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THE MISER AND HIS SON.

A TALE.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

Conclusion.—Continued from our last Number.

CHAPTER XVII.

Strange voices still are ringing in mine ears ;
Something of shame—of anguish and reproach ;
My brain is dark—I have forgot it all.

In a miserable attic over the kitchen in the miserable public house already described, there was a sound of deep, half suppressed, passionate weeping. A young mother weeping for her first born, who would not be pacified. The deepest fountain of love in the human heart had been stirred ; its hallowed sources abused, and violently broken up ; and the shock had been too great for the injured and afflicted possessor to bear up against patiently. Her very reason had yielded to the blow, and she lamented her loss, as a froward child laments the destruction of some favourite plaything.

Had she not been a creature of passionate impulses, the death of this babe of shame would have brought a stern joy to her bereaved mind. She would have wept—for nature speaks from the heart in tears ; but she would have blessed God, that He had removed the innocent cause of her distress from being a partaker in her guilt, a sharer of her infamy—a lasting source of regret and sorrow. But poor Mary had looked forward with intense desire to the birth of this child. It would be something for her to love and cling to—something for whose sake she could consent to live—for whom she would work and toil,—who would greet her with smiles, and feel its dependence upon her exertions. She had thought that Godfrey would love her once more for his infant's sake. Rash girl ! The love of man never returns to the forsaken object of his selfish gratification.

The night before, violent words had arisen between Mary and her brother. The ruffian was in liquor, and, urged on by the infuriated spirit of drunkenness, regardless of the entreaties of the coarse woman Strawberry, or the situation of the unfortunate girl, he had struck her repeatedly ; and the violent passion into which his brutal unkindness had hurried his victim, produced premature confinement, followed by the death of the child, a fine little

boy. Godfrey was absent when this event took place ; and though the day was pretty far advanced, had not as yet returned. As to William Mathews, he only wished that it had pleased God to remove both mother and child, as he found her too intractable to be of any use to them.

"My child, my child !" sobbed Mary. "What have you done with him—where have you put him ? Oh, for the love of mercy ! Mrs. Strawberry ; let me look upon him !"

"Hold your peace, you foolish young creature. What do you want with the corp ? You had better lie still and be quiet, or we may chance to bury ye both in the same grave."

"Oh !" sighed the girl, burying her face in the pillow, and giving way to a fresh gush of tears, "that's too good to happen—the wretched never die—the lost are never found—the wicked are denied the rest, the deep rest of the grave. Ah ! my child, my blessed child ! let me but look upon mine own flesh and blood—let me baptize the unbaptized with my tears—and I shall feel this terrible load removed from my heart."

"It was a sad thing that it died before it got the sign of the Cross," said the woman. "Sith babes, I've heard the priest say, never see the light o' God's countenance, but the blackness of darkness abides on them for ever. Howsom-ever these kind o' children never come to no good, whether they live nor die—young giddy creatures should think o' that, afore they run into sin, and bring upon themselves trouble and confusion. I was exposed to great temptations in my day, and was a pretty girl too. But I never disgraced myself with the like o' that."

"Oh ! you were very good, I dare say," said Mary, coaxingly ; "and I will think you the best and kindest woman that ever lived, if you will but let me see the poor babe."

"What good will it do you to see it ? It will only make you fret. You ought to thank God that it is gone. It was a seasonable mercy that you had no right to expect. You are now just as good as ever you were—you can go into gen-

teel service, and hold up your head with the best of them. I would not stay to be kicked and ordered about by this Mr. Godfrey. What is he? Not a shilling has he to bless himself with—and I am sure he does not care one farthing for you, nor the child."

"Oh! he loves me indeed, indeed he loves me—and the child. Oh, he will grieve for, the child! Mrs. Strawberry, if ever you were a mother yourself, have pity upon me; and shew me the baby!" She caught the woman by the hand, and looked up in her face with such an expression of longing, intense desire, that, harsh as she was, it melted her stony heart, and going to a closet, she returned with the babe in her arms. It was dressed in its little cap and long white night dress—a cold image of purity and perfect peace.

"Oh, mine own—mine own!" wailed the young mother, pressing the cold form convulsively against her bosom, as she rocked to and fro upon the pillow; "my blessed, innocent boy, you have left me for ever, and ever, and ever. My child—my infant love—I have wept for you—prayed for you—unborn, I have blessed you. Your smiles would have healed up the deep wounds of my broken heart. Together, we would have wandered to a distant land, where reproaches, and curses, and blows, would have never found us; and we would have been happy in each others love. Oh! my murdered child—I call upon you—but you cannot hear me! I weep for you—but you are deaf to my misery! Oh, woe is me—what shall I do, a' wanting thee. My heart is empty—the world is empty. Its promises are false—its love is departed—my child is dead, and I am alone—alone—alone."

"Come, give me the babe, Mary; I hear your brother's step upon the stair."

"You shall not have it!" cried the girl, starting up in the bed, her eyes flashing fire. "Your loud voice will waken him. He is mine—God gave him to me; and you shall not tear him from me. No other hand shall feed him, and rock him to sleep, but mine—"

'Lullaby baby—no danger shall come,'

My breast is thy pillow—my heart is thy home—
That poor heart may break, but it ever shall be,
True, true, to thy father, my baby, and thee!

'Weep, mother, weep!—thy poor infant is sleeping,
A sleep, which no storms of the world can awaken,
Ah, what avails all thy passionate weeping,
The depths of that love which no sorrow has
shaken!

'All useless and lost, in my desolate sadness,
No sunbeam of hope, scatters light thro' the
gloom;

Instead of the voice of rejoicing and gladness,
I hear the wind wave the rank grass on the
tomb."

Partly moaning, and partly singing, the poor creature, exhausted by a night of severe pain, and still greater mental anxiety, fell into a broken slumber, with the dead infant closely pressed to her bosom.

"Well, there they lie together—the dead and the living," said Mrs. Strawberry. "'Tis a piteous sight. I wish they were both bound to one place. We'll have no godd of this love-sick girl; and I have some fears myself of her brutal brother, and the father of the brat. I hear his voice. He's home. Well, they may just step up, and look at their work. If this is not murder, I wonder what is?"

And with a feeling of more humanity than Mrs. Strawberry was ever known to display, she arranged the coarse pillow which supported Mary's head, and, softly closing the door, descended the step ladder into the kitchen. She found Godfrey and Mathews in close conversation—the latter laughing immoderately.

"And he took the bait so easily, never suspected you? Ha! ha! ha!—let me look at the money? I can scarcely believe my own senses—ha! ha! ha!—Why, man, you have found out a more expeditious method of making gold than even your miserly uncle knew."

"Aye, but I have not his method of keeping it," said Godfrey. "But, Mathews, you may well rejoice. This proud boy is in our toils now—I have him as sure as fate. I must say, I felt a slight pang of remorse, when I saw him willing to dare so much for me, and he looked so like my father that I could almost have fancied that the dead looked through his eyes into my soul. Well, well; I have gone too far to recede; what must be, must be. None of us shape our own destinies, or some good angel would have warned Anthony of his danger."

"What the devil has become of Mary?" said Mathews, glancing around. "She and I had some words last night; it was a foolish piece of business, but she provoked me. I found her dressed up very smart, just at night-fall, and about to leave the house. I asked her where she was going so late in the evening; she answered, 'to hear the rangers preach down in the village. That she wanted to know what they had to say to her soul.' So I damned her soul, and bade her go back to her chamber, and not expose her shame to the world—and she grew fierce, and she asked me, tauntingly, who it was that had brought her to shame, and if I were not the greatest sinner of the two? So I struck her, in my anger."

"Struck her!" said Godfrey, starting back; "struck a woman! that woman your sister, and in her helpless situation; you dared not do such a cowardly, unmanly act?"

"I was drunk," said Mathews, gloomily, "and she was so aggravating that I am not so sure that you would have kept your hands off her, yourself."

Well, she flew at me like an enraged tiger cat, with clenched fists, and eyes flashing fire, and returned me what I gave with interest, and I believe there would have been murder between us, if Mrs. Strawberry had not dragged her off. What has become of her, Mrs. Strawberry; how is she now?"

"You had better go up and see," said the woman with a bitter laugh. "She is not very likely to fight again today."—There was something in the woman's manner, that startled the brother. "Come up with me, Godfrey, and speak to her; one word from you will make my peace with her. I did not mean to hurt the gal."

Mary had been sleeping. The sound of approaching footsteps broke in upon her restless slumber; but she still kept her eyes closed, as if unwilling to rouse herself from the stupor of quiet, into which she had fallen.

"She is sleeping," said Mathews. "By Jove! I thought she was dead. How still she lies. How deadly pale she looks, and what is that upon her breast?"

"A child—my child," said Godfrey, stepping eagerly forward. "Poor Mary, she is safe through that trial—but the child—"

"Is dead," returned Mathews. "Yes, dead, Godfrey; you are in luck—what a fortunate thing for us all."

"It is indeed," said the father; "she was so healthy I dared not hope for this. Poor little pale, pretty, thing, how happy I am to see you thus. What a load of anxiety is removed from my heart. What a blessing it would have been, if it had pleased God to take them both."

This, from the man she madly loved, the father of her child, was too much; Mary opened her tear-swollen eyes, and fixed them mournfully upon his face. He stooped down, and would have kissed her, but, she drew back with ill-disguised horror. The love she had once felt for him, vanished. She turned upon the pillow, and fixing her eyes upon the dead infant, mentally swore that she would live for revenge. She no longer shed a tear, or uttered the least complaint, but secretly blessed God that the babe was dead. She had lived to bear the father of that child, for whose sake she had borne the contempt of the world, the reproaches of conscience, and the fear of eternal punishment, rejoice in the death of his firstborn, and without a tear or sigh, wish that she might share the same grave. Could such things be? Alas! they happen every day, and are the sure reward of guilt.

"My poor Mary," said the hypocrite, "you have suffered a great deal for my sake; but do not weep. God knew best, when he took the child from us, though it is painful for us to part with him. He is better where he is."

"I know it now," said the young mother; "yes, Godfrey Hurdlestone, he is better where he is, and

for some wise end, God has spared my life. Is that you, William?—the murderer of my child has no business here."

"Mary, it was the drink," said the ruffian. "I did not mean to hurt either you or the child, so shake hands, and say that you forgive me."

"Never," said the girl firmly, "neither in this world nor in the world to come."

"Do you know what you say?" said the man, drawing near, and bending over the pillow, whilst his dark eyes emitted a deadly light."

"I am in my senses," returned his sister, with a bitter laugh; "although you have done your best to drive me mad. You need not stamp your foot, nor frown, nor glare upon me, like a beast of prey. What I have said, I again repeat, and may my curse and the curse of an offended God, cleave to you for ever."

"I will murder you, for those words," said the fiend, grinding his teeth.

"Death is no punishment," said Mary; "threaten me with something that I fear. I am helpless now, but I shall soon be well and strong, and my arm may be a match for the feeble drunkard, the destroyer of women and children."

"Unhand me, Godfrey Hurdlestone," roared out the villain, struggling in the powerful grasp of his colleague in guilt, "for, by the living God, she shall answer for those words."

"Hold, Mathews, you are mad! I will stab you to the heart if you attempt to touch her!" He spoke to the winds, for throwing him back to the wall, Mathews seized the knife from his hand, and sprang upon his intended victim, who, rising slowly up in her bed, with an air of calm and solemn grandeur, held up the pure face of the dead child, between herself and the murderer. Not a word was spoken; with an awful curse, the man reeled back as if he had been stung by a serpent, and fell writhing upon the floor; and the girl, sinking back upon her pillow, covered her face with her hands, and muttered to herself, "How strong is innocence! The wicked are like the chaff which the wind scatters abroad. Oh! God, forgive the past, which is no longer in my power; and let the future be spent in thy service. I repent in dust and ashes—wo is me, for I have sinned." Rousing Mathews from the fit into which he had fallen, and in no very enviable state of mind, Godfrey left the apartment, and joined a set of notorious gamblers, in the private room below.

From a scene of riot and drunken debauchery, he was summoned by Mrs. Strawberry, to attend a gentleman who wished to speak with him in the outer apartment. With unsteady steps, and a face flushed with the eager excitement of gambling, Godfrey followed her into the next room, and, ruffian as he was, his cheek paled, and his eye sought

the ground, when he found himself in the presence of his injured cousin.

Shocked at the situation in which he saw him, Anthony briefly stated the awkward circumstances in which he was placed, and claimed the promise made to him by Godfrey, on the preceding day, to relieve him from his present difficulty.

"I told you, man, that tonight the money should be repaid. The sun is not down yet. If I have luck, it shall be returned by twelve o'clock."

"Luck!" reiterated Anthony, gasping for breath. "Is it on such a precarious basis that my honor, and your word must rest? You talked yesterday of the sale of your reversionary property."

"I did, but the Jew was too cunning for me; he became the purchaser. But the money scarcely covered an old gambling debt, which he had promised never to demand of me again, and I am worse off than before."

"It is well," said Anthony bitterly. "You have saved your own life, by transferring the doom to me."

He walked rapidly from the house; and, after a thousand severe self-reproachings, in a fit of despair took the path that led to the Miser's dwelling. After a walk of an hour, he came in sight of the wretched hovel. It was now evening, and a faint light, shed from a solitary rush candle, gleamed through the broken panes of the low casement. He paused upon the threshold of this abode of want and misery; and, for the first time in his life, he thought it would have been well for him, if he had never left it. For some time, he continued knocking loudly at the door, without being able to gain admittance; at length, bolt after bolt was slowly withdrawn, and the Miser himself let him in. "It is well, Grenard, that you are home at last," he growled forth; "if you make a practice of staying out so late at night, we shall both be murdered." But when, on holding up the light, he discovered the mistake, and recognized the features of his son, he demanded in an angry tone, "What business he had with him?" Anthony passed him, and entered the house.

"Father, I will tell you that immediately, but I am tired and ill; I must sit down." Without regarding the old man's look of stern displeasure, he advanced to the table, and sat down upon the empty bench, which Grenard Pike usually occupied, and the father and son continued to stare upon each other without uttering a word. The awkwardness and difficulty of his situation pressed so painfully upon the young man, that, for a few seconds, he could not utter a word. A cold perspiration bedewed his limbs, and his knees trembled with agitation. Stern and erect the old man still holding the light, stood before him; and though he did not raise his eyes to meet the Miser's glance, he felt that the searching gaze from which he used to shrink in boyhood, was rivetted upon him. The Miser was

the first to break the awful silence, "Well, sir," he said, "if you are ready to explain the cause of this extraordinary visit, I am ready to listen to you. What do you want with me?"

"Your aid and advice," at length gasped forth the unhappy youth; "I have acted very foolishly, and in an hour of great difficulty and danger, I have flung myself upon your mercy, and, I trust in God, that you will not turn a deaf ear to my prayer." The Miser sat down in his high backed chair, and placed the light upon the table in such a manner as fully to reveal the pale, agitated features of his son; and had a stranger at that moment entered the cottage, he might, for the first time, have perceived a strong family likeness existing between them. The same high features, and pale lofty brow; the same compressed lip, and gloomy expression in the eye—the one produced by the habitual absence of all joyous feelings, the other by actual despair. Yes, in that hour they looked alike, and the Miser seemed to acknowledge the resemblance, for a softening expression stole over his rigid features, as he continued to gaze upon his son.

"You have acted foolishly," he said; "no uncommon thing at your age, and in danger and difficulty you seek me. Your circumstances must be desperate indeed, when they lead you to make a confidante of your father, considering how greatly I am indebted to your filial love. You have been in my neighbourhood nearly a month, and this is the first visit with which you have honored me."

"I should have been most happy to have paid my respects to you, sir," said Anthony, "could I have imagined that my visits would have been acceptable."

"It was not for you to think, young man, but to act, and the result would have proved to you how far you were in the right. But to dismiss all idle excuses, which but aggravate your fault, let me know the reason why I am honored by a visit from Mr. Anthony Hurdlestone?"

Anthony bit his lips. It was too late to retreat, and though he deeply repented having placed himself in such a humiliating situation, he faithfully related to the Miser, the cause of his distress. The old man listened to him with a sarcastic smile at times writhing his thin lip, and when Anthony implored him for the loan of four hundred pounds, until the return of Mr. Wildegrave, who he was certain would forgive his involuntary transgression, he burst out into a bitter laugh, and peremptorily refused to grant his request.

Anthony assailed him with a storm of eloquence, using every argument which the agony of the moment suggested, in order to soften his hard heart. He might as well have asked charity of the marble monuments of his ancestors. Stung to madness by the old man's obstinate refusal, he sprung from his seat; "Father!" he cried, "relent, I beseech you,

from this cruel decision. My necessities are too urgent to admit a denial." He dashed his clenched hand vehemently against the shattered remains of the oak table, upon which the Miser was leaning; his head resting between his long, bony, attenuated hands. The blow sent a hollow sound through the desolate apartment. The grey haired man raised his eyes, without lifting his head, and surveyed his son with an expression of mocking triumph, but answered not a word. His contemptuous silence was more galling to the irritated applicant than the loudest torrent of abuse. He was prepared for that; and he turned from the stony glance and harsh features of his father, with eyes full of tears, and a breast heaving with a sense of intolerable wrongs. At length his feelings found utterance. His dark eyes flashed fire, and despair, with all her attendant sorrows, took possession of his breast. "I will not reproach you with giving me life!" he cried, in a voice tremulous with passion, "for God has forbidden me to do so. I will not add so great a crime to my present misery. But your unnatural conduct to me, from my earliest infancy, has made me consider it the greatest misfortune to be your son. It was in your power to have rendered it a mutual blessing. From a child I have been a stranger in your house—an alien to your affections. Whilst you possessed a yearly income of fifty thousand pounds you suffered your only son to be educated on the charity of your injured brother, your sordid love of gold rendering you callous to the wants of your motherless child. Destitute of a home, without money, and driven to despair, by an act of imprudence, which my compassion for the misery of that generous uncle's son, urged me in an unguarded hour to commit; I seek you in my dire necessity to ask the loan of a small sum, to save me from utter ruin. This you refuse. I now call upon you by every sacred feeling, both human and divine, to grant my request. What, silent still? Nay, then by Heaven! I will not leave the house, until you give me the money. Yes, father, give me this paltry sum, and you may leave your hoarded treasures to the owls and bats, or make glad with your useless wealth some penurious wretch, as fond of gold as yourself."

Old Hurdlestone rocked to and fro in his chair, as if laboring with some great internal emotion; at length he half rose from his seat, and drew a key from beneath his vest. Anthony's eye brightened, and something like the glow of expectation flushed his pale face. But his hopes were quickly annihilated.

The Miser again sunk down in his chair. His features resumed their dark immoveable expression, and he hastily concealed the key, in the tattered remains of his garments.

"Anthony, Anthony," he said in a hollow voice, which issued from his chest, as from a sepulchre,

"cannot you wait patiently until my death? It will all be your own then."

"It will be too late," returned the agitated youth, whilst his cheeks glowed with the crimson blush of shame, as a thousand agonizing recollections crowded upon his brain, and, covering his face with his hands, he groaned aloud. A long and painful pause succeeded—at length a desperate thought flashed through his mind. He drew nearer. He fixed his dark expanded eyes upon his father's face, until the old man cowered beneath the awful scrutiny. Again he spoke, but his voice was calm. "Father, will you grant my request—let your answer be briefly yes or no."

"No!" muttered the Miser, in the same dogged tone; "I will part with my life first."

"Be not rash; we are alone," returned the son, with the same unnatural composure, "you are weak and I am strong. If you wantonly provoke the indignation of a desperate man, what will your riches avail you?"

The Miser instinctively grasped at the huge poker, that graced the fire-place, in whose rusty grate a light had not been kindled for many years. Anthony's quick eye detected the movement, and he took possession of the dangerous weapon, with the same cool, determined air. "Think not I mean to take your life; God forbid! that I should stain my hand with so foul a crime, and destroy your soul by sending it so unprepared into the presence of your Creator. It is your money, not your life, I seek?"

"Would not a less sum satisfy you?" said the Miser, eyeing fearfully the weapon of offence, in which his son continued to lean; and again drawing forth the key.

"Not one farthing less!"

The Miser glanced hurriedly around the apartment, and appeared to listen with intense anxiety, for the sound of expected footsteps. The sight of the old trees, which bent over the hovel, swept occasionally by the fitful autumnal blast, alone broke the deep silence, and rendered it doubly painful. "Where can the fellow stay?" he muttered to himself. Then, as if a thought suddenly struck him, he turned to his son, and addressed him in a more courteous tone; "I cannot give you this great sum to-night, but if you come to me at this hour tomorrow evening, it shall be yours."

"On what surety?"

"My word."

"I dare not trust you; you may deceive me?"

"When was Marcus Hurdlestone ever known to utter a lie?" exclaimed the old man, a dark red flush passing over his face.

"When he forged his brother's death, to murder, by slow degrees, my unhappy mother," said Anthony, bitterly. "The spirits of the dead are near us in this hour; silently, but truly, they bear witness against you."

The old man groaned, and covered his face, whilst Anthony continued :

"I cannot wait until the morrow. This night alone is mine. If you cannot readily lay your hands upon the money, write me an order upon your banker for the sum."

"I have neither pen, ink, nor paper," said the Miser, eagerly availing himself of the most paltry subterfuge to escape.

"I can supply you," said Anthony, triumphantly, drawing forth a small writing case, and placing the pen in his father's hand.

"Anthony, you had better trust to my word," said the Miser, solemnly. "By the God who made us, I swear to keep my promise; gold is a heavier surety than paper."

"Aye," said Anthony; "but you forget the old proverb, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'"

The old man eyed him with a glance of peculiar meaning; and then, with a trembling hand, proceeded to write the order. When he had finished, he folded the paper carefully together, and presented it to his son. "You will not trust to my honor! Be it so. Take this paper, Anthony Hurdlestone; it is the sole inheritance that you will ever receive from me. Go, and let me see your face no more."

"God bless you, sir," said the youth, in a faltering voice. "Forgive my late intemperate conduct. It was influenced by despair; from this moment I will consider you as my father."

The Miser's lip quivered; as his son turned to leave the apartment, he called faintly after him, "Anthony! Anthony! don't leave me alone with the spirits of the dead. Tomorrow, I will do you justice—tomorrow!" His son paused, but the entrance of old Pike stifled the rising gleam of paternal regard, and dismissed the ghastly phantom of the past, from the excited mind of the old sinner. He grumbled a welcome to his minion, and sternly waived to the unwelcome intruder to quit the house, and his wishes were instantly obeyed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Murder most foul hath been committed here—
By thee committed—for thy hand is red;
And on thy pallid brow, I see impress'd
The mark of Cain!

A thrilling feeling of joy at having gained the object of his visit to Oak Hall, and obtained the means of wiping off the stain he so much dreaded, from his character, was throbbing in the breast of Anthony Hurdlestone, as he reached, about nine o'clock in the evening, his nominal home. He had sold his birthright for a trifle; but the loss of wealth weighed lightly in his estimation, against the loss of honor. On entering Frederick's study, he found his cousin Godfrey and the ruffian Mathews, waiting his return.

Godfrey had dogged his steps to Ashton, had seen him enter the Miser's hovel, and, from the length of his visit, guessed rightly the cause. His anxiety to know the result of this meeting induced him to return a part of the money he had the day before received from his cousin, in order to learn the particulars.

"My dear Anthony," he said, "I have not enjoyed a moment's peace since we parted, this evening. Here is half of the sum you so kindly advanced; and if you can wait for a few days, I hope to have the rest ready for you."

With a heavy sigh, Anthony received the notes from his cousin, and, counting them over, he locked them up in the bureau, doubly rejoiced that he possessed the means of replacing the whole.

"You have been to Oak Hall," said Godfrey, carelessly; "how did the old place look?"

"I did not notice it," said Anthony; "my mind was so much agitated when I left you that as a last desperate chance, I determined to visit my father, and request of him the loan of the money."

"A daring move that," said Godfrey, with a smile, "particularly after the rebuff you got from him, when you visited him on my poor father's account. May I ask if you were successful?"

"Here is the order for the money," said Anthony, as with a feeling of natural triumph, he took the paper from his pocket book.

"Is it possible! The philosopher's stone is no fable, if words of yours could melt a heart of flint. Bravo, Anthony, you have wrought a miracle. But let me look at your credentials; seeing's believing, and I cannot believe such an improbable fact, without I witness it with my own eyes."

"Nay, convince yourself of the truth, Godfrey; what object can I have, in wishing to deceive you; it would be against my own interest so to do."

Godfrey took the paper to the table, and held it up to the light, to examine it. As he glanced over the contents, a smile curled his lip.

"Do you believe me now?" said Anthony.

"Read for yourself," returned Godfrey. "When you deal with such an accomplished scoundrel as Marcus Hurdlestone, you should give the Devil a retaining fee."

"What do you mean?" cried Anthony, eagerly snatching the paper from his grasp. "He has not dared to deceive me?" Still as he read, his countenance fell, a deadly paleness suddenly pervaded his features and, uttering a faint moan, in which the bitter disappointment of his heart was concentrated, he sunk down in a swoon at his cousin's feet.

"What on earth's the matter with the lad?" said Mathews, as he assisted Godfrey in lifting him upon the sofa. "What's in the wind now?"

"A capital joke," whispered Godfrey; "I could almost love the old sinner for his caustic humor."

The bill you see is drawn up in the usual manner, but instead of the words *To pay*, the crafty old fox has written it *Not to pay* the bearer the sum of four hundred pounds."

"Excellent! But let old Skin Flint look to his own," returned his hard featured companion. "We will shew him a trick worth two of this."

Anthony had by this time recovered from his swoon. But he sat like one stupified; his throbbing temples resting upon his hands, and perfectly unconscious of surrounding objects. His cousin's voice at length roused him to a recollection of the past, and, in faint tones, he requested that he would leave him.

"Not in this frame of mind. Come, Anthony, clear up that cloudy brow. I am sorry—sorry that I have been the means of drawing you into this ugly scrape, but for my poor father's sake you must forgive me. If you were to make a second application to your ungenerous dad, he might, in the hope of ridding himself of all further importunities, give down the two hundred pounds yet wanting. Such a decrease in your demand might work well with the old man. What think you? Matters cannot be worse with you than they are at present."

Anthony started. He recalled his father's parting look—his parting words—"Tomorrow I will do you justice—tomorrow." Hope again faintly glimmered in his breast. He repeated these words to Godfrey. Had he noticed the glance which his cousin threw towards his fellow in iniquity, he would have been surprised and puzzled to read its meaning. Mathews understood it well.

"Yes, Anthony, go by all means to him, at the same hour tomorrow. I have no doubt that his heart will relent—that he already feels ashamed of his barbarous conduct. At all events, it can do no harm—it may do good. Take that infamous piece of writing in your hand. Let my father's injured spirit stand at your right hand to plead your cause, and you must be successful."

"Yes, I will go," said Anthony. "Either he or I must yield. I have made up my mind upon the subject. Godfrey, good night."

"He is ours, Mathews," whispered Godfrey, as they left the house. "The old man's days are numbered—remember this hour tomorrow night."

Glad to find himself once more alone, Anthony continued pacing the room, revolving over in his own mind his interview with his father. He felt convinced that the old man had repented of the cruel trick he had played him; that, but for the entrance of Grenard Pike, he would have recalled the paper and given him the sum he desired. At all events he was determined to see him at the hour the old man had named, and tell him without disguise his thoughts upon the subject. In the midst of all this tumult of passion, the image of Juliet

glided into his mind, and seemed to whisper advice to his perturbed spirit. "Ah! that I had a friend to advise me in this gloomy hour," he said; "into whose faithful bosom I could pour out my whole soul. Shall I tell Clary; shall I confide to the dear child my guilt and folly?" He rang the bell. Old Ruth, half asleep, made her appearance.

"How is your mistress, Ruth?"

"Better, the night, Sir."

"Will you tell her that I wish very much to see her?"

"You won't disturb the poor lamb, sure? Why, Mr. Anthony, she has been in her bed these two hours. She asked after you several times during the day, and was very uneasy at your absence. Poor child, I believe she is mortal fond of you."

"What do you mean, Ruth?"

"I mean what I say, Sir. I am sure Miss Clary is over head and ears in love with you. Aren't you natural? Two handsome young creatures, living in the same house together, walking, and talking, and singing, and playing, all the time with each other. Why, Master Anthony, if you don't love Miss Clary, you must be very deceitful, after making so much of the poor child."

The old woman left him, still muttering to herself some anathema against the deceitfulness of men; while Anthony, shocked beyond measure, at the disclosure of a secret which he had never suspected, threw himself upon the sofa, and burying his face between his hands, yielded to the overwhelming sense of misery which depressed him, and wept—even as woman weeps—long and bitterly. "Why," he thought, "why am I thus continually the sport of a cruel destiny? Are the afflictions of my parents indeed to be visited upon me? Is every one that I love, or that loves me, to be involved in one common ruin?" And then he wished for death, with a longing, intense, sinful desire, which placed him upon the very verge of self destruction. He went to Frederick's bureau, and took out his pistols, and loaded them, and walked opposite to the glass, and deliberately levelled one at his head. But his hand trembled, and the ghastly expression of his own face startled him—so wan—so wild—so desperate. It looked not of earth—still less like a future denizen of heaven. "No, not tonight," he said. "He, the stern father, may relent, or fill up the full measure of his iniquities. The morrow, God knoweth what it may bring for me. If all should fail me—then—then—this shall be my friend. Yes, even in his presence, will I fling at his feet the loathed life he gave me." He threw himself upon the couch, without removing his clothes; but not to sleep. Hour after hour passed onward towards eternity. One, two, three, spoke out, the loud voice of Time, and it sounded in the ears of the watcher like his knell. And she, the fair child—she who had, at sixteen, outlived the fear of death. Had he

won her young spirit back to earth, to mar its purity with the stains of human passion? There was not a feeling in his heart at that moment so sad as this. How deeply he regretted that he had ever brought sorrow into the bosom of that peaceful home. But was she not a Wildegrave? and was not misery theirs, by lawful inheritance? and then he thought of his mother—thought of his own desolate childhood—of his poor uncle; and, overcome by these sad reflections, as the glad sun broke over the hills, bringing life and joy to awakening nature, he fell into a deep, dreamless sleep, from which he did not awake until the broad shadows of evening were deepening into night.

When old Ruth dusted out the parlor, she was surprised to find him asleep upon the sofa; but he looked so ill and pale that she flung Mr. Frederick's large cloak over him, and went up to tell Miss Clary.

All day Clary had sat beside him, holding, almost unconsciously, his burning hand in hers. Often she bathed his temples with sal volatile and water, but so deep were his slumbers, so blessed was that perfect cessation from mental misery, that he still continued to sleep until the sun disappeared behind the oak hills, and then, with a deep sigh, he once more awoke to a painful consciousness of his situation.

Clary dropped the hand she held, and started from the sofa over which she had been leaning, the vivid blush burning upon her pale cheek, as she sprang away to order up tea. Anthony rose, marvelling at his long sleep, and went to his own chamber, to make his toilet. When he returned to the parlor he found Clary waiting for him.

"My kind little cousin," he said, timidly taking her hand; "you have been ill; are you better?"

"I am quite well, dear Anthony, and should be quite happy if I saw you looking so. But you are ill, and unhappy, I read both in your dim eye and dejected looks. Come, sit down and take a cup of tea. You must be hungry. Here is a nice fowl, delicately cooked. Do let me see you take something."

"I cannot eat," said Anthony, pushing the plate from him, at the same time eagerly swallowing the refreshing draught which Clary presented. "I am ill, Clary, but mine is a disease of the mind. I am indeed far from happy. I wish I could tell you all the deep sorrow that lies so death-like at my heart."

"And why do you make it worse by concealment?" said Clary, rising and coming round to the side of the table on which he was leaning. "You need not fear to trust me, Anthony. There is no one on earth whom I love so well, except dear Frederick. Will not you let your little cousin share your grief?"

"My sweet child," said Anthony, winding his arm about her slender waist, and burying his head

upon her shoulders. "You could render me no assistance, and the knowledge of my sorrow would only make you miserable."

"I know you love Juliet better than me," said Clary, trembling violently; "I do not wish to supplant her—no, no, dear Anthony. I love you too well to stand between you and the cherished one of your soul. If it is aught about her, tell me freely; I will not be jealous of you. She is more worthy of your love than I am. Good God! you are weeping. What have I said to cause those tears? Anthony! dear Anthony! Speak to me. You distract me. Oh, tell me that I have not offended you!"

Anthony's lips moved, but no words issued from them. His eyes were firmly closed, his brow pale as marble, and large tears slid in quick succession from beneath the long jetty fringes which lay like a shadow upon his aspen cheeks. And other tears were mingling with those drops of heart-felt agony—tears of the tenderest sympathy, the most devoted love, as, leaning that fair face upon the cold brow of the unhappy youth, Clary unconsciously kissed away these waters of the heart, and pressed that head convulsively against her gentle bosom. She felt the arm that held, tighten round her, as she stood there in the embrace of the beloved, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of breaking the sad spell that had linked them together. At length Anthony unclosed his eyes, and looked long and earnestly up into his young companion's face. "Oh, Clary!" he sighed, "how shall I repay this love! My poor stricken lamb, would to God we had never met!"

"Ah! do not say that, Anthony! I never knew what it was to be happy until I knew you," murmured Clary.

"Do you love life better than you did, Clary?"

"I love you," sighed the girl, hiding her fair face amongst his ebony curls; "and the new life with which you have inspired me is very dear to me."

"Oh! that I could bid you cherish it for my sake, dear, artless girl. But we must part. In a few hours, Clary, the faulty being whom you have rashly dared to love may be no longer a denizen of this earth."

"Good heavens! what do you mean?" said the girl, starting from his encircling arms, and gazing wildly upon him. "Whilst I have been idling in my bed, something dreadful has happened. I read it in your averted eyes, and on your sad, sad brow. Dear Anthony, I beseech you, tell me what it is?"

"Clary, I cannot. I wish to tell you, but the circumstances are so degrading, I cannot frame words to give them utterance. I feel that you would despise me—that all good men would upbraid me, as a weak, unprincipled fool. Yet, I call God to witness, that at the moment I committed the rash act, I thought not that it was a crime."

"It is impossible, Anthony, that you could do anything which should cause this bitter grief. I

am sure that you are torturing yourself to no purpose. Frederick will be home to-morrow. He will counsel you what to do, and all will be right."

"Frederick! home to-morrow!" exclaimed Anthony, gasping for breath."

"Oh, I am so glad. It seems an age since he left us. By the bye, I have a letter for you, which I quite forgot. It came by the post;" and, going to the mantel shelf, Clary handed him a letter from her brother. Anthony trembled violently, as he broke the seal. It ran thus—

MY DEAR ANTHONY,

I know not in what manner to interpret your kind silence. Your detention of the money has caused me great mortification and uneasiness; and will compel me to leave—to-morrow, without settling the business which took me from home.

I cannot suspect a friend whom I love of any sinister intention, but I hope you will be able to adduce some satisfactory reasons for your strange conduct. Yours truly,

FREDERICK WILDEGRAVE.

P. S.—I thought at first that you were from home, but Clary in her letters always speaks of you as still present.

This letter decided and confirmed Anthony's worst fears. As he read it, he became violently agitated. Well had it been for him if he could have overcome the repugnance he felt, at communicating what he had done, to either Clary or her brother. It was this want of confidence which involved him in ruin. Had he frankly confessed his folly, and thrown himself upon Wildegrave's generosity, he would as frankly have been forgiven; but pride and false shame kept his lips sealed. He was a very young man; a novice in the ways of the world, and even, to some degree, ignorant of the nature of the crime which made him so unhappy. Instead of a breach of trust, he looked upon it as a felonious offence, which rendered him amenable to the utmost severity of the law. The jail and the gallows were ever in his thoughts; and, worse than either, the infamy which would for ever attach itself to his name. He determined to see his father for the last time, and if he failed in moving his compassion, he had formed the desperate resolution of putting an end to his existence in his presence—a far greater crime than that for which he dreaded to receive a capital punishment.

"Clary," he said hastily, thrusting the letter into his pocket, "business of importance calls me away tonight. Do not be alarmed if I should be detained until the morning."

"You cannot go tonight," said Clary; "it has rained all the afternoon. The ground is wet. The air raw and damp. You are not well. If you leave the house you will take cold."

"Do not attempt to detain me, Clary; I must go. I shall leave a letter for your brother upon the table, which you will be kind enough to give him, in case I should not return."

"Something is wrong! Tell me—oh, tell me what it is?"

"You will know all, time enough," said Anthony, in a hollow voice. "Should we never meet again, Clary, will you promise me to think kindly of me, and, in spite of the contempt of the world, to cherish my memory?"

"Though all the world should forsake you, yet will I never desert you," said Clary, as, sinking into his extended arms, she swooned upon his breast.

"This will kill the poor innocent. May God bless and keep you from a knowledge of my guilt." Then gently placing her upon the sofa, he imprinted a kiss upon her pale lips, and sought his own chamber. Here, he sat down and wrote a long letter to Frederick, explaining the unfortunate transactions which had occurred during his absence. This letter he left upon the study table, and, putting a brace of loaded pistols into his pocket, he sallied out upon his hopeless expedition.

It had been a very wet afternoon. The clouds parted towards nightfall; and the moon rose with unusual splendour, rendering every object in his path, as distinctly visible as at noon day. The beauty of the night only served to increase the gloom of Anthony Hurdlestone's spirit. He strode on at a rapid pace, as if to outstep the quick succession of melancholy thoughts that hurried him on to commit a deed of desperation. He entered the great avenue that led past the Hall to the Miser's miserable domicile; and had traversed about half the extent of the darkly shaded path, when his attention was arrested by a tall figure, leaning against the trunk of a huge elm tree. A blasted oak, bare of foliage, on the opposite side of the road, let in a flood of light through its leafless branches, and Anthony, with a shudder, recognized William Mathews.

"A fine evening for your expedition, Mr. Hurdlestone; I wish you may be successful." As he spoke, he lowered a fowling-piece he held in his hand, from his shoulder to the ground. "Do you hear that raven, as he sits croaking upon the rotten branch of the old oak, opposite? Does not his confounded noise make you nervous? It sounds like a bad omen. I was just going to pull down at him, but I fancy that he's too far above us for a shot."

"I am in no humour for trifling tonight," said Anthony, looking up to the branch in question. "If you are afraid of such sounds, you can soon silence that forever."

"It would require a good eye, Master Hurdlestone, and an excellent fowling piece, to bring down the black gentleman from his lofty perch. I have

heard you, Mr. Hurdlestone, accounted a capital shot—just give us a trial of your skill?"

"Nonsense!" muttered Anthony. "The bird's only a few yards above us. A pistol would bring him down."

"I should like to see it done," returned his companion, with a grin.

Impatient of this interruption, and anxious to get rid of the company of a man whose presence he loathed, Anthony drew one of the pistols from his breast pocket, and, taking a deliberate aim at the bird, he fired; and the raven fell dead at his feet. Picking it up, and tossing it to Mathews, he said, "Do you believe that? Pahaw! It was not worth staining my hands with blood, to obtain such a paltry prize."

Mathews laughed heartily at this speech, but there was something so revolting in the tones of his mirth, that Anthony quickened his pace, to avoid its painful repetition; and a few minutes more brought him in sight of the Miser's cottage.

No light gleamed from the broken casement, and both the door and the window of the hovel were wide open, and flapping in the night wind. Surprised at a circumstance so unusual, Anthony hastily entered the house. The first object that met his sight, rivetted him to the threshold.

The moon threw a broad line of silver light into the dark, dusty, worm eaten apartment, and danced and gleamed in horrid mockery upon a stream of liquid, which was spreading itself over the floor. And there, extended upon the brick pavement, his features shockingly distorted, his hands still clenched, and his white locks dabbled in blood, lay before him the cold mutilated form of his father. Overpowered with horror, unable to advance or retreat, Anthony continued to gaze upon the horrid spectacle, until he felt the hair stiffen upon his head, and a cold perspiration bedewing his trembling limbs.

Still, as he gazed, he fancied that the clenched hands moved, that a bitter smile writhed the then parted lips of the dead; and, influenced by a strange fascination, against which he struggled in vain, Anthony continued to watch the ghastly countenance, until his terror and agitation involved every other object in misty obscurity.

He heard the sound of approaching footsteps, but his limbs had lost the power of motion, his tongue of speech, and he suffered the constables, who entered with Grenard Pike, to lead him away without offering the least resistance. He was put into a post chaise, between two of the officers of justice; but though often addressed by his companions, he remained in the same stupefaction, making no remark upon his unusual situation, or taking the least notice of surrounding objects, until the vehicle stopped at the entrance of the County Jail. Then, and not until then, did the awfulness of his situation appear to

strike him. Suddenly starting from his frightful state of mental abstraction, he eagerly demanded of his companions, for what crime they had brought him there? When told, for the murder of his father, he returned for answer, "My poor father! I call God to witness, that I am innocent of this dreadful crime!"

"He was an old man," said one of the constables, "and a bad man; but it was not for his own son to shorten his days, and send him so unprepared into the presence of the great Judge."

"It's little you owed to him, Mr. Hurdlestone," said the other man, "and I am really sorry to see you in this condition; but 'tis a dreadful crime. A dreadful crime to lift one's hand against one's own father. He could not have lived many years, and most of the entailed property must have been yours; I can't think what devil tempted you to do such an awful deed."

"You do not believe that I did it?—you cannot believe it," said Anthony. The men shook their heads.

"I condemn no man, until the law condemns him," said the latter spokesman; "but there is evidence enough against you, to hang a hundred men."

"I have one witness in my favor. He knows my innocence, and to Him I appeal," said Anthony.

"Aye, but will he prove it?"

"I trust he will."

"Well, my lad, time will shew. The Assizes will be held next week; so you have not long to remain in your misery. I would be inclined to think you innocent, if you could prove to me what business you had with loaded pistols in your possession; why one was loaded, and the other unloaded; and how your hands and clothes came stained with blood; why you quarrelled with the old man last night, and sought him again tonight, with armed weapons in your possession, at such an unseasonable hour? These are stubborn facts."

"They are indeed," sighed the prisoner. A natural gush of feeling succeeded; and from that hour he seemed resigned to his fate.

CHAPTER XIX.

Oh! dread uncertainty!

Life wasting agony.

What a night of intense anxiety was that to the young Clary. Hour after hour, she paced the verandah, in front of the cottage; now listening for approaching footsteps, now straining her eyes to catch, through the gloom of the fir trees, the figure of him for whom she watched and wept in vain. The cold night breeze sighed through her fair locks, scattering them upon the midnight air. The rising dews chilled the fragile form, but stilled not the wild throbbing of the aching heart.

"Oh, but to know the worst—the very worst—were better than this sore agony." Years of care were

compassed into that one night of weary watching. "He will never come, I shall never, never see him again. I feel now, as I felt when my sisters were taken from me, that I should see them no more on earth. But I cannot weep for him, as I wept for them; I knew that they were happy—that they had gone to rest, and I felt as if an angel's hand dried my tears. But I weep for him, as one without hope; as one, whom a terrible destiny has torn from me. I love him, but my love is a crime, for he loves another. Ah! woe is me, why did we meet thus to part?"

She looked up at the cold clear moon—up to the glorious stars of night,—and her thoughts, so lately chained to earth, soared upwards to the Father of her spirit, and once more she bowed in silent adoration to her Saviour and her God. "Forgive me, holy Father," she murmured. "I have strayed from thy fold—and my steps have stumbled upon the rough places of the earth—I have reared up an idol in thy sacred temple, and worshipped the creature more than the Creator. The love of the world is an unholy thing. It cannot satisfy the cravings of an immortal spirit—it cannot fill up the emptiness of the human heart. Return to thy rest, oh, my soul! I dedicate thee, and all thy affections to thy God."

She bowed her head upon her hands and wept, but such tears purify the source from whence they flow, and Clary felt a solemn calm steal over her agitated spirit, as, kneeling beneath the wide canopy of heaven, she prayed long and earnestly for strength to subdue her passion for Anthony; and to become obedient, in word, thought, and deed, to the will of heaven. And she prayed for him, with an earnestness and zeal which love alone can give—prayed that he might be shielded from all temptation—from the wickedness and vanity of the world—from the deceitfulness of his own heart.

She was still in the act of devotion, when the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps, caused her suddenly to start from her knees. A man ran past at full speed; then another, and another. Then a group of women, without hats and shawls, running and calling to one another. What could all this mean, at that still hour of night, in the lonely place? Clary felt her heart beat tumultuously. She rushed to the gate. She called aloud to one of the retreating groups to stop, and inform her what was the matter—why they were abroad at that late hour, and whither they were going? None slackened their speed, or stayed one moment to heed her inquiries. At length an old man, tired, and out of breath, came panting along; one whom Clary knew, and, springing into the road, she intercepted his path.

"Tell me, Ralph Hilton, what is the meaning of all this? Where are you going?"

"Up to the Hall, Miss Clary. Dear, dear, have you not heard the news? The old man has been

murdered by his son. Alack! alack! 'tis a desperate piece of business. The Coroner is up at the Hall, sitting upon the body; and I want to see the murdered man, like the rest of 'un."

"Who is it of whom you speak? Who has been murdered?" asked the terrified girl.

"Why, old Squire Hurdlestons. He has been shot dead by his own son; that young chap that was staying here so long. They have got him safe though—and by this time he must be in jail. Oh! I hope they will hang 'un; but hanging is too good. He should be burnt alive."

And here the old man hobbled on, eager to get a sight of the frightful spectacle, and to hear all the news from the fountain head.

The first streaks of the red dawn were glowing in the east; but still Clary stood in the same attitude, with her hand resting upon the half open gate, her eyes fixed upon vacancy—her lips apart—a breathing image of despair. The stage coach from—drove briskly up. A gentleman sprang from the top of the vehicle. A portmanteau was flung down to him, by the guard. "All right?" and the horses were again at full gallop."

"Clary! my dear Clary; who would have thought of your being up so early to meet me?"

That voice seemed to recal the wandering spirit of the pale girl, back to its earthly tabernacle. With a long, wild cry, she flung herself into her brother's arms.

"Hide me in your heart, Frederick—hide me from myself—I am sick and weary of the world."

Unable to comprehend the meaning of her words, Frederick carried his now insensible sister into the house, and, calling to Ruth, who was busy kindling the fires, he bade her call Mr. Anthony.

The woman shook her head. "He's gone, Sir. He left us suddenly last night, and miss Clary has done nothing but cry ever since."

"I fear it is as I suspected," said Frederick. "He must have robbed me. Yet, if he has deceived me, I never will trust to physiognomy again." He opened the desk and found the two hundred pounds in notes, and turning to the table to examine them, he recognized his cousin's hand writing, in the direction of the letter, which Anthony had written previous to his departure.

With what feelings of compassion and interest, he perused this affecting memorial. Several times the tears sprang to his eyes, and he reproached himself for having suspected poor Anthony of appropriating the money to his own use. He knew what agony of mind Anthony must have endured, before he petitioned his relentless father for the loan of the money, and he lamented the want of confidence which had withheld him from communicating his real situation to his friend. Fearing that he might be led to commit some desperate act, he did not wait to change his dress, or partake of

the breakfast old Ruth had provided; but, mounting a horse, he rode full-speed to Ashton. Long before he reached the village, he learned the dreadful tale of the murder; and though he did not like to believe Anthony guilty, he knew not how to get over the great mass of circumstantial evidence which even his own letter contained against him. Every person with whom he talked upon the subject, held the same opinion; and many, who before had execrated the old man, and spoke with abhorrence of his treatment to his son, now mentioned him with pity and respect, and decried the young man, as a monster, for whom hanging was too good, who deserved to die a thousand deaths.

Deeply grieved for his unfortunate relative, Wildegrave defended him with some warmth, and urged, as an excuse for his conduct, the unnatural treatment which he had received from his father.

"Sir," said an old farmer who had attended the inquest, "with all his faults, the old squire was an honest man; and, doubtless, he knew the lad better than we did; and had good reasons for acting as he did, as the result has proved."

"It has not been proved yet," said Frederick; "and I believe, however strongly appearances may be against him, that Anthony Hurdlestone never committed the murder."

"Mr. Wildegrave, I'm sorry to contradict a gentleman like you; but did not Grenard Pike see him, with his own eyes, fire at the old man through the window, and has he not known the lad from a baby?"

"He will be hanged," said another, shrugging his shoulders.

"I hope so," said a third.

"He was a queer little boy," said a fourth; "I never thought he would come to any good."

"His uncle was the ruin of him," said a fifth; "if he had never taken him from the old man, the squire would have been alive this day."

"The old squire is to have a grand funeral. He will be buried on Monday," said the farmer. "All the gentlemen in the country will attend."

"It would break his heart, if he were alive," said another, "could he but see the fine coffin that Jones is making for him. It is all to be covered over with silk velvet and gold."

"How old was he?" said a third.

"Just in his sixty-fifth, and a fine hale man for his years. He might have lived to have been a hundred."

"Did they find any money in the house?" whispered a long nosed, sharp visaged man. "I heard that he had lots hidden away under the thatch. Old Grenard vows that a box containing several hundred gold guineas was taken away."

"Then the Devil or old Grenard must have flown away with it," said the sexton of the parish, "for

I was there when they seized the poor lad, and he had not a penny in his possession.

"Will they bury him by his wife?" asked the farmer.

"He'd never rest beside her," said a fourth. "He treated her about as well as he did her poor boy."

"Do you think he'll walk after he's put in the earth?" said the first speaker.

"How can the like o' him rest in the grave?" said the second voice. "I've no manner of doubt but he'll haunt the old Hall, as his father did afore him."

"Was old Squire Anthony ever seen?" said voice third.

"Aye, man! scores o' times. I have heard that the Miser met him one night himself upon the staircase, and that that was the reason why he shut up the Hall."

"Who will bear the property?" asked number four.

"Algeron's son, a fine, handsome fellow. He'll make ducks and drakes of the Miser's gold; we shall have five times on it, when he comes. He'll lower the rents and the tithes upon us. Come, my lads, let's go into the house and drink his health."

The worthy group instantly acceded to this proposition, and Frederick set spurs to his horse and rode off, disgusted with the scene he had witnessed, and returned to his home with a sorrowful heart.

By the light of a solitary candle at a small table in the attic of the public house, and close to the miserable bed, in which Mary Mathews was tossing to and fro, in the restless delirium of fever, two men were busily engaged in dividing a large heap of gold, which had been emptied from a strong brass bound box which lay upon the floor.

"Well, the old fellow died game," said Mathews; "Did you see how desperately he clenched his teeth, and how tightly he held the key of his treasures. I had to cut through the fingers before I could wrench it from his grasp. See! it is all stained with blood. Faugh! it smells of carrion."

"He took me for Anthony," said Godfrey shuddering. "And he cursed me. Oh! how awfully. He told me we should meet in hell—that the gold for which he had bartered his soul, had purchased us an estate there. And then he laughed—that horrid, diabolical laugh! Oh! I hear it yet. It would almost lead me to repent, the idea of having to pass an eternity with him."

"Don't feel squeamish now, Godfrey. This brave sight should lay all such nervous fancies to rest. The thing was admirably managed; and, between ourselves, I think that if we had not pinked him—that that same virtuous son of his would. What did he want with pistols? It looks queer."

"It will condemn him."

"Let us drink to his rising in the world," said the ruffian, reaching over the brandy flask. "How much money is there?"

"Two thousand five hundred pounds in gold."

"A pretty little fortune. How do you divide the odd hundreds?"

"I want them for a particular purpose," said Godfrey. "There is a thousand—I think you ought to be satisfied with your share. It was my bullet that unlocked the box, and brought the old man down."

"You don't mean to say," said Mathews, "that you mean to appropriate five hundred pounds for the mere act of shooting the old dog, when I ran as much risk in the job as you did?"

"Sit down, Bill, and don't look so savage. I meant it as a marriage portion for Mary. Surely, you don't wish to rob her?"

"That's just the same as giving it to yourself," said Mathews, grumbling. "You know she cannot keep any thing from you?"

"Mary, my pet!" said Godfrey, taking up a handful of the money, and going up to the bed, "I heard you say that you wanted a new flock. Look, here is plenty to buy you a score of smart dresses. Will you not give me a kiss for all this gold?"

The girl turned her wide-wandering eyes upon him, glanced at his hands, and uttered a wild scream. "Why, Mary, what the deuce ails you?"

"What's that upon your hands, Godfrey Hurdlestone? What's that upon your hands? It is blood! blood! Oh! take it away. Don't bring to me the price of blood!"

"Nonsense, Mary, gold can gild every stain; you are dreaming."

"I have been dreaming," said Mary, rising up in the bed, and putting back the long hair, which had escaped from under her cap, and now fell in rich neglected masses round her pallid face. "Yes, I have been dreaming—such an awful dream—I see it before me yet."

"What was it, Mary?" asked Mathews, with quivering lips.

"I was in a lonesome place," said Mary, "a dark, lonesome place. But God's moon was shining there, and there was no need of the sun or of other light, for all seemed plain to me as noon day. I saw an old man with grey hairs, and another man, old and grey, was beside him. Their countenances were dark and unlovely. And one old man was on his knees—but it was not to God he knelt. He had set up an idol to worship, and that idol was gold; and God, as a punishment, had turned his heart to stone, so that nothing but the gold could awaken the least sympathy there. And whilst he knelt to the idol, I heard a cry—a loud, horrid, despairing cry—and the old man fell to the earth weltering in his blood—but he had still strength to lock up his idol; and he held the key as tightly as if it had been the key

of heaven. And I saw two young men attack the old man, while his companion, whom they did not see, stole into a buck room and fled; and they dashed him against the stones, and they marred his visage with savage blows: and they trod him under foot, and tore from him his idol, and fled. And I saw another youth, with a face full of sorrow, and while he wept over the dead man, he was seized and carried away. And while I thought of these things, an angel came to my bedside, and whispered a message from God in mine ears. And I awoke from my sleep—and lo! the old man's idol was before me, and his blood was upon your hand, Godfrey Hurdlestone."

"Is this a dream?" said Godfrey, seizing her roughly by the arm; "or did you really witness what you now tell us under this similitude?"

"Could my feeble limbs carry me to Ashton?" said the girl, "or could this rocking brain steady them, if they could?"

"Mathews!" cried Godfrey. "What do you think of this?"

"That we should be off," said Mathews, "or put such dreamers to silence."

"Be off—that is impossible. It would give rise to suspicion that we were the murderers, besides, are we not both subpoenaed as witnesses against him?"

"I don't like it," said Mathews, moodily. "The devil has revealed every circumstance to the girl. What if she were to witness against us?"

"Nonsense. Who takes the evidence of a dream?"

"I'm not so sure that it was a dream; she's dame'd cunning."

"But the girl's too ill to move from her bed," said Godfrey. "Besides, she would never betray me."

"She's turned mighty religious of late," said Mathews. "It was only last night that I heard her pray for God to forgive her sinful soul; and then she promised to lead a new life. Now, I should not wonder if she were to begin by hanging us."

"If I thought so," returned Godfrey, grasping his knife and glancing towards the bed. "But no—we do her injustice. She would die for us. She would never betray us." "Mary," he continued, going to the bedside. "What was the message that the angel told you?"

"It was in the unknown tongue," said Mary; "I understood it when I awoke, but I have forgotten it all now." Then, laughing in her delirium, she burst out singing—

His voice was like the midnight wind,
That ushers in the storm,
When the thunder mutters far behind,
On the black cloud's dark wings borne.

When the trees are bending to its breath,
The waters flashing high;

And nature crouches, pale as death,
Beneath the lurid sky.

And in such tones he spoke to me,
So awful and so dread ;
If thou would'st read the mystery,
Those tones will wake the dead !

"She is mad!" muttered Godfrey. "Are you afraid, Bill, of the ravings of a maniac? Come, gather up courage from the brandy bottle, and tell me how we are to divide the rest of the spoil."

"Let us throw the dice for it."

"Agreed. Who shall have the first chance?"

"We will throw for that. The lowest gains—I have it," said Mathews, clutching the box.

"Stop!" said Mary. "Fair play's a jewel. There are three of you at the table—will you not let the old man have one chance to win back his gold?"

"The devil!" cried Mathews dropping the box, and staggering to his seat, his limbs trembling and his teeth chattering in his head. "Where—where is he?"

"At your elbow," said Mary. "Don't you see him frown and shake his hand at you? How fast the blood pours from the wound in his head. It is staining all your clothes. Get up, William, and give the poor old man the chair."

"Don't mind her, Mathews—she is raving," said Godfrey. "Do you see anything?"

"I thought I saw a long, bony, mutilated hand, fitting to and fro over the gold. Ah! there it is again!" said Mathews, starting from his seat. "You may keep the money—for I'll be— if I dare touch it. Leave this accursed place, and yon creaking fiend. Let us join the boys down stairs, and consult what's to be done."

And so the murderers departed, leaving the poor girl alone with the gold—but they took good care to lock the door after them. When they were gone, Mary threw an old cloak about her shoulders, which formed part of the covering of the bed, and stepped on to the floor.

"They are gone," she said. "And this is no place for me. I am called upon by God himself, to save the innocent, and the mission shall be performed, even at the expense of my poor worthless life. They think not that I followed them to the spot—that, weak as I am, God gave me strength to witness against them. Alas! I feel ill, very ill," she continued, putting her hand to her head. "But if I could but reach the Lodge, and inform Captain Whitmore, it might be the means of saving his life. At all events, I will try." As she passed the gold, which glittered in the moonbeams, she paused. "I want money. Shall I take aught of the accursed thing? No—I will trust to Providence, to supply my wants. Misery travels free." Then, slowly putting on her clothes, and securing a slice of coarse bread, which had been brought for her

supper, in her handkerchief, Mary approached the window. The distance was not great from the ground, and she had been used to climb tall forest trees from a child, and fearlessly to drop from any height; she unclosed the casement, without any noise, and listened. She heard from below loud shouts and boisterous peals of laughter, mingled with licentious songs, and profane oaths.

When the repentant soul is convinced of sin, how dreadful does the language once so familiar appear. The oath and the profane jest smite upon it, with a force which makes it recoil within itself; and it flies for protection to the injured Majesty it so often wantonly defied. "Alas! for the wicked," said Mary. "Destruction and misery are in their paths, and the way of peace they have not known. Yet how long have I been one of this dreadful fraternity. How long have I, in word, thought, and deed, blasphemed the Majesty of the Most High, and rebelled against His holy laws. Ought I to condemn my fellows in iniquity? Am I in reality better than they? I will go to the grave of my child. That sight will keep me humble; that little mound of dark clods holds all that the earth now contains for me."

She dropped from the window to the ground. The watch dog knew her, and forbore to bark. He thrust his cold nose into her wasted hand, and wagged his tail, and looked up inquiringly into her face. There was something of human sympathy in the brute's expression. It went to the heart of the poor wanderer. She leant her head down, and kissed the black forehead of the brute, and a big bright tear the next moment glittered amongst his shaggy black hairs, as the moonbeams welcomed it with an approving smile. Like a ghost Mary glided down the garden path, overgrown with rank weeds, and she thought that that neglected garden greatly resembled the state of her soul. A few necessary wants had been alone attended to. The flower beds were overgrown and choked with weeds. The fruit trees were barren from neglect, and covered with moss. "But He can make the desolate place into a fruitful field," said Mary. "The wilderness under His fostering care, can blossom like the rose." She crossed the lane, and, traversing several lonely fields, she came to the Park near the old Hall; the ancient Gothic church, erected by one of the ancestors of the Hurdlestons, reared up its venerable crest. How august the old building looked in the moonlight—how white the moonbeams lay upon the graves. Mary sighed deeply, but hers was not a mind to yield to superstitious fears. She had learned to fear God—and there was nothing in His beautiful creation, which could make her tremble, but the all-seeing eye, which she now felt was ever upon her. Passing the front of the church, where all the baptized children of the village for ages had found their place of final rest, she stepped behind

a dark screen of yews, and knelt hastily upon the ground, beside a little mound of newly turned sods. Stretching herself out upon that lowly bed, and embracing it with passionate tenderness, the child of sin and sorrow found at length a place to weep, and poured out her full heart to the silent ear of night.

The day was breaking when she slowly rose, and wiped away her tears. Regaining the high road, she was overtaken by a man in a waggon, who had been one of the crowd that had been to look at the murdered man. He invited Mary to ride in the waggon—and finding that he was going within a few miles of N——, she joyfully accepted the offer; and before Godfrey and her brother discovered that she was missing, she was near the end of her journey.

CHAPTER XX.

The lyre is hushed, for ever hushed—the hand
That woke to extacy its thrilling chords,
And that sweet voice, with music eloquent,
Sleeps with the silent lyre and broken heart.

“Why do you look so sad, Juliet?” said Captain Whitmore, to his daughter, as they stood together at the open window, the morning after her perfidious meeting with Mary Mathews. “Have I said anything to wound your feelings?”

“I thought you would have been so glad to find him innocent,” said Juliet, the tears again stealing from her beautiful eyes; “and I have been disappointed, bitterly disappointed.”

“Well, my girl, I am glad that the lad is not guilty of so heinous an offence, but I can’t help feeling a strong prejudice against the whole breed. These Hurdlestons are a bad set—a bad set. I have seen enough of them; and for your happiness, Juliet, it would be well for you to banish this young man for ever from your thoughts; with my consent you never shall be his wife.”

“Without it I certainly never shall,” said Juliet, folding her hands together, and turning away to hide the fresh gush of tears that blinded her eyes. “At the same time, my father, I must think that the ill will you bear to an innocent person is both cruel and unjust.”

“Juliet,” said the Captain gravely, “from the earnestness of your manner, I fear that you feel a deeper interest in this young Hurdlestone than I am willing to believe. Answer me truly. Do you love the lad?”

“Father, I do love him. I feel that my happiness is inseparably connected with his.”

“My poor girl, I am sorry for you—very sorry, as I see no chance of your ever becoming his wife.”

“I am contented to remain single,” said Juliet, but I can never love another, as I love him.”

“Stuff and nonsense! What should hinder you! My dear Juliet, you will get over this romantic pas-

sion. Few people are able to marry the first person with whom they fall in love. And, in nine cases out of ten, they would be grievously disappointed if they could. This Anthony Hurdlestone may be a good young man; but his father is a very bad one. His children may inherit some of the family propensities, which you know, my little daughter, are every thing but agreeable.”

“Ah!” my dear father, said Juliet, with great simplicity, “how do you know that we should have any children?” This unexpected confession threw the old Captain, in spite of his grave lecture, into convulsions of laughter, whilst it covered poor Juliet’s face with crimson blushes.

“Well, Miss Juliet!” said her aunt, who entered just in time to hear her niece speak her thoughts aloud. “I am astonished at you. Have you no proper sense of decorum?”

“Fahaw, Dolly. Don’t commence a new lecture. Your over delicate ladies are the most indelicate. I think what the child said, was perfectly natural.”

“Nature, Captain Whitmore, is not the best book for young ladies to study,” said Miss Dorothy, drawing herself up to her full height. “If we were to act entirely from her suggestions, we should reduce our natures to a level with the brutes. Young ladies should never venture a remark until they have duly considered what they have to say. They should know how to keep the organ of speech in due subjection.”

“And pray, Dolly, will you inform me what age is the fittest to commence this laudable exercise, for I am pretty certain that your first lesson is still to learn?”

Oh! how poor Aunt Dorothy founced and flew at this speech. How she let her tongue run on without bit or bridle, whilst vindicating her injured honor from so foul an aspersion, quite forgetting her own theory in the redundancy of her practice. There never was, by her own account, such a discreet, amiable, well spoken, benevolent, and virtuous gentlewoman. And how the cruel Captain continued to laugh at and quiz, and draw her out; until Juliet, in sheer pity, pinched her favorite cat’s ear, to cause a diversion in poor Aunt’s favor; but this stratagem only turned the whole torrent of her wrath against herself.

“How careless you are, Miss Juliet!” she cried, snatching the offended darling to her bosom. “You never think that these poor creatures can feel ill treatment as acutely as yourself. I despise young ladies who write poetry, and weep and whine over a novel, yet are destitute of the common feelings of humanity!”

“Puss will forgive me!” said Juliet, holding out her small white hand, to the cat, which immediately left off rubbing herself against Aunt Dorothy’s velvet stomacher, to lick and fawn upon the proffered hand.

"Juliet," said her father, again turning towards her. "Would you like to visit London?"

"I have no great wish to see it, papa, particularly at this beautiful season of the year."

"I think it necessary for you to go. You have seen so little of the world that you have suffered yourself to be interested in the first good looking, gentlemanly young fellow, that found it his interest to pay you a few useless compliments. The best way to cure these idle fancies, is to go to London. You will see other men. You will learn to know your own power, and all these idle fancies will be forgotten. Aunt Dorothy, what say you to the trip?"

"Oh, Sir, I am quite agreeable. Juliet wants a little polishing. She is horribly countrified. When shall we prepare for the journey?"

"Directly. Her aunt Seaford will be delighted to have you with her. This little shy Julee is the old lady's heir; but she seems quite indifferent to her good fortune."

"I never covet great wealth," said Juliet, sighing deeply. "Mark Hurdlestone is an awful example to those who grasp after riches. I do not anticipate this London visit, but I will go to please you."

"There's a dear good girl!" said the fond old man, kissing her cheek. "I wish I could see the roses blush upon this pale face. You look so like your mother, Julee, you make my heart ache. Ah! just so thin and pale she looked before I lost her. You must not leave your poor old father, in this cold-hearted world alone."

Juliet flung her arms round his neck, and wept upon his bosom. "Do not make my heart ache, dear papa, or I know not how soon we may part," she whispered. "You once loved poor Anthony. For my sake love him still."

"She will forget him," said the Captain, looking fondly after her as she left the room. "She will forget him in London."

And to London they went. Juliet was received by her rich aunt, with the most lively demonstrations of regard, who felt proud of introducing into its gay scenes, a creature so beautiful. Admired for her great personal attractions, and courted for her wealth, Juliet soon found herself the centre of attraction to a large circle of friends. But, oh! how rapid and tasteless to the young lover of nature, were the artificial manners and unmeaning flatteries of the world. The voice of love breathed into her ears by interested admirers, shocked and disgusted her simple taste, and made her thoughts turn continually to the one adored object; he whose candid and honest bearing, had won her heart; whose spirit had been poured forth at the same shrine; whose soul had drank inspiration from the same sacred fount; and whose sympathies and feelings were in perfect unison with her own. How could she forget him, whilst mingling in scenes so ungenial to her own pursuits? Was he not brought

every hour nearer to her thoughts? Was she not constantly drawing contrasts between him, and the worldly beings by whom she was surrounded? Did not his touching voice thrill more musically in her mental ear, when the affected, ostentatious tones, of the votary of fashion and pleasure, tried to attract her attention, by a display of his knowledge and breeding? There was a want of reality in all she heard and saw, that struck painfully upon her heart; and, after the first novelty of the scene had gone off, she began to pine for the country. Her step became less elastic; her cheek grew yet paler; and the anxious father began to fear for the health of his child.

"I am sick of this crowded place—of these artificial people," she said. "I shall die here. Let me return to the country." Frightened at the alteration in her appearance, the Captain promised to grant her request. Her aunt gave a large party the night before they were to leave town; and Juliet, to please her kind relation, exerted herself to the utmost to appear in good spirits.

"There has been a shocking murder committed in your neighbourhood, Miss Whitmore," said the gentleman with whom she had been dancing, as he led her to a seat. "Have you seen the papers?" "No," said Juliet carelessly. "I seldom read these accounts, they are so shocking; and we read them too much as matters of mere amusement, without reflecting sufficiently upon the awful guilt which they involve."

"This is a very dreadful business, indeed," said her companion. "Perhaps you may know something of the parties?"

"Not very likely," returned Juliet. "We lead such a secluded life at the Lodge, that we are strangers to most of the families in the neighborhood."

"You have heard of the eccentric miser, Mark Hurdlestone?"

"Who has not?" said Juliet, starting, and turning pale. "Surely he has not been murdered?"

"Yes—and by his own son."

"His son!—Oh, not his son! His nephew, you mean?"

"His son—Anthony Hurdlestone. The heir of his vast wealth."

He spoke to a cold ear—Juliet had fainted.

How did that dreadful night pass over the hapless maiden? It did pass, however; and on the morrow she was far on her journey home.

"I never thought he could be guilty of a crime like this," said the Captain, to his sister, as she sat opposite to him in his travelling carriage. His arm encircled the slender waist of his daughter, her pale cheek rested upon his bosom. But no tear lingered in the long, dark, drooping eyelashes. Juliet was stunned—but she had not wept.

"He is not guilty! she cried in a passionate

tone, "I know and feel, that that dreadful Godfrey is the murderer. Remember Mary Mathews. How strong was the circumstantial evidence against him. Yet he was innocent—innocent! Poor Anthony."

The Captain, who now felt the most tender sympathy for the state of mind into which this afflicting news had thrown his child, was willing to soothe, if possible, her grief.

"If he is innocent, it will be proved upon the trial. We will hope for the best."

"It will be proved!" said Juliet, sitting upright, and looking her father earnestly in the face. "I am so confident of his innocence, that I cannot shed one single tear. Ah! we are drawing near home," she said with a sigh; "dear home. Why did I leave it? There is something pure and holy in the very air of home. See, papa, there is the church spire, peeping from among the trees,—the dear elm-trees. We shall have time to think here—to hope—to pray. But who is that woman lying along the bank? She is ill, or dead."

"Perhaps she is intoxicated," said Miss Dorothy.

"It is, Yes—it is Mary Mathews!" said Juliet.

"Good heavens! what brings her here?"

"No good, you may be sure," said the Captain. "Oh! stop the carriage, dear papa, and let us speak to her; she may know something of the murder?"

"You are right, Juliet. Let us ask her a few questions." They both got out of the coach, and hurried to the spot, where Mary, overcome with fatigue and fever, lay by the road side, no longer alive to her own danger, or conscious of surrounding objects. She was put into the carriage, greatly to the indignation of Miss Dorothy, and conveyed to the Lodge. A medical attendant was called in, and Juliet, in the interest she felt in the poor sufferer, for a while forgot her own poignant grief. On entering the parlor she found Frederick Wildegrave in close conversation with her father, and from him they learned a circumstantial detail of the fatal transaction.

"And do you think, Mr. Wildegrave, that he committed the murder?" asked the anxious Juliet.

"Alas! my dear young lady, I know not what to think."

"Have you seen him since his imprisonment?"

"I have not. Many sorrows have confined me to home. This business has had a strong effect upon the weak nerves of my poor sister. She is, I fear, dying, and she expressed so strong a desire to see you once more, Miss Whitmore, that I hope you will not deny her urgent request."

"Juliet is in ill health," said her father. "If she could be excused this trying scene, it would be better for her."

"Poor, pretty Clarissa! And she is ill—dying!" said Juliet, speaking unconsciously aloud.

"This dreadful business has killed her—and she wishes to see me? Yes, I will go."

"My child, you know not what you are about to undertake," said the old man, rising. "It may be the death of you."

"Dear papa, I am stronger than you think. I have borne a worse sorrow. You must let me go."

"Well, please yourself, Julie; but I fear, Mr. Wildegrave, that she will sink under the shock."

Frederick, however, was anxious that his sister should be gratified; and he continued to urge the request until the Captain yielded to his entreaties. Before she set out upon her melancholy visit, Juliet strongly recommended the unconscious Mary Mathews to the care of aunt Dorothy—then kissing her father, and begging him not to be uneasy upon her account, she accepted Mr. Wildegrave's escort to Ashton.

During their journey she found that Frederick was acquainted with Anthony's attachment to her, and the tender and generous sympathy that he expressed for the unhappy young man from his fair companion her confidence and friendship. He was the only being whom she had ever met, to whom she could speak of Anthony without reserve, and he behaved to her like a brother in the dark hour of her doubt and agony.

The night was far advanced when they arrived at Milbank. Clarissa was sleeping, and the physician thought it better that she should not be disturbed. The room allotted to Miss Whitmore's use was the one which had been occupied by Anthony. Every thing served to remind her of its late tenant. His books—his papers—his flute, were there. His own portfolio, containing the little poems, he so much admired, was lying upon the table, and within it a bunch of flowers—of wild flowers—which she had gathered for him upon the heath, near his uncle's park. But what paper is that attached to the faded nosegay? It is a copy of verses. She knows his hand-writing, and trembles as she reads:—

"Ye are withered, sweet buds,—but Love's hand can pourtray

On memory's tablets, each beautiful hue;

And retal to my bosom the long happy day,

When she gathered ye, fresh sprinkled over with dew.

Ah! never did garland so lovely appear,

For her warm lip had breathed on each delicate flower;

And the pearl on each leaf, was less bright than the tear,

That gleamed in her eyes, in that rapturous hour.

"Ye are withered, sweet buds! but in memory ye bloom;

Nor can nature's stern edict your loveliness stain.

Ye are fadeless and rich, in undying perfums,
And your sweetness, like Truth, shall unaltered
remain.

When this fond beating heart shall be cold in
the grave,

Oh! mock not my bier with fame's glittering
wreath;

But bid round my temples these withered buds
wave—

In life fondly cherished, and treasured in death."

And had he really kept these withered flowers for her sake? How did her soul flow up into her eyes, to descend upon those faded blossoms in floods of tears, as she sadly pressed them to her lips and heart. And then came the dreadful thought: "He, whom you thus passionately love, is a murderer—the murderer of his father! The hand that penned those tender lines had been stained with blood! Shuddering, she left the nosegay fall from her grasp. She turned, and met the mild, beautiful eyes of his mother. The lifeless picture seemed to reproach her for daring to entertain such unworthy thoughts of her son, and she murmured, for the hundredth time since she had heard the tale of horror: "No, no! I cannot believe him guilty."

She undressed and went to her bed—the bed in which he had so lately slept—in which he had passed so many wakeful hours in thinking of her, in forming bright schemes of future happiness, and triumphing in idea over the seeming impossibilities of his untoward destiny. His spirit seemed to hover around her; and, in dreams, she once more wandered with him through forest paths, eloquent with the song of birds, and bright with spring and sunshine. Oh, Love! how strong is thy faith—how confiding is thy trust. The world in vain frowns upon the object of thy devotion. Calumny may blacken, and circumstances may condemn—but thou, in thy blind simplicity, still clingest, through storm and shine, to the imaginary perfections of thy idol. To believe in the innocence of Anthony Hurdlestone, was to hope against hope; yet Juliet firmly, confidingly, and religiously, believed him guiltless. Oh! who might not envy her this love and faith.

The robin red breast, from his fading bower of hawthorns, warbled in the early dawn of the cold, bright autumnal day. The first rays of the sun gilded the gay changing leaves of the vine that clustered about the windows, with hues of the richest dye; and the large bunches of grapes, peeping from beneath their screen of leaves, looked more temptingly ripe, bathed in dew, and brightened by the morning beam. A slight rap at the door of her chamber dispelled Juliet's slumbers. She hastily rose, as Ruth Chandler entered the room.

"Is any thing wrong, Ruth?"

"My mistress is awake, and wishes to see you

the morn," said Ruth, bursting into tears; "an' it's the last morn I think, that she'll ever see on earth. She's in no pain, she says, but her face is so pale, and her eyes do not look like the eyes of the living. Alas! alas! what will we do when she's gone, the sweet young creature?"

And poor Ruth wept aloud, with her face to the wall. Juliet hastened on her clothes, and, with a full heart, followed the good woman to the chamber of the invalid.

She found Clary supported by pillows, sitting up in the bed. Cold as it was, her casement was open to admit the full beams of the rising sun; and the arms of the dying girl were extended towards it, and her eyes lighted up with an expression of angelic beauty and intense admiration. Her brother was seated by her bedside, his head bowed on her pillow, while ever and anon a deep sob burst from his full labouring heart. He had watched there through the long night—had watched and prayed while the dear one slept her last earthly sleep, and he felt that the spirit had only roused itself to look once more upon the lovely creation of God, before it plumed its bright wing for its final flight.

"Sun—beautiful sun! I shall see thee no more," said the child. "Thou glorious emblem of the power and love of God! But I go to Him who is the Sun of the universe, the light and life of the soul. There is joy in my heart—deep joy—joy which no mortal tongue can express, for the happiness I feel is not of the world. The fresh breeze of the morn fans my cheek. Tomorrow, it will sigh over my grave. The earth returns to the earth—the spirit to the God who gave it. Weep not, dear brother. For this hour I was born; for this hour I came into the world; and you should rejoice and be exceeding glad, that I have so soon obtained my passport to the skies."

"Ah! my sister, what will life be to me when you are gone? You are the last kindred tie that binds me to earth."

"There will be another strong tie to draw thee towards Heaven, Frederick. Our spirits will not be divided. I shall still live in thy memory—still visit thee in dreams. Your love for me will wax stronger, for it will never know diminution or decay. If you love me, my brother, weep not for me."

She paused for a few minutes, and folded her poor wasted hands together, whilst a serene smile passed over her wan features, lighting them with a holy joy.

"I had a dream, Frederick—a beautiful dream. If I have strength, I will try and tell it to you. I thought much of death last night, and my soul shrunk within me—for I felt that he was near. I used not to fear death, whilst my heart was free from earthly love. But now he seemed to wear a harsh and terrific aspect. But I prayed to God to

give me strength, for the blessed Saviour to guide me in safety through the dark valley. Deep sleep fell upon me, and the pains that had racked me for the last week left me. I felt a tranquillity of rest, such as I seldom have been permitted to enjoy. Methought I stood in a narrow strait, between two immense mountains, whose tops were hid in the skies; their bare, rocky sides, forming a gigantic wall, which enclosed me on the right hand and on the left. The place was lighted by a dim twilight, which seemed to flow through an enormous black arch, which terminated the strange scene—an arch, high and deep enough to have supported the key stones of the world. I felt like an atom in that vast place. My own existence appeared absorbed in the immensity of its proportions. Still, as I gazed in wildered awe upon that great gateway of living stone, a figure became embodied in the darkness. It grew—it brightened. Its flowing robes were dazzling white, and shed a sort of glorious moonshine all around. Oh! the beauty—the surpassing beauty of that heavenly vision! It filled my whole soul with light. But the face—the face—how can I describe it? I could only gaze upon it, and admire its increasing beauty. ‘Child of earth!’ it said, in tones that awoke echoes of soft music from those eternal rocks: ‘Am I so hideous that men should shrink from me with cowardly fear, and regard me as their worst enemy?’ ‘Oh! I exclaimed, in an ecstasy of delight, ‘your face is like the Angels of the Lord, and I feel more joy in your presence than ever I experienced upon earth.’ ‘I am Death!’ he said, holding out his shining hand. ‘Death, the friend of man, the conqueror of pain! I hold in my hand the keys of the unknown world. I am the bright spirit, who heralds the good into the presence of their God.’ He took my outstretched hands, and drew me forward, and I looked beyond the black archway, into the far space. Oh! that glorious land. Those rivers of delight—those trees and flowers, and warbled songs. That paradise of living praise! My soul still struggles with the bonds of earth, ere I can realize that glorious scene. I long, my brother, to break those bonds asunder—to pass the dark archway, and to tread that heavenly shore.”

“Happy Clary,” said Juliet, softly approaching the bed. “Dear, blessed girl, who would wish to detain thee in this cold, miserable world, when Heaven offers thee a brighter home?”

“You are come to see your poor friend, dear Juliet,” said Clary, twining her thin arms about her neck. “The sight of you recalls me to earth, filling my mind with sad thoughts and dark forebodings. Brother,” she said, turning to Frederick, “leave us awhile; I must speak with Juliet Whitmore a few minutes alone.”

For some seconds the two young creatures wept in each other’s arms. Clary was the first to speak.

“The thoughts of Heaven are full of rapture,” she said; “the recollections of earth, full of anguish and tears. It is not for myself I weep. It is for the living I mourn—for the friends whom I leave behind. For me, I have lived long enough. It is better for me to go. Juliet, I am dying; will you kiss my brow, and tell me, in the simplicity of truth, that you forgive your poor friend for having dared to love one who loved you, and who was by you beloved again?”

“And was poor Anthony dear to your gentle heart, Clary?” said Juliet, stooping down, and kissing fervently the cold, damp brow of the dying girl. “Oh! dearer—far dearer are you to me, for having shared to its full extent all the deep sorrow that weighs down this aching heart.”

“My love, Juliet, had nought of sorrow: it was full of hope and joy—of blissful dreams, and visions of promised happiness. The storm came down upon my smiling morn of bliss, and the strings of life parted in the conflict. You know he stands accused of a great crime. Do you believe him guilty?”

“Do you believe yon orb of fire a cold unmeaning globe of ice?” said Juliet, pointing to the sun. “When I can believe that, I will suspect the man in whom I trusted—the man whom I fondly loved,—an unnatural parricide!”

“Then you, and you alone, Juliet, are worthy of his love; and he loves you—oh! so truly—so well. I know and feel that he is innocent; a voice from Heaven tells me so; and you and Anthony will meet again.”

“In Heaven!” said Juliet, weeping.

“On earth,” returned Clary, in feebler accents. “When you see each other, Juliet, tell him that Clary loved him, and prayed for him to the last. That dying, she blessed him, and believed him innocent. To you, Juliet, I leave my harp, the friend and companion of my lonely childhood. When you play the sweet airs I loved so well, think with kindness of me. When you wander by murmuring brooks, and through flowery paths, listening to the song of birds, the music of forest shades, and flowing streams, remember me. Ah! I have loved the bright and beautiful of this glorious earth, and I have my wish to pass hence, with sunshine about my bed; and the music of Nature’s wild minstrels in my ears. Sun of earth, farewell! Friends of earth, we shall meet again! See, Heaven opens! It’s one eternal day streams in upon my soul.

“Happy spirit, welcome in;
Hark! the songs of Seraphim
Hail thy presence at the throne—
Earth is lost, and Heaven is won!
Enter in.”

The voice died away in faint low murmurings. The eye lost the living fire that had kindled it into

unearthly brightness. The prophetic lip paled to marble, quivered a moment, and was still for ever. The spirit of Clary had passed the dark gateway of death, and was already the new born of the skies.

"Is she dead? My sister! ah, my sister!" exclaimed Frederick, bursting into the room, and flinging himself upon the bed beside her.

"She lives in Heaven!" said Juliet. "Oh, how I envy her this blessed change."

"Aye! 'tis a sin to weep—but grief will have its way. Oh, sister, dear sister, why did you leave me alone, the last of an unfortunate family—the sole survivor of my race? You were not used to be selfish, Clary. Oh, give me a share of your lonely bed."

And thus sorrow poured forth its querulous wailings, into the cold ear of death. But the storm which bereaves us of our best hopes passes over; first the whirlwind, the thunder and the shower, desolating the harvest of expected joys. But the sun bursts forth again. Hope blossoms afresh in its beams; and the heart of man awakes to form new schemes of future enjoyment.

CHAPTER XXI.

"And hast thou sought me in this dreary cell,
This dark abode of guilt and misery,
To win my saddened spirit back to earth,
With words of blessed import? Have we met,
For the last time, in such a loathed spot,
To part for ever?"

THE Assizes were rapidly approaching. Conscious of his innocence, Anthony looked forward to his trial with firmness and composure. There never was a greater mass of circumstantial evidence, brought against one person than in his memorable case. Grenard Pike, the principal witness, deposed:

"That on the evening of the tenth of October, between the hours of eight and nine, he and the Miser were seated at the table, counting money into a box. He saw a tall figure pass the window. Mr. Hurdlestone called out 'Grenard! did you see that man?' and he, the witness, answered 'yes, it is your son.' The Miser replied in some alarm: 'He again! what can he want tonight with me?' The next instant, a pistol was fired through the casement. The ball passed through Mr. Hurdlestone's shoulder; another ball, which instantly followed, grazed his left temple. He fell upon the floor, exclaiming: 'my son, my cruel son! Grenard, look to the money; he has murdered me!'

"Witness looked up, and saw the murderer by the light of the moon, standing at the window. He could swear to the person of Anthony Hurdlestone. Thinking his own life in danger, he made his escape into a back room, and got out of the window. He ran as fast as he could to the village, to give the alarm; and procure a surgeon. When

he returned, he found the prisoner leaning, apparently conscience-stricken over the corpse. He offered no resistance when they secured him."

He then related Anthony's previous visits to the cottage. The manner in which he had threatened his father; and the trick the Miser had played off upon him, the circumstances of which had been faithfully repeated to him by Mr. Hurdlestone.

During Pike's evidence, the prisoner was greatly agitated, and he was observed to lean heavily upon the dock for support. But when his cousin Godfrey, in conjunction with William Mathews, appeared to add their testimony against him, his fortitude entirely forsook him, and murmuring forth in broken accents, "This is too much,—oh God!—this is too much—I have not deserved this!" he sunk down in a fit, and it was some time before the medical men present could restore him to consciousness.

Godfrey's evidence against the prisoner was most conclusive. He minutely detailed Anthony's agony of mind, on his return from the cottage; his implied threats about the Miser, when he discovered the cheat; the intense anxiety he expressed to be able to make up the money he had appropriated, belonging to Mr. Wildegrave; and the resolution he had announced of visiting his father, the next evening. That that visit took place at the very time that the murder must have been committed.

The statements made by William Mathews corroborated all this. He related his accidental meeting with Mr. Anthony Hurdlestone on his way to the Miser's cottage; the conversation that had passed between them; and the important fact of the prisoner's having upon his person loaded pistols—a circumstance that, knowing his peaceable habits, astonished him at the time.

Long before Mathews had concluded his evidence, not a doubt remained upon the minds of the jury, that Anthony Hurdlestone was the perpetrator of the dreadful deed. Even Captain Whitmore, who had greatly interested himself in the prisoner's behalf, believed him guilty. Still, one witness remained unheard, and Anthony still clung to hope; still fondly anticipated, that the evidence of Frederick Wildegrave would go far to save him. Alas! how great was his disappointment, when the circumstances related by his friend, were more conclusive of his guilt—although they awoke feelings of compassion amongst many in the crowd—than anything which had yet been heard against him. His own letter too, which was read in court, alone would have condemned him. It ran thus:—

MY DEAR FREDERICK,—I have forfeited your good opinion by omitting to send you the money you left in my keeping. I have forfeited my own. How shall I find words to tell you the dreadful fact, that the money is no longer in my possession? That in a moment of excitement, I gave the depo-

sit entrusted to my care, to another. Yet listen to me for a few painful moments, before you condemn me. My cousin Godfrey came to me in great distress. He implored me to save him from ruin, by obtaining the loan of four hundred pounds, which he faithfully promised to restore by the next evening. Hurried away by my feelings, I imprudently granted his request, and gave him the money you left with me. Do not wholly despise me. He looked so like my uncle, that I could not deny him. The morning brought your letter—your dreadful letter. You ask for the money—I have it not to give—my sin has found me out. A thief—a swindler! Can it be possible that I have incurred such frightful guilt.

Night.—I have seen Godfrey. He has failed me—betrayed me. What shall I do? I must go to my father. Perhaps he will pity my distress. My heart is torn with distracting doubts. Oh, that I could pour into some faithful ear, my torturing situation. Clary is ill—and left to myself, I am lost.

Midnight.—I have seen my father. What a meeting. My brain aches while I try to recal it. At first he insulted my agony—taunted me with my misfortunes, and finally maddened me. I cannot describe to you what passed. Wound up to a pitch of fury, I threatened to obtain the money by violence, if he did not write an order upon his banker, for the sum required. Covering with fear, he complied—and I—I, in the fulness of my heart, implored his pardon for the violence I had used, and blessed him. Yes, blessed him, who only a few minutes before had spurned me from his feet! who mocked at my calamity and cursed me in the savage malevolence of his heart. Some feeling of remorse appeared to touch his cruel breast; as I left the house, he called after me: "Anthony, Anthony! Tomorrow night I will do you justice." I will go to him no more. I feel that we have parted forever.

Thursday evening.—I have read your brief letter. You suspect me, and I yet live—I forgive you Frederick. But can you think so hardly of your friend! Alas! I deserve it. You are ignorant of the dreadful circumstances, or you would fly to save me from myself. The old man has deceived me. Has jested with my agony. I could curse him—but I have not done so. Tonight we shall have a fearful reckoning. Yes, tonight, he will be compelled to do me justice. Godfrey has been with me. He discovered the brutal trick which that unnatural wretch, who calls himself my father, had played me, and he laughed! How could he laugh at such an instance of infernal depravity? Godfrey should have been this man's son—in some things they resemble each other. Yes, he laughed at the trick. Is the idea of goodness existing in the human heart, a mere dream? Are men all devils, only some have more tact to conceal their origin than others? I begin to suspect myself, and all mankind; I will go once more to that hard-

hearted man; and if he refuses to grant my request, I will die at his feet. Last night I attempted suicide, but my good angel prevailed. Tonight is my hour, and the power of darkness. Will he feel think you, no touch of remorse to see his neglected son—lost—bleeding—dying, at his feet.

Ah! that you were near me, to save me. An unseen power seems hurrying, drawing me to perdition. The voice of a friend would dissolve the charm, and set the prisoner of passion free. The clock strikes eight, I must go. Farewell, my friend, my brother. Forgive and pity the unfortunate

ANTHONY M. HURDLESTONE.

October 10th, 18—.

He went—and the old man was found murdered. What more natural than such a consequence, after penning such a letter? The spectators looked from one to the other. On every brow rested a cloud—every head was nodded in token of agreement. Every one present but Frederick Wildegrave believed him guilty. Had he nothing to say in his own defence? He arose—every eye was fixed upon him. Men held their breath, wondering what sort of defence could issue from the lips of the parricide. His youth—his gentlemanly bearing—his sad expressive countenance, his thoughtful, mild eye, and high benevolent brow, excited admiration and surprise. Could this be the murderer?"

He spoke. The clear, rich, mellow, unimpassioned tones, rolled over that mass of human heads, penetrating every heart, and reaching every ear.

"My Lord, and you Gentlemen of the Jury—I rise not with the idea of saving my life by an avowal of my innocence, but merely to state the simple fact that I am not guilty of the crime laid to my charge, and to leave the rest with God, who is able to save me in a moment like this, if it seems right in his eyes. The evidence which has been brought against me is true. The circumstances which have been recorded really occurred. The letter just read, was penned by this right hand. Yet, in the face of this overwhelming evidence, I declare myself innocent. I know not in what manner my unhappy father came by his death. I am as ignorant as you are of the hand that dealt the blow. I sought his presence with the dreadful determination of committing murder. But the crime was against myself. For this I deserve punishment—for this I am content to die. To this charge, made by myself, I plead guilty. Of his death, I call God, who is my only witness, to prove me innocent. I look around me—in every face I see doubt and doom. I stand here, a mark and a scorn to the whole world. But though all unite in my condemnation, I will fearlessly proclaim my innocence. I am neither a parricide nor a murderer—and I now await my sentence with the calmness and fortitude which innocence alone can give."

He sat down amidst suppressed murmurs of disapprobation.

"What a hypocrite!" muttered some, as the jury left the court to consult together upon the verdict.

"Do you observe the striking likeness," whispered a man amongst the crowd, to his neighbor, "between the prisoner at the bar and his cousin, the second witness against him. God! but it is a fearful resemblance. I would not be so like the murderer for worlds. 'Tis the same face."

"Perhaps," said his comrade, "they are partners in guilt. I have my doubts. But 'tis unlawful to condemn any man."

"He's a bad fellow by his own account," said the other. "It was him who first led the prisoner to commit the theft. I think one of them deserves death as much as the other."

"Whisht man, yon handsome rogue is the Miser's heir."

"Humph!" said the first speaker, "I wish I was on the jury."

"Here they come. There is death in their very looks. Hark! he is found guilty."

The Judge rose—a deathlike stillness pervaded the court, during his long and impressive address to the prisoner. The sentence of death was pronounced, and Anthony Marcus Hurdlestone was ordered for execution on the following Monday.

Anthony received his sentence with calmness and resignation; he even felt grateful to God, that the dreadful uncertainty was at an end—that he knew his fate, and was anxious to meet it with Christian fortitude.

"This dreadful day is at length over!" he said, as he flung himself upon his pallet of straw, in the condemned cell, on the evening of that memorable day. "Thank God! it is over. I know the worst, and nothing now remains to hope or fear. A few brief hours, and this weary world will be a dream of the past. I shall awake from my bed of dust, to a new and a better existence, beyond the power of temptation—beyond the might of sin. My God, I thank thee! thou hast dealt justly by me. The soul that sinneth, it must die; and grievously have I sinned, in seeking to mar thy glorious image, to cast the life thou gavest to me, as a worthless boon at thy feet. I bow my head in the dust and am silent before thee—shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

His meditations were interrupted by the entrance of the Chaplain of the jail, a venerable Christian man, who, present at the trial, had felt a deep interest in the prisoner, and who now sought him, to try and awaken him to a full sense of his awful situation.

"My son," he said, laying his hand upon Anthony's shoulder, "how is it with you this night? What is God saying to your soul?"

"All is well," replied Anthony. "He is speaking to me, words of peace and comfort."

"Your fellow men have condemned you, and surely you are guilty."

"God has not condemned me," replied Anthony solemnly, "and by the light of His glorious countenance, which now shines upon me, shedding joy and peace into my heart, I am innocent."

"Ah! that I could believe you."

"Though it has seemed right, in the eyes of the all wise Judge of the Universe, to condemn me, before an earthly bar," said the prisoner, "I feel assured that a way will be opened up hereafter to declare my innocence."

"Will that profit you aught, my son, when you are dust?"

"It will rescue my name from infamy, and give me a mournful interest in the memory of my friends."

"Poor lad! this is but a melancholy consolation," said the priest. "I would, if I could, believe you innocent."

"What a monster of depravity you must think me," said Anthony, "if you can imagine me guilty, after what I have just said. Is truth so like falsehood, that a man of your holy calling and great experience, cannot discern the difference between them? Do I look like a guilty man? Do I speak like a guilty man, who knows that he must die on Monday? If I was the person you take me for—should I not be overwhelmed with distress and despair? Would not the thought of death be insupportable to me? Ah! believe one who seeks not to live—who is contented to die—when I again solemnly declare my innocence."

"I have seen men, who, up to the very hour of their execution, persisted in the same thing," returned the priest; "yet after all their solemn protestations, owned at the last moment that their sentence was just, that they merited their death."

"And I too have merited death," said Anthony, "and though men have pronounced an unjust sentence, yet God is just." The priest started, though only a few minutes before he had considered him guilty, yet it produced a painful revulsion in his mind, to hear him declare it.

"Is self-destruction murder?" again asked the prisoner.

"Aye, of the worst kind. For deep ingratitude to God, and contempt of his majesty, are fearfully involved in this daring outrage."

"Then my sentence is just," sighed Anthony; "I never raised my hand against my father's life, but I raised it against my own. God has punished me for this premeditated guilt; and I yield myself into his hands, confident that his arm is stretched over his repentant creature for good—that He will do me justice, whether I die upon the scaffold, or end my days upon a peaceful bed. I can now lay my hand upon my heart and say: His will be done."

For about an hour the good clergyman continued reading and praying with the prisoner, and before he left him that evening, he was in his own mind convinced of his innocence. Sadly and solemnly the hours drew on that brought the morn of his execution with death-bed clearness face to face. He had joined in the solemn duties of the Sabbath. It was to him a day of peaceful rest, a foretaste of the quiet solemnity of the grave. In the evening, he was visited by Frederick Wildegrave, who had been too ill after the trial to leave his bed before. He was pale and wasted with sorrow and disease; and looked more like a man going to meet death, than the criminal he came to cheer with his presence.

"My friend and kinsman!" said Frederick, seating himself beside him. "My heart bleeds to meet you thus. I have been sick. My spirit is broken with sorrow, or we should have met sooner."

"You do indeed look ill," replied Anthony, examining the altered face of his friend, with painful curiosity; "and I much fear that I have been the cause of this change. Tell me, Frederick, and tell me truly—do you believe me guilty?"

"I have never for a moment, Anthony, entertained a thought to that effect. Although the whole world should pronounce you guilty, I would stake my salvation on your innocence."

"God bless you! my friend—my true, faithful, noble-hearted friend!" said Anthony, flinging himself upon his breast. "You are right; I am not the murderer."

"Who is?" said Frederick, darkly.

"Anthony answered with a deep sigh!"

"That infernal scoundrel, Mathews?"

"Hush—not him."

"Godfrey?"

"You have said it! Ah, Frederick, had you seen the livid smile that passed over his lip, at the moment that I received sentence, you could not doubt it. The mask fell from my heart. I saw him in all his fell depravity. I heard not the sentence. I saw not the multitude of eyes fixed upon me; I only saw him—I only saw his eye looking into my soul, and laughing at the ruin he had wrought. But think not that he will go unpunished. There is one who will yet betray him, and prove my innocence. I mean his hateful accomplice, William Mathews."

"And can nothing be done to transfer the doom to them?"

"We want proof," said Anthony. "We know them guilty; but the world knows them not—would it believe my evidence—would it not appear like the wolf accusing the lamb. Leave them to the enjoyment of their ill-gotten wealth. I would not waste the few hours. I may yet number on earth, in such vain regrets. How is it with dear Clary? How has she borne up against this dreadful blow?"

Frederick's sole answer was a mournful glance at the deep mourning suit in which he was clad.

Anthony comprehended the full meaning of that sad look. "She is gone," he said. "She, the beautiful—the innocent—yes, yes, I knew it would kill her. The idea of my guilt—alas! poor Clary."

"She never believed you guilty," said Frederick, wiping his eyes. "She bade me give you this letter, written with her dying hand, to convince you that she knew you were innocent. Her faith towards you was strong as death. Her love for you snapped the fragile cords that held her to life. But she is happy—dear child; she is better off than those who now weep her loss. And you, Anthony, you, the idol of her young heart's fond idolatry, will receive her first welcome to that glorious country, of which she is now a bright inhabitant."

"And she died for grief—died because others suspected of guilt, the man she loved. Oh! Clary, Clary, how unworthy was I of you love. You knew loved another, yet it did not diminish aught of your affection for me. Ah! that I had your faith—your love!"

He covered his face with his hands, and both were silent for a long long time. The hush of feeling was so deep that either, had he listened, might have heard the beating of the other's heart.

"Frederick, we must part," said Anthony, at length raising his head; "part for ever."

"I shall see you again tomorrow," said his friend.

"On the scaffold!"

"Aye, on the scaffold, your place of martyrdom."

"This is friendship indeed," said Anthony, pressing his kinsman's hand to his heart. "Time may prove that Anthony Hurdlestone was not unworthy of such love."

Frederick Wildegrave burst into tears and left the solitary cell, and the prisoner was once more left alone, to commune with his own thoughts, and prepare for the awful change that awaited him.

He had shed no tear for the death of Clary. His spirit, weaned as it was from the things of earth, contemplated with a melancholy pleasure the event which had placed his sweet young friend beyond the reach of human suffering.

"She is with the Eternal Present!" he said. "No dark mysterious future can ever more cloud her soul with its heavy shadow. Tomorrow—and the veil will be rent in twain, and our ransomed spirits will behold each other face to face. What is death? The eclipse for a moment of the sun of human life; the shadow of earth passes from before it, and it shines forth with renewed splendour in another hemisphere."

His reverie was interrupted by the entrance of the jailer, followed by a tall figure, wrapped up in a thick riding cloak. "The stranger," he said, "wished to exchange a few words with the prisoner."

Anthony arose from his humble bed, and asked,

in subdued tones, to whom he had the honour of speaking ?

"To a sincere friend, Anthony Hurdlestone—one who cannot believe you guilty of the dreadful crime for which you stand condemned."

The sound of that voice, although months had passed away since its musical tones had vibrated on his ear, thrilled to the soul of the prisoner.

"Good Heavens!" he cried; "Miss Whitmore!" Then sinking at her feet, in an ecstasy of joy, he seized her hands, and pressing them to his lips and heart, burst into an agony of tears.

"Anthony!" said Juliet, placing her hand upon the shoulder of the prisoner, as he now sat at her feet, with his face upturned, and his eyes suffused in tears, gazing tenderly upon her. "Anthony Hurdlestone! I came here this night to ask you one simple question. With many tears I gained my father's consent to this unusual step; with many bitter mental struggles I overcame the feelings of maiden shame and placed myself in this painful situation, in order to receive from your own lips an answer, which might satisfy the intense anxiety which weighs down my spirit. As you value your own and my eternal peace, I charge you, Anthony Hurdlestone, to answer me as truly as if you stood before the bar of God, and the eye of the Searcher of Hearts was upon you,—Did you murder your unhappy father?"

"No; as I hope for salvation hereafter, I am as ignorant as you can be of the perpetrators of the deed."

"Both directly and indirectly?"

"The whole affair is involved in mystery. I have my doubts—my fears. These I dare not attempt to solve, lest I might accuse persons who are, like me, innocent of the offence. Hear me, Juliet Whitmore, whilst I raise my fettered right hand to Heaven, and swear by that awful Judge before whose dread tribunal I must so shortly appear, that I am guiltless of the crime for which, at the age of twenty-one, in the first bloom of youth and manhood, I am condemned to die."

There was a slight convulsion of the features, as he uttered the last words, and his lips quivered for a moment. Nature asserted her right over her sensient creature, and the thoughts of death awoke a strange conflict in his bosom. So young—so highly gifted—so tenderly beloved,—it was indeed hard to die—to die a death of infamy, amidst the curses and execrations of an insulting mob. Oh! how gladly would he have seen that bitter cup pass from his lips!

Juliet regarded him with a sad and searching glance; but innocence is strong. He shrunk not from the encounter. His eyes were raised to hers in confidence and love, and the glow of conscious worth irradiated his wan and wasted features.

What years of sorrow had been compressed into that short week.

"I believe you, Anthony—I believe you to be an injured man," said Juliet. "Thank God!" she continued, mournfully folding her hands together.

"Thank God, I have not loved a murderer!"

"Love!" repeated the prisoner, whilst the deepest crimson flushed his face. "Is it possible that Juliet Whitmore ever loved me? Loved me, after witnessing that disgraceful scene in the Park! Oh! Juliet,—dear, generous Juliet, these blessed words would make me too happy, were it not for these bonds."

"I wronged you, Anthony,—cruelly wronged you. My unfortunate misconception of painful facts may have been the means of rivetting those irons upon your limbs. I cannot forgive myself for not questioning the girl alone upon the subject."

"Appearances were strongly against me," said Anthony; "I have been the victim of unfortunate circumstances." He bent his head down upon his fettered hands, and murmured—"You love me. Ought not this assurance to atone for all the dreary past? Alas! at this moment, it comes to rob me of my fortune—to add a bitterness to death!"

"Oh! that it were in my power to save your life, beloved Anthony!" said Juliet, sinking on her knees beside him, and clasping his fettered hands within her own. "I have loved you long and tenderly. I shall see you no more on earth. If my life could ransom yours, I would give it without a sigh. But will is powerless. Our hands are tied. We are indeed the creatures of circumstances. All that now remains for us is to submit—to bow with fortitude to the mysterious ways of Providence, and to acknowledge, even in our heart's deep agony, that whatever is, is right."

"Let us pray," said Anthony, solemnly, holding up her hands in his—"Pray that God may give us strength to undergo the trial that awaits us."

Mid tears and groans, and struggling sighs, those unhappy lovers poured out their hearts to God. They appealed to his love—his mercy. They cried to him in their strong agony; and even in that moment of unutterable woe, they found peace.

"Go, my beloved!" whispered Anthony; "I can part with you now. We shall soon meet again."

"To part no more for ever," murmured Juliet, struggling with her tears. "I had a message for you from one who has already passed the dark valley; from one who loved you—poor Clary!"

"I cannot bear it now," said Anthony. "I shall soon bear a more joyful message from her gentle lips. Farewell, my Juliet! Live for my sake. Live to defend my memory from infamy. Time will dissipate the clouds which now blacken my name, and Juliet Whitmore will not have cause to blush for her unfortunate lover."

One long and last embrace—one gush of free and heartfelt tears—one deep, impassioned kiss, pressed upon the quivering lips of the beloved,—and Anthony Hurdlestone was once more alone in the condemned cell, with silence and darkness, mute emblems of death, brooding around him.

He had held all this time Clary's letter unconsciously strained in his hand; and as his thoughts flowed back to her, he longed intensely to read it. The visit of the good priest, who brought with him a light, afforded him the opportunity he desired. A strange awe came over him as he unfolded the paper. The hand that had traced it was no longer on earth. The spirit that had dictated it was removed to another sphere. Yet he fancied, as he read the paper, that the soft blue eyes of Clary looked into his soul,—that her bright golden locks fanned his fevered cheek,—that she was actually before him, and several times he started and looked up into the face of the Chaplain, before he could dispel the vision.

“Anthony—dear Anthony, (she said,)—this will meet you at a time when sorrow for my death will be lost in joy, that we shall so soon meet in Heaven. Fear not, Anthony! That hour is far distant. You will not die! Many years are in store for you. God is just. You are innocent. Trust in Him—trust firmly, nothing wavering, and he will save you. I have wept for you—prayed for you; my soul has been poured forth in tears, but never for one moment have I abused our holy friendship by imagining you guilty.

“Weep not for me, Anthony! I am happy. You could not love me, and God has taken me from the evil to come. Death has no sting. I can welcome him as a friend!

Why should I dread thee, Death,
Stern friend, in solemn guise?
One pause of this frail breath,
And then the skies!

“When restored to peace, to happiness, and to Juliet, think kindly of me. Remember how I loved you—how I delighted in all that delights and enchants you. But not in crowded halls would I have you recal my image. My heart was alone amidst the dust and rubbish of the gay world. But in spring, when the earth is bright with flowers,—when the sun looks down in love upon creation,—when the full streams are flowing onward with a voice of joy,—when the song of birds makes glad the forest bowers,—when every blade of grass is dressed in beauty, and every leaf and flower utters forth a voice, and the unsophisticated, untried heart of youth breathes forth its ardent aspirations to the throne of God,—then, Anthony, think of me. My spirit will hover round your paths; my voice will murmur on the winds, and the recollection of what I was—of all my faith and love—will be dear to your heart.

“When these eyes, long dimmed with weeping,
In the silent dust are sleeping;
When above my lowly bed,
The breeze shall wave the thistle head,
Thou wilt think of me, love!

“When the Queen of beams and showers
Comes to dress the earth with flowers;
When the days are long and bright,
And the moon shines all the night,
Thou wilt think of me, love!

“When the tender corn is springing,
And the merry thrush is singing;
When the swallows come and go,
On light wings fitting to and fro,
Thou wilt think of me, love!

“When 'neath April's rainbow skies,
Violets ope their azure eyes;
When mossy bank, and verdant mound,
Sweet knots of primroses have crowned,
Thou wilt think of me, love!

“When the meadows glitter white,
Like a sheet of silver light;
When bluebells gay and cowslips bloom,
Sweet scented briar, and golden broom,
Thou wilt think of me, love!

“Each bud shall be to thee a token,
Of a fond heart reft and broken;
And the month of joy and gladness,
Shall fill thy soul with holy sadness,
And thou wilt sigh for me, love!

“When thou ro'rst the woodland bowers,
Thou shalt cull spring's sweetest flowers,
And shalt strew, with silent weeping,
The lonely bed where I am sleeping,
And sadly mourn for me, love!”

And thus ended poor Clary's letter. Anthony folded it up carefully, and laid it next his heart. The hope which she had endeavoured to inspire deserted him at that moment. He was resigned to his fate. He even wished to die. Her simple letter had done more to reconcile him to his doom than the pious lectures of the good priest, and his own deep reflections upon the subject. The madness of all human pursuits—the vanity and frivolity of life,—awoke in his breast sensations of pity and disgust. The blindness of the most enlightened—the folly of those, most renowned for wisdom—the hollowness of its friendship—the selfishness of its love. Was it such a mighty struggle to part with these? Had not wise and good men tried him? Yet had they not found him guilty, while the real criminals would soon be loaded with wealth and

honour, and received with flattering smiles by the same beings who had condemned an innocent man to die? These bitter thoughts made him weary of life, and tended greatly to diminish the natural fear of death. It was his last night upon earth. Yet amidst its silent dreary watches, he often wished it past. A thousand times he caught himself repeating that strong line of Dr. Young's:

"Man receives, not suffers, death's tremendous blow."

But it was not the mere death pang—the separation of matter and spirit, that he shrunk from. It was the loathed gibbet—the disgusting exhibition—the public and disgraceful manner of his death—that made it so painful.

And he sighed, and prayed God to grant him fortitude to meet this worst trial, and fell into a deep, tranquil sleep, from which he did not wake until the hour of his departure was at hand.

At an early hour the next morning every avenue and street leading to the place of execution was thronged with human beings, all anxious to behold an erring fellow-creature suffer the punishment due to the enormous crime of which he had been found guilty. The rush of the gathering multitude was like the roaring of a troubled sea, when the waters foam and chafe, and find no rest from their tumultuous heavings. Intense curiosity was depicted in every countenance; and each person strained his neck eagerly forward, to catch the last glance of the abhorred monster—the unnatural parricide.

And there was one among that mass of living heads, the most eager, the most anxious of all—this was Godfrey Hurdlestone, who could not believe his victim secure until he saw him die.

"Why, squire," whispered a voice near him, "I did not expect to see you here. Are you not satisfied that he is condemned?"

"No, Mathews," responded the murderer, "I must see him die. Then, and not until then, shall I deem myself secure."

"What has become of Mary?" again whispered Mathews.

Godfrey's hardened cheek became livid. "She was lying speechless and given over by the physicians at Captain Whitmore's, damn her! I have no doubt that she meant to betray us."

"I wish I had put my pistol to her head, when she described the scene of the murder," said her brother. "But here comes the prisoner. My God! How well he looks. How bravely he bears up against his fate! Does not the sight of him make you feel rather queerish?"

"To hell with your foolish scruples!" muttered Godfrey. "His death makes rich men of us."

The prisoner appeared upon the platform, supported by Frederick Wildegrave and the good clergyman. A breathless pause succeeded, and he be-

came the central point to which all eyes were directed. His hat was off, and the wind, which was very boisterous, blew back from his lofty temples the thick masses of raven hair which curled profusely round them, revealing to the spectators his noble features and pale calm face. The expression of his countenance was sad, though firm. The dignity of conscious innocence was there. Every trait of earthly passion and earthly suffering was gone; and, as he turned his eyes with a pitying glance on the gazing crowd, the hisses and groans, with which they had greeted his first appearance, were hushed. A death-like stillness fell upon that vast assemblage, and many a rugged cheek was moistened with tears of genuine compassion.

Hark! He is about to speak. Is it to confess his crime?

In deep clear tones he addressed the multitude:—

"Fellow-men,—You are assembled here this morning to see me die. You believe me guilty of a dreadful crime—the most dreadful crime which a human creature can commit—the murder of a parent!" He shuddered, but continued in a firm voice: "Here, before you all, and in the presence of Almighty God, I declare my innocence. I neither committed the murder, nor am I in any manner acquainted with the perpetrators of the deed. Farewell! The God in whom I firmly trust will one day prove the truth of my words. To Him I leave the vindication of my cause. He will clear from my memory this infamous stain!"

"He cannot be guilty!" exclaimed many. "What a hardened wretch," cried others, "to take God's name in vain, and die with a lie on his lips!"

The prisoner now resigned himself to the hangman's grasp; but, whilst the fatal noose was adjusting, a cry—a wild, loud, startling cry, broke upon the crowd, rising high into the air, and heard above all other sounds. Again and again it burst forth, until it seemed to embody itself into intelligible words: "Stop! stop!" it cried. "Stop the execution! He is innocent! he is innocent!"

The crowd caught up the cry—and—"He is innocent! stop the execution!" passed from man to man. A young female was now seen forcing a passage through the dense mass. The interest became intense. Every one drew closer to his neighbour, to make way for the unexpected bearer of glad tidings; who, arriving within a few yards of the scaffold, again called out in shrill tones, which found an echo in every bosom.

"Godfrey Hurdlestone and William Mathews are the real murderers. I heard them form the plot. I saw the deed done!"

"Damnation! we are betrayed!" muttered Godfrey, as, beckoning to his colleague in crime, they fled from the scene. All was now uproar and confusion. The Sheriff and his officers, at length suc-

ceed in quieting the excited populace, and in removing the prisoner once more to his cell.

"I trust, my son, that the bitterness of death is past," said the good clergyman, who accompanied him thither. "The God, in whom you so firmly trusted, has been strong to save."

"And where—where is my preserver?" asked Anthony, wiping the moisture from his eyes, and glancing around. "It was Mary Mathews, the unfortunate victim of my cousin's heartless passion, who exerted herself to save me."

"She is here," said Mary, kneeling at his feet; "here, to bless and thank you, for all your unmerited kindness to a wretch like me. Oh! I feared I would never be in time—that all would be over before my feeble limbs could bring me to the spot. I have been ill—dreadfully ill. I could not speak to tell them that you were innocent. But it lay upon my heart day by day, and it burst into my brain like fire. But they did not comprehend me—they only laughed at my ravings. At last, I stole from my bed, when they were all absent, and put on my clothes, and hurried out into the blessed air. The winds of heaven blew upon me, and my reason returned—and God gave me strength, and brought me hither, in time to rescue you from death. Yea, you are saved. Blessed be God's name for ever. You are saved, and by me!"

And here the poor creature burst into a fit of hysterical weeping, and suffered the clergyman to lead her from the cell, and place her under the protection of the jailor's wife.

CONCLUSION.

Little now remains of my sad tale to be told. Godfrey and his infamous accomplice, Mathews, were apprehended, convicted, and condemned, and suffered for their crimes on the very spot which had witnessed the rescue of Anthony from a death of unmerited infamy.

The sole survivor of a rich and powerful family, Anthony left the condemned cell in the county jail, to take possession of his paternal estates. But it was not on a spot haunted by such melancholy recollections, that the last of the Hurdlestons thought fit to dwell. The hall passed into the hands of strangers, and, after remaining two years abroad, he once more returned to his native shores, and led to the altar his betrothed bride—the beautiful heiress, Juliet Whitmore.

The young squire's character had been fully vindicated to the world; and his wealthy neighbors took every opportunity of courting his acquaintance. But a change had come over Anthony Hurdlestone, which the caresses of the great, and the smiles of fortune, could not remove. He never forgot the sad lesson which he had learned in S— Jail, or the melancholy fate of his nearest and dearest relatives. He had proved the instability of all earthly pursuits and enjoyments; that—"In the midst of life we are

in death," and he renounced the world, and devoted his time and talents, and the immense riches which heaven had entrusted to his stewardship, in seeking out scenes of misery, and alleviating the wants and woes of suffering humanity. In the wise and virtuous Juliet Whitmore, Anthony found a partner worthy of his love. One in heart and purpose, their piety and benevolence rendered them a great blessing to the poor families in their neighborhood, who never spoke of the rich squire and his wife, without coupling their names with a blessing. The rich looked upon him, as a singular, wayward being, whose eccentricities were to be accounted for and forgiven by the strange circumstances in which he had been placed.

Their praise or blame was alike indifferent to Anthony Hurdlestone, who, happy in the power of being able to do good, went on his way rejoicing, seeking no reward from men, but laying up treasures for himself in heaven, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal;"—for where his treasure was, he found his heart was there also.

CURIOUS PLANT.

A very extraordinary and interesting natural curiosity has lately arrived at Windsor Castle, where it has been placed upon a large pedestal in the grand vestibule, (leading to the Waterloo Chamber,) to which the public are admitted. It was, we believe, sent as a present to the sovereign of this country from China, and evinces, in a peculiar manner, the perseverance and ingenuity of the Chinese, who, during the progress of the growth of plants, have discovered the means of so transforming or training their roots, as to make them assume the shape of various animals. The object referred to is supposed by some to be the root of the large Chinese dog-rose, and by others to be the root of the vine. It is about three feet in length, and of a proportionate height, and bears a close and extraordinary resemblance to the shape of a lion, having the legs and feet, head, tail and body, with its shaggy main most rudely perfect. By what means the Chinese acquire this mode of expanding and shaping the roots of plants is still a mystery, although many ingenious inquiries and researches have been made on the subject. This, however, does not appear so extraordinary as the power some of the Chinese possess of dwarfing plants, for it is known they will produce an oak not more than five or six inches in height, bearing acorns; and the same with respect to orange and lemon trees, of the same dwarfish character, also bearing fruit. Some specimens of these trees have occasionally been brought to this country, but none have lived for any length of time. — *Court Journal.*

(ORIGINAL.)
TO HOPE.

—
"We are saved by Hope,"—ST. PAUL.

Spirit of the burning eye,
Ruler of our destiny,
Guiding star, whose golden light
Brings our day, or makes it night ;
Hope divine ! thou 'rt PAN alone,
Saviour of the wretch undone.

Living with our primal breath,
Thou attendest us in death ;
Seated on Life's bow, serene,
Spanning Time's horizon, seen
Brightest and most fair of form,
Smiling through the darkest storm.

Fools, allured by low-born lust,
In a treacherous *PA*antom trust ;
Ever through life's wilderness
The receding wave they chase—
All its promises, a lie ;
Self-deceived, they trust—and die !

Every hope that 's born of earth,
Hides a canker in its birth ;
All its promised joy and bliss
Bears a fruit of bitterness ;
Oft like autumn's hectic hue,
Falsest when most fair to view.

But *Thou*, with the pain and strife
Woven in the web of life,
Rich with future bliss o'erlaid,
Fillest in the golden thread,
(Waft of many a glorious line,)
In that gloomy woof to shine.

And when tempests fiercest rave,
Thou art nearest then to save ;
When life's dearest ties are torn,
Then thy brightest beams are born ;
Smiling sweetest as the gloom
Freezes round the sullen tomb.

Spirit of the burning eye,
Ruler of our destiny ;
Guiding star, whose golden light
Is ever young and ever bright !
We would trust *Thee*, goddess, given
To conduct our steps to Heaven.

RUSSELL.

JUDGMENTS.

It is with our judgments as our watches : none go just alike, yet each believes his own.—*Pope*.

THE RIVALS.

Two rivals, young and aged, met
Within the fairy bay,
Where Beauty and her radiant set
Of smiles and glances play ;
The one was Love, so fond and fair,
The other, Gold, the millionaire.
"How's this," cried Gold,
"That Love's so bold,
A pirate on the coast
Where wealthy I
Have sovereignty,
As Beauty's fain to boast ?"
Love curled his handsome lip with pride,
Said Gold was base, and basely lied ;
To which quoth Gold, "She can't endure
The beggar, Love—the boy is poor"
Friends interposed—the duel stay'd,
Wisely advising, "Try the maid ;"
So, bending now in Beauty's bower
Each ply'd her heart with all his power.

Love lit the beacons of his eyes
And Beauty blushed with joy ;
Love uttered burning words and sighs,
Then Beauty kissed the boy ;
"Ah, Love !" she said, "come weal or woe,
With you alone through life I go."

The graceful youth
Believed it truth,
And came forth gay and bold ;
"Now, sir, advance,"
With haughty glance

He said to scornful Gold.
Love's yellow rival bent his knee
To Beauty, with a pedigree,
A casket, carriage, lacqueys tall,
Soiree, and rout, and frequent ball ;
"Oho ! dear Gold !" false beauty cried,
"I'll jilt fond Love and be your bride."
Gold tied the knot—Love left the shore.
Now, love and Beauty met no more.

FORCE OF HABIT.

HABIT hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind, that there is scarcely anything too strange or too strong to be asserted of it. The story of the miser, who, from long accustoming to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself, and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his hoard, is not impossible or improbable. In like manner it fares with the practisers of deceit, who, from having long deceived their acquaintance, gain at last a power of deceiving themselves, and acquire that very opinion, however false, of their own abilities, excellencies, and virtues, into which they have for years, perhaps, endeavoured to betray their neighbours.

(ORIGINAL.)

A LEGEND OF THE APENNINES.

BY E. L. C.

Conclusion.—Continued from the September Number.

It was on the evening succeeding that which saw Annibal Murano a prisoner, in the hands of the terrible Manfredi, that the young heiress of Du Conti sat, with her old and confidential attendant, on the very balcony which had been the scene of her interview with the disguised robber. The same twilight hues lighted up the sky, and bathed forest and valley, and far-off hill, in their purple splendours, as had beguiled the youthful artist to linger among the dangerous solitudes of the mountains; and an air as soft as that which had lifted the dark hair from his brow, as he sat there, tracing with enamoured pencil the image that he loved, now played with refreshing coolness, on the fair cheek of the Lady Viola, and wantoned with the rich ringlets that, escaped from the confinement of a golden arrow, lay soft as the stealing shadows of the deepening twilight on her snowy neck.

She had sat there since the sun's last ray sunk behind the distant mountains, watching the beautiful and changeful clouds that lay along the horizon, like fairy isles of amethystine splendour, set in a sea of living gold, and counting the glowing stars, as they came forth in their beauty, gleaming tremulously through the purple veil with which evening's gentle hand shrouded the dazzling azure of the rich Italian sky. And still she remained there when the gorgeous sunset had faded from the west, and the shadows deepened around her, and cast their uncertain gloom over the landscape, and the glorious heaven was radiant with innumerable and ever burning stars, and the young moon hung her silver crescent over the silent forests, tipping their dark summits with light, and shedding into their deep and secret haunts the soft lustre of her pure and tender beams.

Viola sat with her young cheek pillowed on her hand, silent and thoughtful; her sweet face varying with her inward emotions, or stirred into brighter beauty by some outward sight or sound, that touched a chord of secret thought or hope, changeful and lovely as the dimpling surface of a lake, which answers with smiles to the kiss of the whispering breeze, or forgets its brightness in the gloom caught from the passing shadow of a cloud. At her feet sat her faithful Bianca, humouring her fits of silence by forbearing to interrupt them; but, when addressed, mingling kind counsel and tender endearment with her speech. Many words of deep

interest had been spoken between them; for Viola, though bursting into womanhood, still cherished the same child-like spirit of love and confidence towards the kind nurse who had watched and trained her, with all a mother's tenderness, as she had done in the days of her helpless infancy and childhood.

Few thoughts of her young heart had ever been hidden from this kind and faithful attendant; but of late a new interest had awakened within her, and, scarcely acknowledging it to herself, she trembled lest it should be seen by any other eye, though existing circumstances rendered her now less cautious in guarding it than she had heretofore been. But Bianca was too keen-sighted not to have read her secret, and the suspicion she had long felt, was confirmed by the observation of this evening. She had marked, through the whole of it, her varying manner—the anxiety, the restlessness, which she could not control—and she knew of but a single cause to assign for the change visible in one usually so calm and self-subdued.

The evening wore on, and Viola still lingered on the balcony. The nightingale was warbling her delicious song among the jessamine, which wreathed its fluted columns; but, apparently, she regarded not the melody she dearly loved. Her ear was bent forward to catch more distant sounds, and her eye, no longer lifted to the glittering heavens, sent its straining gaze along the winding road that traversed the distant valley, scanning every moving object with intense but silent eagerness. At length she spoke, and in the low and plaintive tone of desponding hope:

“Murano will not come tonight, now; and, alas! I fear for him—fear that evil may have been wrought him—that—but no! Dost thou think?”—and her voice was scarcely audible—“Dost thou think these fierce banditti would dare to take his life?”

“Never, my child! Nor to harm a hair of his head. They know thy father's power, and they dread it, lawless as they are, too much to harm one whom he protects.”

“Wherefore, then, is his return delayed? My father, as thou knowest, has caused a bill of exchange for the sum they demanded, to be deposited in the place named by them, with a written promise of paying them the gold whenever their prisoner should be safely restored to him. And yet he comes not. Why is it? Were he in life, I know

he would hasten to assure us of his safety." And the tears, which had gathered in her eyes, fell fast and bright as she spoke.

"Tush, child!" said the privileged attendant; "he knows not, perchance, that it is so dear to thee. Thou art ever full of dreams and auguries touching this youth, and yet nothing ever turns out as thy foolish heart prophecies."

"Heaven grant its fears may not now for the first time prove true! But if—"

"Nay, nay!" interrupted Bianca; "fret not thyself, my pretty one. Doubtless he is safe, and hath loitered perchance at Pietro's cottage, as he oftentimes doth, till too late to quit it, now these marauders are again abroad. Comfort thee, my bird; he will be here, I trow, soon enough to dance with thee at thy birth-night fête."

"And if not, there shall be no fête, I promise thee, Bianca. I would in truth, though he came this hour, there should be none. I have no heart for gay doings since that fearful deed was done, which so froze my soul with terror, that I think my whole nature has become changed. And least of all would I have that eve marked by revels; for, as thou knowest, it was to have witnessed my bridal with the murdered prince, and how then can his ghastly image fail to haunt me in the dance, and sit beside me at the banquet?"

"Alack! thou dwellest too much on that which should be forgotten, my star of beauty,—so much, that I should be fain to think thou hadst given thy love to the poor slain gallant, but for—"

"For what, nurse?" asked the lady, quickly. "I vow to thee he had not even a particle of my love; and yet I would know what is to follow the *but*, which thou utterest with such mighty meaning."

"And I was on the way to tell thee, my bud, hadst thou not broke in, with thy pretty impatience, on my speech, that it is because I believe thou lovest another now, which thou wouldst not have done so quickly, had the poor prince been aught to thee."

"And that other, nurse," said Viola, faintly, "I would know his name?"

"Need I tell it thee, when thy heart beats as though it would burst thy girdle, if thou but hearest it, and thy cheek flushes like the crimson flower of the pomegranate, if he come suddenly into thy presence, or speak to thee in those low tones which thou hast said are like the thrilling music of the wind-harp?"

"Thou art clear-sighted, nurse, if thou hast detected aught of these symptoms in my bearing," said Viola, with slight embarrassment. "Thou knowest my nerves have been sadly shattered since that fearful death-cry smote upon my heart; and it is no marvel, though I start and shrink, if but an autumn leaf fall rustling at my feet—I who was once so brave and bold that they called me in sport the young knight of Poli—and now, now, that wild

knell rings ever in my ear, and the shadow of a burial lies near my path, velling and darkening the opening vista of my life."

"No more of this, I pray thee, sweet, or thou wilt die of melancholy," said the old nurse, rising from her low seat, and laying her withered hand fondly on the brow of her young mistress. "Seest thou not that the moon's slender crescent is just sinking into the dark mass of forest that clothes yon high peak of the Apennines, and it is time thou wert in thy chamber. The air grows damp; I feel it in thy hair, and in the chill of thy brows—they are moist with the unwholesome night-dews. Come, my darling, or I shall have thee ill tomorrow, and I would not that thy cheek should wax pale and thine eye spiritless, when the palace is about to be filled with guests, and thy birth-night is approaching, and—"

"It matters not, nurse," said Viola, with a touch of impatience in her accent; "and, in good sooth, but for my father's sake, I would rather that night saw me lying on my couch, with thee sitting beside me, singing thy wild lullabies in my ear, than standing in jewelled robes among the glittering throng, whose homage I prize not, and whose mirth I have no heart to share. Come, now, if thou sayest it, I will go in, lest thou, being over-wearied, shouldst leave me alone on this balcony, where I will never again remain without thee. Yet one minute more; I feel no chill, and the night is so lovely,—and look! some one is advancing along the road—yonder, see you not that moving object? It is a man; how rapidly he walks! It may—it may be he!" And with clasped hands and a heaving bosom, she bent forward to watch his approach.

"Thou hast a mist over thine eyes, my child," said Bianca, earnestly peering out into the darkness; "it is a horseman whom thou discernest; and, thanks to this clear atmosphere, I can see that he is a burly man, and towers at least the height of head and shoulders, above young Annibal. How he dashes on! see, he pauses at the porter's lodge—flings something to Luigi, turns and is gone. Flee thee to thy chamber, my lily bud, while I hasten to the hall, and learn on what errand this swift messenger posts hitherward."

"Go not, nurse," said Viola, clinging to her arm as she turned to depart. "Go not yet—there are evil tidings of him, and I should die to hear them."

"Foolish one, thou art beside thyself, to garner up fond thoughts and fears for this youth. Ill may have chanced to him, or good,—but if either, what is that to one of thy name and race?"

"Ask me not,—go; go if thou wilt—I hear sounds from below—take me with thee to my chamber, and begone—I would know all; I can bear the worst better than this suspense."

Bianca almost carried the trembling girl to her

apartment; and, laying her gently on her couch, she stopped to whisper a few words of comfort, and then left her, with the promise of speedily returning, muttering, as she descended the long flight of stairs:

"Saint Mary be her aid, poor smitten thing!—the early blight is upon her, for unless this youth be, as I sometimes fancy, other and nobler than he seem, my lord will never let her hand go where she has given her heart, and may I never live to see her fade away into an early grave. Heighho! that this should ever be,—the saints forefend it!" and with something between a sigh and a groan, she reached the bottom of the steps.

All was bustle and confusion in the servants' hall,—for the missive just received was known by its seal and superscription, to have come from the bandit chief; and, as Annibal was a general favorite in the household, curiosity and anxiety were awake to learn its contents. It had been immediately delivered to the duke, who sat alone in his library, busily engaged in writing. But, hastily casting his pen aside, he unfolded the letter, and scorn and anger darkened his brow as he perused its insulting contents. He raised his eyes as he finished it, and Bianca stood before him.

"Go, bid the lady Viola hither," he said; "I would speak with her."

The nurse moved reluctantly away, but paused at the door, and said, hesitatingly:

"She is in her chamber, my lord, and far from well—if there are any evil tidings of the young Murano, would it not be better to keep them from her till morning?"

"Pshaw!" said the duke, impatiently, "one would judge from thy caution, that his fate were a matter of mighty interest to her; but even if it be so, he is safe as yet, for aught I know. It is not of him I would speak, but of these insolent robbers, who think to dictate terms which, were my own child in their power, I should feel that I ought with scorn to reject."

Somewhat relieved by these words, Bianca was departing on her errand, when the duke recalled her.

"Wait," he said, "thou need'st not summon thy young lady. I will seek her in her chamber,—doubtless she is weary, poor thing, and I will not call her from her rest tonight."

So saying, he arose, and, ascending the stairs, took his way towards the apartment of his daughter. She was kneeling on a priez-Dieu, her face buried in her hands, and her rich hair unbound and falling like a veil about her figure; but, absorbed as she seemed, she started when she heard his step, and turned towards him a face so full of emotion and anxiety, that, forgetting the object of his visit, the duke threw his arms around her, and asked with the tenderest solicitude the cause of her disturbance. She pointed to the open letter which he held, and, placing it in her hand:

"Read," he said; "these lawless ruffians have had the insolence to return my bill of exchange—they demand the gold; but I will give them in its place, something which they merit better."

Viola trembled, as, approaching a lamp, she silently read the letter of the bandit. It was written in a rude, but evidently a disguised hand, and contained only these few laconic words:

"The sum demanded for the ransom of Annibal Murano is again called for—the bill of exchange is valueless to the brotherhood of the Apennines, and they return it to the Duke du Conti. Four hundred crowns, in solid gold, must be forthwith paid to them, or their vengeance shall fall, not only on the captive in their power, but on him, who has the ability, but lacks the nobleness, to redeem the innocent and suffering.

"MANFREDI."

As Viola finished reading this preptory scrawl, the paper fell from her powerless hand, and had not her father's arm been hastily thrown around her, she would have sunk to the floor. A flood of tears came to her relief, and the duke, supporting her upon his bosom, tenderly caressed and soothed her.

"Calm thyself, my dear one," he fondly said, mistaking the cause of her agitation; "we have naught to fear from the threats of these bold outlaws—they have terrified thee, but I defy them to work us harm."

"We are safe, I know,—but Annibal, dearest father," gasped the weeping girl—"for his sake thou wilt pay the gold; it is but as dross in comparison with his more precious life."

"Thou dost rate him highly, fair one," said the duke, in no loving tone, and with a smile that should have been a frown.

"Wilt thou not pay the gold, dear father?" she again asked, unheeding his remark.

"We will rescue him on our own terms, sweet," returned the duke. "These bold robbers shall learn to their cost, with whom they have to deal; they have ventured to defy my vengeance, and, by the mass, I will not rest till I have dragged the whole fraternity forth from their deepest dens, to meet the death they merit."

"The soldiers of the Pope have essayed to do this, and been baffled," said Viola, faintly. "It is vain, my father, the hope to daunt or conquer them. "They have hiding places—so I have heard—in the very bowels of the earth, where they hold their dark councils, and hoard their ill-gotten wealth, mocking as they hear the steps of their pursuers hurrying on in their vain pursuit above them."

"They shall not long mock in their security," said the Duke. "I have heard some startling rumours of their leader, Viola, and if further knowledge confirm their truth, I give not up the chase till the deepest dungeon of the inquisition opens to receive him for life."

"But, my father," asked Viola, with timid eagerness, "what, in the mean time, is to be the fate of poor Murano? They will surely take his life, if thou dost pursue them with open warfare, while he remains in their power."

"Let them, if they dare!" said the Duke, sternly. "I have said that when Murano was restored to me, the gold should be placed in their hands. If they agree not to this, what faith can we have in their honour—what reason for believing that they intend to fulfil their part of the contract? Believe me, it is their determined object to secure the ransom; but, from this manœuvre, I am suspicious that they purpose to retain their prisoner at all events; and, therefore, the sooner we terrify them into yielding him up, the better."

"If it could be so, with what force canst thou hope to intimidate them?" asked Viola, despondingly.

"The whole country, of which they are the scourge, will lend me aid to hunt them from their dens; besides which, I will levy, at my own cost, an irén band, that shall be kept ever on the watch to entrap them."

"Ah! my father, should the innocent perish before thy victory is accomplished, would it not be dearly won, and cost thee more of sorrow than of triumph at the last?" said Viola, in tones so sad and low, that the Duke, in spite of himself, was touched by their melancholy music.

He remained a minute in thought, and then, drawing her gently towards him:

"Viola," he said, "I have somewhat to tell thee. Dost thou know who this robber chief is? No, thou dost not. Listen, then, and say if I should trust to the honour of such a wretch? for this terrible Manfredi is said to be no other than Giulio Lorenzani,—the murderer, the ingrate, the sooner of God and man, the blasphemer, who, in the holy garb of a pilgrim, gained entrance to my halls, and would have robbed me of my child!"

"Merciful Heaven! Can this be true?" exclaimed Viola, terror and emotion almost depriving her of utterance. Oh! my father, leave not Annibal in the power of such a being. The gold may tempt him. Let us at least make the trial, and if it fail to procure freedom and life for the captive, thou at least wilt be saved the anguish of feeling that thou hast wantonly left him to perish."

"Thou art strangely earnest in this matter, my own Viola," said the Duke, fixing, with a searching gaze, his proud eye upon her face; "and if I thought—if I did but dream, that this low born youth could ever wake a stronger sentiment than pity in thy young heart, I would leave him to pine in the stronghold of the robber till thou hadst outgrown thy silly weakness."

"My father, do I not ever plead for the wretched?" murmured Viola, as she threw herself

into his arms, and hid her blushing face in his bosom.

"Thou hast a tender soul, my gentle one," said the Duke, bending down and imprinting a fond kiss upon her upturned cheek. "But yet there is a fervor in thy prayers for this young Murano, which I like not, and I would have thee remember, although he may boast the genius and the grace of a Guido, and hath a speech and bearing that might mark him one of a nobler birth, yet he weareth a humble name, with which, thou knowest, the prouder one may never link itself."

"Thou dost me wrong, dear father," said Viola, struggling to speak with calmness, which the secret consciousness that she was striving, even from herself to hide her true emotions, rendered a difficult task. "I think but of his perilous situation, and of the reckless and cruel nature of the wretch who holds him in thralldom,—and then,—and then, I feel that thou shouldst leave no means untried, to rescue from a miserable fate, him who snatched thy Viola from the very grasp of that terrible man, at a moment when, unconscious of all, he was about to bear her from thee forever."

"I would not seem insensible to such a mighty boon, my own cherished one," said the Duke, softened by the remembrance she awoke, "and would willingly pay the gold for young Annibal's ransom, were it not for seeming to yield too much to the imperious demand of that fierce bandit, whom I would force to yield his prize, by other and severer measures."

"Thou canst deal with him as thou wilt hereafter, dear father, but I entreat thee try now the temptation of the gold, and prove to Murano that thou knowest to be not only a bountiful patron, but a grateful friend."

"It shall be as thou sayest, fair one—thou canst never see in vain; and, by dawn, the ransom shall be paid in solid crowns. Then let the villain robber see that his pledge is kept, or his fate shall be a summary and a fearful one. Go now, thy cheek is pale, or before thy birthnight fête, when I would have thee radiant as the star thou lovest, I shall see thee worn to a shadow with carking care and thought. Seek thy pillow, sweet—I will send Bianca to thee, and may gentle sleep, and bright visions, bless thee till morning."

He kissed her fondly, and departed; and, comforted by his promise, she sought her couch, to dream of the absent one, with whom she seemed to be wandering, in doubt and difficulty, among the deep defiles and rugged passes of the Apennines.

A week passed slowly by, and still Annibal remained a captive in his lonely tower. Heavily swept on the lagging hours, as he sat sad and silent within its gloomy walls, nursing strange fancies,

and brooding over wild and sometimes fearful thoughts, till his very brain reeled, and his heart grew sick with its own imaginings. Then he would rise, and pace with hasty step, the narrow bounds of his prison, pausing often to gaze upon the unveiled features of Viola, which ever seemed to return his loving look with eyes of answering love, and to smile upon him, with such life-like quietness, as almost to cheat him into the fond illusion of her actual breathing presence. Or he would stand before his window, till ready to drop with weariness, peering forth through its iron gratings, upon the rocks and trees, and sending his streaming eye far over the boundless sea of forest, to the distant verge of the horizon, along which, in dark and distinct outline, were traced the higher summits of the Apennines.

Food was brought him, of the richest quality, and wine and fruits in abundance, and of the most delicious flavor; they remained almost untouched. Books, too, were piled upon his table, and crayons, pencils, paints, every appliance for the art he loved, were furnished him; but he was far too wretched, too full of anxious thought, to find pleasure or employment in his customary resources. Manfredi occasionally made him a hurried visit, but the last time he had come he seemed heated by wine, and remained, through the whole of a stormy evening, challenging Annibal to drink, and himself quaffing cup after cup of the intoxicating liquid.

As he grew more and more excited, Viola became his theme, and Annibal could scarcely restrain his angry emotion, as he listened to the gross and familiar language which the robber coupled with her pure and cherished name. But with a stern self-control that surprised himself, he repressed the gushing feelings of his soul, and preserved a cold and silent demeanor, that baffled the malice of his tormentor. But when, as if to try him still further, Manfredi threw out dark hints of the fate in reserve for the haughty beauty, Annibal, forgetting every suggestion of prudence, darted on him a glance of angry scorn, and rising, retreated to the farthest corner of the room, anxious to escape from the sound of words, which pierced like barbed arrows through his heart.

"Thou art in haste to flee from the wine-cup, young sir," said the bandit, rising also, and advancing towards his captive. "It is a hint, doubtless, that I should depart; but ere I do thee so much pleasure, let me tell thee that we have won from thy kind patron the four hundred crowns demanded for thy ransom. Yet, as I have told thee, thou goest not so till my work is achieved—nor even then, Count de Castro, since I know thee, till from thy deep and well-filled coffers the same sum has been paid into my hand for thy redemption."

And with this threat, accompanied by a mocking laugh of triumph, the reckless robber turned and

quitted the apartment. Never had Annibal's heart sunk down in such utter despair as when he heard the key grate harshly in the lock, the heavy bar placed immoveably across his door, and the slow and heavy tread of the ruffian, as he descended the stair, leaving him immured within those frowning walls, with the maddening thought preying upon his heart, that the purity, the happiness, the life perchance, of her he loved, must be immolated upon the altar of licentious passion and revenge, while he lay hopelessly enthralled, at the mercy of the fiend who was plotting to destroy her.

From that night Manfredi came no more to his apartment, and Annibal was left undisturbed, to listen to the melancholy winds, as they sighed through the dark forest, and exhaust his thoughts and his invention, in some fruitless plan for escape. Again and again he examined every panel in the polished wainscot, every plank in the oaken floor, hoping that some one would be made to slide back, and reveal to him a way of egress from his gloomy prison; but in vain, though still he returned to the search; when, oftentimes frenzied by disappointment and despair, he would rush to the narrow window, and, could he have removed the iron stanchions that secured it, would have cast himself headlong to the earth, in the agony of his earnest wish for freedom.

He had vainly sought to enlist the sympathy of the man who served him with food, who, though a surly and brutal wretch, he hoped to find not wholly steeled to pity. But, after accepting the bribe of a costly ring, and listening, with well feigned complacency, to the promise of a richer reward, the hardened robber scoffed at his credulity, and tauntingly told him he would "wear the ring in remembrance, but as for the gold, he won his share among the band, and he valued his head too much to lose it for a few crowns more or less, which he should be sure to do, were he fool enough to let him out of his cage."

Thus baffled in this his last hope, Annibal sunk down into a state of apathy, which is often the sad result of disappointment and despair. He sat for hours, gazing with a vacant eye from his window, or mechanically opening the books which lay upon his table; but his mind received no impression from the page on which his eye glanced, and if he turned from that to his pencil, it traced only one image, a hundred and a hundred times repeated. One evening, when he had remained looking forth with unconscious gaze upon the landscape, long after every object was shrouded in darkness, he was recalled from a train of thought, which, more placid than usual, had borne him backward to the happy past, recalling events which cast a gleam of brightness even over his stricken soul, when he heard the door of his chamber open; a step entered, and a lamp shed its feeble rays athwart the gloom.

Annibal did not look around, but he marvelled that

the gruff tones of his jailor did not as usual salute him. He heard him busy in preparing the table for his evening meal, and he thought his step more gentle, and his movements quieter, than were their wont. Presently every sound ceased, but then a low sigh caught his ear, and, impelled by curiosity, he turned his head, and saw, standing mute and earnestly regarding him, not the ruffian who had hitherto attended him, but a lad of some seventeen years, who, though clad in the livery of the band, displayed a countenance less sinister in its expression, and on which, notwithstanding many darker traits, yet lingered some traces of kindness and humanity. Annibal welcomed the change with joy, and eagerly demanded, in tones that were almost glad, to what happy cause he was indebted for the absence of the savage Manuel?

"He left the tower this morn, Signor," said the boy, speaking in a subdued tone, "and will be absent well nigh a week."

"And whither hath he gone?" asked Annibal, the one thought of Viola's danger alone suggesting itself.

"He leads half a score of men, Signor, on a secret expedition over the mountains, where they are to lie in wait for a rich booty, which, they have warning, will shortly pass that way."

"Humph! a service worthy of him," said Annibal; "but I thank God for any respite from his hated presence, and may death or liberty be mine ere he again return, to deepen the gloom even of this dark and dreary chamber."

"Hush, Signor!" said the lad drawing nearer to Annibal, and looking cautiously towards the door, "I have somewhat to say to thee, but I must be brief, and speak low, or we may be overheard."

"Say on," cried Annibal, "and quickly—thou art a messenger of good tidings, I know it, if thine eye belies not thy heart, for I read in it the beamings of human sympathy and love."

"Alas! they are well nigh quenched within me," said the boy, mournfully; "but listen, and thou shalt hear what I have to tell thee. I am the trusted confidante and minion of our chief, Manfredi, or I should not be deputed, during the absence of the incorruptible Manuel, to supply his place, in attending upon so important a prisoner as thyself. Thou knowest Manfredi's history, Signor; himself informed me that he related all to thee, and thou wilt therefore know mine, when I tell thee that I am the lad Antonio, who released him from the dungeon into which he was thrown, after his assault upon the young Prince de Urbino."

"And since that time thou hast followed this outlaw in his wild and wicked career?" asked Annibal, looking with pity on the degraded youth.

"What other course could I pursue, Signor? I could not conceal the act I had committed, for, in consequence of it, I was that night absent from the

palace, and I knew, if I returned in the morning, it would be to meet the anger of my father, and the deadly vengeance of the Duke. So I fled with the bribe, which had tempted me to release one who deserved punishment, and when I had disposed of it, and lived upon its fruits till all were exhausted, I returned to these mountains, and joined the band of freebooters, of which Manfredi had become the chief. He found me bold and active, and, in order to retain me in his service, he loaded me with kindness and with bounties, entrusted me with his most important missions, and made me at length the confidante of all his plans and purposes. This, for a time, flattered and deceived me into a belief that I loved the life I had chosen—but the envy of my comrades was awakened, by the preference shown to me, and the many instances of hatred and ill-will which they exhibited towards me, made me often wish to escape from their companionship, and return to the better life from which I had fled.

"This, however, I had not the courage to do; but some months since, I learned by accident, that my treachery, in freeing Manfredi from his hands, had brought suspicion upon my father, who, notwithstanding his protestations of innocence, had been dismissed from the Duke's service, in which he had been born, and that he was then suffering the extremes of poverty and illness. This rumour aroused remorse within me, and, when I traced him out, and found the report fully confirmed, I sorely repented me of the evil I had brought upon him, and I earnestly wished that I might find some means to reinstate him in the situation he had lost. Though in great want, he would accept none of the gold I offered him, for, by some means, he had become acquainted with my mode of life, and he spurned at what he called my ill-gotten gains.

"This made me the more desirous to see him again filling his former place in the Duke's service; but when I expressed my feelings to Manfredi, he scoffed at my woman's heart, and forbade my visiting the old man again, under the penalty of his utmost severity. It is needless to say, I did not obey this cruel command, though I was cautious in breaking it, and have not yet been able to effect the object of my wishes. When at thy capture, I learned from the chief who thou wert, and how connected with the household of the Duke, I resolved to see thee—but even in that purpose I have been baffled till now, when Manuel's absence favours my wish, and I seize this first moment of converse with thee, to entreat thy intercession with the Duke, for—"

"Darest thou mock me, boy?" said Annibal, interrupting him with fierce displeasure. "How am I to plead for thee or thy miserable father, barred and bolted as I am within these cursed walls? Give me freedom, and I will do for thee what I can—but ask me not to touch pen to paper for thee or thine

while this roof covers me, and thy fiend-like gang hold me in thralldom."

"Pardon, Signor; thou art as fiery as though, like our chief, thou couldst boast a few drops of noble blood in thy veins—but hadst thou heard me through, I would have told thee that for this service, if thou wilt promise to perform it to the best of thy ability, I will risk all to open thy prison door, and conduct thee in safety through the wild passes of the mountains, till I leave thee at the gate of the Duke's palace."

"Sayest thou so?" exclaimed Annibal, bounding to his feet, as though the green turf were already beneath him, and the free blue sky bending its glorious canopy above him. "Be thou true to this pledge, and I swear to thee that when it is fulfilled, not another sun shall sink beyond these mountains, before thy father is again received and pardoned by his lord—and thou also,—I fear not to say it, if thou wilt but forsake this evil life, and return a penitent to the home thou hast abandoned; it shall be at thy pleasure to do so, and that too, with a well filled purse, as a slight guerdon for the service, which I feel that gold never can repay."

"Signor, I care not for reward!" said the boy. "It is enough if thou canst obtain for me the pardon of the Duke; for I am heart-weary of the life I lead, and would gladly, if it might be, return to his service, and atone to my aged father for the misery I have caused him."

"I will do for thee, as I have said, all thou canst ask, when thou shalt have kept thy word, and relieved me from this weary prison; and now tell me if thou knowest aught of the evil designs, which this Manfredi meditates against the Duke or the Lady Viola Du Conti?"

"I know only that his hatred to the Duke is deep and terrible, and that he often talks of vengeance, which he will one day take against him. I have thought, too, that he nurtured some fearful purpose against the liberty and honour of the Lady Viola; but I know not what, nor when nor how he will accomplish it. I must leave thee now, Signor; the hour of our evening meal is at hand, and my absence would create suspicion. I shall bring thee thy food tomorrow, and I will then tell thee at what hour thou mayst expect me at night."

"Thou wilt not fail me?"

"No, by all the saints! Good evening, Signor. Have courage; and, unless some misadventure occur, this shall be the last night of thy bondage and mine."

He took up his lamp and departed; and Annibal, too full of happy hopes to sleep, remained till the night had far advanced, wrapped in such glad visions as come only to those who, from the gloom of suffering and despair, awake to behold the dawning world of hope and joy.

It was the birth-night eve of the Lady Viola, and fair and noble forms filled the lordly halls of the palace. Among them, stood the young mistress of the fête, beautiful as a vision of the dawn, brightest amid all that was radiant and sparkling,—her exquisite form robed in splendour, and her young face dazzling in its own early and innocent beauty. Yet, surrounded by all that could minister to enjoyment and delight, a dim cloud shadowed her gentle brow, and she moved amid the music, and the performers, and the lights, the incense of praise and the homage of love, as one, whose thoughts were with other objects, whose spirit, wrapped in some deep dream, heeded not the outward world, but dwelt within, in silent commune with the absent and unseen. Yet, her smiles beamed kindly on her guests; and, though her tones were cold and passionless, she had answered, with gentle words, to the warm greetings of the many who proffered her admiring homage. She joined, too, in the dances, and her light and airy motions seemed, as ever, the realization of harmony and grace; but an observing eye might have seen that a weight pressed heavily on her heart, and that her step lacked somewhat of its wonted buoyancy.

In truth, since the capture of Annibal by the mountain bandits, Viola had become an altered being. For a few days the constant hope of his return supported her; but when that died away,—when the ransom demanded was paid, and failed to bring him; and when, day after day, no tidings of his fate came to cheer her, the uncertainty of her hopes and fears preyed upon her heart, stole its freshness from her cheek, and quenched in tears the glad light of her eye. The Duke read the cause of the change that had come over her only too well; but he forbore to speak of it, except, in general terms, he expressed his belief that no personal harm would befall Murano. Even this was some consolation to her; and, encouraged by a gleam of her former animation, he sought, in various ways, to cheer her, and chiefly to awaken her interest in the preparations for her approaching birth-night. But in vain. She entreated only that it might be suffered to pass without notice or rejoicing. To this, however, her father would not consent, since he looked forward to its festivities, as a means of awaking her to new interests, and so dissolving the charm which now wrapped her in its spell.

And so the night came,—and passively she suffered orient pearls to be enwreathed in her dark hair,—and joylessly she mingled with the gay throng, and answered to their light and mirthful words, and laid her small hand coldly in the palm of many a noble knight, who led her, with a proud smile and a throbbing heart, through the mazes of the graceful dance. During the whole evening, there was one who

watched her with unwearied eye,—a stranger, who wore the rich and becoming dress of a Spanish noble, and to whose tall and exquisitely proportioned figure the plumed cap and flowing mantle added new grace. His face, too, was eminently handsome, though so deep and dark was its olive hue, and so thick and black the curled moustache that covered his upper lip, that, but for the symmetry of every feature, and the splendour of eyes, that, rivalling in lustre the brilliant which blazed upon his dress, he would have been the subject of wonder and remark to many.

He had accompanied the old Count Sporzini, a near friend of the Duke's, to the palace, and been presented by him as the Marquis Estradura, a name well known to be one of Spain's noblest and most honoured. The greeting, accordingly, which he received from the gracious host, was warm and cordial, and the ceremony of introduction over, the Marquis mingled with the crowd, and soon attached himself almost exclusively to the Lady Viola. Her only he seemed to see in the spacious apartment, which, like a vast parterre, glowed with human flowers, of exquisite and varied beauty. For a time she scarcely heeded his attentions, but though constant, they were not obtrusive. He spoke rarely; and his low words, falling softly and at intervals, jarred not upon the soul or senses of the silent and abstracted girl. He discoursed too of painting, a theme that Annibal loved; and, as she listened more intently, she caught a something in his tone that smote her ear with strange familiarity. Where could she have heard that voice before? She knew not—could not tell; yet, like some half-forgotten memory, it haunted her. Once or twice, in her bewilderment, she gazed with almost unconscious earnestness upon his face, but his eye ever sank beneath hers, and he would turn his head aside, as though fearful of her scrutiny; and then she, thus reminded of her boldness, would move away, covered with blushes, and seek to hide herself from his notice; but, as if impelled by some magnetic influence, he rested not till he found her again, and once more filled the station by her side.

Thus passed on the evening, wearily to Viola, who longed earnestly for its termination. Its gaieties were irksome to her: they found no echo in her heart; and, as the night waned, every passing minute seemed to cast a deeper shadow over her spirit. As she grew more sad and silent, the stranger's assiduities increased. His reserve melted away; his words were uttered with more freedom; he spoke of other lands—of their customs and their acquirements, as contrasted with his own; and Viola, in spite of weightier thoughts, became pleased and interested, as she listened. Gradually a larger circle gathered around him: the Duke himself left the side of a Cardinal, to hear the eloquent stranger narrate a wild legend of Andalusia, which he told

in the language of Spain, but with a grace of manner and of diction, that perfectly enchained the attention.

When he ended, the company broke up and departed; all, save himself and some three or four, who once again strolled out to take a farewell glance at the delicious gardens, which were beautifully illuminated, by thousands of lamps hid in the surrounding foliage. The stranger, too, looked wistfully abroad. He had more than once sought to draw Viola forth, to stray with him through the fragrant walks and thickets, that so temptingly invited them; and now, as she lingered behind, he calmly said:

"Cannot the balmy air win thee forth with me, lady, to inhale its freshness; such a night as this, in thy soft Italian climate, is made to be enjoyed beneath the open sky;" and as he spoke, he gently drew her unresisting hand within his arm. They moved towards an open door, Viola quietly permitting him to lead her on.

"Let us follow the Contessa Forestini," she said; "she went to visit the natural fountain near the lime grove—I will conduct thee to the spot."

But before she had passed on to the terrace, a hand suddenly raised the falling drapery of a window, and springing from its deep embrasure, a man cast himself directly in her path—motionless she stood, pale as monumental marble; but a cry of joy, which burst from her lips, told the intense delight with which she fixed her wild, yet almost incredulous gaze, on what seemed to her the strange apparition of Annibal Murano.

"Lady," he said, and the sound of his voice dispelled the momentary illusion of doubt. "Lady, dost thou know with whose arm thine is linked? I would spare thee alarm, but I regard thy safety and thy honour, more than thy fears—look upon him, lady; look, my lord," he added, turning to the Duke, who had approached them, full of wonder and amazement, "look, and beneath the artful disguise of this cunning impostor, see if thou dost not recognize the murderer of the Prince de Urbino, the bandit chief of the Apennines, the pretended pilgrim, who, intent on evil, stole into thy palace, and before another hour had passed, would have borne away, the daughter whom thou dost cherish in thy heart of hearts."

While he spoke with the rapidity of passion, Manfredi, for he it was, though his cheek, even through the artificial hue that had deepened to darkness its natural olive, grew ashy pale, and his lip quivered with mingled fear and rage, stood firm and erect, regarding him in stern and haughty silence. The duke, still almost incredulous, yet stepped boldly towards him, and, looking with a firm eye upon his countenance,

"Can this be so," he said, "and I not have known it? Shame upon me, that I have allowed my-

self again to become the dupe of his arts. Gudio Lorenzani, why art thou resolved to draw down upon thyself the fate which I would fain see thee avoid?"

A scornful laugh was the robber's only reply, and the Duke, scarcely able to control his indignation, beckoned forward the attendants in waiting, saying, as they advanced:

"Thou shalt not again deceive me, wretch that thou art—for the power which thou hast now unwittingly given me over thee, I warn thee that I will not neglect to use."

"Let no one dare to lay a finger upon me here," exclaimed Manfredi, with fierce defiance. "I stand now in the halls of my ancestors, from which I have been unjustly banished, and, till right is done me, I quit them not again, save on my own free will and pleasure."

"Heed him not, my lord," cried Annibal, turning from the half-fainting Viola, who had sunk, overcome with mingled joy and terror, upon the bosom of Bianca. "Heed him not—his every word is a lie, and he came hither this night to do a desperate deed. Again and again hath he boasted to me that he purposed to destroy thy peace, to destroy it through her, who is, and should be, dearer to thee than life; and had I not, through the aid of one weary of his bondage, made my escape an hour since, from the old tower, where, in defiance of his plighted word, he kept me immured, thou wouldst have found thyself childless ere thy head again pressed the pillow."

"Base wretch," said the Duke, addressing Manfredi, "why should I delay, to deal with thee according to thy deserts? Thou hast outraged every feeling that could have made me yearn even with pity towards thee, and now that thou hast a second time ventured to cross my threshold, with deadly thoughts of evil in thy heart, should I not deserve the worst that even thy malice could perpetrate, if I neglected to rid the earth of such a scourge?"

"Thou dost aim then at my life," said the bandit firmly; "take it if thou wilt—ay, if thou canst—but remember, if but a hair of my head come to harm, it will be terribly avenged."

"I have heard thy threats before, Lorenzani," said the Duke, calmly; "and I am not one to be moved by them. Trust me thou shalt not now evade the punishment due to thy crimes; but I will not deal so mercifully by thee as to take thy life. In the rayless dungeons of the Inquisition, thou shalt pass years of penitence and remorse; and I know not the nature of man, if, in that living tomb, thou dost not find the hell within thy breast more terrible than will ever be the penal fires of an hereafter."

"Cast me into those hideous vaults, if thou hast courage for the deed," said Manfredi; "but remember, Duke du Conti, that yonder mountains hide in their secret depths, stern hearts and resolute

hands, that will peril all to avenge me—aye, nor deem their task done, so long as one stone of this proud pile remains upon another, or in one breast flows a single drop of thy patrician blood."

"Ha! sayest thou so?" demanded the Duke. "And I have to tell thee, that, in three days from this time, there will lurk in their forest haunts but a small remnant of thy desperate band. The arms are already bright, and the hearts determined, that wait a given signal, to go forth and sweep from the earth, those who have been suffered too long to curse it with their cruel deeds."

"Thy idle boast provokes my mirth," said the bandit, with insulting irony. "We defied the troops of his holiness, backed by the household bands of many a proud noble, when they came in all their bravery, to crush us, and little cause have we to dread the new levy with which thou dost menace our destruction. Let them come—we will give them a warm greeting, and teach them our mountain tactics, for their future benefit. Ay, let them come—we have vaults yet untenanted; and for those who flee not from the fire of our carbines, there will be a soft bed on the forest turf, for their last sleep, and there may they rest till the carrion crow has made his banquet, and left their bones to whiten in the winter's blast."

As he ceased, with the proud undaunted step of a conqueror, the fearless robber turned to depart. Annibal was the foremost to intercept his purpose.

"Thou canst not so lightly escape us," he said, "for we owe it to insulted and suffering humanity, to deprive thee of freedom; and thou shalt pass over my lifeless body, before thou dost quit this hall alive."

"Thou shalt not bar my progress," said Manfredi. "No!" and he looked defiance around him. "No, not all whom thou mayst summon to thine aid. I will depart in thy despite, and this steel drinks thy blood, if thou longer offer to oppose me."

As he spoke, he drew a glittering dagger from his breast, and made a pass at Annibal, so quick and dexterous that he had not time to elude the stroke. The point of the weapon pierced his shoulder, and when Viola, whom Bianca could not win to leave the hall, saw the red blood follow the withdrawal of the blade, she uttered a wild scream, and, bounding forward, fell lifeless at her lover's feet.

"Bear her away," cried the Duke. "This is no scene for women. Why hath she not gone? Take her quickly to her chamber, Bianca, and we will end this matter forthwith. Giacomo, seize and bind that fellow—we will be trifled with no longer. There are enough to aid thee; do it quickly, and cast him into the deepest dungeon of the palace. See, too, that he is guarded vigilantly—he has once escaped me, but if he go forth again with life, it is at the cost of his who sets him free."

"Approach me at your peril," said Manfredi, as

the men moved to obey their lord. "He dies first who ventures within reach of my arm!" and, his fierce eye fixed terribly upon the intimidated group, he moved with a backward step towards the door.

"Cowards!" cried Annibal, "do ye fear to do your duty? Stand by me, and another moment sees his resistance quelled."

But even as he spoke his brain reeled, the blood was flowing copiously from his wounded arm, and the deadly sickness its loss occasioned, forced him to sink exhausted on the nearest seat, and then Manfredi must have made good his retreat, had not the servants recovered their presence of mind in time to secure him, at the moment when but one step more remained between him and probable freedom.

When he felt the strong grasp of several hands upon his person, Manfredi knew that all further struggle on his part would be vain; that his destiny was sealed—a destiny of disgrace and death, and with this conviction, his heart seemed bursting—but not with sorrow or regret; deep and bitter hate swelled its every pulse, and, fixing a withering look upon the Duke,

"Proud Lord," said he, "and cruel as thou art proud, may the curse of heaven rest upon thee, and upon thy race—thou art the author of all the sin and suffering that have darkened my existence—thou hast changed to hatred the love that I might have won—thou hast blighted every hope that gave joy to my life; and for all this, I curse thee—I, the son of thy lost brother, curse thee with my dying breath; aye, with my dying breath, for never shall it be said that Gulio du Conti,—he who should have lived to bear down to posterity the proud name so soon to become extinct,—never shall it be said of him that he died like a doomed dog in the dungeons of that princely palace, which his ancestors reared to perpetuate their glory and their power. Here ends, for this world, and for another as I trust, the brief career, which thou, who should have stood to me in a father's place, hast made a whirlwind of passion and of guilt. Thus—thus it closes—with this draught which lulls me to eternal rest. My blood be upon thy head!"

As he uttered the last words, he plucked a small vial from his breast, and, quick as thought, drinking its liquid contents, remained standing, passive and motionless, in the hands of those who guarded him. The Duke saw the act without a word of remonstrance or remark; he had no faith in the deadly nature of the potion which Manfredi had just swallowed, and silently he signed the attendants to guide him from the hall. And quietly, but with a face of sullen apathy, and an eye bent, to the last, with an expression that chilled the very blood, upon the countenance of the Duke, he departed—departed to his death—for when the keeper carried him his morning's meal, he found him stretched a lifeless corpse upon the damp floor of his dungeon. The

subtle poison he had drank, and which he always bore about his person, had done its work, and silenced forever, the restless throbbings of that wild and wicked heart.

The Duke heard his fate with indifference; but he kept sacred one promise, which he had made him—that of exterminating his terrible band from the Apennines, which he shortly did, and so effectually dispersed and slew them, that for many subsequent years, the whole of that part of Italy was freed from their depredations.

* * * * *

Annibal's wound, though slight, confined him for several days to his apartment, and he made good use of this interval, in pleading the cause of Antonio and his father. The Duke was little inclined to refuse a boon to one who had rendered him such signal service; and, personally interested in the individuals whom it was to benefit, he was easily won by the circumstances of the case to accord them a full pardon, and reinstate them in their former position in his household. The purse of gold promised the boy by Annibal, was not forgotten, and through his life he never ceased to express, by many favors, his grateful sense of Antonio's kindness, in freeing him from the dismal tower of the Wolf's Keep.

Restored to health, he once more took his place at the table of the Duke; but not as Annibal Murano, the unknown artist, sat he again in his accustomed seat, beside the gentle Viola. He had spoken of his noble birth, and told how his love for the arts had lured him to Rome, to feed there his taste for the beautiful, with a study of the great masters—thus once having seen by chance the lady Viola, in the church of St. Peter's, he had from that day loved her—and that a morbid fear of not being chosen for himself alone, had urged him to woo her in humble guise; and, therefore, he had sought, as an artist, the patronage of the Duke, and striven, in that character, to win the love of the fair and noble maiden.

Nor had he striven in vain—for when he had obtained pardon for this innocent deception, he again asked and won, as the Count de Castro, the hand which Viola had already pledged to the humble artist. To his virtues and his goodness she had long since accorded her love, and it now received no additional warmth from a knowledge of his rank.

E. L. C.

EFFECTS OF WINE.

WINE heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.—*Addison.*

(ORIGINAL.)

THE WEST AND THE EAST.

BY NON.

“Dost thou seek happiness? Hope not
In hollow promises of far off good
To find the prize. Delusive hope
May feed the glowing fancy for a while,
Then lure thee to thy ruin. Would'st thou be blest,
Learn to enjoy the present.”

WE are not going to write a treatise on the respective claims of the west and the east, to the possession in the greatest abundance of those resources that go to make up the comfort, convenience, and glory of man, in this probationary state, whether considered individually or nationally. We shall not be so rash as to attempt to gainsay the prevalent opinion, that the former abounds in native features of beauty and usefulness, vastness and sublimity, far exceeding the latter portion of the continent. Nor shall we deny (indeed we could not were we ever so much disposed to do so, in view of the vast quantities of eatables that come down to us from thence,) that man can live *easier*—if that be a desideratum—and may accumulate riches with more dispatch, and to a greater extent, amidst the abundance of the west, than on the more sterile soil of the east. Neither shall we bring up, to counterbalance these striking features, the superior moral, religious, and social advantages of the east, and dilate upon the bearing of these upon the real happiness of man, in either division of this great land: our object is not to philosophize on these points, but to relate a plain unvarnished tale, showing forth the sad consequences of giving way to feelings of discontent and desire for change—no matter how occasioned—so far as to abandon, voluntarily, present comforts, though they may be at times somewhat restricted, for the untried prospects of distant, but lauded good.

Mr. Excitable was a county magistrate, possessed of some property, which he employed actively in a lucrative business. Enjoying the confidence and esteem of his fellow men, over whom he exercised considerable influence, by his talents and useful qualities, he was also blessed with a charming wife, and an intelligent family of children. No man was more generally beloved, or appeared to take more substantial enjoyment, surrounded as he was by every thing that could render life agreeable.

Such, in short, was Mr. Excitable, when the fruitful and prosperous years of 1820 to 1830, or thereabouts, gave place to the following years of scarcity of crops, and consequent distress of various descriptions, that were dealt out to Canada, with no stingy hand.

Mr. Excitable was a man easily affected by the sudden changes of the times and seasons; not because he suffered in his business and prospects more than his neighbours, but because he was unfortu-

nately of a disposition to give way to despondency, on meeting with difficulties of an extraordinary nature, and, when in these moods, to fancy that a change of circumstance might produce a cure of the evils by which he was surrounded. He soon grew moody and discontented, as the cold summers advanced, and, unluckily, these evils were heightened by the rumours that began about this time to circulate, (originating no doubt in the hardness of the times) of the glories of the great west—its immense extent—the fertility and beauty of its soil—the vast abundance and variety of its productions, exceeding, almost beyond calculation, the productions of the East in its most fertile years—and its great natural resources, indicating it as destined to be one day the seat of opulence, refinement, and power. Connected with these glowing descriptions, were the most extravagant statements regarding the ease and rapidity with which fortunes were made, only by dint of common perseverance and industry, and the delightfulness of inhabiting the almost boundless prairies, decked out in their tall, waving grasses, and wild flowers, and intersected here and there by a limpid stream, or a magnificent river; and dotted over with enchanting groves, through which roamed unmolested the buffalo, and other beasts of the forest. If, indeed, occasional hints escaped the lips of some candid traveller, of the unhealthiness of the climate—of stagnant waters—of mists and dense fogs, that rose from the murky soil, bearing in their embraces the deadly miasmæ, the mother of fever, and agues—they were disregarded in the general desire to believe that there was a country to which man might flee, to rid himself of the miseries of his present condition.

At first these delusive tales served only to divert the mind of Mr. Excitable from the distress around him, by forming agreeable topics of conversation for him and some intimate friends, whilst seated around a comfortable fire, during the prevalence of some raw, rainy days of a cold summer, or some bitter storms of a long, inclement winter. They had the very pleasing effect of drowning their minds in forgetfulness of the pelting storms, and of the hardness of the times; whilst they were delightfully entertained by listening to relations of anecdotes of individual successes in the far West, and in anticipations of realizing as much one day themselves.

Many a time has Mr. Excitable lost himself in these dreamy socialities, wiling away hours that would otherwise have hung heavy on his hands, but always awakening at last, to the sternness of reality. As the times grew harder, the western fever—as the desire for western emigration was very aptly styled—increased, in equal, and more than equal proportion, until people not only talked of removing, but actually did remove, in numbers, to the and flowing with milk and honey. Mr. Exci-

table saw one after another of his friends and acquaintances pull up stakes and set off bag and baggage for the west, cursing the country of their birth, and filled with high hopes for the future. This made him look about himself in earnest. He saw that the anathemas of the emigrants were not unprovoked; and, through the eye of discontent, he viewed his country in a truly deplorable condition. A succession of unproductive seasons had nearly ruined the farming interests, and brought real distress upon the country. From raising a superabundance, the inhabitants could not raise half enough to supply themselves with bread, and were forced to import the produce of the west, to keep them from starvation. Thus, traders, mechanics, everybody suffered, and business of all sorts was almost at a stand still. But what was worst of all, he saw his old friends and associates leaving him one by one for a better land; friendships of long standing were broken up, and his social circle gradually disappeared, under the operation of the western mania.

"What," said he, in despair, one day, near the middle of June, as he looked out of his office window, and beheld the sleet of snow and rain driven through the air by a stiff north-easter, whilst the temperature of his room required a fire to render it comfortable; "What is there here worth longer living for? Only see this pitiless storm, giving sad evidence that old winter has not yet let go its grasp, although it is of a season of the year that corn ought to be out of the ground, and up large enough to be hoed. But it is not, if, indeed, it ever will be, as it must be by this time quite rotted in the hill; and, in fact, it may as well be so, for should it grow, and live to see the middle of August, it will most likely be rudely cut down by Jack Frost, ere it be ripe enough to gather; so it has been for the last three years; and this is the fourth year that the crops have failed; and there is every prospect of there being as many more before a change will come for the better. I see nothing but distress around me; my neighbor's faces exhibit only discontent and alarm—business is bad—the times are out of joint, and I am dying with *ennui*. In fact it is time, high time, that I were closing up my concerns too, and making arrangements to follow to a better land." And Mr. Excitable turned and paced the floor rapidly, as he cogitated long and intensely with himself upon the propriety of taking this important step. The day continued gloomy enough, favoring very much his train of thought, and by the time he was ready to go to tea he had about made up his mind to close business and be off.

This determination, however, as yet vague and indefinite, was almost instantly driven from his mind by the domestic scene that, as usual, awaited him at his home. We have before stated that Mr. Excitable possessed a lovely family. We repeat the statement; and when Mr. Excitable entered his

house, and beheld his smiling partner waiting, as usual, to receive him, and conduct him to the family board, that was set out in his snug little parlour, laden with its accustomed delicacies, and around which already were gathered two blooming daughters, and a laughing, chubby little boy, who saluted him on his entrance, in a noisy, but welcome voice, by an endearing epithet, it requires no stretch of the fancy to conceive how quickly the parent's and husband's mind was changed from its gloomy, discontented mood, to a state of pleasure, and delightful satisfaction, on meeting his family circle. His heart condemned him for indulging in fanciful unhappiness, when there was so much real happiness in store for him, and of which he tasted every day. Instantly forgetting his troubles in his chit chat with the members of his family, he no longer deemed himself a lonely man. Fortunately, the following day was warm and pleasant; the storm having given place to a mild air, and softening sun, sweet presages that summer had, at length, actually set in. This change in the weather seemed to confirm the change in Mr. Excitable's mind, for he settled himself quietly to business, and thought no more of going to the west during the whole summer, his neighbors, being too busy with their agricultural operations to spend time to talk with him on subjects that did not immediately affect their particular callings, and he being himself too much engrossed with his garden, his business, and the amusements of the season, to allow of his mind wandering to distant scenes and prospects for comfort or consolation.

But this delightful season, (as Canadian summers generally are,) could not always last. Late fall came, alas! too soon, with its long rains and deep mud, to cut short the pleasures of summer; and dark, dismal November, with its sleets, frosts, and high winds, ushering in old winter, ere the poor husbandman had fully secured his hard and precarious earnings. Happy would it have been for Mr. Excitable, had he been able to muster sufficient resolution to shake off the symptoms of his returning malady during this trying season. But this he could not do. As the dreary months, when to leave the house was a thing almost impossible—when business was at nearly a dead stand, and men sought the comfort of their heated stoves, or fire-places, passing their time as best they might, when the blasts of winter swept triumphantly over the plain—as these dreary months advanced, and they were not short, Mr. Excitable felt a renewal of his despondency, *ennui*, and discontent, with redoubled force. He strove—vainly strove—to combat his disease, and overcome it by turning his attention to the arrangement of his books, and looking up old accounts; and when this resource was exhausted, by reading political papers, and, finally, novels and romances; but all would not do. He had once given way to the deemon discontent; he had once suffered the tyrant

fancy to poison his mind's peace; he had once allowed the imagination to transport him from the things of reality to the regions of air and nothingness, to seek happiness and consolation; and all his powers were not now sufficient to shake off the illusive approaches. Every return of bad weather—every word of complaint uttered by a disappointed neighbour—and every wayward thought that carried his imagination to the land of happiness, where his friends, by report, were enjoying the fruits of their enterprise, brought him to a painful sense of his misery, and aroused the flame of his discontent; and several times before the opening of spring, had he made up his mind to emigrate, and as often had he been turned from his purpose by the same powerful cause before related; but at every succeeding time, however, with less decision and certainty, until he had at last arrived at the condition of the traveller, who, coming to two roads leading in different directions, is indifferent which to take, and decides the point by raising his cane to let it fall to the ground, and the road it favours in its fall to pursue.

In this situation Mr. Excitable received a long letter from a particular and much valued friend, who had emigrated to the west a year or so before, reciting, in glowing language, the natural advantages and unexampled beauty of the country, and acquainting him with his perfect success in business, and the delights of his new home, concluding with a strong invitation to come and see for himself. This communication instantly decided his wavering mind; and, animated by the glorious prospects it conjured up in his heart, he resolved to set himself in earnest about closing up his concerns, in preparation for as early a removal as circumstances would admit of. He flew to his wife, and reading to her the gladsome epistle, he acquainted her with his determination. Being a sensible woman, she some time combated his resolution, urging, with much force, all the objections she could think of. But her husband was for this once unchangeable. He maintained his position, by many powerful arguments and convincing truths, till Mrs. Excitable was forced to yield a reluctant consent to the arrangements for the contemplated undertaking.

Mr. Excitable went to work instantly. He wrote to his friend in the west, when he might look for him; and actually directed him to look out a piece of land for him against he should arrive. He began to contract his business, make settlements, enforce payments of his dues, and make sales of his loose property, at whatever sacrifice, and to do everything with an eye single to this great object. In the excitement of those movements, he found relief from his ennui, and, in the bright anticipations for the future, consolation for present sacrifices.

In the mean time spring opened. Its bright sun, and budding vegetation, welcome indices of na-

ture's renewed life, made him half-remorseful of his determination to desert forever these pleasing returns, interwoven, as he now found them to be, into his very nature. But, as summer advanced, and showed prospects of another cold season, he renewed his strength, and hastened his preparations with more zeal than ever.

The month, the day, at length came when Mr. Excitable was to start; when, lo! he found he had just come to the reality of his great undertaking. No longer borne up by bright anticipations, he discovered it was no easy nor delightful task to leave his homestead, round which circled so many fond associations, in the hands of strangers,—to dispose of real estate in the present hard times,—to take leave forever of his friends and associates, and set out for a strange land, to be reached only by a long, tedious journey, where he would be obliged to commence life anew, forming acquaintances and connexions that it was beyond his knowledge whether they would prove advantageous or destructive to his future peace and prosperity. He thought of his family, now happy in the enjoyment of every thing desirable to render life comfortable in this world of woe; and shuddered to think they might fall victims to the western fevers, or meet with a watery grave on the boisterous lakes, or come to some other violent end on the road. He thought how his tender wife might reproach him for being the cause of all this; whilst she herself might be languishing on a bed of sickness, brought on by over-exertion and fatigue on the road; and he drew back in alarm, as if from the brink of a horrid precipice.

Then he looked upon the parish church, and instantly a long train of events and remembrances—some sad, some joyful—rose up before his repentant mind. Within its sacred walls had he been united to the wife of his bosom, in early life, when the passions were strong and deep, by the same grey-headed old pastor, who had, in after years, prayed beside his tender babes, as their last breath was escaping to the Father who gave it, and whose little bodies were sepulchred in the adjoining burying ground. The many happy, as well as sad, but shortened hours, he had passed there, listening to the holy truths of the gospel; as they fell from the preacher's lips, and witnessing religious ordinances, as well as a thousand other incidents and associations that clustered around the hallowed place, recurred forcibly to his imagination, and he wept like a child, for the first time since his boyhood.

Mr. Excitable was not a man to withstand these feelings of humanity; they were vastly more powerful than the inclination to go to the west, and as suddenly as he had formed his resolution to emigrate, did he now abandon the idea, exclaiming: "I cannot tear myself from these associations of my childhood, youth, and manhood. This country, although it is now suffering from hard

seasons, is still my country—the land that gave me birth, that has reared me to manhood, that contains the ashes of my honored parents, and of my sweet babes. It is my home, my *only* home, and I never will leave it. Away with the splendid dreams of wealth and happiness in another land. I will die here, where I was born, though I may be a poorer, yet no doubt, a happier, a better man!"

Mrs. Excitable was highly pleased when her husband informed her of the change in his purposes, declaring she would rather live and die here in poverty, than run the chance of meeting any thing better in a foreign land.

Mr. Excitable now proceeded to counteract his former arrangements, but found he had lost by his western fever far more than he had ever dreamed of. The sacrifices he had made on his property were nothing compared to the disorganization of his regular business. He soon found to his sorrow that the relations he had, by his folly, severed, were not soon, if ever, to be renewed. His old customers had betaken themselves to new houses, and were shy about returning. His friends, having made up their minds to lose him, and made calculations accordingly, looked upon his stay in rather a disappointed mood, and the public had somehow lost confidence in him. He therefore found his influence materially lessened, in all quarters, to what it was before his fracas, when he was regarded by every body as a staid, substantial man.

In this dilemma he labored on patiently from day to day, hoping in time to recover from the shock. But, unluckily, the times proved hard; business was dull, money scarce, and, added to the whole, political troubles came to add their share to his embarrassments. The consequence was *another attack of his western fever*.

He now viewed emigration as a matter of necessity; as he despaired of ever regaining his former position. Again did he determine, in a fit of despair, to break up business and be off; and again was his mind assailed by the powerful considerations before related, and forced to yield submission to their influence: and these resolves, and re-resolves, as times and circumstances changed, or as his feelings dictated, at last grew upon him to such a degree that they created a kind of disease, or morbid affection of the mind, from which he was hardly ever free, except when engaged in the duties of some of the most busy seasons of the year—producing a sickness of mind and purpose, highly detrimental to the prosperity of his business, and rendering him a miserable man.

After several years spent in this mood, Mr. Excitable withdrew altogether from business, and retired to a farm; flattering himself still with the intention of going to the west, when he should get in his dues, or if he *should* fail in this long cherished pro-

ject, to embark all his means in some profitable speculation at home, hoping thereby to retrieve, with one stroke, his lost character and standing. But he has never done either. He has ever continued a prey to his western mania, and still lives in hopes of accomplishing his desires, although now considerably past the active years of his life: whilst his family, in consequence of his uncertainty of purpose, are growing to years of discretion, without any particular object in view, awaiting as it were, their parent's destination, in order to form their future course of life; and ten to one if the springs of their youthful minds are not chilled, and their fond hopes fatally destroyed, by the cruel prostration of their kind and indulgent, but unhappy father. And these are the consequences of giving way to discontent and following the illusions of fancy.

Reader! is this a single case? Has it no parallel within the range of your acquaintance?

(ORIGINAL.)

THE SUMMER'S GONE.

The summer's gone; and of the gentle train
Of plants and flowers, that spring, and bud, and bloom,
And paint with beauty summer's fragrant plain,
None now retains its richness or perfume.

The summer's gone, and the rich, vocal grove,
Leafless and voiceless lies, and not a wing
Is seen, or voice is heard, of life and love,
Of all that came and perished there since spring.

The summer's gone! Myriads of sentient things
Sprung into life with her; sported and shone,
And filled the murmuring air with glancing wings;
The sunbeam passed away, and they are gone.

And is this all? Alas! full many an eye
That beamed in brightness then is wet with tears;
And trustful hearts, that loved us well, now lie
With hopes, deep buried 'mid the wreck of years.

Lovely and pure as were those gentle flowers,
We knew *them* not till they were called away;
They passed together from earth's withered bowers,
Alas! these come not at the voice of May!

The summer's gone; but soon with spring again,
Fresh flowers shall blush and breathe upon the air;
And joyous voices haunt the grove and glen;
But those loved lost ones, shall not meet us there.

RUSSELL.

A CHAPTER ON GRAVES.

"The depth of human reason must become
As deep as is the holy human heart,
Ere aught in written phrases can impart
The might and meaning of that ecstasy
To those low souls, who hold the mystery
Of the unseen universe for dark and dumb.

As men journeying along through the toilsome paths of life, perhaps there is nothing which has so much power in binding them together by those links to which we owe so much of our earthly happiness, as the knowledge of the fate that will, one day or other, fall upon us all. If there were in our life all the chances and changes which it at present possesses, except the certainty of its speedy termination, men would care little to connect themselves by any strong ties with those from whom, ere long, they would be almost sure to be separated. But now, knowing their stay in this world will be but for a short time, and knowing also that their stay will be terminated by the same dark and gloomy grave, they cling to each other, and form those ties of public society and private affection, by which they may best administer support, comfort, and consolation to each other, during their brief pilgrimage.

It is to these institutions of society, springing from a sense of companionship in sorrow, that we owe most of our bodily comforts. But in these cold forms and ceremonies we should find but little comfort for our hearts. Man, possessing a soul, spiritual and unchangeable in its nature, can find happiness only in a fellowship with beings also spiritual. And many are the spirits from the unseen world that haunt our minds, as we journey on our earthly course holding a strange and mysterious communion with our hearts, and causing us to live an inward and unseen life, without which our outward life would be poor indeed. Many and various are the forms in which they array themselves. Some come before us in vestures of glory, filling our hearts with high and holy thoughts, as they whisper to us strange tidings of the world whence they have come. Some come, the spirits of departed ages, calling up past scenes, and bringing examples of those who have lived and died before. Others come, the spirits of futurity, bringing to our minds' eye pictures of lovely sunny scenes, in which we fondly hope we may sometimes play our part; or bearing a darker or a more gloomy form, as they cast a shadow over our spirit, the dim forebodings of coming sorrow. Others are there,

"That haunt the steps of the lone and forsaken,
And the echoes of hours that are gone they awaken;
When the loved one is gone and all would be drear
To the heart in its loneliness, then come they near
They gather the flowers, the bluebell or rose,

Or they scorn not the meanest flower that grows.
And they weave them into a magic chain,—
Though the flowers may wither, the spell doth remain,—
And when they bind up the heart that's in pain,
And awaken the spirit to gladness again,
Then all around it they breathe through the trees,
And whisper a voice on the magic breeze;
A voice still and gentle, which yet can reveal
That name to the heart that its sadness can heal."

Of all these spirits, so many and so various in their nature, there is not one so constantly with us as the spirit of the grave. In our gayest scenes, when all is brightness and mirth and health around, that gaunt spirit raises his shrouded form among us. When we are alone, he is with us. When we are in the throng of life, he is with us. When we look upon the face of nature, in every chance and every change around, we see the impress of that spirit's form. The wild wind, as it scatters the leaves on their autumnal tomb, seems to whisper his name. If we gaze on the loveliest prospect that this world can afford, we see in the midst thereof a grave.

But this spirit, as he wanders with us in his daily walks, hath cast a veil over the fearfulness of his aspect, so that we look upon him with an unfeared eye: we dread not his presence.

"Is it not wonderful, the darkest day
Of all the days of life,—the hardest wretch
That tries the coward sense,—should mix itself
In all our gentlest and most joyous moods
A not unwelcome visitant? that thought,
In her quaint wanderings, may not reach a spot
Of lavish beauty, but the spectre form
Meets her with greeting, and she gives herself
To his mysterious converse?"

It is well to go to the "old kirk-yard," and wander among the graves, to commune with death in his own domains; to see the noble and the sordid side by side; the master and the slave. Nowhere do we see a fairer view of man than in their graves, for their faults lie buried with them. "Man wars not with the dead. It is a trait of human nature for which I love it." And is it not well to pass by the graves on our way to worship in the temple of that God whose eternal temple we must enter through the grave.

But there are graves of another kind. Is not each man's heart a grave, wherein lies buried many a sad and mournful memory? Many bright and glorious forms fill our youthful hearts, making all around us seem glad and merry with their presence. As in the healthful child of half-a-dozen years we see no symptoms of decay and death, so we deem that these visions and hopes of our youth will last forever. But time, as its years roll on, spares them not. One by one they fade, they die; and in our

hearts they make their tomb, chilling them with the chill of death. And often what pangs of fearful agony are there, ere they thus sink to rest in that cold sleep! When some fond affection, that the heart hath cherished as its dearest, holiest treasure, is blighted, scorned, betrayed—all the bright dreams and visions of a whole life changed to a dread desolation,—long and bitter are the sufferings of that heart, ere the spirit that had so beautiful, so glorious, so loved a form, can die. And, oh! when their grave is in the heart, what a dreary blank and void doth all around it seem!

Over our churchyard graves the green grass grows, and many a flower of beauty to deck the pillows of the dead, and breathe a perfume around their resting place. And are there no flowers of the heart that bloom over the graves of buried hopes and loves? Sweet and holy flowers are there of gentle and beautiful thoughts,—thoughts that spring from the chastened heart, as yewer from the stricken rock,—thoughts that shed their own sad sweetness over many a poet's page, thoughts that have borne with them many a heart from this poor earth, to the heaven that ever shed a brightness over the darkened spirit. And as the flowers in our churchyard seem to waisper of life even at the grave, so do these funeral flowers also tell that those affections and earnest longings of the soul, though lost to us for a little time, will one day live again; that though they are now in a sleep from which there is no earthly awaking, they will rise again, and in a form more pure, more holy, and more heavenly.

I will never believe that those earthly children of a heavenly love were formed but to perish. Flowers were they from heaven, and though in the sinful soil of our hearts they withered and died, when we are borne into their own warm climate, beneath their own sunny sky, and the dry ground of our souls is watered by the blood of redeeming mercy, then will those flowers again revive, and blossom, and spread abroad their green branches, and bear glorious fruit,—the fruit of love, and peace, and consolation.

And there are too in our hearts—less gloomy and mournful in their nature—graves of thought. Is there not buried there many a lovely and gentle thought, that has come, surely, from a better world, to shed a momentary ray of joy and brightness on our spirits? They have passed through our minds so quickly that we have scarce known them; for in the rude sinfulness of our nature, they found no home or resting-place for their own pure essences; and so they died almost ere they were born. But in our hearts have they made their graves, and over their sepulchres also have sprung flowers—flowers that have given promise of their rising. For in that day when the graves shall be opened, and the fetters of death broken,—when our bodies shall arise from the loathsome bed of corruption, clothed in

a glorious immortality,—then also shall there be an awakening of the heart, and from the depths in which they lie buried, shall be called forth each dream and vision that hath haunted the spirit, and every thought shall be arraigned—a fearful array—before the tribunal of the Judge. And then shall those on whom the blood hath been sprinkled be changed, even as our bodies shall be changed; and these dearly loved guests of our hearts, which died in this cold stranger world, shall arise, clothed in the beauty of a heavenly immortality, to enter the home whence they came. And then, in our own land, they shall form for us the paradise of which they could only teach us to dream here; while each thought of beauty, whose brightness was dimmed and hidden in the dark murky atmosphere of our souls, shall there shine forth as a glorious jewel to deck our brows.

Upon the grave of the murderer there rests a curse; no flowers will bloom over it. So there is no curse that can fall upon our hearts so dire, as the curse of secret sinful thoughts. They lie there mouldering and rotting, converting all around them into loathsomeness and corruption; casting a withering blight over our whole souls, so that no green thing or flower of beauty may bloom there; all is a gloomy, dreary waste. Men see not upon earth the corruption that lies rankling beneath the surface; they know not what it is that sends a man forth among his fellow men unloving and unloved, a curse wherever he goes. But for such an one there shall also be an awakening; and when he shall stand before his Judge, from his heart shall be called up all these black thoughts, that shall stand fearfully forth, as the mark, the brand upon his vesture, of a cursed immortality.

Oh, then, as we kneel upon the grave, and pray that our death may be "the death of the righteous, and our last end like his," let us strive and pray against *thought sins*, lest they make their graves in our hearts, and blight our spirits with their curse. Let us pray that, during our earthly life, our inner and unseen world may be peopled by spirits from the heaven, that may first brighten our existence here, and afterwards bear up our souls on their angel wings to their own blessed home!

MAN CREATED TO BE USEFUL TO HIS FELLOW MEN.

THERE is no man, but God hath put many excellent things into his possession to be used, improved, and managed by him for the common good and interest; for men are made for society and mutual fellowship. We are not born for ourselves alone, *but every other man hath some right and interest in us, and as no man can live happily in this world without the help and assistance of others, so neither is any man exempt or privileged from being in his place some way beneficial to others.*—*Dr. Calamy's Sermons.*

(ORIGINAL.)

THE BACKWOODSMAN.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Son of the Isles ! rave not to me,
Of the old world's pride and luxury ;
Why did you cross the western deep,
Thus, like a lovelorn maid, to weep
O'er comforts gone, and pleasures fled,
Mid forests wild, to earn your bread ?
Did you expect for art to vie
With nature here, to please the eye ?
That stately tower and fancy cot
Would grace each new concession lot :
That, independent of your health,
Men would admit your claims to birth ?

No tyrant's fetter binds the soul,—
The mind of man's above control ;
Necessity, that makes the slave,
Has taught the free a course more brave ;
With bold, determined heart to dare
The ills that all are born to share ;
Believe me, youth, the truly great
Stoop not to mourn o'er fallen state ;
They make their wants and wishes less,
And rise superior to distress ;
The globe they break, the sheaf they bind,
But elevate a noble mind.

Contented in my rugged cot,
Your lordly towers I envy not ;
Though rude our clime, and coarse our cheer,
True independence greets you here—
Amid these forests, dark and wild,
Dwell's honest labour's hardy child ;
His happy lot I gladly share,
And breathe a purer, freer air.
No more by wealthy upstarts spurned,
The bread is sweet by labour earned ;
Indulgent heaven has blessed the soil,
And plenty crowns the woodman's toil :
Beneath his axe the forest yields,
Its thorny maze to fertile fields,—
No care pursues from day to day,
No tythe has he, no rent to pay ;
This goodly breadth of well tilled land,
Thus purchased by his own right hand ;
With conscience clear, he may bequeath
His children, when he sleeps in death ;
And faithful memory o'er his sod
Shall carve no stone to mark his rest ;
He feared no man—and trusted God—
By those he loved, revered and blessed.

Belleville, 1842.

LET TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD GRAPPLE.

WHO EVER knew Truth put to the worse in a free
and open encounter ?—*Milton.*

AFRICAN NOTIONS OF THE RACES.

THEY could not see that there was anything in our customs more agreeable to flesh and blood than in their own, but would at the same time, admit that we were a wiser and a superior race of beings to themselves. For this superiority some of their wise heads would try to account ; but this they could only do on the ground of our own statements, that a Great Being made man.

A wily rain-make, who was the oracle of the village in which he dwelt, once remarked after hearing me enlarge on the subject of creation : "If you verily believe that that Being created all men, then, according to reason, you must also believe, that in making white people, he has improved on his work ; he tried his hand on Bushmen first, and he did not like them, because they were so ugly, and their language like that of the frogs. He then tried his hand on the Hottentots, but these did not please him either. He then exercised his power and skill and made the Bechuanas, which was a great improvement ; and at last he made the white people ; therefore," exulting with an air of triumph at the discovery, "the white people are so much wiser than we are, in making walking houses (waggons,) teaching the oxen to draw them over hill and dale, and instructing them also to plough the gardens, instead of making their wives do it, like the Bechuanas." His discovery received the applause of the people, while the poor missionary's arguments, drawn from the source of Divine truth, were thrown into the shade.

AFRICAN NEATNESS.

THEY could not account for our putting our legs, feet, and arms in bags, and using buttons for the purpose of fastening bandages round our bodies, instead of suspending them as ornaments from the neck or hair of the head. Washing the body, instead of lubricating it with grease and red ochre, was a disgusting custom, and cleanliness about our food, house, and bedding, contributed to their amusement in no small degree. A native, who was engaged roasting a piece of fat zebra flesh for me on the coals, was told that he had better turn it with a stick, or fork, instead of his hands, which he invariably rubbed on his dirty body for the sake of the precious fat. This suggestion made him and his companions laugh extravagantly, and they were wont to repeat it as an interesting joke wherever they came.

HAPPINESS OF HOTTENTOTS.

THEIR supreme happiness consists in having abundance of meat. Asking a man who was more grave and thoughtful than his companions what was the finest sight he could desire, he instantly replied, "A great fire covered with pots full of meat ;" adding, "how ugly the fire looks without a pot !"

OUR TABLE.

CHEMISTRY, IN ITS APPLICATION TO AGRICULTURE AND PHYSIOLOGY—BY JUSTUS LIEBIG, M. D.

F. R. S. &c. &c. &c.

For all practical purposes connected with agriculture, this book will be found one of the most valuable published for many years. The author has entered fully into the nature of the different soils, and the species of earths necessary to the production of the several kinds of grain and fruits usually cultivated. We are given to understand that where his suggestions have in this country, been submitted to the test of experiment, the results have been all that could be wished. We are glad to see that the work has been republished in a cheap form, and we would earnestly recommend farmers to read it, and, if possible, turn its suggestions to their own advantage and the advantage of the country.

EVERY BOY'S BOOK—BY JOHN GEORGE BRIDGES.

This little book, intended for the use of schools, for which it is peculiarly adapted, being an exposition of the principles of the British Constitution, with which it is very desirable that the people should be thoroughly acquainted. The book has been well received, by the people and the press, and it is more than probable that it will be generally adopted.

LIEBIG'S ANIMAL CHEMISTRY.

Among the cheap works reprinted in New York, this is the first attempt to introduce reading of a stable and valuable character. The book is spoken of as one treating lucidly of the subject which forms its title; and from the reputation of its author we should judge that the encomiums bestowed upon it are not unmerited. It is offered at so cheap a rate that none who desire to possess it need for a moment deny themselves the pleasure.

PEOPLE'S EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

A CHEAP edition of the Waverley Novels, neatly printed in Edinburgh, and issued in monthly parts, is now in the course of publication, and will be ready for delivery in Canada on the 1st of January. Of course, it is unnecessary to speak of the value of these novels, which, by the greater part of the people, have been read, while those who have not enjoyed that pleasure must have heard enough of their extraordinary excellence to set the appetite on edge. The mode of publication, and the extremely moderate charge, are such as to secure for them an extensive circulation, by which only can the publishers hope to receive any remuneration for their enterprise.

THE ABBOTSFORD EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

This is intended to be a magnificently illustrated edition of these Novels. The embellishments alone are said to have cost a sum which, in this country, seems to be almost beyond belief—thirty thousand pounds sterling. It will be issued in three shilling parts, two every month until completed. Armour and Ramsay are the Canadian publishers of both editions.

THE QUEEN'S BOUDOIR AND MUSICAL ANNUAL, FOR 1813.

This is one of the most magnificent books of the season, being intended for circulation among the most elevated and wealthy classes in the empire. The embellishments, though few in number, are perfect specimens of the art of Chromo-Lithography, a branch of art which is rapidly assuming an important place among the improvements of the age. The music is spoken of by the English critics in terms of the highest praise, and being intended for the ear of those whose tastes have been refined in the best schools of the empire, it is to be presumed that the critics speak correctly. Among the presents which, at the approaching season of gift-giving, will be in request, we fancy this will take the lead.

TO THE READERS OF THE GARLAND.

In announcing the termination of another volume, it is a duty, to us as pleasing as it is imperative, gratefully to acknowledge the general favour with which our humble offering has been received. By that favour, the *Garland* has been enabled triumphantly to pass the dreaded ordeal of uncertainty and doubt with which previous failures had invested all attempts to cultivate, in what was believed to be the ungenial soil of Canada, any thing so easily blighted as the tender and delicate plants which blossom in the literary garden. But the soil is not ungenial. Intellectually as well as physically, it possesses all the elements necessary to place it in a respectable station among its contemporaries; and though, for a season, circumstances have retarded, or may retard its progress, the day will come when Canada will not be without its representatives in the great "world of literature."

The *Garland*, it is well known to many, was undertaken more as an experiment, and with the intention of fairly testing the problem, whether such a work could be sustained by resident or native writers, than with any expectation, immediate or remote, of deriving from it pecuniary profit. Indeed, with the discouraging predictions which every where assailed us, and with the fate of all its predecessors before our eyes, it would have been fool-hardy in the extreme to have expected personal advantage from it. But it was also intended that nothing should, after one year, be lost by it, save the pleasant labour of its preparation; and if it yielded not sufficient to support itself, to suffer it to sink quietly into the grave, "unhonoured and unsung." As month after month rolled past, however, it gradually found its way into public favour, until, at the conclusion of the first volume, notwithstanding the unhappy dissensions which then lacerated the country, it was found to have far exceeded the expectations of those who were the least fearful of its ultimate success.

The experiment, then, was so far successful. The press aided it with frequent commendations, and the public generally acknowledged the justice of their criticism. Contributors increased in number, to such a degree, that, instead of being at a loss for original matter, it became a delicate task to select from among the multitude of flowers, those which were rarest and fairest. And thus was one discouraging prediction falsified, and the question affirmatively answered, which originally prompted the establishment of the *Garland*.

Now, at the expiration of four years, (during which time the circle of its friends has gradually widened and increased, insomuch that at the present time it is monthly welcomed even in the remotest parts of Canada,) it becomes our duty to commence, as it were, anew.

With this intention, the next number will begin a new series of the work, which, we hope, will minister to the growing tastes of the community, and, at the same time, be supported by a liberality corresponding with the great extra outlay which has been incurred. If the support which we now anticipate, and which, judging from the past, we are warranted in anticipating, should be extended to our efforts, the result will be the establishment, within the Province, of a periodical, which shall not suffer in comparison with any of its class published on this continent. Already, as regards its contents, there are few who will give it a second place among the purely literary magazines published in America. In its external appearance it has hitherto lagged far behind them. Now, arrangements have been made to obliterate that reproach, and every species of material has been procured by which to impart to it all that is elegant in the productions of our neighbours. In embellishments, indeed, it is more than probable that for a

time we shall not equal them. But as we have never for a moment permitted ourselves to doubt that the enterprise will be sustained, so may we reasonably hope that, in a very short time, we shall have our magazine in all things equal to the most popular of its rivals.

In such circumstances, we trust, we may appeal to the whole community for support. The experiment is one in which all who are friends to literature in Canada are interested—and we may add, that those who desire to see the finer branches of art cultivated and flourishing among us, are also interested in the developement of the question; for although, at present, we must be supplied with engravings from other countries, it is only a beginning which is required to assure us that our own country will contribute something towards the advancement of the arts, even as already she has made no inconsiderable additions to the more substantial comforts of mankind.

In conclusion, we have only to state, that there will be no number of the *Garland* issued in December, it being intended to begin the new series in January, in order that the whole of each volume may, in future, be comprised within the year.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.