved St. Amande too well to consent to his death, unless to save the life of her child, whom he determined to steal, and persuade his mother that he was commissioned by his father to murder him—whose anxious enquiries and search he should represent as a refined piece of art.

He had long entered into a secret negotiation with the Viceroy of Mexico, to betray the island into his hands, on condition that he bestowed his daughter upon him, with a suitable dowry; but the Spaniard, who doubted the fact of Victoria's existence, demanded an authentic record to that purpose, under her own hand and seal; and to obtain that document, was the purpose of his present machinations, and he resolved to fling off the mask which his late intemperate language had already partially removed, and dictate to the agonized mother what he no longer hoped to obtain by working on the jealous feelings of the deserted wife.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Tears of grief
Dim her sad gaze; for, lo! a vista dark
Frowns in the distance!"

DURING the absence of St. Amande in the island of St. Domingo, his treacherous associate easily succeeded in carrying off the infant Victor and his nurse, the Indian woman, before mentioned, who was devoted to his service, and secured by his bribes, to enter into his views; and when the pirate chief returned, he was filled with consternation and affliction for the loss of his son, and commenced the most anxious and diligent search for him, in which he was aided by Montbelliard, who appeared to think his disappearance most mysterious and inexplicable.

"Victoria," said Montbelliard, as he entered the apartment of the Spanish lady, the very night he had stolen the infant; "I come to give you intel-

ligence that will give you pleasure. I am about to restore you to your father—your son will also become the partner of your voyage."

Tears rushed into the eyes of the fair Spaniard—long absent tears. The form of her venerable parent seemed to rise before her sight, and her prison-house was immediately converted into a palace. She thought she heard her father call her his dear, erring, long-lost child; and then the thought of the peaceful convent shade—the refuge of the penitent and broken-hearted female—came over her mind, and offered holy balm to her bleeding wounds. The voice of Montbelliard dispelled the sweet vision:

"Yes; Victoria, sign these papers, by which you consent to become my wife; and the same act that restores you to fame and your former rank in society, and to your father's arms, will make me the happiest of men, and give up St. Amante and his savage hordes to the just vengeance of Spain!"

Donna Victoria took the papers with an air of calmness—glanced over their contents, and then breaking into a wild maniac laugh, tore them, and scattered the fragments on the floor.

"This is all very well, madam," replied he, in a sarcastic tone; "but I have papers also to sign—read this document, and remember that it depends upon your decision, whether I scatter them to the winds of heaven, or execute without delay the instructions they contain!"

Donna Victoria took the forged document with eager haste, for she recognized the well known characters of her husband, and glanced rapidly over its contents; but as she read, her eyes grew dim, her knees bent under her, and she fainted at her tormentor's feet. When she recovered, the silvery murmurs of infancy sounded like music in her ears, and she beheld Montbelliard leaning over her, with the little Victor in his arms. She snatched the lovely boy to her bosom, and bathed him with her tears.

"You do not love your child," said Montbelliard. "Cruel mother, you will not make the smallest sacrifice to save his life!"

"I mistrust you. Yes; I greatly doubt you, Montbelliard," replied she, fixing her streaming eyes on his face, as if she wished to read his inmost soul; but the dark passions that were hidden in his heart, were not written on his expansive brow and fine features. "Why," continued she, should he wish to slay my guileless infant?"

"His motives are unknown to me," answered he, very coldly. "All that remains for me, is the performance of his will."

"You will not—you cannot be so savage—you

will not tear my lovely blossom! Montbelliard; you will not kill my child?"

"Donna Victoria; I will!" was his laconic reply.

She put back her dark dishevelled locks from her brow, and regarded him with a wild, woeful look, that would have softened any heart but his; but she read no mercy—no yielding—in his immovable features. She turned her eyes on her child, and then she thought of his dear, though guilty father, and again she wept.

He took out his tablets, and occupied himself in writing for some minutes, as if unconscious of her presence, and then raised his head, and said:

"Donna Victoria, the day of grace is past. You have tyrannized over a heart that adored you—have trampled on its agonies; and how can you expect to find pity, where you have shown contempt? You love this human tiger, and will betray me!—tiger, say I?—no, I miscall him; for tigers love their offspring. Write what I have dictated here, and you will save your child. Refuse—and he dies!" He placed the tablets before her.

Donna Victoria again regarded him; but the stern air of determination he assumed, deprived her of the last ray of hope; she sighed deeply, seated herself at a table, and commenced her task; but as quickly blotted out the characters with her tears.

"This is child's play, Donna Victoria," said he; "the writing must be fairly and clearly indited, or it may create suspicion in the Viceroy's breast."

She nerved her heart, and he guided her trembling hand.

"Tis well, fair lady; but this boy must go with me; for he is the security for the performance of your promise." She held him tightly to her bosom. "Nay, Victoria, his life is of consequence to me—you need not fear for him. Besides, I am not a savage who delights in blood. I have a motive for every action; and crime is rather the means than the end proposed; therefore, be sure the child is safe." He took him from her unresisting arms, and left the apartment, to give the infant in charge to a comrade he could trust, and quickly returned; for he feared lest the miserable Spaniard should make some desperate attempt on her own life.

She sat in a sort of stupor, that seemingly bound her senses in chains of adamant, and Montbelliard believed she had forgotten the heavy trial she had lately endured; but he was deceived,—she remembered it too well,—but hid her feelings with the cunning that often attends insanity; but her love for her child was still sufficiently powerful to bind her to a miserable existence. Dreary

forebodings, miserable doubts, haunted her mind; she began to think her husband's conduct had been the result of Montbelliard's secret machinations; and her dislike to him now amounted to absolute abhorrence, which she vainly endeavored to conceal from him, who had so strangely become the arbiter of her destiny.

CHAPTER XIV.

"With heart of fire and feet of wind,
The fierce avenger is behind!
Fate judges of the rapid strife—
The forfeit death, the prize is life!"

SCOTT.

THE return of St. Amande to Tortuga, and the confusion that followed the disappearance of his child, determined Montbelliard to send Donna Victoria to St. Domingo, to prevent the possibility of any interview taking place between her and her unfortunate husband. To this plan she made no objection, since her child was to be her companion during her sojourn, and she now only lived for his sake. The short voyage, and still more the sight of her darling boy, restored the unhappy Spaniard to the possession of her mental faculties; but her miserable feelings were softened by the tears she could now shed over her ruined prospects and low laid hopes, unperceived and unforbidden by Montbelliard; and she remained in the solitude of the lonely habitation in which he had placed her, for several weeks, without either seeing or hearing anything of him.

The building, though made of wood, and boasting of no outward appearance of comfort, was conveniently, and even richly furnished within. Costly hangings concealed their regularities of the walls, which were also adorned by pictures, wrought in feathers, which rivalled almost the art of the painter; for the plunder of Mexico and Peru had contributed to embellish the apartment destined to Victoria's use. The meanness of the architecture was partly hidden from the eye by the foliage that shadowed the roof, whose flowery garlands attracted the brilliant tribe of humming birds, to sip the nectar they yielded; and the flashing of their wings, as they fluttered from blossom to blossom, gave them the appearance of flying gems of various gorgeous hues.

It was mid-day, and the beautiful but attenuated form of Donna Victoria was bending over her cherub boy, who was sleeping on a sofa beside her, hushed in that soft repose that only innocence can ever know. His gentle breathing and blooming features presented to his poor mother such a picture of purity and peace, as filled her eyes with

the deep overflowings of maternal love and anguish. A sad presage that her own death was near, flung its mournful shadow over her mind, and she sighed as she thought of the fate that perhaps awaited her unfortunate child; and bitter tears rolled down her cheeks. At this moment she heard the voice, the step of Montbelliard, and dreading to be seen by him in her sorrow, glided behind the tapestry to conceal herself from his scrutiny.

Montbelliard was followed by another person, with whom he seemed to be on terms of confidence and intimacy.

"She is not here!" cried he, "yet her nursing is sleeping in the chamber, and therefore, be sure, the mother is not far distant."

"By St. Geneviève! if the mother is half as lovely as the child, she must be a mine of beauty," replied the stranger.

"She was most beautiful, Edouard! ay, still is so, despite her madness; for her dark eye still boasts a magic charm, and witchcraft lurks within its haughty, melancholy glance. Yet I love her not—I never loved her—but she was the light of his existence, and therefore I thought her worth the winning. Revenge is my mistress, Lacroy; I never knew the passion that links hearts to hearts. No woman ever could win mine; and much I marvelled that her husband's fiery nature could become milder under her influence."

"'Twas passing strange, that you could so easily persuade him that she was false," replied Lacroy, since she possessed such power——"

"Ha! ha! had I not proof that would have maddened a cooler temper? The portrait, the glossy ringlet, told a tale of such true seeming as could not be discredited. Edouard! I have seen many die—have slain men before, nor felt remorse; yet when I saw that youthful Spaniard's life-blood ebb away, I thought myself a villain! However, 'twas a short-lived pang; for when I viewed the deceived husband's agonies, my compunction was changed to joy—deep, burning joy! Oh! then my heart swelled high with triumph and revenge, for never did fortune favor a bolder spirit, or more determined hand!"

"Hush, hush, methought I heard a sigh, a deep drawn sigh," said Lacroy.

"No; it was only the breeze wandering among the blossoms. This haughty Spanish lady," continued he, "loathes me, and yet perforce must aid my plans. Thou shalt see her, for to thy care I must entrust her and her child—for to-night, you say the European vessels will reach the coast."

"The wind is favorable," replied his comrade, "and they will not fail to take advantage of it."

"Well, about midnight, the Spanish ships will join them; and then, the game's our own—and hark thee, Edouard, there be many Buccaneers will join us—they care not whom they serve, so that wine and spirits are plentiful, and they hear the chink of dollars. Therefore, tremble, O mine enemy! thine hour is come—the hand of thy fair wife, on whom thy soul so fondly doated, hath fired the train that blows thee to perdition!"

A wild cry broke in upon the ruffian's speech, which was succeeded by a dull heavy sound, as if some one had fallen to the ground. Montbelliard rushed behind the arras, and immediately returned, bearing the inanimate form of Donna Victoria in his arms. The eyes of the sufferer were closed; but the agonized expression of her death-like features, and the large tears that slid from beneath her long dark lashes, down her fair cheek, seemed to indicate that the blow that had deprived her frame of motion, had not entirely crushed the sensations of her mind. Deep sighs heaved her bosom, and threatened momentarily to exterminate her existence. Montbelliard did not feel disposed to tarry for the sure but tardy hand of sorrow; for he took a pistol from his belt, deliberately cocked it, and was about to put an end to the life and sufferings of his victim, when his comrade seized his arm.

"What are you about to do? Have you the heart to slay a lovely and defenceless woman?"

"Lacroy, thou shouldst never have taken up the trade of a pirate," rejoined his companion, in a sarcastic tone; "nature surely intended thee for a woman's slave! Why, death were the best boon that I could give her. A single pang releases her from the dire retrospect that must await her waking; I tell thee it were merciful to put her out of pain!"

Lacroy shuddered. "Nay, though you refuse to listen to the voice of pity, let not interest plead in vain. The Viceroy will demand his daughter, and while you hold a pledge so precious, you ensure the performance of his promise."

"Oh, you know nothing of the heart of woman! Betrayed—wronged—disgraced—deceived and maddened! think you she will remain a passive instrument in the hands of him who blighted her peace and fame, and destroyed her happiness! We have still her son, and to the childless Viceroy he will be dear as his mother. 'Tis an unlucky business, and lays low my loftiest hopes, which were founded on my union with her. We must be content with gold, Lacroy, and return to Europe with our gains, instead of winning realms in the New World; but see, she wakens. Release me, and a single bullet ends her woes for ever!"

"She shall not die, by heaven! Unhappy,

injured lady, let her live," cried Lacroy, continuing to hold back the right hand of Montbelliard with a powerful grasp.

The object of this unwonted sympathy suddenly disengaging herself from the arms of Montbelliard, sprang, and with one bound gained the half open door, and fled with frantic speed towards the thick embosoming wood, that almost shut out the deep blue sky with its impervious foliage; but fast upon her flying footsteps followed the Buccaneer, and once he nearly grasped her garments, and would have seized his prey if he had not stumbled over a new fallen tree and measured his length upon the ground.

The Spanish lady, winged by despair, redoubled her efforts for escape.

"Ha! we shall lose her in the thicket's maze," exclaimed Montbelliard, while Lacroy assisted him to rise; "but this shall stay her flight." He fired upon the fugitive, she tottered—the ball had evidently struck, though she did not fall. Her fierce pursuer raised a shout of triumph; but his exultation was premature, for his victim rallied her fainting powers, and with the speed of thought, plunged into the covert of the wood.

With the keenness of a blood-hound, Montbelliard tracked the steps of the unfortunate Victoria by the red stream that issued from her wound. At length he reached a deep ravine, through which rushed a mountain torrent, on whose turbulent waters he perceived the veil and mantle of the Spanish lady floating, who most probably had found in its dark bosom a cure for all her woes.

"The chase is over!" he cried to his panting comrade, I have tracked the wounded deer home to her quarry. She is deeply engulfed in these foaming waters; yet would that this evil had not so fallen out, since by it the Spanish Viceroy hath lost a valiant son-in-law. But, courage, Lacroy, and our fortunes are made. If the wind continues favorable, Tortuga will be our own, and my revenge will be complete."

His companion did not immediately reply, for the events of the morning had wrought a mighty change in his mind; and better feelings, that had been laid asleep by a long course of crime, awoke in his bosom, and he with difficulty repressed the indignation that the death of the beautiful Spanish lady excited there; but was she really dead? A wild hope that she had escaped by some stratagem, lurked at the bottom of his heart; and he determined to seek the spot and examine it himself, for he felt himself an accomplice in a barbarous murder; and despite his crimes and lawless habits, such an enormity as that had never stained him. He made some trivial remark to Montbelliard, and they returned to the house.

Victoria Toledo had not found a refuge from despair in a watery grave. She had flung her veil and mantle on the surface of the stream, and had crept into a sort of cave, whose entrance was partially concealed by shrubs and creeping plants, whose existence was well known to her; and hastily drawing together the screen of briars and leaves, hid herself in a darkened nook from the dagger of the pitiless and hard-hearted pursuer. As soon as his departing steps fell on her throbbing ear, she tore her dress, and with desperate calmness bound up her wound, and then leaned her aching head on her hand, and endeavoured to reflect on the course she must pursue. A wild throng of distracting thoughts rushed through her mind, and threatened to quench the light of reason forever; and once she turned her streaming eyes on the torrent, and reflected that in its dark bosom she might yet find a refuge from despair. The remembrance of her child—of St. Amante, came to her aid, and saved her from self-slaughter. Yes; he, like her, had been the victim of a fiend—he had not been faithless; but then, the betrayed and dishonored wife, recollected her shame, and wept, till a sort of stupor stole over her senses, and wrapt them in a kind of temporary death.

Remorse led the conscience-stricken Lacrocy to the spot as soon as evening had wrapt the western world in shade; and by the light of the moon he commenced his search. He had once been a captive among the native Americans, and had, by singular good fortune, been adopted by one of his captors in the room of a son who had fallen in battle; and he was well versed in the arts by which those warlike tribes track their enemies to their hiding places; and when he gained the ravine, he carefully examined the shrubs and bushes, whose fallen leaves might give some indications by which he might trace her hiding place, if she had not indeed plunged into the rapid stream. The scattered foliage attracted his Indian-like eye, and led him to the cavern, where he discovered the object of his eager search; and Victoria, awakening from her swoon, found herself supported in the arms of a stranger, who soothed her terror and proffered his assistance with such an appearance of manly sincerity, as won the confidence of the unhappy Spaniard, who raised her feeble hands towards heaven, and blessed the Providence that sent a deliverer to her aid. The danger of St. Amante again pressed on her distracted mind, and she conjured the pirate, in the most pathetic terms, to save her husband. He was greatly moved; but the impossibility of the task painfully struck him: Donna Victoria read it in his eyes, and uttered a cry of despair.

"Poor, injured lady," said he, "Montbelliard has engaged, by mighty bribes, the ships, some adventurers fitted out from Europe—men who know no feelings but avarice—the refuse of mankind, who care not with whom they serve, so that they are paid with gold. It becomes not me to speak, for I am deeply stained with sin; but it were vain to say how first Montbelliard gained this fearful ascendancy over my mind. We were friends in youth, and he moulded me into the wretch you see me. Well; that is past, I loathe myself and him. If it were possible to overtake him, the Buccaneers on this island would arm to a man in our defence; but the traitor sailed an hour ago."

Another cry from the wounded Spaniard, wrung the heart of Lacrocy.

"I will exert my utmost powers, dear lady! Come, leave this dismal place. Yes; I swear to thee, that I will save your lord or perish in the attempt. He took her up in his arms, and bore her to a place of safety, and having left her in charge of some women, and despatched a trusty messenger to her with her child, who had been left to his guardianship by his guilty associate, hastened to communicate Montbelliard's treachery and intended attack upon Tortuga to the neighbouring Buccaneers. By good fortune, two ships had unexpectedly returned from a successful cruise on the Spanish main, whose commanders instantly agreed to make every exertion to save one of their strongholds from the Spaniards; and before morning, Lacrocy found himself upon the deep, with the Spanish lady and her child and a considerable force.

CHAPTER XV.

"His breast with wounds unnumbered riven,
His back to earth, his face to heaven,
Fallen Hassan lies—his unclosed eye
Yet lowering on his enemy.
As if the hour that sealed his fate
Surviving left his quenchless hate."

BYRON.

"What was left to me
So highly born?—No kingdom but revenge;
No treasure but thy tortures and thy groans."

YOUNG'S REVENGE.

ALL was confusion and wild uproar in Tortuga—the midnight air rang with the clash of steel, and the roar of musketry, mingled with the shouts of the victors, and the groans and execrations of the wounded and dying. Amidst the clouds of smoke, the martial form of the Exterminator might still be faintly discerned, struggling with all the energy of courage and despair, against the overwhelming

force that on every side assailed him. His voice was still heard cheering his men—his arm still wielded with desperate skill his blade. His fortune, however, seemed on the decline, his faithful followers dropped on every side; yet the Spaniards still dreaded to encounter a man whom they believed was in league with the enemy of mankind. There was one, however, to whose bold and unprincipled bosom fear was a stranger, who now closed in deadly combat with St. Amande; and revealed in an instant the long smothered hatred of years, by springing upon his foe with the fury of an enraged tiger. Surprise, grief, and anguish at the treachery of his trusted friend, unnerved the arm of the betrayed Chief; and the revengeful Montbelliard would have reaped the reward of his toils and treasures, when a female rushed upon the scene, and seized his arm from behind, just as he was aiming a death blow at the breast of his enemy. Both the combatants started back with horror, for both believed that they beheld an inhabitant of the grave. At that instant Lacroy fired, and his aim was too near to err—the bullet entered the bosom of Montbelliard, who fell groaning to the ground, and she, whose appearance had caused his fall, glided from the scene.

A murderous fight succeeded; but the star of St. Amande's fortune again prevailed—the conspirators were slain, and the Spaniards were driven back, with tremendous loss, to their ships; and it was on his return from the hot pursuit, that Lacroy communicated to the amazed conqueror, the arts that had been used by Montbelliard to separate him from his wife, and the secret that she and her babe were still living; and that it was no spectre, but his own living and injured Victoria, who had saved his life that night.

On the scene of contest, St. Amande discovered the Spanish lady, leaning against the door-way of the fortress, pale as marble, with an expression of wild anxiety on her brow. The Buccaneer Chief caught her to his bosom; and while tears of contrition bedewed his manly features, besought her pardon with the most earnest and passionate entreaties. Victoria hung weeping upon his neck, unable to answer the fond greeting of her lord.

These moments of short-lived happiness were rudely interrupted by the scornful laugh of the dying Montbelliard, who suddenly exclaimed in scoffing accents:

"Aye, my lord duke! take the wanton to your illustrious bosom—dream that she is pure and chaste as unsmoked snow. Yet know, proud man, that she is false and frail!"

Donna Victoria started from the encircling arms

of her lord, and her death-pale features were suffused with a burning blush.

"Fiend! I'll ne'er believe it," replied the Buccaneer, surprised at the mention of his title, and indignant at the accusation levelled against the fair fame of his wife. "Speak," continued he, "my long-lost, my only beloved one, and repel this base traitor's vile calumny."

Donna Victoria made no reply; but hastily covered her face with her hands, the fatal truth burst on the mind of the wretched nobleman, who struck his breast with violence; for even the fair fingers of the unfortunate Spaniard glowed with crimson, and proclaimed in eloquent language, her disgrace and shame.

"He maddened her, poor lady," cried Lacroy, in a tone of deep commiseration; "and, oh! remember your unjust jealousy threw her in the power of a wretch, bent on her ruin. Had you but questioned her, all had been well, and you had both been guiltless—both been happy."

"And happy we will be yet," exclaimed the duke, drawing her to his bosom, "the fault was all my own! Victoria, let us forget the past, and be again each other's world!"

"Heard ye those blessed words, Montbelliard," cried the lady, "those sounds of peace and pardon. False man, thy malice has missed its mark, and I shall die in peace."

Montbelliard groaned, perhaps his death wound pained him, or possibly his last revenge inflicted a bitter pang than those mortal agonies.

"Speak ye of dying, my beloved!" said the duke, kissing the brow of his wife, and perceiving with horror that her cheek grew of an ashy hue, and that the wild light of her eye was fading to deadly dimness.

"My hour is come, Henri, and I rejoice that thus I die; for how could I look upon thee, and not blush. Yet, oh! I fain would see my babe, fain would bless him once more."

At that moment an Indian woman appeared with the little Victor in her arms, and the dying mother stretched out her hands towards him—her breath grew short, and before the babe could reach the maternal bosom, that bosom no longer heaved with life.

A long pause succeeded, interrupted only by the sobs that burst from many a manly breast. The duke heaved no sigh—shed no tear—but calmly relinquished the inanimate form of his wife to the care of the women; and addressing himself to the dying man, broke the awful silence of the scene:

"Hector Montbelliard," said he, "what could tempt you to betray and dishonor a man who gave

you many proofs of friendship, and never injured you—nay, loved and trusted you?"

"Never injured me!" replied Montbelliard. "Proud man, 'tis false. Look here," and he raised his dark locks from his forehead, "know you this mark, and will you still declare you never wronged me?"

"François Montauban!" exclaimed the duke, starting back. "Merciful heaven! yet no, it cannot be——"

"Yes; it is François Montauban—the bastard kinsman of the noble Duke of ——! the victim of his violence—his slave—the mark of all his scornful jests and wayward humours—the object on whom the young oppressor lavished his bitter blows and bitterer words."

"François Montauban!" again exclaimed the duke; but in a tone of agonized recognition.

"The same—the same," continued the dying man, with a sullen glare of defiance. "It avails not now to speak of the events that brought me hither—I fled from the oppressor's face—and plunged into the maddening vortex of the world; the world oppressed—derided—and deceived me.—I sought another hemisphere; and thither the young despot, who had embittered my childish days, followed me, to snatch the guerdon of my toils and blood! Yes; the proud Duke de ——, quitted his lordly home and courtly circle, to rob his bastard kinsman of his rights! and lord it in Tortuga over a horde of pirates. But I have been revenged—deeply revenged. Even from the grave take my defiance—receive the evidences of my quenchless hatred, and listen to my shout of triumph." He waved his hand round his head, a smile lighted up his ghastly features, and he expired while uttering a cry of malignant and gratified revenge.

From that dismal night, the pirate Chief was never seen again in Tortuga by his rude, but sincerely attached followers. The Duke de —— returned to France, and after he had renounced his titles and estates in favor of his little son, disappeared in the same extraordinary and singular manner from among men, as he had suddenly and unexpectedly appeared among them. Nothing was ever known with certainty respecting his fate; but as a stranger was reported to have entered the convent of La Trappe, about the time this unfortunate nobleman quitted the castle of his ancestors for ever, it was conjectured, that within those gloomy walls, he endeavoured to expiate the errors of his wild and wayward youth, and daring manhood, by a life of prayer and penance.

THE

INDIAN NURSE'S DEATH SONG.

"I HEAR the voices of the brave from yonder fair south-west—

They welcome poor Namoina unto her place of rest.
The hills are glad with living things—the valleys bright with corn,
Beyond the beautiful blue sky where all the brave are gone.

"The earth is cold—the hills are lone—the pleasant places sad,
And everything is desolate that once could make me glad.

The white man's corn is growing now upon our fathers' graves—
And Cowtantowit's* children flee unto the western waves!

"'Tis time Namoina too should go—she cannot longer stay—

For as the rainbow from the cloud her tribe hath passed away;

Her heart is throbbing at thy voice, O wait thee, Moliaton!
She hears her father, too—the brave, the mighty Anawon!
She hears her little baby's voice, soft as the wind at even—
And all her brethren beckon her unto the far-off heaven!

"Child of the Rising-sun! † my Flower! Namoina cannot stay;

For all the voices of her tribe are calling her away,
But one tear falleth on her cheek—it is to leave thee now
Within a world whose fearful blight may gather round thy brow—

But at the coming of thy steps may pain forever flee;
And He thy fathers worship, prove a way of light to thee.

"My native hills! and vales! and streams! ye will not be less bright

When poor Namoina hath gone forth unto the realms of light!

But stranger voices even now your sweetest echoes wake,
And stranger hands will spoil you all! O haste my heart and break!

"I never knew, till this dark hour, ye were so very dear!
But, ah! why do I linger so? my brethren are not here!
The bosom now is desolate where sun-light used to dwell—

'Tis getting cold! my burning eye—'Tis dark! O! Fare ye well!"

THE WORLD.

UNTHINKING, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed, and talked, and danced, and sung;
And proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain;
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

But when the days of trial came,
When sickness shook this trombling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could dance and sing no more,
It then occurred, how sad 'twould be,
Were this world only made for me!

*The Indian's God.

†The Indians call the white people the children of sunrise, because they came from the east.

TRAVELLING AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

BY MRS. CHILD.

THERE is one kind of extravagance rapidly increasing in this country, which, in its effects on our purses and our *habits*, is one of the worst kinds of extravagance; I mean the rage for travelling, and for public amusements. The good old home habits of our ancestors are breaking up—it will be well if our virtue and our freedom do not follow them! It is easy to laugh at such prognostics,—and we are well aware that the virtue we preach is considered almost obsolete,—but let any reflecting mind inquire how decay began in all republics, and then let them calmly ask themselves whether we are in no danger, in departing thus rapidly from the simplicity and industry of our forefathers.

Nations do not plunge *at once* into ruin—governments do not change *suddenly*—the causes which bring about the final blow are scarcely perceptible in the beginning; but they increase in numbers and in power; they press harder and harder upon the energies and virtue of a people; and the last steps only are alarmingly hurried and irregular. A nation without industry, economy, and integrity, is Samson shorn of his locks. A luxurious and idle nation! Look at the phrase!—the words were never made to be married together; every body sees it would be death to one of them.

And are not we becoming luxurious and idle? Look at our steam-boats and stages, and taverns! There you will find traders, who have left debts and employment to take care of themselves, while they go to take a peep at the theatres, or the opera dancers. There you will find domestics all *ago* for their wages-worth of travelling; why should they look out for “a rainy day?” There are hospitals enough to provide for them in sickness; and as for marrying, they have no idea of that till they can find a man who will support them genteelly. There you will find mothers, who have left the children at home with Betsy, while they go to improve their minds at some public place.

If only the rich did this, all would be well. They benefit others, and do not injure themselves. In any situation, idleness is their curse, and uneasiness is the tax they must pay for affluence; but their restlessness is as great a benefit to the community as the motions of Prince Esterhazy, when at every step the pearls drop from his coat.

People of moderate fortune have just as good a right to travel as the wealthy; but is it not unwise! Do they not injure themselves and their

families? You say travelling is cheap. So is staying at home. Besides, do you count *all* the costs?

The money you pay for stages and steam-boats is the smallest of the items. There are clothes bought which would not otherwise be bought; those clothes are worn out and defaced twenty times as quick as they would have been at home; children are perhaps left with domestics or strangers; their health and morals, to say they least, under very uncertain influences; your substance is wasted in your absence by those who have no self-interest to prompt them to carefulness; you form an acquaintance with a multitude of people who will be sure to take your house in their way when they travel next year; and finally, you become so accustomed to excitement, that home appears insipid, and it requires no small effort to return to the quiet routine of your duties. And what do you get in return for all this? Some pleasant scenes, which will soon seem to you like a dream; some pleasant faces, which you will never see again; and much of crowd, and toil, and dust, and bustle.

I once knew a family which formed a striking illustration of my remarks. The man was a farmer, and his wife was an active, capable woman, with more of ambition than sound policy. Being in debt, they resolved to take fashionable boarders from Boston, during the summer season. These boarders, at the time of their arrival, were projecting a jaunt to the Springs; and they talked of Lake George crystals, and Canadian music, and English officers, and “dark blue Ontario,” with its beautiful little brood of *lakelets*, as Wordsworth would call them; and how one lady was dressed superbly at Saratoga; and how another was scandalized for always happening to drop her fan in the vicinity of the wealthiest beaux. All this fired the quiet imagination of the good farmer's wife; and no sooner had the boarders departed to enjoy themselves, in spite of heat, sand dust, and fever, and ague, than she stated her determination to follow them.

“Why have we not as good a right to travel as they have?” said she; “they have paid us money enough to go to Niagara with; and it really is a shame for people to live and die so ignorant of their own country.”

“But then we want the money to pay for that stock which turned out unlucky, you know.”

“Oh! that can be done next summer; we can

always get boarders enough, and those that will pay handsomely. Give the man a mortgage of the house, to keep him quiet till next summer."

"But what will you do with the children?"

"Sally is a very smart girl; I am sure she will take as good care of them as if I were at home."

To make a long story short, the farmer and his wife concluded to go to Quebec, just to show they had a *right* to put themselves to inconvenience if they pleased. They went; spent all their money; had a watch stolen from them in the steam-boat; were dreadfully sea-sick off Point Judith; came home tired, and dusty; found the babe sick, because Sally had stood at the door with it, one chilly damp morning, while she was feeding the chickens; and the eldest girl screaming and screeching at the thoughts of going to bed, because Sally, in order to bring her under her authority, had told her a frightful "raw-head-and-bloody-bones" story; the horse had broken into the garden, and made wretched work with the vegetables; and fifty pounds of butter had become fit for the grease-pot, because the hoops of the firkin had sprung, and Sally had so much to do, that she never thought of going to see whether the butter was covered with brine.

After six or eight weeks, the children were pretty well restored to orderly habits; and the wife, being really a notable and prudent woman, resolved to make up for her lost butter and vegetables, by doing without help through the winter. When summer came, they should have boarders in plenty, but not profitable ones. There were forty cousins, at whose houses they had stopped; and twenty people who had been very polite to them on the way; and it being such a pleasant season, and *travelling so cheap*, every one of these people felt they had a *right* to take a journey; and they could not help passing a day or two with their friends at the farm. One after another came, till the farmer could bear it no longer.

"I tell you what, wife," said he, "I am going to jail as fast as a man can go. If there is no other way of putting a stop to this, I'll sell every bed in the house, except the one we sleep on."

And, sure enough, he actually did this; and when the forty-first cousin came down on a friendly visit, on account of what her other cousins had told her about the cheapness of travelling, she was told they should be very happy to sleep on the floor, for the sake of accommodating her, for a night or two; but the truth was, they had but one bed in the house. This honest couple are now busy in paying off their debts, and laying by something for their old age. He facetiously tells how he went to New York to have his watch

stolen, and his boots blacked like a looking-glass; and she shows her Lake George diamond ring, and how afraid she was the boiler would burst, and always ends by saying: "After all, it was a toil of a pleasure."

However, it is not our farmers who are in the greatest danger of this species of extravagance; for we look to that class of people as the strongest hold of our simplicity, industry, and virtue. It is from adventurers, swindlers, broken-down traders,—all that rapidly increasing class of idlers, too genteel to work, and too proud to beg,—that we have most reason to dread examples of extravagance. A very respectable tavern-keeper has lately been driven to establish a rule, that no customer shall be allowed to rise from the table till he pays for his meal. "I know it is rude to give such orders to honest men," said he, "and three years ago, I would as soon have cut off my hand as have done it; but now, travelling is so cheap, that all sorts of characters are on the move; and I find more than half of them will get away, if they can, without paying a farthing."

With regard to public amusements, it is still worse. Rope-dancers, and opera-dancers, and all sorts of dancers, go through the country, making thousands as they go; while, from high to low, there is one universal, despairing groan of "hard times, dreadful gloomy times!"

These things ought not to be. People who have little to spend should partake sparingly of useless amusements; those who are in debt should deny themselves entirely. Let me not be supposed to inculcate exclusive doctrines. I would have every species of enjoyment as open to the poor as to the rich; but I would have people consider well how they are likely to obtain the greatest portion of happiness, taking the whole of their lives into view; I would not have them sacrifice permanent respectability and comfort to present gentility and love of excitement; above all, I caution them to beware that this love of excitement does not grow into a habit, till the fireside becomes a dull place, and the gambling table and the bar-room finish what the theatre began.

If men would have women economical, they must be so themselves. What motive is there for patient industry, and careful economy, when the savings of a month are spent at one trip to Nahant, and more than the value of a much-desired, but rejected dress, is expended during the stay of a new set of comedians? We make a great deal of talk about republicans; if we are so in reality, we shall stay at home, to mind our business, and educate our children, so long as one or the other need our attention, or suffer by our neglect.

EVA HUNTINGDON.

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER VII.

We left Eva rejoicing in the prospect of Mr. Arlingford's speedy arrival, nor were her expectations unfounded; for about two hours after her brother's departure, she received a summons to the drawing-room. Joyfully she bounded down the stairs, but the sudden recollection that her mother would probably be also there, checked her rapid pace. As she entered, she timidly glanced around, but Mr. Arlingford was standing alone beside the window. That was enough, and with her first joyful eagerness she sprang towards him. He welcomed her with a cordiality equalling her own, and after she had replied to his enquiries concerning her health, and that of the other members of the family, she earnestly exclaimed:

"You cannot imagine, Mr. Arlingford, how happy I am to see you again. Oh! how long the time has appeared since your departure. How I have counted each day, each hour, to the present moment."

"Have you, indeed, my gentle child?" he returned, still retaining the two hands she had placed in his. "Well; I too have often thought of you since."

"Often than you have thought of any one else?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed; but why do you ask that?" and he smiled at the expression of childish anxiety that passed over her features as she spoke.

"Because I am vain and selfish," she sighed.

"Because I would feel the weight of my own inferiority, my own deficiencies, less overwhelming, were I assured that one single individual overlooked them. Here, every one looks down on me. My parents, my brother, Mrs. Wentworth—even the very servants. Judge, then, what happiness it would afford me, to think that you, who are looked up to, respected by all, should bestow even a second thought on me; but, hush! here is mamma," and Eva sprang to a seat, her countenance, her whole frame, immediately regaining the inanimate rigidity she had already insensibly learned to assume in the presence of her mother.

With a slight nod to her daughter, lady Huntingdon turned to Mr. Arlingford, and welcomed him with all the cordiality the benefactor of her son deserved, whilst Eva, no longer finding any enjoyment in the society of her friend, left the room under the plea of returning to her tasks. That day, lord and lady Huntingdon were seated together in the small apartment adjoining the library; and Eva's evil star prompted Mrs. Wentworth to send her pupil to devote an hour to the study of a couple of ponderous, historical tomes, whose unwieldiness rendered their frequent removal from the library very inconvenient. Whilst she was pondering over the book, her clear, active spirit, seizing with wonderful fidelity, every incident, every circumstance, of which her lecture treated, her attention was attracted by hearing her own name pronounced by her father, in tones of unusual energy.

"I tell you, Isabel, I neither can nor will be bored with Eva, this winter, in London. Of course we shall have that young puppy Augustus and his dogs, which are as ill bred and unmannerly as himself, quartered upon us, turning the whole establishment into a perpetual scene of confusion and uproar; and he pestering me continually, with daily applications for money. That will be about as much annoyance as any man can be reasonably expected to bear."

"It seems to me, my lord, that you are over bitter against your son," rejoined lady Huntingdon, who, as well as her husband, was totally unconscious of their daughter's close proximity. "Reckless, extravagant, he may be; but he has gifts that doubly, trebly redeem such boyish follies. If he is occasionally a source of anxiety, is he not at all times a source of pride? I speak not of his faultless face and figure, but of his noble, manly spirit, of the high bred, aristocratic manners, that have already stamped him as one of the most elegant young men of our London coteries."

"Very fine; but permit me to remind your ladyship, that the manners you have just so highly eulogized, are something like your own oft acknowledged powers of fascination, reserved entirely for

the public benefit. In the circle of home, they are neither felt nor exhibited."

The thrust was a sharp one, but it produced no apparent effect on lady Huntingdon, beyond imparting an additional degree of cold calmness to her tones, as she replied:

"They have at least enabled me, my lord, to bear at all times unruffled, your somewhat rude taunts and jests."

Lord Huntingdon felt the justice of the observation, and he rejoined:

"Well, Isabel, you are right there, and I did not really mean what I said; but you try my patience too severely sometimes, by your indiscriminate support of those provoking children."

"Nay; do not say children," exclaimed lady Huntingdon with a laugh, whose bitter sarcasm pierced Eva to the heart. "If your anger is excited in any way against Miss Huntingdon, do not fear that I will interpose to shield her."

"And I do not see why you should not, Isabel; for, after all, there is nothing either unamiable or disagreeable about her. True, I do not think I have spoken ten words to the child since her arrival; but she seems too quiet, in fact, too inanimate a being, to have afforded you any real grounds for the indifference, not to say the distaste, you display towards her."

"Any real cause! Do you not see that she, herself, her very existence, is a living reproach to me? How triumphantly now will my enemies dilate on my unwomanly neglect, my heartless cruelty, in abandoning her from infancy to the care of a comparative stranger, allowing her to grow up in untutored ignorance, in short, forgetting in fashionable frivolity, every duty of mother, parent and guardian. And all this, too, to be retailed against one who has hitherto enjoyed the proud title of an irreproachable wife and mother. Fancy, for a moment, the scornful exultation of my acquaintances, on being able to exclaim, after dwelling on the extent of Miss Huntingdon's ignorance, the odious awkwardness that will speak so plainly of her total ignorance of etiquette, of the rules of common good breeding: 'That is lady Huntingdon's only daughter!'"

"But, at least, the girl is very pretty, Isabel. Not even that unbecoming black dress she wears, can disguise it."

"I have already told you, my lord," was the harsh reply, "that she has not one single claim to beauty. Some few, indeed, might bestow on her the same admiration they would give to a wax doll: an insipid, light-haired puppet, with neither character, expression nor animation."

Lord Huntingdon, yielding in his turn to his companion's impetuosity, rejoined:

"Well; leaving looks aside, the gentleness of her appearance seems to indicate, that with a little attention, she might eventually become a companion, whose agreeable qualities would repay you for the anxieties and annoyances of which she will be a source for some time yet."

"Never!" said lady Huntingdon, impatiently rising, "Our intellects, our characters, are too widely dissimilar for that. My heart has never turned towards her with affection since her arrival, nor never will."

"Because that scape-grace of a son engrosses all the heart you have got," muttered her husband to himself as he turned away.

We will not attempt to analyze or describe the thoughts of the daughter, who with cheek pallid as marble, her very breathings hushed, had listened to every word of that breathless, that cruel dialogue. Her first emotion was one of passionate and paralyzing grief; but, after a time, other thoughts, dark, bitter, such as had never yet disturbed the childish purity of her soul, succeeded. Anger, rebellion, envy of her more favored brother, murmurs against Providence; all, it is true, vague, shadowy—yet, still there, tainting with their dark breath that inward mirror, which till then had reflected naught but the sinless imaginings of childhood. And still as she listened, her thoughts grew wilder and bitterer. Indistinct projects of escape, of flight from home, from the parents who were a living mockery of the name, flashed upon her; till at length her mind became a perfect chaos, retaining, however, in the tempest that shook it, the one all-absorbing thought of her mother's heartlessness, her cruelty. Her hand still resting on the page she had been studying, her eyes still turned to the door, whose slight opening had permitted her to hear so distinctly all that had passed; she remained motionless long after the voices had ceased, the speakers parted. She was interrupted by lady Huntingdon's maid, who entered to say that "Mr. Arlingford was down in the drawing-room, and that her lady had sent word for Miss Huntingdon to go down immediately."

The woman, as usual, employed on a double commission for her mistress, was in a violent hurry, and thus fortunately Eva's terribly agitated countenance escaped her notice. Scarcely conscious of what she was doing, she rose, and at the risk of encountering her mother, passed through the latter's sitting-room, instead of descending, according to her usual custom, by a side staircase. Most providentially, however, lady Huntingdon had retired to her own apartment to write a letter to her son, a duty ever followed by a fit of de-

pression, which detained her in her room the remainder of the day. Eva had scarcely entered the saloon, ere Mr. Arlingford hurriedly exclaimed:

"Good Heavens! Miss Huntingdon, how pale you look. Are you ill?"

"No," she rejoined, in a brief, strange tone, and seating herself beside him, she took up the book before her and silently commenced seeking for the chapter at which their last lecture had terminated.

Surprised, shocked, her companion watched her movements in silence. It was not the deathly pallor of that usually glowing cheek that alarmed him so much, nor yet the strangeness, the capriciousness of her manner; but there was a fearful rigidity about the compressed lips, a dim vagueness in the large soft eyes, that seemed to tell of a spirit far away, engrossed by some mighty sorrow or trouble of its own. At length, Mr. Arlingford, without removing his eyes from her countenance, bade her "commence."

She did so, and her task accomplished, handed him the book in turn, without any comment. He read but a few lines, and then closed it, exclaiming with his usual cheerful air:

"We have both behaved admirably to-day; no time lost in idle discussion or in trifling; but, where are you going, Eva?" he asked, as the latter, after restoring the book to its customary place, silently turned away. "What! departing without rewarding your teacher by a single friendly word or smile! This must not be. Come, Eva," and he drew her gently back to the seat she had left; "I know something has pained or grieved you. Confide it frankly to me. You have not surely forgotten that you have promised to look on me as a friend."

"Friend!" she repeated, with a vehemence that startled him. "What friend have I, the alien, the stranger, the disgrace of my family!"

"Eva, Eva!" remonstrated her companion.

"Yes. Has my mother not asserted so now, even in my very hearing?"

"No, no, she could not, she dared not have done that!"

"But, I tell you, she did!" retorted the young girl, her passionate excitement increasing. "All that, and more. Living reproach to her as I was! source of shame and humiliation! how could she ever love, nay, tolerate me! And now, though I know that you, my last, my only friend, will abhor me for the confession, I tell you that I hate—yes, shrink from me if you will—I hate my mother."

"Eva, my poor misguided child, this is most sinful—sinful not only in the eyes of man, but in the sight of your Heavenly Father."

"Who then is the cause!" was the passionate

retort. "Who has made me the guilty thing I now am—filled my heart with fierce, angry passions, it never knew before! They, they, whom that very God gave me to lead me by example and affection to Himself. If I have a command to obey and honour, have not they also one to guide and cherish?"

"But, my poor Eva, their neglect of their duty does not exonerate you from yours. If they voluntarily forfeit their claim to an eternity of happiness, will you too be so insensate as to renounce its glorious hopes and privileges? Think, Eva, of the reward that awaits the Christian, after the toils and trials of this life. Think of it, and be patient."

"'Tis useless, useless," she returned, her late vehemence giving way to an accent of gloomy despair. "I tell you, I am too sinful now for that. In a heart that has yielded itself up as mine has done, to the fierce frenzy of unholy passions, patience and gentleness can never dwell again. And have I not already tried the path of patience? Has not my life, from the first moment of my arrival here, been one continued chain of struggles to preserve it? Think of the reception they gave to the child whose heart was overflowing with aspirations of filial love. Left, the very evening of my arrival, to the cares of servants, no friendly voice to bid me welcome to my new home; and yet, that was kinder, oh! thrice kinder, than what awaited me when we at length did meet. In my father's mocking scrutiny, my mother's bitter reproaches, I gained a first insight of the terrible truth that they loved me not. Did I murmur then, did I repine? No; I but resolved that whilst life was given me, I would spare no efforts, no pains, to gain that love. My father bestowed no more attention or affection on me than he did on his wife's spaniel—his own he often caressed. My mother shunned, exiled me from her presence; and when circumstances rendered it necessary that I should cross her path, she made no effort to conceal her indifference, nay, her dislike. Did I still despair? No; for I hoped that unwearied patience and affection—oh! how I smile at the thought now!—would open to me the avenues of that closed heart; and that when years and study would have expanded and enriched my intellect, I would be allowed the coveted privilege of being her solace, her companion. Vain dreamer that I was! It needed the stern sentence I heard to-day, to cure me of my folly. But for it, I would have gone on, hoping and dreaming to the end."

"And better for you, Eva, had you done so. Better be the credulous, loving child, than the unbelieving, hating woman."

"Say not so, Mr. Arlingford. 'Tis well, at least, to know my friends from my enemies, that I may bestow on those dear to me, all, every particle of the affection that might else be wasted on others. Ah! the more warmly my heart clings to those who have earned my affections, the more irrevocably, the more totally, does it turn from those who have crushed and trampled on them!"

"Eva!" exclaimed Mr. Arlingford, as he drew her gently towards him. "Do you believe in the doctrine of that Saviour, who prayed on the cross for those that persecuted him, even unto death?"

A long silence followed, and then Eva's rigid lips spasmodically quivered, and bowing her head on her companion's shoulder, she whispered in accents almost unintelligible from emotion:

"Yes, I do believe, and as He forgave them, so do I."

"That is not enough, Eva. You must love, or try to love them."

"Oh! Mr. Arlingford! Be merciful. Think; think of my weakness, my misery!"

Her sobs were becoming more violent, and her companion, fearful of adding to the emotion that was already terrible in its passionate intensity, soothingly rejoined:

"Well, dear Eva, perhaps I am too exacting. I will only ask you now, to listen to me, whilst I relate a passage of my life, which has never been told to other listeners save yourself. 'Twill be a painful task to me, yet willingly do I perform it; for it may afford you a useful lesson. If you do not yield then, I will press you no further. Nature, though bountiful in her other gifts, Eva,—for I had friends, wealth and station,—had not endowed me with the precious treasure she has bestowed on you—a gentle, patient spirit; and I, to whom years and sorrows have imparted the necessary lesson of curbing my rebellious passions, was cursed in youth with a dark, revengeful spirit, that rendered my name of Christian a mockery. Had I struggled against the unholy passion that mastered me, had I prayed for grace to conquer it, I might have done so ere it had wrought much misery to myself and others; but, alas! no; I was its slave, and instead of blushing for my degeneracy, I openly gloried in it, or rather in the high, lofty spirit, I madly thought it indicated. Well; I had a brother, my senior by two years, an impetuous, but noble, warm hearted being, and as we had none to share our mutual love, except our widowed mother, we were inseparable. Companions in play and in study, not a joy or a sorrow but was held in common, and yet our sky was not entirely unclouded; for Florestan's boyish vivacity, his ardent temperament, would often hurry him

into uttering things in jest or hastiness, he afterwards bitterly regretted. Whenever I was the object of his evanescent anger, I bridled my temper at the time, and listened in silence, returning neither his taunts nor reproaches; but then, my turn came, and no blinded pagan, taught to worship revenge as a virtue, ever cherised his feelings of vindictiveness with more determined obstinacy than I did. It was only when he humbled himself to me again and again, when my mother had joined her entreaties to his, that I ever condescended to a reconciliation. We advanced rapidly towards manhood. Already, my brother had attained his nineteenth year; yet still our pursuits were as boyish, our affection as frank as ever. One evening, I remember it well, a beautiful midsummer eve, we were standing with a number of young companions on the lawn in front of our mansion, exercising ourselves at archery. Florestan prided himself and with justice, on being an excellent marksman; but either through carelessness or impatience, he missed three times the mark I had with unusual good fortune each time successively attained. Irritated by his failure, he threw down the weapon and flung himself on the grass, the others speedily following his example. Whilst we lay there, carelessly conversing together, a little spaniel, of which I was passionately fond, burst into the middle of our circle with a joyous bark. Florestan, who had not yet recovered his customary good humour, called the intruder to him; but full of mirth and waywardness, she heeded him not. Again the call was repeated with similar success, and with an angry ejaculation, he stretched over, and grasping the animal by one of its long silken ears, dragged it towards him. I remonstratingly requested that he would leave the dog alone? He muttered in return some hasty, irritating speech. On hearing my voice, the cries and efforts of the little creature redoubled, while its captor's grasp became doubly rude and painful. Again, though my tones trembled with anger, I repeated the request, calmly enough too, and again received the same ungracious reply. Mastering the passion that was boiling up within me, I rose and approached him.

"Florestan, for the last time, I quietly ask you to give up that animal!"

"Quietly then I will not!"

"I will take him by force!"

He replied by a scornful laugh, and I knelt down to enforce my threat. Goaded to sudden fury, he raised his hand and struck me violently in the face. It was the first and last blow I ever received from mortal being. Sudden cries of "shame! shame!" resounded on all sides, but I

comprehended them not. A crashing sound, as of thunder, was in my ears, a black cloud before my sight. With a strange, tiger-like instinct, I sprang upon him, and whilst one arm, nerved by superhuman strength, kept him there helpless beneath me, the other hand rapidly snatched a small hunting dagger from my girdle. Paralyzed, horror-stricken, our companions stood motionless around. Had it rested with them, the deed of blood would have been accomplished; but, an infinitely merciful God interposed, and saved my soul from the awful guilt of fratricide, by whispering to me "To pause ere I became a murderer!" Yielding to that heaven-born inspiration, I flung the weapon from me, rose, and amid the silence of expectation that followed, the pale anxious faces of my companions, approached the fountain, whose waters leaped and danced in the last rays of the setting sun, and stooping, proceeded to wash from my countenance, the blood which yet freely flowed from the effects of Florestan's blow. Slowly, calmly, I concluded my bitter task, and when I rose, my brother and his companions were standing beside me. The face of the former was deathly pale, and in a low, earnest tone, he exclaimed:

"Edgar! In presence of all those who have been witnesses to my unworthy conduct, I ask your forgiveness for it!"

"But no apologies, however humble, no concessions, however generous, could soften me then. They seemed, to my distorted fancy, but heaping insult upon insult, and with a look of withering scorn I passed on. With soul and thought involved in one terrible chaos, conscious of no aim, no remembrance, save that I had received a blow, and oh! madness! one which could not be washed out in blood, for it was a brother who had inflicted it; I plunged into the dark, tangled woods, already filled with shadowy gloom. There I lingered, finding strange relief from the darkness, the tomb-like silence, that suited so well, as my moody soul whispered, one degraded and dishonored as I was. I had wandered for three hours or more in its tangled paths, and night had descended upon the earth, when a shrill whistle rang through the wood. I recognized the sound well. It was the signal my brother and I always employed when seeking each other; but its only effect then was to send the angry blood leaping wildly back to my heart. Again and again the signal was repeated; but, of course, fruitlessly, for I felt it would be dangerous to find myself, face to face, in that lonely wood, with the man who struck me, even though he was a brother. Another hour elapsed, and still like some tortured spirit, I wandered on, framing plans of vengeance, aban-

doned as soon as formed, alternately execrating Florestan and cursing myself. The idea which recurred to me oftenest, and which seemed most feasible, was to challenge my brother to single combat; and if he refused, to follow him, to haunt him every where, till he afforded me the satisfaction I sought. But then, the pale sorrowing face of my mother, my widowed mother, would rise up before me; the recollection, too, of the disgrace which so unnatural a duel would bring on our proud, stainless name, was another obstacle as insurmountable; and in the impotence of my wrath; I could have dashed myself on the earth, and lain there till death freed me from my mental tortures. At length the moon rose in all its beauty. Far and near spread its quivering rays, darting down in silvery net work through the close linked branches of the trees, and shedding its soft radiance on the brow that throbbed with such wild, unholy passions. With folded arms I leaned against a tree, watching with careless glance her upward path, when suddenly that well known whistle rang again through the stillness of night; but this time, near, almost close upon me. Some demon whispered: "Now, now is your time. Spring out on him when he passes, and wrest from him satisfaction for the shame he has brought upon you. Twice have you spared him, but the fool will rush upon his own destruction. Hesitate, then, no longer. 'Tis fate." I felt my respiration grow thicker and faster, my heart bound with a strange, fiendish sort of exultation; but the same unwearying Mercy that had once wrested, almost miraculously, the weapon of death from my grasp, was still at hand, and again its voice was heard above that of the tempter. Afraid of myself, of the devilish wishes and thoughts that crowded tumultuously upon me, I hesitated no longer, but hastily raised myself by one of the branches, into the tree against which I had been leaning, just as my brother came in sight. Secure in the thick foliage that surrounded me, I gazed down on him as he stood there, every feature fully revealed in the bright moonlight. He looked eagerly, searchingly, into the dark recesses of the trees, and then again applied the whistle to his lips. The solitary echoes alone returned the sound. He sighed long and heavily, and his dark eyes turned with a restless, though hopeless glance around. As I watched his handsome, classic countenance, doubly interesting from its unusual pallour and the expression of deep anxious thought that shadowed it, the unnatural thoughts that had so late assailed me, vanished entirely; though still that same deep rooted feeling of enmity remained. With engrossing earnestness I watched his slight

figure as it disappeared among the trees, and followed it after it had emerged from the wood, as with head dejectedly bent, and slow, lingering steps, he entered the avenue leading to the house. Shortly after, I too left the wood, but with plans and purposes now fully matured. With cautious, stealthy steps, I entered the gate, which had been purposely left open in expectation of my return. No light streamed from my brother's window; as I rightly conjectured, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, he had retired to rest. There was one, however, who still kept her lonely vigil, and a few moments after I had flung myself on a couch, my wearied eyelids almost immediately closing in dreamy unconsciousness, a gentle kiss was pressed on my hot and throbbing brow. It was my mother; and the tears of deep, overpowering joy, that glistened in her soft eyes, as she raised them to heaven in heartfelt gratitude for my safety, revealed, at least in part, the extent of the harassing fears that had tortured her during my absence. Involuntarily I pressed her thin white hand to my lips, and a feeling of remorse, of shame for all the anxiety that I had caused her, flashed upon me.

"Edgar! my darling, my precious boy!" she murmured. "Oh! what I have suffered on your account. Thank God! you are safe; but how ill, how haggard you look, and what bruise is this—!" She abruptly paused, as if struck by some sudden recollection, whilst her cheek became very pale. That broken sentence roused the evil spirit that her affection had charmed for a moment to rest, and with a look so fierce, so appalling, that she involuntarily shrank from it, I rejoined in a hoarse whisper:

"Yes; look at it, examine it well. The trace of it may soon pass away, but the accursed brand it has left on my honor can never be effaced. And who, you will ask, inflicted that double-fold blow—inflicted it in the presence of our companions and on the slightest provocation. It was my brother. He, whose hand has been clasped in mine from infancy—whose hand should have been raised the first to shield me from harm or shame!"

"I know it all, my own Edgar,—and it was wrong, it was cruel; but then, his repentance has equalled his fault. For hours to-night he has sought you every where. He has been to me, told me all, accusing himself in terms even bitterer than those you have employed; and imploring me to intercede for him, to send for him when you should return, that he might again solicit your forgiveness."

"All is useless," was my stern reply. "The past can neither be retrieved nor forgiven. As to

confronting him with me, beware of that! You know not the fearful struggle I have already undergone, nor how nearly the devil had succeeded in rendering you the mother of a fratricide. You know not how madly my blood is now hurrying through my veins, as I think of revenge, and remember that I must forego it—forego it at least in deed; for I have vowed to my own heart, that my hand shall never clasp that of Florestan Arlingford again in friendship or affection." Eva, no words could describe the look of intense, unutterable anguish, that convulsed her features at that cruel declaration. One moment her eyes rested wildly, doubtfully, on my rigid countenance, and then, slowly raising them to heaven, she murmured: "Would to God that I had never lived to see this day!"

"Nay, wherefore, mother, take it so much to heart?" I rejoined. "I tell you, that for your sake, I will forego all outward acts of revenge; as, for your sake, I refrained from attacking him in the dark wood, where he had blindly, madly, followed me; and now, for the same reason, do I prepare to leave, perhaps for ever, the happy home of my youth."

"Leave us, Edgar!" her pale lips gasped. "You, my darling, my favorite! Oh! you do not, you cannot mean it!"

"Deeply touched by the distress of the mother I so fondly loved, I threw my arms around her, and kneeling at her side, gently, but firmly whispered:

"Yes, leave you, my mother. With the feelings of anger, of aversion, that fill my heart, I dare not remain under the same roof with Florestan. They are fierce and ungovernable, and should they again obtain the mastery, heaven might not dash the dagger from my grasp, or stay my hand as it did in the forest. Free from guilt towards him, let me go forth at once. I tremble for myself, for you, for all, should we again meet, at least till the deadly hostility of my feelings is in some degree abated. Mother, are you not satisfied? Why will you weep so bitterly? Is it because I would part from one whom I can never again regard with trust or affection—one, whose rashness may some day lash beyond command the fierce spirit he has so often trampled on? Ah! you should raise your voice in thanksgiving that it is so. I have not returned his insult—upbraided him by one single word—injured him in aught."

"Edgar, Edgar," she at length articulated. "Perchance, in the erring judgment of men you are innocent, but not in the all-penetrating eyes of your God. He clearly sees your heart at this moment, filled, as it is, with undying, with mortal

enmity against the companion of your cradle—your only brother!

“And even if it is, mother,” I bitterly replied, “whom does that injure—who suffers from it? No one. I swear to you, before high heaven, that my brother’s life, name and person, shall be ever sacred at my hands. Leave me, then, at least, the miserable revenge of thought.”

“Her tears still flowed fast as ever, and to soothe her, I made her a promise,—a promise I never intended to fulfill,—that, at the end of a year, which I would spend in travelling, I would return. It was all that her prayers and agonized entreaties could obtain from me, and though I kissed her again and again, exhausted every term of endearment and tenderness to console her, received her blessing on bended knee, I remained firm to my first intention; and early the following morning, without seeing Florestan, who was still in his apartment, I bade farewell to my home, inwardly registering an oath, that I would never dwell beneath its roof whilst it sheltered him. I travelled with all the rapidity and secrecy possible, and late on the evening of the third day, arrived at the small village of —, at which we were to change horses. It was a terrible night, and notwithstanding the wretched appearance of the one inn the place contained, and my own maniacal desire to bid farewell to England as soon as possible, I resolved to put up there till morning. I was shewn into the ‘best room,’ which contained neither book nor picture to counteract the gloomy appearance of the elemental warfare without, or the equally fierce tempest raging within my own breast. Like a caged lion I paced the narrow room, half resolved at times to brave the fury of the storm and pursue my journey; but the remonstrances of my servant, and the asseverations of the host, who swore to me that no fresh horses could be procured that night to replace our own jaded animals, rendered that impossible. Approaching the fire, I rested my arm on the mantel-piece and gazed moodily into the flames. Its sparkling, pleasant cheerfulness, reminded me strangely of home, and I thought of my mother, till tears rained down from my eyes and fell hissing on the hearth at my feet. That holy thought, however, brought no gentle influences in its train, it softened not the bitterness of the feelings I entertained for the once loved companion of my boyhood. Alas! It seemed as if heaven, in punishment of my blind attachment to the vice I had never sought to curb, had at length delivered me up completely to its unholy influence. I recalled Florestan; but it was to brand him as my scourge, my persecutor—as the enemy who had degraded me from my standard

as a man, who had exiled me from home, country, and the mother I worshipped. Each succeeding thought became bitterer, until I had again lashed myself up to passionate wrath, when the door suddenly opened, and a tall stranger, enveloped in a cloak, which was completely saturated with rain, entered. He silently advanced to the fire-place, from which I slightly drew back to make way for him, turned towards me, and after a moment’s pause, threw back his cloak. It was my brother. Involuntarily I recoiled from him, and my feelings must have been plainly depicted in my countenance, for he sadly exclaimed:

“Unforgiving still, Edgar! What can I say—what can I do to atone for my fault?”

“Avoid me, as I have avoided you,” was my cruel reply. “We will then avert from the future the scenes that have branded the past!”

“His lip quivered, and after a moment’s silence, he rejoined:

“‘Would to God that you had returned my blow, insulted, outraged me! ’Twould all have been over now. Oh! upbraid, reproach me as you will; but, do not, Edgar, do not forsake your happy home—the mother, whose pride, whose favorite you are, and, and—yea, I will say it, sneer as you will, the brother who loves you as he loves none else.’

“To this passionate appeal I rejoined with a cold, withering smile, ‘Well might you caution me not to sneer; you have said enough to move me to it. Let it pass, however. I will but tell you, that I have sworn before heaven, Florestan, that the same roof shall never again shelter us both. Desist, then, from importunities that have no more weight with me than the murmuring of the winds.’

“His cheek, till then deeply flushed, grew deadly pale, and he murmured in a low tone:

“‘Well; be it so. I had not thought your resentment had gone so far; yet it will not prevent me from accomplishing, to the end, the purpose that brought me here,—the promise I have made my mother. Edgar,’ and he drew nearer, fixing, as he spoke, his dark thrilling eyes on my face, “once, already, have I humbled myself before you, in the presence, too, of all those who had been witnesses to the offence you have visited with so implacable a resentment. Undeterred by your stern refusal, I have followed you from home; and now again do I stand in your presence, an humble suppliant for your forgiveness. I know that I have wronged and outraged you; but surely, my remorse, my self-abnegation, have expiated my boyish fault! I conjure you, then, by the memory of our boyhood’s affection, our later fraternal love, by the name of the mother we both honor

and cherish, to part with me in kindness and forgiveness.'

"Hardened as I was, even my daring pride could not entirely resist this touching appeal, and I sullenly rejoined:

"Even that slight concession I had resolved not to grant; but since you set so much store on it, it is yours. Yes, I forgive the past; but need I say I do not—I cannot forget.'

"Thanks, thanks! even for that. Shake hands then, Edgar. It may, perhaps, be for the last time.'

"Eva, the devil of revenge triumphed to the last. Drawing myself up to my full height, I folded my arms on my chest, and rejoined, with eyes sparkling in their cruel vindictiveness:

"Florestan Arlingford! Dare you proffer me that hand? Have you forgotten it was that hand that struck me?"

"The blood rushed in a torrent to his cheek and brow, and in his turn, he proudly exclaimed:

"'Tis well, Edgar. You will be troubled with no farther advances from me. I have humbled myself to you, my younger brother; I have forced my proud, hasty spirit, to listen in silence to words more bitter, more insulting than a hundred blows given in a fit of boyish anger. I find, though, I have sued to a heart of stone, a nature alike merciless and immovable. I will take back then the friendship you have disdainfully rejected, the affection you have flung in my teeth, I will take them back; but, mark me, Edgar, the time will come when you would give worlds to recall them, and they shall not be forthcoming at your voice.'

"The words were spoken without thought, without reflection. Alas! Eva! They were prophetic. I saw him wrap his cloak around him, fling back the door, and dash away into the darkness, the inhospitableness of that stormy night, and yet I turned again to my former position, and raised my head in lofty, self-righteous pride. Had I not more than redeemed the pledge I had made to my mother? I had neither taunted, hurt, nor cursed Florestan. Nay, more than that, I had forgiven him, at least in words; yet what did my heart say? Eva, I feared to look into its depths—the blackness would have terrified even myself. A passion born of hell was throned there, and it reigned supreme, pre-eminence. Religion, fraternal love, christian charity—all had it trampled on; and if one faint gleam of a better nature yet lingered in the dark abyss of my soul, it was my unchanging, my passionate love for my mother. I was detained the following day, contrary to all my plans and expectations, by a severe illness of my servant, attendant on a fall from his horse,

just at the moment we were setting out. Controlling my burning impatience, I did all that could be done for him, and instantly sent for such medical aid as the village afforded. The physician, after a careful examination of his patient's state, informed me the man would not be able to leave his bed for a week. What was to be done? I would have set out at once, alone, leaving him to follow; but the poor fellow, to whom I was really much attached, entreated me so piteously to remain, maintaining he would certainly die if left to the care of utter strangers, that I at length yielded to his prayers. On the seventh day after the accident, my servant, who was entirely convalescent, was permitted to make a short stage the following morning, and I, rejoicing in the prospect of release from the late bondage in which I had been held, paced my narrow room with a more cheerful heart than I had yet known since the day of the sad strife between my brother and myself. This transient gleam of cheerfulness, however, was not destined to be of long continuance, and even whilst I was yielding to its influence, a horseman dashed up to the house in headlong haste, a moment after my door was burst open, and one of our domestics, covered with mud and dust, entered and handed me a note. Without farther enquiry, I motioned the man out of the apartment, and inwardly trembling with some awful presentiment, tore it open. It contained but the lines 'Come to the death bed of your brother. Be quick, or 'twill be too late.' Oh! Eva! may you never know the agony that convulsed soul and body at that awful moment. The parting pangs of death were as nothing to it. At once and entirely, my mental blindness vanished, and the things which my tempter—the demon of revenge, had hitherto represented through his black, distorted medium, now stood out in their proper light. I thought of my noble brother as I had ever thought of him till the period of our fatal estrangement. He was again the loved companion and friend of my youth. In one sudden flash the events of the preceding days passed before me. My mother's futile prayers and tears—Florestan's patient gentleness, his generous self-abnegation, and my own monstrous unnatural cruelty, which I knew, I felt, had killed him. With a groan I fell back on my chair, and for a time lay there, crushed, helpless; but soon I sprang to my feet. My brain seemed on fire, and without a word to my servant, without a second thought, save that of reaching home, I dashed down to the yard, and sprang on my horse, which the man had just finished grooming. Despair was busy at my heart, louder each moment became its promptings, urging me to terminate at once

my misery, to cast off life and its intolerable anguish; but one wild, passionate hope, saved me, and that was the hope of arriving in time to see him once more ere he passed from earth, to implore at his feet forgiveness; for oh! Eva, I felt, I knew then, that it was my turn to pray for pardon. Of that journey I can give you no account, save that it was like some hideous dream. Madly rushing on, resting neither by day nor by night, sensible neither to cold nor fatigue; but its end was gained, and when I reined up my foam-covered horse at the porch, the grey-headed servant, whom I tremblingly questioned, told me Florestan yet lived. I could have almost fallen at his feet and worshipped him; but every moment was priceless, and with a choking sensation in my throat, I sprang from my horse and followed him. The frantic speed with which I had dashed up the avenue, or it may have been some inward pre-sentiment, had already told the anxious invalid that the fondest wish of his heart was on the point of being realised, and as the domestic turned away, leaving me standing in the doorway, the tones of a voice that thrilled through every nerve of my frame, feebly exclaimed:

“Oh! William! in mercy, tell me, has Mr. Edgar arrived yet?”

“I could not speak—I was suffocated; but with one sudden spring I was at his feet, covering his hands with my tears, my convulsive kisses. ‘Edgar, my brother!’ was all he could utter, as he pressed me to his heart in a long, passionate embrace. Eva, Eva, that embrace was a foretaste of heaven. Mr. Arlingford paused a moment, evidently much agitated, and then hurriedly continued:

“The scene that followed is too sacred to be recounted; suffice it to say, that the past was all cancelled and forgiven, and Florestan then endeavoured to prepare me for the terrible trial to which God had attached the grace of my conversion—our approaching earthly separation. The very mention of it at first roused me almost to frenzy. I called myself his destroyer—his murderer. In vain he solemnly assured me that the physicians had said the seeds of consumption were already implanted in his frame, and that his imprudent exposure to the force of the elements had only developed them a little earlier. His efforts were useless, they brought no ray of consolation to my gloomy despair. It was only when he spoke of another separation—one more lasting than that of the tomb, a separation not for life, but for eternity, that I listened, trembled, and at length resigned myself. In the very first hour of our meeting, yielding to my brother's gentle ad-

monitions, I, who had not given for days and days a single thought to God, knelt with him in prayer; but the petitions I poured forth then were not for myself, but for him. I asked not that his life would be spared. Oh, no! I felt that prayer would have been useless, for already the pre-destined seal of the heaven he was passing to, was stamped on his calm, holy brow; but I prayed that his sojourning might be prolonged yet awhile, that I might learn from his lips the way to attain that glory he had already earned, that I might tell him of all my love, my devotion to himself, implore again and again his forgiveness for the past, never wearying of hearing that blessed assurance from his lips. My other petition was that his spirit might pass quietly away, that the gentle calmness of his countenance might be disturbed by no pang of mortal agony, and if some expiation were necessary, that I might bear it all at my parting hour. Those prayers were in my heart or on my lips, at all times, at all hours; I murmured them in my dreams, and notwithstanding my unworthiness, they were heard. When once I had schooled my heart to the coming trial, I tasted such hours of happiness, in tranquil intercourse with him, as I have never known since—happiness that seemed too refined, too ethereal for earth, a foreshadowing of the joys of heaven. I have not spoken of my mother all this time; not that she was absent from us. Oh! no; constantly, unceasingly, did her sweet pale face hover round us, reflecting in its beautiful serenity that of her child; and I may safely assert, Eva, that never during the whole of that trying time, nay even at that awful moment when our beloved, our precious one was yielding up his last sigh, did the anguish of her countenance ever approach to the terrible expression that had convulsed it when I breathed into her agonized ear my aversion to my brother. Hers was a love whose purity equalled its intensity; and rather would she have seen her children separated by death than by hatred. As he lay there, in the last hour of his mortal existence, calm, happy, the sands of life ebbing rapidly away, he suddenly motioned me nearer, and murmured as I bent over him:

“Edgar, I have a promise to ask of you. It is, that you will never abandon our poor mother while she lives; that you will ever remember she has only you, in this world, to look to for love or tenderness.”

“Fervently pressing his hand I whispered, ‘Yes, Florestan, I swear to you, by all I hold most sacred, that whilst she lives, I will be to her all that the most devoted son can be. No new ties

will interfere with the performance of my promise; no wife or friend will ever share the love and devotion I now vow to her alone.'

"Thank you, my beloved Edgar, for that promise. It has removed the last earthly doubt that weighed upon my heart, and now I can welcome that death we should both bless, for it has made us to each other all that we once were. Yes, I am dying! Edgar, my friend, my brother, farewell!"

"I clasped him passionately to my heart, and even struggling as he was in the last mortal pang, he feebly returned my embrace. Of the events that succeeded that terrible moment, his funeral, his interment, I remember nothing, for a delirious fever prostrated me on a sick couch, and for many weeks my poor mother feared that she would have two sons to mourn for instead of one. Thanks to the vigour and soundness of my constitution, I recovered, though so changed in appearance by my illness, that some of my friends could scarcely recognize me. The outward change, however, was not more wonderful than that wrought in the heart, which the mercy of Heaven had rendered as humble and forgiving, as it had once been haughty and revengeful. Faithful to the sacred promise I had made my dying brother, I never left my mother, sacrificing to her my restless longing to dispel, in change of scene, the utter weariness of life, the dreary void Florestan's death had left behind. Notwithstanding the extreme delicacy of my mother's constitution, and the shock it had received in the death of her other son, she was spared to me during the stormy period of youth, even after the dawning of manhood, and then, blessing me, praying Heaven to reward me here and hereafter for all the happiness with which I had surrounded her declining days, she passed from earth, to rejoin her other child. The void left in this aching heart by her loss, and that of my brother, has never yet been filled. Seventeen years have elapsed since Florestan's death, for he left this world, Eva, a year before you entered on it, and yet every word, every act of our past career, is as vividly impressed on memory as the events of yesterday. Time has softened my sorrow, my remorse, yet still in the hurry of the day, the silence of the night, do the prophetic denunciations he uttered, ere, stung to madness by my bitter and revengeful cruelty, he rushed from my presence, ring in my ears. They have ever haunted, and will haunt me to my dying day. Eva, my gentle, loving child, will you learn from my sad experience, or will you still remain implacable, still cherish feelings of enmity, of unkindness?"

"Ah, no!" was the sobbing reply. "I will do all that you wish, my friend, my more than father. Teach me only to live as you have lived, that I may die as poor Florestan died."

Large tears glittered in the eyes of her companion, and he inwardly vowed to be indeed a father for the future to that young and guileless child, to supply to her, who was perhaps more neglected than the poorest orphan, the place of parents, brother and friend. Kindly smoothing back the curls from her face, he murmured:

"Thanks, Eva! To direct you is a sweet, a grateful task. Amply, nobly, have I been repaid for the effort it has cost me thus to go back on the errors and follies of my early youth. But weep no more, dear Eva! Meet your trials, whatever they may be, with noble courage, not with tears."

"Ah! 'tis not for my sorrows, but for my errors, I am weeping now. Will you ever forget, Mr. Arlingford, the terrible words I uttered when under the influence of my blind passion? I fear you never, never, can."

"Eva!" was the gentle, though grave reply, "do you forget that you are talking to one who pointed once a murderous weapon against a brother's heart, who trampled on his profound affection, his entreaties for forgiveness, consenting only to a reconciliation when he lay on his death-bed? Ah! my child! I have erred too deeply myself to stand forth as a stern judge of the errors of others. But, let us leave this painful topic, and tell me, calmly, patiently, the substance of the conversation to which you have alluded. It regarded your accompanying your parents to town, did it not? Believe me, 'tis not from idle curiosity I inflict on you the pain of a reply; but I would fain be able to advise, to counsel you."

With a calmness, an impartiality that astonished herself, Eva related the dialogue we have already narrated to the reader, and then, without a single comment, awaited her companion's reply. The latter, who had with difficulty repressed the deep indignation it excited, replied:

"Well, Eva, we must not be too hasty in our decisions: but since your parents seem to think your presence would prove so great a burden to them in London, you had better not go. Here, with your studies, your books, you can be happy enough, even though your solitude will be uncheered by a mother's cares and caresses." A disdainful smile, despite his efforts, wreathed his lips as he spoke.

"But if mamma, from some particular motive, should insist on my accompanying her!" asked Eva.

"She will scarcely do that; but in any case I

can obtain our point by the exercise of a little diplomacy. Owing to some slight services I rendered your brother, who is indeed a good-hearted boy, though his better nature has been entirely perverted by your father's careless indifference, your mother's ruinous system of indulgence, my influence with the latter is great, almost irresistible. That influence, which I never thought of, never valued till to-day, will for the future be exercised entirely for your benefit. I must proceed cautiously though at first, lest her suspicions should be awakened; for even her love for her son would yield to her indignation at being employed as a tool for any purpose, no matter how laudable. The amelioration of your system of study, the change of your governess, and a free alternative for you to remain here or accompany them to town, whichever may be most advisable, is for the present all I can aspire to. Are you satisfied with Mrs. Wentworth?"

"Oh! yes. Though she is rather severe, her strictness is always exerted for my improvement, and of course on that point I am equally anxious with herself. In every other respect she is gentle enough."

"Well; I am happy you are satisfied with her. To procure a trustworthy as well as competent governess, is at all times a difficult task. Remember though, Eva, if she is so unreasonable as to require you to sacrifice that most precious boon of earth, your health, to an insane desire of forcing your intellect like a hot house plant, a word to me, and you will be freed at once. A disparaging remark or two to lady Huntingdon about her system of teaching French in particular,—you know her ladyship considers my judgment infallible on that point,—a slight sneer at your pronunciation, will be enough; but I see you are beginning to look anxious; I had forgotten that Mrs. Wentworth will be expecting you, so I will detain you no longer. Till to-morrow, then, farewell.

(To be continued.)

HYMN OF THE CONVALESCENT.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

My eyes have seen another spring
 In floral beauty rise,
 And happy birds on gladsome wing
 Flit through the azure skies.
 Though sickness bowed my feeble frame
 Through winter's cheerless hours,
 Life's sinking torch relumes its flame
 With renovated powers.

Once more on nature's ample shrine,
 Beneath the spreading boughs,
 With lifted hands and hopes divine
 I offer up my vows,
 My incense is the breath of flowers,
 Perfuming all the air;
 My pillared fane these woodland bowers,
 A heaven-built house of prayer;

My fellow-worshippers, the gay,
 Free songsters of the grove,
 Who to the closing eye of day
 Warble their hymns of love.
 The low and dulcet lyre of spring,
 Swept by the vagrant breeze,
 Borne far on echo's spreading wing,
 Stirr all the budding trees—

Again I catch the cuckoo's note
 That faintly murmurs near,
 The mingled melodies that float
 To rapture's listening ear.
 While April, like a virgin pale,
 Retreats with modest grace,
 And blushing, through her tearful veil,
 Just shows her cherub face.

'Tis but a momentary gleam
 From those young laughing eyes,
 Yet, like a meteor's passing beam,
 It lights up earth and skies:
 But, ere the sun exhales the dew
 That sparkles on the grass,
 Dark clouds flit o'er the smiling blue,
 Like shadows o'er a glass.

But ah! upon the musing mind
 Those varied smiles and tears,
 Like words of love but half defined,
 Give birth to hopes and fears.
 The joyful heart one moment bounds,
 Then feels a sudden chill,
 Whispering in vague uncertain sounds
 Presentiments of ill.

When dire disease an arrow sent,
 And thrilled my breast with pain,
 My mind was like a bow un bent,
 Or harp-strings after rain;
 I could not weep—I could not pray,
 Nor raise my thoughts on high,
 Till light from heaven, like April's ray,
 Broke through the stormy sky!

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.*

BY MISS M. HUNGERFORD.

CHAPTER XIII.

WEARY and toilworn, ready to sink beneath the fatigue of his journey, with a heart beating with alternate hope and dread, Francis d'Auvergne at length approached the castle of Glenelvin. He paused as its lofty turrets broke upon his view, and for many minutes stood gazing on the noble pile, the scene of his fondest hopes, his most anxious fears; perhaps, his Isabella was now safe beneath its towers, perhaps, still in the power of his vindictive rival; strange thoughts came crowding over his mind, as he contemplated the spot to which so long his weary steps had wended, and felt that the goal was nearly attained; he longed, yet feared, to reach it, for well he knew the anguish his presence would bring were the lady Isabella still absent; at length he resumed his way, and, ere long, was slowly ascending the gentle eminence on which the castle was situated; he reached the porter's lodge, and as the menial, who had passed his days in the service of the noble earl, recognized him, and manifested much joy at his return, he stopped to ask if the lady Isabella were yet returned. But ere the porter could reply his hand was firmly grasped, and Malcolm McDonald stood before him. The eager inquiries of both were soon answered, and from Malcolm he learned that no tidings had as yet been received of the lost Isabella, but that lord Robert had that very day returned to Scotland with his German bride, the fair Josepha de Lindendorf. Francis communicated to Malcolm the intelligence he had received from the Norwegian officer, and the handsome face of the young Scottish lord grew dark as night as he listened to the tale. Was it possible that lord Robert was accessory to the abduction of his sister? 'Twas certain he had made no reference to her residence at Lindendorf, and if she were at the castle, or in its vicinity, would he, after a residence of some time, have remained wholly ignorant of it!

After some consultation it was determined that Francis in the family circle, should relate his adventures, and mark the effect which the relation of the Norwegian's tale would produce, upon Robert and

his bride. Were the lady Isabella in the power of Gustavus, and Robert and Josepha aware of it, some slight furtive glance, some start of surprise, would betray it to the penetrating eyes close fixed upon them.

The reception of Francis was truly cordial, while a thrill of disappointed hope pervaded the anxious hearts of the household, to know that his mission had proved unsuccessful. The evening meal was over, and as they were gathered round a sparkling fire, Francis was called on to relate his adventures. He did so, dwelling particularly on the circumstances of Isabella's capture as related to him by the Norwegian officer, but he was interrupted by the veteran earl, who, springing to his feet, exclaimed:

"Father of heaven! my child is in the power of worse than the Norwegian foe! that traitor to the rites of hospitality, Gustavus de Lindendorf!"

"'Tis false, my father! basely false!" cried Robert; "have I not, but now, left the castle of Lindendorf, after tarrying many days beneath its time-honored towers! And were my sister an inmate of its walls, think you I would not have learned her fate!"

"Robert!" cried the earl, "tell me truly, art thou not the accomplice of thy worthless friend, in this black deed, and if thou didst not aid him, in tearing thy sister from her home! Hast thou not perjured thy truth, to shield him from the just anger of those who would avenge her wrongs, and tear her from him!"

"By my hopes of heaven I swear, that Isabella is not at Lindendorf, nor ever has been within its walls; else must I have discovered her! and I would pledge my truth—the sacred truth of a Soldier of the Cross—that Gustavus de Lindendorf is now, and ever has been, wholly ignorant of her mysterious fate. Say, my Josepha, is it not so?"

The lady Josepha paused ere she replied; for a strange conviction of the truth had dawned upon her mind. The many days spent by her brother in pretended hunting excursions, excursions which were ever fruitless, she now doubted not were pretences for visiting the lady Isabella, kept by him a prisoner in some secluded spot

and her voice faltered as she replied that Isabella was not an inmate of the castle, and attested her ignorance of her being in the power of her brother. Every eye had been fixed upon her, and her indecision had been noted well, but the short silence which followed, was broken by Malcolm, who observed that it was most probably some mistake, that Isabella had never been in the power of Gustavus, and though both the earl and Francis attempted to combat his opinion, he contrived by a meaning glance, to silence the latter, and at length succeeded in convincing his father that the whole was an artifice got up by the crafty Norwegian, to impose on the credulity of Francis, whose errand had been betrayed to the court of the discomfited monarch, by some unknown foe.

Francis, although aware that Malcolm was actuated by some design in thus rejecting the truth of the narration, was yet incapable of fathoming his motive, and somewhat piqued he retired to his room, and although worn down by fatigue, he resolved to leave Glenelvin at an early hour on the following morning, and seek that rest he so much needed, in his far-off native home.

"Glenelvin no longer possesses a tie to bind me to it," he said; "Isabella is far, far away, and even Malcolm, who was to me as a brother, has treated me with contempt. I will remain no longer;" and throwing himself on his bed, notwithstanding the anguish which rent his heart, his sorrows and his cares were soon forgotten in an unquiet slumber. A slight noise disturbed his repose, and starting up, he encountered the dark eyes of Malcolm fixed on his pale, careworn face; but as he pronounced his name, Malcolm pressed his finger to his lips to enjoin silence, and then seating himself beside his bed, in a scarcely audible voice, he said:

"Francis, 'tis but too true that our Isabella is in the power of the base monster, we ever cherished as a dear and well-loved friend! The very falsehood uttered by Josepha, but too surely attested it. 'Twas too glaring even for one of the house of Linderdorf, and nature shrank from its utterance. But much I fear they will apprise Gustavus that his villainy is discovered, and thus we will be prevented from saving her. For this purpose I seemed to doubt you, although I saw the pain I inflicted on your generous heart, and much I hoped that you would understand me, but you did not. I saw you were displeased, and as soon as all were retired, I stole to your side to crave your pardon, and consult with you, how best we may wrest our loved one from the ruffian hands which now hold her in bondage!"

After more than an hour spent in consultation, it was decided that Francis should remain a few days at the castle, to lull the suspicion which his sudden departure, might occasion, and that he should in a careless manner, invite Malcolm to visit Avignon; the invitation should be accepted, and together they would go forth, first to Avignon, and from thence in search of the lost Isabella. Malcolm had been as solicitous to deceive his father, as to lull the irritation of Robert. The earl was wanting in that prudent caution, which alone could avail them in the rescue of Isabella, and Malcolm knew that one rash act would mar their every hope of success; and he wisely concluded, that it were better to leave his parents in ignorance of his intention, than to hazard the success of the adventure, when one incautious word might destroy their every hope, while Robert and Josepha were so evidently in the interest of Gustavus. On the morning following the arrival of Francis, as the family of the earl were gathered to partake of the morning meal, Francis declared his determination of leaving Glenelvin within a few days, to visit again his own lordly home. The earl, who had learned to love him, almost as his own son, strongly combatted his resolution. Malcolm seconded his father's request, that the guest would prolong his visit, when Francis exclaimed:

"Nay, nay, but I have already tarried too long from the parents to whom I promised at parting to return in one short month, and who must ere now chide my long delay. But, my lord Malcolm, why not accompany me to Avignon?"

"Why, if you are resolved to leave us, as my brother and his fair bride will now enliven Glenelvin, I think I will even accept your invitation! I would fain behold again my long neglected lady-love, the beautiful Antoinette, whose charms, to say truth, are still fondly cherished in my heart."

"You had better be endeavouring to trace out your unhappy sister," said the earl, "than seeking amusement at Avignon! Alas! alas! my darling child will never be restored to her wretched father. Oh! might I but look again on her, then would I resign in peace this now hopeless life! Francis, have you abandoned all hope, that she will be yet restored to us?"

"No, my lord! and it is to obtain the counsel of my father, as much as to revisit my home, that I now leave you; he, a powerful noble of a land at peace with Norway, may be able to devise some means of wresting her from her captors, and of restoring her to those whose anxious hearts have long mourned her hapless fate!"

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nought but unceasing effort could avail, and even this was fruitless, for they found themselves still farther and farther from the land. At length the night came on, dark and rayless, and, shrouded in its sable folds, they almost felt their efforts all in vain. Still they toiled manfully; but hours passed by, the violence of the storm still increased, and every heart thrilled with dark despair, as the frail vessel came in contact with a large rock, nearly hid beneath the waves. All was now a scene of wild confusion. The vessel was fast going to pieces, and instant death seemed awaiting them; but still they clung to life, and seizing with despairing grasp the already loosened pieces of the vessel, all who had not already found a watery grave, threw themselves into the raging deep. Not all were destined to reach the land in safety; but among the few who did so, were Francis D'Auvergne and Malcolm McDonald; but the thick darkness prevented each survivor from knowing his companion's fate, and wearily did the remaining hours pass by, to the shipwrecked crew, who felt the chilling keenness of the blast, as they sat fatigued and shelterless on that dreary coast.

At length the morning dawned, and five only of the unhappy inmates of the now wrecked vessel, drew together on the desolate coast of the little Isle of Ushant. The shores of Brittany were dimly seen in the distance; but they possessed not the means of reaching it, and they had nought to do but to remain in their present cheerless state, until they could attract the notice of some passing vessel, and thus perhaps reach their homes in safety.

Without much difficulty, they collected materials, of which they constructed a rude hut, which, without the aid of fire, proved a comfortable retreat from the fury of the wintry blast; some of the provisions of their vessel had reached the shore, and although much injured and nearly unfit for use, thankful indeed were they for the scanty relief from the pangs of hunger which they afforded.

Day after day passed by, and several vessels, all regardless of their signals of distress, had passed the island, and every hope of succor began to die away. Their small stock of provisions was consumed, and they were obliged to subsist on the fishes, which they at times caught from the neighbouring streams.

One only of the little band uttered no complaint, or bore, in uncomplaining silence, the hardships of their situation. Malcolm McDonald, although perhaps he had known less of suffering than any of his companions, met the trials of their fate with dauntless heart. His hand was foremost in providing, as well as might be, for the more comfort-

able state of himself and companions; and, encouraged by his example, the others learned in some degree to repress their murmurs. Inured, as he was, to sufferings, both mental and bodily, Francis D'Auvergne seemed sinking beneath their power. He was wearied of endurance; and sighing, as he did, to bask once more in the joys of home, as well as to devise some means of rescuing Isabella from his rival, his soul ill brooked this hapless delay, if not the total extinction of each fond hope, and his mind was in a constant state of irritation and nervous excitement.

"I wonder why it is," he said to Malcolm, "that I who have known far more of human suffering than yourself, shrink thus from it, while you, with quiet indifference, look calmly on our adverse fate! Should not I, already trained to adversity, now look upon it with calm submission, and you shrink trembling from its ruthless touch? Tell me, Malcolm, do you not think me weak indeed?"

"No," replied Malcolm, as he looked on him with much of pity imprinted on every feature. "No, you have already suffered too much!"

And Malcolm said truly, "He had already suffered too much!" and farther endurance was taxing his powers almost beyond their strength; but sustained and encouraged by his faithful friend, he strove to fortify his mind with patience, and in part succeeded, although his resolution often gave way, and he almost wished for death to set him free from a life so cheerless.

They had wandered one clear cold morning to the western side of the island, and secure from intrusion, were seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, engaged deeply in discourse, alas! not cheerful discourse; for a dark cloud hung over their future, when Malcolm suddenly sprang to his feet, and shouting loudly, threw out the signal of distress, — a white cloth, attached to a long staff, which each of the company, when going far from the tent, took the precaution to carry with him. Francis looked up and beheld a vessel passing near, which had just emerged from behind a projecting point of thickly wooded land, while Malcolm held aloft his token, until he saw the head of the vessel turned towards the island. It was evident he had been observed, that succor was at hand, and he bade Francis hasten to summon their companions to the spot. Francis needed not a second bidding, but hastened on his way; and ere he returned with the joyous sailors, a boat had reached the land, and was awaiting his return. They sprang on board with gladsome hearts, and in a few days were landed at Bayonne, in the south of France, the port to which the vessel was bound.

(To be continued.)

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

"Si je prouve que la peine de mort n'est ni utile ni nécessaire, j'aurai gagné la cause de l'humanité."
—*Beccaria*.

"It is almost a proverbial remark, that those nations in which the Penal Code has been particularly mild, have been distinguished above all others by the scarcity of crime."—*Shelley—Letters from Abroad*.

LIFE-DESTROYING LAWS are the offspring of barbarism. Barbarism is the predominance of physical force, whose instruments for the repression of crime are always attended with blood. As a people are debased in intellect, so are they subservient to their passions; and as they are subservient to their passions, so are they destructive in their punishments. Thus the code of the aboriginal tribes of Europe—the Britons, the Gauls, and the Scandinavians—were almost wholly composed of Penal Laws. Thus the laws of Rome were more severe during the earlier stages of her existence, than they were during her zenith; and less humane during the period of her decline, than they were in her days of prosperity. It has therefore become a principle, supported by experience, that a sure sign of a nation's progress in civilization, is, its gradual abandonment of force for reason, both in its settlement of national disputes, and in its treatment of individual crimes. The history of England furnishes an illustration. Her laws, from the eleventh to the eighteenth century, were far less cruel than those which previously existed; and the criminal code of our day is incomparably milder than that of only half a century ago. Start from the first page of her history, and proceed to the last, and it will be apparent in all, that as the nation progressed in morals, so the bloody code was circumscribed in its jurisdiction; and that whenever Penal Laws were increased, the nation was in a retrograding state; and that whenever these laws were rigorously enforced, society suffered by a greater increase of crime. These facts lead to the belief, that a decline of mere physical punishments co-exists with the rise of civilization;—that laws must progress with man—that as he becomes subservient to moral persuasion, they must appeal to moral force.

This is a period of onward progress—the nadir of the moral age—the commencement of a new era—an era, "when right, not might," shall reign, when conviction and not force shall prevail.

It is ushering itself in by Peace Societies, by Pentonville prisons, and by social reforms. It is distinguished by an increased benevolence of wealth towards want, by an increased amount of pity toward suffering, and by an anxious investigation of every proposed change, which has justice and humanity for its aim. It is a belief in these truths, apart from other considerations, which compels us to think that the reign of Capital Punishment is about to close—that no apology will be required for re-introducing it for consideration, and that the proposal of its abolition will receive, even from opponents, a calm and unprejudiced enquiry.

It is little more than twelve months since, when we first drew attention to this subject, when we first argued, "that Capital Punishment increased crime—that it was cruel and opposed to the spirit of religion—and that imprisonment for life would be more just and humane as a punishment, and might be rendered far more effectual as a preventive to crime."* These views fortunately received, shortly after their appearance, a somewhat fierce, if not a very formidable opposition; some of them were ridiculed, others were misrepresented, and the truth of all was denied. We say *fortunately*, because these attacks brought our arguments into notice; they aroused the friends of the abolition to exertion, and they were the means of calling our first public meeting together. Having right upon our side, every assault of the enemy only strengthened our position; and because truth lay in the doctrines of the abolitionist, they appeared, after every ordeal, clearer and stronger than they did before.

Immediately after our public meeting, a petition was drawn up, embodying the resolutions which had been adopted there, and carried round to our citizens for their signatures. The gentleman who kindly undertook this task, had only sufficient time to wait upon a portion of the upper classes, but even there, he obtained nearly six

hundred names. Had all been waited upon, there is no doubt that a thousand would have been secured. Subsequent to this, a petition came here from Smith's Falls, another from Perth, another from Pakenham, and another from Sherbrooke—all of these were presented to the House of Assembly, and copies were sent to the Governor General, and to the Legislative Council. In the former branch of the Legislature, they were submitted to a Committee, consisting of the Hon. Mr. Badgley, Solicitors-General Drummond and Blake, and Messrs. Nelson, Holmes, Notman, and Richards. A Report was drawn up, recommending the views of the Petitioners; but the chairman (Mr. Holmes) was prevented from submitting it to the Committee, in consequence of the burning of the Parliament buildings. That it would have been adopted by them, may be asserted with confidence, as four are well known abolitionists, and the fifth (Mr. Blake) was then strongly inclined to support them. We deem it necessary to mention those facts, because they may be of some interest to the signers of the Petitions, and we also entertain a hope that they will induce them to renew these efforts immediately, as the period is rapidly approaching when the Legislature will be again called together.

In the present article, we do not propose to retrace the ground we passed over in a former one; but simply, in the first place, to advance a few facts which have subsequently come under notice, corroborative of the views we previously enunciated; and, secondly, to add one or two additional reasons for demanding the abolition of Capital Punishment.

The scriptural argument, as it is called, may be properly the first point for our consideration; and we have made an extract, from an able article which appeared upon it, in the *Nova Scotian*, which will well repay an attentive perusal:—

Our object being to advance truth and destroy error—to assist in abolishing a law which we believe has no foundation whatever in the Scriptures, but, on the contrary, is adverse to the entire spirit of Christianity, we shall continue the discussion of this question by answering the arguments of these several writers. "G. D." having entered most fully into the question, we will first turn to his letter. This writer adduces the old passage, upon which the opposition to abolition mainly depends, as found in Gen. ix. 5 and 6. "And surely your blood of your lives will I require: at the hand of every beast will I require it, and at the hand of man: at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man. Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed: for in the image of God made he man." The most general view taken of this passage is that it was merely predictive. A literal translation of the original Hebrew has been thus

given, "Shedding blood of man in man, his (or its) blood will be shed." Out of the thirty or forty versions of the Bible that have been published, the majority hold that the word "*man*" was an *interpolation*, and that the word "*shall*" should be read "*will*." Wickliffe, in his translation, left out the word "*man*,"—while the French, German, and Italian versions are said to have so interpreted it. Calvin and Pascal also interpreted the preposition "*by*" to mean "*in*," and the latter maintained that the passage took from man all power over his fellow-creatures. That we may have good authority for our assertion, however, we will copy the following passage from an eminent and learned living controversialist. Referring to the commonly received version, he says:

"Not only is it not necessary to adopt this translation '*by*' unequivocally involved in the original, but the weight of the authority is conclusive against it. That of the Septuagint would alone suffice, as it is not to be supposed that the seventy-two learned Jews of Alexandria, 287 years before Christ, would have misunderstood the Hebrew expression, and their rendering into Greek translated is, Whoso sheddeth a man's blood, for his blood (i. e. the blood of the slain,) will have his own shed. So also the Samaritan version, as rendered into Latin, has it, *pro homine sanguis ejus effundetur*, 'for the man his blood will be shed.'—While the Latin vulgate renders it simply: '*Quicumque effuderit humanum sanguinem fundetur sanguis illius*—'whoso sheddeth human blood, his blood will be shed'—omitting our '*by man*' altogether; as indeed is done by Calvin himself; both practically and theoretically; a good friend to the punishment of death, even for the crime of a difference of theological opinion, and certainly an authority second to none with our opponents in this controversy, who says that the particle rendered in *hominem* has the mere force of emphatic amplification, and that to render it '*by man*' is a forced construction. And Calvin expressly in his commentary on the whole passage interprets it in rather a denunciatory than in a merely legislative sense. The pious and erudite Le Clerc, than whom no higher authority can be elicited of either biblical criticism or Hebrew learning, translates it, not *by*, but *among*. '*Effundentis sanguinem humanum, inter nomines, sanguis effundetur*—'of the one shedding human blood, among men, the blood will be shed,' the expression among men evidently denoting, in human society, under the order of Providence in human affairs. In fact, in a note on the word, he says that while some translate it '*per hominem*,' i. e. *through or by man*, and that the preposition *betwixt* is constantly to be found in the sense of *per*, yet, 'in accordance with the most frequent use of the Hebrew language, it would have been said *BEAD ADAM, by the hand of man*. Yet it is always read *BAADAM, or in man or among men*.' As in *man*," continues Le Clerc, 'would scarcely make any sense, we are led to adopt the other signification, *among men*; whence arises a plain proposition which is the same as that of the words immediately preceding, but more clearly expressed. God has said that *he will require the life of the man slain from the slayer, among men or among beasts*; he here more fully sets forth the same truth when he says that the blood of the

slayer will be shed.' A similar expression is used in Ecclesiastes viii. 9. "Dominatus est homo inter homines in malum suum." It also often occurs in the books of Moses, RAADAM OUBABHEEMA, among men and beasts, as in Exodus xiii. 2. But "G. D." goes to the New Testament, in order to sustain his argument. Let us look at his grounds; he quotes the words of Christ to Peter, "Put up thy sword again into his place; for all they which take the sword shall perish with the sword." This evidently referred to the actual existing law of the Jews, but it does not follow it was promulgated as the *law of Christ*. The mere fact of its being quoted by the Lord does not give it his sanction. Again, "G. D." gives us the words of Paul. "For if I be an offender, or have committed anything worthy of death, I refuse not to die." Now here, Paul is simply asserting his innocence of any crime bringing him within the existing laws of the Jews. But does he by this give his sanction to those laws? Paul had been a Pharisee and a strict observer of the laws—as a Pharisee, he had persecuted the Christians, thinking by the act that he was doing God a service. His opinions on many points had now changed—but in becoming a Christian he had become also a better citizen. He was called to preach the Gospel—not to agitate as a politician. As such, then, it was not his duty to disclaim against bad laws, but as a citizen and a Christian to express his willingness to suffer by the law as it existed, if he had sinned against it. Whilst our opponents fail to produce stronger proof in favour of retaining this ancient *law*, we must denounce it as unscriptural and barbarous.

We will also adduce the testimony of a few eminent clergymen, holding similar views upon this subject:—"I have been thirty years in the ministry," wrote Father Matthew, "and I have never yet discovered that the Founder of Christianity has delegated to man any right to take away the life of his fellow man." The Rev. Dr. Murphy says:—"I have considered the subject (Capital Punishment) long, patiently, and carefully, on Bible principles, and I have deliberately adopted the opinion that the death penalty ought to be abolished." The Rev. J. N. Maffit, a Wesleyan, says:—"We join our voice in condemnation of a system (Capital Punishment) barbarous and condemnable, and at once unworthy of the religion we profess, and the civilization we boast." "When I first approached the subject," wrote the Rev. H. Christmas, A. M., F. R. S., "I felt perfectly persuaded that the punishment of death, inflicted by the civil magistrate, was not only of divine appointment, but of universal obligation. It has been gradually and slowly that this persuasion has been changed. That it is an error, I have no longer any doubt." The Rev. Dr. Welsh, a Baptist preacher, writes thus:—"I am well pleased with the opportunity of signing the Petition for the abolition of Capital Punishment. I feel well persuaded that there is nothing contained

in the Gospel of Christ authorizing the infliction of Capital Punishment." We may add, that the head of the Catholic Church, Pius IX., is also an advocate of this cause.

More of such testimonials might be adduced, but these are sufficient to show that we are not without the support of eminent, learned, and eloquent Catholic and Protestant Clergymen. The mention of these names recalls to our memory an article which we read a few weeks since in a certain weekly family newspaper; the writer of this article said he was shocked to hear that any clergyman should be opposed to such a mild mode of punishment as hanging; and he gravely added, that all those who did so were ignorant of what they were doing, and were thus entangling themselves in the doctrines of "free-thinkers and universalists!" Listen to that, ye who have dared to assert that it was unchristian to hurl an ignorant wretch suddenly and unpreparedly before his Maker, and hang down your faces with shame and sorrow. And, Father Matthew—don't profess to be any longer a Christian; Henry Christmas—don't dare to preach again from a Christian pulpit; Dr. Murphy—we charge you to write no more sermons; Dr. Welsh—you are no longer worthy the name of a Baptist preacher, now that this startling discovery has been made by an editor of a weekly family newspaper, which must place him, for the future, on a level with the great names of Newton and Galileo!

Our opponents have had the christian charity to charge us with infidel doctrines upon one or two occasions, because we deny that the Mosaic penal laws are binding upon us in the present day. In their zeal, and with characteristic discretion, they seem to have forgotten the inconsistency they exhibit in making this assertion. This Mosaic code ordains Capital Punishment in thirty-three different cases. If it is binding in the present day, its supporters ought to recommend hanging for breaking the Sabbath, for smiting father or mother, for eating any manner of blood, for blasphemy, incest, and witchcraft. Such injunctions form a part of that code, and if one portion is now in force, all the others are equally so. But would it be believed—would it be credited at some future day—that while these individuals contend for the divine command of hanging for murder, because it forms a part of the Mosaic code, they actually deny the legality to apply Capital Punishment to the thirty-two other cases, for which that code also declared that Capital Punishment should be also applied? If, then, we are infidels, for disbelieving the applicability of the Mosaic code to the present age, must not they be both sceptics

and hypocrites, who, while they profess an adherence, actually rebel against *thirty-two* of its injunctions? Further refutation of this point is unnecessary, and the fact, that our opponents never fail to bring it forward—although it has been repeatedly and successfully combatted—only shows the weakness of their position, and the stratagems they feel themselves compelled to resort to.

Let us now turn to the history of the past year, and see if it tells a tale favorable or unfavorable to Capital Punishment. We propose to ascertain this, by copying two or three extracts from the newspapers, descriptive of three executions which then took place, two of which were in England, and the other in Upper Canada:—

PICKPOCKETING AT DEVIZES ON THE DAY OF THE EXECUTION.—On Friday week two decently-dressed men, who gave their names as Kitchener and Richards, were brought before the Mayor and J. R. Bramble, Esq., at the magistrates' office in this town, charged with having been concerned on the previous day in casing a Mrs. Taylor of £15. Mrs. Taylor, who is the wife of a sub-contractor of that name, Westbury, had, like thousands of others of her sex, come to Devizes to witness the execution of the wretched woman, Rebecca Smith; and, by way of combining a little business with "*pleasure*," she had undertaken a commission for her husband to discharge a debt owing by him to a party in the town. Unluckily, however, the commission was not the first thing thought of; for it would seem that Mrs. Taylor, having gratified herself with the exhibition on the gallows, repaired with three other friends to the Odd-Fellows Arms in Sidmouth-street, for the purpose of obtaining some refreshments. *The house was full—crammed full—as was every inn in the town that day*, and among the company were the prisoners, who were playing their part in the passage—pretending to be in a dreadful passion with each other—in order, of course, to gather around them a crowd. Finding what company she had got into, Mrs. Taylor wished to get out, but in order to do so she had to pass the two prisoners; and it would seem that whilst one of them engaged her attention by accusing her of pushing against him, the other slipped his hand into her pocket, and took her purse, containing in gold and silver, £15. * * * * * In short, like a great many more of their caste, the whole party had no doubt come to Devizes, calculating upon a good day's booty out of the pockets of the thousands whose morbid curiosity brought them to the dreadful scene at the New Prison. * * * * * *One or two lads connected with the prisoners, and having articles in their possession of which they can give no straightforward account, have been detained by the police; and another boy, who came to Devizes with the same parties, has been committed for trial on a charge of picking pockets on the day of the execution.*—*London Morning Herald.*

The next is an extract from a letter written by Charles Dickens, and addressed to the *Times*. It

gives a faithful and a graphic description of the crowds who witnessed the execution of the Mannings. We hope the reader, if he has not previously read this letter, will not fail to do so now:—

I believe that a sight so inconceivably awful as the wickedness and levity of the immense crowd collected at this execution this morning, could be imagined by no man, and could be presented in no heathen land under the sun. The horrors of the gibbet, and of the crime which brought the wretched murderers to it, faded in my mind before the atrocious bearing, looks, and language of the assembled spectators. When I came upon the scene at midnight, the shrillness of the cries and howls that were raised from time to time, denoting that they came from the concourse of boys and girls already assembled in the best places, made my blood run cold. As the night went on, *screeching, and laughing, and yelling* in strong chorus of *parodies on Negro melodies*, with the substitution of "Mrs. Manning" for "Susannah," and the like, were added to these. When the day dawned, *thieves, of both sexes, ruffians and vagabonds* of every kind, flocked on to the ground, with every variety of *offensive and foul behaviour*. *Fightings, faintings, whistlings, imitations of Punch, brutal jokes, tumultuous demonstrations of indecent delight, when swooning women were dragged out of the crowd by the police with their dresses disordered, gave a new zest to the general entertainment.* When the sun rose brightly—as it did—it gilded thousands upon thousands of upturned faces, so inexpressibly odious in their *brutal mirth or callousness* that a man had cause to feel ashamed of the shape he wore, and to shrink from himself, as fashioned in the image of the devil. When the two miserable creatures who attracted all this ghastly sight about them were turned quivering into the air, there was *no more emotion, no more pity, no more thought, that two mortal souls had gone to judgment, no more restraint in any of the previous obscenities, than if the name of Christ had never been heard in this world, and that there was no belief among men but that they perished like the beasts.*

I have seen habitually, some of the worst sources of general contamination and corruption in this country, and I think there are not many phases of London life that could surprise me. I am solemnly convinced that *nothing* that ingenuity could devise to be done in this city, in the same compass of time, *could work such ruin as one public execution*, and I stand astounded and appalled by the wickedness it exhibits. I do not believe that any community can prosper where such a scene of horror and demoralization as was enacted this morning outside Horseonger-lane Gaol is presented at the very doors of good citizens, and is passed by unknown or forgotten. And when in our prayers and thanks-givings for the season, we are humbly expressing before God our desire to remove the moral evils of the land, I would ask your readers to consider whether it is not a time to think of this one, and to root it out.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Devonshire Terrace, Tuesday, Nov. 13.

The following extract, which corroborates the above, we copy from an American paper:—

THE MORALS OF HANGING.—The papers are filled with accounts of the execution of the Mannings at London. The ceremony was welcomed by crowded swarms of depraved beings, such as London is capable of furnishing, as if it were a grand holiday. Seats in the houses and on scaffoldings commanding the best view of the gallows were *rapidly bought at a guinea a piece*, and printed tickets were issued, precisely like those at any ordinary exhibition. Throughout the whole of the previous night the area in front of the prison was occupied by thousands of ruffians and women and boys, who passed the interval, up to nine on the following morning, with *shorts and songs*, and for many hours afterwards the thoughts and occupation of the entire population seemed to connect themselves only with the reverberations of the unnatural scenes. *Scarcely* was the moral example completed, says a correspondent of the *Commercial Advertiser*, before a woman who had been one of the witnesses of it, and who happened also to be named Manning, was brought up for *threatening to murder a companion who was also present in the crowd. They quarrelled on the spot, and the woman Manning pounced on the other, and knocking her down, "swore to have her heart's blood and to swing for her at Horse-monger-lane, on the same drop as Maria Manning her name-ake."* The case investigated by the magistrates, immediately preceding this one, had been that of a *well-known thief who was convicted of stealing a watch by violence, "during" the actual ceremony.*

And in the following paragraph we may see, that in Canada, the same disgraceful consequences attend public executions:—

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Smith, a private in the Rifle Brigade, who was convicted and sentenced to be hanged, at the last assizes of Toronto, for the murder of his comrade, Richard Eastwood, a corporal in the same company, suffered the extreme penalty of the law, at the west side of the City Jail, on Wednesday last. About ten o'clock, A. M., the culprit, who was accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Grassett, minister of the church of England, and by the Sheriff and some officers connected with the gaol, ascended the scaffold, which was temporarily erected on the wall which separates the gaol from the green where the Agricultural Shows are usually held. While on the scaffold, the unhappy culprit appeared quite calm and collected, but very pale. The executioner having placed the rope around his neck, moved him towards the edge of the scaffold, where, without speaking a word, he knelt down, and after a few minutes which Mr. Grassett employed in reading a prayer, in which all on the scaffold appeared to join, the fatal bolt was withdrawn and the wretched man was sent before his God. After he fell he did not struggle much, but he appeared to *suffer greatly.* The number of persons who were collected to witness the execution was *very large, and they looked on the scene with a careless unconcern.* We were sorry to notice among the crowd, a great many *females, some of them respectable in appearance, who seemed to regard the demoralizing scene*

with as little emotion as if it was a thing of every-day occurrence.—Toronto Colonist.

These are some, but not all the scenes, which Capital Punishment has favored society with during the past twelve months. We now intend to enquire, whether they have really been attended with those beneficial consequences, which are so frequently contended for. The first of these, we are told, is the *terror* they produce upon those who witness their execution, or who merely peruse their description in the public prints.

There are two classes of persons—the virtuous and the vicious. The first certainly do not require to be terrorized, but the effect they have upon the really intelligent of this class, who may even consider them to be lawful, is to fill them with pain; and with the remainder, who believe them to be *unlawful*, that pain is mingled with disgust. If this is the effect upon the virtuous, what is the effect upon the vicious? Is it terror? No. Is it warning? No. Do they teach them to reform their conduct? No. But our opponents contend that the affirmative ought to be used in answering these inquiries! In all sincerity, in all candour, we must confess our total inability to see the justice of their demand. Was terror displayed by the crowd who witnessed the execution of the Mannings? Was it terror that made them sing songs and parody Negro melodies? Was it terror which induced them to pass the night previous to the execution, in fighting, and drinking, and shouting? Oh! ye who spout so much about the beneficial consequences of Capital Punishment—who preach so much about the example it gives to the wicked—who contend so doggedly that it checks crime—we much wish that you could all have been there on that day. We would have liked you to have heard the brutal ribaldries, the disgusting jokes, and the heartless allusions, which were made by the crowd, to the awful scene they were about to witness; and then we would have liked to ask you where all the *terror* lay? We wish you had also been present when the two poor wretches were brought forth, and saw the hard-heartedness depicted upon every face, the unfeeling expression of every eye, and that not a single tear was seen, nor a voice of compassion heard, when the prisoners hung quivering in the air, and their souls were hurried before an avenging God; and then we would have enquired, where was the terror, where was the effect of the example, where was the sign of pity, of fear, or of repentance? Public executions have always produced, and always will produce, the very opposite of that which their supporters contend they are designed for. They do not make men humane,

but cruel; they do not throw a sanctity around human life, but they destroy it; they do not create terror among criminals, but they do produce an indifference towards life, and a recklessness towards death!

The *repression* of crime is a second advantage, which our opponents contend to be a result of Capital Punishment. Do the extracts we have made confirm this assertion? We again anticipate the reply, and unequivocally answer—no. Can a scene which brings pickpockets and burglars, and perhaps murderers, together—a scene which they run after with the same anxiety as they would for a fair, or the theatre—a scene during which they amuse themselves by singing songs, and occupy themselves by picking pockets—can such a scene be called a represser of crime? Could the execution at Devises claim a moral character, when its only apparent result was the apprehension of two men and a boy charged with pickpocketing? Could the execution at Horsemonger-lane Gaol call itself a *represser* of crime after it had brought all the criminals of London together, and enabled them to pilfer with comparative security, and had witnessed the threat of one woman to murder another, though she should swing in consequence from the same rope which was then holding the lifeless body of her namesake? And we further enquire—can any execution justly claim better results? Is it natural, is it reasonable to suppose, that an act which afford criminals amusement, and enables them to commit crime, can have a beneficial tendency upon their minds, and induce them to reform their conduct? Is it likely that an act which has always created vice, can lead to virtue? Is it likely that an act, which has often given birth to crime, can sow the seeds of piety? No! As well may we hope to extract cold from heat, or light from darkness, or purity from impurity, as to expect that Capital Punishment will ever repress crime. Oh! benevolent Philanthropists, who try to improve society by the gallows! let us assure you that you never can succeed—that you can never reform some men by destroying others—that you can never make criminals Christians, by hanging murderers!

We must now approach the party himself, who stands convicted of a capital crime, and consider the abolition in relation to him. In doing this, we shall firstly enquire the degree of punishment which is associated with the law in the eyes of criminals. A love of life, on the point of losing it, is instinctive to all, but there are, nevertheless, many, who, in life, have no fear of death—whose morals are so depraved as to be incapable of understanding the consequences of a deprivation of

life. Among these are four-fifths of those who compose the class of criminals.* Their want of education, their ignorance of religion, their destitution of moral restraint, render them unable to experience the solemn feelings of a pious man, when he thinks of the grave. If death does create a pang, it is not from a thought of the place to which their Creator may consign them, but for the old associates, the old haunts, and the old amusements, which it will deprive them of. The great majority of them have, upon enquiry, confessed their ignorance of the simplest truths of Christianity. Can we wonder then at the apathy and the indifference which they display upon the scaffold? Ought we to expect that their punishment, awful as it may seem to us, should have any effect upon them? "In *nineteen* cases out of *twenty*," wrote the author of Old Bailey experience, "there is no true repentance—most of them die *careless* about their former mode of life, or of the world to come." Surely then, if our belief of the priceless value of a soul is sincere, we ought seriously to consider the abolition of a punishment, which cannot benefit the injured party, which does not benefit the injurer, which is opposed to the Bible, and injurious to the best interests of society. If, for hanging we substituted imprisonment, these evils would be removed.† If, instead of hurrying an ignorant sinner before his Maker, we allowed him to live until his Creator saw fit to deprive him of life, then we would show a greater respect for human existence. If, instead of hanging a culprit, we endeavored to reform him, we would show a higher estimation of the value of his soul. Let, then, society change the law, made, as it

* "Those who make laws belong to the highest classes of the community, among whom death is considered as a great evil, and an ignominious death as the greatest of evils. Let it be confined to that class, if it were practicable, the effect aimed at may be produced; but it shows a total want of judgment and reflection to apply it to a degraded and wretched class of men, who do not set the same value upon life, to whom indigence and hard labour are more formidable than death, and the habitual infamy of whose lives renders them *insensible* to the infamy of the punishment." Bentham, *Rationale of Punishment*, B. II., ch. 13, sec. 3, p. 195.

† "It appears, however, to me that the contemplation of perpetual imprisonment, accompanied with hard labour, and occasional solitary confinement, would produce a deeper impression on the minds of persons in whom it is more eminently desirable, that that impression should be produced, than even death itself." Bentham, *Rationale of Punishment*, B. II., ch. 13, p. 194. "Reason concurs with humanity, in condemning punishments of this description, (hanging,) not merely as being useless, but as producing effects contrary to the intention of the Legislature." *Ibid.*, ch. xi., p. 170. Beccaria expresses similar sentiments in his "*Dea Delictis et des Peines*." Ch. xvi., p. 112.

was, in barbarous times, and associated, as it is, with barbarous consequences. Let us, seeing that the gallows fails in all the legitimate objects for which punishment is intended, substitute imprisonment for life, with hard labour and religious instruction. We have the means and the power to do all this, and humanity and christianity demand that we do it. "I ask," wrote the late ordinary of Newgate, Dr. Forde, "why execute at all? Who shall say that the most hardened villain may not repent? Youth, health, ignorance, bad companions, &c., may lead a man to perpetrate the worst of crimes. The time, however, may come when he will look back with horror on his past transgressions, and repent in dust and ashes. Execute him, and think of his hope of salvation. Why not leave him to God and his own conscience? Time, confinement, mortification, &c., may restore him, and cause 'joy in Heaven.' Regular labour—the sweets arising from industry—the want of bad companions—all combine to recover the lost sheep."

It may be said that Capital Punishment is already virtually abolished in Lower Canada. But that alone is insufficient. That is but a part of what we require. We not only require that the murderer's life be spared, but also, that *reformatory* measures be applied to him. This aim has not yet been properly striven for; but the lectures which have been delivered by Mr. Sheriff Coffin, upon Prison Discipline, and the exertions of the Commissioners in the Penitentiary Enquiry, particularly of Mr. George Brown, lead us to hope that the public will be awakened to the importance of this question; and that, ere long, our treatment towards criminals will have a tendency to rescue them from sin, and not to harden them in crime.

In a former article, we briefly adverted to those countries where Capital Punishment had been abolished. We adduced the experience of Tuscany and Delhi, of Bombay and Russia, of Egypt and Rome; and from the success of these experiments, we urged our countrymen to imitate these examples. We now intend to add the testimony of Belgium, which will likewise substantiate the assertion that Capital Punishment *increases* crime. We copy this important fact from an excellent little Treatise, entitled "Thoughts on the Death Penalty," by Chas. C. Burleigh:

"In Belgium the penalty of death, less and less often used since 1800, though not in form abolished, has been practically set aside since 1830, by commutation of all capital sentences, to imprisonment at hard labour. Joseph Hume stated in Parliament, in 1837, that he learned from the superintendent of a prison, in which was a large number of capital

convicts, that 'from his experience,' this measure, 'tended greatly to soften the disposition of the mass of the people.' In 1826-9, with *seventeen* executions, the accusations of murder were forty-five; in 1831-4, with so executions, only forty-one. An official abstract of executions and capital convictions in thirty-five years, beginning with 1800, shows, in the periods ending respectively, with:

	1804	1809	1814	1819
Executions,.....	235	88	71	26
All Capital Convictions,.....	353	152	113	71
Of Murder,.....	150	82	64	42

	1824	1829	1834
Executions,.....	23	22	none
All Capital Convictions,.....	61	74	43
Of Murder,.....	38	34	20

"Whence it appears, that as executions decreased, capital crimes *diminished*; inasmuch that from over seventy a-year, of which thirty were murders, when the executions were forty-seven a-year—they fell to less than nine a-year, of which but four were murders, *when none* were executed." Edward Ducquetiaux, inspector-general of the prisons in Belgium, contends, in his "Statistics of the Death Penalty," "that the punishment of death is useless, unfit as a means of prevention, and can be replaced by safe-guards more efficacious."

This is the experiment, which speaks so (un) "favorably" of the gallows, according to the testimony of its zealous advocate, Dr. Cheever.

In conclusion, we again would solemnly urge the abolition of this law, and the substitute of imprisonment for life, with hard labour and religious instruction;—Because we believe the change would be more humane as a punishment, more effectual as a check against crime, and more christian-like in its character. It would be more humane, because it would afford a criminal, life, and at the same time, secure the safety of society. It would be a more effectual example, because it would substitute work, which the majority of criminals fear more than death. And it would be more christian-like, because it would recognise the value of their souls, by affording them time and opportunity for salvation!

J. P.

SONNET.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone bewep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least:
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

CURIOSITIES OF NATURE.

THE SEXTON-BEETLE.

THE sexton-beetle is about an inch in length; it is of a black colour, and so fetid, that the hands smell for hours after handling it; and if it crawl on woollen clothes which are not washed, the smell continues for several days. The sexton-beetle lays its eggs in the bodies of putrifying animals, which, when practicable, it buries in the ground.

In Russia, where the poor people are buried but a few inches below the surface of the ground, the sexton-beetles avail themselves of the bodies for this purpose, and the graves are pierced with their holes in every direction; at evening, hundreds of these beetles may be seen in the churchyards, either buzzing over recent graves, or emerging from them. The sexton-beetle, in this country, seldom finds so convenient a provision for him, and he is under the necessity of taking much more trouble; he sometimes avails himself of dead hogs and horses, but these are too great rarities to be his constant resort; the usual objects of his search are dead mice, rats, birds, frogs, and moles; of these, a bird is most commonly obtained.

In the neighbourhood of towns, every kind of garbage that is thrown out attracts these beetles as soon as it begins to smell; and it is not unusual to see them settling in our streets, enticed by the grateful odour of such substances. The sexton-beetles hunt in couples, male and female; and where six or eight are found in a large animal, they are almost sure to be males and females in equal numbers; they hunt by scent only, the chase being mostly performed when no other sense would be very available, viz., in the night. When they have found a bird, great comfort is expressed by the male, who wheels round and round above it, like a vulture over the putrifying carcase of some giant of the forest. The female settles on it at once, without this testimonial of satisfaction. The male at last settles also, and a savory and ample meal is made before the great work is begun. After the beetles have appeased the calls of hunger, the bird is abandoned for a while; they both leave it to explore the earth in the neighborhood, and ascertain whether there is a place suitable for interment; if on a ploughed field there is no difficulty; but if on grass, or among stones, much labour is required to draw it to a more suitable place.

The operation of burying is performed almost entirely by the male beetle, the female mostly hiding herself in the body of the bird about to be buried, or sitting quietly upon it, and allowing herself to be buried with it: the male begins by digging a furrow all round the bird, at the distance

of about half an inch, turning the earth outside; his head is the only tool used in this operation; it is held sloping outwards, and is exceedingly powerful. After the first furrow is completed, another is made within it, and the earth is thrown into the first furrow; then a third furrow is made, and this is completely under the bird, so that the beetle, whilst working at it, is out of sight: now, the operation can only be traced by the heaving of the earth, which soon forms a little rampart round the bird; as the earth is moved from beneath, and the surrounding rampart increases in height, the bird sinks.

After incessant labor for about three hours, the beetle emerges, crawls upon the bird, and takes a survey of his work. If the female is on the bird, she is driven away by the male, who does not choose to be intruded upon during the important business. The male beetle then remains for about an hour perfectly still, and does not stir hand nor foot; he then dismounts, dives again into the grave, and pulls the bird down by the feathers.

At last, after two or three hours' more labour, the beetle comes up, again gets on the bird, and again takes a survey, and then drops down as though dead, or fallen suddenly fast asleep. When sufficiently rested he rouses himself, treads the bird firmly into its grave, pulls it by the feathers this way and that way, and having settled it to his mind, begins to shovel in the earth; this is done in a very short time, by means of his broad head. He goes behind the rampart of earth, and pushes it into the grave with amazing strength and dexterity: the head being bent directly downwards at first, and then the nose elevated with a kind of jerk, which sends the earth forwards. After the grave is thus filled up, the earth is trodden in, and undergoes another keen scrutiny all round, the bird being completely hidden; the beetle then makes a hole in the loose earth, and having buried the bird and his own bride, next buries himself.

The female having laid her eggs in the carcase of the bird, in number proportioned to its size, and the pair having eaten as much of the savory viand as they please, they make their way out, and fly away. The eggs are hatched in two days, and produce fat scaly grubs, which run about with great activity; these grubs grow excessively fast, and very soon consume all that their parents had left. As soon as they are full grown they cease eating, and burrowing further in the earth, become pupa. The length of the time they remain in this state appears uncertain; but when arrived at the perfect state, they make round holes in the ground, from which they come forth.

STRAY LEAVES FROM AN OLD JOURNAL.*

BY H. V. C.

The usual evening party was so much increased by the addition of our festive guests and the presence of so many gallant volunteers, that the hall being filled to overflowing, the large oaken parlour was also thrown open for dancing. There, waving over the portraits of some of my uncle's ancestors, cousin Tom and Jenny had very tastefully hung the continental flags; and on a panel above the President's chair, where the royal arms had long rested undisturbed, a huge eagle was now seen covering the space with outstretched wings, bearing in its beak the motto "Liberty," and holding a crown disdainfully in its talons.

These decorations had been so promptly placed there, that all were taken by surprise, and nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the company. The devices, in particular, were so suggestive that they gave general satisfaction. There were some exceptions however; for among the guests were a few who held petty offices, at the disposal of those in power; there was the post-master of a neighbouring town, who had doubtless before his mind the late dismissal of Benjamin Franklin from a similar office, because he stood forth boldly to uphold the people's rights. And at night-fall, there had unexpectedly arrived an officer of the king's customs at Portsmouth, who stopped to make a friendly visit to my uncle. But he seemed to take great alarm at the patriotic demonstration so openly displayed in the house of the chief magistrate, as did likewise the others, though it is well known that in their hearts they all favour the good cause. But they dare not avow it while the issues are doubtful, as they hold their posts by the tenure of their loyalty; and freedom of will is less prized by them than the gold and high places of oppression. Thank heaven, the freedom of our country doth not rest on such wavering and timorous reeds as these! we have bold and true hearts amongst us, ready to dare and to endure!

But these inopportune guests that came amongst us, with such dubious visages,—cousin Jenny seemed to take especial pleasure in tormenting them, more especially the gentleman of the customs, who has long been seeking to gain her favour, though, it seems, with little chance of success. She congratulated him so heartily on the

good luck which brought him there at such a joyous gathering, and challenged his admiration of her good taste in choosing such appropriate adornments for the occasion, more especially calling his attention to the eagle with its emblematic devices. It was plain to see the poor youth winced not a little under her sharp pleasantry; but he had not address enough to retort, and is one of those timid souls who are always afraid of compromising themselves by speaking their thoughts boldly. I could almost find it in my heart to pity him notwithstanding; she was so careless of his feelings, and there was such disdain in her pleasantry, that it was plain to perceive he never stood farther from her good graces than at that moment. I whispered a word of reproof in her ear, but she laughed merrily, and said "the poor fool would not come a wooing again for many a long day, she would be bound." She however gave him her hand for a country dance, in which he figured to great advantage; but even Jenny's returning smiles could not place him quite at ease, and very soon afterwards he slipped quietly away, his example being followed by all those whose sentiments were not in harmony with the occasion.

But their absence was little heeded by any one. Captain R. had kindly ordered up the small band of his volunteer regiment, which gave us great spirits for dancing, to say nothing of the addition of some half-dozen military beaux. It was, moreover, an infinite relief to the old fiddler, whose arm was apt to get weary on far less jovial occasions, not to mention the sad mistakes he often made before the close of an evening, occasioned by repeated potations from a cider can, which was always placed beside him, "to keep him in tune," he said.

My uncle and aunt were just performing a minuet, the fiddler playing his part solus, and managing to keep up the tune with great propriety, though the evening was far advanced; and we were all standing ready to take our places, and finish off with "Sir Roger de Coverly," when a knock was heard at the hall door, and directly it was repeated louder and more impatiently. It was an unusual call at that late hour; the fiddle

stopped with a harsh creak, my uncle and aunt stood still, with their toes pointed for the next step, and Cato pushed through the servants, almost sweeping the piccinny from Chloe's arms, in his mad haste to reach the door. Every eye was bent in that direction.

A tall, handsome young man entered, muffled more than the season required, in a large travelling cloak, and leaning on his arm a young female,—slight and graceful she seemed, but her step was timid, and as she met the gaze of so many enquiring eyes, she drew the riding hood closely round her face, and clung trembling to her companion's arm. He whispered a word as if to reassure her, and then asked for President W., with whom he had urgent business.

Every one of us in an instant comprehended the scene. My uncle is often called upon to perform the marriage ceremony, for being a magistrate he has a legal right to do so; and there are many persons who still maintain the old puritan notion, that marriage is strictly but a civil contract, and who therefore prefer the services of a justice to those of a clergyman on such occasions. The laws of New Hampshire do not require either publishment or certificate of banns to render the contract legal; but in Massachusetts, our custom of posting the names of the parties, puts a secret marriage out of the question. My uncle's mansion stands on the boundary line of the two provinces, and is mighty convenient for such fugitives as have a mind to give their friends the slip, and think they are discreet enough to manage their own love affairs in their own way; so my uncle is often obliged,—sometimes sorely against his better judgment,—to unite a runaway couple.

Now here was a little romance enacting, without doubt; the bearing of the fugitives betrayed their secret; they were not of a common class evidently, neither would any young people from the country round choose such an unseasonable hour for their nuptials. All of us were in a state of charming excitement; but unwilling to embarrass the strangers, we turned away, and suffered them to pass in unobserved.

The President, in the meanwhile, was placed in rather a false position, and felt his dignity somewhat compromised, at being thus surprised in the act of dancing before a crowd of young people, when his services were required in the capacity of a grave justice. But his dignified self-possession never deserts him, neither does his somewhat precise gallantry, and to no woman is he more gallant than to his wife; perhaps no one exacts it more. So he handed my aunt to her seat with grave formality, not omitting the usual ceremony

of a profound bow to her stately courtesy; and then returned to greet the young people who waited in the hall, the man evidently with much impatience. He spoke a few low words to my uncle, who directly led the way to his library.

I was standing a little apart with cousin Tom, puzzling my memory to recall some distinct impression of the gentleman, for his features seemed familiar to me. My uncle passed along, and with a smile bade us both follow him. I was right glad in my heart, for I had a longing desire to see the bride's face; and I knew he wished us to be present as witnesses to the marriage, the bridal pair having brought no friends with them. When we entered the room, they were already standing before my uncle; neither book, nor ring, nor formal ritual, were required; but in a silence almost chilling, they waited to hear those few words—so brief, but full of meaning!—which were about to link them in a bond which death alone could sever. The girl had thrown back her riding hood; she was pale with emotion, and trembled so violently that her lover was forced to throw his arm around her waist to support her. I now saw her face for the first time, and with what painful surprise. It was that of a most dearly loved friend, in whose happiness I had taken the warmest interest, and with whom I had often remonstrated against this very man, who now stood so proudly by her side.

With an eagerness which is always leading me to commit some folly, I sprang towards her, just as my uncle commenced his exordium, and exclaimed:

“Lucy Gray, what madness has brought you here?”

Her lover turned angrily, looking as if he could annihilate me, but I cared not for him—well did I now remember him. I thought only of Lucy, and she, poor girl, just lifted her sweet eyes to me, and sank back in a state of partial insensibility. I thought she was dying, for I never saw any one faint before, and in a great fright I began to pull off her hood, while Tom seized a tankard of cold water and dashed it over her face.

This was enough to bring back her senses, even had they left her more entirely; and directly her eyes opened, and a faint colour began to spread over her cheeks. She looked very lovely; one can scarcely fancy any being more delicately beautiful than she is, and she has such a gentle, sensitive nature, so affectionate and confiding. It is strange how she was ever wrought upon to leave a home where she was idolized, to follow the fortunes of that stern looking man! I begged

her to come with me into an adjoining room, and dry her hair, which Tom had so unmercifully drenched; and as we passed out, Mr. E. said in a low voice, and with much emphasis:

"My dear Lucy, let me pray you to make no useless delay; you well know we have need to make most urgent haste."

"But one moment, dear Henry," she murmured, with a faint smile.

He still detained her hand, seemingly afraid to trust her with me, and his looks were more cloudy than became a lover at such a moment. But he suffered her to pass out; I closed the door on him, and we sat down alone together. There was an awkward silence; neither knew exactly what to say, so I began to dry her hair and put fresh powder on it; and she laid her head on my bosom to hide her tears, and I could feel her heart beat almost audibly beneath the lacings of her bodice. Mr. E.'s impatient step was heard pacing the outer room; Lucy raised her head quickly, and said:

"Do not let us waste these moments, dear H., I would fain justify myself, for I well know that you blame me—that you think I have been rash and undutiful. But could you see how much I have suffered, did you know how long I have loved Henry, and how faithful he has been to me in spite of injustice and opposition; even at times when I have treated him coldly, and been persuaded to give him up, his love had never faltered. Our marriage was forbidden—he was driven from the house; but is it right for me to sacrifice his happiness to ill-founded prejudice?"

"Not so, dear Lucy; your parents can judge better than you do, and if Henry is worthy of you, they would not always oppose your wishes. Time would set all things right, and you are young enough to wait; but my heart misgives me that you have been wrought upon against your better judgment, or you would never have taken such a step as this. Oh! think of it, for it is not yet too late to retrace it."

"I cannot, H.," she answered firmly; "my word is given, and cannot be recalled. Besides," she added, with a little hesitation, "Henry has accepted a mission to New York, perhaps he may sail for England; and if we part now, God only knows whether we shall ever meet again."

"And far better that you should not," I answered, almost indignantly; "I speak no more of the home from which you are flying; but think you it is seemly to desert a cause which your nearest kindred have so near at heart, to fly with one who is false to his country, and who is even now leagued in the councils of its enemies! Oh! if filial love cannot sway you, do not thus degrade

yourself in the eyes of all whose esteem is worthy of regard."

"What have we to do with party strifes?" she answered, and the colour rose to her cheeks; but directly the slight spark of resentment fled, and was followed by a burst of passionate tears.

My anger was instantly disarmed, and my heart filled with pity.

"Forgive me if I have spoken harshly, dearest Lucy," I said, contritely, "and, believe me, I wish nothing more earnestly than your true happiness."

"I do believe it," she answered, with a forgiving smile; "but indeed I am very sad, and at times my heart misgives me. Oh! I could shed oceans of tears when I think of my dear parents; but I cannot forsake Henry—it is too late to think of it."

"It is never too late to retrieve a false step," I replied eagerly; "here is a safe shelter and warm hearts to give you welcome, and how gladly will your mother receive you to her arms again."

E., whose rapid step in the next room had never ceased, and in fact became almost a stamp, now tapped very cavalierly at the door, and without waiting for an answer, threw it open, and came up to Lucy, his face seeming mightily troubled and anxious. He took her hand, and without a word led her back to the library. But his eye rested fondly on her, and such a lovely smile lit up her face when she looked at him; it minded me of those sweet little flowers which they tell us blossom on the brink of a volcano. As for me, I was in no way noticed by him, and I cared little whether he had any remembrance of me; but my heart was full of grief for Lucy, and I scarce heeded that they again stood before my uncle, and in a few moments were pronounced the solemn words, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

There was no gratulation of the new married pair. Henry kissed his bride passionately, and hurried her departure; we exchanged brief farewells, there were tears on her cheek, but a sweet, confiding smile on her lips; and from the depths of my heart I prayed that her fate might be far brighter than my fears anticipated. I distrust that man greatly, and so do all her friends. There is something sinister in his face, though it is handsome, and if he does love her—and who could help it!—there are many who think he loves her fortune better, for he wooed her perseveringly till she is now eighteen, and has come into possession of a handsome estate, left by a maiden aunt. And what I could least of all forgive in him, he has deserted the good cause, and at the very moment when his brave countrymen are arming to defend their

liberties, he is bearing away his stolen bride, and hastening to join a faction in New York. Poor Lucy! she never did seem to comprehend public affairs very clearly, and I dare say he will make her believe he is doing exactly right.

The company were now breaking up, but I had no spirits to join them, so I pleaded a bad headache in excuse, and went to my own room. Both head and heart were weary and oppressed; I sat down by an open window, and the fresh sea breeze from the distant ocean cooled my brow, and my ear at times caught the faint murmur of the surf, rolling in upon the sandy beach. How quietly the moonlight fell on hill and valley, and the shadows of the trees lay like delicate tracery on the smooth shorn lawn. It was a sweet scene; I could almost fancy myself in one of those Arcadian vales, which Jenny had been reading about to me, and was quite prepared to see the lovely form of Una, with her grim protector, when my romance was put to flight by the merry voices of our departing guests. They were sallying out of the hall door in great glee, as if mightily pleased with themselves and each other, and forming in little groups, went talking and laughing down the long avenue to the village road. Some were on horseback, with a female mounted on the pillion behind each one; and my imagination might have transfigured them into the knights and dames of old *romance*, but the straggling musicians piped forth "Yankey Doodle" in full chorus, and put all my visions to flight.

There were tearful eyes in the President's mansion this night, and many too among the humbler dwellings of the country people round.

Several young men, sons of our farmers and artisans, enlisted with the volunteers, and are going to join Washington's army, which is now marching to Cambridge, where the head quarters are to be. My uncle's youngest son, Frank, a fine spirited lad of eighteen, the darling of the whole house, has also gone with them. Since the first call to arms, his impatience to join the forces so hastily mustered, could scarcely be restrained; and the opportune arrival of this fine regiment, raised in his native province, seemed to him like a special call of Providence. Last night, he asked his father's consent; it was given freely; he "had no right," he said, "to withhold aught his country needed in her dire extremity."

When all the company had gone, and the house, now so silent, was left to repose, I returned to the parlour, where the family remained, for the sad pleasure of exchanging their parting words with Frank. The poor fellow paced the room

with moistened eyes, though he strove to look very brave, and we all tried to seem cheerful, and talked hopefully of the future. My aunt must have felt it a sore struggle to part with this Joseph of her affections; but she meets the trial with a cheerful smile, and like a Spartan mother, sends her son away with a blessing, and a solemn charge to be faithful to his country and brave in its defence. The clock pointed to the hour of twelve before we separated; the domestics all waited in the hall to speak with master Frank, for they had heard with consternation that he was about to leave them. My uncle called them in, and opening the large Bible, he read from it some passages aptly chosen; and then all kneeling, he offered the evening prayer, and most fervently commended his departing son to the protection of his heavenly Father.

We all went to our separate rooms with heavy hearts, such a chill seemed to fall upon the house. One door after another silently closed, and old Pompey's careful step was heard last threading the passages to see that all was safe. A light was long burning in Frank's chamber, and I knew that the mother had gone there, to give her darling boy the last loving words and affectionate counsel.

At break of day, this morning, the whole household was astir, and the drums at the encampment were already beating for a march. But Frank was gone. He could not bear another farewell, and he wished to spare the pain to those who loved him so well. So he rose very early, and saw only Jenny, who was in his secret, and who indeed had not lain down the night long. Pompey, who had carried him in his arms when he was a little baby, went along with him; and with a pride which struggled with his tenderness, saw him welcomed by the colonel, and received by the whole regiment with a loud cheer. Not one of them, he insisted, could "hold the candle to little massa Frank, for good looks, and he was beside an inch taller than the best of them."

The breakfast was a heavy meal in spite of all we could do. Little Annie cried because she could not see Frank again; and Jenny's eyes showed plainly how she had passed the night. Tom tried to be witty, but failed entirely; I could not say a word; my uncle and aunt began to discuss the late congress at Philadelphia, when old Pompey returned, bringing a report of Frank's departure, and this gave us all an excuse to turn to the subject nearest our hearts, and so we talked about him more cheerfully than could have been expected. We missed his gay laugh sadly, as we went about our morning employments; but

Jenny read aloud some history of the old Grecian victories, which mightily revived our spirits, and seemed a prophecy of what our own brave arms may yet accomplish. Then we bethought ourselves to set about and work a pair of colours for Frank, who has the promise of an ensigncy to begin with. So we got leave of my aunt to go rummage her old oaken trunk, which we well knew to be stored with choice bits of silk, and gold thread and flosses, and whatever else we should need.

This trunk is a great piece of antiquity, and is held as a sort of heir-loom in the family. It is of huge proportions, covered with red morocco, now somewhat dingy, and studded thick with brass headed nails, which Chloe now and then takes a fancy to brighten up with great lustre. It stands in a large entry, at the head of the broad staircase, and the key never leaves my aunt's pocket, except on special occasions. There are many legends about this trunk, for it has seen divers fortunes within the last century. It was given to my great-grandmother, W., on her wedding day, well filled with rich dresses, brocades and satins, and fine laces. She was the daughter of a wealthy London merchant, and tradition says, her dowry was a heap of gold her own weight, it being placed in the scales and balanced against herself. If such was the custom now, I am thinking it would not be the handsomest damsels, but the heaviest, who were chosen for brides! If my great-grandmother's father had been more chary of his gold, perhaps more of it would have come down with the old trunk to our day. So Jenny was saying to me, and as we laughed over the odd story, I sat down and wrote the following:

*That famous old trunk came over the seas,
Borne up and borne down by many a breeze;
'Twas once filled with treasures right precious I trow,
But the bride and the treasures, oh! where are they now?
Ere the first bloom of youth from her cheek passed away,
Or time, meddling knave, sowed her tresses with grey;
Far away from the home where her childhood was blest,
She fled with the free, to this land of the West.*

*The trunk still remains, but the gold stayed behind,—
All, save the pure gold of the heart and the mind;
And her daughters, if weighed for their dowry, I deem
Would soon find the empty scales kicking the beam.*

*But who cares for the dross? we have enough still,—
All the blessings of plenty and freedom of will;
Our grandam's shrewd sense, and her beauty in sooth,
If the men flatter not, and our mirrors speak truth.*

I had written thus far, and Jenny was looking over my shoulder mightily amused, when we heard a horse galloping up the avenue in hot haste, and looking out of the window, I saw a man dismounting, who we knew must be a bearer of despatches

to my uncle. He brought an official message from the provincial congress of Massachusetts to my uncle, setting forth the state of public affairs, and the excitement which every where prevails. The President was exhorted to use all his influence in raising troops within his jurisdiction, to reinforce the army now encamped at Cambridge. The congress have disallowed the authority of General Gage, who remains shut up in Boston, with no authority beyond it, and though he has proclaimed martial law in Massachusetts, his threats are defied and ridiculed. Men grow bolder as they are threatened and coerced; and though gracious messages are still sent to the king, and reconciliation is talked of; as if desired and possible, the sight of the two armies, frowning at each other, doth not much look as if they would shake hands and be at peace. The news is on the whole cheering to our prospects, and yet it makes our hearts sad when we think of poor Frank; how many dangers surround him, and how soon he may be called into active service.

June 16th, 1775.—We have wrought so diligently on the colours for our young ensign, that they are now finished and ready to be sent to him. Jenny threw aside her romances and her poetry, and set to work with all her heart, and my aunt took great pleasure in aiding us with her good taste and skill; even little Annie, when she could do nothing else, would thread needles for us. Truly, it is very beautiful, and we look at it with much pride; the azure ground, emblematic of hope; the eagle expressing freedom; the wreath of laurel, and the motto, "Freedom and Union," all wrought with gold and silver threads and divers rich colours, and with each thread was woven fond wishes, and prayers for success and victory.

It has been unfurled, to the admiration of all the country round; and to-morrow will be sent forward to the camp, with some fresh recruits, that have been lately raised. Old Pompey has obtained leave to go along with it, to "give it safe into young massa's hands," he says; and truly, I believe the warm hearted creature would risk any fatigue, or run into any danger, just to look into "young massa's" face again. He will go freighted with many comforts, unknown to camps, for the absent boy; with many fond tokens of remembrance, and love messages enough to fill the largest saddle-bags in the country, if such things could be made tangible and reduced to weight.

We have heard from Frank but once since he left us; he was in high spirits, full of courage, and longing for active service. General Howe has entrenched the main body of his army on Bunker's

Hill, and another division is strongly fortified on the Neck leading to Roxbury. Our army in full sight, lies on both sides of Charles river, sweeping along from Cambridge, covering the high grounds at Roxbury, and stretching to the heights of Dorchester, which are strongly fortified; a circuit of at least twelve miles. And there they lie, the two armies, like the great giants, Gog and Magog of old, grinning defiance at each other. Alas! how many hearts will ache at the first battle sound!

Jenny vexes herself about Frank more than I believed her light hearted nature would do for any one in like circumstances. But Tom laughs provokingly, and says poor Frank is but a *cat's paw*, or a sluice through which her tears may flow unmarked for another gallant youth, who has gone to join the *rebels*. Jenny blushes so prettily, that I shrewdly think there is some ground for his saucy badinage.

I have been writing on, as if I had not a care in the world, and yet I am very sad at times. My father has written me from S—, and he seems to feel very lonely, and to look on his affairs with a troubled eye. Our brave town of Boston seems most specially marked out for royal vengeance, and since the port is shut up, and all business stopped, there are few merchants who do not feel that they hold their properties by a very uncertain thread. But yet there is not one, who will not sooner give up all, than relinquish the just rights of a citizen. My father has taken a house at S—, for he cannot return to Boston, if he would, in these times; and though my aunt Molly, the kindest of old maids, is there looking after the house-keeping, I feel that he will greatly need me, and that I can cheer him up, and make him feel more comfortable than any one else. We must all help to bear the burden in these trying times; and with a right cheerful heart I am ready to take my share of crosses and tribulations, for the sake of the good cause.

Cousin Ralph and Kate gave us an agreeable surprise yesterday, by riding over unexpectedly to visit us. They have cheered us not a little, for Frank's absence makes a sad blank in our home circle; and we shall insist on keeping them here for a week at least. My father will be here at that time, and we may probably all leave together; my father and I tarrying a brief time at H—, on the way to our new home.

NAPOLEON AND HIS SISTER.

The emperor had reached the zenith of his prosperity. He was making kings with as much ease as he was making marshals. Murat had just been transferred from the Grand Duchy of Berg to the throne of Naples, when one morning a carriage drove into my court-yard, and a lady alighted from it. "Ah, Misericorde!" I exclaimed, it is her imperial highness the Princess de Guastalla (Madame Borghese, the beautiful Pauline Bonaparte.) I was hastening down stairs to receive her with all due ceremony, when happening to pass a window which looked out to the garden, I beheld advancing towards the house—who but the emperor himself. He rang at a back door, usually appropriated to the servants, and entered. He was, I think, accompanied by Berthier. Here was a rencontre! It was Scylla and Charybdis! I might, perhaps, have feigned not to recognize the emperor, but with a most imperative gesture, he beckoned me to him. I therefore turned to the right about, and leaving the princess to find her way to the drawing-room unattended, I hurried to the emperor.

"Prince," said he, as soon as I was in his presence. "I know that my sister wishes to speak with you. Show me into an adjoining room, where I may hear her break her thunderbolts. Say what you can to appease her, but do not pledge me for anything. Go to her quickly—she will never forgive you for keeping her waiting."

I thought of the fatal position of Germanicus with Nero, in Racine's tragedy, in the scene in which Junie complains to the former of the cruelty of the latter. I had prepared myself for a most violent reception, but all my expectations fell short of the reality. The princess, as soon as she saw me, taxed me with my want of respect, and complained of not having found me waiting to receive her at the door of my hotel. This first ebullition of ill humor being exhausted, I said:

"Madam, if your imperial highness had been pleased to give me notice of your intention to confer on me this honor, I should undoubtedly have observed the due etiquette. But as I am not endowed with prescience, it was only a few minutes ago that I learned from my servants that the sister of our august monarch was in my house."

"His sister, sir! rather say an unfortunate, a forsaken, a miserable slave!"

"Is it possible, madam, that enjoying as you do the favor of his imperial majesty, you can have any cause of complaint?"

"His favor! What a mockery! Does he show his favor by degrading me?"

"No, madam, but by having elevated you to the dignity of an imperial princess, by having conferred on you the Duchy of Guastalla, and united you to a Roman prince!"

"A brilliant marriage, truly! An illustrious rank! I have indeed reason to congratulate myself when I see Caroline a queen, my sister-in-law a queen, and then, Josephine's daughter a queen, or on the point of becoming one: and I suppose there is a kingdom in store for Jerome's wife! Eliza, too, will be crowned by and by; whilst I am nothing—hear me, Prince Cambaceres. Go immediately to Bonaparte, and tell him, that if he does not raise me to the dignity of a queen, I have a terrible vengeance in reserve for him."

"But which your sisterly affection will not permit you to inflict."

"My affection! I hate him—he is a monster."

"Hush! princess!" I exclaimed, with some alarm. "Know that in France walls have ears."

"I care not—I defy his police—and I would tell him all I have said to his face. I will seek refuge in England, or he shall perish by my hand."

I became more and more alarmed, and I was about to reply, when the emperor saved me the trouble. He opened the door, and presented himself to the princess.

"Maniac!" he exclaimed, "you shall not go to England but to Clarenton."

"Ah! so you have followed me," she said. "Then you thought I really intended to throw myself into the Seine, as I threatened! I have come here to request Prince Cambaceres to intercede for me.—Now, my dear Napoleon, I must have a crown. I don't care where it is. Make me queen of Portugal—or Denmark, what you will—I would even reign in Switzerland or in Corfu—no matter where—but a crown I must have. Am I to be the only one of the family who does not wear one? Oh, Napoleon! your unkindness will kill me!"

With these words, she burst into a flood of tears. The capricious beauty had changed her imperious tone to one of supplication and tender reproach. The Princess Pauline was certainly a most fascinating woman; but at that moment she appeared to be more charming than ever. I could not wonder at the ascendancy she gained over the emperor. He was at first in a violent rage; but his anger was gradually soothed, and when Pauline stopped short in her appeal to him and burst into tears, he advanced to her and said affectionately—

"My dear sister, why are you not satisfied? I am doing all I can for you. Kingdoms cannot be created at my will. Besides, your husband is not a Frenchman."

"Let me have a divorce, then."

"Heaven forbid!"

"I will be a queen, or I will go to London."

"You shall go to Vincennes."

"I defy you! I will strangle myself as I enter."

I know not what circumstance was recalled to Napoleon's mind by this threat! but his brow lowered, his eyes flashed, and he bit his lips till he almost drew blood; and then in a voice faltering with emotion, he exclaimed: "So much the better, madame. You will rid me of a termagant, whom I find it more difficult to govern than all Europe together! I see that you are only to be ruled with a rod of iron. I therefore command you to go immediately to Madame Mère, and there await the orders which the Prince Arch-Chancellor shall deliver to you from me."

"Then will you make me a queen? I must be crowned."

"Really, Pauline, to hear you, one would imagine that I had wronged you of your right of succession to the late king our father."

I had never before known the emperor to have recourse to this sort of pleasantry, but I often afterwards heard him employ similar language. On the occasion which I have just been describing, this good-humoured touch of satire had an excellent effect. Pauline blushed, and a rapid glance at the past reminded her of her humble origin, contrasted as it was with the high rank to which her brother had raised her. A sudden change was effected in her feelings; she hung down her head, and was evidently mortified and ashamed. Napoleon asked her whether she had come alone. She named one of her ladies, I do not recollect whom, and said she was waiting in another apartment.

"Let her come in," said the emperor.

I rang—the order was given, and the lady appeared. The emperor directed her not to lose sight of the Princess Borghese, and then, turning to me, he added: "Let us retire to your cabinet."

"I am at your majesty's disposal," replied I; but permit me first to observe the ceremony due to the princess."

"Well, well! only be quick!"

He proceeded to my cabinet, and I escorted the princess to her carriage. As soon as I had got rid of her, I flew to wait on the emperor. I found him walking about the room with hurried steps.

"Well, prince!" said he, as soon as I entered, "this is one of the thousand disagreeable scenes which, tyrant as they say I am, I am compelled to endure. This morning Pauline came to me, commenced an altercation, assumed an imperative tone, and ended by threatening to drown herself. Seeing the excited state she was in, and knowing her violent temper, I became alarmed. She left me; I followed her, and as soon as she stepped into her carriage, I took possession of the first cabriolet I saw standing in the court-yard of the Tuilleries. She drove across the bridge; I suspected she was coming to you—I entered by your back door; and you know the rest. A crown for a Borghese! Such a proposition would excite an insurrection in the army! The Borghese are of pure blood-royal, I know, but the kings of my creation must be of my own blood, and must have received the baptism of the sword. However, I am anxious to soothe Pauline. Her husband shall be made governor of Piedmont. Tell her this from me; and, moreover, that I will give her a million francs to clear off her debts and re-set her diamonds. A million francs! What a sum. How much happiness it would diffuse if distributed! Ah, prince! What a cross is a numerous family to a man like me! I have always envied the happiness of Melchisedech, who never knew father, mother, brother, and, above all, sisters."

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

Lo the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to nature's lesson given
By the cheerful birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy;
"Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow;
God provideth for the morrow!

"Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose!
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air!
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily.
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow!

"One there lives whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall:
Pass we blithely then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!"

THE STUDENTS' DUEL.

This duel occurred in a German university town; the names here given are fictitious, the real names being withheld for various reasons; the circumstances, however, are strictly true.

The cause of the following melancholy tragedy was a woman, an opera dancer, possessing but a moderate share of talent in her vocation, but many personal graces; she was also as artful and cunning as she was beautiful.

Her house was open to all the gay and idle, and the wild and dissipated young men frequenting the University, she looked upon as her spoil. From them she gleaned a rich harvest, for many claimed to belong to the proudest families in Germany. To her natural beauties she added the capricious and flattering graces of the coquette; and she also possessed the deceitful and dangerous art of inspiring several suitors with violent attachments to her person at the same time. The Jewish King's description of persons of her class cannot be surpassed for fidelity:—

"The lips of a strange woman drop as a honeycomb, and her mouth is smoother than oil,"

"But her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword."

"Her feet go down to death, her steps take hold on hell."

Among the many who paid their devotions to her shrine, were two students, named Zabern and Ritter, and each believed he was the favoured object of her choice; they of course regarded each other as inveterate foes. These young men became her dupes; and she fostered their mutual dislike, it is supposed, without reflecting upon the results. Very little was requisite to blow their pent-up and heated rancour into open hostility—and the crisis soon came. Zabern meeting Ritter on the stairs leading to her apartments, inquired in a haughty manner the nature of his business there; and the reply being equally haughty, a blow from Zabern's cane struck Ritter to the ground. After some further altercation, they parted to meet again in a valley near the town, to fight until the death.

The following is a description of the murderous affair:—

A circle is drawn upon the ground, the dimensions having been determined upon by the parties.

When the principals are in the circle, they are not allowed to retire from it, nor permitted to fire until the signal is given.

Immediately after the signal, they are permitted to fire at discretion, when they like, and also at what distance they like within the circumference of the ring, but on no pretence can they put a foot

outside of it without violating the laws of the duel.

Let us suppose the principals armed, and in the circle anxiously waiting for the signal, and glowing with hatred and revenge. Near the circumference of the ring, and opposite to each other, stood the two principals, and upon hearing the word "fire," Ritter took aim and shot his ball into Zabern's chest, who staggered a few paces, but did not fall. By an effort almost superhuman, he turned slowly round, death strongly marked in his face, and staggered up to the place where Ritter stood with his arms folded, who waited his fate with apparent composure.

With calculating cruelty, Zabern pressed the muzzle of his pistol against the forehead of Ritter, and grinning a ghastly smile of mingled hatred and revenge, was in the act of pulling the trigger, when death arrested his finger, and uttering one loud agonizing scream, he fell back upon the earth, the weapon exploding harmless in the air.

Doubtless the advocates of duelling will applaud the unshaken firmness of Ritter. Listen to the end.—Though his opponent was dead, yet Ritter moved not; there he stood in the same fixed attitude; the only mark upon his person was, like Cain's, upon his brow. Zabern's pistol had left the impression of its muzzle—the dead man's brand was there. Physically, he had sustained no hurt, but mentally was he wounded past all redemption. The few short, fleeting moments of the duel, had crowded within their narrow compass the withering effects of an age. The intensity of his feelings in his trying situation had dethroned his reason, and from that hour he walked the earth "the statue of a man."

TO THE SNOW DROP.

Full oft the poet has essayed to sing
Thy merits, simple flower, nor quite in vain,
Yet not to thee may I devote the strain,
Of eulogy; but to that glorious King,
Who bids thy silver bell his praises ring,
And doth thy leaves so delicately vein;
Making thee meek and modest through thy mien,
The darling of the progeny of spring.
Ah! many a brighter flower the vernal gale
Will kiss, but none to which affection clings
As unto thee; who, as the strong sun flings
His brightness on thee, dost so meekly veil
Thy face; as at the Light celestials hail
The seraphim, theirs cover with their wings.

THE BREEZY HILLS FOR ME.

From hill to hill I love to tread
With steps secure and fleet;
Blue, cloudless skies are o'er my head,
Wild flowers beneath my feet.
My spirit sighs not to recall
Gay scenes of festal glee;
Fair nature's smiles surpass them all,—
The breezy hills for me!

How fresh, how pure, the balmy air!
How sweet the song-birds' strain!
Almost it grieves me to repair
To busier haunts again.
Bright images within my mind
Are springing glad and free;
Life's weary cares seem left behind,—
The breezy hills for me!

And thoughts of deeper, better worth,
Forth at the spell arise;
Here, may my heart oft mount from earth
To commune with the skies.
Here, in Thy works, O Lord of Power,
Thy bounteous grace I see;
Here may I duly seek Thee more,—
The breezy hills for me!

MAN'S FRAILTY.

How few and evil are thy days,
"Oh, man, of woman born!"
Trouble and peril haunt thy ways;
—Forth like a flower at morn,
The tender infant springs to light:
Youth blossoms with the breeze;
Age, withering age, is cropped ere night
—Man like a shadow flees.

And dost thou look on such a one?
Will God to judgment call
A worm, for what a worm hath done
Against the Lord of all?
As fall the waters from the deep,
As summer brooks run dry,
Man lieth down in dreamless sleep;
—Our life is vanity.

Man lieth down, no more to wake,
Till yonder arching sphere
Shall with a roll of thunder break,
And nature disappear.
—O hide me till thy wrath be past,
Thou, who canst kill or save;
Hide me, where hope may anchor fast,
In my Redeemer's grave,

AIR MARETZEK.

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

Air.

Dolce

Fine.

Musical notation for the first system, consisting of a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and contains chords and single notes. A *Cres.* marking is placed above the bass staff towards the end of the system.

Musical notation for the second system, consisting of a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff has a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 2/4 time signature. It features accents (>) and a *ff* dynamic marking. The bass staff has a bass clef and contains chords. A *Fine* marking is placed above the bass staff, followed by a double bar line and the instruction *\$ al >*.

Musical notation for the third system, consisting of a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff has a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 2/4 time signature. It features a dotted line with the instruction *8 vos.* above it. The bass staff has a bass clef and contains chords. A double bar line is present at the end of the system.

Musical notation for the fourth system, consisting of a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff has a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 2/4 time signature. It features a double bar line and a repeat sign. The bass staff has a bass clef and contains chords. A *D.C. \$ al Fine.* instruction is placed above the bass staff.

OUR TABLE.

ANNALS OF THE QUEENS OF SPAIN; BY ANATI
GEORGE.

This very eloquently written, and most interesting work, is the production of a Spanish lady, who, however, writes in the English language with a fluency and correctness so admirable that even in a native it might challenge criticism. The time at which these Annals commence is the stirring period of the irruptions of the Visigoths, when those savage warriors, hard pressed by the Romans in Gaul, determined to carry their arms beyond the Pyrenees, with a view to establish themselves on the sunny fields of Spain. The records of these far-off times are necessarily dim and shadowy and difficult to trace, but the ample sources placed at the disposal of the author, and her familiarity with the language in which they are preserved, made the task, to her, much lighter than it would have been to an English historian. That she has well availed herself of all the sources of information at her command, the book gives abundant evidence; and although the period is not the most interesting in Spanish history, being previous to the consolidation of the various kingdoms and principalities and states into which Spain was divided, into one, she has succeeded in giving to the world a book which will be read with profit as well as pleasure.

It is intended by the author to continue the work to the reign of the present Queen, and we anticipate much pleasure from the succeeding volumes. The history of Spain, and of its Kings and Queens, is full of romance—stirring as it is strange, and in such hands as those of the author of this volume, it must be attractive indeed. The style is bold, graceful, and sometimes elegant; and she takes a grand glance at the great events which render memorable the periods during which her heroines lived and reigned.

The early history of Spain—at least previous to and during the long Moorish wars—has not been extensively read or studied, and probably it would be difficult to call attention to it without some more attractive feature than the mere details, even if their accuracy could not be doubted, would supply. But in this form, the interest attached to the leading personages will commend it to perusal; and the author will have the satisfaction of feeling that while adding to the general fund of literature, she has also succeeded in withdrawing from the history of her once great, though now fallen country, some of the clouds with which the days of its youth have been long enveloped.

As she approaches those prouder epochs in the Spanish annals, when Spain assumed her place among the great nations of Europe, she will find freer scope and a less impenetrable veil; and we doubt not the interest of the work will rise with the fortunes of the nation. And even in the melancholy which must ever attend upon the decline and fall of those who have once been great, and occupied a high position among the highest, there are materials which will suffice to give her book a charm even unto the end.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE.

The Harpers of New York are publishing in numbers, under this title, a very agreeable and piquant work. It has already reached the third number, which is filled with letters, lively and amusing in the highest degree, written at the close of the last, and the beginning of the present, century. The poet must have been a pleasant correspondent, and his published letters will enable the reader to share in some degree the satisfaction experienced fifty years ago by his immediate friends. It is a book that will meet with a ready and extensive sale.

PORTRAIT OF LORD ELGIN.

We have to thank Mr. Hamel for a copy of a lithographed portrait of Lord Elgin. The likeness is very good, although it seems to us that the general expression is more youthful in appearance than that of his lordship's countenance. The work is beautifully executed by Mr. Davignon, of New York—indeed we have seldom seen a finer specimen of lithography.

We have before had occasion to speak of Mr. Hamel's talents as an artist and portrait painter—they are such, that his country may well be proud of their possessor. We hope that he will find full employment, and such encouragement as will induce him to cultivate the noble art in which he has already made such proficiency.

While on the subject of portraits and portrait painting, we may be allowed to call attention to the productions of Mr. Sawyer, a young gentleman who has already given most promising indications of celebrity. Some of the portraits now in his rooms are beautiful, and the likenesses perfect. The lover of art will derive pleasure from a visit to his *atelier*, where we doubt not they will be cheerfully welcomed by the young artist. His rooms are in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Great St. James Street.