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*Halt above the North End of the Dead Seal*

# THE LITERARY GARLAND,

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## FLORENCE; OR, WIT AND WISDOM.\*

BY R. E. M.

### CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Florence and Miss Westover made their appearance in the court-yard, they found the whole party assembled waiting for them. Lord St. Albans and Clinton were standing beside one of the carriages, conversing with Nina, whom they joined and earnest entreaties had succeeded in inducing to join the party, but as soon as the earl perceived his *fiuclt*, he hastened to assist her to mount, and then springing on his own steed, took his place beside her.

Miss Westover passed just then, conversing gaily with the young diplomatist, and a meaning smile lit up her face, which was not lost on its object. For some time after the cavalcade were in motion, Florence and her companion maintained an unbroken silence, his countenance grave, almost to sternness, hers calmly indifferent. Through wood and lawn and shady dell they journeyed on, without interchanging a word, but such harsh constraint was foreign to the gentle character of the young earl. His contracted brow relaxed, his eye softened, and he at length exclaimed:

"We had better be sincere with each other. This silence is wrong and unnatural. You will candidly confess that you have erred, and I will as candidly acknowledge that I have been angry and indignant, even perhaps beyond what I had a right to be."

"You have been angry with me—may I ask wherefore, my lord?" was the reply, uttered in tones, whose coldness proved how well the speaker had profited of Miss Westover's instructions.

"Wherefore! Your own heart can best tell you, why," he rejoined in accents less gentle, for her manner surprised and annoyed him.

"Really, your lordship seems fond of enigmas this morning; however, as I am but a poor guess, you will please unravel them for me."

"Here then is the key," and with a look of unusual irritation, he drew the sketch-book from his bosom.

"And what have I to do with that?" was the lofty reply.

"Have done with this farce, Florence; your clever acting, though it deceived many this morning, is wasted on me. That volume is yours, and 'tis useless to deny it."

For a moment she wavered—his suspicions evidently amounted almost to certainty, but still he had no proofs of her guilt, and it was better to adhere to the course she had entered on. With an affectation then, of angry warmth, she rejoined.

"You seem bent on insulting me this morning, lord St. Albans. Must I again reiterate to you, that I am innocent?"

"Florence! Florence!" said the earl, in mingled accents of bitterness and sorrow. "You had done better to confess your guilt, even in worldly policy, for your name, in your own hand-writing, is on the last page. Suspecting the truth, I fortunately succeeded this morning, in getting it out of Lord Manvers' hands ere he had time to decipher it. Tell me, will you assert your innocence still?"

This was indeed, an unexpected stroke, and his companion crimsoned to the roots of her hair, then paled again. Terrified, ashamed, ga-

thering courage from the very depths of her confusion, she at length vehemently exclaimed:

"And if I have stooped to falsehood, if I have unblushingly denied the truth, who is to blame? You, Sydney, you alone. It was to avert your stern anger, your bitter reproaches, that I have degraded myself as I have done."

"My stern anger, my bitter reproaches—never have I heard that accusation from other lips than yours, Florence, and 'tis a painful thing to know that the first human being who has ever feared me, is my plighted bride, she from whom, above all others, I would keep that sad lesson."

For some time they rode on in silence, his pale countenance betokening his inward emotion, whilst Florence's brow wore a look of careless indifference which she was far from feeling. Oh! well had it been for her then, had she listened to the secret whisperings of her own heart, which told her to end the disgraceful part she was acting—to unbend from the haughtiness so foreign to her character, and instead of braving her incensed lover, to seek his forgiveness. But Miss Westover's baneful counsels had taken deep root in her weak, unformed heart; already she deemed that she was reaping the good effects of following them. Never had the earl proved more tractable, and never had she been less humble or conciliating. Yes, Miss Westover was surely right, and she would obey her to the letter. In the midst of her virtuous resolves, they arrived at the bank of a narrow, but deep stream, which after flowing through many a shady dell, and velvet lawn of the park, dashed over a high ledge of rock, falling in a shower of living diamonds. Florence, who was a splendid horsewoman, bounded over the rivulet with fearless grace, and St. Albans quickly followed, but as he did so, he contemptuously cast the unlucky book which had fallen like an apple of discord among them, into its depths, exclaiming:

"Thus, Florence, do I cast from me all faith, all belief, in your sincerity or honour."

"'Twere better for you to stoop then, my lord, and gather them up again, as quickly as you can, for, believe me, I shall make no effort to restore them to you," was the haughty rejoinder.

"Florence, for both our sakes have done with this. You are trying me too far," he returned, with a wonderful effort of self-command.

"No, 'tis you, lord St. Albans, who are trying my patience and submission beyond all bounds," returned his companion, who was now getting into the spirit of the thing, as she fixed her sparkling eyes upon him, with an expression of haughty defiance, such as he had never yet beheld her wear.

"Good God! Florence, how fearfully you are changed!" exclaimed the earl, involuntarily recoiling from her; "or is it," and a smile of the bitterest scorn curled his lip, "or, is it that you are only appearing now for the first time in your true character? Pardon me, but have you not thrown off the mask rather prematurely?"

"Nay, 'tis you, my lord, who have been masquerading, not I—you, who beneath your apparent gentleness and diffidence, have concealed so stern and unrelenting a spirit—you who have taught me to shrink before your anger, to tremble at your frown; but I will do so no more. I will assert a little of my rights, and prove to your lordship, that I do not intend allowing myself any longer to be tutored like a child, or rather ruled as a slave."

"By Heaven! this is too much!" passionately ejaculated the earl, dashing his spurs into his steed. The animal bounded impetuously forward, but the rider suddenly reined him in, murmuring: "I will have patience yet awhile."

Turning towards Florence, his face pale but perfectly composed, he exclaimed:

"Words have passed between us, which I would give worlds to recall—to blot out from the pages of the past. That may not be, the hideous shadow of discord and anger hath already fallen between us, but let it not be so again. Drop the false character you have assumed, for, I know—fortunately for you—know that you are but acting a part, and that this haughtiness or bravado belongs not to your character. Now, mark me," and his brow grew rigid, "if I thought for one moment, that you were the proud, unwomanly being you have just affected, we should never look on each other again. I would leave home, friends, title, go to the uttermost ends of the earth, rather than wed eternal misery, by uniting my destiny with thine. These are harsh words, still 'tis better for me to speak them now, than at a later period. But we have not done yet. From my experience of your character, I feel convinced that you have not acted thus without a prompter, and I insist on learning who that prompter is. Certain am I 'tis not the gentle, pure-minded Nina Aleyn. Answer me, then,—who has dared to poison your heart thus, to instil into your heart such detestable maxims? I request, I insist upon knowing."

"You ask in vain; if it were even so, honour would command me to be silent, my lord."

"I commend your principle," returned the earl, in an accent which savored strongly of disdain. "Honour is a sacred thing, but honour does not prohibit me exercising my powers of judgment and reflection. Yes, I will tell you who has fitted you for the scene you have just

been enacting; your new friend, Miss Westover, your rival in wit and criticism, your teacher in every other unamiable quality. But listen to me, Florence; you and she must part—you must find some other friend and confidant, since Nina is too simple, too unworthy for your taste. Will you promise me to do so? it will be your interest to comply."

It is probable that had St. Albans asked anything else, even to utter an humble apology to himself, Florence would have unhesitatingly complied, for she was thoroughly weary of the character she had assumed, and longed to lay it aside; but the thing he had just proposed was morally impossible. What! give up her intimacy with so delightful a creature as Miss Westover! Who would enliven her mornings now, who would listen with so mirthful and sympathizing an ear to her mockeries and witticisms? And might she not divine the cause of her sudden coldness—tell it to her witty brother, and then what ridicule would be showered upon her. Oh! Lucinda spoke the truth. Her lover was indeed a tyrant, or he would never have asked anything so unreasonable. Bending over her steed, she carelessly caressed its glossy neck, coldly exclaiming:

"Your lordship is too exacting; you surely cannot expect me to sacrifice my feelings of affection for one who has proved herself a kind friend to me, simply because you have formed a sudden, and, I will dare to say, unfounded prejudice against her."

"Is this my final answer, Florence?"

"Yes, my lord; I am sorry it is not more in accordance with your wishes."

The earl bit his lip, and spoke no more till they had arrived at their destination, when seeing his companion joined by some of the company, he left her and sought not her side again.

Florence had no opportunity of private conversation with Miss Westover beyond a few whispered words, in which she informed her that lord St. Albans and herself had quarrelled, and that she feared much she had gone too far."

"Not at all, not at all," was the low-toned reply of her worthy adviser. "You have acted like a girl of spirit, and will reap the reward. Beware of bestowing on him one conciliating word or smile. To-morrow, he will be humbly suing for your forgiveness."

Florence had some faint misgivings that lord St. Albans would not prove quite as tractable as Miss Westover anticipated; however she strictly obeyed her counsels, instigated by the wish to show her friend, who narrowly watched her, her spirited independence; and the accomplishment

of this was easy enough, for her lover never spoke, or even looked at her. The waterfall was at length admired, the surrounding thickets explored, and the red beams of the setting sun warned the party to turn their steps homewards. Some unavoidable delay occurred, however, owing to the caprice of the lady Jacintha Stanton, who, when the party were all ready for starting, declared she was too weak and fatigued to ride. There was no room for her in either of the carriages, and lord St. Albans immediately despatched one of the servants for his own phaeton. The distance was considerable, but the man returned with all possible haste. A new obstacle now presented itself, for lady Jacintha, after casting a very dissatisfied glance at the slight vehicle and its fiery horses, openly expressed her intention of sleeping all night on the turf beside the waterfall, rather than risk her life in such a conveyance. Here was a dilemma. None of the ladies in the carriage seemed willing to exchange their comfortable seats for a place in the elegant, though perilous vehicle of his lordship, whilst the determined attitude of the young lady herself, as she leaned against a tree, an aggrieved pout on her pretty lip, told that she was resolved to remain firm to her first purpose. In vain the earl remonstrated, encouraged; in vain, promised to drive himself, with most scrupulous caution. All was of no avail, and secretly wearied and sick of the girl's obstinacy, he looked hopelessly around him. Suddenly his eyes encountered those of Nina, and in them he had read her purpose, even before she spoke, as she offered in a low tone to resign her seat to lady Jacintha.

With a grateful smile he sprang forward to assist her to alight, leaving lady Jacintha to the care of the other gentlemen, and as he carefully seated her in his own vehicle, he warmly exclaimed:

"Thanks, dear Miss Aley, I trust you will have no cause to regret trusting yourself to my guardianship."

"I say, St. Albans, are you going to drive yourself?" carelessly asked Clinton, as he approached and patted the neck of one of the steeds.

"Why?"

"Because if you would rather ride, I will willingly replace you, that is, if Miss Aley," and he smilingly bowed to Nina, "has no objections to the arrangement."

"Not the slightest," rejoined the latter with perfect simplicity; "but still I think the horses, accustomed to lord St. Albans' guidance, might prove restive with another; and I am a sad coward."

Clinton approached still nearer, and bending

down as if to examine the shaft of the carriage, murmured in French, the language in which he almost always addressed her:

"It grieves me to see that your trust in me equals not that which I place in you."

She looked up and saw with surprise a look of displeasure on his handsome features.

"Surely, you are not angry with me, Mr. Clinton; I meant not to undervalue your skill in driving; but the horses are long used to his lordship's management, and you must not blame me if I therefore put more confidence in him."

"Nay, 'tis not entirely that," and he looked steadily for a moment on her open countenance.

"You have not understood my meaning yet, I see," he added, as the cloud passed from his brow.

"Perhaps 'tis better you should not."

Nina, puzzled and embarrassed, she knew not why, turned away her head without reply. The earl, who wished to avoid further conference with Florence, at least for that night, which he could best do by retaining his position, and who besides felt unwilling to endanger his companion's safety by entrusting the fiery animals to other guidance save his own, would not second Clinton's evident wish to drive in his place, whilst the latter seemed as reluctant to resign his hopes. The matter was decided by lord Manvers, calling out:

"Why, Clinton, do you and lord St. Albans intend we should sleep *à la belle étoile* to-night? If you tarry much longer we will have no alternative."

"Oh! pray wait, my lord, till our gallant knights have settled their dispute as to which of them is to have the distinguished honour of driving the Queen of Love and Beauty," said Miss Westover with her sweetest smile.

"A post to which even Miss Westover herself could not do greater honour than Miss Aleyn," was Clinton's ungallant rejoinder. "But, however, my lord," he continued in a louder key, "rather than detain those good people longer, I must cede, unwillingly indeed, my place to you," and respectfully touching his cap to Nina, he sprang on his own steed.

"Heard you that, Florence?" whispered Miss Westover. "Look to yourself, or Nina Aleyn, ordinary, contemptible as she is, will yet work you mischief."

The look of angry jealousy that darkened for the first time the fair smooth brow of the earl's betrothed, proved that the speaker's venomous shaft had but told too well. And yet, how little passed between the earl or Nina that could have afforded matter for jealousy. The latter, naturally reserved, influenced by the example of her companion, who was unusually taciturn, and occupied

besides in pondering over the signification of Percival Clinton's last whispered words, felt in no mood for conversation. St. Albans himself, his heart torn with feelings, whose bitterness no pen could convey, could with difficulty disguise from her his uncontrollable emotion; and had she been less pre-occupied, had she but attentively looked at him, his pale contracted brow, and quivering lip, would have told her his sufferings. Once only were his thoughts diverted from their sad course, as in descending a steep hill one of the steeds betrayed unusual restiveness. Unconsciously influenced by his own irritated feelings, and forgetful of the presence of his companion, the earl reined him in with a harshness to which the animal was unaccustomed, and which but served to increase his impatience. Unable longer to restrain her terror, Nina suddenly grasped St. Albans' arm, and the act recalled him to himself. With a kind smile he turned to her, exclaiming:

"What! mistrusting me so soon, Miss Aleyn? But, you look terribly pale; forgive me, I have frightened you shamefully; believe me, though, it was unintentional."

"That plea would excuse far greater faults, my lord," rejoined Nina, her self-possession returning as the horse's restiveness subsided under his master's sudden soothing gentleness.

"'Tis a plea that is always yours then, Nina, for certain I am you never intentionally wound your enemies, much less those dear to you;" and as he spoke, he looked wistfully on the calm face on which he had as yet never seen one mocking smile or dark ungirlish expression. Loud whispered a secret voice: "She would never have unworthily repaid your love, never tortured your heart as your betrothed wife has done;" but turning from the inward tempter, he cast off with a strong effort the strange feeling of perilous interest in Nina which he had once felt before, and which was again stealing over him. Returning resolutely to his former gloomy reflections, he was soon absorbed in their bitterness, though when the steeds at length dashed up the avenue to the castle, and he kindly assisted her to alight, all traces of them had disappeared. Could Florence have but imagined the extent of suffering she had inflicted on his noble spirit, she would have humbled herself to the dust before him; but, alas! she neither knew nor appreciated the lofty principle, the deep ardent sensitiveness of the lover with whose most sacred feelings she so recklessly trifled. A thousand times more suited to him—a thousand times more worthy of him, was the humble, yet gentle-minded Nina Aleyn, and had he but known her, learned her noble,

though unostentatious qualities, before the brilliant and bewitching Florence had crossed his path, he might have been far happier. Most of the guests returned from their excursion, as the members of many a pleasure party often do, in the sulkiest and most discontented mood imaginable. Lady Westover and her daughter were equally indignant with the little attention the latter had received; Colonel Dalrymple, in climbing a height to enjoy the view from its summit, had unluckily rolled down, and severely scratched his elbow, an accident which happened also to lord Manvers, with the additional loss of an elegant riding whip, and though the gentlemen made light of the circumstance, it did not tend in the least to improve their tempers. The duke of Hastings and his lady-love, Miss Clifton, had quarrelled on the road; Percival Clinton, annoyed at the first setting out, by being thwarted in his wish to drive Nina, had rode sulkily by himself, whilst all were equally fatigued, ill-tempered, and disgusted. The magnificent collation awaiting them, however, the cheerful lights and sparkling wines soon banished the ill humour of some, though it dispelled not that of others. Of the latter number was Florence, who, suffering from a heart-ache as well as severe head ache, retired almost immediately to her own room, but not before she had seen the earl seat himself by Nina, smilingly declaring that as she had so courageously trusted herself to the mercies of his fiery horses, and his own equivocal driving, he was bound in gratitude to shew her, at least for that night, the most unlimited devotion. Keener than the bite of an asp was that speech, lightly as it was spoken, to the heart of Florence, in which Miss Westover had already so successfully awakened the demon of jealousy. Closing the door of her apartment, she flung herself on an ottoman in a storm of sobs and tears, whose violence remained for nearly an hour unabated. At length hearing Nina's light footsteps approaching, she hastily dried her eyes, and covered them with her hand, in such a manner as to shield them from observation.

"Are you better, Florence?" asked the intruder in an anxious voice. "I retired early to keep you company, for you must be lonesome here alone."

"You might have remained where you were, for I am quite well, and intend to retire to rest immediately," returned the other, in a tone she vainly strove to render gentle, yes, vainly, for at that moment she felt that from the depths of her heart she hated Nina, nor did the novelty of her feelings startle her—the gentle Lucinda had treated her too carefully for that.

The next morning Florence awoke with a violent headache, and she gladly availed herself of the opportunity to remain in her room, at least till evening, when a grand ball was to be given at the castle, invitations for which had been issued some time previous. The dread of meeting her lover, whose anger was still unappeased—the uncertainty of the reception that awaited her, tended to render an interview a thing to be avoided, and more than once she had determined to absent herself from the *fête* under plea of illness; still she thought it best to defer her decision till the last moment. Miss Westover failed not to visit her, and with remarkable generosity devoted a couple of hours to wiling away the tedium of her friend's sick room. To her did the latter confess her doubts and fears, disguising however in a great measure, her devouring anxiety, from the salutary fear of incurring her companion's ridicule. Miss Westover laughed away all her scruples, assured her she was pursuing the right course, that lord St. Albans was perfectly miserable, wandering about from room to room; longing for an opportunity of reconciliation, and finally concluded by advising her by all means to make her appearance in the evening, dressed with great elegance, and to look, if not feel, in the highest spirits. "By the bye, Florence," she continued, suddenly resuming the seat from which she had just risen. "I had almost forgotten to tell you that you have at long and at last found a powerful, a dangerous rival, and that in the person of the most bewitching and accomplished Miss Aleyne!"

Florence's colour angrily deepened, but she made no reply. Her companion went on:

"Yes, last night he remained at her side, till the young lady, doubtless overcome by the weight of her laurels, chose to retire. If you had seen her all the while looking up in his face with that diabolical, artful, *baby* look of hers, which so charms your clever and sapient lord, as well as that squire of forlorn dames, Mr. Percival Clinton, but which to me is most disgustingly insipid and palpably hypocritical. How on earth do you intend to manage her?"

"Manage her," returned Florence, with a smile of the bitterest scorn, "why, leave her alone. Think you jealousy could ever blind me sufficiently to permit me to imagine, even for a moment, that my betrothed, the earl of St. Albans, could stoop so low as that contemptible, insignificant nobody?"

"Very well, my dear, I am rejoiced to see you in so blessed a state of security," returned the fair Lucinda, who entertained some doubts on the score of her companion's loftily expressed tranquillity. "I would not for the world be so

cruel as to ruffle it by hinting that his lordship has already betrayed very unequivocal symptoms of deference and esteem, if not something more, for this little contemptible nobody, and is most warmly abetted by his friend and second self, Mr. Clinton. But *à propos* of this subject, who or what is Nina Aleyn? A daughter of some deceased tire-woman of Miss Murray's, I would wager; she bears the stamp of her origin in her face."

"No, you are wrong then; she is a relative of aunt Mary's, and if you can read origins so plainly in faces, you should see that her father was a half-pay officer, her mother, the child of one of the most respectable Swiss families in the Canton of Berne. They were not affluent—"

"Oh! the old story," interrupted Miss Westover, impatiently—"gallant father dies sword in hand, leaves no legacy to his family, but his dented helmet—young and lovely mother follows shortly after, of a broken heart, bequeathing, as a parting gift, to some dear friend, the sweet scion of so illustrious a tree. Heaven help your aunt Mary, if she is doomed to receive many legacies of the kind. But I must bid you farewell dearest, to go and see about my dress for the evening, I will be with you soon again," and with the dignified, yet graceful step peculiar to her, she left the room. Again alone, Florence leaned her head on her hand, and debated within herself, whether she should follow her counsel. After some wavering, she decided on the latter step, and many a long hour she passed before the mirror, endeavouring to heighten, by every art, the beauty, whose value she so keenly felt. It was her only card, and she played for a heavy stake. The guests had arrived, the dancing commenced, ere she left her apartment. But she heeded it little, and as she turned from her toilet glass, she murmured with a satisfied smile: "Sydney and I will be friends to-night. He scarcely can resist me."

Her confidence, however, was soon shaken, and she was doomed to learn, that even her spells at times lost their power. A few moments after her entrance, she found herself by accident, close to the earl. He could not, without rudeness, pass her unnoticed, and in the polite, but indifferent tone, in which he would have addressed the most perfect stranger, he expressed his regret at her disposition, congratulated her on her recovery, and then left her. Miss Westover, who had observed the conference, immediately crossed the room, but she met an unfavorable reception, for in return to her question, of what the earl had said, Florence pettishly rejoined: "Nothing but complimentary, and I do believe, it is

owing entirely to my having adopted your inflexible system of managing him. I had better try my own plan in future."

"As you will, my dear," returned her companion, with apparent carelessness, but in reality a little alarmed by this sudden waywardness. "As you will, yield now, when the victory is half won; but if you wish to read the secret of his lordship's obstinate firmness, look at him now—so plain a text needs no commentary."

The earl who had been standing beside Nina, for some time, conversing pleasantly with her, was just bending, to raise a bow of brown riband, which had detached itself from her dress, and which he perceived for the first time at his feet. Nina had been saying at the time, in reply to an offer he had made, of selecting a number of the best works of his favorite authors, French and English, to take with her to London. "Your lordship is very kind. I would I could make a suitable return for your favours."

"Confer this on me then," said the earl, placing the riband he had raised, with smiling, though unmeaning gallantry, in his bosom. "It will be reward enough, for 'twill serve as a talisman against all harsh or angry thoughts."

Nina at first objected, but he persisted, and looking on the matter as too trivial, too commonplace, to call for a second thought, she dismissed it. Florence had seen the act, without hearing the words which rendered it so unimportant, and her indignation was aroused to the highest pitch.

"Oh! Lucinda!" she impetuously exclaimed. "Eow I abhor that little hypocrite. I never knew I could hate so heartily before."

"Have patience awhile," was the consoling reply, "we will have our revenge soon; but here comes my brother, a petitioner for your hand. Talk cheerfully with him, and for heaven's sake do not look so gloomy and woe-begone, unless you wish your lordly lover and his guests to know you are pining beneath the withdrawal of his smiles."

Her advice was not disregarded, and soon a more animated or happy looking couple than Sir Edward Westover and his partner, could not be seen around. Lord St. Albans, after a few moments further conversation with Nina, left her. In crossing the room, his eye fell on the smiling Florence. For a time he watched her, with a sad, dissatisfied expression, but at length he turned away, murmuring:

"I see she is resolved to brave me out—to make no reparation to my outraged feelings—so be it; my patience will have an end." Suddenly a hand was laid on his shoulder, and Clinton's friendly voice exclaimed:



"Whither are you going with that care-worn brow?"

"Indeed I know not," and no answering smile illumined the speaker's countenance. "I would fess from my thoughts, if I could."

"What has happened?" returned Clinton, his manner instantly becoming grave. "Another dispute with that incorrigible Miss Fitz Hardinge?"

St. Albans bowed his head.

"Pshaw! man, 'tis nothing. A mere lover's quarrel."

"No, 'tis no lover's quarrel," said the earl, "unless you class under that head, angry, harsh recriminations, estranged feelings, openly avowed indifference."

"Good heavens! has it come to that?" hastily ejaculated his companion. "That is going too far, if you ever intend to call Florence your wife. Such early estrangements promise not well for the happiness of your wedded life."

St. Albans shook his head, murmuring with a bitter smile. "We shall see. We are not wedded yet."

"Perhaps you are too severe on Florence's thoughtlessness," resumed the other. "I know 'tis all about those confounded sketches, and after all, 'twas a mere girl's folly. Yet, no, she is exasperating beyond human endurance. Just look at her now—smiling, flirting with that conceited fool, Westover. "Ah!" and he drew a long breath between his closed teeth, "were she my affianced wife, and to dare to act as she is doing now, we should pretty soon settle our accounts."

"How can you stand it—or are you made of stone?"

"Nay, Clinton, such a thing as that would never cause me one moment's disquiet. I would not be unreasonable enough to expect that, from the moment I had offered her my hand, I should enter her every thought, word or look, and that she should render herself singular, perhaps ridiculous, by permitting me to do so. No—were that all I had to accuse Florence of, no shadow would ever have fallen between us."

"Well! St. Albans, I must say I cannot understand you," rejoined his companion, surveying him in unfeigned astonishment. "From what do you derive your stoicism?"

"From my perfect faith in Florence's love and honour. Were it otherwise, did I doubt her but one iota, I would cast her off, even quicker than yourself."

"Well! on this point we differ; one smile bestowed on another, would anger me more than a gallery full of sketches, and the most biting sarcasm showered on friend and foe. But, I say, St. Albans, where did you get that?" and the same expression of jealousy peculiar to him, sud-

denly darkened his countenance, as his eye fell on Nina's riband, which the earl had placed in his bosom, and had by that time entirely forgotten. "It belongs to Nina Aley's dress—did she give it to you?"

"Which? oh! this—no, I took it unauthorized. You need not look so lowering, 'tis no *gage d'amour*. Heaven knows I have enough to do and suffer from Florence, without adding to my troubles by worshipping another divinity."

"Yes," said Clinton, his brow relaxing, "I believe you. Were it another that displayed that favour, I would feel inclined to invite him to pistols, at ten paces distance, before another hour."

"My dear Percival," returned St. Albans gravely, "you are too suspicious, too ungovernably jealous for your own happiness, or that of any one nearly connected with you. If you have no intention of amendment, I would advise you to pay your court to some distant and beautiful star, for no mortal woman can ever please you."

"As yet I have never found one who could," returned the other moodily. "But, no, I am wrong there. Of late I have seen one who, even exacting as I am, might satisfy me, and who knows—perhaps were she differently placed, she might prove like the rest. They are all a false, deceitful race."

"No such thing, my dear Clinton; but you are as jealous and unreasonable a being as ever existed."

"Prove it!"

"Why! what greater proof could you ask than the sudden angry tempest that the sight of this simple riband conjured up! And what right have you to be so indignant? Even had Miss Aley, with her own hands, detached it from her dress and given it to me, what is that to you? I have as good a claim on her smiles and favours as you have. You are neither her affianced husband nor declared lover, and she is consequently at liberty to shed her smiles on any one who pleases her, even on young Westover, whom you so warmly dislike. And, now, Clinton, that we are on this topic, pardon the frank officiousness of an early friend, and tell me candidly, openly, your intentions with regard to our little friend. If they are serious, I have only to congratulate you on your choice, to honor you for your noble, disinterested attachment; but, if it be otherwise—if you are only paying the same court to Nina as you did to my Florence, to every new beauty that has appeared among us for the last six years, I entreat of you to reflect calmly on the cruelty of your conduct. Nina, young, inexperienced, unacquainted with the meaning of the very name of the fashionable

pastime flirtation, may take your attentions to be what they seem,—the homage of a devoted heart; and in return she may cherish for you feelings which will lay the foundation of her future misery."

"What! Nina in love, and with me!" exclaimed Clinton derisively. "Why, I tell you, St. Albans, that notwithstanding her other rare and priceless qualities, she has no more feeling, no more warmth of character than a marble statue—besides she is still a mere child in years, as well as in her total and amusing ignorance of the world."

"If she is such a child then, why do you pay to her the respectful homage that only a woman need expect? Your own upright judgment will at once tell you the folly of such a course; now, as to her want of feeling, I am certain you are mistaken. It is not always those who make the loudest protestations that should be most implicitly believed. Nina's apparently cold exterior, may and does cover sensibility as generous, feelings as warm as ever animated woman, and certainly those qualities lose nothing of their unsullied truth, their sacred freshness, by being concealed, instead of being paraded openly to the world's admiration, and more frequently its laughter."

"You seem well acquainted with Miss Aleyn's secret feelings—perhaps personal experience has enlightened you," said his companion with jealous quickness, but the next moment he laughingly exclaimed: "Talk not about Florence being incorrigible, I am ten times worse, but I promise, St. Albans, to think on what you have told me, and accept my sincere thanks for your friendly severity. Yes, I have been playing a false game—surrounding Nina with a lover's attentions, and expecting exclusive devotion from her in return, and all without giving the future one thought, without once asking my own heart where is all this to end. Resign Nina for ever—give up her society—impossible!—but marry her—present her to the world, to my proud relatives as my wife, Mrs. Percival Clinton,—'tis startling! How the dence can I have allowed myself to be entangled by the little plain-faced creature?—and yet, I can swear, she in no way abetted it. On that score my cold indifferent Nina is perfectly innocent; and I am certain that if she knew one single smile would bring me an humble suitor to her feet, the smile would be withheld. Often as I feel tempted to quarrel with her for it, I sometimes think it may be one of the most powerful charms I find in her; but a truce to further moralizing, we must return to the saloon, or our absence will be remarked."

## CHAPTER XV.

On entering the saloon, the first object on which the eyes of lord St. Albans and his friend rested, was Nina, the centre of a little coterie, evidently all engrossed with herself. Sir Edward Westover was standing behind her chair, his sister occupied an ottoman near, whilst Florence was seated on the couch beside her. The ladies Stanton, Miss Dashwood, with three or four gentlemen, were standing or sitting at some little distance, and had evidently suspended their own conversation to give their attention to the other party. The half-suppressed smile on the features of some, the mock gravity of others, at once enlightened Clinton, without the aid of words, and with a passionate exclamation of anger, he let go his friend's arm and darted forward a few steps; but suddenly changing his first purpose, he slackened his pace, and drew near the group unobserved. Miss Westover was speaking at the moment:

"So Miss Aleyn then prefers the classic regions of her own polished land to our barbarous, uncivilized London."

"If I must reply, I do," was Nina's calm rejoinder.

"But tell us why, Nina," asked Florence. "Is it driving goats to pasture, climbing the Alps in search of the stray kids? or perhaps it is the costume of whose elegant simplicity you afford us so striking a specimen, that you prefer?"

"Neither, but the kind-heartedness and hospitality of its people," she rejoined, preserving her self-possession without any evident effort.

"Oh! yes, you are all a very charming, patriarchal people, guarding your flocks, singing the *Ranz des Vaches*. How refreshing is such a picture of golden innocence. Who would not willingly exchange fashionable life and all its annoyances for a shepherd's cot and such Arcadian bliss?" and the solemn gravity of Florence's manner rendered it almost impossible for any of the listeners to maintain their seriousness.

"Have you brought no romantic relics from your own romantic land, dear Miss Aleyn?" asked Miss Westover. "Your crook or platted hat, for instance. They would be more portable than glaciers or waterfalls."

"Oh! Nina could not have a more interesting *souvenir* than her delightful foreign accent—it renders our harsh English words so musical," said Florence.

"Pray leave the task of complimenting Miss Aleyn to me," exclaimed young Westover with a low bow. "A lady can never render the same justice to another lady's merits that our sex can do."

"Nay, I am rendering Miss Aleyn full justice now. Do you think, Nina, a six months sojourn among your native hills would impart to me your charming accent? Pray, enlighten me."

"It would be more charitable of Miss Aleyn to enlighten you a little on the duties of common politeness," interrupted Clinton, who, unable longer to restrain his deep indignation, suddenly confronted Florence, his dark eyes measuring her with angry contempt.

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," whispered lord Manvers in high delight to his fair neighbour.

Florence, taken by surprise, for a moment quelled; but ere her enemies had time to rejoice over her discomfiture, she disdainfully rejoined:

"Perhaps, with Mr. Clinton's assistance, Miss Aleyn might succeed in doing so, but is it not necessary to learn a science ourselves before we undertake to teach it to others?"

"I do not know, Miss Fitz-Hardinge, for it strikes me you once professed to give me some lessons in benevolence and good breeding, which, if your own rule stands good, you would not have been able to do."

"Nay, Florence, 'tis useless to contend further with Miss Aleyn's champion," said Miss Westover, sarcastically. "In defending the cause of the lady of his choice, a gallant knight is sometimes tempted to forget the consideration he owes to the rest of the sex."

"I stand corrected, Miss Westover," returned Clinton, with a provoking bow of mock respect.

"In gratitude for the coveted title you have conferred on me, one which I deem it an honor to bear even in jest, I can overlook the somewhat sharp reprimand conveyed in your last words," and involuntarily he turned to Nina to read in her eyes the gratitude his truly generous speech deserved; but she had disappeared.

Miss Westover took advantage of the momentary cessation of hostilities to rise from her seat, and thus terminate an engagement in which Florence and herself were most certainly getting more than they gave. Anxious, eager to see Nina—to endeavour by his respect and sympathy to efface from her mind the cruel mockery of which she had so lately been the object, Clinton left the room to seek her, when the attention of the company who were one and all sincerely rejoiced at the discomfiture of the "wits," was diverted into other channels. Near the door he perceived lord St. Albans in careless conversation with the young duke of Hastings. On seeing Clinton the earl briefly apologized to his companion, and advanced towards him:

"Where are you going, Percival?"

"To seek Nina; but what is the matter?" he asked as he remarked the pale stern look of the speaker.

"I have heard all," was the brief but comprehensive reply. "Oh! Clinton, from my soul I envy you your happiness in having placed your affections on one like Nina Aleyn." The look of intense, unutterable suffering, which, despite his utmost efforts, suddenly convulsed his features, touched Clinton to the heart; but feeling the impotence of words at such a moment to impart consolation, he only pressed the hand of his friend, with a warmth and sincerity, however, which fully expressed his deep sympathy. In a moment St. Albans had recovered his outward composure, and after a few careless words in a louder key, he returned to his former companion, and Clinton entered on his search for Nina; but his pace was slower, for his thoughts were various and confused. The whole scene passed before him with vivid distinctness—the bitter mockery of Florence and her friend, and the calm unmoved composure of Nina, during a trial as bitter as any to which a young and shrinking girl could be subjected. The more he reflected on it, the more her singular calmness astonished him, and involuntarily he paused as he exclaimed half aloud:

"Can it be that Nina has no feeling—that this unnatural composure is but the type of a stultified, passionless insensibility? But this meeting will decide all—I will learn, now or never, if she is what my early fears sometimes represented her, or if indeed she is in all things worthy of my love."

Involuntarily he quickened his pace, but his speed availed him little—the object of his search was not to be found.

"She must have gone to her own room," he murmured, as in deep disappointment he turned to retrace his steps, but in passing the door of a small sitting room, seldom occupied, a sound as of a stifled sob fell on his ear. Filled with renewed hope, he gently pushed aside the door and entered. There was neither lamp nor taper in the apartment; but the bright rays of the summer moon filled the whole chamber with its silvery light, and clearly revealed the figure of Nina, who was seated at the open window, her head bowed on her arms, and sobbing with low, though passionate energy. Filled with a strange delight at these tokens of girlish weakness, Clinton noiselessly approached, and for a moment surveyed her with feelings of mingled deep emotion. 'Twas a momentous question that agitated him then, and its result will soon be seen. Lightly he laid his hand on her arm, and with an exclamation of terror she looked up. On seeing it was him, her startled look fled; but suddenly conscious of

his having been a witness to a weakness for which she fancied he would despise her, she again bowed her face, scarlet to her temples, between her hands. Cliuton, however, had caught that fleeting look, and if he had loved her in her coldness and indifference, how much dearer was she now in her tears and timidity?"

"Nina!" he whispered in tones of such deep tenderness, it was wonderful she noted them not. "Need I ask the cause of your tears—is it not the cruelty and unkindness of those who hate the worth they cannot appreciate? Give me a right then to shield you for the future from such insults—to guard you alike from neglect or sorrow,—seal my happiness by consenting to become my wife."

"Nina convulsively bounded from her seat and stood motionless as if transformed to marble; her cheek deathly pale, her large eyes dilated to their utmost extent, fixed upon him. Strange, almost spirit-like, did she appear in the quivering moonbeams, yet Clinton felt he could have knelt and worshipped that elfin looking being. At length her stupified astonishment seemed in some degree to subside, and in a voice whose low but distinct accents were singularly audible in the silent chamber, she exclaimed:

"You speak of mockery, Percival Clinton, but, who is inflicting bitter, torturing mockery, on me now? Have I not suffered enough already, without your following me even here, to fill up the measure of the insults heaped upon me? Oh! I expected not this from you."

"Nina, can you wrong me thus? Hear me—I swear I am serious."

"Leave me—leave me," she rejoined, with a bitterness which no preceding provocation had ever before called into her tones. "You have carried the jest sufficiently far. I know not what motive has induced you to wound me thus—to tempt me with such false promises, such mocking protestations, but I know the length and breadth of the gulf that separates the high and wealthy heir of Clinton from Miss Murray's obscure and penniless dependent."

For a moment Clinton was silent, revelling in the happiness of having chosen a heart so full of humility, of child-like innocence. Oh! how the bewildered surprise, the incredulity with which she had heard his offer, exalted her in his eyes—exalted her above the hundreds of high-born and accomplished women who would have looked forward with certainty, to such an issue on the faith of even half the constant though unobtrusive devotion he had paid to her. He had the sweet task before him however of enlightening her—of whispering to her that she was beloved and admired by one who

burned to raise her from her dependent state to the rank of mistress of a princely home.

"Nina, my gentle one," he softly said, "have I ever yet wounded you by one mocking word or jest? Far less would I do it at a time when you have been so cruelly tried. No—I am serious, and wherefore should it surprise you? I bring you wealth and station, a gift that many might offer; but how few could bring me in return a heart, humble, pure, and candid as your own? Ah! Nina, it is I who am the debtor—what can I offer save a nature rendered callous and unfeeling in the world's crooked ways—a jealous, hasty, ungovernable temperament. If you knew me better, I would justly tremble for your decision, and my fate. But you, yourself, will correct all that is imperfect in me; your gentleness will soften down my fiery nature, your patience will bear with my failings. I know you do not love me yet, but it does not grieve me, for time and my devotion will soon teach you that sweet lesson. Speak, dearest, will it not?"

Nina unable to resist the flood of overwhelming emotions that had so suddenly rushed upon her, was sobbing hysterically; but her lover, for so we must call him now, no longer misunderstood her. He had found the key of her singular but noble character, and he fretted not that she was silent—that no assenting or grateful word passed her lips. With deeper tenderness he continued to whisper in her ear words she scarcely heard, whose very meaning she scarcely comprehended, yet which filled her with strange delight; and when at length they parted, though she had not even said she loved him, nor breathed one word of tenderness or encouragement, Clinton was perfectly happy. Her one whispered "yes," her emotion and her tears, had spoken more to him than the softest eloquence of the fairest of Eve's daughters.

Shall we follow Nina to her own quiet room, where leaning against the open window, the cool moonlight playing upon her burning cheek and brow, she strove to realize the startling event of the last half hour—to calm the wild throbbings of her own heart. The most prominent among the many thoughts and feelings that tumultuously crowded upon her was bewildering surprise at Clinton's nobly avowed affection, and fervent gratitude for it. The reflection too, one on which she scarcely dared to dwell, that she would now be no longer a poor nameless outcast, an object of contempt to Florence, a burden on Miss Murray's generosity, with no prospect, no hope of ever repaying the debt, or even delivering her from the charge. As to visions of the future grandeur, the dignity that

would be hers, as the proud Mr. Clinton's wife, she rejected them with terror, for they seemed unnatural; and well she knew they might foster in her heart a weakness it had never known before, that of worldly pride. There were other dreams though, in which she freely indulged—dreams of the good she might effect, the misery she might alleviate, and as she recalled the memory of the many children of sorrow, whose petitions her own limited means had compelled her to refuse, her heart swelled with gratitude at the thought that soon they would no longer petition in vain.

We will return now to the ball-room and to Florence, who had been a powerful, though involuntary agent, in hastening her happiness. The night was waning fast, still lord St. Albans came not near her. It was in vain she watched for an opportunity of saying some gentle or conciliating word, for the tardy truth had at length dawned upon her, that she was pursuing the wrong course with her lover. Apparently absorbed by his duties as host, in reality bent on avoiding her, had her life depended on it she could not have caught his glance. Compelled to disguise the uneasiness gnawing at her heart, from Miss Westover, who failed not to jest her unmercifully concerning her terror of *Bluebeard*, for so she had styled the earl—further incited by the polished, though vexatious insinuations of her brother,—Florence affected a brilliant gaiety she was far from feeling. Once after she had danced with Sir Edward Westover, she had thrown herself on a couch beside his sister, her partner standing behind her, when the earl passed with a lady on his arm. He bent but one short passing glance upon her, and that glance sent the warm blood from her cheek. He had caught her in another act of open daring disobedience. Universal and intoxicating was the homage paid to the young and beautiful bride elect of the noble host. Her hand was sought and contended for by nearly all, yet that flattery brought no gladness to her heart; and more than once, unable further to endure or disguise her misery, she glided from the room, to hide herself in solitude, though the hope of yet obtaining a favorable opportunity to make her peace with her incensed lover, ever brought her back. At length her wishes seemed on the point of fulfillment; whilst she was standing near one of the windows, gazing sadly from it, the earl unexpectedly approached. Ere she had time however to speak or collect her thoughts, he passed a slip of paper into her hand, and was gone. Trembling with mingled joy and fear, she eagerly glanced over it. It contained but these simple

words, traced with pencil: "Meet me in the picture gallery when the guests are gone." "What can he want with me?" she gasped, sinking in a seat, her face pale as marble. It was some time ere she could recover in any degree, her self-possession, but when she did so, dreading Miss Westover approaching and discovering an agitation she could no longer conceal or control, she instantly rose, and succeeded in leaving the room unobserved. On entering her apartment she found Nina preparing for rest. Irritated by being denied the entire solitude her wretchedness sought, and perfectly free from any compunction for her cruel mockery of her during the early part of the evening, she approached the window, and seated herself moodily beside it. Nina, as usual forgiving and forgetful, exclaimed with her customary quiet friendliness,

"You look greatly fatigued, Florence; had you not better undress?"

"No!" was the abrupt reply, "I am in no need of rest."

Discouraged by her harshness, and in no lack of pleasant topics for meditation, Nina imitated her example, and became as taciturn as herself. Notwithstanding the many bright and varied hopes and thoughts that crowded upon her, exhausted with joy and emotion, she was soon buried in profound sleep, her last waking vision being a curious blending of Percival Clinton's words of devotion and the strange beautiful figure, clad in her festal robes, sitting so still and cold in the white moonlight.

(To be continued.)

## ENDURANCE.

To struggle when hope is banished;

To live when life's salt is gone;

To dwell in a dream that's vanished;

To endure and go calmly on;

To know and to doubt the knowledge;

The past to undo in thought;

To study in Misery's college

The woes that can there be taught;

Oh! what but despair can finish

A task such as that for man?

His strength will each hour diminish

While pressed by so heavy a ban.

But, no! the heart steeped in sorrow

Still points to a distant goal,

And whispers "There comes a morrow,

With peace to the steadfast soul!"

A peace that is based on duty,

The will and the power to think,

Can carry, unscathed in beauty,

The brave, where the feeble sink.

At need, then, is help the highest:

Where the storm is fiercest, there

The courage must still be the highest,

To act—to resist—to bear.

# THE FORT OF ST. JOHN'S.\*

A TALE OF THE NEW WORLD.

BY H. V. C.

## CHAPTER XIII.

On the evening of that eventful day, which witnessed Miss de Courcy's perilous adventure, she sat at an open window, looking thoughtfully on the restless stream, which had so nearly borne her to destruction. Her recent alarm might still be traced in her pale cheek and languid eye, and in the perfect repose, which lent a new charm to her expressive features. Her fair brow rested on one slender hand, the other lay caressingly on the head of Hero, who sat erect beside her, as if conscious that his late intrepid conduct entitled him to peculiar privileges.

Madame la Tour was seated at a short distance from the window, and evidently suffering from that extreme lassitude which follows strong excitement. The silence, which neither seemed inclined to interrupt, was at length abruptly broken, by an exclamation from Miss de Courcy, of "Father Gilbert!" uttered in an accent so quick and startling, that Madame la Tour sprang involuntarily from her musing posture, and even the dog leaped on his feet, and looked enquiringly in his mistress's face.

"Poor Hero!" said Lucie, patting her dumb favorite, and smiling at the excitement she had so unwarily produced.

"Father Gilbert!" repeated Madame la Tour, "and is he coming hither again?"

"No, I saw him but an instant," said Lucie, and he has now disappeared behind the buttress yonder. But methinks that even you, dear aunt," she added with some hesitation, "begin to feel the strange influence of this mysterious priest."

"Your imagination has greatly magnified the mystery, Lucie," she replied; "and it is now time for me to attempt some explanation, which I could not have done till very recently, when some facts came to my knowledge, which have surprised and greatly agitated me. But I must first beg you to close the window; the air grows cool, and I have grown very sensitive of late."

Lucie obeyed in silence; and taking a low seat close to her aunt, listened with deep interest to her, as she thus proceeded:

"The explanation to which I referred, Lucie, leads me back to the period of your mother's marriage; and I must briefly relate the unhappy circumstances, which so soon deprived you of her protecting love. You will no longer be surprised that I have repressed your natural curiosity on this subject; and I would still spare you the painful feelings it must excite, had not a recent disclosure rendered the relation of facts unavoidable."

"The subject agitates you, dear aunt," said Lucie, remarking her changing complexion with anxiety; "you are indeed too ill this evening to make any exertion, and I would rather wait till another day, when you may be better able to bear it."

"No, I am better now," she replied, "and will not keep you in suspense." She then resumed:

"Your mother, Lucie, had the innocence and purity of angel. She was gay, beautiful and accomplished—the idol of her friends, the admiration of all who saw her. That picture which you so often gaze on with delight, is but a faint resemblance of what she was. The lineaments are indeed true to life, but no artist could catch the ever varying expression, or embody the unrivalled grace which threw a charm around her, more captivating even than her faultless beauty. She was just four years older than myself; but affection united us in close companionship, and the difference of age was scarcely recognized. We lived much in retirement; my father was devoted to literary pursuits, and himself directed our education; and your aunt Rouville, who was many years our senior, affectionately supplied the place of our mother, who died a few days after my birth.

"Your mother, Lucie, was scarcely sixteen, when she first saw Monsieur de Courcy. Chance introduced him to our acquaintance, as he was travelling through the province where we then resided; her loveliness attracted his admiration, and he soon avowed a deeper and more impassioned sentiment. Till then she had not dreamed of love; it was reserved for him to awaken its first emotions in a heart susceptible of the most

devoted constancy, and the most confiding tenderness.

"De Courcy had already passed the season of early youth, and his disposition and feelings were essentially different from your mother's. His figure was commanding, and his features regular and expressive. His manners were cold and haughty, in general society, but with those whom he loved and wished to please, gentle and insinuating, and the charm of his conversation, flowing from a highly gifted mind, gave him eminence, even in the brilliant coteries of Paris. There was an habitual cast of thought, almost of melancholy, on his countenance, which was ascribed, I know not how truly, to an early disappointment of the heart. His feelings were never expended in trifling emotions; they were strong, silent, and indelible, and those who viewed the calmness of the exterior, seldom dreamed of the impetuous passions which slumbered beneath, and were restrained by the most rigid and habitual self command.

Some of these traits of character could not escape my father's penetration, and they excited his solicitude for your mother's future happiness; but they were counterbalanced by so many seeming virtues, that no other eye detected the blemishes. Your mother believed him faultless. She had given him her affections, with the enthusiasm of a guileless heart, and he regarded her with a devotion that almost bordered on idolatry."

Madame paused, and Lucie, raising her head from the shade of profound attention, in which she listened, said enquiringly:

"You are not weary, I hope, dearest aunt?"

"Not weary," she replied, "but I must sometimes rest a few moments, to collect and arrange my thoughts. More than twenty years have passed, since these events took place, yet, child as I then was, they made too deep an impression on my mind, to be effaced by time, and as they pass in review before me, many sad emotions are awakened by the retrospect. I have dwelt thus minutely on your father's character, that you may be prepared for all that follows. But we will not anticipate," she added, and directly after, thus resumed her narrative.

"De Courcy was the younger son of an ancient and wealthy family. My sister's rank and fortune equalled his expectations, her beauty gratified the pride of his connections, and the endearing qualities of her mind and heart, won their entire approbation. The marriage was solemnized, and never was there a day of greater happiness, or one which promised more brilliant prospects for futurity. De Courcy conveyed his bride immediately to a favorite residence in Pro-

vence, whither I was permitted to accompany them, and six months glided away in the full enjoyment of that felicity which their romantic hopes had anticipated. Winter approached, and your father was importuned to visit the metropolis, to introduce his young and beautiful wife, to the elevated station she was expected to fill.

"Your mother, accustomed to retirement, and completely happy in the enjoyment of its rational pleasures, yielded with secret reluctance to her husband's wishes, and, in an evil day, exchanged that peaceful retreat, for the brilliant, but heartless scenes of fashionable life. But the world was new to her, and no wonder if her unpracticed eye was soon dazzled by the splendor of its pageantry. She entered a magic circle, and was borne round the giddy course with a rapidity which threw a deceitful lustre on every object, and concealed the falseness of its colors. She became the idol of a courtly throng; poets sang her praises, and admirers sighed around her. Her heart remained uncorrupted by flattery, but young and inexperienced, buoyant with health and spirits, no wonder that she yielded to the fascinations which surrounded her, and that her thoughts reverted less frequently and less fondly to those calm pleasures, which had once constituted her only happiness. Her affection for her husband was undiminished; but the world now claimed that time and attention which in retirement had been lavished on him; and engrossed by amusements, all intellectual pursuits were abandoned, and domestic privacy, with its attendant sympathies and united interests, was at length entirely forsaken.

"De Courcy, chagrined by a change which his experience in life should have enabled him to foresee, became melancholy and abstracted; he began to seclude himself from society, entrusting his wife to other protection, or when induced to enter scenes, which his morbid discontent rendered irksome, he watched with jealousy even the most trifling attentions that were offered her.

He who possessed such a heart as hers, should never have doubted its truth, or have wounded her affection by distrusting its fervor and sincerity. He had led her into the fatal vortex, and one word from him would have dissolved the spell; the slightest expression of his wishes, would at any moment have drawn her from the pleasures, of which she already wearied; and amid the sweet tranquillity of nature, they might have regained that happiness, which withered in the ungenial atmosphere of artificial life. But he was too proud to confess the weakness he indulged, and when she besought him, even with tears, to explain the cause of his estrangement,

he answered evasively, or repulsed her with a coldness which she felt more keenly than the bitterest reproaches. Confidence, the strongest link of affection, was broken, and the golden chain trembled with the shock.

"Your mother deeply felt the injustice of her husband's change, but conscious of innate rectitude, and true in the constant love, which even unkindness could not weaken, she left her innocence to vindicate itself, and made no farther attempt to penetrate the reserve he had assumed, and which opposed a fatal barrier to returning harmony. Experience in the world, or a more perfect knowledge of your father's peculiar disposition, might have suggested a different and more successful course. But she judged and acted from the impulse of a sensitive and ardent mind, which bestowed the rich treasure of its generous affections, and could ill brook a return of unmerited coldness and distrust. Her conduct towards him was marked by unvarying sweetness, and a studious deference to his wishes; they however seldom met, but in a crowd, she sought society with an eagerness which seemed the result of choice, while, in reality, it was but a vain attempt to relieve the restless melancholy that oppressed her. In society her spirits were sustained by artificial excitement, and her gaiety seemed unimpaired, but when alone with me, the constant companion of her solitary hours, she yielded to the most alarming depression. Her health suffered from this unnatural state of mind, but she uttered no complaint, and appeared, in her husband's presence, with her accustomed cheerfulness. Strange as it may seem, her gaiety displeased him; he fancied her trifling with his happiness, or indifferent to it, and believed she was satisfied with the pleasures that courted her, without a wish for his participation. He little knew, for his better feelings were warped by a morbid imagination, how gladly she would have exchanged every other enjoyment, for one assurance of his returning love and confidence.

"Your mother's spirits faintly revived on the approach of spring. She was weary of dissipation,—the glittering bubble which at first charmed her senses, had burst and betrayed its emptiness. Her mind panted for nobler attainments, and her heart was formed for the enjoyment of more pure and rational pursuits. Her thoughts continually reverted to the first happy months of her union with De Courcy, and she longed to return to the quiet scenes of their early enjoyment, believing, she might there regain her husband's affection, and that a new, and most endearing tie, would bind him more strongly to her. These soothing hopes beguiled many a heavy hour; and but for

one fatal error, one deadly passion, they might have been fully realized!"

Madame la Tour again paused, overcome by painful emotions; but after a few moments, thus proceeded:

"I have already told you twice, that De Courcy viewed with uneasiness the homage paid to his fair bride, though it never exceeded the usual devotion which Parisian gallantry is wont to offer at the shrine of female loveliness. He must have expected it, for no one could have been more conscious of her beauty, or more proud of possessing it. But he persuaded himself that this adulation was too grateful to her; his affection was selfish and engrossing, and he wished her to receive pleasure from no praises or attentions but his own. She was, perhaps, as free from vanity as any woman could be, young, beautiful and admired as she was; and if not indifferent to the admiration which her charms excited, it was but the natural and passing delight of a gay and innocent mind; her heart was ever loyal to her husband, and his society, his fond, approving smile, were far more prized by her than the idle homage of a world.

"The young Count de —, was an object of particular dislike and unceasing suspicion to De Courcy. They were distantly related, but some disagreement in early life created a coolness between them, which was never overcome. Had your mother consulted her prudence, she would probably have avoided the attentions of one, so obnoxious to her husband's prejudices. But the Count was gay and agreeable, the versatility of his talents amused her, and he seemed to possess very amiable and brilliant qualities. His manners were always respectful, his attentions never presuming, and there was a frankness in his address, which formed an agreeable contrast to the studied flattery of others around her. Grieved that her husband could doubt her affections for himself, or the rectitude of her heart, and relying confidently on the purity of both, she wrongly argued that she was not called upon to resign a valued friendship, from a mere whim of causeless jealousy, which would probably prove as transient as it was unfounded. If she erred in judgment, bitter were the consequences of her error!

"As spring advanced, your mother withdrew almost entirely from society, and the Count de — was rarely admitted to her house. One morning, De Courcy, whose confidence in her seemed returning, urged her to accompany him on some short-excursion, which he had planned for her amusement. Gladly would she have gone with him, too happy that he again sought her, to share his enjoyments; but a slight illness of



several days, had rendered repose indispensable, and she was reluctantly obliged to refuse his request. He left the apartment with an expression of annoyance; and your mother, full of tender conciliation, directly followed, wishing to shew him some rare exotics which had just been sent her, blooming in great perfection. As she passed out, a servant announced the Count de —, who had been inadvertently admitted, and contrary to her express commands. She stopped, and with graceful frankness explained the mistake, which called for an apology from him; and as they thus stood, innocent of all evil thought, De Courcy, returning to the room, unexpectedly stood before them. The demon of jealousy, already raging in his heart, suggested the suspicion, that his wife, who, on plea of illness refused to gratify his wishes, had remained at home only to receive the visit of his supposed rival. Pale with emotion, he remained a moment as if riveted to the spot, his eye flashing with scorn and anger; he then left the house in silence.

"The Count met his gaze unmoved, but with an expression of calm contempt; and your mother, though strong in conscious innocence, read too truly the expression of his excited countenance, and trembled for the coming storm. A few hours after they met again, at dinner; she had striven for cheerfulness and composure, and his feelings were so completely hid under a mask of cold politeness, that she believed his better reason had prevailed, and the storm of passion subsided.

"De Courcy left his house by day-light on the following morning, attended by a servant, but we received no message, and could form no conjecture whither he had gone. A few hours of anxious suspense passed away, and your mother had just risen from her sleepless pillow, when he abruptly entered her dressing room. I was with her, and never shall I forget the impression his appearance made. His dress was disordered, his countenance pale and haggard, and every feature marked with the deepest anguish. Your mother rose with a faint exclamation! and again sunk trembling on her couch. He approached, and took her hands gently between his own, though every limb trembled with agitation.

"Lucie," he said with calmness, and fixing his troubled eye on her face, 'I would bid you a long,—long farewell.'

"What mean you, De Courcy?" she asked in quick alarm; 'speak I conjure you, and relieve this cruel suspense!'

"My honor has been avenged," he replied, with hoarse and rapid utterance, 'and from this moment we part forever!'

"Part! De Courcy,—my husband!" she exclaimed in a voice of agony; 'tell me, what —'

"The concluding words died on her pallid lips; the sudden conflict of strong emotions could not be endured, and she sunk insensible in my arms, as I hastened to support her. Frantic with alarm, I clasped her to my heart, and still retaining some presence of mind, speedily administered such restoratives as were within my reach. De Courcy looked at her an instant, like one bewildered, then fiercely exclaimed:

"She loves him! See you, how she loves him!"

"Wretched man," I said indignantly, 'you have murdered her; go, and leave us to our misery.'

"My words seemed to penetrate his heart; a change came over his face, the tide of tenderness rushed back upon his soul, and every soft and generous feeling transiently revived. He took your mother from my arms, and laid her gently on the couch, and stood over her inanimate form, gazing with melancholy fondness, while the tears gushed freely from his eyes, and fell on her pale features; as if revived by his returning affection, she slowly unclosed her eyes, and a faint glow gave signs of returning life. De Courcy kissed her lips fervently, and murmuring a few words which did not reach my ear, he gave one long, last look, and turned precipitately to leave the room.

"I had retired from the couch, inexpressibly affected, by a scene which I fondly hoped was the dawn of returning happiness. He stopped as he passed me, and wringing my hand with strong emotion, pointed to your mother, and in a voice scarce audible, said,

"You love her, Justine; comfort her,—cherish her, as I would have done,—God knows how fervently, had she permitted me. Farewell, my sister, forever!"

"You must suffer me to pass rapidly over the remainder of this sad tale; my dear Lucie," continued Madame la Tour, after a brief interval. "It was long before your mother revived to perfect consciousness, and the shock she had received was only a prelude to still deeper misery. The conduct of De Courcy was too soon explained. Yielding to the fatal error, that she had given her affections to the Count de —, in the excitement of his passion, he sent him a challenge, which was instantly accepted. They met, early on that morning, and the Count was carried, as his attendants supposed, mortally wounded from the field of contest. Your father, however, was spared the commission of that crime, for though the Count's life was long despaired of, he did at length recover.

"De Courcy had made all his arrangements on the preceding night, and immediately after his painful interview with your mother, he quitted Paris forever. A letter was left, addressed to her, which too plainly betrayed the disordered state of his mind, and touchingly revealed the strength of his affection, and the bitterness of his disappointment, robbed, as he believed, of her love; he forbore to reproach her, but the world had no longer anything to attach him, and he resolved to bury himself in some religious retirement, which the vain passions of life could never penetrate.

"I will pass over the agonizing scenes, the months of wretchedness which succeeded this separation, and the sudden dissolution of the most sacred and endearing ties. All attempts to discover De Courcy's retreat were unavailing, but it was long before your mother could resign the delusive hope that he would still return to her. She was persuaded to leave Paris, and return to her early home; but there every object reminded her of happier days, and only increased her melancholy. Your birth was the only event which reconciled her to life; but her health was so much impaired by mental suffering, that we scarcely dared hope, she would be long spared to you. Her medical attendant advised change of air and scene, and I accompanied her to a convent on the borders of the Pyrenees, where she had passed some happy years in early childhood; and she earnestly desired to spend her remaining days within its peaceful walls.

"The good nuns welcomed her to their humble retreat, which was in the midst of a wild and romantic solitude, and with unwearied kindness they sought to alleviate the sufferings of disease. For three months, I watched with them, unceasingly beside her; a heavenly resignation smoothed the bed of sickness, and the ministrations of religion soothed her wearied spirit, which was gently loosed from earth, and prepared for its upward flight. You were the last tie that bound her to a world, which she had found so bankrupt in its promises; but even you, she learned to resign, with sweet serenity, and truly christian submission, to her heavenly Father's will. As the moment of her departure approached, she desired to receive the last offices of religion, and a messenger was sent to a neighbouring monastery of Jesuits, to request the attendance of a priest. One of the brotherhood soon after entered the little cell, and the nuns who were chanting around her bed, retired at his approach.

"I remained near her unobserved, for I feared she would not live through the last confession of her blameless life. A dim lamp, from which she

was carefully screened, shed a sickly gleam through the apartment, and even in the deep stillness of that solemn hour, the low and labored whispers of her voice, scarcely reached my ear. Presently I was startled by a suppressed but fervent exclamation, uttered by the monk, followed by a faint cry from your mother's lips. I flew to the bed—she had raised herself from the pillow,—her arms were extended as if in the act of supplication, and a celestial glow irradiated her dying features. The priest stood, as one transfixed;—his cowl was thrown back, and, judge of my sensations, when I recognized the countenance of De Courcy!"

"My father!" exclaimed Lucie, "that priest—" "Wait, and you shall know all," interrupted Madame la Tour; "that priest was indeed your father; he had taken the vows of a rigid order, and Providence guided him to the death-bed of your mother. I pass over the scene which followed—it is too hallowed for description. Suffice it is to say, the confession of her dying lips, convinced him of her entire innocence, and devoted affection to himself, and her last sufferings were soothed by mutual reconciliation and forgiveness. Your father, with an agonized heart, closed her eyes, and pressing her for a moment to his heart, rushed almost frantic from the convent.

On the following day, my father sought De Courcy at the monastery, hoping to draw him back to the world, by the touching claims of parental love. But he had already left the place, never to return, and the superior had sworn to conceal his new abode from every human being. Years passed on, and every effort to find him had proved unavailing, and by all who had felt an interest in him, he was supposed to be numbered with the dead.

"But your father still lived, Lucie, and the recollection of his injured wife, and the grievous wrong he had inflicted on her, forever haunted him; her young life, blighted by his unjust suspicions, and her untimely death, weighed heavily on his conscience, and he sought to expiate his crime by a life of austerity, and the most constant and painful acts of self-denial and devotion. Yet the severest penance which he inflicted on himself, was to renounce his child, to break the tide of natural affection, that no earthly care might interfere with those holy duties to which he consecrated his life."

"Just heaven!" exclaimed Lucie, with emotion "could such a sacrifice be exacted! Dearest aunt, tell me if he still lives,—if I am right—"

"He does still live," interrupted Madame la Tour; "he received permission to quit the mo-

nastery, only that he might fulfil a more rigid vow, one that bound him to a life of unremitting hardship; and after a severe illness, that for several weeks deprived him of reason, he at length reached this New World, where for nearly twenty years—

"Yes!" said a deep, solemn voice, and the dark form of the priest, who had entered unnoticed, stood beside her. "My child, behold your father!"

"My father!" repeated Lucie, and she rushed into his extended arms, and fell weeping on his bosom.

## CHAPTER XIV.

"All's well that ends well."

SHAKESPEARE.

NEVER did months revolve more slowly, than those of that weary winter, to the impatient Stanhope, for during its inclemency, all communication with the French settlements, ceased, and he, of course, heard nothing of Lucie—a suspension of intercourse, which he felt to be almost insupportable.

With the earliest approach of spring, however, the traders and fishermen again adventured their barks on the stormy Bay of Fundy, and along the icy shores of Newfoundland, and soon those northern waters, freed from their long imprisonment, by the bright and genial gales of the vernal season, presented a scene of active life and industry, which it was most cheering to behold.

It was shortly rumored, that M. D'Aulney was preparing to attack the fort of St. John's; some even affirmed, that his vessels had already been seen hovering near the entrance of the river, and these reports so heightened Stanhope's anxiety, that it could brook no longer delay. Under these circumstances, he felt acquitted from the obligation which Lucie's request had imposed upon him, and at liberty to anticipate a few weeks of the time named for his return to her.

Early in April, therefore, he sailed in a small pinnace, and after a short voyage, reached the rugged coast of Acadia. Day-light was closing when he approached St. John's; but fortunately the clear twilight served to show him the changes which had taken place there. Several armed vessels blockaded the river, and the standard of M. D'Aulney waved triumphantly from the walls of the Fort.

These signs of conquest could not be mistaken; the late haughty possessor had evidently suffered defeat, but what fate had overtaken him, and

where had his family found refuge? And Lucie, the sharer of their fortunes, where should he seek her? This was Stanhope's first, most anxious thought, and painful solicitude checked the tide of joyous expectation, in which he had so sanguinely indulged.

Hoping to obtain information from some peasant in the neighborhood, he anchored a few miles below the Fort, and throwing himself into a small boat, he steered cautiously along the shores of the bay, which were already darkened by the evening shadows, and rowing with all his strength, soon reached a well-remembered landing place, and sprang eagerly upon the strand.

Ascending an eminence, the prospect opened widely around him; the smoke curled quietly from the scattered cottages, and the scene was unchanged since last he saw it, except by the variation of the seasons. The fields which were then crowned with the riches of autumn, showed now but here and there, faint streaks of verdure, which tinged more vividly the sunny valleys, though in their deeper recesses still lingered patches of unmelted snow. A hundred tiny streams leaped down the sloping banks—their silver voices chiming musically with the evening breeze, and with the songs of the birds—all welcoming in harmony the bland approach of spring.

The peasantry of the country were evidently unmolested, and probably cared little for the change of masters. Arthur had as yet seen no human being, and after a brief survey of the country, he hastened to Annette's cottage, which stood near by, half hid by the matted foliage of its sheltering pines. But it no longer wore its wonted air of open hospitality, the gay voice of its mistress ever carolling at her labor, was silent, and the closed door and windows seemed to portend some sad reverse.

Stanhope paused an instant, and as he leaned against the rude fence which enclosed the garden plat, his eye rested upon a slight mound of earth covered with fresh sods, and enclosed by newly planted saplings of willow. It was evidently a grave, and with a trembling heart he leaped the fence, fearing he knew not, dared not ask himself, what unknown evil. At that moment he heard light foot steps approaching, and turning, he saw a female slowly advancing, but too much engrossed by her own thoughts apparently, to observe him. One glance was sufficient for him; he could not be deceived, and he sprang to meet her, joyfully exclaiming, "Lucie!"

She started, "Stanhope! is it possible?" she said, and a glance of pleasure suffused her lovely

features, as with deep emotion she received his tender greeting.

"But why, sweet Lucie, do I see you so pale and sad?" asked Stanhope, regarding her with fond solicitude, when the first rapturous joy of their meeting had subsided into a more tranquil happiness. "And what, may I ask, brings you to this melancholy spot, at such a lonely hour?"

"Oh! Arthur," she replied, brushing the starting tears from her eyes, "you know not half the changes that have taken place since you were here, or you would not ask why I am pale and sad. This, dear Stanhope, is the grave of my kindest relative; till you came, I almost thought of my last friend?"

"Good heavens! Lucie! is your aunt then—is Madame la Tour dead?" asked Stanhope, greatly shocked.

A flood of tears was Lucie's only answer; her feelings had of late been severely tried, and it was several minutes before her own efforts, or the tender soothing of Stanhope, succeeded in calming her emotions. Then a long conversation took place between the lovers; each had much to say, and Lucie, in particular, had many events to communicate. But as the narrative of occurrences at the Fort, was often interrupted by question and remark, we shall sum up in our own words, as briefly as possible, all that is necessary to elucidate our story.

Madame la Tour's constitution was too delicate to bear the rigor of a northern climate, and from her first arrival in Acadia, her health began almost imperceptibly to decline; she never wholly recovered from the severe indisposition which attacked her in the autumn, though the vigor and cheerfulness of her mind long enabled her to resist the influence of disease. But she was perfectly aware of her own danger, long before those around her felt the slightest alarm on her account, for she knew too well the symptoms of that malady, which had proved fatal to many of her family, and had too often witnessed its insidious approaches in others, to be deceived, when she, herself, was the victim.

Towards the close of winter she was confined wholly to her apartment, and Lucie and the faithful Annette were her kind and constant attendants. Her decline from that time was rapid, but it was endured with a fortitude which distinguished her in every situation of life. Still young, and with much to render existence pleasant and desirable, she met its close with cheerful resignation, surrounded by the weeping objects of her love. On Lucie's affectionate heart, her death left a deep and lasting impression, and she has indeed desolate in being thus deprived of the

only relative with whom she could claim sympathy and connection.

The parental tie so lately discovered to her, instead of opening a new spring of tenderness, became a source of painful anxiety. Father Gilbert—so we shall still call him—yielded for a brief season to the sweet indulgence of those natural feelings which had been awakened by the recognition of his daughter. But his ascetic habits, and the severity of his creed, soon regained their influence over his mind, and led him to distrust and condemn the sweetest emotions of his heart.

The self-inflicted penance which estranged him from her infancy, he deemed still essential to his salvation; and the crime which had wedded him to a life of austere devotion, he thought no circumstances could annul. As the priest of God, he must conquer every earthly passion; the work to which he was dedicated yet remained unaccomplished, and the sins of his early life were yet unatoned.

Thus he reasoned, blinded by the dogmas of a superstitious creed, and neither the arguments of Madame la Tour, nor the tears and prayers of his newly-found daughter, were of avail to move him from his stern purpose. The return of the priest who usually officiated at the Fort, was the signal for him to depart on a tour of severe duty to the most distant settlements of Acadia.

Nothing could change his determination; yet he parted from Lucie with emotion, solemnly conjuring her to renounce her spiritual errors, and embrace the faith of the only true church. As his child, he said, he should pray for her happiness,—as a heretic, for her conversion, but he relinquished the authority of a father, which his vocation forbade him to exercise, and left her to the guidance of God and her own conscience.

From that time, Lucie had never seen him, nor even heard from him, and anxiety for his fate pressed heavily on her heart, and caused her to shed many and bitter tears for the parent whom she would gladly have made happy by her affection. Shortly after the death of Madame la Tour, she removed her residence to the cottage of Annette, as the Fort was no longer a suitable or pleasant abode for her.

Monsieur la Tour, disregarding the wishes which his lady had expressed in her last illness, that Lucie might be allowed to follow her own inclinations respecting the choice of a partner for life,—renewed his endeavours to force her into a marriage with De Valette. But both his threats and persuasions were firmly resisted by her, and De Valette had too much pride and generosity to urge his suit, after so decided a

rejection; he was, moreover, vexed and annoyed by the selfish pertinacity his uncle showed in the affair.

In the early period of his attachment to Lucie, De Valette accidentally discovered, that most of her fortune had become involved in the private speculations of her guardian, and was probably lost to her. But he had no mercenary views, and he often declared, he asked no dowery with such a bride, but if he could obtain her hand, should never seek redress for the patrimony she had lost.

La Tour aware of his disinterestedness, which he did not expect to find in any other suitor, and conscious how greatly he had wronged Lucie, was exceedingly solicitous to effect a union which would so easily free him from the penalty of his offence. He was consequently greatly vexed to be foiled in his purpose, by what he termed the *childish obstinacy* of Lucie, but letting the matter rest for the present, he left St. John's early in the spring for Newfoundland, in order to seek the assistance of Sir David Kirk, who was then there, to enable him to retain permission of his Fort. He was accompanied by De Valette, who intended to sail thence for his native country.

It was not till after their departure that Lucie was made acquainted with the reduced state of her finances, by Jacques, the husband of Annette, who had long enjoyed the confidence of her lord, been conversant with his pecuniary affairs; she was naturally indignant at the unprincipled conduct of her guardian, though there was a romantic pleasure in the idea, that her loss of fortune would serve to test more fully the strength and constancy of Stanhope's attachment. A true woman is never selfish or ambitious in her affection. Lucie's love was pure, and she felt rich enough in the possession of a noble and generous heart.

The absence of La Tour was eagerly embraced by D'Aulney, as a favourable opportunity to accomplish his meditated designs. Scarcely had the former doubled Cape Sable, when his enemy sailed up the bay with a powerful force, and anchored before St. John's. The intimidated garrison made merely a show of resistance, and the long contested Fort was surrendered without a struggle. D'Aulney treated the conquered with a lenity which won many to his cause, and permitted the neighbouring inhabitants to remain, on a promise of submission, which was readily accorded to him.

Mr. Broadhead, the chaplain of Madame de la Tour, found refuge in the cottage of Annette, who, disregarding religious prejudice, treated him, from respect to the memory of her mistress, with

the utmost kindness and attention. But having lost the protection of his patroness, he could no longer, as he said, "consent to sojourn in the tents of the ungodly idolators," and meditated a return to Scotland. To facilitate this object, he gladly accepted a passage in Stanhope's vessel to Boston, from whence he might soon find an opportunity to re-cross the Atlantic.

Jacques and Annette also became passengers in the same vessel; they were wearied by the toil and uncertainty inseparable from a new settlement, and sighed for the humble pleasures they had once enjoyed among the gay peasantry of France.

No obstacle now remaining to delay the marriage of Stanhope and Lucie, the ceremony was performed by Mr. Broadhead, and they bade farewell to the wild region of Acadia. Clear skies and favorable gales, present enjoyment, and the bright hopes of the future, rendered their voyage delightful, and seemed the happy presage of a calm and tranquil life. Stanhope, with the fond pride of gratified affection, presented his bride to his expecting parents, and never was a daughter received with more cordiality and tenderness. They had known and loved her in the pleasant abode of their native land, and they sanctioned cordially the choice of their son. Every passing year strengthened their attachment to her, and her sweetness and vivacity, her exemplary goodness, and her devotion to her husband, created a union of feeling and of interest, which brightened their declining years.

The happiness of Arthur and Lucie continued to increase with time, and if not wholly exempt from the evils which are inseparable from this earthly state of trial, their deep religious sentiment was an unfailing support, their mutual affection an exhaustless consolation. The wealth and distinction, which once courted them, were unregretted; the green vales of England, and the sunny hills of France, lingered in their remembrance, only as a bright and pleasant vision. It was their ambition faithfully to fulfil the high duties of rational and intelligent beings, and the rugged climate of New-England became the chosen home of their affections.

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We feel pledged by the rules of honorable authorship, to satisfy any curiosity which may exist, respecting the remaining characters of our narrative, and if the reader's interest is already wearied, he is at liberty to omit this brief concluding paragraph.

De Valette embarked at Newfoundland, in a vessel bound for some English port, which was driven by

stress of weather on the Irish coast. The crew barely escaped with their lives, and the young Frenchman was thrown, by what seemed a mischance, upon the hospitality of a gentleman living upon his hereditary estate, in the vicinity. The kind urgency of his host could not be resisted, and the attractions of an only child, bade fair to heal the wounds which Lucie's coldness had inflicted. His stay was protracted from day to day, and in short, with the usual constancy of despairing lovers,—he soon learned to think the fair daughter of the emerald isle, even more charming than the dark-eyed maiden of his own sunny clime. Her smiles were certainly more encouraging, and at the end of a few weeks, De Valette led her to the bridal altar.

La Tour was disappointed in his application to Sir David Kirk, and for a time his tide of fortune seemed wholly to have ebbed. The death of D'Aulney, however, which happened in the course of a few years, reversed his prospects, and reinstated him in his possessions. He was firmly established in the sole government of Acadia, and soon after he contracted a second marriage with the object of his early affection,—the still beautiful widow of M. D'Aulney. With no rival to dispute his authority, his remaining life was passed in tranquillity; the colony, relieved from strife and contention, began to flourish, and his descendants for many years enjoyed their inheritance unmolested.

A few months subsequent to his union with Lucie, Arthur Stanhope was appointed the agent of some public business, which required a voyage to Penaquid. The recollection of Father Gilbert forcibly recurred to him, when he found himself so near the shores of Mount Desert—a place which the priest had frequented, probably from his loneliness. It was possible he might again find him there, or learn some tidings of him, which might relieve Lucie's anxiety, and in this hope he sought its sequestered shades.

The sun was declining, when he moored his little bark, and proceeded alone, through the same path, which he remembered on a former occasion, to have trodden. The open plain soon burst upon his view, and to his surprise, the wooden cross was again erected in the midst of

A figure knelt at its foot, Arthur approached; the tall, attenuated form, the dark flowing garments could not be mistaken; it was Father Gilbert. Supposing him engaged in devotion, Stanhope waited several minutes silent, and unwilling to disturb him. But he continued perfectly motionless—Arthur advanced still nearer; one hand grasped the cross, the other held a small

crucifix, which he always wore suspended from his neck.

A glow of sunset rested on his pale features; his eyes were closed, and a triumphant smile lingered on his parted lips. Arthur started, and his blood chilled as he gazed upon him; he touched his hand—it was cold and stiff—he pressed his fingers on the heart—it had ceased to beat! Father Gilbert was no more! The spirit seemed just to have burst its weary bondage, and without a struggle—the grassy turf was his dying couch, and the breeze of the desert sighed a requiem for his departing soul!

## FAREWELL.

BY J. K.

Farewell! a sound how often heard  
Throughout life's changeful years,  
A low, and sorrow-laden word:  
'Tis breathed 'mid falling tears;  
Its echo haunts the trembling heart  
Through many a wasting hour,  
Blighting its best and holiest part  
With strange, relentless power!

It sends the life-blood from the cheek,  
The tear-drop to the eye,  
And those who must that sentence speak,  
Breathe it—reluctantly.  
The quivering lip will oft rebel,  
Against that parting word,  
By whose mysterious, mournful spell  
Love's deepest tide is stirred.

'Tis spoken by the tongue of age,  
And by the lip of youth—  
Man hath a weary heritage  
Of parted love and truth!  
And all who this sad birthright share  
Have bent beneath the knell  
That lingers, fraught with lone despair,  
Around the word—farewell.

'Tis spoken by the dying one,  
Ere soars the soul away,  
Leaving the temple—mute and lone,  
An offering to decay!—  
The last faint whisper of the breath  
Borne from the spirit's cell,  
Breath'd on the threshold dark of death,  
Is love's sad word—farewell!

Ah! while this changeful human earth,  
Is by frail man possessed—  
While to the circle round each hearth,  
Death comes, a robber guest.  
While yet the fearful sound—"Depart"  
Falls like a funeral knell—  
The tried and trembling human heart  
Must speak the word—farewell!

# SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF SUSAN ANSTEY.

COMPILED AND ARRANGED FROM HER OWN JOURNALS.

BY H. B. M.

[The following chapters, put into my hands in the shape of a Diary, are here presented in a narrative form. This favoured the process of condensation which I had in view, as the original writer's inexperience had led to a great deal of loose verbiage and lawless disquisition, with which I had no disposition to treat my readers. The most valuable part of the narrative—that is, all the truth of it, both of incident and description—is retained; and if any merit it has, it is that it is a chapter of actual occurrences, and no fable. This, I hope, will impart life to it; and though it may present no startling incident nor thrilling romance, it may contain its moral and its amusement notwithstanding. Every mortal's life contains the characteristics of an Epic, says some celebrated writer; and we believe that there is enough of the tragic and the comic in our daily paths, to make a novel out of each man's experience. Though no novel is here presented, but only a loose, brief episode, we hope to find favour with our Canadian readers;

And remain, as ever, their servant and friend,

H. B. M.]

## CHAPTER I.

### THE VOYAGE.

THE name of my heroine was Susan Anstey. I shall not attempt to describe her: her character in the following pages will speak for itself. Born and educated in Britain, she had often and repeatedly been requested, by a maternal aunt residing in the United States of America, to pay her a lengthened visit in the Western city where she resided. Childless herself, and in wealthy circumstances, this lady doubtless sighed after that atmosphere of domestic cheerfulness, which the society of a young person and a relative would, she hoped, be most likely to bestow; and she at last saw her wishes in a train to be realized by the consent of Susan's parents, and that of herself, towards a visit of two years continuance. Two friends of the Anstey's—a newly married pair, were now about to depart for the United States for the purpose of settling there; and, but for this fortunate concurrence, it is probable our heroine's purpose of visiting the Western Continent would have been altogether unaccomplished, and proceeded no farther than empty talk. As it was, the circumstance of Susan Anstey's friend being a clergyman made his protection altogether more desirable, and in company with him and with his wife she departed for that Western city which was the object of her destination.

In the packet ship, *Pacific*, bound for New York, Susan Anstey with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Barker, departed from the European shores. The companions of their voyage did not promise to be very interesting; they were but four—a widowed lady with a half grown son and daughter, and an unmarried man of middle age. Susan's little state-room having been arranged to her satisfaction, she mounted to the deck in company with Mr. and Mrs. Barker, to watch the progress of the vessel out of the river. It was a bright, fair morning, and they floated with all

their sails set before a clear eastern breeze. They passed the city, they swept through the wide bay, they glided through the shadows of the majestic rocks that guarded the passes of its egress—and away into the blue boundless sea. A sick seaman who had been disabled from duty for some days and resisted the advice of his superiors to return to shore, was here pronounced so ill by the Captain that he came to the determination of sending him back by the pilot boat. There is nothing that so much alarms the superstition of a seaman as the prospect of a death on board his vessel during her voyage. It is the omen to him of future misfortune; it seems to render the ship thenceforth fated; and Captain M—— as he resisted his every entreaty to be allowed to remain, “and that he would be well and at work with the hands to-morrow,” appeared to the man, while issuing the order for his dismissal, to be pronouncing the words of his doom. He was hauled up from the fore-castle by means of ropes attached to an arm chair, where he was supported by his messmates. Poor fellow!—fever was in his veins and death in his face. He looked wistfully on the bright dancing ocean—on the trim vessel, scene of so many of his old delights, and now ready to bear him away to far and happy lands—on the sturdy healthful countenances of his companions; and then was lowered away into the pilot boat, a sail flung over him, and borne back to the “dull tame shore,” to die. There was no lack of attention, and a sort of rude tenderness in the bearing of his comrades as they rendered him those parting offices of assistance; but no sooner was he gone than the helm was put up, all hands piped to quarters, the sails swung round to the wind, three cheers for Old England, and westward away!

The weather continued of the same character all that day, bright and cloudless with a dead aft breeze, carrying the ship, as she dashed the rain-bows from her bow, swiftly and steadily through

the slightly ruffled water. And then came fresher winds as they advanced into the deepening ocean, while with the increased roll of the vessel our heroine became sensible of that deadly oppression of the heart and languor of the brain experienced in sea-sickness, and which renders us insensible to fear or danger, or outward discomfort, or any other feeling beyond the consciousness of a loathsome life—part death and part life, like a nightmare, which we can neither shake from us nor lull into unconsciousness.

A week of high winds wafted them a thousand miles from land, and one day the solicitations of Mr. and Mrs. Barker brought Susan on deck. The weather was fine though cloudy, and a vessel in sight, the first they had seen since leaving port; and the Captain expected her to pass them in half an hour. Everybody was excited in this monotonous dreary mid-ocean, to meet with something of their kind, a living careering thing, freighted with hope and passion like themselves!

"Her signal is flying!" cried one of the officers, "she is going to speak us!" Up with the ensign!—Hurrah!—and as the blood-red flag of our nation fluttered above them, each felt all a Briton's pride, on considering that that approaching ship, from whatever far end of the earth she was wafted, must greet them with reverence for its sake. The vessel bearing down towards them in full complement of canvass presented a splendid appearance. They could not see her colours, for they were flying on the farther side of her sails.

"Is she French? Too neat a build; or an Englishman from the St. Lawrence, ice-bound since the fall, and returning home in ballast? Yes! see how light she is!" But then as she swept near them, the Stripes and the Stars of Columbia showed out bravely in the breeze. "A Yankee, by Jove!" shouted the mate, "with cotton for Liverpool; yes! a Yankee. He's not ashamed of his colours!" A speaking trumpet was brought.

"What ship?"

"Fish Hawk, Caleb White," was returned like an echo from Neptune's hollow halls.

"Where do you belong?"

"Buxton!"

"Whither bound?"

"The Mersey," and then as they looked through their mutual telescopes at the vessel's positions, white figures on a black board,—latitude  $43^{\circ} 28'$ ,—Longitude  $30^{\circ} 0' 2''$ —"agreed to a second"—"all right;" and the vessels passed—their ensigns were hauled down as they swept away on oppo-

site paths, no more to encounter each other in this ocean wilderness, as their dwellers, with as little probability, in the wilderness of this world.

The weather now suddenly assumed a threatening aspect, but the ladies, well shawled and wrapped, felt so much invigorated in the free air, that they had no inclination to go below. A dull neutral tint pervaded the air, while yellow masses of cloud came slowly climbing up the western horizon. The Captain, as he paced the deck sent keen glances towards the sky, and to his ropes and spars; and anon despatched his second officer to report upon the state of the barometer.

"Fallen two degrees, Sir, since eleven o'clock."

"Ha! I thought so; we shall have some dirty work to night."

At the same time an enormous shoal of porpoises floated round the ship. The water was darkened with their black rolling bodies for nearly half a mile; and they approached so close to the vessel on either side of her bow and stern, that the sailors wounded several of them, as they tossed their unwieldy somersets in the water. On passed the swarms, blowing, tumbling and rolling, with the whole ocean for their pathway, on towards the northern pole.

"They are going north," said one of the officers, "towards the Greenland seas; but they never show their ugly backs on the surface for nothing, and mark if we don't have enough of wind and sea to-night, and more than we want; and, by Jove!" said he, "it's time some of this canvass was in, for that black cloud labouring up yonder, is likely to treat us to such a blast as may tear us to ribbons ere a man of us can set foot on a ratline."

"Here away, fellows!" roared he; "clew up the royals, down with the mizzen-top-sail, and put the stay-sail on her."

Here, Mr. Barker, at such noisy preparations, would have the ladies to go below. They went, and found the captain at dinner, and were prevailed upon to join him. But before they had accomplished their first mouthful, there was a most unusual stir on deck; the vessel began to lie over frightfully, and the captain, seizing his hat, rushed up the companion. Then were heard the loud voices of the officers, and the roaring of the coming gale, and the rush of hurrying feet, and a cry of "all hands on deck to reef topsails." Susan Anstey, entering into the excitement of the scene, mounted the companion, and standing in the doorway with Mr. Barker, had the first opportunity of witnessing a storm at sea. The black clouds careered over the face of the sky with frightful rapidity. Every thing was in motion, as if the whole firmament were rolling to



its foundations. A desolate sense of helplessness came over our heroine as she felt herself a speck between ocean and sky, abandoned to all this elemental fury, a thousand miles from solid land. The water was comparatively smooth, (for the swell had not yet arisen,) and black as night, except where the fierce wind lashed it up into eddies of mist and spray; and, at the bows of the ship, too, that dashed out white clouds of foam far before her into the darkness, as, yet unceasing of her sails, she bounded madly along. The spars were alive with men reefing topsails. The gale increased.

"Lower away men!" roared the officer, through his trumpet; "lower away every thing." And sail after sail was taken in, till with the exception of one or two left to steady her way through the water, the brave ship soon only presented a skeleton of naked spars, to do battle with the blast. The gale still increasing, she threw up immense quantities of water over her bows, drenching every thing on deck, and Susan was obliged again to go below. An enormous billow swept backwards as far as the companion, and filled the cabin with water. Even the spaniel, for the first time, as they all declared, she had ever entered it, rushed into the cabin, trembling and howling to seek the protection of man. The captain was in the spirit room distributing with his own hand an extra allowance of grog to the men.

The first officer quickly followed him.

"Tremendous sea running, Sir; heavy enough to swamp a whale."

"Never mind; carry on yet,—too fine a wind to lose,—making eleven knots I'll warrant her, with all your trough of a sea."

"She can't bear it, Sir," said the officer.

"She must bear it."

The officer stood hesitating at the doorway, and the passengers, who had crowded round, looked at the captain with imploring eyes.

"Aye, carry on, carry on!" said he, distributing more rum to keep up the spirits of his men;

"I'll follow on deck presently."

In a few moments the officer again returned.

"The water makes a clean sweep over her from stem to stern, and if she don't lie to soon, you can't lay her; I never saw such a hell of a sea."

The captain now went on deck. Soon the horrid thunder of water breaking over the decks ceased, and it was understood that she was "laid to," as it is technically called, and driving backwards with the sea.

"In this lies our only safety," said the captain, when he returned,—"rather too long delayed in the present instance; but we are now perfectly snug and comfortable, and you, ladies, as safe as if in your drawing-rooms in Britain;" so saying, he left them, and went to bed.

The ladies, however, were not to be so reassured, and had few thoughts of bed or slumber during that awful night. They remained all together in the cabin, where they were rocked and tossed with the heavings of the vessel as she lay like a log on the sway of the tumultuous billow—to the great peril of their life and limbs, but thinking of nothing save the dread of perishing; till to their great joy a faint streak of morning was discernible in the east.

The officer of the watch awoke the captain and reported the wind considerably abated for the present, but the sky looking very bad, and with an appearance as if the fury of the storm were yet unspent. Orders were given notwithstanding, to put sail on the ship, and that she was to proceed on her course. This being done, the officer came into the cabin where the ladies were, to look at the barometer. It was down very far—never scarcely, had he seen it so low.

"Very low, very low," said he despondingly, "why it has fallen four degrees in the last fifteen minutes. And there it goes—down—down. Why I can actually see it fall!"

At the same moment, the cabin, which had been brightened with the grey morning, grew black as night—a clap like thunder seemed to strike the ship; she reeled over on her side, the pitching ceased—and for a moment, with a frightful motionlessness, she seemed staggering under some oppressive weight that was on the point of overbalancing her strength to destroy her. Then a crash as of a falling mast, and rending cordage and sails, like the rattle of ten thousand muskets over their heads, quenching every other sound in its horrid din.

"Gone! gone!" shrieked some one, while Susan Anstey, with the other passengers, rushed into the middle of the cabin. In sooth it was an awful moment; with apparently inevitable death before them—and none the less awful, that probably they exaggerated their situation—and such a death! In the full enjoyment of youth, health, and life, to pass into this hideous grave—to be lost from the earth in the undiscovered paths of wide ocean—and a weight like the whole universe on their hearts of, no hope! no hope! This lasted but five minutes, but it seemed to Susan, in the after exhaustion in which she found herself, as if an age of suffering had passed over her. One of the passengers who had been on the deck, here came below, and reported the foremast gone, canvass in shreds, and the vessel much disabled, but no immediate danger, as, strange to say, the hurricane had subsided as quickly as it came.

It was one of those tremendous "black squalls," as if all the blasts of heaven had concentrated themselves into one dark receptacle overhead, for the purpose of pouring their hurricane cataract upon some one devoted spot.

"Our foremast and canvass have left us for England, with a fair wind behind them," said the captain, as he cheerily entered the cabin; "but it was certainly a dreadful blast, and more than I have seen during the twenty years of my seamanship—had it lasted five minutes more, I would not have warranted a spar of her remaining."

In a short time, strange to say, the weather became comparatively tranquil, and the passengers laughed and talked as if they had not been a few hours before on the threshold of death, and in the sufferance of those frightful emotions which the near approach of the dread enemy never fails to excite. Such are the strange influences of a sea life, making the spirit of man scarcely less variable than the element on which he dwells.

They had now passed the region of storms, and a few days of fair weather succeeding, in which they partially repaired the damages of the

vessel, they were carried within a few hundred miles of the American continent. Hosts of stormy petrels began to hover round the ship. They are certainly very singular visitants, these little creatures, as they appear hovering like spirits around the shrouds with their white breasts and wild peculiar note, so far away from a spot whereon to rest the sole of their feet, and the subject of a strange, superstitious interest to seamen. They are supposed to build their nests on the ice-bergs, and some of our men entertained the grave belief that they are the spirits of the drowned seamen, never seen but as an omen of approaching misfortune, and missioned to warn their comrades of coming tempests. One of the officers one day sang to our voyagers some wild verses on this subject, picked up from the tradition concerning them, and as they have never been, to a certainty, before published, I shall present my readers with them:

#### THE STORMY PETRELS.

A speck on the briny plain, from shore,  
Five hundred watery leagues and more,  
The vessel rides, with wings unfurled,  
Like a bird of hope o'er a chaos world.

And a saffron hue from sea to sky,  
Makes dim the air,—wherein to spy  
His fellow's face, doth shrink each man  
In the lurid light, so ghastly wan.

With a flap and a twang, while the white sails there  
Swing in the still and stagnant air;  
And the vessel's trunk on the billow swell  
Like a monster carcass rose and fell.

And low, wild murmurings from afar  
Caught o'er the waters booming are,  
Like the distant sound of the battle drum  
Warning of danger, and death, and doom.

Then with a whirl about the ship  
The stormy petrels gathering dip,  
Spectre-like fitting the shrouds around—  
They are the souls of the seamen drowned!

From the ice-berg steep, from the wandering isles  
That sail o'er the seas in frozen piles;  
From the far horizon's cloud piled bound—  
They come, the ghosts of the seamen drowned!

From over the wide wild sweeping sea—  
In whose hurricane circuit doomed they be  
For ever and aye to wander round—  
They come, the souls of the seamen drowned!

With dark presages of storm and woe,  
The omen birds of doom—and lo!  
The face of the sky doth in blackness dip—  
And the hurricane bursts upon the ship!

The hurricane bursts upon the bark,  
Down, down a thousand fathoms dark,  
Hull, spar and sail!—and around and round  
They rise, the ghosts of the seamen drowned!

Two days of intense increasing cold warned  
Them of the vicinity of icebergs. They saw one  
in the evening low upon the western horizon,  
like a far off blue mountain; and then with the

night, came a dense, drizzling fog, in which they were afraid to proceed, knowing from the floating ice that now began to drift past them, and the freezing cold, that they had arrived in the channel where those floating ice-monsters make their annual voyage into warmer latitudes from the Arctic seas. When daylight broke a strong look-out was stationed ahead; and the ship again took her way through the fog. Large masses of ice were continually passing—some white, some blue, some deep sea green, in a thousand fantastic outlines and strange shapes, waving, dissolving, wasting away—lonely, melancholy things as they sailed over the frozen seas. Flocks of sea birds sometimes sat upon them, and upon one was stationed a poor cast away seal that moaned piteously on finding himself so hopelessly removed from the land, that was now too far distant for his strength to regain. Towards evening the fog cleared completely away, leaving the most cloudless of horizons and clearest blue sea. It seemed as if ocean and atmosphere had been clarified by those dense vapours; and in the cold, clear, transparent light, Susan counted near and around them, and in the far off horizon—twelve ice-bergs. High, massive and peaked Alpine heights, rising perpendicularly from a dead level, they presented their frozen summits to the sunlight which tinged them with a thousand rainbow hues. Green, violet, and rose were they—incomparably beautiful, but the beauty of death, cold and serene, which stirs no emotion in the soul, and chills even while it fascinates.

The next morning no ice was to be seen, and the ship careered merrily along with a fair breeze fast towards her destination. They passed through a shoal of whales that kept within sight of the ship the whole day, spouting rainbows into the sky and lashing the water into foam with their unwieldy gambols. Flocks of sea gulls now warned them of their near approach to land; and one morning Susan Anstey was called upon deck to view the entrance of "The Narrows," through which the vessel was now making her ingress into the beautiful bay of New York. They were taken up by a steamer which towed them in an hour and a half to the anchorage ground underneath the Battery. The voyage was ended. With all its physical discomforts our heroine found it to be worth an age of the monotonous life she had hitherto been accustomed to lead. Variety, novelty, interconverse with nature, diversity of emotion—all conspired to fill her with a completer consciousness of existence than she had ever before experienced. It appeared to her as if she had sped years in one short month. We shorten our lives by the monotonous daily round in which we spend them. Time is to be measured less by the lapse of days and years, than by the variety of our sensations and impressions; and how brightly, if we were wise, might we not lengthen out this brief space, by communion with all that bright infinite variety, which God has given in the worlds of nature and mind, to be gathered into the inner world of our own souls.

(To be continued)

# THE PARENT'S CURSE;\*

## OR, THE ORPHANS OF WINDSOR FOREST.

BY MISS M. HUNGERFORD.

AUTHRESS OF THE PIRATE'S PROTEGE, MADELINE, AND OTHER TALES.

### CHAPTER XXI.

"WILL you permit me to ask you, my lord," said lady Harriet, as she entered her brother's room, "if it was with your consent that the earl waited on the lady Maria Percival, with a proposal from you this morning?"

"Certainly!" replied lord Frederick; "you cannot suppose our father would make such a proposal unsanctioned by me!"

"And this is the result of your devotion to one of the loveliest daughters of earth! this is the proof of your ardent love, your undying affection, which will not endure through the separation of a few short months! Much do I rejoice that dear Florence is free from one so worthless as yourself, so volatile, so changeable; your capricious mind would have robbed her of every hope of happiness!"

"Rather, my sister, cease your reproaches, and congratulate your brother on his escape from the fangs of a base, heartless coquette, for so have I found Florence Oakley! Read this letter, and then say if you do not think her unworthy of a thought!"

Lady Harriet took the letter, and glanced her eye hastily over its contents; as she finished reading it, she threw it on the floor, exclaiming:

"Base, worthless girl! hereafter shall you be to me a stranger! Yes! she has abused the kindness which raised her from her lowly sphere, but from this moment I renounce her forever!"

A deep groan burst from the agonized heart of lord Frederick—though his own peace had been blasted by the perfidy of Florence—though his own heart condemned her, it was painful to hear her condemnation spoken by another, and that other her warmest friend.

For a moment lady Harriet sat lost in thought.

Suddenly she started, and raising the letter from the floor, perused it with careful attention. She spoke not now, as she completed it, but again her eye was fixed upon it with intense interest, which seemed to increase with every line which she scanned over, and as she came to the conclusion, exclaimed, "Forgery! black, base forgery, and

even I, dear Florence, could for a moment believe you worthless!"

"What mean you? oh, my sister!" cried lord Frederick seizing her hand. "Tell me, what would your words imply?"

"That Florence is innocent, and we deceived!" she replied; "for full well I know that Florence never saw that letter!"

"Then I am the victim of the darkest villainy! But tell me what can be done to rescue poor Florence, for I am but too sure she is in the power of her enemies!"

"Go at once to the king; and learn from him to whose care he consigned her, and—"

"And learn from him her history," interrupted lord Frederick; "but what will it avail me to know it now? Am I not now pledged to lady Maria?"

"No matter for lady Maria! our present aim must be to serve Florence, and we will think of her ladyship when more at leisure!"

The day was too far advanced to seek an audience of the king, but at an early hour the following morning lord Frederick repaired to the palace. The travelling carriage of the monarch was in waiting, and to his appeal to be admitted to the royal presence, the reply was—

"His Majesty cannot be seen now, he is just leaving for Windsor, but you can probably see him on his return, which will be in two weeks."

Lord Frederick turned away with a heavy heart—ere two weeks had passed, might not Florence be beyond his power of serving her? It was evident that an important crisis in her fate was at hand, from his having received the letter purporting to have been written by her; he saw no alternative, however, but patiently to await His Majesty's return from Windsor, and as he felt no desire to visit Fitzmorton hall, to which the family were about retiring, he determined to go at once to Devonshire, and there await the return of the king.

Lady Harriet combatted this resolution in vain. In vain she averred that if his affection for Florence were real, he would resort to every method to discover her retreat; he would search every

town, yes, every house, not only within the boundaries of Britain, but throughout the earth, to find her; but as the less active mind of his lordship could discover no real advantage likely to result from this search, he for once rejected the counsel of her ladyship, and on the following morning set out for Devonshire.

## CHAPTER XXII.

It was again early summer, and reanimated nature was clad in her most verdant robes. The grassy carpet of the earth shone forth in its liveliest hue: the tall trees displayed their richest attire of dark green leaves, while flowers bloomed in rich profusion.

Lady Harriet Villiers stood within the delightful arbor in the garden at Fitzmorton hall; but not now as formerly, was she surrounded by much-loved friends: no, she was alone, and as her thoughts went backwards through the space of one short year, a tear dimmed the lustre of that ever bright eye. Yes! she sighed for the companionship of those who had once, with her, shared the quiet of that delightful spot.

None were near, and all, except lady Ellen, were likely to continue absent; lord Frederick had declined the invitation of his parents to spend the summer at the hall. Lady Julia was still abroad; the earl had intimated to Lawton that his visits were, at least to him, far from acceptable: Sir Edgar, together with Lord Arthur Percy, had joined lord Percival and lady Maria, in their continental tour;—and Florence, where was she? Alas! who could tell?

A light step was heard; lady Harriet raised her eyes to see who might be the intruder; and then sprang forward with a cry of wild surprise, and was clasped to the heart of Ernest Lawton.

"To what fortunate event, dear Ernest, am I indebted for the pleasure of this meeting?" asked lady Harriet, as she disengaged herself from his arms.

"I am going down to Devonshire, to rejoin lord Frederick, but as I could not do so, without again seeing you, I remained at the porter's lodge, until I received intelligence, no matter how, that you were in the garden, and then I hurried here to meet you!"

"And you may take your leave with equal haste!" cried the earl, approaching from an adjoining walk. "I have before informed you, that your presence in my family was not only un-called for, but unwelcome, and I hope I may not find it necessary to communicate that which is disagreeable for me to impart, and I doubt not would be unpleasant for you to hear!"

"But permit me so observe," said lady Harriet, in a low, calm voice, "that to me at least, his presence is not unwelcome! and as Mr. Lawton is my guest, not yours, you will oblige me by permitting him to remain, during his pleasure; neither do I think a third person at all necessary on the present occasion."

"Silence girl! and away to your chamber, this moment! No, stay! Here, on the pain of my displeasure, I command you to renounce, at once, and forever, all connection with Ernest Lawton!"

"I regret that it is your pleasure to issue a command which it is impossible for me to obey; but as I am the promised bride of this same, Ernest Lawton, you must see the impossibility of obedience."

"Then permit me to inform you, that you have made an engagement which I shall never ratify, and from this moment I command you to consider it as ceasing to exist!"

"That is what I cannot do, my lord! You have destroyed the happiness of my brother, think not to make me also the victim of your pride."

The hand of the earl was raised on high, but ere the blow which would have smote her to the earth, was permitted to fall, its course was arrested by the hand of Lawton, who, placing himself between the infuriated earl and the offending daughter, said,

"My lord Fitzmorton! Although I cannot, and will not, resign my pretensions to your daughter's hand, yet do I promise that, during her minority, without your approbation, I will not claim her promised faith! But when, by our sacred laws, she is no longer subject to paternal authority, then will I hope to receive, as the reward of my patient waiting, the hand of your lovely daughter!"

"Sir James Wilmot awaits, my lord!" cried a servant, who having done his duty in announcing the baronet, disappeared.

"Go to your room, girl! And you, sir, I desire you to leave Fitzmorton at once, and forever!" said the earl, and as they disappeared from his sight, he remained a few moments, to calm the perturbation of his mind.

On returning to the house, the earl found the baronet awaiting him in the drawing-room, and after some time, passed in discourse on indifferent subjects, they retired to the library, where after carefully locking the door, they seated themselves beside a table, which occupied the centre of the room.

"Now that we are safe from listening ears, and prying eyes, tell me I pray you, how prospers

our affair in Cambridge! is there any hope of success?"

"All you could wish, my lord! the capricious beauty has at length consented to be mine. The letter did the work! In fact it nearly robbed me of my pretty lady-love, for Mrs. Burton assured me that she lay for many hours, after reading it, in a death-like swoon, from which she feared she would never recover. My lord, could you now behold that once brilliant beauty, your heart would chide you, for blasting such angelic loveliness! She is now but the wreck of her former self, and when in obedience to what she thought the wishes of lord Frederick, she consented to be mine, her look of utter wretchedness, the voice of utter, despairing misery, pierced my very soul with horror!"

"And when will the ceremony take place, which will put an end to all this plotting? I wish it may be without any delay!"

"Certainly, my lord! Florence is indifferent on that point; and for myself, believe me I am anxious to be once again the undisputed lord of my own possessions! but methinks your lordship is in great haste to dispose of an estate so fair as that which pertains to Wilmot house.

"I have my reasons! Harriet more than half suspects our intrigue, she has even intimated that by forged letters I had destroyed her brother's happiness! Now, how she became possessed of the idea, I do not know, but with this clew, that wily head of hers will not be long in unveiling the whole affair."

"Then name an early day! and when she is mine, exposure will be unavailing."

"This day week then let it be! I shall myself be present, and immediately make over to you the estate in question; and none will ever know that it once was mine!"

After arranging various matters, the earl and baronet arose, and left the library, and as the door closed after them, Lady Harriet stole noiselessly from the recess of a window, where, shaded by the rich damask curtains, she had remained unseen, and left the room by an opposite door, and hastily sought the solitude of her chamber.

Her resolute spirit, which had never known restraint, could not bow down in meek submission, at the first display of parental authority, more especially so, as now her dearest hopes, her fondest wishes, depended on resistance; so when the earl commanded her to retire to her own room, as an act of petty disobedience, she resolved not to do so, but retired to the library, and seated herself where she might indulge her ill humor free from molestation; she thus became pos-

sessed of that, which but one short hour before, she would have sacrificed much to know.

"Now, my wise schemers," she cried, as she threw herself into a chair, "I will indeed unveil your intrigue! But how! only one short week! I cannot write to Florence, for my letter would not be permitted to reach her! I cannot write to Frederick, for 'twill be two days before we can send letters again in that direction! neither could I bribe a servant to go to him, for his presence would be missed, and thus all would be betrayed! Stay, the mail does not leave Canterbury until six this evening! Yes, I can manage it!"

Seizing a pen, she wrote as hastily as possible an account of all she had heard; urging her brother to hasten to Cambridge, and save Florence from the power of her enemies. She also wrote a few lines to Lawton, begging him to assist lord Frederick with his counsel and presence, and ended with a protestation of undying attachment.

Lady Harriet walked carelessly into the room where the countess was sitting, and seated herself near the window. "Where is papa?" she asked indifferently, after some time had elapsed.

"He is walking with Sir James Wilmot, who is but recently arrived," replied the countess, in a quiet voice.

"Well, I must pay a visit to my pet, Sylvia, before I dress for dinner," said her ladyship, as she walked leisurely from the room.

As lady Harriet was in the habit of paying visits to her favorite, her proposed walk to the stables at this time excited no surprise, and gave rise to no remark from the fond mother, who suspected not that she had any other motive than that assigned.

"Harry," said the young lady to the stable boy, as she patted the neck of her palfrey, "how gets along the earl's black hunter—is he more gentle than formerly?"

"Oh! he is a sad wild fellow, my lady, but I bring him out every day, and trust I shall soon tame him.

"And will you ride to-day?" asked lady Harriet.

"Certainly! but why does your ladyship inquire."

"If you could ride to Canterbury, and leave those letters for me, I will be greatly obliged, but neither the earl, nor any of your fellow servants must ever know. But you must go soon, or 'twill be useless!"

Harry took the letters, as he bowed assent, and lady Harriet, slipping a guinea into his hand, bestowed one more caress on her favorite Sylvia, and returned to the house.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

WHEN Lawton arrived in Devonshire, he found a change had indeed come over his friend. His once blooming cheek was pale; his countenance was haggard; his once light step was slow and heavy, and a settled melancholy had spread itself over his bright, joyous face.

"I will not obtrude my own annoyances upon him!" thought the youth, "his own are quite enough for him to bear."

Lord Frederick was little calculated to meet the storms of life. Instead of endeavouring to buffet with a strong arm, the billows of trouble, he sat down in meek submission beneath the overwhelming flood; and now, when removed from the influence of his more active sister, he was left to the guidance of his own will, he spent his time, either in wandering over his grounds, or shut up in solitary retirement, brooding over his unhappy fate. No wonder that the roses of health faded from his cheek, that the light of happiness no longer sparkled in his eye! Lawton resolved to divert his mind, to lead him to exert himself to shake off his gloom; but all his generous intentions were frustrated by the letters of lady Harriet, which reached their destination on the morning after the arrival of Lawton.

A new impulse was now given to the enervate mind of lord Frederick, who in one short hour after the reception of her ladyship's intelligence, was on his way to London, accompanied by his friend. With equal haste they passed the intervening distance, and the next day arrived in the great metropolis. Without waiting to partake of any refreshment they proceeded at once to the palace, and succeeded in gaining admission to the royal presence. Lord Frederick was now fully resolved to unite himself to Florence, if he could succeed in rescuing her from Sir James, and consequently he hesitated not to demand of the king the document presented to him by her mother. His Majesty complied; but the eye of the young lord had not passed over one half its contents, ere springing up, and calling on Lawton to follow him, he rushed from the presence of the monarch, who smiled good-naturedly at his unthinking impetuosity.

Before the altar of the village church, stood Sir James Wilmot, and his youthful bride; the ceremony which irrevocably united the lowly orphan and the once ruined baronet, was commenced; already had the solemn response passed the lips of the bridegroom, and the minister of Christ awaited the like response from the lips of the pale and trembling bride; but although with the effort of despairing anguish she strove to

speak, no sound proceeded from those corpse-like lips. At this moment the sound of approaching footsteps was heard, and Lawton, followed by lord Frederick, rushed into the church, exclaiming: "Stay, stay, I command you, this sacrilegious rite. If fear of the vengeance of an offended God, or reverence for the laws of man, dwell in your hearts, desist!"

"By what authority, rash boy," cried the earl, in a voice choked with rage, "do you presume to interrupt this sacred rite?"

"By the authority of my country and my God, which authorise us to prevent if possible the commission of evil, and by which I would save that misguided father, from becoming the husband of his own child!"

"What mean you?" exclaimed Sir James. "Speak, sir, and tell me that she is indeed my child! Tell oh! tell me, what you mean!"

"I mean that Florence Oakley is your daughter, the only remaining child of your deserted wife, the Donna Clara Talavera, daughter of the duke of Seville!"

"The proofs!" exclaimed the Baronet, in tones scarcely audible. "Where are the proofs of your assertion?"

"They are here;" said lord Frederick, turning from the now inanimate form of the lovely Florence, who had fainted at the commencement of the altercation, and presenting him the documents which he had received from the king.

Sir James took the papers from his hand, and while he is perusing them, as we will not abuse the already exhausted patience of the reader, by transcribing the whole, we will present a brief survey of the contents.

The now duke of Seville, while still the Don Ferdinand Talavera, having incurred the displeasure of the duke, his father, quitted Spain for a time, and after making the tour of France, presented himself in London. The young don had laid aside his Spanish gravity, and conformed to the gaieties of France, and on his arrival on English ground, he found himself well-fitted to conciliate the favor of a people, neither so sedate as the one, nor so gay as the other. But here a perplexing circumstance presented itself; he found his resources were getting low. At this juncture he became acquainted with the pretty daughter of a wealthy banker; she was his only child, the heiress of his immense wealth. The Spaniard was fascinated with her golden expectations, and was not long in teaching her to attach an equal value to his expected dukedom. The banker, however, did not regard his proposal so favorably as his daughter had done. Looking upon Don Ferdinand as an adventurer, he at

once rejected his suit, and bade his daughter think of him no more. A clandestine marriage ensued; but the banker refused to receive the delinquents, and thus the Don found himself, not only in straitened circumstances, but encumbered with a wife; but he was relieved from his pecuniary embarrassments by the sudden death of his father, and he hastened homeward to take possession of his rich inheritance, and the ducal honors which now devolved upon him.

Don Ferdinand was a man of honorable principles, and though aware that he could easily free himself from his matrimonial chains, every feeling of his heart rose up against such baseness.

"Though I wedded her for her wealth, I will not now desert her," he thought, "for 'twas her father, not herself, that prevented me attaining it, and then she is so very, very young, that she will soon become a convert to our holy faith, and then the smiles of heaven will beam upon me for bringing back this wanderer to the path which leads to life."

But although on her arrival in Spain, the young duchess conformed to the wishes of her lord, in the observance of the rules of his church, her heart was still with the faith and land of her nativity, and she early instilled into the young mind of Donna Clara, who was her eldest child, a deep affection for both. From her very infancy the young Clara was taught to converse in the English tongue; from the little Bible, which her mother had stealthily retained, she became familiar with the source of the protestant faith, and though, like her mother, she managed to deceive the confessor, in her heart she spurned the faith her father loved, and clung to that she dared not openly avow. Can we wonder, that she possessed no fixed principle of right to guide her? Can we wonder, that following the example of her mother, she wedded, ere she had attained, her sixteenth birth-day, by clandestine rites, Sir James Wilmot, then a dashing young man of twenty-two, who in making the tour of the continent, had formed an acquaintance with the duke, who from complaisance to the duchess, ever opened his doors with the greatest hospitality to her countrymen.

The rage of the duke, when apprised of his daughter's marriage, knew no bounds, and Sir James, having uttered some expressions during the altercation which ensued, which might be deemed as wanting in reverence to the religion of the duke, he thought it expedient to get out of the country, to avoid coming in contact with the holy fathers of the Inquisition. As the incumbrance of a wife rendered the continuation of his tour any thing but desirable, the baronet deter-

mined to return at once to his own country; and ere he reached its shores, so bitterly did he regret his precipitate union, that he determined to convey Lady Wilmot to his house in Lincolnshire, and there leaving her in retirement, still mingle in the world, and share its pleasures, concealing as long as possible the tie that bound him.

Sir James had no relatives in England, that he regarded as such: an uncle in India, and an aunt in America, were all that remained of the stock from which he was descended; and although distant branches of the ancestral tree still existed; they were thought of, by him, as were the general members of the throng in which he moved. Thus he feared not the inquisitorial eyes of uncles and aunts, nor the laughing jests of a troop of merry cousins. His servants were forbidden to mention the presence of a mistress at Wilmot house; and as but very little of his own time was passed there, his secret was not likely to be detected by chance visitors; Lady Wilmot herself, was not permitted to pass the boundary of her own grounds, and to one who had experienced the restriction, to which the Spanish females are subjected, the privilege of ranging the large and romantic park, was esteemed the acmé of liberty. Thus days and even years passed on, and the once handsome leader of the dance had become the desperate gambler. Though fortune sometimes favored the baronet, he was far from being a successful player, and his wealth, which had been considerable, was fast passing into other hands. His Lincoln estate was his last resource, and he hesitated, as the forms of his wife and children arose to his mind. "She added not to my fortune," thought he, "and surely I have a right to dispose of that which is my own!"—and Wilmot house, and its appendages soon passed into the hands of strangers.

As the gentleman who had advanced him money on the mortgage of Wilmot house had refused to do so, unless the place should remain in his possession until redeemed, Sir James determined to remove his wife and children previous to his visiting it; but where could he place them? he felt that the power of providing for them was no longer his; the love of self had absorbed his every other affection, and in order to relieve himself from the necessity of providing for them, he wrote to the lady Wilmot, informing her that he had been compelled to part with the place, and as he had no home to offer her as a substitute for that she was about to leave, he desired her at once to leave England and return to Spain, where he doubted not they would be well received by the duke.

How did the heart of lady Wilmot bleed as she perused this unfeeling epistle from one whom she

## THE PARENT'S CURSE.

still fondly loved! But pride, that calumniated supporter of the sinking soul, forsook her not in this her hour of trial; no tear dimmed the lustre of her dark eye, as she looked her last farewell on the place so long her home; no drop, sacred to sorrow, stained the few lines which intimated to the baronet that he should be obeyed; she shrank not from the task of preparing for her departure, although her heart was overflowing with anguish, but subduing every emotion, she quitted the place apparently as indifferently as if she had but visited it for a day. But when she was seated in the carriage, and the little prattling Florence, then a bright-eyed child just passed her fifth birth-day, enquired where they were going, a convulsive shudder shook her frame, and a deadly paleness overspread her face:

"I do not know, my dear," she said in feeble accents, as she pressed her youngest darling, a babe some few weeks old, to her heart, and burst into tears.

On the second day of her journey, she was struck with the sweet locality of a quiet village through which she was passing, and she determined to make it for the present her home. Obtaining a small neat cottage just beyond the limits of the village, she removed thither, and with a sorrowful heart took possession of her humble home. A trusty maid servant had remained with her; and performed the labours of the family, and lady Wilmot felt that she might live in some degree of comfort, even in a tenement rude as this, Sir James had remitted her a sum, sufficient to enable her to reach Spain; she possessed some valuable jewels, the gifts of her parents, which she might dispose of when closely pressed by want; and here she resolved to await the pleasure of her parents, to whom she had written, to acquaint them with her destitution, and to implore them to receive their child. Fearful that her application might be in vain, she also wrote to her grandfather, the London banker, who was still living, to supplicate his protection; but a month passed, and still no kindly letter cheered the sad heart of the deserted wife.

At length, when hope had almost died within her, and she felt that she was indeed cast off by all from whom she might hope for protection and support, a letter came. It bore a London post-mark, and her soul was agitated by contending emotions as she broke the seal, and recognized the name of her grandfather. But oh! how did the heart, which but a moment before, beat high with hope, sink in her bosom as she perused the contents. In words which told how strongly pride had struggled with the softer feelings of his heart, he informed her, that the child whose diso-

bedience had grieved the hearts of her parents, applied to him in vain; that whatever she might suffer was but the reward of her own imprudence and folly, and he would not stand between her and the punishment justly inflicted by the hand of Heaven; he pitied while he blamed, but would not assist her.

The pride which had impelled her to leave her much loved home at Wilmot house, which had sustained her in her reversed condition of life, came to her aid, and prevented her from sinking under her new griefs; and folding the letter carefully, she threw it upon a table near her, and pursued her task of imparting instruction to her little one. But her heart was not in her employment; she felt that the crisis of her fate was approaching, and what that fate might be, she knew not. If her parents would consent to receive her, she would be restored to all the affluence of her early home; if they would grant her an allowance, she might live in comparative comfort where she now was; but if they refused her the assistance she solicited, she saw before her only the beggar's doom, and she shrank in horror and disgust from the fate which presented itself to her imagination. At length came the blow which annihilated the last lurking gleam of hope. A letter was put into her hand by her joyous servant—one glance at the well known hand of her father was sufficient to show its origin, and many moments passed ere she summoned resolution to break the seal. As she did so her own letter fell to the floor, and with a sickening of the heart, which until this moment she had never felt, she read these words:  
TO LADY WILMOT,

As your parents are aware, that had you not been cast off by him for whose sake you left their affection and their home, you had not indulged a desire to be again received beneath their once despised roof, they have determined to refuse you the assistance, which want, not love, impels you to solicit, although they regret that your disobedience yields such bitter fruit.

FERDINAND.

With one deep groan of anguish lady Wilmot fell from her chair, and several days passed ere she awoke to a sense of her wretchedness. Now came her resolution to conceal from her children the knowledge of their descent, and prepare them for the lowly part they were likely to act in the drama of life. Her means were now exhausted, and as soon as she had recovered strength sufficient for the exertion, she repaired to London and disposed of her jewels. From these she gained a considerable sum. The means thus obtained, by studying the strictest economy, sustained her a year in her present abode, but that



was at length exhausted; and with the calmness of despairing anguish, she dismissed her faithful servant, and with her helpless children wandered forth she knew not whither. Yes; she, the child of affluence, the rightful heiress of untold wealth, the wife of a man descended from a long line of honorable ancestors, the daughter of one whose rank was next to royalty itself, became an alien and a wanderer, and had not where to lay her head. Pride had prevented her from mixing with the kind and generous, though lowly residents of the village; and consequently though among them she was not of them, and when she left them, they felt but little interest in her.

She wandered onward for several days, subsisting on the charity of the cottagers and farmers who resided near the way she had chosen, until she entered a large town, which on enquiry she ascertained to be Windsor, one of the royal residences. Her children were too much fatigued to go farther, and feeling her own strength beginning to fail her, she sought for and at length obtained one humble and comfortless room, where, by incessant toil, she for several years obtained a scanty subsistence for her family. But her health gave way beneath the weight of sorrow, and the pressure of labor, and again she led forth her hapless band, homeless, friendless, to meet the storm of life; but her course did not now lie on the beaten track, the general thoroughfare of man; she sought the deepest recesses of the forest, and laid her down to die; and here removed from human aid, subsisting on the wild fruit, which was scantily yielded by the surrounding shrubbery, she awaited the approach of death. It came at last,—but we have already described the closing scene.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

"Mr child! my injured Florence," cried Sir James, bending over her,—how have I wronged thee! and thy mother, and my little ones! how have they drooped beneath the blighting hand of want, when I so fondly thought them sheltered beneath the towers of Talavera castle! This prevented me from recognizing my child, when I have gladly pressed thee to my long desolate heart, and guarded thee with a parent's care, have made thee wretched! But thou mayst yet be happy, happy with the object of thy early love, and—"

"Never!" cried the earl vehemently; "never shall the noble line of Fitzmorton, which has passed uncontaminated from generation to generation, since the days of our glorious Richard, so far forget its dignity; and moreover, lord Frede-

rick is now the promised husband of lady Maria Percival!"

"But my father! said his lordship, "you forget that Florence is the grand-child of the duke of Seville, and an alliance with her would reflect honor upon our house; you also forget that the engagement between lady Maria and myself, not strengthened by affection on the part of either, may be easily broken."

"Hear me, Frederick! fulfil your engagement with lady Maria, and the rich treasure of a father's blessing shall be thine; wed Florence Oakley, or Wilmot, as she will now be termed, and my curse, the bitterest curse which my heart can dictate, shall rest upon thee! Which choose you, boy, the blessing or the curse?"

"The blessing, oh! my father! for this will I sacrifice my every hope of earthly happiness; for this methinks I would resign existence."

"Contemptible fool!" muttered Lawton, "such piteous weakness is equalled only by the baseness of the father!"

"Wretch!" cried the earl, "do you speak thus of me! Begone forever from my sight, and obtrude not thy hated form into my presence again!"

"Earl of Fitzmorton," said the youth, as he fixed his eye upon him, until the angry noble shrank beneath his glance, "thou shalt listen to the words of truth, though spoken by one whom thou deemest so far inferior to thyself! Thou art base, and canst not deny that thou art so! Hast thou not sought to prevent the union of thy son and this sweet girl, even when you knew that their faith was promised, and their happiness involved? To effect this, didst thou not basely remove her from the protection of the king? nay, didst thou not even venture to deal falsely with thy royal master? and wouldst thou not, oh dire atrocity! have wedded her to her own father? Tremble, man of guilt, when thou thinkest on the horrid rite thou soughtest to perform! and now, dost thou not threaten with thy curse their mutual happiness, because thou knowest the yielding weakness of your son cannot brave thee to thy face? Did he possess his sister's dauntless soul, what would thy threats avail thee? and even now, they shall avail thee not! Lord Frederick Villiers, although his tame submission to thy will has made him despicable, shall yet be happy, and the future countess of Fitzmorton shall be the lovely Florence Wilmot! And more than this, that thy pride may be humbled to the dust, thy lovely daughter, whose hopes of happiness thou wouldst also destroy, shall be the bride of the humble Ernest Lawton; and know, that what I have determined shall most surely be performed; and now farewell, good friends!" he said, as he

left the church, and mounting his horse, he was soon retracing his way to London.

The peculiar trait in the character of lord Frederick, which to many seemed but tame submission to the tyrannical will of his father, was a better spirit; it was a deep affection for his parents, which was almost adoration; a reverence for parental authority, which shrank in horror from the slightest act of disobedience, and he felt that he could endure all of earthly woe, rather than incur the penalty of his father's malediction. Doubt not, good reader, his love for Florence! To her his soul was strongly bound, and for her sake he would have braved the fury of the raging tempest. Yes, for her he would have dared the field of death, and rushed to the foremost post of danger! But to resist the will of his parents, to bring upon himself their fierce displeasure, was more than he could bear, even for her so fondly loved. True, when her hand was fondly clasped in his, when gazing on that face of matchless beauty, he had thought that the possession of such a treasure, would compensate for the loss of all beside; he had even ventured to avow his feelings to the earl, but the threatened curse fell like a deadly weight upon his soul, and shook the firmness of his resolve. But when he received the letter of lady Harriet, which revealed to him the baseness to which the earl had resorted, he determined at once to hasten to Cambridge, to prevent the union of Sir James and Florence, and notwithstanding the claims of lady Maria, to wed at once the idol of his heart; but he was aware of the influence of his father, and had requested Lawton to lead the way in interrupting the ceremony, which on their arrival, they learned had already commenced.

The earl endeavored to persuade his son to accompany him to Kent, but lord Frederick could not be prevailed on to do so; he could not bring himself to visit a place where every object would awaken fond remembrances of her, he must now, if possible, forget, and he shrank from meeting lady Harriet, whose comments on his weakness he could not endure, and bidding his beloved Florence and his father an affectionate farewell, he set out on his return to Devonshire, where he resolved to remain, until the return of the Percivals from the continent.

To the request of the earl, that he would still consider Wilmot house his own, Sir James slightly bowed, and led his almost lifeless child to the coach, and as the last ray of the setting sun fell on the landscape, Florence found herself again beneath the roof which sheltered her sunny infancy. Before retiring to their chambers, the baronet informed his daughter of the state of his pecuniary affairs, and intimated to her that it

was his intention to leave, as soon as possible, a place which was no longer his except by sufferance, and added, "You, my dear girl, have now no tie to bind you to your native land; together we will leave it, and in young America we will seek a home! I have yet sufficient to reach its shores, and I trust we shall not find ourselves destitute in the stranger's land! In three days I trust we shall be ready to leave this once dear place; one visit to the graves of our lost ones, and then adieu to the shores of England for ever!"

When Florence found herself alone, she gave vent to the feelings of her anguished heart; but by degrees she became reconciled to the intentions of her father, and her better judgment coincided with his wishes, and she felt that it were better to seek in foreign realms that peace of mind which the land of their nativity could not afford them.

#### CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Florence left her room the following morning, she was informed by the servant that her father was seriously ill. She hastened to his chamber, and found the alarming intelligence confirmed.

"God bless thee, my darling," cried the baronet, as she approached the bed; "much do I fear that we have met but to be separated! I feel the hand of death upon me, and soon thou wilt be indeed an orphan! I have nought to leave thee but my blessing; that I freely give, and oh! may Heaven protect thee, lone, friendless wanderer!"

"Oh! speak not thus, my father, my only friend!" cried Florence, as she clasped her arms convulsively around his neck, and pressed her lips to his burning cheek. "Live still to bless thy wretched child! Have I but found a parent to see him torn from me by death? Oh, 'tis too dreadful! dearest father, live to cheer my aching heart, or see me die with thee! I have drank the cup of misery to its dregs; another draught will end a life of sorrow!"

For three days Florence watched beside the bed of her suffering parent, and then the spirit passed away, and she was indeed an orphan; an orphan in an elevated station, whose pecuniary means were but little above the parish paupers.

The last mournful office for the departed was performed, and the lovely mourner sat alone, overwhelmed with her load of grief. The day was drawing to its close, and the gloom of evening accorded well with the melancholy of her soul. She was aroused by the sound of an approaching carriage, and going to the window, she saw a plain travelling carriage drawn up before the hall door, and her heart beat quick with

joy, when she saw Ernest Lawton spring from it, and hand out a lady, whose cheerful smile and calm sweet countenance won at once her regard. They entered the house, and the solitary orphan descended to meet them. Ernest pressed her hand to his lips in silence, and then presented his mother. Mrs. Lawton met her with the kindness of a mother just meeting a child whose heart had been wrung by sorrow. The errand was soon told. They had come to offer her a home, and the offer was so kindly made that she could not refuse it.

The next morning she bade adieu to Wilmot house, and accompanied her new friend to her neat cottage in the vicinity of London. The exertions of Mrs. Lawton and her son, to dispel her sorrow were incessant, and in their presence she endeavored to forget her grief; but the image of lord Frederick was still the companion of her solitude, and she could not banish it.

"My dear," said Mrs. Lawton, one morning as they arose from breakfast, "Ernest and myself are going to London to-day, and you must accompany us! No denial; we are determined, so you must go!"

Florence consented, and they were soon on their way. A pleasant drive, which occupied scarcely an hour, brought them to the city. Alighting at a shop, Mrs. Lawton made some purchases, and again entering the carriage, they were driven to an elegant house in one of the principal streets of the city. Sending in their names, they were soon admitted, and ushered into an elegant saloon. A man who had apparently numbered nearly a century, arose to receive them; but how was Florence agitated, when Mrs. Lawton taking her hand, presented her as the only surviving child of his grand-daughter, the lady Wilmot. The man of many years sank into his seat overcome with emotion, and as he recovered the power of utterance, he exclaimed:

"Is she a good girl, Fanny? May I safely love her?"

Mrs. Lawton, who had contrived this little plot to gain for Florence the favour of the banker, assured him that she was as good as fair, and proceeded to relate to him the leading incidents of her little history. Tears stole in silence down his withered cheeks, as he listened to the tale, and at its conclusion, he said:

"Do you not know, Fanny, that you are likely to rob yourself by this? The wealth which you would have inherited may now descend to another!"

"I am aware of this! but Florence is your rightful heir, and I would not willingly appropriate that which in right belongs to another!"

Mrs. Lawton was the daughter of a cousin of the banker, and was, next to his own immediate descendants, the claimant to his vast wealth; but she generously resolved to forego her own claims in favor of Florence, and believing that if the banker once met her, he could not fail to love her, she ventured to introduce her to his presence. Her generous plan was successful; from that day Florence was the old man's favorite, and she saw before her the prospect of unbounded wealth; but what did all this avail her, while deprived of him to whom she had given her young affection?

"You will be one of the richest heiresses in England!" said the old man to her as she sat beside him; "Fanny did not consult her own interest when she brought you here!"

"My dear sir!" said Florence, "though I would not presume to dictate to you, yet let me say that nothing would give me greater pain than to know that dear Mrs. Lawton will suffer by her generosity to me! Let her still share your benevolence! or rather, as her eldest son is amply provided for, let Ernest receive that which would have been hers."

"Why, Florence! I cannot deprive you of your right; but if you are willing to divide with Ernest your inheritance, why have it even so; I have enough for both, and would hope that your respective fortunes may be again united."

Florence turned away her head to hide the emotion which she felt must be portrayed upon her face; and that very day the banker summoned his attorney, and a will was drawn, by which Florence Wilmot and Ernest Lawton were declared to be joint inheritors of his vast wealth.

Two days had passed, and Florence was sitting with Mrs. Lawton and Ernest in their quiet parlour, when a servant entered, and presented the latter with two letters bearing a foreign postmark.

"Thank Heaven," he cried as he took them, "they are come at last!"

His mother smiled, and fixed her eyes upon him as he perused them, as if she sought to learn what were the contents, nor did she look in vain; the joyful glow which overspread his face told more plainly than words, that the intelligence was of a pleasant nature, and as he folded them, he cast upon his mother a triumphant glance, and springing from his seat, he exclaimed:

"All is right! I must away for Devonshire, and when I return, I will bring a guest who will receive a joyous welcome!" he sprang lightly from the room, and in half an hour was ready to proceed on his journey.

## CHAPTER XVI.

LORD Frederick was alone, wrapped in a reverie so profound that he heard not the light step of Lawton, as he entered the library. His arm rested on a table, and his hand supported his head, and the youth paused for some moments to contemplate this victim of a parent's pride; his cheek was pale and sunken, and his neglected locks hung wildly around his brow; Ernest approached, and laid his hand upon his shoulder. Lord Frederick started from his seat, and then sunk languidly to it again, as he said—

"You, Ernest, have not quite forgotten me, although my unmanly weakness has made me despise myself! Oh you know not how I have wished to see you again, yet I dared not seek you!"

"I should not have neglected you so long, had I not done so in the hope of being the bearer of good tidings; I have ventured to interfere a little with your affairs, even without consulting you, and the consequence is, that I have spoiled all the chance of your obtaining the hand of lady Maria Percival. Yes, you are now free, so it is poor little Florence, or no lady Villiers! You look incredulous; but listen! When I left you so unceremoniously in Cambridge, I departed for London, and hastened to carry into effect a little plan I had formed; I wrote to lady Maria, informing her of the connection which existed between yourself and Florence; I told her the simple truth, namely, that you are now, and have for some time been desperately in love with her, and explained the deception which was practised upon you, by which the earl succeeded in getting you to consent to his proposal for the hand of her ladyship. The result is as I anticipated; her ladyship freely resigns her claims to your hand, and you are free!"

"But Florence, where is she? I saw the death of Sir James recorded in the public prints, and her fate has been to me a source of deep anxiety."

"Come with me, and I will take the task of finding her upon myself, but hereafter I shall appoint you her especial guardian, and hope you will be enabled to give good testimony of the manner in which you perform your trust. So come with me to London! The inmates of our little cottage will give you a joyous welcome!"

"But, my father! I cannot, even to ensure my happiness, endure his malediction!"

"Nonsense! when he finds his threats are useless, he will be quiet enough, and I will venture to say that Florence will yet be as great a favorite as I expect to be, after filching from him his pet treasure, our bonny Harriet."

Removed from the influence of his father, lord

Frederick yielded to the persuasions of Lawton, and the next morning set out for London. Their reception was as welcome as Lawton had promised, and the few scruples of Florence to give herself to him who had so long possessed her heart, were easily overcome by the united influence of her friends, and the more powerful pleadings of her own heart.

Once more our orphan stood before the altar, but not now was she an unwilling bride; Lord Frederick Villiers stood beside her, and to him she now freely gave the hand which had once nearly passed into the possession of another. That awful scene and the untimely fate of her parent presented themselves to her remembrance, and clouded the joy of the present moment. And now did lord Frederick first learn that she was far from being a portionless bride; but the possessor of wealth equal to his own. After spending a few days with the banker, who, notwithstanding his great age, graced the nuptial scene, they took a tender leave of the Lawtons, and with the promise that Ernest would soon follow them, repaired to their lovely house in Devonshire.

Lord Frederick had written to his parents the day after his marriage, imploring their pardon for his disobedience; but many days elapsed ere he received an answer. At length it came, and his soul sunk within him as he perused its contents. The long dreaded curse was pronounced in the most fearful terms the heart of man could dictate, and forbidding him to regard longer as his parents those whom he had dishonored by his alliance; he was debarred from ever appearing in their presence, or writing to them, and thus was he cast from the parents he so fondly loved. His heart was rent with anguish, and the thought that the beautiful Florence was now his own could not console him. Long he paced the floor of his room in anguish of spirit, and repined at his unhappy fate. But reason at length came to his aid, and he resolved that he would forget his father's anger, and appreciate the blessings which he now enjoyed. He thought of his lovely wife, who lived but in his smile, and remembered that for her sake he suffered. "I will be happy," he said, "the smile of Florence shall compensate for all I have lost for her sake," and hereafter, although he thought of his father's anger with regret, it brought no anguish to his heart.

At length he received intelligence that his parents, accompanied by lady Harriet, were gone abroad. Thus all hopes of a reconciliation were for the present destroyed; and in the enjoyment of domestic bliss, and the society of his few inti-

mate friends, who from time to time enlivened his abode with their presence, his days passed cheerfully and happily away, and he remembered his father's malediction with softened regret, which modified, without impairing his felicity.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Two years, with all their variety of events, had passed; the rude blast of autumn had lain low the glory of the year, and changed the verdure of the landscape to a russet hue. A day of gloom had been succeeded by a night of storms; the rain fell in torrents, the wind swept by in fitful gusts, which shook even the firmest walls to their foundation; the waves dashed upon the shore with a violence which threatened to break down their sandy barrier, and extend their limits over the regions of Terra Firma.

Lord Frederick Villiers was seated in his comfortable parlor; his eyes were fixed upon his lovely wife, occupied in directing the movements of a handsome boy, who had not yet completed his first year of existence, and so intent were the fond parents upon this object of their dearest hopes, that all else, even the raging of the storm without, was forgotten. Apart from them sat our old friend, Lawton, who for some time maintained an unbroken silence.

"Well, really," he at length exclaimed, "this is just the night one knows how to prize the blessings of a comfortable fireside and a happy home! Heavens, how the storm rages! Woe, woe to the wretch who is abroad in a night like this! I hope our friends, the earl and countess, and my truant lady-love, are safely housed on land; my last information from that quarter intimated that they were to return to England on shipboard from Lisbon, and much I fear for their safety if they are at the mercy of the raging deep! Well, I must be getting up a plan to lure his pretty bird from the protection of the old earl!—all my friends have got the better of me in the race of love! It cost me considerable manoeuvring, however, to induce you to become the guardian of my little Spanish cousin, Donna Florence, and no doubt you have cursed my meddling many times, though upon the whole you seem rather a loving couple! And then lord Percival, and that demure old personage, lady Julia, have glided safely down the smooth stream of true love, to the haven of matrimony!—and Sir Edgar Roscoe, poor modest soul, who used to shrink abashed from the task of playing the gallant to our pretty Ellen, has fairly won your rejected lady-love, lady Emily Percy; while my would-be rival, lord Arthur, these pure revenge, has led to the shrine of Hy-men,

lady Maria Percival, whom I took some pains to persuade to jilt you! Oh I was a fool when I promised the earl that I would wait patiently for lady Harriet during her minority! But, patience! the longest period at length expires!"

The discharge of a cannon at this moment arose, above the roar of the elements; both Lawton and lord Frederick started to their feet. Another and another followed, in quick succession. It was evident that a vessel in distress implored assistance.

"Quick! let us hasten to their aid!" cried Lawton, springing from the room, followed by his friend, and in a moment all was bustle and energetic action. The servants of the household, bearing lights, attended them, and but a few minutes elapsed ere they reached the shore. Several fishing boats were near, and lord Frederick, accompanied by Lawton, and two stout footmen, took possession of one, and made off for the vessel, which was discernible by means of her lights, at about half a mile's distance from the shore. The steward of the household, with three of his fellows followed. On, and onward still, the little barks urged their way, over that raging flood; but ere they had gained half the distance, the sound of oars, and suppressed voices, reached their ears, and at the moment a brilliant flash of lightning, wrapped the horizon in a fearful blaze of vivid light, and revealed to the sight a boat crowded with human beings.

"Lady Harriet! My father!" burst simultaneously from the lips of Lawton and lord Frederick, and at the very instant a tremendous wave broke over them, upsetting the boat, and precipitating its inmates into the briny deep. Lord Frederick and Lawton threw themselves from their own boat, impelled by the desire to rescue those so dear to them, but the heavens were again robed in darkness, and their every effort seemed in vain. "My father!" cried lord Frederick, "if you hear me, speak, that I may bring you aid!"

"My son!" was uttered, by a nearly suffocating voice, and the next moment the hand of lord Frederick grasped his father's arm.

"Leave me to my fate, and save thyself!" cried the earl; think not to aid me! my curse, so fiercely pronounced upon thee, my child, will bear thee with me, down to the arms of death! if thou lovest thy father, save thyself, lest thy life be required at his hands!"

"Father!" cried the son, "never will I leave thee; no, I will save thee, or we will perish together."

Lord Frederick was a powerful swimmer, and, guided by the lights of his men, he at length succeeded in reaching the shore, with his now

apparently lifeless burden. He bent over the inanimate form; the feeble beatings of his heart, told alone, that the vital spark remained. His mother, his sister, his faithful friend, all were forgotten, in his solicitude to save his father. Assisted by his servants he bore him home, and hastily despatched a messenger to Plymouth, to summon a surgeon to his aid. The beautiful Florence assisted his efforts to restore the earl, but the beatings of his heart grew fainter and fainter. "Your mother, where is she?" asked the trembling Florence, and ere he could reply, the countess was led in, by the men who remained in the boat, and who, in their search for their master, had remained upon the sea.

The surgeon arrived, and after some time succeeded in restoring the earl to consciousness, but he was severely bruised, and it was too probable that many days would elapse ere he would be able to leave his room. The servants, who during all this time, had been searching the shore for Lawton and lady Harriet, now returned unsuccessful, and seemed but too evident that they had perished. Lord Frederick, with those of his men who had remained, rushed forth to renew the search. The tempest was now hushed, and nature was as calm as if no raging storm had ever ruffled her sweet repose. The gray light of morning was just breaking over the eastern sky, as the almost frantic brother reached the shore; he hastened onward:—suddenly he paused, and his throbbing heart stood still, as he contemplated the spectacle which presented itself to his view. Locked in each other's arms, lay the bodies of Lawton and lady Harriet, and the distressed brother gazed on them in speechless anguish: he turned at length, and, believing life extinct, motioned his men to approach;—they drew near, and raising the bodies in silence, bore them away.

Lord Frederick remained for more than an hour upon the shore; at length he turned his steps homeward; but he dreaded to enter that abode, so late the sanctuary of the purest bliss, now clouded by withering sorrow;—he entered; his mother and Florence advanced to meet him, their faces robed in sweet though pensive smiles.

"My father! Harriet! Lawton!" he gasped, as he took their hands in his, and cast an agonized glance upon them.

"Are all safe, and likely to recover from the effects of last night's catastrophe!" replied the countess, with a bright smile.

The revulsion was so sudden, lord Frederick sunk into his seat, and for a moment his senses reeled beneath the tide of joy.

## CONCLUSION.

A FEW weeks sufficed to restore our sufferers from the effects of the injuries they had suffered. Lady Ellen had been sent for, and they now formed a happy family circle. The blessings of the earl, instead of curses, were poured upon his son, and Florence had become as much a favorite as Lawton had predicted. The long period so much dreaded by Lawton, which must intervene ere lady Harriet completed her minority, was considerably abridged by the sanction of the earl, who, from the period of the shipwreck, became a wiser and a better man. The ruined castle in Kent and the adjoining grounds, were purchased by Lawton, and the castle repaired for his country residence; and under the tasteful hand of lady Harriet, its transformation was so great, that even lady Ellen could enter it without any sensation of fear.

The Wilmot estate in Lincolnshire, was presented by the earl to lady Villiers, and at her request, the remains of her mother, brother, and sisters, were brought from Windsor, and placed beside those of Sir James, in the vault of the village church.

The earl and countess lived long and happy amid the domestic circle fast forming around them; they saw their pensive, quiet Ellen, become the bride of a noble lord; happiness cast its bright halo around all so dear to them; and Fitzmorton's earl learned to bless the day that the heir of his much prized title, and broad estates, became the husband of Florence Wilmot.

## A SONG FROM AFAR.

When thou at eventide art sitting  
Amidst the forest's lonely shade,  
And see'st there a shadow fitting  
With smiles to thee across the glade—  
Oh! think the spirit of thy friend  
Hath travelled there with thine to blend!

When moonlight in the sky is beaming,  
And thou art musing of thy love,  
While music from the birds is streaming  
All up and down the leafy grove,—  
Then when thy thoughts swell to a sigh,  
Believe my spirit hath come nigh.

When thou in dreamy thought art straying  
Far back in memory's fairy land,  
And feeble breezes round thee playing,  
With Zephyr's kiss, on lip and hand;  
And if thy taper's flame doth bend,  
It is the spirit of thy friend.

When resting in thy cot at even,  
As many stars above thee shine,  
Thou hearest whisper'd in the heaven  
Our pledged words,—“For ever thine;”—  
Then, in thy slumberings, believe  
My spirit is with thee that eve.

# EVENTS AND END OF TIME.\*

A POEM.

BY THE REV. A. H. BURWELL.

The fashion (scheme) of this world passeth away.—1 Cor. vii. 31.

Time shall be no longer.—Rev. x. 6.

Behold! I make all things new.—Rev. xxi. 5.

## PART I.

'Tis written, that power belongs to none but God;  
That men for Him alone should bear the rod;  
That rulers should, like Him, be just and kind,  
And Him, their Master, ever bear in mind.  
But whence arose this modern cry, that might  
And power are of the subject, and his right?  
That rank, and place, and eminence of station  
Are his alone, and of his own creation?  
Cæsar has ever been an untamed beast,  
A selfish creature, whether lay or priest;  
More careful of the fleece than of the sheep;  
Who station kept, that he himself might keep.  
For rulers have their sacred trust abused;  
God's name and ordinance in oppression used  
More than for blessing. He to them doth say,  
When thrusting their pretences fair away:  
"Ye eat the fat; ye clothe you with the wool;  
My people's flesh you from their bones do pull;  
Ye leave them in the dark and cloudy day,  
To every prowling beast a helpless prey."  
All know how rulers have abused their might—  
What worsting judgment and perverting right!—  
What turning power into a gainful trade!  
What riches by oppression have been made!  
How Christian Europe has been trodden down,  
That such might thrive as wore the sword or gown!  
How oft have flagrancy and foul abuse  
Furnished rebellion's plausible excuse!  
What fierce contentions 'twixt the rival great,  
Which ground to dust the man of meaner state!

The path of this world's greatness, it appears,  
Hath ever been bedewed with blood and tears,  
But littleness hath also done its part,  
Outward to bring what lurks in every heart.  
The same corruption dwells in high and low,  
And all have caused the blood and tears to flow.  
Oppressive kings have rebel subjects found,  
And good ones never have maintained their ground.  
Internal discord and the unsubject will  
Have wrought oppression by the many still.  
The struggle hath been constant, who should sway  
What power he might, and keep his private way;  
And law and justice have been turned to snares,  
Subtle and deep, to catch all unawares.

But now that Knowledge lifts her standard high,  
The multitude demand a reason why,  
Since power and place for good to all were made,  
Why, like a vast monopoly in trade,

The few have ever held them for their gain,  
And shouted "Treason!" when the mass complain.  
Nature can see no reason in such things  
As power from God, and right divine of kings;  
And fallen nature asks no other light  
Than self can furnish in a claim of right.  
The million say: "Henceforth we Cæsar stand;  
We take his place; we exercise command."  
So the crowned locusts, rising from the pit  
In smoke and brimstone, each is every whit  
A king supreme,—with torment in his tail;  
But over all Apollyon doth prevail. †  
What though distinctions subtle sophists draw?  
Cæsar still makes his will his rule of law.  
To sight there's nothing to rebut this last,  
For churchmen teach that miracles are past:  
That book and argument are all we need  
To test the verity of claim or creed;  
That guidance manifest from God is not,  
And ne'er was given to be the church's lot:  
That though contention, strife, and war divide us,  
Presumption 'tis to think that God would guide us  
As He our fathers guided. Party votes,  
Produced by our intrigues, these are the notes,  
And marks, and means of guidance: So, of course,  
Our rule has been,—majorities, brute force.  
The strongest ever did maintain the field,  
The weaker feeling they to force must yield.  
The sword has been our only umpire known;  
Whereas at first 'twas God, and God alone.  
While men were faithful all by Him were guided:  
Now 'tis—rote and divide; and we're divided.  
Self and division mark our downward track,  
And subdivision thunders at our back.  
The tangled skein becomes entangled o'er,  
But party will not give the struggle o'er.  
So when Jerusalem was girt about,  
Faction within slew more than foes without.

But by the many 'tis found out at length,  
That all have measured right by human strength:  
That creed for ages has maintained its stand  
By Cæsar's arguments, not God's right hand;  
That book and logic, now in the minority,  
Must yield the world of power to the majority.  
That's the new version of the ancient rule  
That might makes right; and so the modern school,

† Rev. ix. 3—11.

\* Continued from page 354.

Turning the tables on the ancient trade,  
 Count heads to know whose will shall be obeyed,  
 The will of one man or the will of many,  
 (God's will is now not mentioned e'en by any.)  
 Or, as the way with some, pull down the throne,  
 That right may rule, and rulers true be known;  
 And mobs and factions riot in their might,  
 And trample all things down to set them right.

But million Cæsar is but Cæsar still;  
 His rule is but the rule of human will;  
 And Cæsar is a beast. Cæsar must die,  
 Because a beast he will be, low or high.  
 And Cæsar's worshippers in church or state,  
 If they his honours share, must share his fate.  
 Not the proud woman who the beast doth ride,  
 Can from the righteous retribution hide.  
 She seeks t' entice him; but the attempt is vain:  
 He spurs her logic as he spurns her chain,  
 And treats her as a sorceress. In his hate  
 He eats her flesh, and makes her desolate,  
 And burns her in the fire. So God commands,  
 Because the blood of saints is on her hands,  
 And in her cup.\* But he in turn must die,  
 For that he fights to vanquish the Most High!

'Tis thus the lurking mischief long has wrought  
 The will of Satan, till at length 'tis brought  
 To bear, on principle, the open sway.  
 And all disguises wholly cast away.  
 The tares have grown till they engross the field:  
 The harvest ripens, and their fruit they yield.  
 The church herself mixed with this scheme of things:  
 She cast her fortune with the lot of kings:  
 She took their wisdom for her guide; their power  
 For her protection in the trying hour;  
 And in her nakedness and blindness cries:  
 Lo, I am rich, and full, and strong, and wise!  
 But she on their foundation of the sand  
 The rising storms and floods can ne'er withstand;  
 For while the judgments sweep away their might,  
 She (as a millstone sinks) vanishes from sight!  
 Her children now usurp proud Cæsar's seat:  
 As Cæsar's mistress they their mother treat;  
 Sack Cæsar's palaces; turn Cæsar out,  
 And burn his throne amidst the rabble rout.  
 Worship the beast! they cry, the beast of hell!  
 Obey the many, or not buy nor sell!  
 Leviathan doth rise—reform! reform!  
 Or take th' alternative—an iron storm!  
 He lifts himself; the mighty are afraid—  
 In vain against him is the purpose laid!  
 The kings of earth concede to him their power  
 Against the Almighty—'tis but one short hour!  
 "THE BREAKER" all His heavenly forces brings—  
 To endless ruin sinks this evil scheme of things!

The chain of Time no longer shall be drawn!  
 The fashion of this world is past and gone:  
 The god of this world never more shall be,  
 Lord of misrule: cast out and chained is he,  
 No more he travels up and down with power  
 To injure, seeking whom he may devour;  
 Nor fans the flames of war and conflict dire,  
 Nor in his malice sets the world on fire.  
 No more he gloats o'er human misery;  
 With vengeful mind cast out and chained is he.  
 The greedy beast that did the vine devour,

\*Rev. xvii.

Perverts no more the heaven appointed power:  
 The tossing winds that roused the turbid ocean,  
 No more shall mingle all in wild commotion;  
 For He that stays the flight of Time, the True,  
 Comes forth and saith: "I fashion all things new!"

But has the church, the one betrothed and loved,  
 No other than a vast abortion proved?  
 Not so! God's word, wherever it is sent,  
 Fulfills His own decree, His own intent.  
 The dispensation does what was designed—  
 Takes an election out of all mankind;  
 And, sooner, later, does prepare the way,  
 That He who comes may make no long delay.  
 First to the Jew God's kingdom was brought nigh;  
 But he, rebellious, thrust the honor by.  
 For God had said: If ye obey my voice,  
 Ye shall remain the treasure of my choice;  
 Of priests a kingdom, in my light to shine,  
 And lighten all; for all the earth is mine.\*  
 He then in mercy to the Gentiles came,  
 To take from them his people for a Name—†  
 To be that royal priesthood, and declare  
 To all mankind how great His glories are;  
 That all the Gentiles in the end might know  
 The mercies that from Him forever flow.  
 Kings they shall be: their royal priestly reign  
 Shall ever flourish. So doth God ordain,  
 With them the Man of sorrow (now of joy.)  
 Comes forth the great usurper to destroy;  
 And, as the sun, unceasing shall they shine,  
 O'er all the world in light and love divine.  
 To this are many called. The chosen few  
 Obtain the prize, because He finds them true.  
 From first to last all that are faithful found  
 Shall, in the end, acknowledged be, and crowned.  
 King, ruler, priest, or subject, bond, or free,  
 That has served God, shall then accepted be.  
 All that have honored Him in their estate,  
 When He appears, shall be accounted great.  
 Jewels they shall be in His royal crown,  
 And names shall bear of ever fresh renown.  
 Brands from the burning they; the spoils of Time,  
 From every kindred people, tongue, and clime.  
 When nature's course has felt the fire of hell,  
 Sweeping the church from end to end, full well  
 The course of such. Martyrs, confessors, they;  
 (Their lives have ever been to them a prey.)  
 The salt of Christendom,—of rank, of station,  
 Of rich, and poor, and sect, and age, and nation.  
 As David 'midst his wars at large prepared  
 To build the temple his successors reared;  
 So God prepares, beneath this reign of night,  
 The power that is to crush the serpent's might,  
 And o'er the New Creation reign, the sons of light.

When He who numbers all the stars shall find  
 The number predetermined in his mind;  
 To form the body, to complete the bride,  
 This dispensation must be set aside.  
 The gathering net must then be drawn ashore;  
 The bad rejected, but the good in store  
 Laid up for future use: as else it fares;  
 The wheat at harvest from amidst the tares  
 Is gathered safely; while the tares retire  
 To be the food of everlasting fire.

\* Exodus xix. 5, 6.

† Acts, xv. 14.



It is the time of gathering : 'tis the end :  
 Like comes to like, and friend is found with friend.  
 Divide! the order is; divide! divide!  
 Halt not between opinions! take your side  
 With Israel's God or Baal! And thus go forth  
 The unclean spirits to the kings of earth,  
 To gather all their forces to the fight,  
 Which ends in the destruction of their might.  
 And others gathered are. The Lord on high  
 Calls up the faithful dead; the living fly;  
 And both to Him are gathered in the air.  
 Thus for the final struggle all prepare.  
 The mystery of iniquity hath wrought  
 As leaven long; now to a head 'tis brought.  
 The ripening tares unfold their shameless face;  
 For He that hindered now allows them space.  
 The man of sin comes forth, matured thereby—  
 The lawless One, who sets his throne on high;  
 Who lifts o'er all the earth his iron rod,  
 And claims a place above the stars of God.

All things are hastening now to be revealed;  
 The sons of glory too, so long concealed;  
 The hidden members, fashioned in the earth  
 Beneath in secret, soon shall come to birth,  
 And light of resurrection. All creation,  
 In groaning waits the glorious consummation.  
 And they shall be revealed, heads of estates,  
 For whom the kingdom of their Father waits.  
 The double portion of the first-born they  
 Receive, and bear the everlasting sway;  
 And the saved nations all their honour bring,  
 Presenting to the children of the King.

What's Time? It is a parenthesis space  
 Within existence, running a short race;  
 Full of events momentous. It began  
 In Eden with the pristine sin of man.  
 Onward it passes: in its whole career,  
 Loaded with misery 'tis from year to year.  
 Its records are the chronicles of crime  
 And human madness. All the course of Time  
 Is big with turmoil, wrath, contention, strife,  
 And war, and misery. Such is human life!  
 And Time, as he advances, ever flings  
 Some new perplexity o'er human things;  
 Effects some change in evil, each more sore  
 And sorrow laden than the one before;  
 Brings forth some new-born wickedness, to chase  
 God's likeness further from our ruined race,  
 Until the last, worst monster comes, and then  
 The Great Avenger shows Himself to men;  
 Destroys the arch destroyer; closes Time,  
 And opens all the chronicles of crime;  
 Judges the world; its wicked scheme removes,  
 And gives the fashion to it God approves.

Meanwhile, e'en from the first, unseen by man,  
 Onward has the Almighty moved His plan.  
 For sin has dimmed man's eyes and closed his sight,  
 And in his alien state he shuns the light:  
 Yet to a chosen few has light been given;  
 And such have ever seen the hand of heaven.)  
 Through all the darkest seasons God has wrought;  
 Securely forward all His purpose brought;  
 The wickedness of man, the spite of hell  
 Has used, that they at least His praise might swell:  
 At every step the enemy has foiled,

That, in the end, the spoiler might be spoiled:  
 Has watched, and kept the labour of the field,  
 And safely stored what treasure it might yield.

The Word made Flesh into the world was sent:  
 In travail, toil, and shame, his life was spent,  
 That He, through death, might work the Eternal Will,  
 And all the earth with God's own glory fill.  
 He took the labour, and endured the pains,  
 And turns them into everlasting gains;  
 Casts out the fiend who did to all aspire,  
 And binds him helpless in eternal fire.  
 For this a Name of dignity is given  
 Above the mightiest names of earth or heaven;  
 At which all knees in homage low shall fall,  
 And every tongue confess Him Lord of all!  
 Then He, the Mighty, Merciful, and True,  
 The earth delivered, will make all things new.  
 Order and beauty at His word shall rise,  
 And righteousness, descending from the skies,  
 Shall welcome truth, emerging from the earth.  
 (For nature struggles to the second birth;)  
 And Mercy, as all enmities will cease,  
 Shall seal forgiveness with the kiss of peace.  
 Death at His bidding shall be overthrown,  
 And pain, and grief, and sickness, be unknown.  
 The throne of judgment and eternal right  
 Shall be established in resistless might:  
 The righteous sceptre shall o'er all extend,  
 And God with man shall dwell as friend with friend.  
 For man, subdued and peaceable, shall rise  
 No more against the counsel of the skies,  
 The will of God shall on the earth be done:  
 All wills shall then be harmonized in one;  
 All creatures' wills to unity be brought.  
 And His own will through many shall be wrought:  
 One creed in high and low, in great and small;  
 For God within them shall be all and all:  
 And in their midst a city he'll prepare,  
 Whose name unchanging is—"THE LORD IS THERE!"

Without regret, then, let the years pass by;  
 On Time's swift flight bestow no lingering sigh!  
 Trouble and Time their race together run,  
 And trouble ceases after Time is done.  
 This world and Time together have their course,  
 This world lies in the wicked one: the source  
 This of unnumbered ills; but so no more:  
 The reign of sin and darkness will be o'er.  
 The prince of this world sees his dark career  
 Foreclosing swiftly each revolving year.  
 "The world to come," too, rises on the sight,  
 And faith beholds it by celestial light:—  
 The world to come, whose course shall measured be  
 By God's designs, and by eternity.  
 Then come that world! Lord Jesus, quickly come,  
 And with mankind make Thy abiding home;  
 The earth is Thine! the nations are Thine own!  
 Bring them to worship round the Eternal Throne!  
 All things subdue beneath thy sacred feet;  
 And yield them up to God a holocaust complete!

## THE POWER OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY W. P. C.

"KNOWLEDGE is power," said Lord Bacon, more than two centuries and a half ago; knowledge *had been* power, during all the centuries which preceded his existence; knowledge has continued to be power, ever since Lord Bacon died—and so long as the present constitution of the human mind, and the present organization of terrestrial matter, shall remain unchanged, the universal truthfulness of this distinguished sentiment will still endure. That intellectual excellence has, in all ages of the world, been only another and more comprehensive name for the acquisition of political and moral influence over the various classes which compose society, let the indubitable conclusions of all historical researches prove. In vain, while endeavouring to establish the truth and justice of some favorite theory, do we appeal to the passions and the prejudices of those whom we address, unless the labors of the historian have discovered for our assistance, that the doctrines which we advocate are not contradictory to the accumulated experience of mankind. In vain do we proclaim the discovery of any novel principle in matter or in mind, unless historic testimony in some degree contributes to substantiate the possibility of its existence.

The expression—"knowledge is power,"—may seem to be "the reiteration of an oft-told tale." It is so. Yet it is one of those inimitable combinations of words, whose force and clearness no repetition can destroy, nor in the least detract from. This sentiment had its origin in truth. It is no idle vagary of a dreamy mind, but the obvious and decided conclusion drawn by a vigorous and comprehensive intellect, from all the circumstances which the history of ages had presented to its consideration. But still, no extraordinary veneration for the high philosophical character of any man, should lead us blindly to adopt the opinions which he pleases to express. A rigid and impartial inquiry into all subjects, whose nature will admit it, may bring us, when assisted by the stronger mental powers and better taste of him who has preceded us, to join with him in obtaining just and satisfactory results; or, on the contrary, it may induce us to condemn the absurdity and illogical arrangement of his thoughts. Now is there any considerable danger, as it may

perhaps be apprehended, that such a desire of ascertaining and appreciating the truth, will ever, if judiciously controlled, degenerate into scepticism. With better founded reasons of alarm, need we anticipate the adoption and diffusion of pernicious doctrines by those weak and credulous individuals, whose inability or indolence induces them to receive opinions upon trust from others, and who in consequence promulgate through the world the most deceptive and immoral creeds.

With relation to that knowledge which gives rise to power, it may be neither uninteresting nor unimportant to trace a few of the evidences of its existence, which the pages of history lay open to our view; and, first of all, it is important that we should fully understand the fact that Bacon has recorded, that "knowledge is power," by whomsoever it may be possessed, and howsoever it may be employed; secondly, that it is attainable not by a few privileged members of society alone, but by those of every class and condition in life; and thirdly, that we should correctly determine in what manner, with its consequent advantages, it may be most easily, most successfully, and most profitably secured. A few historical illustrations, quoted at random, will, without the aid of speculative science, firmly establish us in that position, which throughout this essay we intend to occupy.

There was once a time when universal education was a thing unheard of; when men, themselves incapable of forming just conceptions of intricate systems, such as the complicated machinery of legal codes, or the perplexing subtleties of political economy, were guided step by step, from principle to principle, and from rule to rule, by the explicit teachings of those whose circumstances had placed in positions more favorably adapted to the acquisition of learning than their own. The celebrated Dr. Gillies, in his elaborate work on ancient Greece, remarks, with reference to the Spartan Lyncurgus, that "the experience of history attests the extraordinary revolutions which one bold, wise and disinterested man may produce in the affairs of the community of which he is a member." Unlike the nineteenth century, the age in which Lyncurgus flourished, was not characterized by the univer-

sal diffusion of independent sentiments, but rather by a submission to, and concurrence in, the opinions which the great and wise expressed. The human race had not yet entered upon that period of its history, when a spirit of increasing enterprise, and the imperative necessity of further advances in social improvement, created a corresponding spirit of self-reliance, and aroused the inherent energies of its character. Such an age, however, was eminently fitted for the development of the *power of knowledge*—that knowledge which a few distinguished minds, amid the various difficulties of their situations, had succeeded in acquiring—that knowledge which consists not only in the sciences taught by books, but also in a profound and accurate acquaintance with the mysterious workings of the human heart. When Solon had drunk deeply at the fountains of philosophical lore, and added to the versatility of his genius by extensive travel, and close observation of the manners and customs incident to foreign nations, he became fitted to assume the responsibility of legislating for his countrymen; and devoting to their service all the resources of his highly cultivated mind, he framed and established a code of laws, which, for centuries later, continued to retain its original authority over the Athenian people; Pericles, by the studious perseverance of his character, elevated himself to a position of such extraordinary eminence in his native state, that the high and long established dignity of its supreme tribunal declined beneath his power, and for the period of forty years he ruled, with almost absolute supremacy, the prosperity and happiness of the first nation upon earth—augmenting her civic grandeur, and extending her military glory. Unwearied industry in acquiring a vast and useful fund of knowledge, and a just conclusion as to the noblest means of employing his attainments for the welfare of his country, rather than even his naturally distinguished mental powers, conferred upon Demosthenes that pre-eminence among the orators of antiquity, which the testimony of all succeeding ages has confirmed. And Tully also, by the closest assiduity to polished studies, perfected that harmonious and splendid style of diction, which, when united to the vigor of a most expansive intellect, could wield the destinies of that imperious people, whose arms had subjugated, and whose laws pervaded, half the globe. In later times, the illustrious Peter of Russia, notwithstanding the arbitrary nature of his government, stands prominently forth as an illustration of the importance of possessing an enlarged and thorough acquaintance with those arts and sciences, whose tendency is favourable not only to the

advancement of political freedom, but also to the promotion of domestic felicity.

But without seeking to multiply individual instances, it may be remarked in general terms, before proceeding to the second department of this subject, that a grand exemplification of the *power of knowledge* is found in the entire history of all the various revolutions, by which, since the first establishment of regularly constituted governments, the free exercise of civil and religious liberty, and the enjoyment of social happiness, have been conferred upon society.

We conform to the generally received opinion, that all the powers of the mind expand and grow in strength, in proportion to the amount and continuance of the discipline to which they are subjected. The child, whose tender faculties are laboriously exerted in learning the mysterious characters of the Alphabet, advances by degrees to the study of his spelling-book, his grammar, and the terrible multiplication-table. In every department of education, this great mental law is recognized and obeyed. The toilsome student, who hastens early in the morning to his books, and late at night retires to rest, is conscious that the hours he has thus spent, have been devoted to the acquirement of intellectual power, and the preparation for future fame.

Having satisfied ourselves, therefore, that the definition of knowledge with which this article began, was not a mere expression of the theoretical views its author entertained, inconsistent with sound philosophy, and unmeaning when applied to practice, but rather that it is consonant to our experience of actual things, and confirmed by the history of the world, let us proceed to apply the result of these convictions to the particular subject which at present demands our attention.

In the infancy of society, the ideas of men respecting the rights of property were obviously few and simple, each one appropriating to himself merely that which his temporary necessities required. But as the population of the earth increased, and such individual rights grew naturally more defined and better understood, that innate desire of gain which is so strongly impressed upon the human mind, began to develop itself. The immediate consequence of this propensity was the migration of men from the places which they originally inhabited, in quest of others, better fitted to afford them the means of subsistence. Certain lands abounded in certain productions, which were elsewhere scarce, or quite unknown, and thence sprang that interchange of commodities between various nations,

whose increased facilities have since united the remotest portions of the habitable globe. Commerce grew more and more extended, and more and more useful in its influences, in proportion to the intellectual improvement of those who directed its operations. Its invariable effect was to bestow a decided superiority, in all respects, upon such nations as were actively engaged in promoting its advances. After a while occurred the discovery of the singular properties of the magnet, to which may be attributed all subsequent extension of commercial enterprise. Later still, the lofty genius of Columbus, assisted by severe and long continued study, traced a way across the unexplored world of waters. Following his illustrious example, other adventurers discovered a continent almost boundless in its extent, and inexhaustible in its resources. And now, in our own times, no division of the earth is so distant from the seats of civilization, that ambitious industry has not succeeded in ascertaining and appropriating its advantages; neither seas, nor mountains, nor heat, nor cold, have rendered inaccessible the remotest and most inhospitable regions.

This we regard as the result of that distinguished position to which man, through the prospective elevation of his mind, was originally destined to attain. Volumes have been written upon the history of commerce, and volumes more might still be written, all exhibiting the influence which its origin, its growth and its maturity have produced upon the world. It is evident, however, that all its various effects have indirectly arisen from that progressive development which the human mind has manifested; no ignorant man would have conceived the project of traversing an unknown, and apparently illimitable ocean, to seek for lands beyond it, nor would, with the masterly skill of a Columbus, have conducted the expedition intended to accomplish that design.

Since the earliest times, commerce and general education have advanced side by side, continually stimulating and assisting each other. The future well-being of society calls for the extension of knowledge to all its classes, in a greater or less degree, according as peculiar circumstances may require. The professions of divinity, of law and medicine, for practical purposes at least, demand a course of preparatory study very different in its character from that needed by the man of commerce.

We think it is not necessary that the merchant of this day should be deeply versed in classical literature, that he should have studied long and attentively the sublimity of Homer and the volup-

tuous gaiety of Anacreon, that he should have learned to be witty from Horace, critical from Quintillian, or elegant from Cicero. Nor is it by any means a matter of importance, that the abstract principles of the differential and integral calculus should have become to him familiar as his household words. These things have their appropriate place, and we are not of that number who would introduce confusion into society by jumbling together the different professions and avocations of men. An extensive familiarity with the history of nations, a thorough comprehension of the great principles of political economy, and a determination as to the comparative merits of the various ethical creeds, will enable the intelligent commercial man to form a just appreciation of the high character which his profession should sustain,—will control those too eager desires which sometimes verge upon the avaricious, and will elevate, enoble and refine his intellectual and his moral nature. We have alluded thus particularly to the nature of commercial education, because the commercial class, if not the largest, is usually the most influential in every important community. But our position, that education should be general, not confined to any order of men, however great their consequence, will not be disputed. For we conceive that all well regulated societies require the preservation of a *balance of power* between the higher and the lower classes. Now, KNOWLEDGE IS POWER: therefore all should possess it. But how shall all possess it? The difficulty, the existence of which this question implies, is readily removed. Determined assiduity is necessary,—nothing more.

At this very moment there lives a man who, but a few short years ago, was a humble mechanic, a daily laborer, a man whose intellect was powerful, and whose taste was fine, but the rude necessities of whose condition confined him to the forge and anvil, and he toiled as if he had never known or heard of more exalted occupations; still, that man was a most devoted student, and though he abstracted no time from the allotted period of his labor, he yet succeeded in acquiring a *mastery* over nearly all the languages of ancient and of modern times; he studied many abstruse sciences, and gained a reputation which will be as lasting as it is glorious. Though few amongst us may hope to equal the fame of Elihu Burritt, yet that fame and the peculiar circumstances under which it was won, may serve to teach us how much *may* be done through application and undiverted study. A few energetic youths whose original advantages are possibly inferior to those of their neighbors, have perhaps the discernment

to perceive that the difficulties under which they labor are not wholly irremediable. Without doubt or hesitation, these set out on their career of usefulness,—a little time has passed away, and they are become the leading spirits of the age, the indications of popular opinion and the promoters of their country's good.

"Educate," said Montesquieu, and *educate*, say we. If it were possible, we would leave no one unlettered and unwise. We would, in spite of the opprobrious epithets, *leveller* and *democrat*, with which we might be visited, extend the transcendent privileges of civilization and of social happiness throughout society. We would build up civil order upon the stern convictions of moral and religious duty. We would establish institutions, whose tendency should be to bring home to the fireside of the lowliest artisan the means of intellectual refinement—of social eminence, and of religious peace,—we would seriously teach the mutual relations of filial and parental love, and make the father happy in the ripening virtues of his son,—we would silence within the consecrated precincts of domestic life, the discordant clamors of sectarian contention, and in their place would breathe that pure and placid spirit, whose holy influence should circle all the world, till men of every creed and clime should join in universal gratitude to God.

## COMIC SONG WRITING.

"COMIC SONGSTER," 1847.

BY A.

It is sometimes pleasant to run the eye over these little volumes, as they make their periodical appearance, to renew our acquaintance with old favorites, and to gain an introduction to new friends, who deserve to be classed amongst them. They are, however, works, with which we are contented to occupy ourselves only for a brief space, for, on a lengthened perusal, they, like their brethren the Jest Books, soon teach us how wearisome a thing is a prolonged attempt to be funny, and how rapidly the perpetual change from subject to subject, produces an *ennui*, precisely similar in its effects to that produced by a cause diametrically opposite, the monotonously dull book which offers no variety at all. Truly "extremes meet," when we least expect it. But these same Jest Books, and Comic Songsters are right pleasant companions, if we content ourselves with a few pages at a time, and after a joyous laugh,

lean back within our easy chair, and moralize on the amusement they afford us.

These compilations, song-books at least, appear to be of modern origin. The facetiæ of Hierocles, may, indeed, rob Joe Miller of his claim to originality, but though the ancient Greeks and Romans had no scarcity of merry songs, they do not appear to have been brought together on our modern plan. The works of individual writers have been collected, but they form, for the most part, a medley of comic, satiric, and sentimental poems. As there are few things which paint the *home* manners of a people so vividly as their comic songs, it would have been a great treat to have possessed a few ballads of the days when Aristophanus infused the broadest humour into the lively Athenians, or when Plautus and Terence taught the grave Romans how to laugh.

To convince us of this, we have only to reflect upon the usual topics of the song-writer, and to remember how gratifying it would be to see the ancients in their frolicsome dishabille, and to compare them with ourselves, under the like circumstances. Women and wine form the great sources of poetic inspiration, but serious love, and sentimental drinking, do not fall within our present argument, and Anacreon, Ovid, Horace, and a hundred more, have told us, how their chaplet-crowned compatriots felt and acted in these matters. Love becomes the subject of the comic verse, when disparity of age, meanness of character and station, ridiculous rivalries, exaggerated or causeless jealousy, or absurd affectation, render that very respectable sentiment ludicrous; drinking excites our ridicule, when carried beyond its legitimate object, of "making glad the heart of man;" its stimulus drives reason from its throne, and sets its votary on playing pranks, which, in modern days, conduct him to the watch-house. The joys of hunting and carousing are another favorite theme; provincial peculiarities and dialects, the craft of the rogue, the folly of the simpleton, the vanity of the fop, the solemnity of the pedant, the errors or corruptions of statesmen, and all the "faults of the great, and follies of the wise," are made in turns the source of our amusement. Sometimes the combination of amiable qualities with weakness of character, is the theme, and it would be well if the caterers for mirth did not sometimes attempt to divert us by more incongruous mixtures. Misery and crime have surely nothing ludicrous about them, yet are they sometimes chosen as "the sad burden of a merry song." Let us analyze one of these last, and then contrast it with a lay, the humour of which is founded upon better principles. It is pretty evident that a song quoted by

Lord Byron, must have been tolerably successful, and his lordship, in his catalogue of the "Smiths," tells us that one of them was

"he, so late renowned in country quarters,  
At Halifax, but now he served the Tartars."

His desertion of the unfortunate Miss Baily, and her tragical death, being recited, the song proceeds to tell of the Captain's grief:

His wicked conscience haunted him, he lost his stomach  
daily,  
So he took to drinking ratifia, and thought upon Miss  
Baily,  
Oh! Miss Baily, unfortunate Miss Baily!—

One morn, when he was laid in bed, for he had caught a  
fever,  
Says he "I am a handsome man, but I'm a gay deceiver."

We need not recapitulate the ingredients in this familiar song, but are they such as should make us laugh? The vogue this song once obtained, must make us think they do so, albeit our merriment consists of what bully Bottom so graphically describes, as "most tragical mirth." The fun is continued by the spectral appearance of Miss Baily, and her anxiety to obtain decent sepulture:

"For Parson Scraggs won't bury me, although I'm dead  
Miss Baily."

And the Captain is made to salve his troubled conscience by an offer to defray the necessary expense, with

"The one pound note in my regimental small clothes."

This song has many brethren, of which devils, ghosts, and murders form the theme, and which have employed authors of different grades of intellect, from the writer of the vulgar horrors of "Billy Vite," up to that lamented and versatile genius, the late Thomas Hood. The productions of that gentleman, in which humour is made to spring from wretchedness or crime, are so numerous, that, had not his private character been known to be excellent, we might suspect that "the man who can make a pun," would not only be prone "to picking pockets," but even to "cutting throats." In one of his songs, he describes a blind man restored to sight, by the care of his wife, a very ugly woman, to whom he had been married during his blindness; the pupster tells us, that

"When his eyes were opened, why, he saw her very  
plain."

More disgusted with her appearance, than grateful for her affection, he resolves upon her murder, and dashes out her brains, which atrocious deed

is humorously depicted by a punning paragraph from a Book which should not be so desecrated:

"So he knocked at his wife's head, and it opened unto him!"

How refreshing it is to turn from horrors such as these, or the kindred atrocities of the "Ingoldsby Legends," to the truthful tenderness of "All round my hat."

"All round my hat, I veers a green willow,  
All round my hat, for a twelvemonth and a day;  
And if any body axes me the reason vy I veers it,  
I answers for my true love, vots far, far away.  
'Twas a going of my rounds in the street I did meef her,  
Oh! I thought she was a hangel just come down from  
the sky;  
And I never heard a voice more louder nor more sweeter,  
For she cried, come buy my primroses, my primroses  
come buy."

How finely does the chorus announce the melancholy that is to pervade the song; the unhappy lover wears the willow, and with a knowledge of legal periods, "for a year and a day," that mystical duration of time, which the sages of the law tell us, "in some cases works a prescription and in others a usucaption," within which "appeals must be prosecuted," and "persons wounded must die, in order to constitute the inflictor of the wound guilty of murder." (Vide 1 B.C. 292, 297. 4 B.C., 197.) How true to nature is the minuteness with which the spot is described where the lovely vision was first descried; he would not forget the minutest circumstance of the meeting for worlds,—the angelic beauty of her form, the harmony of her voice, the lovely flowers, the harbingers of spring, which she, more lovely still, offers to the passer by. Like Cymon, gazing on the sleeping Iphigenia, we may imagine him struck with admiration, for Cymon, like our London lover, had his thoughts lifted up above this terrene sphere.

"He would have wak'd the maid, but check'd the  
thought,  
And love new born, the first good manners taught;  
An awful fear his ardent wish withstood,  
Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood."

In what more impressive manner could first love possibly be conceived than in the ballad, amidst music and flowers, the scene, as we may suppose, "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall;" well may the songstress appear something preternatural, "nec vox hominum sonat, oh! dea certe."

"Oh! my love she was fair, and my love she was kind  
too,  
And cruel vos the judge vot had my love to try,  
For thieving is a thing vich she never vos inclin'd to,  
But he sent my love across the seas, far, far away."

Is it Aristotle, Longinus, Cicero, or Quintilian, who tells us that sudden transitions from

one tone of sentiment to another, are the surest proof that the feelings are deeply agitated? I wish my memory enabled me to quote the passage, for a little Latin, or better still, a little Greek, would irrefragably have settled the truth of the doctrine; yet it was no learned grammarian, but Nature herself, who taught it to this poor man; he utters his passionate apostrophe to the beauty and kindness of the beloved, and then indignantly turns to ban the cruelty of the Judge, who could not discern her excellence. How truthful, too, is the implicit confidence in her innocence! there is no need of a formal proof; he *knows* her guileless heart, and that a dishonest thought could find no entrance there:

"For stealing is a thing which she never was inclined to."

And then how deep is the misery of the last line, with its pathetic reiteration—

"But he sent my love across the seas, far, far away."

But alas! distance is not the only cause of woe—the separation is to be of long duration—

For seven long years, my love and I are parted—  
For seven long years, my love is bound to stay;  
Bad luck to the chap who 'ud ever be false-hearted—  
Oh! I'll love my love for ever, though she's far, far away.

There is some young men, so preciously deceitful,  
A coaxing of the young gals they wish to lead astray;  
As soon as they deceive 'em, so cruelly they leave 'em,  
And never sighs nor sorrows when they're far, far away.

Here is another fine example of the sudden turns of passion; tearful lamentation over the long parting that has to be endured, is succeeded by the most fervid indignation against the false-hearted. In our opinion, this sentiment is expressed more finely, though in more homely language, than in Byron's famous verses, and the reason is, that the costermonger was sincere, while the Peer, with all his scorn of fickleness, was *fickle*:

"And let the fool still prone to range,  
And sneer at all who cannot change,  
Partake his jest with idle boys,  
I envy not his varied joys,  
But hold such fickle, heartless man  
Less than the solitary swan,  
Far, far beneath the shallow maid  
He left believing and betrayed—  
Such shame at least was never mine."

Oh! my Lord, how can you say so? <sup>1</sup>  
But it would occupy too much space were we to descant on all the merits of this excellent song. Suffice it to say, that the last verse displays the hopefulness which a trusting, loving heart will ever feel, that in spite of present cloudy weather, "a good time's coming," when the sunshine of

happiness will smile upon the faithful pair—a hope in which every reader of taste must sympathize.

Oh! I bought my love a ring on the very day she started,  
Which I gave her as a token for to remember me,  
And when she does come back, oh! we'll never more be parted,

But we'll marry and be happy, oh! for ever and a day.

As we have now *proved demonstration*, by the aid of this marvellously beautiful poem, that the most admirable humour can be combined with the most commendable sentiment, let us hope that the grotesque blending of fun and villainy, will hereafter be laid aside, and that mankind will learn, that they may laugh and yet be wise from the author of "All round my hat."

SUGGESTED BY READING—Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY'S POEM ON THE WORDS

### "TOO LATE."

BY WILL.

The poet may deck them in amethyst's hues,  
Or the minstrel breathe o'er them his strain,  
Still they sadden my heart, and their echoes diffuse  
The leprous distilment of pain.

For I heard them when entering the haven of bliss,  
My young bosom fill'd with delight;  
And they swept by my soul like the chill winds that kiss  
The rose with a venomous blight.

I had toil'd on a sea where the varying strife  
Is more fierce than the ocean attends;  
And whose billows, they say, will rush over the life  
Of the loftiest spirit that bends.

And I bore in my barque neither ill-gotten lore,  
Nor "base mammon" to lay at her feet;  
But an offering—abounding in wealthiest store—  
Of as faithful a heart as e'er beat.

Then the bright beams of hope shone afar in the sky,  
And their radiance illumined my home;  
Its threshold once crossed,—I should sweep from mine eye  
Every tear that bedimmed it alone.

But "too late!" (like the thunder that bursts o'er a scene,  
Which the lightning just clothed in light,  
And with peal upon peal, and quick flashes between,  
Darkly deepens the gloom of the night!)

It broke forth in a gathering, darkening cloud,  
From those lips that I loved so well;  
While the soft glance of pity was whisp'ring aloud,  
What the tongue too long tarried to tell.

And now, as the ship's shatter'd fragments come back  
On the waves that have lash'd her in scorn,  
Those words bear again to my desolate track,  
How I loved! how I lost! and am lost!  
Montreal, June 22.

# GALLOP.

J. Clark.

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

The musical score is arranged in six systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The music is characterized by a fast, rhythmic gallop. The first system begins with a treble staff containing a melodic line and a bass staff with a rhythmic accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a rhythmic accompaniment. The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The fifth system features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a rhythmic accompaniment. The sixth system concludes the piece with a treble staff containing a melodic line and a bass staff with a rhythmic accompaniment. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like accents (>) and a fortissimo (ff) marking.



GALLOP.

*loco.*

The first system consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, followed by a repeat sign. Above the treble staff, the word "loco." is written. The bass staff contains a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes and chords.

The second system continues the piece. The treble staff features a melodic line with eighth notes and some slurs. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment of eighth notes and chords.

The third system concludes with a double bar line. The word "Fine." is written below the treble staff. The treble staff has a melodic line that ends with a final cadence. The bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment that also ends with a double bar line.

The fourth system shows a melodic line in the treble staff with many slurs, indicating a fast, continuous run of notes. The bass staff continues with a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes and chords.

The fifth system concludes the piece. The word "D. C. il Fine." is written below the treble staff. The treble staff has a melodic line that ends with a double bar line. The bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment that also ends with a double bar line.

# OUR TABLE.

## THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.\*

We have been obligingly favored by Mr. Dawson with a glance at the first volume of the above work, which has just been issued from the press. In point of typography, as might have been expected, the work is well brought out, and from its similarity of style, appears intended as a companion to Macaulay! Our opportunity has been too short to enable us to judge accurately of the whole of its merits, but we feel warranted nevertheless, in recommending it strongly to the reading public, as a work written in a most pleasing style, and calculated to throw much light on historic events, hitherto hid in obscurity. To convey an idea of the style of the author, we quote a short passage, from chapter 14—the subject being, New England under Charles II.

"The Puritan colonists of New England had watched, with no little anxiety, the rapid progress of that revolution in Great Britain, which restored Charles II. to his father's throne—the same ship that brought to Boston the first news of the Restoration, brought also two of the Regicide judges, flying for their lives, Whalley and Goffe, his military officers under Cromwell

"Courteously received in Massachusetts, by Governor Endicott, and the magistrates, they remained there for some time, without disguise or concealment. The news, indeed, by this arrival, was by no means decisive. The General Court of Massachusetts, met at its regular session, and adjourned, without taking any notice of the changes going on in England. Some weeks after, full accounts were received, of the re-establishment of royalty; of the Act of Indemnity, and the exception from it, of all those concerned in the death of the late king."

The author says in his preface:

"Of centennial sermons and Fourth-of-July orations, whether professedly such or in the guise of history, there are more than enough. It is due to our fathers and ourselves, it is due to truth and philosophy, to present for once, on the historic stage, the founders of our American nation unbedaubed with patriotic rouge, wrapped up in no fine-spun cloaks of excuses and apology, without stilts, buskins, tinsel, or bedizenment, in their own proper persons, often rude, hard, narrow, superstitious, and mistaken, but always earnest, downright, manly, and sincere. The result of their labors is policy enough; their best apology is to tell their story exactly as it was."

It is full time that the *special pleading*, which frequently is mis-named history, should be frowned down. We, therefore, hail with pleasure the appearance of the present work, in which the "mutual relations of facts, the bond which unites them, and the causes and effects of events," are promised to be faithfully revealed.

\* The History of the United States of America, from the discovery of the continent, down to the present time; by Richard Hildreth; in three volumes, quarto—Hess & Brothers, New York; B. Dawson, No. 2 Place d'Armes, Montreal.

## THE NATIONAL ATLAS.\*

The English Edition of this Atlas is so extensively known and so highly appreciated, that little need be said by us to recommend it to the notice of our readers. It has received the commendation and approval of the most competent judges in Britain, including Alison, the historian, Sir David Brewster, Professor Traill, the Royal Geographical Society, &c. This edition—the Canadian—while containing all the matter of the English edition, is supplied at a much cheaper rate, being advertised to be completed in five monthly parts, at 12s. 6d. each. The first part, now before us, consists of nine very interesting and well executed Maps of the Two Hemispheres, Northern Italy, India, Europe, Southern Italy, Palestine, South America, China, and Denmark, together with an explanatory Table of the most celebrated mountains, rivers and waterfalls in the world.

In the present day, when events of historic importance succeed each other so rapidly, and the world is convulsed in so many different quarters, the study of geography has become more than ever necessary and useful, and we are certain that no better or cheaper guide can be obtained, by the student, than the National Atlas.

## THE CANADIAN GUIDE BOOK.†

WE have been favoured with an early copy of this excellent and useful work. It will be found an admirable guide both to the pleasure-seeking tourist and to the hardy emigrant, who desires to know something of the geographical features and agricultural capabilities of the land of his adoption. Besides the descriptions of the more frequented routes which lie along the main artery of the St. Lawrence, from Niagara to Quebec, very interesting notices are also given of others, less known, perhaps, but whose natural beauties and romantic scenery render them well worthy of the tourist's attention,—such, for instance, as the Saguenay, the Falls of Shawinigan, the Chaudière at Bytown, &c. The appendix contains numerous statistical tables relative to the population, productions, exports, imports, &c., of the Province, together with the tariff of duties now in force. We must not omit to mention that this handsome volume is accompanied by a large Map of the Province, admirably engraved by Johnston of Edinburgh, which alone is worth the cost of the whole book.

\* The National Atlas.—Canadian Edition; with copious Index.—Montreal, Armour & Ramsay.

† The Canadian Guide Book, with a Map of the Province; price five shillings.—Montreal, Armour & Ramsay.