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THE WALK TO DUMMER.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

We trod a weary path, through silent woods,
Tangled and dark, unbroken by a sound
Of cheerful life. The melancholy shriek,
Or tossing into waves the green pine tops,
Of hollow winds careering o'er the snow—
Making the ancient forest groan and sigh,
Beneath their mocking voice, awoke alone
The solitary echoes of the place.

AUTHOR.

READER, have you ever heard of a place called Dummer? Ten years ago it might not inaptly have been termed the last clearing in the world—nor, to this day, do I know of any in that direction which extends beyond it. Our bush farm was situated on the border line of a neighboring township, only one degree less wild, less out of the world, or nearer to the habitations of civilization, than the far-famed "English Line," the boast and glory of this terra incognita. This place, so named by the emigrants who had pitched their tents in that solitary wilderness, was a long line of clearings, extending for several miles along the forest road, and inhabited chiefly by Cornish miners, who, tired of burrowing like moles under the ground, had determined to emigrate to Canada, where they could breathe the fresh air of heaven, and obtain the necessaries of life, upon the bosom of their mother earth. Strange as it may appear, these men made good farmers, and steady, industrious colonists, working as well above ground as they had in their early days beneath it. All our best servants came from Dummer, and although they often spoke a language difficult to be understood, they were faithful and obedient, performing the tasks assigned to them, with the patient perseverance of the Saxon race—good food and kind treat-

ment always rendering them cheerful and contented.

My dear old Jenny, that most faithful and attached of humble domestic friends, came from Dummer, and I was wont to regard it with complacency for her sake. But Jenny was not English,—she was a generous, warm-hearted daughter of the Green Isle,—the emerald gem set in the silver of ocean. Yes, Jenny was one of the poorest children of that impoverished but glorious country, where wit and talent seem indigenous to the soil, springing up spontaneously in the wildest and most uncultivated minds, shewing what the land can bring forth in its own strength, unaided by education and unfettered by the conventional rules of society. Jenny was a striking instance of the worth and noble self-devotion which is often met with, and alas! but too often disregarded, in the poor and ignorant natives of that deeply injured and much abused land. A slight sketch of my old favorite may not prove uninteresting, and as it is drawn from life, I shall not hesitate in presenting it to my readers.

Jenny Buchanan, or, as she called it, Bohanon, was the daughter of a petty exciseman, who, at the time of her birth, resided near the old town of Iniskillen. Her mother died a few months

after she was born, and her father, within the twelve months, married again. In the meanwhile the poor orphan babe had been adopted by a kind neighbor, the wife of a small farmer in the vicinity. In return for coarse food and scanty clothing, the little Jenny became a servant of all work; she fed the pigs, herded the cattle, assisted in planting potatoes, and digging peat from the bog, and was undisputed mistress of the poultry yard. As she grew up into womanhood the importance of her labor increased with her size. A better reaper or footer of turf could not be found in the district, or a woman more thoroughly acquainted with the management of cows, and the rearing of young cattle. But here poor Jenny's accomplishments terminated. Her usefulness was all abroad. Within the house, she made more dirt than she had the inclination to clean away. She could neither read, nor knit, nor sew, and though she called herself a Protestant, she knew no more of religion, as revealed to man through the word of God, than the savage who daily perishes in his ignorance. But God had poured into the warm heart of this neglected child of nature, a stream of the richest benevolence. Honest, faithful and industrious, Jenny became a law unto herself, and practically illustrated the golden rule of our Saviour, "To do unto others as we would they should do unto us." She thought it was impossible that her poor services could ever repay the debt of gratitude which she owed to the family who had brought her up, although the obligation for years past must entirely have been upon their side. To them she was greatly attached, for them she toiled unceasingly; and when evil days came and they were no longer able to meet the rent day, or to occupy the farm, she determined to accompany them in their emigration to Canada, and formed one of the stout-hearted band that fixed its location in the lonely and unexplored wilds now known as the Township of Dummer. During the first years of their settlement, the means of obtaining the common necessities of life became so precarious, that, in order to assist her friends with a little ready money, Jenny determined to hire out into some wealthy house as a servant.

Jenny's first pecuniary speculation was a complete failure. For five long years she served a master, from whom she never received a farthing of her stipulated wages. Still her attachment to the family was so strong that the poor creature could not make up her mind to leave them. The children she had received into her arms at their birth, and whom she had nursed with maternal tenderness, were as dear to her as if they had been her own, and she continued to work for

them, although her clothes were worn to tatters, and her friends were too poor to replace them.

Her master, Captain —, a handsome, dashing officer, who still maintained the carriage and appearance of a gentleman, in spite of the mental and moral degradation arising from a constant state of intoxication, still promised to remunerate her services at some future day, and Jenny, willing to believe him, worked on and hoped for that better day to arrive.

And now a few words respecting this master: Allured by the bait that has been the ruin of so many in his class, the offer of a large grant of wild land, he had been induced to form a settlement in this remote and untried township; laying out much, if not all of his available means, in building a log house, and clearing a large extent of barren and unproductive land. To this uninviting home he conveyed a beautiful young wife, and a small, but increasing family. The result may easily be anticipated. The want of society, the total absence of all the comforts and decencies of life, produced inaction, apathy, and at last despondency, which was only alleviated by a constant and immoderate use of intoxicating spirits.

As long as Captain — retained his half pay he contrived to exist. In an evil hour he parted with this, and quickly trod the down hill path to ruin.

It was at this disastrous period that Jenny entered his service. Had Captain — adapted himself to the circumstances in which he was now placed, much misery might have been spared both to himself and his family; but he was a proud man—too proud to work, or to receive with kindness the offers of service tendered to him by his half civilized, but well meaning neighbors.

"Damn him!" cried an indignant English settler, whose offer of drawing him wood had been rejected with unmerited contempt; "wait a few years, and we shall see what his pride will do for him. I am sorry for his poor wife and children—but curse him! I wish him no good."

This man, who had been uselessly affronted, at the very moment when he was anxious to perform a kind and benevolent action, now seemed to take a malignant pleasure in watching his proud neighbour's progress to ruin. The year after the sale of his Commission, Captain — found himself considerably in debt.

"Never mind," he said to his anxious wife; "the crops will pay all."

The crops were a failure. Creditors pressed him hard; he had no money to pay his workmen, and he would not work himself. Disgusted with his location, but unable to change it for a better, without friends in his own class, to relieve the

monotony of his existence with their society, or to afford him advice and assistance in his difficulties, the fatal whiskey bottle became his constant refuge from gloomy thoughts.

His wife, an amiable and devoted creature, well born, well educated, and deserving of a better lot, did all in her power to wean him from the growing vice. But, alas! the pleadings of an angel, in such circumstances, would have had little effect upon the mind of such a man. He loved her as well as he could love anything, and he fancied that he loved his children, while he was daily reducing them, by his vices, to beggary and ruin.

For a while he confined his excesses to his own fire-side, but this was only for as long a period as the sale of stock and land would supply him with the means of his criminal self-indulgence. After a time, all these resources failed, and all his lands had been converted into whiskey, save the one hundred acres upon which his house and barn stood, and the small clearing from which the family derived their scanty supply of wheat and potatoes. For the sake of peace, his wife gave up all her jewels and household plate, and the best of a once ample and handsome wardrobe, in the hope of hiding her sorrows from the world, and keeping him at home.

The pride which had made him so obnoxious to his humbler neighbors, yielded at length to the inordinate cravings for drink, and the man who had held himself so high above his honest and industrious fellow-settlers, could now unblushingly enter their doors to ask for a drop of whiskey.

The feeling of shame once subdued, there was no end to his audacious mendicacy. His whole time was spent in wandering about the country, calling upon every new settler in the hope of being asked to partake of the coveted poison. He had even been known to enter the windows of an absent emigrant's cabin, and remain drinking in the house while a drop of spirits could be found in the cupboard. When driven forth with contempt, by the angry owner of the dwelling, he wandered on to the distant town of P—, and remained for days drinking in some low tavern, while his wife and children were starving at home.

"He is the most breachy beast in the township," said the neighbor I before mentioned, to me. "It would be a good thing for his wife and children if his worthless neck were broken in some of his drunken frolics."

Though this might be deemed a melancholy fact, it was not the less dreadful on that account. The husband of an affectionate wife, the father

of a lovely family, and his death to be a matter of rejoicing!—a blessing instead of an affliction,—an agony not to be thought upon without the deepest sorrow.

It was at this melancholy period of affliction and distress, that poor Mrs. — found a help in Jenny in the hour of need. The heart of the faithful creature bled for the misery which involved the innocent wife and children she dearly loved; their want and destitution called all the generous sympathies of her ardent nature into active operation, and they were indebted to her labour for every morsel of food which they consumed. For them she sowed, she planted, she reaped. Every block of wood which shed a cheering light and warmth around their desolate home, was cut from the forest by her own hands, and brought up a steep hill to the house upon her back. For them she coaxed the neighbors, with whom she was a general favorite, out of many a mess of eggs for their especial benefit; while her cheerful songs and hearty, hopeful disposition, dispelled much of the cramping despair which chilled the heart of the unhappy mother in her deserted home.

For several years did this great poor woman keep the wolf from the door of her beloved mistress, toiling for her with the strength and energy of a man; but when was man ever so devoted, so devoid of all selfishness, so attached as this uneducated Irishwoman? But a period was at length put to her unrequited services. In a fit of intoxication, her master beat her severely and turned her from his doors. She forgave this outrage for the sake of the helpless beings who depended upon her care. He repeated the injury, and the poor creature, almost heart-broken, returned to her former home.

Thinking in a few days that his spite would have subsided, Jenny made a third effort to enter his house in her usual capacity, but Mrs. — told her, with many tears, that her presence would only enrage her husband, who had threatened her with the most barbarous treatment if she allowed her to enter the house. Thus ended her five years service to this ungrateful master. This was all the thanks that she received for her unpaid labours of love. Oh! drink! drink!—how dost thou harden into stone the human heart!

I heard of Jenny's worth and kindness of heart, and sent for her to come to me. She instantly accepted the offer, and I found her a good and faithful servant.

The smiles and dimples of my loving, rosy, curly-headed Donald, a baby boy of fifteen months old, seemed to console Jenny for the separation from her darling Ellie, and the good

will with which all the children regarded the kind old woman, soon reconciled her to her new home. Her accounts of poor Mrs. — soon deeply interested me in her fate; and Jenny never went to visit her friends at Dummer, without an interchange of good wishes passing between us.

The year of the Canadian Rebellion came, and brought with it sorrow into many a bush dwelling. My dear husband was called away to help to defend the frontier, and I and old Jenny were left alone in the depths of the dark forest with four little children, to help ourselves in the best way we could. Men could not be procured for love nor money, and I now experienced the usefulness of Jenny's manlike propensities. Daily she yoked up my oxen and brought down from the bush fuel to supply our fires, which she chopped with her own hands. She fed the cattle and kept all things snug about the doors, not forgetting to load her master's two guns, in case the rebels should attack us in our lonely retreat.

The months of November and December had been unnaturally mild for that season of the year; but the middle of January brought an unusually severe spell of frost and snow. We felt very lonely, crouching round the blazing fires, that yet scarcely chased the cold from our miserable log dwelling; but this dreary time was cheered by the presence of a beloved friend, who came to spend a few days with me in my forest home. She brought her own lovely baby boy with her, and an ample supply of buffalo robes, not forgetting a treat of baker's bread and sweeties for the children. Oh! dear Emilia!—best and kindest of women, though absent in your native land, long, long shall my heart cherish with affectionate gratitude, all your visits of love, and turn to you as to a sister, tried, and found most faithful in the hour of adversity.

Great was the joy of Jenny at this accession to our family party; and after my friend was well warmed and had partaken of a cup of tea, we began to talk over the news of the place.

"By the by, Jenny," said she, turning to the old servant, who was busy undressing the little boy by the fire, to put him to bed; "have you heard lately from poor Mrs. —? We have been told that she and her family are in a dreadful state. That worthless man has left them for the States; and it is supposed, has joined McKenzie, on Navy Island—but whether this is true or not, he has deserted his wife and children, leaving them without money or food."

"The good lord! what will become of the creatures?" responded Jenny, wiping her wrinkled cheek, with the back of her hard brown hand.

"An' they have not a soul to chop or draw them fire-wood; an' the weather so uncommon severe. Ochone! what has not that *baste* of a man to answer for—!"

"I heard," said Mrs. S—, "that they have tasted no food but potatoes for the last nine months, and scarcely enough of them to keep life together; that they have sold their last cow—and the poor young lady and her brother bring all the wood for the fire, from the bush in a hand-sleigh."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sobbed Jenny, "and I not there to help them—and poor Miss Mary! such a tender thing. Ah! it is hard, terribly hard upon the creatures, and they not used to the like!"

"Can nothing be done for them?" said I.

"That is what we want to know," said Emilia, "and was one of my reasons for coming up to Douro. I wanted to consult you and Jenny on the subject. For you, who are an officer's wife, and I, who am both an officer's wife and daughter, might, perhaps, devise some plan of rescuing this unfortunate lady and her family from ruin."

"Oh! if we could help her, it would give me the deepest pleasure—"

"Well! you see the ladies of P— are all anxious to do what they can for her; but they first want to learn if the miserable circumstances in which she is said to be placed, are true. In short, my dear friend, they want you and I to make a pilgrimage to Dummer, and to see the poor lady herself, and then, they will be guided in their movements by our report."

"Then let us lose no time in going to see her—"

"Oh! my dear heart! you will be lost in the woods," said Jenny; "it is nine long miles to the first clearing, and that through a lonely blazed path. After you have passed the Beaver Meadow, there is not a single hut to rest and warm yourself in. It is too much for you; you will be frozen to death on the road."

"No fear!" said my benevolent friend. "God will take care of us, Jenny; it is on His errand we go—to carry a message of mercy, to one about to perish."

"Well! the Lord bless you, for a darlint, as you always were," said Jenny, devoutly, kissing the little fellow, whom she had let fall asleep upon her lap, in her anxiety about her old mistress. "May your own purty child never know the want and sorrow which is around her, poor dear! and her little children!"

Well, we talked over the Dummer expedition, until we went to sleep; and many were the plans we thought of, for the relief of the unfortunate

family. Early the next morning, my brother-in-law, Mr. T——, called upon my friend, Emilia. The subject next to our heart was immediately introduced; and he was called into the general council. His feelings, like our own, were deeply interested; and he proposed that we should each provide something for the immediate wants of the family, and he would bring his cutter early the next morning, and take us as far as the edge of the great swamp, which would shorten four miles of the journey. We joyfully acceded to his proposal, and set cheerfully to work, to prepare some provisions for the morrow. Jenny baked four loaves of her very best bread, and boiled a large piece of beef; and Mr. T—— brought with him the next day, a fine cooked ham, in a sack, into the bottom of which he stored the beef and loaves, besides some sugar and tea, which his own kind wife had sent. I had some misgivings as to the manner in which these good things could be introduced to the poor lady, who I had heard, was reserved and proud.

"Oh! Jenny," I said; "how shall I be able to ask her to accept provisions from strangers? I am afraid of wounding her feelings."

"Och, darlint, never fear that. She is proud, I know, but 'tis not a stiff pride. She will be very thankful for your kindness, though she may have no words to tell you so. Say that ould Jenny sent the bread for her dear wee Ellie, for she knew that she would like a loaf of Jenny's baking."

"But the meat!"

"Och! maybe you'll think of something to say about that, when you get there."

"I hope so, but I am a sad coward with strangers. I will put a good face on the matter. Your name, Jenny, will be no small help to me."

All was now ready, and kissing our little bairns, and telling Jenny for the hundredth time to take care of them, we mounted the cutter, and set off, under the care and protection of Mr. T——, who determined to accompany us on the journey.

It was a black, cold day. No sun, a grey dark sky, a keen cutting wind, and hard frost. We crouched close to each other. "Good heavens! how cold it is," whispered Emilia; "what a day for such a journey!"

She had scarcely ceased speaking, when the cutter went bump upon a stump, which lay concealed in the drifted snow, and we, together with the ruins, were scattered around.

"A bad beginning," said my brother-in-law, as with rather a rueful aspect, he surveyed the wreck of the conveyance, from which we had promised ourselves so much benefit.

"There is no help for it, but to return home."

"Oh, no!" said Emilia, "let us go on; it will be better walking than riding such a dreadful day."

"But, my dear madam, consider the distance, the road, the dark dull day, and our want of knowledge of the path; I will get the cutter mended to-morrow, and the day after we may be able to proceed."

"Now, or never!" said the pertinacious Emilia; "if Mrs. —— will go, I will. We can stop at Col. C——'s and warm ourselves, and you can leave the cutter at his house until our return."

"It was only upon your account, that I spoke," said the good T——, taking the sack, which was no inconsiderable weight, upon his shoulder, and driving his horse before him into neighbour W.'s stable; "where you go, I am ready to follow."

Colonel C—— and his family were at breakfast, of which they made us partake, and after vainly endeavouring to dissuade us from our Quixotic expedition, Mrs. C—— added a dozen fine white fish to the contents of the sack, and sent her youngest son to help Mr. T—— along with his burthen, and to bear us company on our desolate road.

Leaving the Colonel's hospitable house on the left, we again plunged into the deep woods; and after a few minutes' brisk walking, found ourselves upon the brow of the steep bank, that overlooks an extensive Beaver Meadow, which contained within its area several hundred acres. There is no scenery in the bush which presents such a novel appearance as these meadows; surrounded by dark, intricate forests, and high rugged banks, covered with the light, airy tamaruck and silver birch, they look like a lake of soft rich verdure, hidden in the bosom of the barren and howling waste. Lakes they certainly have been, from which the waters have receded, "aye, ages long ago," and still the whole length of these curious level valleys is traversed by a stream of no inconsiderable dimensions. The waters of the narrow, rapid stream, which flowed through the meadow we were about to cross, were of sparkling brightness, and icy cold. The frost-king had no power to check their swift, dancing movements, or stop their perpetual song. On they leaped, sparkling and flashing beneath their ice crowned banks, rejoicing on their lonely way. In the summer, this is a wild and lovely spot, the grass is of the richest green, and the flowers of the most gorgeous dyes. The gayest butterflies float above them, upon painted wings; and the Whip-poor-will pours forth from the neighboring woods, at close of dewy eve, his strange, but sadly plaintive cry. Winter was

now upon the earth, and the once gay meadow looked like a small forest lake, covered with snow.

The first step we made into it, plunged us up to the knees in snow, and we toiled on without saying a word, following hard upon Mr. T—— and his young friend, who were breaking with their feet a sort of track for us. We soon reached the Cold Creek, but here a new difficulty presented itself. It was too wide to jump across, and we could see no other way of passing to the other side.

"There must be some sort of a bridge hereabouts," said young C——, or how can the people from Dummer pass constantly to and fro? "I will go along the bank and hollo, if I find one."

In a few minutes he raised his hand, and on reaching the spot, we found a round slippery log flung across the stream by way of a bridge. With some trouble, and after various slips, we got safely to the other side.

To wet our feet would have ensured their being frozen, and, as it was, we were not without serious apprehensions on that score.

After crossing the bleak snow plain, we scrambled over another brook and entered the great swamp, which occupied two miles of our dreary road.

It would be vain to attempt giving any description of this tangled maze of closely interwoven cedars, fallen trees, and loose scattered masses of rock. It seemed the fitting abode of wolves and bears, and every other unclean beast. The fire had run through it during the summer, making the confusion doubly confused. Now we stooped, half doubled, to crawl under fallen branches which hung over our path, which to lose would have been certain destruction; then again we had to clamber over fallen trees of great bulk, descending from which, we plumped down into holes in the snow—sinking mid-leg into the rotten trunk of some treacherous decayed pine tree. Before we were half through the great swamp we all began to think ourselves sad fools, and to wish ourselves safe again by our own fire-sides. But a great object was in view, the relief of a distressed fellow creature, and like the "full of hope, unshamed, forlorn," we determined to overcome every difficulty, and toil on.

It took us an hour at least to clear the swamp, from which we emerged into a fine wood, composed chiefly of maple trees. The sun had, during our immersion in the dark shades of the swamp, burst through his leaden shroud, and cast a cheery gleam along the rugged boles of the lofty trees. The squirrel and chipmunk occasionally bounded across our path; the dazzling

snow which covered it reflected the branches above us in an endless variety of dancing shadows. Our spirits rose in proportion. Young C—— burst out singing, and Emilia and I laughed and chatted as we bounded along our narrow road. On, on for hours, the same interminable forest stretched away to the right and left, before and behind us.

"It is past twelve," said my brother T—— thoughtfully; "if we do not soon come to a clearing we may chance to spend the night in the forest."

"Oh! I am dying with hunger," said Emilia. "Do C——, give us one or two of the cakes your mother put into the bag for us, to eat upon the road."

The ginger cakes were instantly produced. But where were the teeth to be found that could bite them? They were frozen as hard as stones. This was a great disappointment to us tired and hungry wights; but it only produced a hearty laugh. Over the logs we went again, for it was like a perpetual stepping up and down, crossing the fallen trees which strewn the path. At last we came to a spot, from which two distinct roads diverged.

"What are we to do now?" said Mr. T——.

We stopped, and a general consultation was held, and without one dissenting voice we took the branch to the right—which, after pursuing for about half a mile, led us to a log hut of the rudest description.

"Is this the road to Dummer?" asked I of a man who was chopping wood outside the fence.

"I guess you are in Dummer," was the answer.

My heart leaped for joy, for I felt dreadfully fatigued.

"Does this road lead through the English Line?"

"That's another thing," returned the woodsman. "No; you turned off from the right path when you came up here." We all looked very blank at each other. "You will have to go back, and keep the other road, and that will lead you straight to the English Line."

"How many miles is it to Mrs. ——'s."

"Some four, or thereabouts," was the cheering rejoinder; "why, 'tis one of the very last clearings on the line. If you are going back to Douro to night, you must look sharp."

Sadly and dejectedly, we retraced our steps; and the other road soon led us to the dwellings of man. Neat, comfortable log-houses, well fenced, and surrounded with small patches of clearing, now arose on either side of the road. Dogs flew out and barked at us; and children ran shouting in doors to tell their respective owners that

strangers were passing their gate; a most unusual circumstance, I should think, in that location.

A servant, who had lived two years with my brother, we knew, must live somewhere in this neighbourhood, at whose fireside we hoped not only to rest and warm ourselves, but to obtain something to eat. (On going up to one of the dwellings, to enquire where Hannah J—— lived, we happened fortunately (as we thought) to light upon the very person we sought. With many exclamations of surprise, she ushered us into her very neat and comfortable log hut.

A blazing fire, composed of two huge logs, was roaring up the chimney; and the savory smell which issued from a large pot of pea-soup, was very agreeable to our cold and hungry stomachs. But the refreshment went no further—Hannah most politely begged us to take a seat by the fire, and warm ourselves. She even knelt down and assisted in rubbing our half frozen hands; but she never once said, "Do take a little hot soup," a cup of the warm tea, which was drawing upon the hearth stone, or even a glass of whiskey, which would thankfully have been received by our male pilgrims.

Hannah was not an Irish woman, no, nor a Scotch lassie, or her first request would have been for us to take something to eat. Hannah told us that the soup was waiting for her husband and two men, who were chopping for him in the bush; and she feelingly lamented their want of punctuality in keeping her so long without her dinner. All this was very tantalizing; as neither of us had thought of bringing any money in our pockets, (always a scarce article in the bush, by the bye,) we could not offer to pay for our dinner, and too proud to ask it of the stingy owner of the house, who was one of the wealthiest farmer's wives in the township, we wished her good morning, and jogged on.

Many times did we stop to enquire the way to Mrs. ——'s, before we ascended the steep, bleak hill, upon which the house stood. At the door, Mr. T—— out of delicacy, deposited the sack of provisions, and he and young C—— went across the road to the house of an English settler (who, fortunately for them, proved more hospitable than Mrs. J——,) to wait until our errand was over.

The house before which Emilia and I were standing, had once been a large and tolerably comfortable log dwelling, surrounded by dilapidated barns and stables, which were uncheered by one solitary head of cattle. A black pine forest stretched away to the north of the house, and the hill terminated in front in a desolate

swamp, the entrance to the dwelling not having been constructed to face the road.

My spirits died within me. I was fearful that my visit would be deemed an impertinent intrusion. I knew not in what manner to introduce myself, and my embarrassment was greatly increased when Emilia declared that I must break the ice, for she could not go in. I tried to remonstrate, but she was firm. To hold any long parley was impossible; we were standing in the very bite of the bitter freezing blast, and with a heavy sigh I knocked slowly, but decidedly, at the door. I saw the head of a boy glance against the broken window. There was a stir within, but no one answered our summons. Emilia was rubbing her hands together, and beating a rapid tattoo with her feet upon the snow, to keep them from freezing.

Again I knocked with a vehemence which seemed to say "We are freezing good people,—in mercy let us in." Again there was a stir, and a sound of whispering voices from within, and after waiting a few minutes longer, which, cold as we were, seemed an age, the door was slowly opened by a handsome dark-eyed lad of twelve years of age, who, carefully closing it after him, stepped out upon the snow and asked us what we wanted. I told him "that we were two ladies from Douro, who wished to speak to his mamma." The lad, with the ease and courtesy of a gentleman, told us "that he did not know if his mamma could be seen by strangers, but he would go in and see." So saying he abruptly disappeared, leaving behind him the ugliest skeleton of a dog I had ever beheld; which, after expressing his disapprobation at our presence, in the most unequivocal manner, pounced like a wolf upon the sack of good things which lay at Emilia's feet, and our united efforts could scarcely keep him off.

"A cold, doubtful reception this," said my friend, turning her back to the wind and hiding her face in her muff; "this is worse than the long, weary walk."

I thought soo too, and began to apprehend that our walk had been all in vain, when the lad again appeared, and said that we might walk in, for his mother was dressed. Emilia went no further than the passage. In vain were all my entreating looks, and as there was no help for it, I entered the apartment which contained the family, alone.

I felt that I was treading upon sacred ground, for a pitying angel hovers round the abode of suffering virtue, and hallows all its woes. On a rude bench before the fire sat a lady dressed in a thin muslin gown, the most inappropriate gar-

ment for the rigor of the season, but in all probability the only decent one which she retained. A subdued melancholy looked forth from her large, dark, pensive eyes, and she appeared like one who knew the extent of her misery and had steeled her heart to bear it. Her face was most pleasing, and in early life, though she was still young, she must have been very handsome. Near her, her slender form scarcely covered with her scanty clothing, sat her eldest daughter, a gentle, sweet-looking girl, who held in her arms a baby brother, whose destitution she endeavored, as much as she could, to conceal. It was a touching sight, that suffering child, hiding against her young bosom the nakedness of the little creature she loved. Another fine boy, whose neatly patched clothes had not one piece of the original stuff apparently left in them, stood behind his mother with glistening eyes fastened upon me, as if amused; and wondering who I was, and what business I had there. A pale, but very pretty little girl, was seated on a low stool by the fire. This was poor Jenny's darling Ellie, or Eloise. A rude bed in the corner of the room, covered with a coarse coverlid, contained two little boys, who had crept under the clothes to conceal their wants from the eyes of strangers. On a table lay a dozen peeled potatoes, and a small pot was on the fire to receive this their scanty and only meal.

There was such an air of patient and enduring suffering in the whole group, that, as I gazed heart-stricken upon it, my eyes filled with tears.

Mrs. — first broke silence, and asked to whom she had the pleasure of speaking? I mentioned my name, and told her that I was so well acquainted with her and the children, through Jenny, that I could not consider her as a stranger; that I hoped she would look upon me as a friend. She seemed surprised and embarrassed; and I found no small difficulty in introducing the object of my visit, but the day was rapidly declining, and I knew that not a moment was to be lost. At first, she rather proudly declined all offers of service; and said, she wanted for nothing.

I appealed to the situation of her children, and implored her not to refuse the help of those who felt for her distress,—and would do all in their power to relieve it. Her maternal feelings triumphed, and when she saw me weeping, for I could not restrain my tears, her pride yielded, and for some minutes, not a word was spoken. I heard the large tears as they slowly fell from her daughter's eyes, drop upon her garments. At last the poor girl said: "Dear mamma! why conceal the truth from Mrs. —? You know that we are nearly starving!"

Then came the sad tale of domestic woes—the absence of the husband and eldest son—the uncertainty of where they were, or what had become of them—the sale of the only cow, which used to provide the children with food. It had been sold for twelve dollars—part to be paid in cash, and part in potatoes. The potatoes were nearly exhausted; and they were allowed to so many a day. But the six dollars remained. Alas! she had sent the day before, one of the boys into P— to get a letter out of the post-office from her husband. They were all anxiety and expectation—but the child returned late at night, without the letter, which they had longed with such feverish impatience to receive. The six dollars, upon which they depended for a supply of food, were in notes of the "Farmers' Bank," which at that time would not pass for money. Oh! imagine ye, who revel in riches, who can throw away six dollars on the merest toy, the cruel disappointment, the bitter agony of this poor mother's heart, when she received this calamitous news, in the midst of her starving children.

For the last nine weeks they had lived upon potatoes. They had not tasted animal food for eighteen months.

"Then, Ellie," said I, anxious to introduce the sack, which had lain like a nightmare upon my mind; "I have a treat for you. Jenny baked some loaves last night, and sent you four with her love."

The eyes of all the children grew bright. "You will find the sack, which contains them, in the passage," said I, to the tall, black-eyed boy. He rushed joyfully out, and returned with Emilia, and the sack. Her bland and affectionate greeting restored us all to tranquillity.

The delighted boy opened the sack. The first thing he produced was the ham.

"Oh!" said I, "that is a ham, my sister sent to Mrs. —. She thought it might prove acceptable." Then came the white fish; "Mrs. C— thought fish might be a treat to Mrs. —, so far from the great lakes." Then came Jenny's bread, which had already been introduced. The beef and tea and sugar fell upon the floor, without any comment.

"And now, ladies," said Mrs. —, with true hospitality, "since you have brought refreshments with you, permit me to cook you something for dinner."

The scene I had just witnessed had produced such a choking sensation about my throat, that all my hunger had vanished. Before we could accept, or refuse Mrs. —'s offer. Mr. T— arrived, to hurry us off. It was two o'clock when we descended the hill, in front of the road;

and commenced our homeward route. I thought the four miles of clearing would never be passed. The English*Line appeared to have no end; at length we entered the dark forest. The setting sun gleamed along the ground—the necessity of exerting our utmost speed, and getting through the swamp before dark, was apparent to us all. The men strode vigorously forward, for they had been refreshed at the cottage in which they had waited for us—but poor Emilia and I, faint, hungry and foot sore,—it was with the greatest difficulty we could keep up. I thought of Rosalind, as our march up and down over the fallen trees, recommenced; and often mentally exclaimed, like her—"Oh, Jupiter! how weary are my legs!"

Night closed around us, just as we reached the Beaver Meadow. Here our ears were greeted with the sound of well known voices; James and Henry C— had brought the ox-sleigh to meet us at the edge of the bush. Never was splendid equipage welcomed with such delight. Poor Emilia and I scrambled into it, and lying down on the straw in the bottom, covered our faces in the buffaloes, and actually slept, until we arrived at the Colonel's hospitable door. Dear Mrs. C— had an excellent supper of hot fish and fried venison smoking on the table, and other hot cheer, to which we did ample justice. I, for one, never was so hungry in my life. We had fasted for twelve hours, and walked upwards of twenty miles, during that period. Never, never shall I forget that weary walk to Dummer—but a blessing followed it.

It was midnight when we reached home. Our good friends the oxen, being put again in requisition to carry us there. Emilia went immediately to bed, from which she was unable to rise for several days. In the meanwhile, I wrote to my husband, an account of the scene I had witnessed; and he raised a subscription among the officers of the regiment, for the poor lady and her children, which amounted to forty dollars. Emilia lost no time in making a full report to her friends at P—, and before a week passed away, Mrs. — and her family were removed thither by the benevolent gentlemen of the place. A neat cottage was hired for her—and to the honor of Canada be it spoken, all who could afford a donation, gave cheerfully. Farmers left at the door, beef and pork, flour and potatoes. The store-keepers sent goods to make clothes for the children. The very shoemakers contributed boots for the boys, while the ladies did all in their power to assist and comfort the gentle creature thus thrown by Providence upon their bounty. While Mrs. — remained in the town she did not want for any comfort. Respected and beloved by all, it would

have been well for her if she had never left the place in which for several years she enjoyed tranquillity, and a respectable competence from her school; but in an evil hour she followed her worthless husband to the Southern States, and again suffered all the woes which drunkenness inflicts upon the wives and children of its degraded victims.

LIFE'S LAST SEASON.

THE following lines were written by the celebrated Captain Morris, (of lyrical celebrity,) when upwards of eighty years of age, and sent to me as a proof of the unimpaired vigor of his intellect at so advanced a period of his life.

If they will be of any use in filling up a page in the *Literary Garland*, they are much at your service.

S. M. F.

Spring, Summer and Autumn are gone,
And Winter now wraps me in shades;
But so bright has my Summer-day shone,
It leaves a gay tint as it fades.
The fancies and fervours that rose
O'er the quick panting heart of my youth,
While in cold sober reason they close,
Still mix a sweet vision with truth.

I own it befits my grave age,
Well read in the traffic of life,
To close the vain flatt'ring page
When no longer a dupe to the strife.
But when wisdom her counsel supplies,
Still memory plays her fond part,
And the tear that I chase from my eyes
Steals back to the fount of my heart.

'Tis in vain that I scorn the deceit—
'Tis in vain that I banish the dream,
My heart ever struggles to beat,
At the glimpse of Hope's lingering beam.
Still sweet is the trance of delight—
Still fair the faint image I view,
And though Time bids me turn from the sight,
'Tis more than my bosom can do.

Then where shall that bosom repose—
Where seek a due calm for its age—
How teach Fancy's lesson to close
And shut in oblivion its page?
In vain do I toil to destroy
This refuge for bosoms bereft,
For the heart that has feasted on joy
Will pine on the relic that's left.

Then I'll seek not this charm to control,
With fruitless Philosophy's aid,
But hold this sweet solace of soul
As a blessing by Pity convey'd.
Thus with hope more divine on my heart,
I'll look with bright eyes on the past,
And renouncing all weak worldly art,
Turn them purely to Heaven at last.

A FUNERAL AT SEA.

BY ANNEKAY.

"He sleeps a sound and peaceful sleep,
With the salt waves dashing o'er him."—*L. E. L.*

The sunset's hues were gleaming round,
In all their bright array,
And with her tall and taper masts,
A gallant vessel lay.

Her decks were thronged with emigrants—
A humble, hardy band,
Who, seeking wealth on other shores,
Had left their native land;
To dare the ocean's stormy breast,
In stranger climes to roam,
Far in the regions of the west,
And seek their future home.

Some paced the deck with heavy step,
And wrinkled, care-worn brow,
Or stood to watch the bursting foam
Glance off the vessel's prow.

Others with laughter, song and jest,
Would pass the hours away;
And merriment around them reigned,
Whose hearts were light and gay.

Some spake of home they'd left behind,
And friends of days gone by,
While others brooded o'er their lot,
With dim and tearful eye:

Uncertain what might be their fate,
When on the destined shore,
For which they'd left their all on earth,
Ne'er to behold them more.

Here stood a man whose brow had seen,
Some five and forty years;
His wife and children clustered round,
Some smiling, some in tears:

And sturdy forms of youth were seen,
Collected here and there
In many a game, and each one seemed
The merriment to share.

Crowding the good ship's spacious deck,
Young, old, the grave and gay,
As if unconscious of the scene,
That just beneath them lay.

In a small cabin down below,
No joy the time beguiled;
O'ercome with grief a father knelt,
Beside his dying child!

Rack'd with convulsions lay the boy,
His parent's hope and pride;
Who oft in England's fields had run,
Delighted by his side—
To pluck the daisy from the grass,
Or chase the murmuring bee,
Or the bright and beautiful butterfly,
With his young heart full of glee.

No mother's eye watched o'er his bed,
For she, alas! was gone!
Two summers' suns their golden rays,
Upon her grave had thrown!

She in the prime of life was struck,
By Fate's relentless hand;
And sleeps below the smooth green turf,
In her own loved native land.

The boy's light laugh had rung around
Their cottage in the vale,
Ere to convey them o'er the deep,
That ship had spread her sail.

All pale, distorted, wan and spent,
He lay before him now,
With the death-rattle in his throat—
The death-damp on his brow!

Ere midnight passed, the vital spark
From the pale form had fled;
The father looked upon his child,
And knew that he was—dead!

Eight bells had struck, and half-mast high
The flag was floating seen,
The sweeping winds with sudden gust,
The rigging howled between.

The ship upon her course was stayed,
And, rocking to and fro,
And the wind-harp sung its requiem,
To the darkened wave below.

And at the gangway now behold,
The little coffin laid,
The English ensign for its pall,
For burial rites arrayed.

The church's solemn prayers were said,
And 'mong the standers by,
A gathering crystal tear bedimmed
Full many a manly eye.

The prayers were o'er—one as they closed
The silent signal gave,
And quick as lightning from the cloud,
They launched him in the wave!

And as it gurgling closed around,
A sunbeam fair and bright,
Burst forth through an o'erhanging cloud,
Tinging the spot with light.

And towards the east it floated on,
Across the heaving sea,
As 'twere the spirit taking flight,
Rejoicing to be free

Towards home its glancing course it sped,
The home of his infant days,
Who now lay numbered with the dead,
No more to greet its rays.

On rolled the wave as it rolled before,
Once more the yards were trimmed,
And forward on the boiling surge,
The vessel swiftly skimmed.

And pass'd on like a rapid dream,
Upon the swelling wave,
Leaving no sign nor trace to mark
That young child's lonely grave.

He'd faded like a sweet spring flower,
From the green face of earth,
Ere the refreshing summer shower,
Gave all its beauties birth.

Cut off ere it had reached its pride,
He's buried in the deep,
And shares the grave in the ocean wave,
Where a thousand heroes sleep.

The lightnings flash and the tempests howl,
And the winds go sweeping by;
The thunder in deafening peals may roar,
And the billows run mountains high;

The summer's sun may gaily shine,
As it shone in days gone by,
And the silver moon her radiance pour,
Upon the dark blue sky.

He hears, he feels, he sees them not,
He is gone to his long last rest,
His body lies in an unknown spot,
May his soul be with the blest!

RICHARD CRAIGNTON;*

OR,

INCIDENTS AND ADVENTURES IN THE HISTORY OF THE "MARKHAM GANG."

BY HARRY BLOOMFIELD, ESQUIRE, F.R.S.

CHAPTER VII.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE nearest house to that of Mr. Slatefield, the locality of which was slightly sketched in a former chapter, was at least at a distance of half a mile, and with forest between them, for old Anthony had a taste for solitude. His house stood on the centre of a rising ground, with a slope on each side towards the level plain. For some distance round it the land was perfectly cleared. Not a tree or stump remained. The old man had nothing to love but his farm. He had neither wife nor child, neither brother nor sister, his solitary man servant was the only human being who inhabited the house with him. The old man, nevertheless, was a happy man, or, at all events, he was a cheerful one. He had amassed some money by greater care and skill and management and industry, than the greater portion of his neighbors; and, like many a wiser man, he kept it all beside him. The country, until lately, had been as safe as if protected by armies. Such a thing as robbery had been unheard of, and when the crime began to be less unknown, it was always so arranged that two attacks, in the same neighborhood, and at or about the same time, should not take place. It doubtless was hoped that thus the false security of the inhabitants might not be entirely alarmed, as in that security one of the ablest allies of the gang was found.

Nathan Gray, however, was a robber by trade, or, at any rate, he had been a gambler and a cheat, and the transition is easy. He had come into Canada on having heard of the association to which we have referred; and as there seems a kind of free-masonry in roguery as in almost every thing else, he easily discovered the haunts of those he sought. He was not guided by the same motives of prudence which actuated other members of the band. He had neither name nor fame, nor land nor habitation. He was, by profession, what many had just become, from a dis-

taste of labor and a grasping spirit of avarice, which could not be satisfied with the honest gains which wait upon hardy toil. He did not care indeed how soon the band was broken up and destroyed, as he never doubted that he could escape at will to his own country, where, among the hunters of the wild west, the hand of the law is scarcely felt—nay, where men are not held in lighter esteem, because they scruple little at the means by which they secure the means of living, and of maintaining the character of roystering and dashing blades.

The country had, in the course of the day, been alarmed with intelligence that old Gregory had been robbed, and murdered, for the man was dead. He had received it seemed a single blow, but it did not appear that after it he had ever moved. He lay beside his bed with a dark pool of clotted blood around him, his hand holding firmly a small piece of chequered cloth which, it was evident, had been grasped and retained in the moment of dissolution. His chest was rifled, and many articles scattered about, but money there was none. An ineffectual attempt to burn the building was easily proved, for a parcel of dry weeds were found in a hollow in the wooden wall. The fire had been put to them, but from some unexpected dampness, in both weeds and wood, the flame appeared to have expired without damage of any kind having been done. The whole scene was one well calculated to curdle the blood of the lookers-on with horror. They had only begun to hear of such doings. Until now, in this particular neighborhood, nothing of the kind had been done. The nearest attempt of the kind had been that on the residence of Captain Willinton, and that was at a distance of several miles.

It was the afternoon before the tale was known, for old Gregory had few visitors, and outside the house all was calm and peaceful as of yore. But once known, it spread through the country rapidly, and the murderer heard it pass from lip to lip. Nathan, therefore, thought it necessary

to hide himself, but he did not think it necessary to postpone his attack on Mr. Slatefield. Indeed, he trusted the old man, living solitary as he did, and far from the public road, might probably not have heard the tale at all.

Anthony Slatefield and old Gregory had been friends. They were among the earliest settlers, and though they seldom met, for they lived a couple of miles apart, and neither, except when going to market, was in the habit of going far from home, a neighborly and kindly feeling had always been maintained between them. When Anthony heard, therefore, that his old friend had been murdered, he was very much grieved indeed. But this feeling soon changed to hatred against his murderer, and when he knew that he himself was marked out for a similar fate, his hate was not diminished. He was not as strong as he had been, or he might have attempted by mere strength to turn the tables upon Nathan Gray, and to arrest or slay him in the attempt he meditated. His servant was a mere youth, too, and though he neither doubted his fidelity nor his courage, he knew that he could not be trusted in a struggle for life with a desperate man, whose hands were already crimson with human blood. Still, Anthony, who in his youth had loved adventure and bold deeds, did not like to summon aid, lest the robber, who, by some chance, might learn it, taking the alarm, might fail to come, and he did not like to lose so fair an opportunity of catching him. The sturdy old man determined to risk the struggle, but not having confidence in his power of muscle, he determined to use stratagem in aid of it.

"Forewarned—forearmed!" chuckled the old man; "I've hit upon a plan will settle him. Here Bill, bring me some of the spikes you'll find in the cupboard in the kitchen, and a few three inch planks."

Bill brought what was wanted, and as, like all abckwoodsmen, Anthony was a bit of a carpenter, he fell at once to work. He nailed up every means, either of ingress or of egress, except the door,—so firmly, that a strong man would have taken hours to open it or force his way either out or in. He then turned his attention to the door; it opened inwards. Here was a difficulty he had not thought of, and it required some ingenuity to overcome it. But he had time enough on his hands, and he soon hit upon a plan. Taking a plank from the heap, he raised it in a slanting position and fastened it by a rope, which he passed through a crevice above the door. The rope he carried to the place where he intended to pass the night—the stable, which stood a few yards from the house, but commanding a full

view of the entrance. The portcullis, for such he called it, he calculated, would keep the villain long enough engaged,—for, in its fall, it could not fail to wedge itself between the beams,—to permit him to lock the door safely on the outside, for which purpose he withdrew the key.

"Now," cried Anthony to his servant, "let us take whatever is worth taking, outside the house. Load the rifles and into the stables with them. If the scoundrel should look there first, we can knock him in the head and secure him before he knows where he is; but I think he'll try the house first, and I would rather the hangman had a job with him, than that our hands should do the dirty work."

"Golly!" said the youth, laughing; "I never saw a better trap. I hope he'll not forget to come. What a mess he'll be in! But if he should get out —"

"Get out!" cried the old man, "if he does, I'll break his leg with a rifle ball. I'll warrant he'll be as easy tracked as a wounded bear."

The night came lazily on. It seemed as if the hands of the old clock moved more slowly than was usual with them. The old man sat by the window, peering through the bars he had so effectually put up. But no Gray appeared. At last, darkness came, and Anthony with his man withdrew from the house to the stable, first seeing that all his gear was in working order. They had taken a chair a piece, and the two sat at the opposite sides of the door, holding each a loaded rifle, ready for service, in his hand.

It was a weary watch, but both in their day had sat in the crotch of a tree for hours, waiting the approach of the deer, and they had thus learnt both watchfulness and patience. They could have sat till morning without becoming either fatigued or sleepy.

It was nearly midnight, or it might have been past it, for Anthony's clock did not strike, and in the stable he had no means of counting time. The first rays of the moon were beginning to lighten faintly the inky sky. Anthony watched the pale beams gradually appearing. He counted the few stars that dimly struggled among the clouds. He listened to the winds sighing among the pines. The thought had more than once come over him that Gray would not come, and that all his wise precautions had been taken for nothing. He was angry that he had permitted a woman's fears to cheat him of his rest. It is not certain that he would have remained much longer at his post, had not a cracking among the dry bushes at a distance, as if some one had stumbled among them unawares, fallen upon his ear. The sound roused him, however, and as the light be-

came a shade more powerful, he saw a man cautiously approaching.

Whoever he was, he seemed familiar with the grounds. He walked deliberately round the house, surveying it on every side. He came a few steps nearer, and again made the circuit of the building. He looked eagerly around him, on every side, as if to be certain that no one was within either sight or hearing. Anthony had his eye upon him, and the rifle was brought to bear upon his body. Every step he moved, Anthony covered him, unless when the house intervened, but as he again cautiously appeared, the rifle steadily followed his every motion. A touch of the trigger would at any instant have brought him down. He approached the stable. Anthony breathed hard, but he did not stir. He had assigned a limit, and had the man stepped over it, he must have been shot—not mortally, for Anthony did not wish his blood upon his hands. But he would have been maimed for life. He stopped, however, and moved towards the door.

It was a moment of intense interest to the watchers. They had slightly fastened the door, in order to render violence necessary to open it, and to prevent suspicion. The man was prepared. He introduced a small wedge-like crowbar, and leaning noiselessly but forcibly upon it, the door gave way. He stepped over the threshold, but finding the door closed with a spring, he held it back in order that it might not arouse the inmates by the noise it made in shutting. Anthony watched the moment when the door was closed, when, unfastening the rope, the portcullis fell. But one result he had not anticipated, took place. The ruffian's hands were still upon the latch, and in its fall the plank shattered his right hand, and severely hurt the other. With a yell of pain, and a curse at his misfortune, Nathan Gray, for it was him, sunk down upon the floor.

"Nabbed!" shouted Bill with a burst of laughter, as he bounded from his seat and rushed towards the door, the key of which in a moment he turned; and the ruffian was secured.

The prisoner moaned so loudly that he was distinctly heard outside, and Anthony, thinking that he was severely or probably mortally wounded by the fall of the plank, would have entered, but he was effectually shut out. No better bolt was ever used, and the strength of twenty men could not from the outside have moved it.

A thought flashed across the mind of the young man, that it was all a scheme. Probably the thief was not hurt at all, and finding himself snared, had adopted this plan for opening the door of the trap. He communicated the fancy to his master, who turned the key again, and retired

to a position where he could watch the house without exposing himself to the danger of firearms from within.

Half an hour passed. Gray had by this time regained his presence of mind, and succeeded after much labor in striking a light by the aid of a lucifer match. He had a small piece of candle in his pocket, to which he applied the match, and the light soon illuminated the lonely cell.

Anthony, when he saw the light, approached one of the windows, to see what was passing within. He saw the robber seated on a chair, his shattered hand supported by the table, while with the other, from which streams of blood were gushing, he vainly attempted to bandage the useless limb. The look cast by the miserable man upon the hand which had suffered least, convinced the observer, that it too was seriously hurt. He knew also, that it would take many hours for a strong man, without axe or saw, to find his way out of such a cage, and that therefore, any attempt on the part of the man before him, must be fruitless. He calculated all the chances, and seeing there were none in favor of his prisoner, he determined to create no alarm till morning; and in the meantime, with his faithful Bill, he withdrew to the hayloft, to pass the remainder of the night in sleep.

Nathan at length arose. He carried the candle in his hand, and examined every inch of the prison that contained him. He saw that he was caught in a trap, that had been set for him, and like a caged wolf, he beat himself against the bars. He threw himself against the door. In spite of the agony it caused him, he seized the bars which secured the windows. He might as well have attempted to move the oak which had stood for centuries.

Again and again, he applied his shoulder to the plank that secured the door. He raised it to his own height, but again it fell into the notch, made for it by his destined victim. At last, he gave up all hope. His candle suddenly expired.—Every match had been expended. He had no means of again striking a light, or he might have attempted to fire the building, in the hope of escaping through its burning walls. Hope deserted him, and the robber threw himself frantically upon the ground, to await the fate that was silently but surely working for his destruction. What a night it was for him! It seemed as if it lasted for a thousand years. The bloody shade of old Gregory stood beside him—glared upon him through the darkness, rendered visible by the lurid light that played around the ghastly wound upon his temple. It

was a terrible night, and to the murderer it seemed as if it would never end. But when the light came, and it came at last, it brought no hope to him. He knew that he must be condemned. He knew the crime had been committed, and to him it appeared so vivid that he almost fancied those who looked upon him must see it marked upon his brow.

With the earliest dawn, old Anthony sent his man to call assistance. He himself remained to watch. But the prisoner, knowing every attempt to be hopeless, made no effort. He sat sullenly and despairingly in a corner of his cell, waiting the hour when he would be consigned to another prison. But he felt as if the change must bring relief. His hand and arm were so dreadfully painful that his punishment already seemed as much as he could bear. He felt as if he could give himself to the hangman's hands, if by so doing he could gain for himself a moment's cessation from his pain.

Half the country was gathered round ere old Anthony's fastenings could be undone. When at last they were, the man, who was utterly incapable of resistance, was seized upon and led forth. A countryman who had been to see the body of old Gregory, looking keenly at him, remarked:

"His coat is the same as the cloth found in dead Gregory's hand. See, here is the place it was torn from. I'll bet my life that we have caught the murderer."

Nathan heard and comprehended him. He remembered that old Gregory when begging for his life, had seized his coat. He looked down, and saw that the piece was gone.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

It has been already stated that the ramifications of the band were most extensive. Among almost all ranks of society its members were to be found. It has been seen that one of the servants of Captain Willinton was an associate of the gang. This man, who, it has been already noticed, was of a cunning and inquisitive nature, at once suspected the motive of Whitley's visit to his master, and although he knew that he had been prevented from consummating his treachery, he had little doubt that he would betray the whole if brought into the presence of those skilled in eliciting information, and who would not scruple to work upon his fears. He determined therefore to take immediate steps to prevent his falling into the hands of the law, even if to accomplish his purpose it should be necessary to resort to the utmost extreme. By the code of the band, he

had already become amenable to the punishment of death.

Greene—the man we speak of—followed his master to Farmer Bradshaw's house, and obtained leave of absence for the day. His master had especial confidence in him,—for he was an arrant hypocrite,—and did not enquire the purpose for which he wished to absent himself.

As soon as he was at liberty, Greene proceeded to the inn, some six miles distant, where Gray and Craighton had left their waggon on the night of the meeting. The host knew and welcomed him, and he met with two or three others of the gang, who were lounging lazily about the bar. Joining them at once, they retired to a private room, to hear what had brought Greene thither at such an unaccustomed hour.

"By G—, lads!" said he, "we are likely to be blown."

The men started, and enquired his meaning.

"I mean," he replied, "that some of us will soon be caged, if we are not lucky enough to catch that drivelling wretch—that Whitley, who went with Craighton and I, to do the job at Willinton's."

"Whitley!" said the host. "He was here at day-break this morning. I wish I had known it then."

"He came from here, then!" said Greene. "He was at the Captain's about nine o'clock. He came to blab the whole affair, but got too frightened to do it. He got away without my knowing it, or I would have given him a lesson he would have remembered. The Captain has got, I am sure he has, some knowledge of him; and will take care to find him again—if he can. If he's caught he'll blow the whole concern. Something must soon be done to shut his throat. He must be caught by us, and settled!"

"A cursed business!" said the host. "I've always thought he was a coward, but I thought he would be as much afraid of us as of the lawyers. But if he's turned informer, he must be caught. I'll have no mercy on informers."

The other three were farmers in middling circumstances, who could not well have fled without being losers, and they therefore agreed with the host. He did a fair business, independently of his connexion with the thieves, and had no mind to leave it, particularly as it might so happen, that, should he retire to the United States, somebody would remember him. It was all-important that Whitley should be muzzled.

Consternation reigned among the group. On either hand it was a dangerous game. Few of the band had dreamed of murder when they associated themselves with it. But now they

were impelled by circumstances beyond the power of their own control. They could not retreat. They had each heard the axiom probably a thousand times, that he who takes one step in crime will find a hundred reasons to proceed—may he will argue himself into a belief that to proceed is necessary. It has been said of gambling—and it may be said of every other crime, though fortunately it is not absolutely true of any, for men, aided by the intervention of a higher power, have sometimes been reclaimed, even upon earth—that it is like the fabled stream, with which the foot of the adventurer having once been wet, he was impelled to wade into its unknown depths—on and on—whether he would or not, until at last it swallowed and engulfed him.

Perhaps the men met in that lonely way-side inn, with the consciousness of their guilt and the fear of its detection hanging over them, may have regretted the steps already taken—may have felt how difficult it would be to retrace—how impossible to forget them. Perhaps they did not in such a spirit, think of them at all. They knew, indeed, that they stood in imminent peril, and that their only present means of safety was to plunge themselves yet deeper into guilt—to commit that crime which would forever cut them off from hope on earth,—what the result to them might be when earth and all its pleasures and its cares should be as nothing, it is probable did not enter into their darkened minds.

Whatever their reflections were they were not pleasant ones. Greene, who seemed to be a kind of master spirit among them, although having the fewest ties to bind him to the neighborhood or to the country, was the first to speak.

"It's little use thinking. If any thing is to be done, it must be at once. We have two chances—one that Whitley will run for it—the other that we'll catch him. I don't know but the first's the best. But we must take care to have it either the one way or the other."

"Faith!" said the landlord, "You're right. I vote for a search, however. If we get him, he should be made an example of. King's evidence, indeed! Why, he's the very worst of the batch. There's not been a scheme laid, but he's been the first to push it on, and he's had his share of every thing. Craignton, I believe, who puts up for a nob, has never had a cent."

"He expected to make up for it at Willinton's," said Greene. "If he'd had his way he'd have taken the whole house with him. But there's no danger of him. He'd rather hang than tell."

"What's the use of talking of hanging?" said one of the others. "I don't like to hear it,

although I never did any thing they could meddle with my throat for."

"Ha! ha! ha!" said Greene, sneeringly, "there's more of us who are not as bold now when danger's in the wind, as they were when there was only stealing. For my part I like this. There's nothing like a little mischief for stirring up a man's blood. By G—!" he continued, starting up, "I believe the sneaking rascal, if he's caught, will tell all about the *Store*,"—the name by which the cave was usually spoken of. "Let's go out in twos to look for him, and if none of us fall in with him, let us meet at sundown at the *Store*, and hide all the things, so that if he should bring the people there, they'll find nothing."

"A damped good move," replied the landlord. "You came from Willinton's, so he's not on the straight road, and he did not pass here. You Greene, take Halford with you, and follow the concession line—I'll go with Hickman on the shore road, and keep an eye to the water. We'll all meet at the *Store* at da k. Wrangly, you must stay here. If any body comes you'll know how to set them on a wrong scent. He's cunning at any rate—if he's nothing else," he added, half aside to his companions.

No better plan was mooted, and the four upon whom the active business devolved, taking a *nip*, as they called it, at the bar, set out upon their search for Whitley.

They proceeded on their search. They knew the country well—every hiding place was familiar to them—every by-path had been trod by them many a time before; but they found no trace of the fugitive, and as night began to fall, they bent their steps towards the forest, fearing the worst from Whitley's disappearance, although still indulging in the hope that he had fled beyond the reach of those who they doubted not were seeking him as anxiously, but with a far different intent. Could they have been assured of this they would have been comparatively easy, for they knew that Whitley had a family and relatives still residing in the country, and they did not fear that he would make any revelations except for the purpose of saving himself, at the expense of his associates in crime.

Whitley was still an inmate of the cave alone. He had watched the growing darkness, anxiously waiting the hour when he might make an effort to escape. A thought did come over his mind that at least he ought to see his wife, and tell her of his determination, and thus relieve her from the anxiety it is reasonable to believe she must endure in consequence of his unexpected and continued absence. But then the fear that he

would be sought for there came in to crush the thought. He dared not visit her—dared not seek his own home and hearth, lest he should be detected there.

It was a bitter thought, and though a villain, with feelings blunted and insensible, he could not altogether shake it off. Into his mind the idea would intrude itself that it might have been far otherwise with him and with those whose fate had been linked with his. He might, he thought, have lived as became a man who would leave a fair name to his children, and of whom friends might speak without a blush. But it was too late now. He dared not show himself even to those whom he believed or knew would not denounce him, lest he should meet with others, armed with the panoply of law, to punish and destroy him.

And then the thought of his meditated treachery came upon him, and the new fear arose that even should he escape the hand of law and justice, he might perhaps fall into the power of his companions and associates; and well he knew that pity for him would not be felt by them, if they but suspected that he had sought to work the ruin of a member of the band.

He had been one of those who declaimed most loudly on the absolute necessity that mercy should not be shewn to any who should but hint at treason, and break their oath of brotherhood. He remembered, too, the hurried warning which Greene had given him, and the look with which the warning had been whispered. He lost all hope—his blood curdled—his limbs grew weak from anxiety and terror—his bundle fell beside him,—and he sat on a bench near the entrance of the cave, buried in deep and miserable meditations.

Greene and his companion were the first to reach the cave. They approached it cautiously, even though they did not fear at that late hour, in the dense wilderness of woods that there could be any lurking watchers. They walked around it noiselessly, listening intently for any sound, and when assurance had been rendered doubly sure, they approached the entrance, and when within it, and a cover had been suspended over the crevice, they struck a light and placed it on a shelf.

Whitley had not heard them till they were within the cave. When he did, he knew not who they were, or whether he was the occasion or the object of their unexpected coming. But when the light fell upon the countenances of Greene and his companion he knew at once that his time was come, either by a desperate effort to escape, or to die. He believed, that single han-

ded he might in a struggle for his life have coped successfully with either, for even a coward when he can fly no further will do desperate battle with his pursuers; but he knew also that two to one, and the stronger party armed, it would be hopeless to attempt resistance. Still, as yet, he was not utterly without hope. His position was not conspicuous, and as he sat in the shadow, a faint glimmering of hope arose that he might, unless they came to seek him, be passed unnoticed, and by remaining quiet outstay them, and then escape. But this hope he soon saw was vain, for they began to speak, and the tenor of their conversation was such as to add to the weight of fear that already weighed him down.

"We've had a long hunt, Halford, and very little for it. Where the devil can the villain have hid himself? I hope Hickman and Crowther have caught him. I suppose they will soon be here. It is time to think of setting the Store to rights."

"I'm cursed tired," replied the other. "If I could but catch the rascal, I'd make short work of him, for leading me such an infernal dance. Are you positively sure he meant to peach?"

"Sure! why a man with half an eye would have known it by his white-livered face. I'll warrant he would hang every man of us if he could buy himself off. If you want to sleep quietly in your own bed again you'd better throttle him, if you should hunt a year. If I come across him he shall have very little time to say his prayers. I'm afraid Hickman is beginning to hen. He must see a striking example made of Whitley."

"Don't be afraid," replied the other. "I'll go bail for Hickman."

"Who'll go bail for you?" muttered Greene, but he did not speak so plainly as to be understood.

At this moment the curtain was pushed aside, and the landlord of the inn, accompanied by Hickman, entered the cave.

The eye of the landlord rapidly glanced around, looking at every object, until at last his gaze fell upon the cowering form of Whitley, who had raised his head to see who it was that entered.

He actually leaped for joy.

"So my boys, you've caught him! I was cursing our ill luck all the way along, and now when I had given up expecting, I find all right. Why didn't you tie him up at once?"

Greene and Halford turned round and started. They thought old Crowther had gone mad, but when they saw who their companion was they were almost equally overjoyed. Whitley knew that escape now was utterly impossible. Two he had felt would be far too much for him.—

there were four!—two bold determined men, armed to the teeth, and two who if they did not aid, would at least countenance his murder.

He threw himself on his knees at the feet of Greene, and gasping for breath, uttered with a piercing shriek the only word his lips could form.

"Mercy!"

Greene and Crowther laughed.

"The mercy you had for Craighton—the mercy you would have had for us—we'll give you, and you'll know what that is pretty soon! You know what you used to say of traitors. It was truth every word, and now we'll profit by the lessons which you gave us. Your time has come."

"Oh! no, no, no! You will not murder me! I never meant to do it. I only had a spite at Craighton. I never would have said a word about the band. You will not kill me. I cannot—I will not die!"

"You hear him," said Greene, addressing his companions. "The villain confesses all. If Craighton had been caught, would the whole affair not have been blown? Not a man of us is safe while the cowardly rascal breathes. Hickman, get a rope and tie him up at once."

Hickman hesitated. Whitley saw his irresolution, and a ray of hope was kindled in his breast.

"Have mercy!" he cried, turning to him, "do not—do not do it. I'll leave the country—go any where—you may lock me up here—shut me out of sight of every one, if you will not trust me. But do not kill me, I am not fit to die. Have pity on me, and do not redden your hands with murder."

"Hickman," said Greene, "you'd better get the rope. Crowther, stand closer to the door. You Halford, clap a gag in the rascal's mouth, and if he offers to resist I'll shoot him. There's no use of more palaver. Why," he continued, his eye having caught the bundle which had been dropped by Whitley, "I'm cursed if he was not trying to rob the store. Here's a double traitor, and the man who scruples to punish him is as bad as he is, and shall share his punishment. Hickman! why the devil don't you get the rope?"

Hickman shook with fear. Had his life depended upon it he could not stir. It was no part of the plan of Greene, however, to touch Hickman's life. He wanted to have Whitley silenced, but he wished to have it done by the hands of Hickman and Halford—not that he had any scruples, or that he hoped to appear to himself less guilty, but he longed to have them so deeply implicated that they could not retreat. He looked upon them as waverers whom it was important to

secure by making them rush to the extreme of guilt. To them he therefore desired to delegate the active part of the murder he contemplated.

He stepped to Hickman's side.

"Beware!" he whispered. "If you keep on shaking, instead of doing what I tell you, I'll give notice that you're afraid to settle an informer. There are some three or four hundred, who, if they hear it, will think as little of shooting you as if you were a wolf. You'd better do what I tell you."

Hickman was afraid, but his fear was not of the kind that Greene imagined it to be. His dread was not of what he himself might suffer, but rather of the crime he was urged to commit. Murder until that day he had never contemplated as likely to be done by him. Even now when the victim whom he had sought was before his eyes, and his fate, to all appearance, inevitable—he could not overcome the repugnance he felt against the shedding of blood, when unheated by passion, and with no motive but that of a coward fear for his own safety. Greene, too, he had until now looked on rather as an inferior. The bullying tone he openly assumed had therefore a different effect from that contemplated. It roused his passion, but not against the trembling victim. It was Greene himself on whom his wrath was turned. Perhaps too a suspicion of the motives by which his associate was actuated flashed upon his mind. His reflections were momentary, and his reply was instant and emphatic.

"Get the rope yourself—I shan't. If the murder must be perpetrated you shall at least be as deep in it as myself. I'll not be driven. We'll share and share alike."

"You won't eh!" said Greene; "Damn you but you shall, or both of you shall go together. We'll have neither traitors nor cowards in the camp. Quick, or I'll blow your brains out, and send you on before him."

"Death!" cried Crowther; "Are you mad? We must have no quarrelling here, Hickman! You must do it——"

"I won't, and there's an end of it. I'll not be bullied nor threatened by any body. Greene shall have his share of the work, or it shan't be done at all. What the devil's he, that he should speak like a master to me?"

"For God's sake!" exclaimed Halford, "have done with this. Fighting among ourselves will ruin all. Hickman—Greene——"

"None of your senseless clatter," cried the ruffian. "I'll teach him that I am his master, and here's the first lesson," and he furiously dashed his clenched fist in the face of Hickman.

The latter, however, was now in an equal rage,

and instantly returned the blow. Crowther started from his post to separate or restrain them; and Halford, whose sympathies were on the side of Hickman, and who had felt, though in a less degree, the same repugnance to the murder, joined the *mélee*, but without any definite purpose. The light was extinguished in the struggle, and the four locked together in a fierce contest. Whitley, who had anxiously watched the progress of the quarrel, seeing at a glance, the opportunity which fortune and the riotous passions of his enemies had afforded him, stole towards the now unguarded door, and having passed the threshold unopposed, rushed into the thickest of the wood, nor stopped to think which way he went until sheer exhaustion forced him to moderate his desperate pace.

The fight—for fight it was—lasted for many minutes. Crowther was the only man who retained his presence of mind. He knew that Greene was dreadfully excited, and that he would kill if possible. He therefore aimed only to deprive him of the means, and as he was held in a firm embrace by Hickman, who was a powerful man, he at length succeeded in withdrawing a short knife which he carried in a pouch by his side, and one of the pistols which he bore. Greene instinctively knew his purpose, and struggled, pinioned though he was, to prevent it.

With a bound he released himself. The only pistol that remained was in Crowther's grasp, and he madly snatched it from him, but in the moment that he did so, it accidentally exploded, and true as if his own malice had directed it, the contents were lodged in the side of Hickman, who with a cry of anguish, sank on the cavern floor.

The report recalled the combatants to a sense of their situation, and as if by common consent, they relaxed their hold upon each other. Until then they had not thought of Whitley, and when a light was struck, though they at once saw that he had fled, the bleeding body of their associate, which lay extended on the floor, so paralyzed them with fear and horror that they were rendered totally unfit for immediate pursuit. Indeed they did not think of it. Halford was stanching as well as he was able the bleeding wound, and Crowther, who fortunately had found a pitcher of water near where he stood, was bathing his temples, and endeavouring to restore him to consciousness. Greene stood apart, sullen and silent. Now that his passion was allayed, he felt a stinging at his heart which would not be subdued by any arguments that presented themselves. He had imagined the crime of murder—had thought of it as a thing necessary to be done. But its

reality was now before him, and he would have given worlds had he possessed them to undo the deed.

Hickman, however, was not dead. Consciousness did return. But he was so faint and weak that he could not rise. Crowther now took the management of affairs. Directing Halford where he would find them on his return, he dispatched him to obtain assistance, and with the aid of Greene, supported the wounded man towards the edge of the wood, at a distance from the cave, that those who came might not discover where the accident had chanced. He had a story ready. They had, he was prepared to say, been out on the watch for deer, and Hickman's gun had accidentally exploded, wounding its owner in the side. To give a coloring to the story, he brought a couple of rifles from the cave, where all descriptions of fire-arms were deposited. He trusted to Hickman to confirm the tale when well enough to be questioned on the subject. Halford and Greene of course would bear him out should Hickman die; and he was determined that his couch would be so watched that no disclosures made unconsciously should ever reach the public ear. This expectation he founded on the knowledge that unsuspected members of the band could always be found to fill the post of watchers, who for their own sakes would take care that none of the uninitiated should in dangerous moments obtain admittance.

Assistants came—the story was told and believed, for those who heard it had not the slightest suspicion of its truth, and accidents of a similar kind had happened in the neighbourhood before. So far all was well. Hickman was carried to his own house, and the surgeon sent for. It chanced to be Dr. Greenleaf, whom we will leave in charge of his patient. Crowther remained to watch, and Greene departed for the residence of Captain Willinton. He loitered lazily along, meditating as he walked, until the night was far advanced, and day had begun to dawn ere he reached his master's house.

His reflections by the way were far from comforting. Whitley he had made a deadly personal enemy, and if Hickman should recover he might expect no less from him. Perhaps, too, he might either by design or accident disclose the whole. He almost regretted that he had not finished the deadly work, and silenced him forever. But it was too late now. He must therefore abide the chance, but he determined to hold himself in readiness for flight, should circumstances render such a course prudent or necessary.

(To be continued.)

THE DUTCH SKATERS.

De Hollandsche Schaatsruyders.

BY ANDREW L. PICKEN.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

'Twas Christmas—and white Winter came with still and spectral gait,
The waters felt his silent chain—the dykes his treacherous weight.
No lusty roar—no tempest cry—beset the muffled door,
He stole—as steals the Darkmans—with a footstep slow and sure.
He peered the broken panes within—and mocked the cheerless stove,
Where dim-eyed Poverty sate crouched and Famine scowled above.
But on the casements of the rich, he traced a feathery charm,
For the greybeard loves to flatter, where he knows he cannot harm.

The moon was up—but haggard clouds were wrestling with her light,
Thick as wizards round the Blockberg on the wild Walpürgis night ;
But the bells from out the minster sung—the old Yule fires shone clear,
And the Winter Fair, in jovial wont, lit up the ice-struck Meer.
The urchin in his osier sledge, like a lapwing darted by,
And the swarming skaters—to and fro—co-mingled merrily.
Ho ! Christmas comes in dreary time !—yet tell him to his beard,
That he may triumph when he's shunned, and threaten when he's feared.

A slender girl—with anxious mien—the dark throng glided through,
Unswerving—as o'er twilight seas fleets home the lone curlew.
She heeded not the royster's shout—the blythe Bauers' choral song,
But onward bore, with steadfast eye, her birdlike course along.
And clinging to her bended neck, with bold and reckless glee,
An infant boy cheered on her flight, and shouted mirthfully.
“Ho ! Mother, were I strong like thee, now would I laugh at fear,
I would outstrip the swallow !—Onward, onward—Mother, dear !”

“Aye—onward through the false world with thy bosom's gushing joy,
May it never know the aching void of mine—my radiant boy !
Nor feel amidst its passion-flowers the burning breath of sin,
Nor the agonies of vain regrets, my youthful Peterkin!
We speed to see thy father, boy—a friend thou ne'er hast known,
He may cherish *thee*, perchance at last, for thou art all his own.
His fearless heart—his regal front—his scorn so stern and wild,
His heart—oh, no, I *fear* thou hast thy mother's—my fair child !

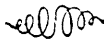
"It may be that the frowns of Fate may fall on her alone—
 That the languor and the longing will not follow thee—my own !
 The withering shade of faith betrayed ne'er darken on thy brow,
 Nor the grief on thy young heart be cast, whose wounds forever flow.
 Vouchsafe it—may the Orphan's God—when this o'erwearied breast,
 With all its history of tears—is gathered to sweet rest.
 But—onward, onward, Peterkin!—I hear the breakers roar,
 Where the Y-Stroom rolls its surges to the steppe-defended shore."

A lofty ship rides gallantly by Zwaardam's ancient quay,
 Like a war horse struggling, with his rein, to dash into the fray.
 The noblest Boyards of the north, within her bulwarks stand,
 The Russian Eagle crowns her masts—her monarch takes command.
 The "Monarch-carpenter," who seized his own romantic plan,
 To build himself the loftiest throne, o'er swayed by mortal man.
 He stands amidst his jewelled serfs, with smile sedate and still,
 He has wrung his fame from honest toil, and wrought his mighty will.

But what doth she—the peasant girl—'midst that emblazoned band,
 Her humble skates upon her wrist—the young boy in her hand ?
 Her thoughtful face is very pale—but a glance resolved and high,
 Is flashing, with a dauntless force, from out her deep blue eye.
A flower thrown by the wayside—Oh ! what comfort may it bring,
 That the rifer had a crowned brow—the traitor was a king ?
 One thought of dire dismay is left—one dread distinct and wild—
 She hath her lone "ewe lamb"—"Oh ! would they rob her of her child ?"

"Ha ! Meta," and the eagle's glance fell on the drooping swan,
 "Thou had'st my token—where's my boy—my branch of Saint Ivan ?
 Come, urchin—(dost thou fear my beard ?)—and meet thy father's kiss,
 'Thou art rendered unto Cesar, as the thing that but is his.'
 I will teach thee, boy—to climb a height the world shall view with awe,
 That naught but courage ever kept, and none but sages saw !"
 But the child clung to his mother's knee, and muttered with a frown,
 "Dark wolf ! I'll climb no height with thee, unless to hurl thee down !"

"Oh !—Russian whelp !—showest thou so soon, the brind of what ye are ?
 To rear *thee*, were to dally with a wayward shooting star ;
 No tide must stay my gushing strength—Annchen, take back thy gift,
 And for our fault—if fault it be—let this hour plead its shrift."
 The Czar passed with a stormy glance, while the outcast clasped her boy,
 The mother reigned triumphant on her swelling sea of joy ;
 While her young and brave discarded, cried—"Oh ! kindest mother, come,
 We'll lose the Haerlem Fair to-night—an' we do not hurry home."



THE JEWESS OF MOSCOW.*

BY M. A. M.

As the shades of evening began to deepen around, nothing could exceed the effect produced by the red glare of the now distant conflagration, as, shooting up at intervals, it flashed on all around, giving a gorgeous coloring of bright scarlet to the snowy plain over which our travellers pursued their silent course. At one moment a shadow would fall on the scene, and for some moments it would almost seem as if the destroying element had exhausted itself; this was, however, the effect of the dense columns of smoke which enveloped the ill-fated city, for the next instant another and yet another lurid gleam burst through the thick clouds, shewing that the work of destruction still progressed with unabated rapidity. From the unequal height to which these flashes rose, might be too surely noted the class of buildings being consumed. Sometimes the low unbroken line of flame indicated that some streets of the suburbs, and those of the meanest kind, too—the dwellings of the lowly laborer or artizan, were those over which the fire rolled—suddenly a lofty mountain of flame would rear itself to the clouds, and the gazers sighed over the destruction of some magnificent edifice which had served to adorn and enrich Moscow, standing as high and rising as proudly over the surrounding dwellings as had its owner when compared with those whose homesteads now shared with his a common fate.

No words had escaped the travellers, whose progress we follow, as mile after mile was passed; but as one of these meteor-like flashes lit up the scene, and revealed for a moment the features of each, Deborah turned suddenly towards her father (aroused from her reverie by a low, faint sigh of his), and was horrified by the pale, shrunken countenance which met her view, rendered even more ghastly, doubtless, by the red light.

"Father!" she breathlessly exclaimed, as she cast her arms around his apparently sinking form. "Father! I have been thinking of every thing but you, and have utterly forgotten your weakness. Lean upon me, dear, dear father!—just see how well I can support you. Oh! forgive me—forgive my cruel forgetfulness."

"My child!" murmured the old man, but even as he spoke his head sank heavily against

his daughter's shoulder, belying the assertion which he made to re-assure her. "My child! I have felt weak—very weak—but I am stronger now."

"Would that we were arrived at Laniskoff!" sighed Deborah. Then addressing the driver in Russian, she inquired how far they had yet to go.

"Not more than half a mile," was heard to issue from the depth of the thick roll of fur in which the worthy Kiusoff was sitting upright, looking for all the world like some large and grizzly bear. "I was going to ask," he added, "where your father intends to stop—is it at the hotel?"

"Oh! no, no!" almost screamed the old man, "how could I afford to pay the charges at a hotel? it would rob me of the little I have;" and weakened still more by his strong excitement, he would have fallen back had it not been for Deborah's supporting arm.

"Then where are we to go, dearest father?—shall we go to the house of your old Italian friend, the Rabbi Zenoti?"

"Yes, yes!" responded the father, as if released from some overwhelming fear—"yes, yes! child, tell the man to stop there—Zenoti has often invited us to visit his dwelling. Yes, we shall tarry with Zenoti some days, till I am again able to walk about, and then we shall quit this Russia for a time."

Deborah again addressed the driver with the question, "Know you the house of M. Zenoti?"

"Know it!" he repeated. "Yes, I know it well—many a good shilling I have had of M. Zenoti's money—I've often brought either himself or some of his family home from Moscow, and been well paid for my trouble. I can tell you I've not one better customer than that same Jew. God bless him! say I,—Jew or no Jew."

"You will then drive us to his house," said Deborah.

"No sooner said than done," exclaimed the driver, as with a sudden jerk, he pulled up at the door of a long low house at the entrance of the village. Though the night was almost closed in, there was light enough to show that the mansion had a look of neatness and comfort not at all

usual in Russian dwellings. A low iron palisading ran along the front of the house, for the better preservation, doubtless, of the shrubs and plants, which, during the short summer, bloomed there, but which were now buried beneath the snow, with which all around was sheeted. The windows, of which there were two on either side of the door-way, were composed of large squares of glass, and reached almost from floor to ceiling, and from two of them a bright but unsteady light shone forth, for the shutters were not yet closed. It was the light of a cheerful coal fire, which now fell on the travellers and their sledge, and as Deborah turned for a moment from her father to look upon the house where they were about to be domiciled, her young heart was at once surprised and charmed by the vision of domestic comfort, nay happiness, which met her view. There was no light in the room save that of the fire, which blazed up merrily in a capacious grate. In a large arm chair directly opposite, sat a patriarchal looking man, over whose head some seventy winters might have passed, for his locks were of a silvery whiteness. The cheek was still fresh and full, however, and there beamed in the large gray eye all the fire and intelligence of mature manhood, so that one might easily have mistaken the age of the individual. He wore a long beard, whose hue corresponded with that of his hair, and this, too, served to impart dignity to the whole air and appearance. This personage was clad in the ancient Jewish costume, and wore, suspended from his neck, a heavy golden chain. There were three other individuals in the apartment who now came in for their share of attention. One was an aged matron, whose shrewd and penetrating eye, together with the whole outline of the face, marked her out as a daughter of the Jewish race. There was not wanting, old as she was, some lingering traces of departed beauty, and her dress, of rich dark-colored silk, was so scrupulously plain and neat, in such strict keeping with the lady's age and appearance, that the eye rested on her with much pleasure. The old lady was seated at a little distance from the venerable patriarch already mentioned, and "with spectacles on nose," was busily intent on a stocking which in her nimble fingers seemed as if it must progress with unequalled rapidity. At a small table a little distance apart, was seated a young lad of it might be sixteen or seventeen, whose air of abstraction plainly enough indicated that his mind was absorbed by some interesting subject. Before him lay scattered, though all open, some books and maps whose study the increasing darkness had probably compelled him to relinquish. At the

feet of the old man, on a low *tabouret*, was seated a fair young girl, whose laughing dark eyes were raised as if in playful questioning to that of her father, (there was no mistaking the relationship of the pair,) while she shook back her rich black tresses with an air of arch *naïveté*. She was habited in a close robe of crimson velvet, admirably adapted to display her richly-rounded figure, but not one single ornament was visible in robe or hair—not even an ear or finger ring was seen to glitter in the flickering light. It was with reluctance that Deborah turned from the sight—she could have gazed for ever on the magnificent creature, whose sunny features now half hidden, now revealed in the uncertain glare, impressed themselves as it were on the heart. Though her survey occupied little more than a moment it was with almost self-reproach that she again turned towards her father. She saw that he, too, had been silently gazing upon the fair scene within, and a sigh broke from him as he said half-audibly—

"Alas! alas! Zenoti's fortune cannot stand—such woful extravagance will and must have an end. True, he is rich, but then he has no idea of sparing—he never thinks of depriving himself or his family of anything, no matter how expensive it be!"

At any other time Deborah might have smiled at this remark of her father's—so characteristic of the man—for she knew that Zenoti was reputed one of the wealthiest of his tribe, and that he lived far below what his fortune might have warranted. But now she was all anxiety to see her father at rest, and she hastily desired the man to knock at the door. The latter, who had already approached the well-known entrance, at once complied, and the door was speedily opened by a servant in a plain gray livery turned up with red. A lamp burned in the hall, and as its light fell on the driver's countenance, the servant seemed surprised.

"Why, Kiusoff, is it you?" he exclaimed.

"Ay! faith! it is Kiusoff, his very self," replied the other calmly. "Good evening to you, Master Nicholas, how fare you?"

"Tolerably, tolerably—but who have you brought!"

"A worthy gentleman and his daughter, who are escaping from the fire, like every one else." Then he added in a lower tone, "Some of your master's kidney—an old bearded fellow who is as hard as the devil, and his good and pretty little daughter, who is, I swear, almost an angel."

"With whom art thou talking there, Nicholas?" inquired his master, as he opened the parlor door.

"Kiusoff, the sledge driver, sir; he has brought some visitors it seems!"

"Visitors, sayest thou?—then why stand idly prating there,—why not have them enter at once, foolish man that thou art?"

By this time Deborah's patience was almost exhausted, and she called to Kiusoff to come and assist her father to alight. This was no easy matter, for the old man's wound, together with the pinching cold, had rendered him stiff and almost helpless. At length, after considerable delay, he was almost carried into the hall by the good driver, assisted by Zenoti's domestic. As the light of the lamp revealed his features, the host started back in amazement.

"Why Ruben, my worthy friend, do I see aught?—is it thee whom I behold in this condition?—what hath befallen thee?" and as he spoke he led the way into the room which he had just left. Making a sign to the supporters, the latter deposited the exhausted old man in a capacious high-backed chair, and then left the room. In the meantime Deborah was not unattended to. The wife and daughter of the host, seeing the timid young creature stand shivering by her father's chair, had approached, and with ready kindness, were engaged in freeing her from the garments which, though heavy, had yet but partially shielded her delicate form from the inclement blast. It was some moments before Ruben could reply to his friend's inquiry, but at length he found strength to recount in as few words as possible, the untoward affair of the morning.

"And is this thy daughter, friend Ruben?" inquired Zenoti, as he turned to the girl, who, pale and cold, sat with her eyes fixed on her father.

"Yes, that is my child, even Deborah my daughter, whom thou hast often desired to see."

Zenoti now approached the young girl, and kissed her cheek with almost parental kindness.

"Welcome, young daughter of our tribe, thrice welcome to our dwelling. Rebecca," he said, addressing his wife, "Rebecca, thou wilt receive this young maiden as a second daughter, and thou, Miriam," seizing his daughter and drawing the two girls together, "thou wilt look upon Deborah even as thy sister."

This admonition was most welcome to both, for their hearts were already drawn towards each other, and as they exchanged a warm embrace, each internally vowed that she already loved the other. There was yet another introduction. The youth whom we have before introduced to the reader was seated by the table, though his eyes were no longer riveted on his maps. To him the venerable father now spoke.

"Manasses! my son! come forward, that I may introduce thee to one of my oldest friends— one of our brethren."

The youth came forward with a sort of bashful reluctance, which gave an air of awkwardness to his otherwise handsome face and figure. He nevertheless, offered his hand kindly to his father's friend, and if he did not salute Deborah as his father had done, it was evidently the fault of his unconquerable timidity. Even when he took her hand, or rather the tips of her fingers, he coloured to the very temples.

"Well! now that you all know each other, friends mine!" exclaimed the cheerful master of the mansion; "now that you all are aware of the relationship which we are henceforward to bear to each other, let us think of those amongst us who require refreshment after their journey, and still more, rest after the sad accident of the day. See that the evening meal is forthcoming, Rebecca—thou, Miriam, take thy young friend to a chamber where she may arrange her gear before supper—and as for thee, Manasses! thou shalt bear thy part—go thou to the kitchen and tell the honest man who brought hither our friends, to stable his horse for the night. Say to the servants also, that they must make the good man as comfortable as possible—and see that he be well cared for as to food and lodging; and then return hither, for supper will soon be ready!"

The young man departed on his hospitable errand—the good lady had already disappeared to look after her culinary arrangements, and Miriam took Deborah's hand to conduct her to a dressing-room. The latter, however, merely pressed the hand of her friend, and dropping it, hastened to her father's side.

"Let me take off that heavy coat, dear father! it must incommode thee, now that thou art in a warm room."

"Nay, nay, sweet daughter! with thy leave I will assist thy father—go thou and look after thy toilet!"

"You are very kind, sir!" replied the girl modestly, and speaking in Russian, which language the host and his family had alone used.—"But my father is so faint and his wound so stiff, that it will be a task of some difficulty, and I am so accustomed to do those little offices, that they are productive of only pleasure for me. But I will gladly accept thy assistance, lest my strength should not be found sufficient:—thou mayest see that I treat thee already as if I had known thee for years—thanks to thy own warm and kind reception."

"In that thou givest me very great pleasure,

my child!" rejoined Zenoti, as he regarded the girl with evident satisfaction. Between them they managed to divest Ruben of his muffling, with very little inconvenience to him, considering the pain of his wound, which seemed hourly increasing. Having taken a glass of strengthening cordial, however, he seemed considerably relieved, and was enabled to join in the conversation, which Zenoti supported with much spirit.

As his wife again entered the room, he stopped in the midst of some remark which he had been making, and addressed her with a smile—

"What sayest thou, Rebecca, to our having supper served here; friend Ruben cannot be removed except to his bed, so if thou art willing, let us have supper even where we are!"

"I am perfectly satisfied," replied the lady, who, to do her justice, seemed to have no other will than that of her husband. She proceeded to ring the bell, and desired the servant who answered the summons, to have supper served immediately, "and in this room, too," she added, "Tell Alexis that we sup here!"

"Here, madam!" repeated the domestic, in a tone that marked how unusual was any departure from the established order.

"Yes, here," replied his mistress with a smile, "Go now, Peter, and deliver the message." Then turning, as the servant disappeared, to her guests, the good lady remarked, "You see how our domestics presume on their long service; they have all grown old in our family, and are quite ready, at times, to presume a little upon our indulgence."

Supper was now introduced, without Deborah having made the proposed arrangement of her dress, but this was readily overlooked. Very little could Ruben eat, nevertheless the table was laid near his chair, and his daughter took her place by him, while on the other side sat the fair Miriam, whose animated conversation and light-hearted laughter thawed in some measure even the cold heart which had become almost insensible to all save money-making. The discourse turned, naturally enough, upon the present state of the country, upon which subject Zenoti expressed himself pretty freely.

"Come," said he, "Rebecca, wife of my youth, let us be merry—Manasses, shake off the rust of thy studious habits, and rejoice that we have found some more of our kindred. As for thee Miriam, light of these old eyes! thou art ever the sunbeam that cheers us all—thee I need not admonish to be glad and rejoice."

Miriam had no time to answer, for her brother interposed—

"Wilt thou permit me, my father, to suggest an amendment in thy address to my sister?"

"Most willingly, son Manasses, say on—right glad am I to have thee take part in our discourse?"

"Now then," said the youth, with as much seriousness as if the matter in hand were the solution of some important problem; "thou has applied the term sunbeam, or ray of the sun, to my sister Miriam; now I submit that she might rather be called *Luna*, or the moon, seeing that she but reflects the light which thou thyself, even as the great sun, sheddest around thee!"

There was not one tincture of envy in this remark; it was made in the simplicity of the young man's heart, and the father and sister laughed merrily, while the old lady, with whom Manasses was evidently a favorite, observed, as if to carry out his quaintly expressed conceit—

"And for us, Manasses.—what part bear we in this system of thine, in this little solar world of ours? We, I presume, are the planets rolling ever silently around these luminaries, receiving light and warmth from them. Or is it that thou, my son, art the Day which receives its radiance from the sun, while I, ancient Night, am cheered only by the milder beams of the moon?—Speak, Manasses!"

"Nay, mother," responded the son, whose habitual bashfulness was already returning, and who seemed, in fact, half-ashamed of his unusual boldness. "Nay, mother, I, for my part, am well content to believe myself the humble flower, fostered into healthy existence by the genial warmth of the atmosphere which surrounds me. My world is the love of the three dear beings who alone are interested for the dull and stupid Manasses."

"How now, my boy?" inquired the fond father, "who called thee either dull or stupid?—Thou art neither, Manasses!—thou hast merely contracted some singular habits of speech and thought in the course of thy studies. Take a glass of this sparkling champagne—'twill, it may be, help to enliven thee. Come, friend Ruben, what art thou doing?—thou lookest as though thou wert afraid of the French returning; but fear it not; they are already, I learn, on the retreat. Rostopchin has done more towards Napoleon's downfall, take my word for it, than could all the power of Alexander, if applied at one blow. He will never recover this shock."

"How meanest thou?" inquired Ruben. "He has met no actual defeat in Russia as yet."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Zenoti. "No defeat!—Why, how dost thou suppose that the French

soldiers can bear up against the rigor of a winter like this, in marching back over such a vast country, already plundered by themselves all along the line of march? If it were not for the burning of Moscow—if it were not that these Russians had offered up their beloved and venerated capital even as a burnt sacrifice—then, indeed, might Napoleon, with such an army as his, have triumphed!—then might he have wintered in Moscow, until the spring should enable him to commence operations; but this blow in the very outset, as we may say, of the campaign, has completely blighted his chances of success.”

“Verily, it rejoiceth my heart to hear thee say so!” said Ruben, with every demonstration of joy. “Thou, friend Zenoti, knowest these things better than I do. Thou art a man who hast had much trafficking with princes, and art more learned in all that may affect their interests, and it gladdeneth me to find that thou deemest this Frenchman—or Corsican, as men call him—has but poor prospects for the future. Verily I am well content.” And the old man rubbed his withered hands in a transport of delight.

Zenoti regarded him with surprise.

“Why, Ruben, mine ancient friend, what has caused this hatred of Napoleon? I have never known thee to study politics, or to feel interested even in the least degree in the wars and struggles which have so long made Europe one wide-spread scene of contention. Were it not for that knowledge one might have thought that thou wert indignant on the score of that ambition which has in the French Emperor overcome all other feelings, and that thou sympathizest with the monarchs whose ancestral thrones have been by him overturned. Speak, how has Napoleon offended thee!”

“That I will tell thee, Zenoti. Thou art, however, right in thy judgment as to my political feelings. I care not though all the princes of Europe were crushed to the earth—nay, it would give pleasure to this aged heart were I to behold their proud palaces tenanted and ruined—the abode of the hissing serpent and the gloomy screech-owl, even as are our own regal halls. What is their glory to me—to us, Zenoti?—are not they Christians—the detested oppressors of our scattered tribes—the haughty ones, who in their day of power, forget that their turn for humiliation and insult may come, and dare to spurn the afflicted children of Israel? Their glory! their greatness! what is the glory of their highest and proudest to that of Solomon; and yet,—oh mysterious God of our fathers!—the halls where glittered more gold and jewels than these Christians ever saw, are levelled to the dust, and thy

people, thy chosen, thine own, are outcasts, wanderers on the earth.”

Warmed by his subject, the usually cold and spiritless old man, had become even eloquent, and his hearers in their amazement thought not of replying; even his daughter heard with astonishment his burst of passionate indignation, so unlike any thing she had ever before heard from his lips. After a brief space, to recruit his strength, Ruben resumed—

“Now to account for my feelings towards this upstart emperor, individually. Thou wilt remember, my child,” addressing Deborah, “the words used by Napoleon when summoning that young Frenchman to follow him?”

“Nay, father, in the anguish of the moment I marked them but lightly, if at all. What were they?”

“Ha! is it possible that a Hebrew girl could overlook such words?—unworthy daughter of the patriarchs art thou!—friend Zenoti will, it may be, find them more worthy of note. Yes, Zenoti! son of my race! he spoke with all contempt of us as Israelites; his words were, ‘Come, De Lorival! haste away—leave the old Jew to take care of himself; too much time has already been lost on his account.’ Yes, these were his words—his words—ah! that was not the worst—Oh! the scorn with which he spoke, as if our nation was unworthy of the common charities of life!—Oh ye prophets!” he exclaimed in a voice hoarse with passion, while his shrunken eyes gleamed fearfully, and his pale face assumed a more deadly hue, as he clenched his hand as if the hated object stood before him—“Oh! holy prophets of mine ancient land! had I been able, or had I not been deterred by the fear of his minions, I could have plunged a dagger in his heart, and laughed with delight as I witnessed the agony of his death struggle!”

Completely exhausted, the wretched old man sank back in his chair, his closed eyes and motionless features giving room for serious apprehension. All conversation was at an end. The first object was to convey Ruben to bed. Two of the servants were summoned to carry him as he lay in the chair. His daughter, with a face pale as his own, in silent anguish followed, accompanied by Miriam, while Zenoti himself walked first with a light lest the men should miss a step in their slow progress through the hall.

Having seen her father in bed and comfortably asleep, Deborah had leisure to feel the fatigue which anxiety had hitherto overcome, and she followed Miriam to the chamber where both were to sleep. It was that usually occupied by

Miriam, and was fitted up with every attention to comfort, while every thing around bore the impress of neatness and even elegance. As the door closed behind them, Miriam once more embraced her new friend.

"Welcome—an hundred times welcome, dear Deborah!—how little did I expect, when this very evening, just before thy arrival, I lamented my want of a friend of my own age, how little did I expect that I should so soon obtain what I wished for. Ah, Deborah! how happy I shall be if thou wilt only let me be thy sister, thy friend."

Deborah gazed on the beaming features of the fair speaker, and as she thought of her own almost isolated situation, she could not help feeling that the beautiful girl whose slightest wish was law to so many fond hearts, who appeared to have had every advantage of education that wealth could bestow, and who was surrounded by all that the most refined taste could imagine, must have all to give and nothing to receive in contracting such a friendship. Yet this very thought naturally enough produced a glow of grateful affection, as she eagerly and earnestly replied that already she felt almost a sister's love for one so generous and warm-hearted.

"Well, now that this point is arranged to our mutual satisfaction," said Miriam with a smile, "I think thou hadst better seek that repose which thou so much needest; to-morrow I will shew thee the other portions of the domain which thou art to share with me."

Sleep soon closed the weary eyelids of Deborah, but her slumbers were not unbroken. Ever and anon the events of the day mingled in her dreams, and frequently did she start up affrighted, in an agony of terror for her father's safety.

It was late on the following morning when Deborah awoke, and she found that Miriam was already astir. Having made a hasty toilet she knelt to implore the Divine protection during the day, and was then about to seek her father whose room was not far distant from her own, when the voice of one singing arrested her attention. The sound seemed to proceed from an adjoining apartment, the door of which was closed. The voice was low and sweet, and Deborah would at once have set it down for that of Miriam, but on listening attentively she discovered that the harmony which so pleased and soothed her, was none other than an Italian hymn. Little as she knew of that language, (having lived in Italy but a few months, and that in her childhood,) she could understand that it was an earnest supplication, and expressed the firmest belief in Christ crucified, while the tre-

mulous, yet deep tones, gave full testimony that the heart and soul of the singer were mingled in the words.

"Strange it is," thought Deborah, "that I should find a Christian in the house of Zenoti, who, whatever virtues he may otherwise possess, has never been charged with liberality or toleration towards the other sects. He is considered one of the strictest observers of the law. Could it be a servant?"

The idea was no sooner caught than dismissed—the voice in its perfect modulation was not that of a servant, and then the language—who here was acquainted with the Italian except Zenoti and his family. Unable to unveil the mystery, Deborah dismissed the subject from her mind, and hastened to seek her father. He was still sleeping, and fearful of disturbing him, Deborah sat down near the bed, in order to await his waking. Probably a quarter of an hour had passed thus, when the old man awoke, and seeing his daughter, extended his withered hand, which Deborah pressed affectionately; but her heart was too full to speak, for it was evident that during the night a change for the worse had come upon her father. The face was even more emaciated than on the previous evening, and the eyes gleamed with a sickly lustre that was almost fearful to behold. The hand, too, which remained within her own, was hot, and the pulse going at fever height.

"Oh, father! thou art ill, very ill—shall we not send for a doctor?"

The old man snatched his hand away.

"I am not ill, at least so ill as thou supposest, and I tell thee thou art a fool, Deborah. How wouldst thou call in a doctor, who for administering some pills and powders, and coming to see me a few times, would demand several pounds—go to, child, thou hast no sympathy for thy father's feelings. Thou wilt drive me mad with thy extravagance."

"Oh! father, dear father, do not talk so," exclaimed the poor girl, while she wrung her hands in anguish, "thou wilt not see a doctor—thou wilt die and leave me fatherless as well as motherless, and what will thy cherished gold do for thee? Oh! father, think of thy poor child."

At this moment, when the old man seemed somewhat softened by his daughter's grief, Zenoti entered, and having held his friend's hand for some moments, while he gazed steadily upon his face—

"Thou must have a doctor, friend Ruben," said he decidedly; "I shall send for one immediately."

"Nay, but Zenoti!" responded the wounded

man, "thou knowest not how ill I can afford to pay one."

"Oh! leave that to me," replied the other with a good-humoured smile; "I know thou art a poor man, a very poor man, Ruben, so thou shalt have a doctor gratis!"

He quitted the room, and in a few minutes a horse was heard cantering from the door. Zenoti had scarcely left the room when Miriam and her mother entered. The old lady approached the bed with a friendly inquiry as to how their patient had passed the night, while Miriam, seizing the hand of her friend, drew her from the room.

"Now, my little truant!" she playfully cried, "thou playedst me a pretty trick this morning, did'st thou not? I thought thee comfortably sleeping, and lo! when I returned to see if thou wert stirring, my pretty nestling was flown. I know thou art anxious for thy father, but as nothing can be done before the arrival of the doctor, I would have thee come down and eat something—breakfast is just ready."

"Nay, I pray thee excuse me, Miriam, but I could not eat, even if I went down. My dear father is, I fear, very ill indeed, and I cannot bear to leave him. I will await the Doctor's coming that I may know his opinion."

"Well, then, thou most devoted of all daughters, adieu for a brief space. I will have thy breakfast sent up to thy father's chamber, since thou wilt not leave him. No objection, sister mine—for I see thou art going to decline my proposal!" And away she tripped towards the breakfast parlor, while Deborah, looking after her a moment as she rapidly descended the stairs, slowly turned and entered once more her father's room.

The old lady, who had been seated by the bed, arose on her approach, and finding that Deborah positively refused to quit her father, repeated her daughter's offer to send up breakfast. Breakfast was served, and with it came Miriam, who, as the servant proceeded to arrange a table near the bed, laughingly observed:

"I come self-invited to breakfast with thee, Deborah—knowing that thou requirest the influence of good example to make thee eat this morning."

Deborah smiled faintly as she acknowledged the kindness of her friend. The old man was incapable of eating, and not all the kind attention of Miriam could prevail upon his daughter, whose appetite was totally destroyed by the sight of her father's suffering and debilitated condition. A few hours brought the doctor, however, and Deborah had the satisfaction of hearing that her

father's life was in no danger, and that he only required some days of quiet repose and careful attention. The surgeon dressed the wound, and having promised to come every day, took his departure.

One week, and the old man was able to sit up—a second, and he could walk about with the assistance of his daughter's arm, or leaning on a stick, and the third after their arrival, saw him accompanying Zenoti to examine the ruins of Moscow. Deborah, now released from her overpowering fears for her father, was at liberty to enjoy the society of her kind friends.

One morning, as she was seated with Miriam in a small dressing-room adjoining their sleeping apartment, the former suddenly exclaimed,

"Now, dearest Deborah, as thy father has finally decided on remaining some months in this neighborhood, let us commence those studies which we have proposed to ourselves. Thou wilt make me acquainted with the language of Milton and of Shakspeare; while I, in return, will teach thee to warble those sweet strains, which are nightly heard on the moonlit bosom of the fair Adriatic—the impassioned lays of Metastasio and of Petrarch. Say, wilt thou find the study irksome? Ah, no! Deborah—the fairy world to be opened before us! the world of poetry and romance—will sweeten to both the dry study of verbs and participles."

"Alas! Miriam," sighed the desponding girl, "It will be but pleasure to thy richly-stored mind—a new language will open to thee a fresh source of refined enjoyment, but I—ah, Miriam! though the English is my native tongue—though I have been taught to speak and write it correctly—for my mother's family kept me several years at a respectable boarding-school,—yet am I entirely unacquainted with the British classics; and Milton, Shakspeare, and all their brethren, are known to me only by name. Of the Italian poets thou hast named, I have never heard."

"Yet! but, my sweet despairing friend, thou art still very young; not yet seventeen, I think—well, thou hast, in the natural course of things, many years before thee—I wish to prepare thee for the time when thou mayest hear the songs of which I have spoken, breathed forth by some noble Florentine or Venetian, on the classic banks of the Arno, or the swelling shores of the storied Gulf of Venice. Ah, Deborah!" she continued with a look so arch, that it brought the blood to the usually pale face of her friend, "would'st thou not like to be thyself the subject of those burning words—for assuredly if thou dwellest in Italian lands, thou wilt hear them sung, beneath

thy window, night after night, by the lover who borrows the impassioned lays of the poets, to express what he himself but feels."

A faint and scarcely audible sigh had escaped the fair speaker, as she concluded, and her features unconsciously assumed a saddened expression, as she cast her eyes on the ground. Probably her memory wandered back to the lovely scenes of which she had spoken, for there had her childhood and earlier girlhood been past. As if pursuing her own thought, she said, without raising her eyes,

"And yet thou must not believe all they say, Deborah—they can be false, those Italian lovers!"—Suddenly remembering that inferences might be drawn from her words, she continued as if to change the subject. "Thou wilt hear, too, those sad, sweet hymns, which, once heard, can never be forgotten. Those hymns, sung by the maidens of the southern climes to their patroness—the Virgin—when, at vesper hour, they meet in their little sequestered chapels. These thou mayest safely hear, Deborah; they at least, will leave no sorrow for after years." And again she sank into forgetfulness.

They were interrupted, and for the present the subject of the projected studies was dropped. It was, however, resumed. Not only in the two languages already mentioned did they proceed, for every accomplishment that Miriam had acquired did she impart to her friend, and it was with pure and unmixed delight that she beheld the varied talents of Deborah expand and develop themselves.

There was still something unexplained on the part of Miriam. Rarely did she revert to the years spent in other lands—and if the conversation did sometimes tend that way, she invariably changed the subject. This was so often repeated that Deborah could not but notice it. Often did she observe the bright eye of Miriam grow dim beneath the weight of some hidden feeling, even in the midst of all her gaiety, and it became evident to her that some secret sorrow was gnawing at the heart of her who seemed so gay and happy. One day, as they were seated in the little *boudoir* which contained the musical instruments of Miriam, and where they were accustomed to spend the hours devoted to study, one of these fits of abstraction fell upon Miriam, and letting the book fall from her hand, she leaned back listlessly in her chair. Deborah arose, and gliding round the table, imprinted a kiss on the fair cheek of her companion, as if to reproach her for concealment and to assure her of sympa-

thy. Miriam caught the affectionate girl to her bosom.

"Mayest thou never know sorrow, Deborah—sweetest friend!" she ardently exclaimed.

"It is then as I feared," sighed Deborah, "Thou, even thou, whom I would have selected from all mankind as the very happiest—even thou hast not escaped the general doom!"

"Yes, Deborah, to thee I will confess that this heart," and she laid her hand upon it, as if to still its beating, "this heart has known sorrow. I have suffered, Deborah—ay! and suffered through years long in silence—but I have sought and found succour from Him who alone knew my anguish. Yes! I have found a healing balm for my bleeding and lacerated heart!"

"Where?" inquired Deborah, almost awed by the solemnity of the other.

"In the Lord Jesus?" replied Miriam. She arose as she spoke, and her eyes were lit up with the Christian's hope and trust, as she turned them full upon Deborah. "Thou art surprised," she added—"doubtless thou hast reason—but I say truly, I am a Christian, and have learned to cast my sorrows at the foot of the cross."

"Why, Miriam, friend of my heart! Thou hast not abandoned the belief of our ancestors?—or given up the religion of David and of Solomon for the comparatively modern code, established by the Prophet of the Christians?—Say, canst thou worship this Christ?"

"Yea, even so, my beloved one!" replied the other calmly, "even this Christ, whom our ancestors crucified—in and through him do I hope for salvation. And thou, too, Deborah! I will never rest till thou kneelest with me before this emblem of man's redemption." As she spoke she unlocked a small ebony cabinet which had been, heretofore, a sort of mystery to Deborah, and displayed a crucifix of ivory.

Deborah was still lost in amazement when the voice of Madame Zenoti was heard calling her daughter, and hastily locking the cabinet, the key of which she wore suspended from her neck, Miriam composed her features, and the girls descended together.

For the present we shall leave them, and carry our readers to a fairer and more genial clime—the sunny land of France.

(To be continued.)

BALLADS OF THE RHINE.

BY ANDREW L. PICKEN.

ST. JOHN OF HEIDELBERG.

It is the eve of all the year—the eve of good Saint John,
When the Geister-seher at midnight keepeth vigil dark and lone,
And nooked within the oriel porch, peers out into the gloom,
To note the corpse-lights as they glide to some appointed tomb.
The weird-owl wounds the silence with her high and boding call,
But she brings nor halt nor hindrance to the phantom funeral.

Whose garments like the March bloom hurried down upon the breeze,
Or a drift of snow-flakes wildly spent, flash through the linden trees ?
I would not be the fluttered heart that throbs those folds beneath,
For any jewelled crown of earth or patriarchal wreath.
For the world's wave bears it onward—darkly breaking—on its way,
And dreary superstition yields it calmly to decay !

She hath come from out the roses—she hath shaken down the dew,
And she trembled at the guilty sounds when forth from home she flew ;
The echo of her tiny feet, and the ocean of her sigh,
Through every cavern of her heart have sent a warning cry.
The bats skirr out—the toads look up with a glare of dull surprise,
But Gretchen seeks the Geister-lichts and mortal fear defies.

She stands within the oriel porch, her hand upon the font,
Yet she traces not the holy sign, her faithful finger's wont ;
Her heart is laboring with a dream, she summoneth the gloom,
For she dares, yet dreads, to see on earth, the meisters of the tomb.
And a wild delusive memory hath wrapt her like a shroud,
And the call within is voiceless—voiceless—but oh ! how loud !

“ Come back, my Karl ! if thou art stretched on ocean's amber floor,
I've conned the Lurlein spell for thee—I've conned it o'er and o'er ;
Come back, my sailor ! for, for thee I'll bear my penance well,
And what the lone heart's penance is, let earthly teachers tell.
Let those pale hands, you likened to the roseate Indian shells,
In their clasping anguish call thee back from ocean's wizard cells.

“ They rise—they rise—there's not a form in all the dreary line,
That hath the ever-bending grace, yet noble haught of thine.
I knew it !—Sunlight lingers still amid thy radiant hair,
It cannot be that faithful love is left to dull despair—
It cannot be—(though thou wert ever, wanderer, like the sea,
Dark, weariful and wonderful,)—thou should'st be torn from me.

“ I've borne, and I would bear again, the shadow and the slight
Of hearts estranged and bosoms changed, the winter and the blight !
Come back—and make *my* bosom bloom—I care not for them all,
If you bring a laugh of summer waves for wedlock's festival ;
My lips, like clustering cherries, still will welcome thy return,
And my humble heart shall hold thee, like the hearts that holiest mourn.”

I do not know—in fact, if fairly told—I never knew,
How Margaret from good Saint John her happy omen drew ;
I'm sure she said some foolish words and did some foolish things,
But women's thoughts and intellects are bound in wedding rings.
So, as Karl said, when he came back, and made her all his own—
“ We had best look to the harvest, for our summer seed is sown.”

MANHEIM.

SANDT, the murderer of Von Kotzebue, who underwent an execution at Manheim, worthy of the most barbarous age—like La Saha and Stapps, the self-contemplated assassins of Bonaparte—affords a lamentable proof of the evil effects of the perverted education and false patriotism of the German Illuminati. Happily, the chairs of the Universities, since that era of confusion, are more worthily occupied. The professorships have been almost generally transferred to Jewish Rabbins of the highest classical attainments, to whose moral fortitude and moderation it must be left to obliterate a disgrace, which their predecessors rendered nearly indelible. A modern writer—I think one of the Schlegels—has asserted that Augustus Von Kotzebue was the descendant of a noble English family—which joined the Standard of Prince Maurice, during the Spanish Wars—of the name of Catesby.

A feeble thread of light shot down—a pale imprisoned beam,
That faltered into darkness, like an ocean merging stream,
The weary grates that crossed its way, and caught its earliest kiss,
Seemed to mourn its fleeting life-time in the dungeon's dank abyss.
The walls gave back no answering smile—the cold and clammy floor,
With its tenantry of prowling rats, rejoiced in gloom the more.

Yet there was one sad form that caught the dim bewildered rays,
Like a lonely turbaned pillar in a Moslem burial place,
A prisoner—at doomed morn, whose moments ne'er relax,
Condemned to yield his life beneath the ignominious axe.
He stands within their halo, with a swimming wistful eye,
And buildeth up a hopeless dream of blessed liberty.

The tonsored monk that at his feet, with trembling ardour prays,
Charms not away from that strayed beam the captive's yearning gaze,
Like a fevered child, whom even love's soft sympathy annoys,
He chideth back the holy man with fierce and husky voice.
"Hush, dreamer! *He* hath sought me here in crime's accursed abode.
He hath pierced the triple-walled gloom—Behold the eye of God!

"*He* hath sought me—*He* hath found me with the blood upon my hands,
The slayer of his brother 'neath *His* accusation stands!
Thy craftiest lore cannot avert that Sinai-thundered glare,
Nor still the soul-re-echoing voice—'Where is thy brother—where?'
Hush, dreamer! Leave the guilty heart to wrestle with its load,
A mightier far than thou is here—Behold the eye of God!

"He bringeth back the blessed years of childhood's sinless way,
When the world's glad garden to mine eyes in summer's radiance lay,
And a fountain of sweet waters, welling upwards from the heart
Made the hopes of life's young innocence, like starry flowers start.
Hush, dreamer! Let me weep—the rock is smitten, and the rod
Hath made the hidden treasure flow—Behold the eye of God!

"My father's honored age—alas! is bowed unto the dust,
My mother's loving pride is quelled, and broke her heart of trust,
The holiest bonds of earth for me are burst and sundered all,
And for the hoary head I smote, mine own is doomed to fall!
Hush, dreamer! There's no refuge in thy dark and subtle code,
From *that* which searcheth every where—Behold the eye of God!

"When the bourne is gained—the abhorred axe must lead me to at morn,
Amidst upheaving curses and a reinless shout of scorn;
When the gates of life shall close upon my errors and my crimes,
Let my motives stand recorded till the birth of other times.
Hush, dreamer! Preach to-morrow to the valley's senseless clod,
The rest hath its interpreter!—Behold the eye of God!"

THE STEPMOTHER.*

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER IV.

On passing through the sitting room, Amy met Mrs. Morton. There was a strange expression in the countenance of the latter, which she could not define, and her cheeks involuntarily crimsoned, as her step-mother exclaimed, in a peculiar tone :

" Good evening, Miss Morton; I hope you have had a pleasant walk, at least I should think so, from your having protracted it so much later than usual."

Amy replied something about the beauty of the weather, and proceeded to her own room. Having seated herself, she took up a book she had commenced reading; but she found it impossible to fix her attention upon it. Mrs. Morton's strange manner recurred to her, and she formed a thousand conjectures respecting its cause. Suddenly, the thought flashed upon her, that she might have witnessed her interview with her cousin; and she remembered, a fact that had escaped her till then, that the windows of her dressing room commanded a view of the arbour, in which she had been sitting. The unpleasant reflections this remembrance excited, may be imagined, and it was with no agreeable feelings, she prepared to attend the summons to the tea-table. The fear that Mrs. Morton would make some allusion that might rouse her father's curiosity or—still worse, that she would disclose all to him—haunted her. To her inexpressible relief then, on entering the apartment, she saw it was empty. On enquiry, she found her father was absent, and would not be at home till late. Mrs. Morton, not feeling well, took her repast in her own room. In the course of the evening, she had ample leisure to review in her mind, all the events of the day,—the visit of her cousin, his story, and lastly, the unpleasant position she was placed in, with regard to her stepmother. She knew that if the latter did not immediately reveal her secret, she would, sooner or later, do so, in some fit of passion; and she at length determined to throw herself on her father's indulgence, and confess all. Scarcely had she formed this resolution, when

she heard the tramp of a horse's hoof beneath her window; and she knew he had returned. After a few minutes hesitation, she descended to his library, and knocked for admittance. He was in rapid, earnest conversation with some person in the room, and the vehemence of his tones prevented her being heard. She then tried the lock, but it was fastened. Seeing he evidently did not wish to be interrupted, she retraced her steps to her apartment, and throwing on her morning gown, lay down on her couch, resolving to seek him when his unknown visiter should have departed.

She was roused from an uneasy sleep, by the servant's entering to tell her that Mr. Morton desired to speak to her, in his library. Wondering what he could want with her at so late an hour, she rose, and proceeded to his study. He was pacing the room, his arms folded, while his face, unusually pale, wore so severe and stern an expression that she shrank from approaching him. For a moment he regarded her in silence, but at length exclaimed, in a voice of concentrated passion;

" Can you conjecture, young lady, why I have sent for you?"

" No indeed," replied Amy, trembling from head to foot.

" What blissful ignorance! But perhaps, this is but another specimen of the duplicity you have so long practised towards me."

" Duplicity!" repeated his daughter, springing from the chair, against which she had leant for support.

" Perhaps you may have some gentler, more lady-like term for it, such as delicacy or reserve; but that does not alter its nature. Do you not call it deceit," he continued, changing his sarcastic tone, to one more congenial with his irritated feelings, " do you not call it deceit, to receive the unauthorized visits of a stranger, to pledge yourself to him, without even deigning to apprise me of it?"

Amy was confounded. There was too much truth in her father's last words to admit of an

answer, and, with flushed cheek and downcast eye, she stood before him.

"I am pleased at least to see you are not so well schooled in falsehood as to deny it."

Amy at last gathered courage to look up, and timidly exclaimed:

"Believe me, I intended seeking you this very night, to inform you of everything."

"A remarkable coincidence indeed. 'Tis a pity you were so tardy in fulfilling your resolution. But, 'tis not for that alone I am so justly irritated. No! I might have forgiven your want of confidence. I might have passed over in silence, your disregard of an indulgent parent's authority, in proceeding in so important a matter without consulting him; but, think you, I can easily forgive the choice you have made? You beggarly adventurer, without fortune, rank or talent! Is it such as him you have selected?"

"He is at least my cousin," murmured Amy, in a pleading tone.

"Don't talk to me of relationship. It but increases his ingratitude. Is it not enough that I have ever treated him with marked kindness, and interested myself in his welfare, solely to gratify your childish partiality, though I never liked the boy?" This, by the way, was not strictly true, for he had been, on the contrary, a favorite with Mr. Morton, till the latter had discovered, thanks to the intervention of his wife, his affection for his daughter. "But this is not all. Look at his private character! Frivolous, vain, superficial. Is he the one ever to rise to eminence in any honorable career, or even to earn a decent maintenance for himself? No! but he can spend the fortune he expects you to receive, the fortune that he woos,—not yourself, foolish girl!"

"Who can have given you so unjust a description of my cousin's character?" asked Amy, roused at this calumny of one who she well knew was the very reverse of what he had been accused of.

"One whose testimony may be relied on, young lady," replied her father, "though she has, it appears, incurred your dislike, for no apparent cause whatever. Louisa——"

The door of the adjoining closet opened, and the stepmother quietly walked in.

"You were asking, Miss Morton, who had so ably described Mr. Charles Delmour? 'Twas I, and I am ready, if necessary, to repeat what I have said."

Amy could scarcely credit the evidence of her senses. This woman, who should have blushed to mention his name, now stood forward as his accuser, reproaching him with the very traits which she had so eminently displayed during

their acquaintance. The lady, however, calmly went on.

"He was my brother's college friend, and on his entreaty, we were induced to invite him to spend the vacations at home. He came. 'Tis enough to say, 'twas with feelings of sincere relief we saw him depart, resolving never to yield to my brother's request again to invite him. However, we were not put to the proof, for Edmund, soon after his return to college, discovered his companion's real character, and sought another friend, whose tastes and sentiments were more in accordance with his own."

"What say you to that?" asked Mr. Morton, turning to his daughter, "Is not such testimony sufficient?"

Amy's gentle spirit was roused beyond endurance. All her stepmother's injustice, and slights rose to her recollection, joined to her base calumny of the absent, and lastly, her audacity in thus bringing forward the period of her life, the remembrance of which should have caused her to blush for her former heartlessness and selfishness. Calmly then, and firmly, she answered in reply to her father's last words:

"I have only to say, that her statement is entirely untrue, and no one (here she bent a meaning glance on her stepmother) knows its incorrectness better than herself."

"Morton, will you suffer this?" exclaimed his wife, flinging herself in a paroxysm of tears upon a couch. Will you suffer me to be insulted, outraged in your presence, for having obeyed your mandates, in watching over your ungrateful child?"

His wife's passionate appeal, her tears, were irresistible, and with a tone and manner he had never yet employed, a tone and manner his daughter never forgot, he exclaimed:

"Leave the room, unworthy girl!"

The words had not died on his lips, ere the door closed upon her, and he was left to the somewhat difficult task of restoring his much injured wife to composure.

Another hour passed on, and yet the light shone from the window of Mr. Morton's library. He was seated at his table writing, while his young wife, who had entirely recovered her spirits, leaned upon his shoulder, evidently dictating to him.

That letter was to Charles Delmour, and was as bitter, as galling, as the imagination of a slighted and vindictive woman could render it. Every taunt which could hurt his self-love; every reproach of interested views, which she knew would wound his proud, independent spirit to the quick, was there. But her master stroke was

yet to come. Taking the paper from her husband's hands, she read it over, and exclaimed:

"That will do very well, but still, I fear, Morton, this ungovenable young man will return, and have an explanation with your daughter. Poor Amy is very inexperienced, and I grieve to say it, very obstinate; but that is your own fault; your long habits of absolute indulgence have rendered her so. She will of course believe him, in preference to us, and the evil will still remain unremedied."

"What am I then to do?" asked Mr. Morton in a despairing tone; "have I not made it as bitter as his worst enemy could desire? Nay, I fear too much so, Louisa;" but his wife making a movement of impatience, he added: "'Tis true, you know him well, and have assured me that nothing short of such harsh words will make any impression on him. I have peremptorily forbidden him ever to approach the house, or correspond with any of its inmates. What else can I say?"

"You must cut off all hope, and leave him without one ray of expectation."

"But how is that to be done?"

"Tell him Amy has solemnly renounced him forever."

Mr. Morton half rose from his chair.

"No! no! that is impossible. Willing as I am to crush his faintest hope, I cannot resort to such unjustifiable means. So far from renouncing him, I am convinced the foolish girl loves him with tenfold ardour."

"So much the worse," said his companion.

"Think you that Delmour, while there remains the slightest circumstance to cling to, will abandon his pursuit? Knowing as he does, your child's partiality for him, he will never cease his efforts till poor Amy falls a victim to his interested views. Come, Morton, overcome your reluctance. Consent to this sacrifice for your child. By a few lines you can discourage him from ever making another attempt, and when Amy comes to maturer years, she will gratefully thank you for the prudence which prevented her throwing herself away on a miserable adventurer."

Mr. Morton's scruples were fast disappearing, and at length, with the air of a man thoroughly wearied of the task, he impatiently exclaimed:

"Well! well! do as you like, but let us be quick, for I am tired to death."

It is needless to say his companion promptly complied, and Mr. Delmour was distinctly informed, that Miss Morton, feeling submission to her parent was her first duty, and repenting the dissimulation she had so long practised towards him, solemnly renounced him for ever, in obe-

dience to her father's command. No kind word, no gentle appeal, with which Amy could have softened even that abrupt message, but all was cold, formal, and indifferent. The task concluded, Mr. Morton retired to his couch, with uneasy feelings he vainly strove to dispel, by remembering he had done all for the best. As to her, whose false representations, and artful suggestions, had wrought him up to act as he had done, she closed her eyes with the comfortable reflection, that she was amply, oh, how amply! revenged, on the two beings she chose to consider in the light of her worst enemies. Could she but have seen the motherless girl, in the solitude of her lonely chamber, her head bowed in her hands in the attitude of hopeless grief, she must indeed have been satisfied. The hour that had witnessed the removal of the remains of a beloved mother forever from her sight, was not, perhaps, fraught with more overwhelming agony to Amy, than the present. Then she had at least a living parent, who tenderly loved her, but now, separated as she was from the being next dearest to her, after her father, and the object of that parent's indifference, if not dislike. "Surely," she murmured with a shudder, "he never could have looked at me, spoke to me as he did, if he retained one spark of his former affection." To add to her sorrows, the cheerless prospect of being subjected for years, to the tyranny of such a woman as her stepmother, a woman whose influence was increasing every day over her husband, till it threatened to become all-powerful, rose to her recollection, and it is not wonderful, if in the bitterness of her grief, she murmured a passionate regret that she had not followed her mother to her grave, ere her father had taken another wife to his bosom.

CHAPTER V.

THE next day, Amy remained in her room, and indeed she required repose. Her want of rest,—for the dawn of morning found her absorbed in her sad reflections,—the agitation she had undergone, and the long night passed in tears and sorrow, imparted a pallor to her cheek, and a heavy, care-worn expression to her brow, unnatural to one so young. But a keener pang was yet in store for her. That evening, a note was handed to her. One hasty look at the supercription, and she impatiently tore open the seal, but how her countenance changed as she glanced at its contents. How quickly the warm, happy glow, that had mounted to her temples, was succeeded by a look of wild astonishment and despair. The first words chilled her to the heart—

"Miss Morton!"—he who, from their earliest childhood, had ever called her Amy;—but that was little to what followed: 'Not wishing to offer any further obstacle to your filial affection, permit me to say, that henceforth you are free.—C. D.—Perfectly bewildered, she read, and re-read, that cruel letter. It could not be from him. 'Twas utterly impossible. But yet the writing! Oh! how well she knew those characters!—and now, bereft of the last hope she had clung to, deprived of the one ray of light that had gilded the dark horizon of the future, she cast it from her, and silently wept. Once, the thought flashed across her mind, perhaps some enemy had done this—had spoken falsely of her to him,—said, she wished to renounce him; but the next moment, she blushed for her suspicion. Who could she accuse? Not her stepmother, for she never would have dared to address Delmour, and even had she done so, he would not have believed her; and her father, her high-minded, honorable father! that was not to be thought of. She then remembered her cousin's impatience, during their conversation the preceding evening, when she had spoken of filial duty. Perhaps he had indeed grown weary of her scruples; and this, though but a poor solution, was the only one she could find.

"It may be," she murmured with a bitter sigh, "that he too, is tired of me. When the father, who watched over my infancy, can forget his love, can I blame a stranger for so doing?"

From that time, his name never escaped her lips, and her inward sorrow was mingled with wounded pride, that enabled her to bear, with seeming indifference, his inconstancy.

And Charles Delmour—how did he suffer the destruction of his hopes? The sun poured down its glorious rays, upon the deck of a splendid vessel, which, with her snowy sails extended to catch the freshening breeze, was preparing to leave the harbour. It was a scene full of life and animation. The gay flags that streamed from her masts, the inspiring strains of martial music, the dark blue waves, that danced and sparkled in the sunbeams, around her prow; all was bright and cheerful. Yet, even this happy picture, was darkened by shades of earthly sorrow and suffering. How many tearful faces were turned towards that gallant bark, destined to convey to another clime the objects of their affection. Whilst some gave vent to their grief by passionate exclamations, and loud sobbing, others, with the unnatural calmness of despair, watched her to the last. On the farthest part of the deck, leaning on a carronade, stood a young midshipman, whose slight, elegant figure, and aristocratic

appearance, seemed strangely at variance with the wild, boisterous life he had embraced. He was surveying with a gloomy look the scene before him, and the dark cloud that rested on his brow was ill-suited to a countenance whose natural expression was that of frankness and generosity. Truly, the sorrow must have been great that could have chilled the buoyancy of youth, at such a time. He was disturbed from his reverie, by one of his companions, who approached him, exclaiming in a gay tone:

"Why, Delmour, what in heaven's name is the matter with you? You look as woe-begone as yonder family group, who are bidding each other an eternal farewell. Two days ago, you were in higher spirits than any of us; and look at you now! Cheer up, man! surely you are not homesick, already."

Delmour murmured some indistinct reply, and his companion, finding he could obtain nothing further from him, soon left him. But he moved not, and till the last speck of his loved land faded from his view, he watched it with straining eyeballs. At length he turned away, forming an inward vow, never, never to revisit its shores, till he had rooted from his heart every vestige of an affection, so ill-placed, so unworthily requited.

To return to Amy. A few weeks after the eventful scene in the library, Mr. Morton, who evidently shunned her society unless his wife was present, either fearing the reproaches she might make him, or the accusations of his own conscience, entered the apartment, where she was sitting, and informed her, in a decisive tone, that the period of her mourning having expired, he thought it proper time for her to mingle in society, adding in conclusion—

"You are inexperienced; but Mrs. Morton will direct you, and fill the place of a mother towards you, now that you will stand so much in need of her care."

Ere his daughter had recovered from the astonishment into which this unexpected speech had thrown her, he had left the room. Feeling that remonstrance was useless, she resolved quietly to submit; and therefore, when her stepmother, the succeeding day, handed her a card of invitation to a large ball, to be given at the residence of Sir John Wentworth, the county member, she made no comment, but, after reading it over, quietly laid it down.

The all important night, that was to witness Amy's entrance into society, at length arrived, and she sought her dressing-room to prepare, with a heart ill at ease. She had remained firm on one point, and neither the sarcasms, nor commands

of Mrs. Morton could change her resolution. Instead of the rich dress the latter had selected, or the costly jewels her father had purchased for her the preceding evening, she wore a simple white dress, more becoming her extreme youth. To this, she merely added a delicate wreath, whose pale tint contrasted well with the dark, glossy hue of her rich curls. On entering her stepmother's apartment, to see if she was ready, she found her seated before her mirror, her French maid arranging her hair, which even yet was not adjusted.

"What! dressed already?" she exclaimed; "but surely, Miss Morton, you are going to wear some ornaments? I protest," she continued, regarding her with a look of unfeigned astonishment, "you have not even a bracelet, or a brooch. Are you aware this is a grand *fête*?"

"Yes," quietly responded Amy, "still, I have no intention of altering my dress."

Her companion elevated her eyebrows, and after shaking her head two or three times, said:

"Certainly! you are the best judge of your own taste. I only hope, you will not have cause to regret scorning the advice of older and more experienced persons than yourself. But my toilette is not nearly completed, and you must not wait. When I am ready, I shall rejoin you in the drawing-room."

Notwithstanding her depreciating remarks, Mrs. Morton could not help admiring the elegant simplicity of her step-daughter's appearance, and acknowledging she looked more attractive than if adorned with the costliest jewels. As Amy noiselessly unclosed the door, her father, who was gazing out of the window, though not to admire the prospect, for all was darkness, turned; an expression of pride passed over his countenance, as he glanced on her slight, graceful figure, but he merely said:

"You look very well. Is Louisa nearly dressed?"

On her replying in the negative, he took up a book, and she did the same. At length, growing tired, he looked at his watch, and murmured some impatient ejaculation. But he had leisure to consult it again two or three times before she came. His patience thoroughly exhausted, he violently rang the bell, but just as he opened his lips to ask the servant what detained her mistress, the lady made her appearance. It was impossible to frown on the fascinating little being that entered, and Mr. Morton quickly forgot his resentment in admiration of her beauty. Even Amy gazed wonderingly upon her, and inwardly felt her father's infatuation was not surprising. Her loveliness was well set off by the light, exquisite

dress she had adopted. The rose colored crape, imparting a yet more glowing tint to her delicate cheek, fell in rich folds to the small feet cased in white satin. Some pearls were carelessly wreathed through her dark hair, and the carcanet of the same material seemed dim in comparison with her dazzlingly white neck.

"Look at your last gift, Morton; is it not truly handsome?" and as she spoke she held up to view the splendid bracelet, the latest proof of her husband's lavish generosity.

"'Tis indeed lovely," he rejoined, his eyes not fixed on the rich ornament, but on the singularly beautiful arm it encircled. After some slight compliments to her beauty, which she accepted as a matter of course, they entered the carriage and rapidly drove off.

CHAPTER VI.

DURING the whole drive, the young wife poured forth a flood of remarks and suppositions. Now it was reminiscences of former scenes of pleasure, then conjectures as to who would be there; how things would be carried on. To this animated discourse, Mr. Morton replied but in monosyllables, whilst Amy, pale and dejected, sat silently back in the remotest part of the vehicle. She was yet but a girl, and about to pass through her most trying ordeal, her first appearance in public. It is therefore not to be wondered at, if her heart beat quick with fear, and a sickening feeling of apprehension, which she could not overcome, stole over her—now dreading her own insufficiency, fearing to commit herself by some awkward mistake, and then, spirited by the reflection, that, unnoticed and uncared for, she would be left to remain on her seat all night. All these disagreeable thoughts told so plainly on her colorless countenance, that, on descending from the carriage, her father hurriedly exclaimed:

"Why, what is the matter, Amy? you look like a spirit. Are you ill?"

Involuntarily he glanced from her to his lovely young wife, whose fair cheek and dark eye had derived unusual brilliancy from excitement and anticipated pleasure.

"You really would have done better to have remained at home," he continued in a dissatisfied tone, "than look so wretched on this your first appearance."

Tears sprang to her eyes as she replied—

"Oh, 'tis not too late yet. Let me return home, I entreat of you."

"I hope, Miss Morton," interposed her step-mother, coldly, "you do not intend having a scene now. Do not, I beg, make yourself so

ridiculous, and as you have chosen the part of coming, adhere to it. However, had you condescended to take my advice by wearing some ornaments, you would have looked a little better; but, of course, you were above that."

Mr. Morton's brow contracted, and quickly glancing his eye over his daughter's figure, he exclaimed—

"'Tis useless recriminating now; but I trust, Amy, you will not be quite so self-willed another time."

Moved by some sudden burst of generosity, or rather impelled by a motive best known to her own artful heart, Mrs. Morton unfastened the bracelet from her wrist, and clasped it on her step-child's. The latter endeavored to thank her, whilst Mr. Morton drew his wife's arm through his own, inwardly congratulating himself on the kind, self-sacrificing mother he had chosen for his daughter.

It may be imagined how much the preceding dialogue tended to raise poor Amy's spirits, and therefore, really sick at heart, she entered the brilliant and crowded saloon. The glare of the lamps, the quick strains of the orchestra, then playing a rapid waltz, the thousand figures of loveliness that fitted by in the dance, all tended to bewilder her, and it was a relief when her father led her to a sofa, where a few minutes' repose gave her an opportunity to recover herself.

They had not been long seated, when a tall, elegant woman, dressed in the extreme of fashion, advanced towards them. No one could have refused her the title of handsome, but certainly the scornful curve of the arched lip, and the disdainful flash of the dark eye, imparted to her countenance an expression far from pleasing. She warmly greeted Mrs. Morton, who asked her eagerly when she had returned from the Continent.

"Only three days ago; and though I have yielded to the solicitations of my brother, in coming here to-night, I have not even commenced recovering from my fatigue."

"Is Lord Travers here?"

"Oh, no! he is sleeping on the sofa now, at home. You know he has no fancy for the scenes of gaiety of which I am so passionately fond."

Here her eye fell on Amy, who was seated near her stepmother. The latter exclaimed:

"Miss Morton—Lady Travers."

The lady, after a cold, somewhat haughty bow, flung herself on the couch beside her friend, and they were both soon deeply engaged in discussing events and persons utterly unknown to Amy. The latter's unpleasant position may be imagined. A stranger to all, virtually excluded from the con-

versation around her, she could have wept with mortification; but a new current was given to her thoughts, by hearing a voice exclaim, during a sudden pause of the music:

"Who is that pale, lifeless creature, beside Mrs. Morton? What a contrast the two present!"

Raising her eyes, she encountered the intent gaze of two gentlemen, who were leaning against the folding doors opposite her, and evidently amusing themselves by criticising the company. The blood rushed to her temples, and she felt she would have given worlds to have been in her own quiet room at home. She was relieved from her unpleasant predicament by a gentleman, an intimate friend of her father's, approaching to claim her hand for the quadrille then forming. The person who had passed so unfavorable an opinion on her, was her *vis-à-vis*. His manner, however, was now as respectful as his excessive dandyism would allow, and she had scarcely returned to her seat beside Mrs. Morton, when he advanced towards the latter, and begged her to introduce him, which she did as Sir George Markham, Lady Travers' brother. He instantly seated himself beside her, and wearied her with his insipid egotistical nonsense, till the next dance, for which, of course, he engaged her. Out of spirits, naturally reserved, and besides, far from being prepossessed in his favour, she was in no mood for conversation. It was in vain he touched on every topic. She was inaccessible, and his feelings of mingled anger and astonishment may be guessed, on perceiving the indifference with which this young, shy girl, received the attentions of Sir George Markham, the favorite of the coteries of rank and fashion. His most brilliant epigrams, his wittiest satires, in which he spared none, not even his hospitable entertainers, failed in eliciting one approving smile from his fair partner. At length a long silence was broken by a gentleman near, turning and exclaiming:

"Do you know, Markham, if the *Amphitrite* has sailed yet?"

"Yes, a week ago."

"I'm really sorry, for I had a letter to send, which young Delmour promised to take charge of."

Amy's face was instantly suffused with crimson, and her partner, a practised man of the world, soon perceived it. Having thus, as he quickly devised, found the means of revenging himself for her slights, he resolved not to spare her.

"You know young Delmour then?" he said in an undertone, though still loud enough for Amy to hear. "A worthless fellow! 'Tis well for his friends that they are rid of him for a long time at least, if not forever."

"I think you misjudge him, Markham," was the reply; "I did not know him intimately, but from the little I saw of him, he seemed a frank generous character."

"I may be mistaken," answered Markham carelessly; "but look, do you see that pretty girl in pale blue, near the end of the room! She should certainly regret him, for he was her devoted knight. Attracted either by her handsome face or large fortune, he paid her the most particular attentions."

An indescribable pang shot through Amy's heart. She could not doubt for a moment the truth of what she heard. Had it been her stepmother she might have disbelieved her, but what interest could an utter stranger have in deceiving her? Now the cause of his cold, heartless letter, his sudden renunciation, was plainly apparent. Novice as yet in the worldly knowledge of dissembling her feelings, the sudden quivering of the lip, and changing color, told that the arrow had sped home. Well pleased to see his success, Markham continued—

"But I perceive she has already adopted the wise plan of speedily forgetting one whose attentions were probably more directed to her coffers than to herself."

The indignant flash that shot from his partner's eye at this speech amused him beyond measure, and turning towards her, he said with studied politeness:

"But, perhaps, Miss Morton may know the gentleman?"

"He is my cousin," coldly replied Amy.

"I beg ten thousand pardons," he rejoined. "I was certainly a little disconcerted by an answer he had not expected, but soon recovering his self-possession, he continued:

"I presume though, my error is not very great, for such distant ties of relationship are little attended to in our days, unless indeed, a more than cousinly interest is taken in the person."

A stress was laid on the latter words. Annoyed and confused beyond measure, she quickly replied:

"Even distant as the ties which connect us are, I certainly dislike to hear my cousin spoken of in terms which he does not deserve."

"Oh! now indeed, I throw myself on your mercy" rejoined her companion with a provoking smile; "I almost fear I have sinned beyond forgiveness, but believe me, had I known the friendly interest you take in Mr. Delmour, I should never have mentioned him in the terms I did, or even hinted at the Lady in Blue. From this time, however, his name shall be sacred to me, and I shall

praise him as highly on every occasion as even you could desire."

He bowed low as he concluded, and Amy, overcome with shame and indignation, wished herself or her partner at the antipodes. At length, to her great relief, the dance was finished, and she inwardly vowed, as he led her to her seat, that rather than subject herself again to the impertinence she had endured, by dancing a second time with him, she would not leave it the whole evening. Somewhat to her surprise, Lady Travers, on seeing her approach, made place for her on the couch beside her, with a most gracious smile. Inwardly wondering what could have changed the frigid demeanour of the supercilious lady of fashion to such courteous affability, she seated herself. Her surprise would have diminished a little had she known that the former had just received a minute detail of the large property already in her possession, besides her expectations from her father. She had come to the conclusion that Amy would be in every respect a most desirable *partie* for her brother, and she accordingly resolved to lose no time in commencing operations.

"You seem fatigued, Miss Morton," she remarked in a winning tone. "You are so flushed. George," she added, turning to her brother, "bring Miss Morton an ice," but he had already disappeared.

Amy was secretly congratulating herself on being rid of his hateful presence, when he returned with refreshments. He then deliberately placed himself behind the couch, and leaning over it, commenced an animated conversation, partly addressed to her, partly to his sister. Resigning herself to her fate, she acted the part of silent listener, as admirably as she had heretofore done. The astonishment of Lady Travers was unbounded, on witnessing the evident indifference, not to say distaste, the young girl beside her evinced for the society of her brilliant and courted brother. She knew not that he had already planted a sting in her bosom that was rankling there, and that she shrank with abhorrence from one who had not only wounded her feelings in their most sensitive point, but mortified her beyond expression. At that moment the Lady in Blue, as he had poetically designated her, swept past. He stooped and whispered in his sister's ear, who immediately exclaimed:

"Why, Miss Aylmer, I have not seen you all night. Do come, and sit with me for a few moments."

With a gracious smile, the young lady complied, and Lady Travers introduced her to Amy. After honouring the latter with a condescending

bow, she turned towards her friend, and in a languid tone, replied to her interrogatories. Eagerly did Amy scrutinize her. She was certainly handsome, but excessively affected, and as she listened to her drawing tones, and beheld the inimitable coquetry with which she raised, and cast down her eyes, or shook back the rich curls from her face, she could not help inwardly accusing her cousin of marked inconsistency—he had always protested with such warmth against anything like affectation—so often praised her own natural, unstudied manners. Markham, who had been attentively watching her for the last few minutes, and who seemed to read her very thoughts, exclaimed in a low tone:

"You are right, Miss Morton! Delmour has indeed, a wretched taste, to prefer such glaring coquetry and art, to the elegant simplicity, and winning address, I have witnessed in one to-night whom I shall not easily forget."

"Mr. Delmour is the best judge of his own taste," was her reply; "and I do not see of what importance his opinion is to me."

"Nay, nay, Miss Morton! this will not do. Have I not already promised to be his champion, solely because he has found favour in those bright eyes? and am I not bound, by the laws of honour, to absolute silence on the subject?"

A disdainful flash from his companion's dark eye, was his only reply. Stung by her contemptuous manner, he rejoined—

"But cannot you guess the motive of my chivalric disinterestedness? or think you, I would thus devotedly espouse the cause of a rival, without some hope of reward? No! no! I am not capable of such generosity."

"I do not understand you, Sir George," she said, in an accent of marked displeasure.

"Do you remember the Italian proverb, Miss Morton, '*Al buon intendidore, po-che parole bastano?*' However, to be more explicit, Delmour may fall in action, or perchance, wed some dark eyed daughter of another clime; at any rate, 'twill be long before he returns, and absence works wonders. Who knows, but I may be, in course of time, promoted from being his eulogizer, to succeed him in your favour?"

Amy's position was now really insupportable. She felt he was taking advantage of her timidity and inexperience, to amuse himself at her expense; and in her heart, she could almost have hated the volatile Miss Aylmer, who was recounting to Lady Travers, with great earnestness, the tale of some recent conquest, thus leaving her entirely to the conversation of Sir George. Afraid to raise her eyes, for fear of encountering the mocking smile which she knew wreathed his lip,

she sat with burning cheek and throbbing temples, endeavouring to repress the tears, which she felt ready to burst forth at every moment. Her feelings of intense delight may be imagined, when she heard her father exclaim:

"Amy!"

With difficulty repressing a cry of delight, she raised her head. Mr. and Mrs. Morton, accompanied by a tall, grave looking gentleman, stood before her. A peculiar smile sat on her father's countenance, but he merely said:

"Permit me to introduce you to Col. Westly, who requests your hand if you are not engaged."

"I am afraid Miss Morton is not much obliged to us for our interruption," said her stepmother, with a slightly sarcastic laugh; "she seemed so intently absorbed, in either thought or conversation, when we approached. Is that your fault, Sir George?"

"Really, I dare not hope so, madame," he gaily rejoined; "though I have been taxing my conversational powers to their utmost extent, during the last hour, to interest Miss Morton, I fear I have met with but little success."

"I should suppose the contrary, if we may judge from appearances; however, during the space of an hour, you have had ample time to display your every gift."

Amy, who had not spoken during this dialogue, abruptly rose, and taking Col. Westly's arm, joined the dance. He was a quiet, gentlemanly person, and after a few common place remarks, relapsed into silence. She was truly grateful for the opportunity thus afforded her, for regaining her former tranquillity, and calming her spirits, which were excited to a painful degree. The two or three following dances, she saw nothing of her tormentor, and at length, flushed and fatigued, she sought the end of the room, where her father was seated, and placed herself beside him. After passing some observations on the entertainment and company, he asked her how she liked Markham.

"Oh, I cannot endure him!" was her heartfelt exclamation.

Mr. Morton laughed outright.

"You select an extraordinary manner of proving your dislike. Why, we will soon find it impossible to distinguish between your friends and foes. It certainly does not look as if you entertained so cordial a hatred for poor Sir George, when you can pass an hour in his society, so interested in his conversation as to be, to all appearances, insensible to what passes around you. Why, Amy, you never saw us approach till we were close beside you."

Greatly confused, she commenced an explanation.

tion, but stopped short, unable to mention Delmour's name, and consequently, Markham's persecution. She, however, ended, as she begun, by exclaiming with warmth;

"You cannot imagine how I dislike him."

Mr. Morton, who had entirely misinterpreted her embarrassment, with difficulty preserved his gravity, as he said;

"Here is the object of your hatred approaching. I wonder if you will alter your system of receiving him, which, I must say, is little in accordance with your words."

As he had said, Sir George was advancing, her stepmother with whom he had been dancing, on his arm; after a moment's talk, he asked her hand for the quadrille just forming, but she coldly prayed to be excused, pleading fatigue. Not at all disconcerted, he requested it for the next, and Amy, who saw a very ominous frown gathering on her father's brow, consented with as good a grace as she could assume. She was now free, at least, from any private annoyance on Markham's part, as the conversation was general, but she could not help the indirect compliments, the courteous speeches, with which he still pursued her. At length the next dance commenced, and unwillingly, indeed, she stood up with her hated partner. Now that the momentary flush of excitement was gone, fatigue and mortification had rendered her cheeks pale as marble; and some better feeling seemed to animate him, for he exclaimed, after a pause:

"I hope, Miss Morton, I have not offended you, by my unmeaning raiillery. If so, I entreat forgiveness."

But Amy, gentle as she was, could not so easily forget the pain he had inflicted on her; and her reply, though she strove to render it as soft as possible, plainly shewed she had not yet forgiven it. For some time his manner was subdued and respectful; but piqued to see how little effect his altered demeanor produced on his companion's frigid manner, he turned to Miss Aylmer, who was in the same set, and exclaimed:

"Did your uncle, Capt. Harcourt, sail in the *Amphitrite*?"

"Certainly."

"Your brother did not accompany him?"

"No, but his great favorite, young Mr. Delmour, went with him."

This was what Markham wanted, and he continued, in a jesting tone:

"I fear you are very hard-hearted. You take the departure of one of your most devoted admirers, as if it were a matter of perfect indifference."

"So it is," she replied; "but, I assure you, he is no admirer of mine."

This was strictly true, for he had never danced with her but twice in his life. He had been frequently at her house, but then, it was to see her uncle, who was commander of his ship. This, Markham well knew, but he also well understood the young lady he was speaking to, and he resumed:

"Surely, Miss Aylmer, you will not pretend to say those frequent visits were not for you! Oh! come, acknowledge,—Delmour set you an example you should follow; he was faithful to the last."

Miss Aylmer's chief characteristic was vanity, and she made it a point never to refuse a conquest, real or imaginary; therefore, well pleased at Markham's supposed mistake, she resolved not to deceive him, and, with a light laugh, turned away. Fortunately for Amy's overcharged heart, the dance concluded, and she retired to her seat. She resolutely refused to join another, alleging that she was too much fatigued, and certainly, her cheek, hueless as ashes, supported her excuse. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Morton interfered with her determination, and she had the sad satisfaction of being able inwardly to review in her mind, without interruption, all she had heard of Delmour's inconstancy. Sir George was soon after dancing with Miss Aylmer, who, being an heiress as well as an acknowledged *belle*, it was not his policy to neglect. With a thrill of pleasure, the first she had known, during that long and wretched night, she heard the carriage announced, and so great was her impatiencé to leave the scene of her vexations, she was cloaked and veiled before her young stepmother, who was as blooming and as fresh as she was at the beginning of the evening, had yet commenced attiring herself.

At length, all were ready, and they descended to the hall. The indefatigable Sir George was waiting at the door. Mrs. Morton, with a sweet smile, prayed him to be no longer a stranger.

"I shall do myself the pleasure of calling to-morrow," was his reply; and he added in a lower tone, as he assisted Amy to enter, "I shall then endeavour, Miss Morton, to make my peace with you."

To her great joy, the door finally closed, and sinking back in the thick cushions of the vehicle, she gave full vent to the tears that she had with such difficulty repressed during the evening. Mrs. Morton, after a few moments, fell asleep, and her husband supposing, from Amy's, silence, she had followed her example, forebore speaking.

When arrived at home, fearing he might notice the traces of weeping on her countenance, she immediately passed to her own room, where, dismissing the girl in attendance, she flung herself on a couch, in uncontrollable emotion;

"Such another night would kill me," she at length murmured, "and yet they call this pleasure; oh! what mockery!" and as she spoke, she tore the wreath from her hair. It became entangled in her curls, and she approached the mirror to unfasten it. She involuntarily recoiled, and covered her face with her hands, as her eye fell on the wan corpse-like figure, it shadowed forth. Falling upon her knees, she asked for grace, to bear her trials with more fortitude; and after humbly imploring forgiveness for her failings, and praying that she might learn to forget that being too dear to her faithful heart, she arose, at least calmer, if not as yet resigned.

(To be continued.)

NIAGARA.

BY C. F.

'Tis the voice of many waters—
In hoarse and ceaseless flow,
Bursts on the sight the wave-capped height,
The sheet of living snow.

Nearer, its thousand cataracts,
And gushing on the view,
Whirling their wreaths of snow-white foam
O'er their tides of ocean's hue.

'Tis the voice of many waters—
Thou may'st catch each varied tone,
From rock, from steep, from eddy deep,
Ere they mingle into one.

'Tis the voice of many waters—
From where Superior fills
His cavern'd hold in earth's deep breast,
From a thousand thousand rills.

'Tis the voice of many waters—
Echoing wide on either shore,
Where still the red-cross banner streams—
Where it shall stream no more.

'Tis the voice of many waters—
List!—for it sinks and swells,
Of impulse caught from shores remote,
That awful cadence tells.

'Tis the voice of many waters—
The whirling eddies deep,
In hoarse and ceaseless roar respond
To the falling torrent's sweep.

Would'st thou behold those waters meet?
Go, from yon flat rock's brow,
Mark how the fallen torrents greet
The eddying whirl below.

Thy foot is on the dizzy deep,
On thy brow is moistening dew,
But that meeting of the waters
No mortal eye may view.

High o'er them floats a plume-like shroud,
An ever-waving veil,
Fair as the fairest summer cloud,
And restless as the gale.

Still the voice of many waters sounds
From beneath that restless shroud,
Deep calling unto deep,
Answering aloud.

Float ever thus thou misty shroud,
To tell the race of men,
How much there is beneath their view,
And yet beyond their ken.

O, fair as slumbering innocence
Upon a throbbing breast,
Calm, beautiful, bright, the rainbow lies
Athwart that tossing crest.

Niagara! Niagara!
For ever rolling on,
Earth has no sight to rival thee,
No echo to thy tone.

Has ocean's self thy life-like spell?
Not when round verdant isles,
Gay gleaming to the summer sun,
All tranquilly he smiles.

Has ocean's self thy life-like spell,
When tempests o'er him sweep?
Then 'tis the wild wings of the air
That rouse the troubled deep.

O thou, in might and majesty
Forever rolling on,
Earth has no sight to rival thee,
No echo to thy tone.

"MY NOSE."

MY DEAR GARLAND,

Your pages not unfrequently contain verses which their authors suppose pretend not a little to the title of poetry; but I doubt much whether the whole that has previously appeared in them, can boast of nearly as much as is contained in the following lines. The poet is occasionally permitted to wander from the strict line of truth, giving full scope to his imagination; hence the adage, "there is more truth than poetry, &c.;" but in this instance the poetry consists in its positive truthfulness. I mean not to shock the modesty of your readers, but I assure them, as well as yourself, that the following lines were really received from a witty clerical patient, and were a reply to a suspicion "that he was studying nosology," written on the paper containing directions for the proper employment of a prescription sent for the purpose of relieving an inflamed condition of his nasal appendage:—

"You're the *Nosologist*, but don't suppose
You know the anguish which my poor nose knows,
Puff'd like a dumpling, red as any rose,
Purple at point as from a shower of blows;
Throbbing and aching as each minute goes,
Burning like fire, you'd think it had been froze.
And, worst of all, suspiciously it shows,
Its blushing point to every wag who goes;
And instantly the wicked scoffer crows,
Winks with his eye, and hints of Athol brose.
Such thoughts distract, they banish all repose,
Prompt the disease, and turn my rhyme to prose.
Have pity then, compassionate my woes,
Exert your skill—in mercy dose my nose.

The swelling continues—although I have faithfully used
your wash—I am anxious to have the swelling reduced be-
fore my public appearance to-morrow—can you help me?

You may suppose,
I don't want comments on my nose."

In my opinion, my dear Garland, the above is a gem.
Certain, no physician ever before received a similar note
from a patient; and thinking it too good to be lost, I
send it to you to be immortalized in your pages.
Very truly yours,
M. D.

PARISH PERSONAGES.

OUR BEADLE AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY ERASMUS OLDSTYLE, ESQUIRE.

CHAPTER I.

EXPERIENCED reader! How old are you? Do you consider yourself, and are you regarded by the newspapers, as a safe authority when they invoke the testimony of the oldest inhabitant? If you are so, then be thankful, for you must have lived in the last century, before the fashions of the Continent had disfigured the legs of Englishmen by encasing them in trousers—before the Iron Duke was honored as the hero of Waterloo—or the name of Wellington invoked by the sons of St. Crispin, to give currency to the “soles and uppers” with which they wish to fascinate Englishmen.

Venerable reader! be grateful, for you not only lived before shoes were denuded of buckles, before the same glittering ornaments vanished from the breeches of the Saxon, but before breeches themselves, having vainly sought an asylum in Scotland, were banished from England, to find their last resting-place in the sunlight of the Emerald Isle, for Paddy alone preserves the dress of the “rale” gentleman—he alone continues the costume of the ancient courtier. The pressure of poverty, it is true, may refuse him buckles to his brogues, but the innovation of fashion has not withdrawn the breeches from his legs or compelled him to conceal his privileged calves in the sack-like “remainders” of these modern days.

But our question is not intended to apply only to the costume of the last century. We are to speak of the characters and habits of that period and of the public functionaries who flourished then. Did you ever see a Beadle of the eighteenth century?—a real, live Beadle—the Beadle of a real parish—a parish where there was but one parish church, and where schismatical conventicles were allowed only upon sufferance—a Beadle, who by immemorial right was authorised to flog every parish boy with impunity—by ancient custom was allowed to awake the drowsy at church with the tap of his wand—to escort the rector to the small and dingy pulpit, and marshal the churchwardens to their stuffed and cushioned pews—by established usage to drink annually to the ancient office, and in a “neat speech” to congratulate the “outgoing and incoming churchwardens,”—and by Act of Parliament was com-

manded to march the circuit of his diocese at the head of a troop of workhouse boys, uniformly clad in leather breeches, buckled shoes and “quaker” coats, and armed with white staves—“to beat the parish bounds.”

There are some Canadians who regard themselves as unfortunate in being Colonists. Their lamentation is not altogether groundless. They have lost something by drawing their first breath in a new country; and deriving their observation of men and things under a “new sky,” does not favor the idea that their conceptions can ascend to the “height of our great argument,” or that their transatlantic imaginations can compass the true idea of a Parish Beadle, for the mongrel tribe of counterfeits who, in this Province, with feeble mimicry, endeavor to represent that ancient order, reflect but a lame and miserable satire upon the great original, and painfully evince the incapacity of the Colonist, to sustain the dignity and importance of time-honored institutions.

Those amongst us who remember the Patriarch Jewson, the father of the London Beadles, and compare him with his living representatives in these Provinces, must, if his mind is properly regulated, be impressed with the humiliating conviction that the soil of Canada is but ill-adapted to the growth of Beadles. The pure breed does not exist here. Alas, poor Jewson! it is well that this paper can never reach him. The absence of respect to his ancient and honorable order, it is feared, hastened his dissolution; and if such were his sad and melancholy emotions derived from the view of the crippled authority of his office in England, what would have been the effect upon his noble soul could he have “clapped his eyes” on the “Pretenders,” as he would have called those who desecrate the office in the transmarine possessions of England!—the apparition must have added to his declining years a load of accumulated misery, which none but a true-hearted Beadle could conceive, much less express.

But it is not our purpose to chronicle his acts or describe his character. We have to deal with a man filling a like office, whom Mr. Jewson regarded as his pupil, but of whose career no good was augured until twenty-two years successful

practice convinced him that mirth and good nature did not disqualify a man from sustaining the dignity of the Beadle's office.

The truth is, that Mr. Jewson regarded himself as the type of his order, and, as the father of the Beadles, that he was looked up to as a pattern for imitation; for although he possessed naturally as kind and warm a heart as ever beat within a tenement of human ribs, his position in his own parish induced him to assume a manner and tone of austerity so much at variance with his nature, that his jovial friend Mr. Crummy, disregarding the official example of the patriarch, succeeded in grafting upon the stock of his own good qualities, those features of Mr. Jewson's character which had not been chilled and starched by official restraint.

Having thus introduced Mr. Oliver Crummy, or as he was more generally called, Oily Crumb, to the notice of our readers, it is necessary to describe him as a gentleman not less distinguished by the dimensions of his person than the dignity of his office. He was the Master of the Workhouse and Beadle of the Parish. None of your sour, crabbed, worrying Beadles, who snub the sexton—flog the workhouse boys—and persecute the old women; but a jolly Beadle—a benevolent Beadle—a hearty, laughing, merry Beadle—who would joke respectfully with the Parson, and familiarly with the Clerk; who would pat the children kindly on their heads, and witness their sport approvingly as they played at cricket—who would lighten the labours of youth by his presence, and mitigate the toils of the aged by his thought. Oh! he was a rare Beadle, was Oily Crumb! His rosy glowing face diffused warmth around the workhouse, and his honest hearty laugh would chase sorrow from the breast of poverty, and hold its carnival in the chamber which had been tenanted by care.

And yet there was not a better regulated Parish in the kingdom than that of which Mr. Crummy was the Beadle. There was no quieter or more orderly workhouse in the county of Middlesex, than that of which Mr. Crummy was the master. By his rule it had been tranquillized, and by his care it was rendered comparatively happy. None disputed his authority—none dreamt of disobeying his commands. His government was parental. Kindness animated every thought and influenced every action; and the poor children of poverty—of misery, and of want,—beguiled by his example, would talk of happiness; and as they did so, would bless Mr. Crummy for his goodness in alleviating their sorrows, and encouraging them to infuse into their

cup of misfortune, visions, however vague, of a brighter hereafter.

And let not the speculative reader imagine that Mr. Crummy was indebted for the success of his administration to the study of any deep, or the adoption of any shallow, theories—for alas! poor man, he had never heard of phrenology; he did not know the meaning of "moral training," but yet by the help of one maxim, the "golden rule," as he very properly called it, which had become stereotyped upon his mind, he managed to square his principles of Workhouse Government. Nor did this solitary principle aim at originality—it was as old as the hills, it was universally known; but while it was the common property of all mankind, it was especially prized, and studiously acted upon, by the kind-hearted Mr. Crummy.

The text, it is true, was cut short, but the truth was retained. Our Beadle believed that wit was weakened by the multiplication of words, and therefore he persisted in telling Mr. Audible, the Parish Clerk, who would rather authoritatively correct him by slowly repeating the whole passage: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them,"—that notwithstanding the reading of the text he preferred the more pointed interpretation, "*Do as you'd be done by.*"* "Yes," Mr. Crummy would emphatically repeat, "Do as you'd be done by, and if this here principle vos only hacted upon, vy a king could govern a country as well as I can rule the Vurkus."

It is time, however, that we should give a more particular account of the casket in which were treasured those qualities which placed Mr. Crummy in the very first rank of Beadles. It is true that he was not exactly the cut for a corsair, nor was he moulded by nature for a Brigand chieftain. His figure was about the last in which the fancy of a young maiden would shadow forth her lover—nor was his face of that "Norman mould" with which Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton associates gentle blood; still he was not without good parts,—for points he had none. If Hogarth's maxim "that the line of beauty is a curve," deserves respect, Mr. Crummy's figure would supply a striking illustration of its force. His head, for instance, would have been a circle, if a

* As our Beadle's apophthegm agrees with the motto on Clemency Newcome's Nut-meg-grater, it is due to Mr. Oldstyle that we should inform our readers that Mr. Crummy and his friends were welcomed in our reception room before Mr. Dickens' *Battle of Life* reached this continent—the circumstance, however, will serve to show that great wits and little wits jump together square times.—ED. GARLAND.

large exuberance of flesh at the termination of his face, commonly called a double chin, had not tended to damage the completeness of the outline; his nose was quaintly but good humouredly curved upwards—his body was a circle; the joints of his arms and legs appeared to be circles linked together—his appearance would have justified the supposition that he was composed of celestial and terrestrial globes, diversified, indeed, in their magnitude, but not in their shape; but each of these worlds was tenanted by rare occupants. No black spirits, scarcely a grey one, was there—white spirits alone possessed him. Choice spirits—spirits of mirth and fun, and charity and kindness, were playing at hide and seek in every sphere, deriving their life from a warm and loving soul, and speaking to the world in the merry twinklings of a bright and friendly eye. Oh! they were rare spirits! Could each have been embodied separately and apart, every one would have been found both fat and well favored in their persons, and loyal and true in their hearts. No wonder that in such a genial soil, kindness grew in exuberance. It was indigenous; it could neither be restrained nor diminished.

It is true, Mr. Crummy had cheeks resplendent as the vermillion cloud of sunset—or, to use a more homely figure, which glowed like fire; but it is the fire of a frosty day, which covers our feet with warmth, and our face with smiles, which refreshes while it thaws, which kindles mirth while it provokes contentment, and lights up joy, while it diffuses happiness. Mr. Crummy's face was indeed a fortune. The old women spake truly, when they pronounced the rosy expanse to be a "perfect picture" upon which it did them good to gaze.

To explain his peculiar vernacular, it is necessary to say that although Mr. Crummy was born, or believed he was born, in Berkshire, still he had been brought early in life to London, where he not only learned to speak, but where he had received all the education he possessed. Never since his first coming had he been five miles from the metropolis, and since his appointment of Beadle, which he received twenty-five years before the date of our sketch, he had only passed the circuits of the parish of Allhallows, when he visited St. Paul's, to hear the periodical Charge of the Bishop of the Diocese, and to eat the periodical dinner which is provided in the neighbourhood of the "Chapter Coffee House," in honor and by the authority of the City Beadles.

It was on the twenty-first December, 1793, that the Rev. Mr. Austin had called at the Workhouse for the purpose of paying his usual visit to a

poor woman of the name of Mary Hayworth. Poor thing! none knew her history; she was evidently intelligent and well educated, but she had been brought there destitute; she had lived there without inquiry, and she was about to die unfriended and unknown. Hers was believed to be a sad story, but she refused to tell it. The disclosure of her melancholy narrative, she said, could not benefit any one, and those who watched her dying bed, knew that she was too good to be instrumental in causing pain or self-reproach even to her enemy.

"Well, Sir! and what do you think of poor Mary?" was Mr. Crummy's inquiry, as the good Rector was about to leave the Workhouse.

"She is sinking fast," was Mr. Austin's answer; and after a pause, he added, as though he were thinking, aloud "the hectic flush in her cheek, like the warm rosy coloring of the leaf in autumn, is the sure forerunner of her dissolution. Do you know anything of her history or connexions?" he inquired, turning to the Beadle.

"No, Sir! we can learn nothing. She will tell us nothing—but I am sure if she would, her tale would be of bad treatment:—I am fully convinced," said Mr. Crummy, after a pause, "in my own mind, that vorkhouses are chiefly fed by willains, and I think if willainy vould wanish, vorkhouses vould'nt be vanted."

Without staying to discuss the truth of an opinion, which was urged with so much sincerity, the Rector prepared to take his departure, but in passing the small sitting-room, at the foot of the stairs, he was invited by Mr. Crummy to walk in, as he wished to speak to him.

The Rector did so, and found Mrs. Crummy and Mr. Audible, the parish clerk, sitting by the fire; on the table were three or four bottles, and some unused wine glasses.

"Will your Reverence obleege my missus by taking a glass of her ome-made cordial, and onor me by drinking in celebration of the day?" and turning to Mr. Audible with a cheerful wink of his merry eye, "I ope, my hancient friend, Mr. Haudible, vont hobject to do the same."

Mr. Audible responded cordially, "With all my heart!" for he was upon that evening, as he had on the same day, for twenty-two preceding years, engaged to make himself happy in the society of his friend; on this occasion, however, Mr. Crummy was to be the guest, instead of the host, as had been the case upon the celebration of previous anniversaries.

The Rev. Mr. Austin, who for forty years had been the esteemed Rector of the Parish, knew nothing more of the day commemorated, than that it was the shortest in the year, and that it was to be observed by the Church as the Festival

of St. Thomas the Apostle; but as he did not imagine that the worthy Beadle referred either to an astronomical deduction, or an ecclesiastical observance, the good Rector looked as much puzzled as his better informed Clerk appeared pleased.

The Rector endeavoured to cover his ignorance with a smile; the Clerk betrayed his knowledge by a cheer; and the Beadle evinced his gratitude by as hearty "Thankee—thankee!" They all drank their glass of refreshment, and each appeared impressed with the wholesome qualities of the beverage—the Rector alone remaining ignorant of the particular reason for drinking it.

A minute or two of perplexity and silence having elapsed, Mr. Audible, whose grammar was none of the purest, rose and said:

"For two and twenty year it has been the constant practice for me and my friend to observe this most delightful day—a day, your Reverence, which would be more publicly noticed, if it were our happiness to live in a more gratefuller country.

"On this very day an event occurred, which has become indetified I may say, with the history of the city, an event which has proved a blessing to the parish, and did it produce a proper return, ought to make every parishioner follow my example by illuminating their winders, as I intend to do this very night. This day, your Reverence, is the Jubilee of Mr. Crummy's life. This day fifty-year ago, the year of grace 1743, that great and good man, the Beadle of our Parish, and the Master of this Workhouse, was born into a world, which were not good enough for him. Bless his honest heart! and may he live to see a many—many years, to be the poor man's treasure, the rich man's pattern, and my best and dearest friend."

The truth is, that Mr. Audible was overpowered by his feelings, and he was therefore incapable of fulfilling his intention of following the example of the great men of his time under similar circumstances, by giving a particular account of the private worth and public services of the Parish Beadle. The dignity of his own exalted office broke down before the assaults of friendship, and Mr. Audible, the Parish Clerk, wept tears of joy and thankfulness, before he could finish the expression of his good wishes, for his kind friend's welfare, or clasp with affection the honest hand which was extended to him in gratitude.

The good Rector was much moved by what he saw and heard. Nothing, indeed, of interest to his Parish was regarded by him with indifference. He had outlived those parochial servants, whom he found in office, upon his accepting the cure, and he had himself chosen and appointed their

successors; it was therefore not without emotion that he witnessed the warm affections, and sincere kindness, which he observed amongst them, and not without gratitude at having been directed to make a most wise and judicious selection of Parish Functionaries.

"And where do you intend celebrating the anniversary, Mr. Audible?"

"At the Ship and Compass, in Peter's Court, your Reverence," replied the Clerk.

"At what time?" Mr. Austin inquired.

"At half-past eight, supper's to be on the table, where we expects eight Parish Beadles, and six Parish Clerks to meet, to celebrate Mr. Crummy's advent to England."

With his hearty good wishes, and sincere blessing, Mr. Austin took his departure from his humble friends.

In the quiet seclusion of Peter's Court, in the Parish of Allhallows, was situated an old, respectable, and well-ordered public house, where the wayfarer, or the weary could refresh themselves without hindrance, but where the drunkard or the brawler could neither find entertainment nor shelter. The sign hung temptingly over the door, in the foreground, and in bold relief was painted a compass; in the distance was the representation of a ship sailing cheerily over the rippling waves; her prow was pointed towards a very snug looking little cottage on the shore, in front of which stood a very merry looking, gaily attired maiden, whose raven ringlets were as uniform and untumbled, whose cheeks were as red and shining, and whose eyes were as black and beautiful as were ever transferred upon canvas, by the skill of a house painter. She was represented upon tiptoe, a fit posture for expectation, intently looking towards a curly-headed, ruddy-faced laughing sailor, who was on the look out from the fore top of the homeward bound vessel:

"THE SHIP AND COMPASS,

By John Honeywell,"

was not the only lettering which graced the sign. Our host boasted that he was not only a lover of good poetry, but also that he was an admirer of good poetry, and he illustrated his opinions by his practice, for below his own name on the sign, was the following couplet:

"This sign hangs well,
And hinders none;
Refresh and pay,
And travel on."

That honest John Honeywell was a general favorite of all whose good opinion was worth having, need scarcely be stated. The Rector amongst others esteemed him most highly, for

he knew how generally his calling was abused, and how rare it was to find a man ready to act honestly and properly, when interest and custom point in the opposite direction.

But the same motive which influenced honest John in refusing drink to the dissolute, prompted him to refresh the necessitous by selling only what he justly called "wholesome and unadulterated liquors." He used to say, "I never will willingly cheat my customers. I try to buy the best; at any rate I always sell what I buy and no more. I manufacture nothing." The consequence of his honesty was that his name became synonymous with "good wines, unadulterated liquors, and an orderly house." And his ambition was gratified by hearing his viands applauded throughout the Parish as "Honeywell's own."

It was in the upper room of this house in which Mr. Crummy's Jubilee was to be celebrated; the apartment was not very spacious, but there was a wonderful appearance of snugness about it; the only object however which claims especial remark in the room, was a painting of the Mariner's Compass, which was suspended over the mantel-piece, with the following inscription at the bottom—

"Drink within compass,
And then you'll be sure,
To shun many evils,
Which others endure."

Under the joint superintendence of the landlord, and Mr. Audible, the preliminary arrangements were completed; the "table was laid," and the two critics described a final circuit of the room, and influenced no doubt by a feeling of satisfaction at the imposing preparations, threw upon each other a smile of complacency, and took their departure—honest John to his snugger, down stairs, and the Beadle to his domicile in Muffin Alley.

"Bless us, what a night!" was Mr. Audible's ejaculation, as he entered the street; and sure enough it was not a very attractive evening for pedestrian excursions; but the change in the weather had not been observed by the Parish Clerk, his time his talents and his attention had been wholly absorbed in preparing for the coming event.

The truth is, that the sun had set in a most disconsolate manner; the oil lamps by which London was then lighted, never very bright, were on the evening referred to, most painfully afflicted with dullness, and the little spark of fire, by which they were distinguished, appeared to be selfishly cherished as a thing too precious to part with, their sickly and jaundiced colouring seemed

impressed upon everything animate and inanimate in that busy city. Pumps and lamp posts, private houses and parish churches, horses and dogs, men and women, seemed so much affected with biliousness and nausea, that a reasonable doubt might be entertained whether all the calomel in the kingdom could banish the amber hue from their complexions or restore them to their natural appearance. The meat in the butchers' shops appeared as though it had been bathed in a solution of currie powder. The West India produce in the grocer's seemed afflicted with yellow fever, and the vegetables and fruits which ought to have looked green appeared to be amber. The snow too, which had fallen upon the previous night, had been sorely damaged by its flirtation with the morning sun. Alas! it could not be restored again to its former whiteness, its contact with earth had for ever destroyed the vestal purity of its youth. The evening moreover was damp and chilly, yet it did not rain, but the passenger might suppose from the state of his apparel, that nature herself was weeping in silence at the wretchedness of the world, and covering its inhabitants with a mantle of tears.

Mr. Audible was distressed at the aspect of the night, and his anxiety was not mitigated when he reached his house, in Muffin Alley, for it will be remembered, that he had expressed a determination to illuminate in honor of the occasion. He wished his light to "shine before men," but the peculiar character of the evening interposed a veto, in the first instance, by depriving him of spectators, and in the second, by obscuring the spectacle, for his four mould candles, interspersed though they were with holly, and ivy, and mistletoe, scarcely afforded light enough in his window to enable a solitary urchin, who, with his nose tightly pressed against the outside of the pane of glass, was endeavouring to decipher the words,

"LONG LIFE TO OILY CRUMB!"

which had been written in German Text by an imp at the Charity School, and were placed in an imposing position in the centre of the four illuminators.

If Mr. Audible was not less, he was most certainly not more than a man, and his disappointment therefore could not be concealed at the defeat which he had experienced; one solitary tear welled to his eye, but retired again without coursing its way down his cheek, as he said: "My effort to show respect, is a failure, I hope the supper wont be a failure also," and with these words upon his lips, he departed with a dejected step to attire himself in his Sunday clothes.

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GARLAND.

DEAR SIR,—Turning over the pages of one of our provincial papers, I was greatly struck by the beauty of the poem which I offer to your notice. It is, in my humble estimation, worthy of a wider circulation than it could possibly obtain in a local journal. The author is a resident within the Canadas; and the mind which could produce such a gem, should be explored for the public benefit. Oblige me by giving this poem a place in the pages of your excellent periodical, and I am certain that those of your readers who have any taste for fine poetry, will feel grateful for having it presented to their notice.

Yours truly,

SUSANNA MOODIE.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

BY G. W. L.

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling,—'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past, yet on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light the moonbeams rest
Like a pale and spotless shroud—the air is stirr'd
As by a mourner's sigh. And on yon cloud
That floats so still and placidly through heav'n,
The spirits of the Seasons seem to stand,
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with his aged locks, and breathe,
In mournful cadences that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year
Gone from the earth for ever.

'Tis a time

For memory and for tears.—Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn fingers to the beautiful
And holy visions that have pass'd away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has past to nothingness. The year
Has gone, and with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course
It wav'd its sceptre o'er the beautiful—
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man—and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where throng'd
The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded. It pass'd o'er
The battle plain, where sword, and spear, and shield
Flash'd in the light of mid-day—and the strength

Of serried hosts is shiver'd, and the grass
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crush'd and mouldering skeleton. It came
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve.
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time—

Fierce spirit of the Glass and Scythe! what pow'r
Can stay thee in thy silent course, or melt
Thy iron heart to pity? On, still on
He presses, and for ever! The proud bird,
The Condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through Heav'n's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain craig; but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And nights deep darkness has no chains to bind
His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow. Cities rise and sink,
Like bubbles on the water. Fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns. Mountains rear
To heaven their bold and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plains. And the very stars
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
To darkle in the trackless void. Yet Time,
"The tomb-builder," hold on his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the "fearful ruin he has wrought."

REFLECTIONS.

BY A. J.

The Present only is our own—
Let us not waste it, soon 'tis flown,
The Future—all is gloom,
Unfathomable as the sea!—
Mysterious as Eternity!—
The Past is but the tomb
Of things that were—but which are gone—
Beyond recall—beyond return!

The Past and Future can but be—
Where there is time—Eternity
Can know no change—the endless now—
Is everlasting—on its brow—
The present firmly fixed must be—
Immoveably—Immutably—
There is no change, but that which is—
Remains forever as it is.

VALE BRILLANTES.

BY CAMILLE SCHUBERT.

Maestoso.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a trill (tr) in the upper staff. Dynamic markings include *for* (forte) and *p* (piano).

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. It continues the piece with dynamic markings *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. It features a *p* (piano) dynamic marking and includes repeat signs.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. It includes a trill (tr) in the upper staff and dynamic markings.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. It concludes the piece with a final cadence and dynamic markings.

OUR TABLE.

THE AMERICAN FLORA: OR, THE HISTORY OF THE PLANTS AND WILD FLOWERS OF AMERICA.

THE Editor has certainly a wide and a very interesting field before him—each plant and flower is to be separately considered and described, and we suppose illustrated too, with a coloured engraving the natural size.

We really envy him the happy idea, and wonder when his materials will be exhausted.

This work is a monthly periodical very similar to the Illustrated Botany noticed in the June number of our last volume, but of a higher order, as well in regard to the illustrations it contains, as to the letter press. It is in fact got up altogether, very much in the style of a Floral Annual, and promises to constitute a beautiful addition to the adornments of every intellectual drawing-room table; we therefore earnestly recommend it to the favorable notice of our readers in general, and to the gentler portion of them in particular, the more especially as it might convey to them a lesson calculated to save them from falling into an error committed by one of their fair sisterhood the other evening. It was a large party in which we figured more proudly than usual, in consequence of the most prominent button-hole of our bran new swallow-tail having been adorned with a bright and blooming carnation of our own nursing and cultivating; and certainly a precious gem of beauty it was! The flower-stand in our little solitary back parlour window was never so graced before; and yet, an Oak Geranium,—that is, in the language of flowers, a lady who deigned to smile upon us,—on noticing it, enquired as she touched it with her taper finger, if it were a real flower.

Our dander got up as we replied,—but we had too much gallantry to shew it,—“No, ma'am, it's a natural one.”

“Oh! really, it looked so beautiful I thought it must be artificial.”

THE HORTICULTURIST.

THIS monthly is of a character somewhat similar to the one already noticed, and promises to be a very useful and instructive work, well adapted to the tastes and habits of the rural population of an agrarian country like this.

The work is to be adorned with beautiful and well executed wood-cuts. The specimens we have

seen induce us to anticipate the fulfilment of such a promise.

One article in the number before us, specially devoted to the initiation of the ladies in the art of gardening in all its various branches, is rather a curiosity.

Only fancy! a lady—a real live lady—using a wheel-barrow! This is so gravely recommended, that the most minute directions are given for its construction. We would willingly allow her to have a little spade, and a little trowel,—nor need the latter be made of silver either, like the one Prince Albert used in laying the foundation stone of the Sailor's Home at Liverpool,—but of plain and bright and burnished steel, to which the mould would not adhere, and it would to silver. We have some practical knowledge in such matters, and therefore we say the silver was a gross mistake. Why didn't they make it of gold at once, the fools! No! no! steel's the thing. Any other material is out of character, and therefore out of place.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

THIS is another monthly publication, containing selections from all the most popular Reviews and Magazines in the Mother Country. It bears evident marks of having been got up with care and judgment, at least the number before us does, and well deserves a share of the public patronage.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE: BY CHARLES DICKENS.

EVERY body knows that Boz writes beautifully, and the little work before us has many beautiful passages, and some well drawn characters. Nevertheless, we candidly acknowledge that it is not much better than nonsense. But it has sold rapidly, and paid well; and this, we suppose, is about all that its author expected of it. “His name's up,” and he is wise enough to know it, and reap the benefit of it. Boz must, however, do something better, or the tide will turn some day, and that before very long. To maintain the character he so easily won, will require some effort, “and that effort,” as Mr. Chick very sagely remarks, “must be made.” It will be well for Charles Dickens that he make it before it be too late.