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# THE LITERARY GARLAND.

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1844.

No. 10.

## MILDRED ROSIER.\*

A TALE OF THE RUINED CITY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

### CHAPTER XI.

—  
The charm of nature had the power to please  
The worldling nursed upon the lap of ease.  
—

COLONEL STAINER was alone in his study when his servant announced his long absent son. His sudden and unexpected appearance, left him no time for deliberation, no opportunity of consulting with his wife, in what manner he should act, whether to receive him with kindness and affection, or dismiss him from his house. Since the colonel's conversion, the wild, reckless, and immoral conduct of the young man, had occasioned him great uneasiness, and had been a heavy burden upon his conscience and his purse. The crimes of his own youth appeared doubly heinous when reflected in his son, who inherited all the vices and evil passions of the father in a still greater degree. The evil seeds, which his own bad example had sown in the breast of his child, were likely to produce, in manhood, fruit whose poisonous qualities would shed bitterness and sorrow on all connected with him by the ties of blood. The colonel had written to him many letters upon this subject, which had been read by the son with a contemptuous smile, and committed unanswered to the flames. Finding that his pious exhortations produced no effect upon him, the old man adopted a new method. He stopped suddenly the handsome allowance which he had yearly bestowed from the family patrimony. This brought Mr. William to reason. He had neglected the profession for which he had been educated; had still to receive his first brief, and was, moreover, deep-

ly involved in debt, and surrounded with difficulties, from which his father alone could rescue him.

At this critical period an old school-fellow wrote to him, informing him how matters stood at home, and strongly urging him to make a friend of his father, before he bequeathed his property to his wife and her spiritual advisers. How this was to be effected, after the undutiful conduct of the son, the friend did not devise, and for some time the prodigal was sadly perplexed in what way to bring about a reconciliation. To return, as the gay, careless, man of pleasure, would be to lose both the blessing and the inheritance. That would never do. He would turn saint—would trust to their pious credulity, and his own ingenuity, to keep up the facade; and to secure a friend in case of failure, he would interest himself in bringing about an union between his sister and her rejected lover, his cousin Lewis Chatworth. His interview with that gentleman had converted his kindly feelings towards him into gall, and he determined to secure the favor of his father, by thwarting and opposing every attempt which might be made to bring the matter to an amicable termination.

Full of these schemes he appeared before the colonel in the light of a repentant sinner—deeply conscious of his past guilt, and anxious to make every effort to secure by his present, well doing, his eternal welfare. Calmly and humbly, he entered into a touching detail of his sudden conversion, and deep repentance; imploring his attentive auditor, to aid and strengthen, by his own experience and pious counsels, the deep impression,

\* Continued from page 405.

which a sense of his own lost and miserable condition had made upon his heart.

The old man listened to his relation with tearful eyes. The deep responsibilities which the extravagant youth had incurred, and which he took this opportunity fully to reveal, were all forgotten and forgiven, in the delightful feeling that his son, so long dead to him in trespasses and in sins, was restored to him a new creature.

"William!" he cried, while a smile flitted over his dark, unlovable countenance, like a sunbeam for a moment, bursting through a heavy cloud. "William, my youngest, and until this hour, my least beloved son, you have gladdened my heart by this frank confession. I forgive you from my very soul, and feel more proud of being your father, than if you had never erred and strayed in the paths of sin. Your prayers will go up before the throne of God for me; my afflicted and tossed spirit will find rest in the blessed conviction that you at least are saved—that I have not aggravated my guilt, by giving life to a greater sinner than myself."

He sank upon the shoulder of the astonished young man, who, until this moment, had deemed his father's conversion apocryphal. He flung his arms about his neck, and held him for a few moments in a convulsive embrace, while deep sobs burst from his breast, and the tears which coursed each other down his furrowed cheeks, bedewed his hands, and sprinkled his garments.

"He is mad—the delusion is real!"—thought young Stainer, while the outpouring of natural affection, so closely pent up for years in the cold selfish heart of his parent, staggered his purpose, and made him half ashamed of the base part he had undertaken to perform in the melancholy drama of life. But, too long had William Stainer sat in the scorner's seat, to let such feelings interfere for any length of time with his interests, or worldly pleasures. The sincerity of his father made his task less difficult than he had at first imagined; for truth rarely suspects insincerity in the professions of others.

He listened with many a pious ejaculation, to the old man's lengthy account of his despair, repentance and conversion; but so gloomy was the nature of his religion, so desponding was he of his ultimate acceptance with God, that his experience resembled more the incoherent ravings of a maniac than the happy assurance and blessed hope of salvation, through faith in a crucified Redeemer, which so beautifully cheer and animate a real Christian. The awful doctrine of unconditional election and reprobation, which sends with an unutterable, irrevocable, decree, the happiness and misery of millions, had taken such deep root in the heart of the converted, that his reason was

suspended by a hair between these rash extremes. The least turn of the scale would have released him from the dreadful reality, under such circumstances, of being considered an accountable being.

A few minutes conversation convinced the worldly son of the mental disease which threatened his father, and showed him the ease with which he could control, and turn it to his own advantage. The return of Mrs. Stainer and her step-daughter, from a visit to a poor family in the neighbourhood, interrupted the long tête-à-tête between the colonel and his son. With pride the old man rose to introduce him to his wife.

"My William, I entreat you to regard with affection and esteem the excellent mother whom Providence has assigned to you. Rebecca, receive with Christian love, a repentant, and, I trust, a pious and obedient son."

Thus addressed, the lady of the mansion welcomed the prodigal with cordiality and kindness, and he, in return, was all smiles and gentle courtesies. He listened to her conversation with the deepest respect; repeated her observations, and adopted all her opinions, and before he had been an hour in her company, she declared him to be a young man after her own heart; rejoiced at his decided piety, and congratulated her husband on his possessing such a son.

How different was his conduct to his sister. How cold and formal was his reply to her affectionate greeting. How her warm feelings froze, and shrunk back upon her withering heart, as he answered her—"Welcome dear, dear brother—Welcome home!" and her tearful embrace,—with a common place, "How do you do, Charlotte? Dear me, how thin and pale you have grown. You have lost your good looks since I saw you three years ago."

And was this all he had to say to one who had looked forward with feverish anxiety to his coming? who had wept and prayed for his return, that she might find in him a sympathizing friend and faithful counsellor? Alas! poor Charlotte! The world has wrought a fearful change in the brother you loved and prized as a boy. The vicious, selfish man of pleasure, has no feelings in common with the unsophisticated child of nature. He will hate thee for the truth and integrity which he can neither practice nor appreciate. Weeping, she retired to her own chamber to hide in solitude and sorrowful communion with her own heart, the deep and bitter mortification she had experienced.

Exulting in success, with the certain prospect of having his debts liquidated, and of finally inheriting his father's property, William Stainer likewise retired, to the best apartment in the house, which had been assigned for his accommodation.

to write to his friends an account of his unhopèd for good fortune.

"Congratulate me, George," he began. "I have stormed the citadel. The old Governor has capitulated, and the strong-hold is won."

A hand trembled upon his shoulder. He looked impatiently up from the paper. Charlotte stood in tears before him. Annoyed at her presence, yet not knowing well how to rid himself of the unwelcome intruder, he rose and offered her a chair.

"I fear, William, that I interrupt you."

"Oh! 'tis of little consequence. I was just commencing a letter to go by the post. Have you anything particular that you wish to say to me, just now?"

"William, I had so impatiently looked for your coming! And is it thus, thus we meet?" sobbed the disappointed girl.

"Nonsense, child? How should we meet? As hero and heroine of romance? Here, Charlotte, dry your eyes; I have no patience with such folly. I hate scenes!"

"I had hoped, brother, to have found in you a friend! You were once my friend—the friend of one who is dearer to me than even a brother."

"I am your friend, Charlotte, still. Your friend in the truest sense of the word. But as to that godless scoundrel, I will never give my consent to that marriage. If you wish to retain my esteem and affection you must forget him."

Without answering a word, Charlotte pressed her arm tightly across her breast, and slowly left the room. She seemed deserted by her species; hope expired in her heart, and she murmured, as sheathing herself upon her bed, "Alas! miserable one! why, why were you born?"

The next morning, her pale face and dejectedly quiet appearance, struck Mrs. Stainer. For the first time the idea presented itself to her mind that her step-daughter was ill; that she looked like one far gone in consumption. A stern, but not a hard-hearted woman, she followed her, when prayers were over, into her room, and taking her hand, said kindly, "that she feared that she was not well, and requested anxiously to be informed in what manner she could serve her."

"Give me a companion of my own sex, of my own age. My heart yearns for companionship. I cannot bear the loneliness of my own thoughts."

"Why did not you mention this before, Charlotte? Is Mildred Rosier the companion you wish?"

"Ah!—if she would come."

"What should hinder her?"

Charlotte sighed deeply, for she thought to herself: "The dull house. The melancholy,

conventional looking inhabitants, and she so gay—so happy. She will not come—surely she will not come."

Mrs. Stainer replied, as if anticipating her daughter's doubts; "She will come: I will go this morning with your brother, and fetch her."

"The day is so stormy," returned the desponding Charlotte, glancing at the windows. "You had better wait until tomorrow."

"I never put off until the morrow, Charlotte, what ought to be done to-day. The wind is high; we shall not feel that in the carriage; and as we shall not go by sea, the tempest of waters cannot affect us."

At this moment they were joined by Mr. Strong, who, hearing from Mrs. Stainer, the nature of her visit to Dunwich, and feeling a lively interest in the wild girl they were going to see, declared his intention of accompanying them.

Charlotte watched their departure with feverish impatience, which was only equalled by her disappointment, when the party returned without her young friend. She could hardly refrain from tears, until assured that Mildred had accepted the invitation, and would accompany her brother to the lodge in the morning. This raised the drooping spirits of the heart-sick girl to such an unusual height, that she, in her turn, disappointed her brother, by taking a seat in the carriage on the following morning, to fetch her friend.

"Sisters are always in the way," muttered Mr. William, as he mounted the box and took his seat by the coachman. "If they can spoil an agreeable flirtation with a pretty girl, they never fail to do so. I wish—they were all married."

Mildred Rosier received Miss Stainer with a cheek as pale as her own. A few days of care had made such an alteration in her young friend that Charlotte scarcely recognized her.

"Mildred!" she whispered: "Is your heart robbing your cheek of its bloom?"

A pressure of the hand and a smothered sigh, was the only answer. These were significant, and perfectly understood by her who needed not words to tell what nature had written in the most legible characters in her friend's face, which at that moment was a perfect mirror of her soul. The shades of recent grief hung upon her clear brow, like night clouds upon the glory of the breaking day; though their dark forms were gilded by the beams of the sun, they only served to shew more distinctly that the storm had been there. Mildred had not yet learned that most difficult lesson taught in the world's school, to steel the countenance as well as the heart; to hide beneath a smiling apathy, the host of agonies within. Yet, she was glad to escape from herself, and, kissing her mother and Abigail, her

foot was already on the step of the carriage, when some one touched her arm. She turned, and to her utter astonishment, beheld the decrepid form of old Rachel Lagon.

"One word with you, Mildred Rosier!"

"Mildred stepped a few paces back, bewildered and confounded. She felt that all eyes were upon her.

"Go not to B—lodge! The journey is not for good."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. I have had a vision. A vision of woe, whether to you or to them. God knoweth. I saw last night in a dream, the trees that surround the lodge, bowed to the earth in a mighty gale. Mark me—that is for violent and sudden death. Take the advice of a friend—a *kinswoman!*" she said, with a bitter smile, "and stay at home."

"A mere dream. You cannot frighten me with a dream, Rachel."

"A mere dream!" muttered the hag. "Proud, unbelieving girl, first explain the nature of dreams, and then hold them in derision."

"I did not mean to vex you, Rachel," said Mildred, mildly. "I have promised Miss Stainer to go, and I cannot break my word. Come again when I return home, and I will bring you to my mother, and tell her your sad story. I am sure she will be very sorry for you."

"Aye—and forget me as soon as her daughter has done. Go thy way, Mildred Rosier! The ill luck of the family has not departed."

The bekame turned away and quickly was out of sight. Mildred still stood gazing after her, when William Stainer came to lead her once more to the carriage.

"Has the witch been telling your fortune, Miss Rosier? I would as soon hear a raven croak out my life, as be spoken to by you ill-omened hag."

"Poor woman! she has been very unfortunate," said Mildred, after she found herself safely seated in the carriage; "and I feel peculiarly interested in her sad fate, as I find that she is great-aunt of mine."

The young people exchanged looks of surprise at this intelligence; and William Stainer smiled sarcastically to himself, as if he pitied Mildred's simplicity in acknowledging such a humiliating fact. "Miss Rosier," he said; "if you are wise, you will carefully conceal such an important family secret."

"What good will that do?" quoth Mildred; "it will neither make the matter better nor worse."

"But it will keep it from the public. We cannot control the prejudices of society; but we

need not awaken them unnecessarily against ourselves."

"It 'appears weak and wicked in me," said Mildred; "to feel ashamed of my relationship to this insane, forlorn creature. The connexion is not of our own making; and as God placed this tie between us, and the miserable, calumniated woman, is suffering from many causes, I ought to do all in my power to serve her."

"Very amiable in you, Miss Rosier; and if you can do it under the rose—all well; but if you will take counsel from a friend, have nothing to do with her; eschew her company for the future. It will draw upon you unpleasant remarks. Are you aware of the character that this woman bears in the neighbourhood?"

"I never heard of her until the other day; and as I do not believe in witchcraft, I can well understand the manner in which she has been belied."

"True—but you must confess, Miss Rosier, that there is something very strange about this woman?"

Mildred recalled the scene in the cabin, and blushed deeply.

"I thought as much," cried the crafty Stainer, fixing his searching eyes upon her varying face. "You have had some dealings with the old hag, and she told you strange things?" This was said at random, in order to find out how far their acquaintance went, and upon what footing it stood. "And what did she communicate just now? You know that, however you may laugh at fables, her words have made an impression upon your heart?"

"They did not exactly concern me," said Mildred. "They were vague and mysterious."

"Tell us, dear Mildred, their import?" cried Charlotte, who had sat quietly holding Mildred's hand within her own, now suddenly turning to her. "It could not concern us?"

Mildred repeated the old woman's dream. Charlotte sat breathless, with her large eyes fixed upon her.

"It is strange and solemn," she said. "Who knows what is about to come to pass? I should like to see and speak with this woman."

"You will do no such thing," said William. "I really wonder how two such sensible girls can listen for a moment to such stuff."

"Oh! that I could look for one moment steadily into the dark future," said Charlotte, pressing her thin white hands upon her breast. "The weight of the present crushes out life and hope. This terrible uncertainty—this constant struggle with despair—will drive me from my senses."

"Dear Charlotte," said Mildred, taking one of the hands of her poor friend affectionately in

her own. "It is in mercy that God hides the future from our sight. The knowledge of what even an hour might bring forth, might destroy reason, when contemplated from a distance; whilst the All-Merciful gives the afflicted strength, in the hour of need, to bear the burden, which, in His good Providence, he sees fit to lay upon them."

"Aye, but if He has doomed us to destruction, made us vessels of wrath! How can the thing created struggle with the Creator? If He wills us to perdition, I must perish."

Mildred shuddered. Again the wild glance of that large dark eye startled her. Could her friend be perfectly sane? She knew little of theology, still less of differing creeds and doctrines; but could this be true. Could any one in their sober senses, believe such a libel against the truth and majesty of God? She sighed deeply, and her silence appeared a tacit assent to her friend's terrible belief.

"Ah! I see you both condemn me!" continued Charlotte. "It is cruel though, for how can I help myself? I am bound with a chain which I cannot loosen. I am called upon to act without being given the power to perform; yet I feel that I am an accountable creature. Oh! I am placed as a mark against myself, and strive in vain with the evil which lures me to destruction."

"If you find yourself so weak, so insufficient to guide yourself, Charlotte," said her brother, not a little startled and shocked at the nature of her belief; "it becomes more necessary for you to submit to the advice of others."

"I have done so," returned she, dejectedly; "but the temptation still remains."

"To marry Lewis Chatworth, against your father's consent," said William, laughing. "Many wilful girls and boys are troubled with the same temptations."

"And why should the Colonel hinder Miss Stainer from marrying Mr. Chatworth, if they love one another?" said Mildred. "Every body gives him the character of an excellent young man."

"The world never fails to praise its own," replied the brother. "It is ever ready to substitute a godless morality in the place of real piety, and to extol above Christian graces, those virtues which we hold in common with the heathen,—such excellence holds no place in my father's creed. If my sister does not fix her affections upon a Christian, he will never consent to see her a wife. Surely, Miss Rosier, you must approve of my father's motives for withholding his consent to my sister's marriage."

"His motives may be good," said Mildred; "but I perceive that the effects which they produce are bad. If my mother could bring no

better reasons for refusing her consent to make me happy with the man I loved, I would take my own consent, and marry him without."

"That is honest at least," said William, starting, and regarding the beautiful speaker with a glance which had little to do with his assumed character. "I wish, Miss Rosier, I were the happy man."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mildred, with unfeigned surprise. "How could you bring yourself to view with affection an unconverted sinner like me?"

"I would ask no questions for conscience' sake, fair Mildred."

"I would spare you the trouble," returned she, "by frankly confessing my disbelief in your gloomy creed. God has placed before me good and evil, and if I voluntarily seek the curse instead of the blessing, I deserve the punishment inseparable from such a choice. But let us dismiss this subject, which has turned wiser heads than ours, and return to poor old Rachel, whose story I will tell you as nearly as I can; in the same words in which she told it to me."

Many times the tears clouded the beautiful eyes of Mildred, during her short relation; and in spite of his hard, worldly character, William Stainer was affected by the touching simplicity of her words, looks and manner, while the old witch herself became an object of interest and curiosity.

"What a charming clever creature have we here," thought he; "the beauty of her person, and the natural graces of her mind, can even invest an ugly, disgusting outcast, with an interest foreign to her nature. If she had but a fortune, what a delightful wife she would make!"

Happily for Mildred, this great want saved her from much persecution. Such men as William Stainer may, for their own amusement, try to win the affections of women superior to themselves in mind and person, but they rarely seek them in wedlock.

He was still thinking upon the beauty of Mildred, and her perfect ignorance of the ways of the world, when the carriage drove up to the lodge.

#### CHAPTER XII.

"Alas! what tempted thee to this fell deed?  
Faith in a stern, unchanging, cruel creed!"

For some days the spirits of Charlotte Stainer seemed to revive under the sympathizing and tender attentions of her young companion. Sorrow had touched the heart of Mildred; love had awakened all the beautiful sensibilities of her

nature. She gave the most unreserved confidence to her friend, who pitied, while she slightly condemned, her conduct.

"Mildred," she said, "your mother should not be kept in ignorance of your attachment. It is rash and imprudent. Forgive me, dear Mildred, if I think you act wrong."

"I cannot tell her," said Mildred. "I know that I have been imprudent, but my dear mother cannot keep a secret. She would tell the first gossip who came to the house, the whole story; and my character would suffer in consequence. Leave me to myself, Charlotte. My heart is strong. I shall be able to extricate myself from the chain which is around me; but if others interfere, and attempt to break it by force, they will rivet the links forever, and be the ruin of us both."

"I am not worthy to become your monitor. Mildred—I, who err so deeply myself! But I am sorry that your affections are so misplaced. My Lewis was long an accepted lover: the favoured and beloved of my father. A cruel destiny rends us apart. I am the martyr to an affection first encouraged by my parent, and strengthened by the approval of conscience. I am more to be pitied, than blamed for my attachment. It is not my fault that I cannot cease to love."

"Under such circumstances, I should not try," said Mildred, as they turned into a deep heathy lane, which led to the beach. "I consider Mr. Chatworth an injured man; and your duty to your father can scarcely authorize you to treat him with cruelty and injustice."

"Surely such a construction cannot be placed upon my conduct?" said Charlotte, sitting down upon the pebbly shelving bank of that desolate looking shore. "No, no, Mildred; it is written there," and she pointed mournfully upwards. "It was all decreed long, long ago."

"Then why should your conduct or your father's conduct grieve you?" said Mildred. "You cannot be responsible for circumstances over which you have no control. To blame me is equally absurd; we are but acting the part assigned to each. In destroying free will, you take away all moral responsibility."

"It is a great mystery, Mildred. You talk unwisely—you know nothing about it."

"My dear Charlotte, if I did not love you I should certainly quarrel with you," said Mildred, kissing her pale, upturned brow. "Sinner as I am, and little as I have hitherto studied these important subjects, I feel that I render more justice to the character of our great Creator than you do. I trust in his mercy; you despair of mercy—but hush. Who is here?"

Both the girls rose, as, rivined to the teeth, with

heightened color, firm step, and flashing eye, Josiah Tasker himself stood before them. Bowing deeply to Mildred and slightly to Miss Stainer, he said, "Ladies, the smuggler's craft is bearing down upon us, to land her cargo on this spot. It is possible that she may be prevented. A strife will ensue, and it will be dangerous for you to remain here. I need scarcely suggest the propriety of your instant return."

Mildred looked enquiringly up in his face.

"Not by the path you came, Miss Rosier; it is beset with danger. If successful, our men will carry off the booty that way. Return by Westleton Heath and B—— Hall, and you will be safe."

"Thank you, Captain Tasker," for your courtesy," said Mildred, as she took her friend's arm and walked away. "Now, is he not handsome, Charlotte? A noble creature! How can I help loving him? Oh! how I hope they may succeed!"

"You know not what you wish, Mildred. It is an act of treason to wish success to men engaged in breaking the laws of their country. My dear girl, I tremble for you."

But her words were lost upon Mildred. Her whole soul was intent upon the fate of the smuggler. They had climbed a rugged path which led along the brow of the cliff to Westleton Heath. The narrow beach was hidden from their view by the steep projecting cliffs, but the sea lay sparkling before them; and gallantly did the little cutter spread her white wings to the favoring breeze, and stand in for the shore. "Oh! let us stop here for a few minutes: we are safe from observation," whispered Mildred; "and see her land her cargo. How pretty that little crimson pennon looks, streaming from the mast head, like hope in the gale."

They paused upon the high bluff, their arms entwined around each other. Mildred, all hope and expectation; Charlotte, a pale, beautiful image of despair.

"See, see!" cried Mildred; "they man the boat; her first cargo is safe on shore!" Swiftly and silently did the bold crew ply their oars to and from the vessel. The last cargo was already in the boat under the charge of their daring Captain himself, when a sudden discharge of fire arms was echoed by a shriek from both the terrified girls; and the heavily laden boat, as she touched the beach, was surrounded by Lieutenant Scarlett and his men.

"Scoundrel! Traitor! You are discovered at last!" shouted the lieutenant, "Down with him boys, and the reward is your own!"

Then came the repeated discharge of fire arms, the shouts and curses of infuriated men. Silence for a moment, and then again a hubbub so wild

and dread that Charlotte held her ears, while Mildred extended along the heathly height, watched from an angle of the cliff, the fatal strife. "He falls!" she cried, in a loud whisper. "The lieutenant falls! His men rush forward to defend him. Thank God! the smugglers are victorious. Hark, that long loud whistle tells their triumph. See, my noble Josiah is in the boat on her return to the cutter.

"Oh! jovial he sits 'mong his gallant crew,  
With the helm left in his hand;  
And he whistles about to his boys in blue  
While his eye's upon Galloway's strand."

"And the poor lieutenant?" asked Charlotte.

"He is not killed. He is sitting upon the beach, supported by old Svein. He is wounded in the leg. I should think not dangerously, for he shakes his fist at Captain Tasker, with an air of defiance. I fear, however," she said, drawing back with a shudder, "that some of his men are dead. I see several bodies extended upon the beach. Oh! 'tis an ugly sight. Dear Charlotte, let us go home." The excitement was over. The reaction which succeeded produced a sudden change, which Charlotte had not anticipated. Mildred staggered a few paces forward, and fell senseless to the ground.

"Alas! what is to be done," sighed Charlotte, as she raised her friend's head upon her knees, and began to chafe her wrists and temples. "The sun is sinking; no house is near; we are alone in the vicinity of armed men, and the night is stealing fast upon us. Dear, imprudent Mildred, I know not what will become of us."

As she ceased speaking a dog bounded upon her, leaping and barking in the most outrageous manner. "Hollo, dear Rollo!" exclaimed Charlotte, returning his caresses, "what do you do here? Oh! would that you could help us?"

"Will not his master do as well?" asked a deep, manly voice. "Charlotte, my Charlotte!—this is indeed an unexpected blessing."

"You see, Lewis, how I am situated. My poor young friend has fainted. There is a spring some where near at hand. Can you bring her a drink of water?"

"I will try my best," said Chatworth; "a little sprinkled upon her face and hands, will revive her," and emptying the powder from his flask, he sprang down the cliff.

It was some minutes before he returned; they seemed hours to Charlotte, so fearful was she of being found alone with her lover. Before he reappeared, Mildred had recovered her senses, and was sitting upright upon the ground, crying and laughing by turns, at the uneasiness which she had occasioned her friend.

"Now, Charlotte, do not look so dismal, but thank me and your good stars, for affording you an interview with your lover. Well, he is a long time gone. I hope that the smugglers have not carried him off with them as a trophy of their victory."

"He is here," said her friend. "I fear it will prove an unfortunate meeting for us both."

"Nonsense!" returned Mildred. "Your predestination is of a very partial character. It always ensures evil, but never embraces the good. If there be any truth in your doctrine, this meeting was made in heaven."

"Ah! Miss Rosier, be my good angel, and plead for me," said Lewis, who had overheard Mildred's speech. "Convince her that Nature, who formed her both fair and good, never intended her to waste her excellent gifts upon the desert air. Persuade her to renounce her fatal vow, and render the man who adores her, happy."

"I could not make you happy, Lewis, whilst I acted in direct opposition to my father's wishes, because I should be unhappy myself. Ah! if you love me, Lewis, do not speak to me upon this painful subject."

"Your heart is no longer mine," returned Chatworth, gloomily. "Love seeks, at all hazards, the welfare of the beloved; but you drive me to desperation, and doom me to misery."

"Lewis, Lewis! if you could see my heart, and could know the dreadful struggle which is going on there, you would pity, not upbraid me. You know I love you."

"You love your father better?"

"Alas! alas! How often do I pray to love him more. Am I not taunted and reviled all the day long for the fatal passion I feel for you? Am I not told that you are my idol? That you stand between me and my God. Ah! woe is me—is it not true? Have I not laid my lacerated and bleeding heart upon the altar of duty; and am I not commanded with my own hand to fire the pile? When the broken heart is at peace—when the grass grows green upon my grave—then—and not till then—will you know how deeply I loved you."

She covered her face as she ceased speaking. Tears streamed freely through her slender fingers, while her whole frame shivered with agony. Lewis was on his knees, beside her. He spoke not, but his silence was painfully audible. Charlotte suffered his arms to enclose her waist, her head sank upon his bosom; her whole soul seemed to dissolve itself in tears. Mildred turned away to conceal her own emotion. She almost envied them that blessed hush of feeling. It was a luxury to these unhappy lovers thus to weep—to pour silently into each other's hearts, a language



too deep for words. "De mine—Charlotte!" at length whispered Lewis.

"In heaven!" was the reply.

"They are neither married nor given in marriage there, Charlotte. Make me happy upon earth."

"But they are as the angels of God. Ah! blessed thought!—mar not its glory with the stains of earth. Happiness does not belong to this world; it is a word which ought long, long ago, to have been expunged from its vocabulary."

"Dear Charlotte, you have embraced an error which is leading you far astray in an evil path. No irrevocable decree has been pronounced against us. In loving one another, we are but obeying the dictates of reason and nature. God commands us to love one another; and cursed be he who would rend hearts thus united apart."

"Hush, Lewis," said Charlotte, laying her hand upon his lips, while her cheek grew deadly pale. You know not against whom you speak—such words are blasphemous."

"Ah! my poor girl!—I see how it is," sighed Lewis. "To argue against this fanaticism is vain. Your own preconceived prejudices have become a law unto you which will make or mar our destiny."

"It is growing late," said Mildred, stepping up to them with looks of alarm. "I fear, too, that you are watched. I thought I saw Mrs. Stainer's heavenly-minded footman prowling at a little distance."

Charlotte started from her seat in evident perturbation. "I hope not—what will my father say? He will declare our meeting intentional; will accuse me of breaking my promise, of falsifying my word. Oh dear! how unfortunate."

"Charlotte, this is complete slavery," said her lover. "You should be above caring for reproof which you do not deserve. Become my wife and I will free you from this mental degradation—will make you the mistress of a cheerful, if not of a happy home."

"Do not tempt me, Lewis. I cannot—dare not—comply with your request."

"You will not—say rather. You hold my happiness and peace of mind in your hands. You have become the arbitress of my fate. Is it just—is it Christian-like, to seal my misery by an irrevocable decree? You once promised to me, and before heaven, to become my wife. This promise was given prior to that extorted from you, by your father. I therefore have the first claim upon you. Will you break your solemn word to me, and remain guiltless? If I perish by your obstinacy, will not you be necessary to my death?"

Charlotte stood silently gazing upon him, her hand tightly clasped in his. A smile spread over

her pale face, like a moonbeam lighting up a hill of snow. Something like the truth had burst upon the darkness of her soul.

"Yes," she said, slowly and solemnly, "you are right. He never loved me. You have loved me long and tenderly; have suffered reproach and injury for my sake. Yes, Lewis. I am yours, yours for ever!"

"Where is destiny now?" exclaimed the delighted lover, holding her to his heart. "See how much lies in your own power, to render others happy."

"Rejoice not too soon in your triumph over the weak intellect of a silly girl. Never while I live shall she become your wife. Charlotte! I command you by your own sense of propriety; in your father's name, in my own, to leave that man, and return to your home and duty." Thus spoke William Stainer, as he endeavoured to force his trembling sister from the supporting arms of her lover.

"Your interference is useless, Mr. Stainer," said Chatworth haughtily. "Your sister I look upon as my wife; and as such, I will protect her from your violence if it should cost me my life."

"Wilson! Selby!—assist me to rescue your young mistress from this man," cried Stainer, calling to two servants who had accompanied him, and were standing aloof.

"If you love me, Lewis," whispered Charlotte, freeing herself from his embrace, "enter into no unholy strife upon my account. I will keep my promise; we will soon meet again never to part. But if you lift your hand to widen the breach between me and my family, we are both undone."

To contend against such odds, and outnumbered by two frightened females, Chatworth felt was indeed useless, though burning with rage, and willing to undertake any enterprize, however hopeless of success; and he stood with eyes flashing defiance, and his chest heaving with passion, until his treacherous friend and his fair companions were out of sight.

Mildred and Charlotte walked weeping and in silence forward—the former dreading the scene which awaited them at the Lodge, the latter full of stern resolve; William, whose savage spirit was aroused against his unhappy sister, plotting the most cruel way in which he could communicate the whole affair to his father.

Tea was on the table when the young ladies entered the parlour. Ebenezer Strong made one of the party.

He was deeply engaged in conversation with the Colonel and Mrs. Stainer, and no notice was taken of the unusual length of their walk.

"We heard the report of fire arms," said Mrs. Stainer, addressing her step-son. "It greatly

alarmed us all. I was afraid that the French had effected a landing upon the coast."

"Yes, I assure you, Mr. William, it had the effect of spoiling your old friend Mrs. Cudden's appetite," said Mr. Strong. "The poor old lady was just sitting down to dine with me, upon a fine pair of ducks, and green peas, and she was so frightened lest it should be Bony and his fleet, that she left me to do the honours of the table, and ran and hid herself under a bed."

"I have no doubt that you did ample justice to the creature comforts," returned William, sarcastically. "It was a skirmish between the smuggler Christian, and the revenue officers. The smugglers mustered in great force. They accomplished their object in defiance of the King's men, and have wounded the officer in command, and killed two of his men. And these young ladies were gossiping with Mr. Chatworth, within range of the smugglers' guns."

"Charlotte! How is this?" said the Colonel, raising his heavy eyes, and fixing them sternly upon his daughter.

"The meeting was purely accidental," returned she. "I did not know that he was in the country."

"It is false! You are deceiving me!" cried the old man, rising from the table in great anger. "Unworthy girl, you were born to be a disgrace to your family."

"You would say so, my dear sir, if you knew all," continued his son. "After all my sister's fair words and promises, she was actually going to elope with this godless reprobate if I had not prevented it. Miss Rosier was present and can answer to the truth of what I say."

"I shall not appeal to Miss Rosier. Your word, my son, is sufficient. Go to your apartment, Charlotte, and let me see your face no more, until you have repented of this great sin."

Charlotte rose and staggered towards the door. Mr. Strong likewise rose, and led her back to her father.

"Brother," he said, "you are too severe. Part not with the maiden in anger. Let not the sun go down upon your wrath. Daughter, kiss your parent, and ask his forgiveness!"

"I have not sinned against him," said Charlotte firmly. "I sinned against my own soul, when I broke a sacred engagement to please him. My heart is too full. I cannot ask his pardon."

The eyes of the two met. The tears seemed to dry upon the large expanded orbs of the daughter; and they glanced back upon the cold, stern, face of her father, a glance of proud defiance. It did not escape the observation of the good priest. He took her by the hand and led her gently apart. "You are both in the wrong," he said. "A mu-

tual explanation will be necessary, but the spirit which now possesses you is of this world; in its nature it is sinful and devilish. I will reason with your father, young lady, until a better spirit prevails with him. In the mean while go to your closet, and seek in earnest prayer a holier frame of mind. Yield not to the tempter. Remember that such as the present is his hour, and the power of darkness."

"Dear, worthy friend, I leave my cause in your hand," said Charlotte. "Pity me, and pray for me."

She left the room. The meal proceeded in silence, unbroken save by the blessing pronounced at its termination, by the minister. After the tea equipage was removed, Mr. William gave a circumstantial account of the meeting between the lovers, and what had passed in his hearing. Mildred was called upon for her testimony, which she gave with great truth and simplicity. The relation only served to exasperate the colonel. Mrs. Stainer blamed Charlotte for her inconsistent conduct; at the same time, she pitied and tried to extenuate her fault. After a long silence Mr. Strong spoke to this effect.

"Forgive me, Colonel, if I think your conduct to your daughter, harsh and imprudent. There is much, too much, of human pride mingled with your opposition to her wishes."

"You are presuming too much upon your sacred calling, Sir," said William Stainer, interrupting him. "If I were Colonel Stainer, I would not submit to be lectured in my own house, and upon a subject which so nearly concerned myself."

"Be calm, young man," returned the minister quietly. "I am a peace maker, not a peace breaker, and I well know when it is my duty to speak, and when to be silent. The happiness of one who is (I hope) dear to us all, is concerned, and woe be to me if I hold my tongue when conscience urges me to speak boldly out."

"Do not mind William," said the Colonel, "It is love for me, and his high sense of what is due to his sister's honor, gave utterance to those hasty words. To you, Sir, I always listen with attention."

"Well then, to be candid with you," continued Mr. Strong, "I consider that your daughter, for a long time past, has laboured under temporary aberrations of reason."

"How—mad! exclaimed father and son staring at each other in horror."

"Something very near it. This, I fear, has been produced by the unfortunate circumstances which have hindered her marriage with the man of her choice. The poor child is to be treated with tenderness, and regarded with pity; and I beseech you both, not only to alter your line of conduct

towards her, but to prevent the confirmation of her dreadful malady, by yielding to her wishes."

"Never!" vehemently exclaimed the son.

"Never!" slowly echoed the father.

"Then you may prepare your daughter's shroud," said the good minister sadly. "She will soon need it, if the grief which oppresses her mind be not speedily removed."

"I would rather see her dead!" muttered the brother.

"Aye, young gentleman. But is she fit to die?"

"True," said the old man thoughtfully. "But will her union with a man of the world render her more fit for eternity?"

"The event is with Him, who over-ruleth all things for good," returned the minister. "Who knows," continued he, with a benevolent smile, "but that the believing wife may sanctify the unbelieving husband. Besides, I do not consider young Chatworth destitute of religion. I believe him to be subject at times to many serious impressions, and being entirely free from the awful sin of hypocrisy, (he glanced at William as he spoke,) I have strong hopes of his ultimate salvation."

"If you could give me decided proofs of his conversion," said the old man, "I would no longer withhold my consent from the marriage."

"Father—father!" exclaimed William, impatiently. "How can you suffer yourself to be talked over in this way? Mr. Strong is no friend to the family if he can deliberately advise you to act against your conscience and duty."

"Silence, young man," said the minister, sternly; "I wish I could bring as convincing proofs of your sincerity as I can of the integrity of your injured friend."

Much as young Stainer hated the minister, and dreaded the influence he had over his father, and earnestly as he wished to cause a rupture between them, he felt that this was not the hour or the place to effect his purpose; and though stung to the quick by his last remark, he thought it prudent to take no notice of it. His father was too much absorbed in his own gloomy reflections, to take notice of the hostile words which had passed between them; while Mr. Strong, anxious to befriend Charlotte, and aware that to quarrel with her brother was not the way to accomplish this, took up a book, and was soon, to all appearance, indifferent to what was passing around him.

Mildred, who had listened with intense interest to the conversation, and whose dislike to young Stainer amounted to hatred, was anxious to escape from the room, and communicate to Charlotte what she had heard. The young people did not sleep together, but they had ready access to each other's chambers, which communicated by a nar-

row passage. "Mildred," whispered Mrs. Stainer, as she glided past; "go and comfort your friend. Tell her that her father's anger is past, and that we expect her at prayers."

Right joyfully did Mildred speed upon her errand of love. She passed through her own room and tapped lightly at the door of her friend's chamber. She heard the voice of weeping from within, but no answer was given to her summons.

"Charlotte—dear Charlotte, open the door; I have good news for you."

"Mildred, I wish to be alone."

"You will not deny yourself to your friend?"

"I have no friends." Another bitter burst of weeping choked up all other sounds. Mildred was weeping too, but she found all her promises of happy tidings, all her protestations of tender love and heartfelt interest in the welfare of her friend, had no effect in unclosing the door; and wiping her eyes and adjusting her hair, she returned once more to the parlour. The Colonel and his son and wife, had retired to consult together upon the subject which engrossed all their thoughts, and Mildred found herself alone with the minister. He closed the book and rose to meet her. "How fares it with your poor friend?"

"She will not see me," said Mildred. "Her heart must be sore indeed, when she refuses sympathy from me who really love her."

"Sorrow may last for a night, but I trust joy will come with the morning. Her father is relenting, and but for this brother, I think that we have every reason to hope for the best."

"Oh! if she could be removed from this gloomy house," said Mildred, "she would soon regain her health and cheerfulness; but they are killing her. If they call this cruel indifference to the happiness of their child, religion, I never wish to be a professor of religion."

"Oh! my dear young lady, do not libel the noblest, the most exalted pursuit in which the mind of man can engage, by comparing it, with what you witness in this house. It is because they mistake the nature of the good they seek that it produces such sad results. Have you read your Bible attentively, profitably?"

Mildred blushed, and looked down. "I have read the scriptures carefully, but I fear not with the earnest desire for improvement which I ought to have done."

"You are candid," said the minister. "I love truth in any form. Do you remember what St. Paul points out as the first fruits of the spirit? It is a standard by which every true Christian can be judged. The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith,

meekness, temperance. Compare this blessed state with the gloomy, desponding air which pervades this house; and then ask yourself, young lady, whether such can proceed from the gospel of peace?"

"Have they no religion?" said Mildred, in unaffected surprise.

"They have a zeal, but not according to knowledge. They trust too much to themselves, to their own good works, or what they consider as such—to the strict observance of religious exercises, sternly enforced; and instead of becoming happier from the change, they render themselves miserable and all around them. Without intending it, they do more harm to the cause of true religion, than the veriest worldling that never gives it a thought. But seek that religion, the fruit of which is so beautifully described in the scriptures, and you will not only ensure happiness here, but eternal blessedness hereafter."

"Will they ever perceive their error?" asked Mildred.

"I hope so. But I fear that it will not be until some severe affliction has opened their eyes to the truth; but suppose we leave the faults of our neighbours, and talk a little of our own."

"I do not mind confessing my sins to you," said Mildred, "because you are kind and gentle, but when Mrs. Stainer talks to me upon the subject, I feel proud and resentful. In short, very wicked."

"I do not doubt it," returned he, with a good natured smile. "But it is not exactly upon religion which I would speak to you at this moment."

With the coquetry natural to her sex, Mildred wondered what it could be. He did not leave her long in doubt.

"My dear young lady, there are strange reports in the village concerning you, which I would fain hope are not true. Is it possible that you can have any acquaintance, unknown to your good mother, with such a suspicious character as Captain Tasker?"

"It is true," said Mildred, firmly.

"I am sorry for you. I cannot suspect you of acting wrong wilfully. But, my dear child, you are deceived; and if you do not open your eyes to the danger which surrounds you, I fear you may be lost. Tell me with the same beautiful candor which convinces me of your innocence, how you became acquainted with this man?"

Thus urged, and convinced of the excellence of the generous heart in which she trusted, Mildred related all that she knew of the man, in whose welfare she felt but too painfully interested. Mr. Strong listened to her with attention. He was deeply affected by her simple confession, and was

determined to do all in his power to rescue her from the temptation by which she was assailed. "Will you promise me, Mildred," he said, "to have no communication with Christian until after I have seen and conversed with him? Your secret is safe with me; and I hope to prove to you ere long, that your confidence in me has not been misplaced."

"I am sure you are my friend," said Mildred. "Yes, in the truest sense of that abused word. Will you give me this promise?"

"Cheerfully, if I did not think that circumstances might happen which might compel me to break it."

"Well, you will avoid him, if possible, and enter into no rash engagement, which would surely end in ruin."

"I will."

"Enough, here come our friends. Banish these worldly thoughts, and give your soul to God in prayer. He alone can rescue us from situations of difficulty and peril."

Mildred thought that she perceived an expression of scornful triumph pervading the features of young Stainer as he led his step-mother to her seat; he cast a covert glance at the minister as he handed him the Bible, and rang the bell to summon the servants. They were scarcely assembled when the door again opened, and Charlotte Stainer walked in. She took her seat by the minister in silence. All eyes were turned upon her, and not without a start or glance of surprise. Her cheek was so deadly pale, her eyes so fixed and rayless that she looked like a person seemingly awake, yet under the influence of some ghastly dream. Mr. Strong felt deeply for her. His prayers were beautiful and consoling, but they seemed to have no effect upon the marble statue who knelt beside him. After the service of the evening was concluded, and Charlotte rose slowly from her knees, he laid his hand upon her pale brow, and said: "Peace be with you, my daughter; that holy peace which the world can neither give nor take away." She looked mournfully up in his face. Large tears were gathering in her eyes. She went round to her father, and took his hand.

"Father, forgive me! I knew not what I said."

"Yes, if you can forgive yourself. To-morrow, Charlotte, shall settle all accounts between us. To-morrow, you must seek another home."

"Be it as you will. Give me your blessing to-night."

"Good night," said the old man, surlily. "We will talk more on this subject to-morrow." He suffered her to kiss him, but he gave no kiss in return. Mildred's heart bled for her. She would have followed her to her chamber, but Charlotte

said: "I go hence, Mildred, tomorrow. I would spend my last evening in the home of my childhood alone. God bless you, dear friend; good night."

Mildred felt inexpressibly sad, and she did not sleep that night until her pillow was wet with her tears. The family always met at six o'clock in the chapel for prayers. Mildred had watched the cold grey morning dawn along the coast before sleep weighed down her weary eyes, and wrapped her troubled spirit in repose. Between sleeping and waking, an apparition of Charlotte glided into her chamber, and stooping over her, kissed her brow. A large tear drop fell upon her face. She started up in the bed and held up her arms to enfold her friend, but the vision had vanished. Unable to sleep, she rose from her bed and dressed herself, and kneeling down by the open window, bowed her head upon her clasped hands, and for the first time in her life, prayed long and fervently. She found such unexpected comfort and peace in this blessed employment, that the chapel bell had twice rung for prayers before she rose from her knees.

On entering the place consecrated to religious duties, she perceived an air of consternation and uneasiness on all present.

"Have you seen Miss Stainer? Do you know anything of Charlotte?" was demanded by several voices.

"No. Good God! is anything the matter?"

"She is missing, her room is empty, her bed untouched. No one has seen her; no one knows anything about her," were the hurried answers she received to her questions.

"Do not be uneasy," said William, with a sneer. "You will find her at B—Hall, the happy wife of Lewis Chatworth."

"It is possible," said the Colonel, with a sigh.

Wilson, the footman, now came forward. "Please you, Sir," said he, addressing his master, "I was dusting the furniture in the hall this morning at five o'clock, when Miss Stainer came through it. She was wrapped up in her large travelling cloak. I was surprised to see her up so early, but as she often walks in the grove before prayers, I did not speak to her. She took down her garden hat from the peg and went out."

"Does not this confirm my opinion?" said William. "She has run off with her paramour."

Mildred hoped it was so. She ran to Charlotte's room. It was arranged with scrupulous neatness. The bed had not been slept in. The blinds were down, and a candle, by the light of which she had been reading, was still burning. A strange awe stole over the mind of Mildred, as she drew near the table. The Bible lay open before her. Its pages were blotted with tears.

She felt that she was in the presence of the dead, as if a voice spoke to her from the grave, as she leant over the sacred volume, and read the texts which Charlotte had marked with her pencil. They were in Job, the two last verses of the seventh chapter. "I have sinned; what shall I do unto thee, O thou preserver of men? Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, so that I am a burden to myself. And why dost thou not pardon my transgression and take away mine iniquity? for now shall I sleep in the dust; and thou shalt seek me in the morning and I shall not be."

"She is dead," exclaimed Mildred, snatching up the book and rejoining the group in the chapel.

Her alarmed looks, the trembling hand with which she pointed to the open volume, paled every cheek. Mr. Strong took the Bible from her convulsive grasp, and read aloud the fatal words. They were echoed by a deep hollow groan. The Colonel had sunk down in a fit; for in the pathetic lamentation of the inspired writer, he heard the death knell of his child.

While Mrs. Stainer hurried to render assistance to the inexorable father, repentant too late, the servants fled in different directions in search of their young mistress. Hardly knowing what she did or whither she went, Mildred took a wild tangled path that led from the shrubbery through a grove of hazel and alder trees. A shallow cut from the river, crossed by a pretty rural bridge, divided this grove from a lowland meadow, and to this spot she directed her steps; and there, in that shallow water, she discovered the object of their search. So resolutely determined upon destruction had this poor victim of fanaticism been, that she had drawn the hood of her cloak over her face, and laid herself down in the pool that had depth barely sufficient to ensure self destruction. Mildred's scream of agony brought Wilson to her side.

"Oh! my poor young lady! Oh! God have mercy upon my poor young lady!" exclaimed the man, bursting into tears. It was the man whose solemn aspect had always drawn upon him the ridicule of the thoughtless Mildred; who, in this instance, perceived that he did indeed possess a feeling heart.

He sprang into the water and lifted up the poor girl in his arms. The large hood fell back from the pale fair face, and all her dark glittering tresses flowed loosely over his breast. Mil-

\* This melancholy part of my tale is no fiction. The circumstances recorded here are well known to all in that neighbourhood. The family are all gone, and the lodge has passed into other hands.

dred was surprised and deeply affected to see the passionate agony with which this poor young man regarded the beautiful dead. Alas! he had loved her for years, and only survived her funeral three days.\*

The Coroner's inquest on the body was over. Deep silence pervaded the house. Mrs. Stainer watched the sick bed of her husband, and tried to soothe his incoherent ravings. William, convicted by his own conscience, had left the Lodge, and was far on his way to London; and Mildred, to whom the sight of death was new, held by a strange fascination, found herself unable to leave the bier on which, shrouded in the habiliments of the grave, lay the earthly remains of her friend. Never until now had she realized her full value, had she discovered how deeply, how truly, she loved her. How intently did she recall every word, every look, of the preceding day. How did every unheeded sentence now seem fraught with meaning, and prophetic of her end! And then, her last words, her last kiss, how tearfully did she dwell upon and linger over these. Had she indeed passed through her room, on the way to that fatal spot? Was the moisture she wiped from her face as she awoke, the last tears poor Charlotte had shed upon earth! The thought made her bow her head upon the shrouded breast of her friend, while her whole soul seemed to dissolve in grief.

From such a stupor she was aroused by a deep sigh, and in speechless agony, the injured lover stood beside the newly dead.

The sad fate of his mistress had dissolved every earthly barrier between them. All respected his grief; no voice forbade his entrance there. He took his place as chief mourner by her bier, as such he followed her remains to the unblessed grave that superstition prepared for her. She lies at the back of B— church. No bell passed for the unhappy one who died by her own desperate act; no holy service was read over her, to soothe and comfort, by its blessed sympathies, the wounded hearts of sorrowing friends.

A plain black marble slab, now overgrown by weeds and briars, bears the name of Charlotte Stainer, who died on the twentieth of May, 1805, aged eighteen years. And he who should have been the happy husband of that alien from the common hope of her fathers, abandoned his home and country, and entered as a volunteer in the— regiment, then on its way to the continent. After signalizing himself in many actions, he died in the memorable retreat from Corunna; and his patrimony passed into another family.

So ended Mildred's acquaintance with this family, and with a mind solemnly impressed with these sad scenes, and deeply grieving for the untimely fate of one so young and beautiful, she returned to her mother's humble abode, sick at heart, and weary of the world and its crooked ways.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## FREEDOM

"If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."—*John viii. 36.*

'Tis hard to see the fettered slave,  
Bound by oppression's iron chain;  
The sigh, the tear, the heaving breast,  
That pant for liberty in vain.

But oh! more sad to see the mind,  
The immortal mind, which God hath given,  
Blinded, and chained, by sin's dark power,  
And wandering far from hope, and heaven:

More sad to see the human soul,  
The prey of passion, pride, and lust,  
The warm affections of the heart,  
Debased, and gravelling in the dust.

Freedom to every soul is dear;  
The clash of arms, the din of strife,  
The widow's sigh, the orphan's tear,  
'Tis treasures of gold, the warrior's life—

All, have not been too costly deemed,  
For boon of such high worth to yield:  
But there's a freedom, dearer far  
Than that obtained on battle-field.

The one doth free the tenement  
From aught that can alarm, oppress;  
But this, the immortal tenant gives,  
Peace, joy, and endless happiness.

For this the Saviour left his throne,  
For this, He shed His precious blood:  
To free the soul from Satan's power  
And reconcile lost man with God.

He can unchain the immortal mind,  
Bid warring passions all be still,  
And reigning in the ransom'd soul,  
Mould the affections to his will.

He can destroy the fear of death,  
For he hath spoiled it of its sting;  
He tasted once its bitter cup,  
And conquering rose, a glorious King.

Oh! this is liberty indeed,  
Freedom from sin, from Satan's power,  
From fear of death, from every ill,  
With Christ to reign for evermore.

Then, if you would be truly free,  
Come hearken to the Saviour's voice:  
Cast off the galling chains of sin,  
And in Christ's liberty rejoice.

Then shall you walk, with joyful hope,  
The hour of death which sinners dread,  
When wholly free from sin and woe,  
You shall behold your glorious Head.

\* A fact.

# MEMGOG—A TALE.\*

BY NON.

"Look on this picture, and on that."

## CHAPTER VII.

YEARS have passed; and Memgog is improved much in size and appearance. The noise of mechanism is heard within its borders; the streets exhibit a goodly number of people hieing here and there, on their several businesses; and many new dwellings are to be seen, neatly painted, and fronted with yards, and backed with newly laid out gardens. Into one of these, situated on the main street, and whose outward appearance is in no respect inferior to its neighbors, let us enter. It is evening; and in a front room a gentleman and lady are seated at a tea table, and talking over the affairs of the day. In an adjoining room sits a maid, rocking a cradle containing an infant, sleeping—the first sweet pledge of wedlock. How nice and comfortable is every thing that meets the eye around this domestic scene. Happy now art thou, Charles Demster and Eliza Hayden. Ah! enjoy this short period of felicity, poor mortals; the world has not yet gone wrong with thee.

"By the by, have you heard, Eliza," said Mr. Demster, "that your old beah, and my rival, Jethro Sans, is coming back to Memgog to set up shop?"

"O me!" returned the young wife, "I hope he's married."

"Indeed, I hear he is, and that he's married rich too."

"Good; then I hope he'll not trouble us more."

"I am not at all sure of that. It is said that he has made his brags how he is going to run me out of business, to pay me for getting away his girl."

Eliza laughed heartily at this, as she said, "I wonder if he has forgotten the night he and the poor Indian dug up Sarah Rill out of her grave?"

"I'll warrant you not. But to say truth, Jethro Sans is no fool; and when he gets his mind set upon a thing he goes through with it, come what will; and since the time you rejected his suit, he has sought for wealth as the only means of ob-

taining revenge on both you and me. And it is said he has found some by marrying a widow. She brings him a thousand dollars or so, and with this money he is going to ruin me!"

"Heigh ho! Well, I suppose we shall live our day out," said the wife carelessly. "I think, however, that we need borrow no trouble on account of Jethro Sans."

"Nor do I," rejoined Mr. Demster; "although I crave not a quarrel, I have no fears of maintaining myself in my business."

Here the happy pair arose from table and separated, Charles to go to his store, and Eliza to attend to her household affairs.

A few months pass; and we halt before a low dwelling, in Memgog, with a small garden attached. It possesses nothing outside worthy of notice, except the name of Jethro Sans, painted in large letters over the door way. We have the curiosity to walk in. We enter a room fifteen feet square, or so, fitted up with a counter and shelves, on the latter of which are exhibited a variety of merchandize: and in a corner of the room, immediately adjoining the shelves, are some spirit casks; a number of decanters, filled with different kinds of liquor, are ranged along a shelf, erected over the casks. These, kind reader, are the all powerful implements by which people are made to "trade"—but I need not stop to explain the wherefore, as the matter is plain enough to the comprehension of all those who are at all acquainted with the nature of ardent spirits—and who is not? Jethro Sans had well studied the means of inveigling the unsuspecting yeomanry into his power.

Walking to and fro, behind his counter, and eying us with wistful glances, impatient to have us call for something in his line, was Jethro Sans. How altered from what he was when last we saw him rowing his boat slowly towards Eliza Hayden's dwelling! He was then in the romance of youth, sensitive, melancholy, and in love. Now the sternness of manhood sways him. His actions

\* Continued from page 422.—Conclusion.

and looks show him to be shrewd, calculating and watchful. He is habited in garments, decent, it is true, but of a texture and construction requiring the least possible expense. His eye wandering and wary, and his manner, cold but pliant, connected with the rest of his appearance, plainly unfold the miser. And wherefore, Jethro Sans, art thou thus absorbed in this cold passion? Thou whose heart once moved at the soft impulse of Love, why are thy feelings, the noble impulses of thy once generous soul congealed into the passion of gaining wealth, as thy only pleasure and delight in life? Is it that thy disappointment robbed thee of all thy better nature? froze within thee all thy generous emotions, and left only the meaner passions behind?

A door opening from this store-room into an adjoining room stands ajar, and reveals to us a middle aged woman seated in a chair, sewing, who also casts furtive glances towards us, as if watching to see what we shall call for, and apparently casting in her mind the profits that may arise from the sale. She is thin, but neatly attired, somewhat above the middle size, and possessing striking features. She is the wife of Jethro Sans. It would seem that after suing in vain, for the prettiest face, and the prettiest hand, and the prettiest foot of all the land, he had, in a fit of spite, cast himself upon their very antipodes. But no matter, he has secured his idol—money! money! money! Love thou hast no more to do with; nor hope, nor charity. O, no, thou hast done with these, and lucre rules thy soul!

Yet a few more months elapse, and we find ourselves in the bar-room of Mr. Chandler's Tavern. There are many present, and we notice among others our friends Jut, and Neil, and Joe. It is a cold blustering night in the dead of winter. An old man, crouching with age and poverty, and shivering with the cold, enters and makes towards the fire. All, with one accord, give place to him, being struck with his venerable appearance, and pitiable condition. He takes a chair by the stove, and after the lapse of a few moments, and whilst all eyes are bent upon him in silent attention, he draws from under his arm a budget from which he deliberately takes an old tattered garment, that was once an overcoat, but is now so much worn, and torn, that it can with difficulty be distinguished as having once borne that title. This he holds up to view, and looking round upon the company, with an air, as if craving their pity and aid, he says:—

"Gentlemen, you see what this is, I hold in my hand. It is but a miserable remnant of what it once was, a coat. There was a time when it could have served the purpose, I now want of it—give warmth to these cold limbs of mine, that are just

ready to totter to the grave. But you see how small a chance there is now of its conferring that benefit. Well, now to my story. I entered the shop of your neighbor, here, for the purpose of procuring a garment that might shelter me from the storms of your cold winter, and having no money, I proffered the only remnant I had left of the wealth of better years, a string of gold beads, for the article of my necessity. The store keeper took the beads, and after examining them a while, and eyeing me very attentively, went into another room, and soon returned, bringing me this miserable thing, in exchange for my gold, saying it was all he had to spare, and was worth as much as my bauble. I made useless complaints, and was finally forced out of the shop with what I had, all the while begging the man, as I was a stranger, and an old man, and poor, that he would but return me my beads. I came in here, hoping to find some kind Christian whose milk of human kindness would not suffer such baseness to go unpunished, but aid me to get justice done me. I am a foreigner and a stranger, but I am a man, and therefore one of your brethren."

The old man ceased, and his tearful eye, and quivering lip told the anguish of his heart. A shout of horror filled the room; and Jut, whose good nature revolted at every act of oppression, come from what quarter it might, exclaimed, as he bounded into the middle of the room:

"What shop was it, old man?"

"The one across the way," was the answer.

"Demster's!" cried one in the spirit of favoritism.

"It's a damned lie!" shouted Jut, as he boldly faced the speaker. "Charles Demster never did so base an act, I'll lay my head on't."

"No! and I'll knock the first man's teeth down his throat who dares repeat the words," added Neil, as he, followed close by Joe, sprang to the side of Jut. "It is Jethro Sans—the Jew! who has done this thing;" continued he with a voice and manner that none dared contradict.

"Was't it in the low dwelling, on yonder street with the post in front, old man?" demanded Uriah Jut.

"It was indeed," replied the man.

"I knew it," rejoined Niel, in triumph; "and I move that we go in a body to Jethro Sans and make him restore."

This motion caused an instant division of the house; on one side ranged Jut, Niel, Joe, and the friends of Mr. Demster; and on the other the newly made friends of Jethro Sans. But the former were by far the most numerous, and Niel's motion therefore prevailed.

Taking the old man along with them, they proceeded in a body to Jethro Sans' store, and Jut,



who acted as spokesman, made known their object.

Jethro Sans did not deny the transaction complained of, but utterly refused to refund the beads, or make any restitution; saying that he knew his own business, and did not thank them for their officious interference in his affairs. Mrs. Sans, also, came forth from her room and proved a powerful auxiliary to her husband, by utterly drowning the words of honest Jut in a volley of abuse from her sweet mouth, looking daggers from her eyes, and threatening an attack of the fire shovel, broomstick, or some worse weapon, if they did not instantly quit the premises. Mr. Sans' friends also, emboldened by this display of feminine courage, roused themselves, and, in military phrase, "stood to their arms," which means, here, that they threw off their coats, rolled up their shirt sleeves, and formed themselves in attitude of attack, or defence, as the case might be, whilst they were loud in their accusations, recriminations, and bold bullying language.

Jut, the instant he saw there was a woman in the case, drew back, as he had ever entertained an aversion, and we don't know but he had some day of his life made a vow, not to fight a woman. Besides, he was a man who respected the laws, and knew that he had no legal right to compel Jethro Sans to restore the beads he had so wrongfully gotten into his possession by force of arms; and therefore, although he held the warlike manifestations of his opponents in utter contempt, and longed to give them a sound thrashing, which he knew his party was amply strong enough to do, still he prudently prevailed on his friends to restrain their indignation, and retire with him. This they did, taking with them the old man. They went immediately to Mr. Demster's store, and acquainted him with the circumstances of their late broil. Mr. Demster had a kind heart, and pitying the case of the poor man, gave him shelter for the night under his own roof; and in the morning after replenishing his purse, and giving him breakfast, and a comfortable garment, such as he needed to protect his aged person from the inclemency of the weather, sent him on his way rejoicing.

#### CHAPTER VII.

YEARS again are passed; and again we are in Memgog, in the house of Charles Demster, in his private room, in the presence of him and his Eliza. They are alone. How changed since we saw them drinking tea the second year from their wedding day, buoyant with hope, chatting merrily, enjoying life and health with scarce an alloy! We can perceive that time has dealt harshly with

them. Eliza's fair forehead is wrinkled; her eyes are sunken, and send forth a languid look, in place of the sparkling animation that once beamed from them. Her cheeks, once blooming, are now pale and care-worn; but notwithstanding these evidences of decay, still there is that calm serene expression of the countenance which shows us that she meets the ills of life with christian resignation; and there is also a dignified bearing about her, that tells of the matronly pride and supervision.

Mr. Demster also shows the lineaments of the progress of time in no less degree than his better half. We discover that the cares of life have made deep wrinkles in his manly face; and that, although he seems a christian, and resigned to his fate, yet there is an expression on his countenance of anxiety, and almost of sullenness, that indicate him ill at ease. Poor mortals! you have tasted of the sweets of life. You have also drunk of its bitter cup! You have raised, in hope and patience, both sons and daughters. Some of them still live to feel the hope that they may be the pride and support of your declining years; others you have borne in sorrow to their last home, the tomb! You have seen sickness and death prey upon you and yours. You have met other ills, not so deep and searching, it is true, but no less harassing and vexatious; such as the cross purposes of enemies, the slanders of the envious, and the thousand disappointments of life; still there is that about you which shows you have borne all in the spirit of Christian resignation; and viewed them as the means sent by your heavenly Father to wean you from the illusions of the world, and teach you to place your dependance on Him and His holy word.

"I am heartily tired," said Mr. Demster, after some time spent in deep study, during which time Mrs. Demster looked upon him in silence, whilst a tear moistened her soft eye; "I am heartily tired, dear Eliza, of these bickerings, strifes, contentions and quarrels, that meet me in almost every act of my life. It would seem that there is a spirit abroad, proceeding from some evil source, from which it derives its life and venom, that is determined to hunt me to the death. I cannot move in my business without meeting opposition of the most determined kind. I cannot perform a public act without my motives are maligned and perverted, and if I do an act of benevolence it is turned into ridicule, or is misrepresented. Now, I am not one of those sort of people who delight in spending their whole time, in quarrels and disputes, and opposing force to force, or in watching to see if every act they are about to do will be pleasing to the taste, whims, or fancy of the multitude. My conscience, and the pru-

cepts of Him to whom I am at last to account for my actions here, are the only rules of my life. I cannot every moment be on the look out for snares and pitfalls that my enemies set for me; and I consequently, sometimes, suffer by them. It is thus that the crafty triumph over the peaceably disposed, and riot in this world's successes. I am half determined on retiring altogether from business, and living as far as possible aloof from the world, that I may enjoy, for a season at least, the blessings of peace, and domestic tranquillity."

"No doubt, Charles, this looks to you a very desirable move; but it is a consequence of your weariness in business. You require only rest and amusement for a short time, that your mind and body may regain their elasticity and vigor, and depend upon it you will return to your business with far greater pleasure than you would rise from a bed of ease, to recommence a day of idleness and inactivity in your wished for retirement. It is only when old age compels man to retire into that state of illness, aptly termed second childhood, that he can enjoy himself without active exertion of both mind and body."

"I must acknowledge, wife, there is truth in your remarks; but I am so tired of the world."

"What, tired of doing your duty! Of performing the part allotted you in this world's affairs by your Creator? You seem to forget that you are a husband—a father—a public man and a man of business—and that you are endowed with talents to discharge your several duties therein, to your own advantage, and to that of your fellow creatures around you. You forget that your wife, your children, the public, and your private affairs, have claims upon your exertions in their behalf, so long as God sees fit to spare you your health and powers of mind."

"I have discharged my duties in all these several relations, I hope, faithfully, until I am considerably advanced beyond middle age; and I feel myself wanting in strength and spirits to continue them. It is true I must look to the welfare of my family; but this I think I can do as well in private, as in active business."

"I fear not, dear husband. You know your fortune is not large, and the expenses of the family are heavy; and Clara and Harold have not yet completed their studies. It won't do to take them from school, now, for I should be ashamed to have Clara's education inferior to that of Miss Sans," said the wife, as her form drew up with dignity, and she looked with all the pride of a mother.

"You are right, dear wife," replied Mr. Demster, after a minute spent in serious contemplation; "quite right. Notwithstanding my heavy labors, my property, some how or other, seems

to grow less, rather than to increase in arithmetical proportion, as does that of my competitor, Jethro Sans; and I find it difficult to lay up any thing at the end of the year, after defraying charges; and as you say, it will not do to take the children from school until their education is completed, as I consider this a far more valuable inheritance than gold. Looking upon all these considerations, I don't see but I shall have to continue my exertions in my business as usual, until Harold comes of an age suitable to entrust him with the management of affairs; should Providence spare him and me so long."

"I applaud your resolution, dear Charles; and should your exertions but barely bring in enough to accomplish these objects, still I would not have you change places with Jethro Sans, with all his prosperity. You are not rich, it is true, but you have done the people, and your country, service; and they love and honor you for it. Jethro Sans is rich; but beyond his riches he looks not for enjoyment or happiness. He lives in the riches of this world's goods; you, I trust, in those of a clear conscience and the promises of the Gospel. Let time and posterity determine which of the two is the most precious inheritance."

"Well said, my beloved wife; your words are, as they always have been, a consolation and encouragement to me in my melancholy moments. I will take heart and do my best."

Mr. Demster took a Bible from the stand, and after reading a portion of scripture, he knelt down, with Eliza by his side, and fervently offered up his evening oblation to the God of Heaven.

Again we are in the streets of Memgog. We pause before a fine house, the finest in the whole village—the most commodious, costly, and rich looking. We admire its beauties, for it belongs to Jethro Sans; and we cast our eyes to the left, and we look upon a neat snug store, on the corner of the street, bearing across the front the name of Jethro Sans, painted in large letters. Our curiosity leads us into the store; for these evidences of prosperity contrast strikingly with the former situation of our friend. Accordingly we enter, and find that the business done inside does not belie the outward appearance of Jethro Sans' buildings. The store is well furnished with merchandise of various descriptions, and several clerks are busily employed dealing out to customers; while Jethro Sans, himself, is nimbly carrying his portly, and now well dressed person, from place to place, overseeing here, directing there, like an experienced commander amongst his troops in action; and bowing and scraping with the grace of a dancing master, to new comers, as if solicitous of their custom, and disposed to pay them all manner of politeness.

Here is your man of business, your money making man. Here is health, ability, and complete devotion to the God of Moloch. All is cold calculation; and the machinery of business is carried on in all its intricate connections, with the regularity of clock work: whilst no thought or object of an extraneous nature is permitted, in the least, to interfere with it. His clerks, like automata, move at his nod: his agents regard his will as their only rule of action: and all who have dealings with him are schooled by a systematic play upon their vanity, prejudices, fancies, and interest, so as to render almost entire submission to his pleasure. Jethro Sans' influence, consequently, is unbounded within the sphere of his actions. He is become rich. He has money at interest, owns stock, holds mortgages on sundry farms, has a farm besides his village estate, merchandize, &c. &c. He is reckoned the wealthiest man in his section of country already, and will, in all probability, go on increasing his treasures until old Time lays to him his merciless scythe, and cuts him down to sleep the sleep of death. Ah! Jethro Sans, it is then thou wilt learn the true value of gold; and then thou wilt go to receive the just reward of thy merits!

But now the hour of closing store is come, and we follow Jethro Sans to his fine dwelling, after he has seen, with his own eye, every thing safe and in order. We enter with him into his elegant parlor, and behold, once more, the bluff Mrs. Sans, looking as hearty as when we saw her lustily maintaining the privileges of her house, on the affair of the beads. The parlor contains a centre table, covered with novels and the last souvenir—a piano forte—a sofa, and other evidences of female taste and refinement. And this is the residence of the once poor boy who pined away in a log hut for the possession of wealth. How differently has time and the world dealt with him and his other half, to what they have with Mr. Demster and his Eliza! But let us pass.

On entering the parlor, our eyes are riveted, for a moment on the form of a young female—the daughter—who is sitting at the piano, darting her half practised fingers over its chords, producing snatches of duets and love songs. She is dressed finely, and her motions and occasional bursts of potent anger, as well as a sort of listless languor, show her to be an only child and an heiress of great expectations, and, therefore, a pet.

Our curiosity being satisfied on this object, we turn to where the mother sits, whom we came almost on purpose to see. She is regarding her daughter with all a mother's fondness; occasionally applauding her exertions, and striving to as-

suage her ill temper. How gently has time dealt with her! She preserves her round and robust form: her countenance is still smooth, and ruddy with health; though presenting the softness of ease; and one would suppose she had never seen an hour's sickness for the last twenty years, so placid is her smile, and so full of the fulness of health is her look. The same remarks will also apply to Jethro Sans, saving that his countenance shows the marks of intense labor of the mind, and the inroads of heavy cares.

Their mode of living had greatly changed since last we met. They now dress expensively; live high, make as much show as possible of their wealth, and court popularity, and the friendship of the rich, and great. This change may be attributed to the following causes. 1st. They have a daughter to settle; and, secondly, Jethro Sans wishes all the world to be made sensible of his superior worldly prosperity over Mr. Demster. He drinks in sweet revenge whenever an opportunity occurs to bring home to Mrs. Demster's notice the great change in their relative circumstances in regard to property—for he cares not a fig for any moral considerations. He has a deep account to settle with his rival—the loss of his Eliza, the crushing of the sweet hopes of his first and only love, (except the love of money) rankles like a deadly arrow in his heart; and nothing short of the utter ruin of the innocent cause of his unhappiness will be able to heal the wound.

"Well, wife," said Mr. Sans, as he took his seat at the fire; "when are you going to send Florida back to the academy?"

"Not until the Demsters come home, I'll assure you; for I won't allow her to be so much disgraced as to have people suppose that they associate together in the same school," was the intrepid reply of the haughty mother.

"And that ought to be soon, I should think," rejoined Jethro Sans, with a chuckle. "For I don't believe Demster can find money to spare to pay their expenses and tuition much longer."

"O, as to that matter," continued the wife, in the same strain of wit; "I presume he can get credit for them, for you know he is a great idol of the people; and a public functionary to boot. His respectable name will get him all the credit he wants."

Mr. Jethro Sans enjoyed a hearty laugh at this witty sally of his better half, and Miss Florida heightened the character of the scene, by adding her portion of scandal in the way of dissertations on the manners and customs of the Demsters, (who, by the by, were models of good behaviour) and mimicking their acts and sayings. But

we gladly quit the presence of this family, and change the order of our subject.

We are once more in the bar-room of our friend Chandle; our old companions, Joe, Niel, and Jut, amongst many others of the villagers are present. Some subject of importance is on the tapis, for it calls forth animated discussion, heightened no doubt by a plentiful flow of the inspiring liquid. Words run high, and soon sundry demonstrations are made, significative of a disposition abroad to "divide the house." So great is the confusion that we can only distinguish here and there a word that can give us a clue to the subject matter of dispute. We will record these precious words, gentle reader, that you may be as much enlightened on the nature of this subject as we are ourselves, and then leave it with yourself to guess what it might be.

"It's a d--d lie."—"I will maintain my words even with life, if necessary."—"Demster is not what he would be thought to be."—"I'll swear that."—"You're a scoundrel!"—"Jethro Sans! why I could eat him!"—"Say that word again, if you dare." "Hold here! no fighting in my house! Help here, to put these scoundrels out of doors."

Here the hubbub increased to such a degree,—several parties having fairly pitched battle, whilst some were trying to part them, and others again were opposing these peaceful efforts, and urging fair play, and the landlord bellowing at the top of his lungs for aid to clear his house:—I say these transactions, in connection with the loud words, noise, and clangor of the fight, produced such a hubbub that we were glad to quit this scene also, and make our retreat, just as we saw our friend Uriah Jut, stripped to the elbows, and red with rum and anger, felled to the floor by a side blow from a skulking opponent, and dragged by several stout men to the door and pitched unceremoniously into a puddle of water in the middle of the street. Beholding this sorrowful sight, we decamp hastily, filled with melancholy reflections on the effects of ardent spirits in promoting neighbourly strifes, and cogitating long on the mutability of human affairs.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

ONCE more we take a jog in the course of time; and we are yet again in Mengog, in a room in the dwelling of Charles Demster. It is the closing scene with him. He is stretched upon a bed, emaciated, pallid, and panting for the breath that is rapidly receding to the God who gave it. He is not aged, his years scarce numbering three score; but his strength is spent; not by dissipation, or ill use of his powers, but by laborious

attention to his public and private duties, in doing good. His time is come; and he meets his end like a true christian. A calmness and serenity overspreads his death-like countenance; a placid smile sits on his quivering lip, and his eyes, though receding in their sockets, glance upward with a seraphic expression of thankfulness and hope, as if rejoiced that his race was so nearly run, and now he is about to enter upon the reward of his labors.

His Eliza, still tender and loving, though bent with years and disease, and looking as if she longed for nothing more than to be laid beside her beloved husband, in death, stands weeping at his bed side, holding one of his hands in hers. His son and daughter, now grown to years of maturity, stand one on either side of their mother, dissolved in tears, and partaking of their share of the agony of the moment. The room is crowded with anxious neighbors, wearing solemn aspects, and apparently hardly less affected by the dread approaches of death than the relatives themselves.

But now a shivering runs through the frame of the dying man, and for a moment he struggles in a passing convulsion. He closes his eyes a space, during which the anxiety of the family and bystanders becomes intense. Dead silence reigns, and hardly a breath is drawn. He opens his eyes, and directs them languidly towards the family group. He whispers his last farewell, as he alternately presses the hands of his wife and children, and then closing them again he drops quietly into the arms of death without a sigh or a groan. Such was the last end of Charles Demster. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Time flies, and we stand in a handsome room; richly hung all round, except in the front, with splendid curtains. A bed stands before us, and on it is stretched the form of Jethro Sans. He too is come to his death bed, for no mortal can escape this dread ordeal! His age may be three score years and ten, but his frame is stout and robust; disease has not wasted it, for it has come upon him suddenly, and he writhes in an agony of distress. The room is solitary; a single female domestic, who sits at the foot of the bed watching her master with tears of sympathy, is the only person in or about it. And yet it is the hour of death!

Ah, what availeth now, mortal! the pride, the vanity of wealth? What avails thy stock, thy money at interest, thy mortgages, thy lands, thy gold and silver? Do they impart comfort to thee in this dread hour of trouble? Where are those dear relatives that should be near to smooth the pillow of death, and render thee their last

tribute of love and filial duty? Ah! thine own heart tells thee the cause of their absence. But why is thy countenance blank and horror struck, thine eyes wandering and fearful in expression? and why do thy lips utter curses on the very threshold of eternity? Is it that thou dreads to leave the gods of earth, which thou hast worshipped, to go to meet the God of Heaven whom thou hast not worshipped?

A violent paroxysm shakes the frame of the dying man; and after this is abated, he whispers to his faithful domestic: "Ask Florida to come to me—just for one moment, I would see her face once more!"

The maid vanishes, and in a few moments returns with a young physician, and a lady, whose costly rings and ear knobs, and whose rich apparel bespeak her to be a leader of the "ton." The physician with officious kindness hastens to the bedside of the patient, feels his pulse, and remarking with professional sagacity that "he is not so well," starts off to give some directions to the servants below.

Jethro Sans, with a beseeching look, stretched out his trembling hand towards his daughter, "Florida, dear Florida!" ejaculated he in a tender appeal.

The lady snails to the bedside. Her countenance is full of health and beauty, but her eye is cold, and her manner unmoved. She mechanically touches the hand of her parent, but the latter falls listless on the bed clothes. Jethro Sans' eyes close, a convulsion seizes his lips, and frigid despairing expression overspreads his face. He is dead! That cold look and careless bearing of his darling Florida, in that trying moment, was more than the parent's nature could endure, and he sank to forgetfulness in death! Thus died Jethro Sans, and here ends our tale's contrast. If the reader can gather instruction therefrom our end is gained.

#### CURIOSITY IN TEXAS.

MR. KENNEDY, in his late work on Texas, says one of the most remarkable natural curiosities is a petrified forest, near the head of Pasigono river. It consists of several hundred trees, in an erect position, turned to stone. Trees now growing are partially petrified.

#### THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

It is not generally known that the present Emperor of Morocco was originally a merchant in Mogadore; that the previous Emperor bequeathed the crown to him, in preference to his son who was a *and scapegrace*; and that that very son is now with Abd-el-Kader.

#### ONCE IN THE ROSY PRIME OF YOUTH.

BY MRS. MOORE.

Once in the rosy prime of youth,  
When fancy wore the guise of truth,  
And joy around my footsteps hung;  
And hope in syren numbers sung,  
And life was like an April day  
Whose frowns by smiles were chased away—  
A gentle dream my soul possessed,  
I loved, and deem'd my love was blessed.

Long years have flown—but on my sight  
She rises now, a form of light;  
With flowing locks of sunny hue,  
And laughing eyes of liquid blue,  
And snowy brow and dimpled chin,  
And ruby lips with pearls within,  
And cheeks whose blushes came and went,  
As her young soul grew eloquent.

But why name features passing fair,  
The coldest breast such charms may wear,  
They did not give the mental grace  
That lighted up that speaking face;  
The mind that breathed in look and tone  
Formed the bright links in beauty's zone;  
If she had faults—they were to me  
Spots in the sun—love could not see.

She was a thing of smiles and tears,  
A child in heart, though not in years;  
As bright a soul as e'er took wing  
With fancy through the realms of spring.  
Her gentle grief, like summer rain,  
When sunbeams chase it over the plain;  
Her joy, a burst of transport gay,  
That wuld dark visag'd care away.

Oh! such was Mary—ere the world  
Its subtle toils around her fur'd,  
And selfish interest claim'd a part  
In that young, warm, and guileless heart.  
And fashion taught her to despise  
Those charms so precious in my eyes:  
I woke—and steel'd my breast with pride  
To hail my love another's bride!

#### S Y M P A T H Y .

BY MRS. MOORE.

Long I looked on the face of night,  
At her hosts in glory shining;  
One lovely star shed a softer light  
In the rosy west declining,  
I gazed on its beams till I felt that thine eyes,  
Like mine own, were raised to the glowing skies.

Thy soul met mine in that silent hour,  
Thy kindred heart was sighing,  
And felt at that moment the magic power  
On my own dark spirit lying.  
Yes: we met in the shadowy world of thought,  
How blissful the meeting that fancy wrought.

Discussions in a book are like foreign troops in a state, which argue the nation to want a heart and hands of its own; and often either subdue the natives, or drive them into the most unfruitful corners.—*Swift*.

# ALEE THE SIX-FINGERED.

A TALE OF WESTERN BARBARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY GARLAND.

DEAR SIR,—In a notice of Hay's "Western Barbary," inserted in your last number, I adverted to a narrative contained in it—the History of "Alee the Six-Fingered,"—as abounding in stirring incident, as well as affording much information respecting Moorish manners and customs. I now write you, to recommend the insertion of this tale in the GARLAND, certain that its animated narrative and vivid descriptions, cannot fail to interest your readers, whilst it will give them a higher and more perfect idea of Mr. Hay's style, and of the fund of amusement and instruction conveyed in his work, than the short extracts previously given.

The story is narrated by an old Arab, whom Mr. Hay encountered on his journey from Tangier to Larache, and whose person and equipment are thus described :

"He was a venerable-looking Arab, well mounted on an iron-grey rat-tailed barb; on the bow of his high-peaked saddle rested the long Moorish gun; and in his right hand he carried a small stick, upon which were inscribed some Arabic characters. This I recognised as one of the holy batons given by sainted persons to those who are about to undertake a journey, as a protection on the road from robbers and from mishaps of all sorts. A simple halib was his only covering; his legs and sinewy arms were bare, and his slippered feet were armed with the Moorish spurs, which are merely silvered spikes of iron about a foot long, with a circle of metal at the hilt to prevent more than the point penetrating; but even with this precaution I have heard of a bad rider giving a death-wound to his steed."

In the course of conversation, the stranger mentions the name of Alee Boofrahee, named—from the peculiar conformation of his hands—the Six-Fingered, whose deeds of daring he proceeds, at the request of his English companion, to relate.

Read the tale yourself, Mr. Editor, and should you hesitate for a moment on its insertion, its perusal cannot have given you half the pleasure that it has bestowed upon

Yours very truly,

EDMOND HUGOMONT.

September, 1844.

## CHAPTER I.

"In the name of the most merciful God!—Know then, Nazarene, that some twenty years ago, when Mookai Soleeman was shaded by the imperial umbrella, there resided in the village of Bendeaban, which is situated on the way to Fas, about four miles south of Tangier, the father of our hero, Mohamed Boofrahee by name. Alee was his only son, his mother having gone to her Creator on the day of his birth, and Mohamed had vowed never to wed again.

"Mohamed Boofrahee, like the rest of his neighbours, was a poor farmer possessing two or three patches of land and a small vineyard. He was also a sportsman and a good shot. His young son Alee was never so happy as when accompanying his father on a shooting excursion, and he was always the first to see the game; for his

father being now past threescore, his sight had grown dim. An idle fellow was Alee in other respects; for though Mohamed sent him every morning to the village school to be instructed by Taleh Moostafa in the Koran, he was never able to repeat ten verses together of that holy book: but in running, playing at foot-ball, wrestling, or firing at a mark, no young man in the village could compete with the six-fingered.

"I remember," continued the rider of the rat-tailed, "on the marriage of the Sheikh Mohamed Biteewy, of the village of Boannar, I was invited with my brethren, who were encamped in the plains of Sheref al Akand, to attend the marriage feast; and a merry-making, I can assure you, we had. God's bounty was seen in those days. There were dishes of Kesksoo\* set before us which

\* The national dish of the Moors. It is made of the

seven men could hardly lift; and the slave of the sheikh, the long-armed Embarek, bared himself to the shoulder and dived into the deep dishes for the fat mutton, the goodly epongs, and the other dainty bits. Water melons, grapes, and other fruits were piled before us to sharpen appetite: drums and pipes sounded from day-break to sunset, whilst the graceful Absalam enchanted the eyes of all, whilst they gazed on his gazelle-formed limbs, as he kept time in the dance to the guitar of Ben Dawwed.

"*Lab el Barode* (powder play) commenced. Our tribe mustered about two hundred horse; we charged in line; some stood on their heads at full speed; others changed horses with their companions at full gallop: then reining in, as we dashed within a gun's length of the sheikh, we fired our muskets, wheeled round, and gave place to others who charged close in our rear."

Here my new acquaintance, excited by the recital of the exploits of his tribe, suddenly broke off his story, and dashing his spurs into the flank of his barb, burst away at full speed, shouting "Allah! Allah!" His turban fell off—not accidentally, I am inclined to think—and the haik loosened from his shoulders in the breeze, was poised in the air for a moment, and fell to the ground. He then fired, threw the rat-tailed on his haunches, and, wheeling round, came back at full gallop. As he approached us, he recovered his haik with the muzzle of his gun, and then throwing himself on one side, stretched his long arm, and, while yet in full course, whisked up his turban from the ground. In another moment he was by my side, replaced his headgear with the greatest gravity, and continued his narrative as coolly as if he had merely paused to take a pinch of snuff.

"The powder-play," said he, "being finished, we fired at a mark. Seedy Tayeb Boccassem of Wazan, whom God hath blessed with an unerring eye—the prince of marksmen—chanced to be present. To him we referred to judge whom amongst us was the best shot. A pile of stones, with a small pebble or a flower at the top, was our target. Many good shots had been made, but the beardless Alee put us all to shame; seldom did he miss the flower, and Boccassem declared him the victor. When the firing ceased, Boccassem offered up a prayer to the Lord of all creatures for the welfare of the whole party.

"Seedy Boccassem," said the sheikh, "there is one shot yet to be fired, and that too by the finest marksman amongst us: so get ready your gun. And here," continued the sheikh, holding out an egg, who is there that will put this egg

fine part of wheat flour, and is dressed in a similar manner to Turkish pilaph—only steamed, instead of boiled.

between his ankles, and stand by yonder alee for Seedy Tayeb Boccassem to break it?"

"There was a dead silence—no one moved from his place but young Alee. The boy ran forward, kissed the hand of Sheikh Mohamed Biteewy, and soon placed himself at the alee with the egg between his ankles.

"In the name of God," said Boccassem, as he poured in the powder, and rammed down the wadding of palmetto rind; and 'God be propitious,' said he as the ball rolled down. The cock of the gun was pulled back, the priming was poured into the pan, and Boccassem, squatting on the ground, levelled his gun.

"Am I properly placed?" said Alee.

"Bring up the left leg more," said Boccassem: "that will do."

"The long gun seemed as steady as if it had rested on a rock: every man held his breath. Bang went the gun, and Alee's ankles were besmeared with the yolk of the egg.

"Thank God!" said Boccassem; and we shouted one and all.

Young Alee came forward, and Seedy Tayeb Boccassem laid his hands on him and blessed him, prophesying that at some future time he also would be able to perform the feat of breaking the egg. 'But beware, boy,' said he, 'attempting it until you arrive at such perfection as never to miss your mark; for I remember some years ago, when I was at the holy city of Wazan during the feast of the lamb, Bengeloon and other marksmen of fame from distant parts had assembled to shoot at the target. Bengeloon and I were the only two who had fired at the egg. Then Kaid Absalam, he who had been governor of Aleassar, whose heart was black with envy, swore by the beard of our Prophet that he could do what others had done before him: so he called one of his slaves, and told him to take his place with the egg, about thirty paces from where he was sitting;—it was the same distance at which we had fired.

"The gun was levelled, and Bengeloon—may God profit us through him!—looking over the kaid's shoulder, exclaimed, 'Allah! unless you keep your gun steeper, O kaid, you will hit his left leg.' Bang went the gun and the slave fell with a groan, for the ball had passed through his left ancle.

"There go a hundred dollars," said Kaid Absalam; 'but the next shot shall hit the egg. Abdel-Ilubeeb,' said he, calling on another of his slaves, 'take another egg and stand where Embarek stood. Coward! what do you tremble for? Stand steady, or I will put a ball through your heart.'

"Again the gun was levelled.

"All wrong," said Bengeloon, who remained at

his shoulder. Bang it went, and the ball passed through the fleshy part of the leg, but the slave kept his position.

"That is a fine fellow," said Bengeloon to the kaid, who was again loading his gun: "Be merciful, as you expect mercy in the world to come."

"True," said the Kaid, "but I must have another shot, for all that." He fired again for the third time, and broke the egg!

"Well, Christian, as soon as Seedy Tayeb Boocassen finished his story, wrestling and playing at sword-stick commenced:—Alee threw and overcame every antagonist; and the marriage feast ended merrily.

"Days and months rolled on, and Alee was idle and would not work with his father. The grape season came, and it was found that the vineyards of Bendeuban had been plundered; but the robber could not be discovered: although a sharp look-out was kept constantly from the tall aloestalk watch-stands both night and day, the thief eluded all their vigilance.

"One morning Mohamed Boofrahee, Alee's father, having gone into his own vineyard, observed a quantity of the fruit to be missing. Mohamed who, as I have already told you, was a sportsman and accustomed to track his game, searched for the footsteps of the plunderer; but the ground was hard, and dry—no traces could be found, and he was giving up all search as useless, when on one spot a well known foot-mark caught his eye. 'Holy prophet!' exclaimed Mohamed, as he counted the marks of the toes, one, two, three, four, five, six; 'have I not forbidden Alee to enter the vineyard? Ah! it is he who has robbed the vineyards of my neighbours as well as his father's! This comes of Idleness.'

"Mohamed returned home sorrowful; Alee was an only son, and he was proud of him.

"Alee," said his father, as they sat alone that night, 'you have been in the vineyard.' Alee did not answer. 'Alee,' repeated the father 'you had my orders never to enter that place. I have now discovered who is the plunderer of Bendeuban's vines. But justice shall be done, and to-morrow I shall give you over to the sheikh to receive due punishment. Your idle disposition has long been a cause of distress to me—a good bastinado will help to cure you.'

"Mohamed parted with Alee that night in anger. The morning dawned: Mohamed was doubtfully fond of his son; he had changed his mind and thought it better to hush up the matter, but he resolved to give him some good advice as to his future conduct. So he called out loudly for him, but Alee was not to be found. That day passed and the next; and weeks, and months, and years elapsed, yet still his son was missing.

"Some six years after, there was a great feast in the city of Morocco; the sultan's favorite wife Lâla Fâtima, had been brought to bed of a son, and an imperial order was given that there should be three days of rejoicing; and a countless throng of Arabs and Berbers flocked into the city. It was on the second morning of this feast, and a great crowd had collected to gaze at some mountebanks, who abound on such occasions. Some people were standing; some few behind the rest were on horseback, but the far greater part were squatted on their hams. It was in the vast market-place of Morocco, not far from the stately tower of the great Mosque,\* the Kootsabeen which stands towering above the countless minarets, and whence the unity of God and Mohamed's mission are daily proclaimed.

There were snake-charmers from the desert, jugglers from Soos, and story-tellers in abundance; but what most attracted attention was a tall athletic black from the Bokhâry body-guard of the sultan, who had challenged six men to cudgel-play, all the six at once; and was now brandishing a long staff against that number of antagonists, all armed with the like weapon, and all active players. But the black, by his superior vigour and wonderful dexterity, evaded all their onsets, dealing every now and then, as a momentary occasion offered, a blow that came like a flash of lightning on each opponent.

"Each man when he received a hit from the swarthy athletic, retired from the ring—the rule being such. The black had already disposed of three, and by keeping constantly on the move, and giving every now and then the spring of an antelope he remained himself untouched. The three unhit fencers were men of skill and power, and now with united assaults they pressed hard upon him, but he found victory in pretence (light); for thus separated, the three became, each in his turn, easy victims to his unequalled prowess.

"Flushed with success, the Bokhâry conqueror bared his brawny arm, and now shouted a challenge that was heard from Bab-el-khamees, to Bab-el-khadar; † against all comers, daring any man to receive and give one blow with the fist.

"This same challenge had been repeatedly made on former feasts, and few had ever accepted it with impunity; for a broken rib or some other serious injury always attended a blow from the champion who was a perfect tower of strength, and the chief of the blow-givers.

"A broad-shouldered, athletic-looking fellow,

\* Like in construction to that of the Gircida of the Cathedral at Seville, and built by the same famous Geber.

† Two opposite gates of the City of Morocco.



in the garb of a mountaineer, stepped forward and accepted the challenge, on condition that 'if God gave him the victory,' security should be assured him from the resentment of the Bokhary's comrades.

'That the challenge of the chief Blow-giver had been accepted, reached the ears of the sultan, who sent for the mountaineer, and asked him if it were true that he dared to engage in combat the mighty Shasha, who dealt in blows of death.

"May God prolong the life of our master!" said the mountaineer, throwing himself at the feet of the descendant of the Prophet; 'Yes my lord, I have accepted the challenge of the *kaid*\* of the blow-givers, on condition that I be secured from the vengeance of the Bokhary, should God grant me success.'

"You are a sturdy-looking fellow," said the sultan; 'where do you come from, and what is your name?'

"Alee Boofrahee," replied the man, for he it was; and throwing himself prostrate, he told his tale but said nothing about Bendeeban's vineyard.

He had employed himself it appeared, as courier and muleteer since his flight from his father's house, and had led a roving life, having travelled throughout the whole empire.

"Let him be lodged in the palace," said the sultan to his attendants: 'to-morrow, if it please the most High God, the blows shall be given in our Shereefian presence.'

"The guards fell prostrate, their heads touching the ground, crying out as they did so, 'May God prolong the life of our master!' Then they led off Alee, who that night had his heart's content of keesko."

#### CHAPTER II.

"Alee slept soundly after the Sultan's supper, though he dreamt of blows.

"May God prolong the life of our Lord!" shouted by thousands of prostrate heads, greeted the Kleeef of the Prophet, the champion of God, as he rode under the imperial umbrella† into the Meshwa, a very spacious court of the palace, where the father of Islam gives public audience. The monarch was mounted on a snow-white stallion, which, with arched crest and measured steps, moved majestically under his Shereefian burden,

"All goes smoothly in the world," was whis-

\* The chief.

† Of Prophetic Origin.

† The *Dal*, a very large umbrella, which is in Morocco to this day the ensign of royalty, as it was in very early ages, and still continues to be, in various nations of the East.

pered through the crowd; for thus they interpreted the peaceful colour of the Sultan's steel, which is supposed to indicate his sublime highness's humour: for you know, O Nazarene! that white is the symbol of peace and good-will; black, that of hatred and war; chestnut, that of displeasure; whilst the shades of brown, grey, roan, cream-coloured, and the rest, are each known to express the various state of the imperial mind.

"The bridle and head-trappings were superb, being of green silk richly embroidered in gold, whereon was portrayed, easily to be seen by all men, the sacred emblem of Solomon's seal; and in the hollow of the neck might be remarked now and then, through the thick and silvery mane, a small pouch of scarlet leather, where was held a portion of the earth of the holy Drees's tomb—upon his soul be peace!—and by its side was suspended, in strange conjunction, the polished tooth of some enormous boar—unholy beast! nevertheless an infallible remedy against the evil eye.

"His saddle, which reposed on a housings of orange damask, was quilted in green, having a pommel and girths of the stoutest silk, interwoven with gold thread. The ample stirrups were of massive gold, beautifully chased.

"The Sultan's simple dress formed a striking contrast with the richness of his horse-furniture: He wore a caftan of white kerseymer, with the Moorish girdle of white leather, embroidered with pale blue silk; fastened by a plain silver buckle. A muslin turban, with the silk tuft of royalty, crowned his imperial head; and over this hung gracefully, in full broad folds, a transparent haik of the finest fabric of *Eas*. His legs were equipped in boots of white morocco leather, curiously worked with devices in silk thread.

"The Meshwa herald now proclaimed that *Shasha* (the blow-giver) and the six-fingered Alee, each of free will, were about to test their strength, and that a royal donation of fifty gold mitzakel\* would be the reward of the conqueror.

"May God bless our Lord!" shouted by ten times ten thousand voices, drowned the cry of the herald,—'the deafener,' as the people called him, from his astounding voice. Both the champions were already on the appointed ground, when there arose the question which should receive the first blow.

"On this the sturdy Alee spoke:—

"O mighty Shasha, slave of the Defender of the Faithful, the Sultan of the world! it is my duty to grant that even to the meanest servant of our Lord.

"The Blow-giver replied:

"Your course of life is run; it has reached its goal! Where shall I deal the fatal blow?"

\* A mitzakel is equivalent to about 2s. 6d. sterling.

"Alee pointed to the top of his head.\* The long and muscular arm of the black was now raised and poised in the air over the skull of Alee, who, with knees slightly bent, stood undaunted before his antagonist, a broad grin upon his features, as if certain of his power of resisting all human strength.

"Down came the fist of the black, sounding like the sledge-hammer when struck with force against an anvil. Alee staggered, drops of sweat burst out upon his forehead, his eyes rolled with pain, and seemed starting from their sockets; but recovering he shook himself, and, rubbing his bullet-shaped head and looking around, exclaimed: 'Allah! that is what you may call a blow! and what a blow too! Allah! But now comes my turn, O Bokhary! and if it please the most mighty God, Shasha the blow-giver shall never deal another.'

"Then, turning towards the Sultan, he craved to be allowed to place himself on an equal height with his tall opponent. This was granted; and four soldiers were ordered to fetch a marble block that was at hand, but they found it too much for them. Alee ran to the spot, and, having with their assistance put it on his shoulders, brought it and placed it in front of the Sultan.

"Then having doffed his gelab, he took his position on the block, and, clenching his six-fingered fist, and throwing his body slightly backwards, raised his arm, and seemed to choose a posture whereby he might secure the greatest power. He hesitated, and dropped his arm, as if to consider a little longer.

"And now the black man trembled, and over his sooty face there seemed to come a horrid paleness, as Alee resumed, in a yet more decided manner, his posture of attack.

"Down—rapid, as a thunderbolt—fell Alee's fist, and with it fell the black, never to rise again. The Bokhary's skull was frightfully fractured, and he who had so often dealt the blows of death, was now but as one of those who had met a like fate from his own relentless arm."

\* With the poorer classes of this country the heads of boys are all closely shaven from their earliest youth, and left bare to the sun or storm, not covered by either cap or turban, and thus the skulls of the rude Moors acquire a thickness as extraordinary as that which historians affirm to have distinguished the ancient Egyptians.

The Moorish boys when fighting butt against each other with their heads, and he who falls is sure to have the power of his cranium proved by a stone or brick-bat, if, one lie at hand; and often have I heard such cracks resound upon the Moslem pates as would inevitably have fractured the skull of a hat-wearer, and for the tempting sinner of one farthing will many of these hats break you a well-tempered brick over his bare pate with more good will than I would crack a biscuit on my own.

"There is no power nor strength but in God," exclaimed the Sultan, as the black expired at his feet. "Give the clown," pointing to Alee, "the fifty ducats, and let him have safe conduct. Shasha, in truth, is a great loss to my household; but who can avoid God's decrees, which are written in the Book of Fate."

"Alee took the purse; and ere the Sultan's mandate for him to be escorted could be put in force, he had mingled with the crowd, and was seen no more. Some said that the brethren of the black murdered him that night."

"And was he," said I, "O eloquent follower of the Prophet! was your thick-skulled hero really slain?"

"The owner of the rat-tailed shook his head mysteriously. "Noble Nazarene," he said, "be it known to you, that not many weeks after this blow-giving, many daring robberies were reported to have been committed on the high-way between Tangier and Tetuan, near Ain Jdeeda (the new spring,) a spot marked by many a small whitened cairn, as a field of blood; also on the hill of Dar-el-Clow, over which we travelled yesterday; and in the woods of Sahel, near Larache, and in the great forest of Mamora. No idea could ever be formed as to the number of the gang, but it was supposed to be numerous, for well-armed kallas had shared the same fate as single passengers; and what was the most mysterious, the robbers had never been seen, although some suspected that the marks of cloven feet in the wild districts where the robberies were committed were those of the marauders.

"Near to the most difficult passes and from out the darkest and densest thickets would a deep sepulchral voice threaten the travellers; and the words,—'Halt or you die!' would be uttered close at hand. Should no heed be taken of this command, or should any attempt be made to discover the speaker, as sure as there in another world, a shot would lay low some of the party. Search or pursuit for these mysterious highwaymen was useless and proved the death of many a stout heart. The kallas and other travellers finding no resource but to obey, this call came by common consent into a practice of thus stopping when summoned, and according to the demand, they deposited on the ground, food, clothes, money or any thing which they were commanded to place there by the unseen one, who never failed to accompany his requisition with some dreadful threat if any attempt were made to discover him, or if

\* The term used in Morocco for an assemblage of merchants and others travelling with goods, called in the East a karwan, or vulgarly a caravan.

† A belief in the fabled satyrs of old Rome yet lingers in the fancy of the people of West Barbary.

they delayed making the best of their way off after they had paid the toll.

"Schemes were planned, and ambushes laid for trapping these unknown outlaws, for no one could suppose that the public were the victims of a single robber; but the evil spirit, as the folks firmly believed, thwarted all such attempts, for it seemed the peaceful travellers' enemy had strange foreknowledge of every plot against him, and the fool-hardy adventurers who attempted his capture seldom returned to tell their tale."

"It was at this time, O Nazarene gentleman! when such reports were abroad, that there happened to be travelling over the hill of Dur-el-Clow an aged Taleb\* on his return from the village of E-Mzora† to his native place near Tangier. As the old priest reached the 'vale of murders,' he goaded on his mule into a hurried amble, being somewhat cheered on seeing a party of muleteers about a mile before him, who had already gained the summit of the hill, and whom he now anxiously strove to join, for his memory was full of what he had heard when reposing the night before with another traveller in the mosque-hut of E-Mzora; and the horrid tale which now depressed his spirit shall be told you, as we travel on, that you Nazarenes may know of what the Western Saracens are capable under the tempting influence of gold and silver.

"Two Hebrew pedlars who had made some little gain by selling gewgaws to the Arab women, were trudging back to Tangier, when they were assaulted in a woody spot of the Taleb's present track by an armed mountaineer. To offer resistance to a Moslem is the last thought that ever occurs to infidel Jews, so opening quickly their little bag of boutquees,‡ they instantly swallowed the gold.

"The robber searched them, but was disappointed of his prize; but he soon suspected where they had hidden the gains which he well knew they had made in the neighbouring encampments. They poor Jews, trembling, protested their poverty, and kissed the feet of the highwayman, craving his mercy; when the merciless ruffian took advantage of their position, and stabbed his sup-

pliants to the heart, and ripping them up, snatched his bloody booty from their entrails.

"'Stop or I shoot,' grated on the old man's ear as he was pondering on this fearful story. He quickly reined in his mule, and groaned out 'may God have mercy on me.' 'Your prayer is heard O Moostafa the learned,' said the same hollow voice; 'leave your beast and come hither.' The Taleb dismounted, his teeth chattered as he tottered towards the mysterious speaker, who now, in the sing-song tone used by the Mohammedans while reciting the Koran, began to repeat the *Kathat*, or first chapter of the holy book.

"'Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures, the most merciful, the King of the day of judgment; thee do we worship, and of thee do we implore assistance; direct us in the —'

"'I never could get further,' said the unseen speaker. 'and I remember the time, venerable father, when your long stick, that now I see serves as your support, would have been wrapped sharply over my six fingers.'

"'God is great!' exclaimed the Taleb: 'what! is it Alee the six-fingered? O Alee! Alee! thou wouldst not have come to this, if God had willed you should remember his holy words.' Then raising up his staff, as the old pedagogue would have done had he been safe within his school, he prompted the quondam pupil, his ruling passion for teaching, conquering all his fears.

"'Direct us in the right way,—say that, Alee,—in the way of those to whom thou hast been gracious, who walk uprightly, not of those against whom thou art incensed, nor of those who go astray.— But where art thou, my son, or is it thy spirit that speaketh? For I heard the Bokhary killed thee in the month of Doolhedja last."

"Alee who had been well concealed in the hollow trunk of a large and ancient cork tree, startled the old schoolmaster by his sudden appearance, and taking hold of the hem of his garment kissed it reverently.

"'O my son,' said the Taleb, 'I grievously fear thy sins will be on my head! Return with me to Bendeesham and your friends! Still there is hope, for has not the Prophet written—If ye turn aside from the grievous sins which ye are forbidden to commit, we will cleanse you from your faults, and will introduce you into Paradise with an honourable entry?'

"Alee starting from his knees, exclaimed, 'Does the lion, to whom God has given strength above all beasts, does he content himself with a sheep while the herd of oxen are within his grasp? Why then should I live in misery and slavery, since the Ruler of nature has given me the strength and activity of a lion? Whence,' he continued

\* A Taleb is the name given in Morocco to a public scribe or notary; and, as religious and civil law with Mohammedans is one and the same thing, the Taleb is priest as well as scribe.

† Close to the village of E-Mzora is the site of an hehical temple, whereof among numerous remains now profane, one stone called vulgarly by the Moors Al Oostel or the peg, stands yet erect; and is of such large dimensions that it would not discredit the stupendous structure on Salisbury Plain.

‡ Small gold pieces equal in value to about eight shilling each.

in an indignant tone which made the old man tremble, 'whence do sultans and their soldiery—those human falcons—derive their right of preying on the weak? Thinkest thou that I and thousands of bearded men kissed the dust, the other day, in the Meshwa, before him who claims the title of Meer al Moomenin (Prince of Believers,) from good will and affection? No! nor is it from such motive that you and your brethren pay into his coffers your scanty gains! What cause have I for abandoning my mode of subsisting in this world, or for fearing punishment in the next, whilst the defender of your faith breaks the Prophet's law by rapine and extortion, and yet lives at ease in his conscience, so long as he has the power to do wrong with impunity? I am not more of a freebooter than he is; only I practice on a much smaller scale. My edict is, Stand or I fire! My prime minister is my good gun and an unerring aim.'

"Hark! I hear the distant tread of camels: come old man, this night thou shalt be the guest of the Spirit of the Woods; and he laughed wildly. 'Mount your mule, and I will lead the way.'

"The old man fearing to refuse, followed the outlaw. They scrambled their way through the thickest copses, trespassing on the very lair of the lynx, the jackal, and the boar, who, roused, retreated grumbling after their fashion at such strange intrusion.

"The Taleb thought that the way they went looked like one where human feet had never trod before, and so it was most probably, for Alee had avoided detection by never travelling twice over same path.

"The old schoolmaster began to feel himself very uneasy, as, muttering the word Allah! Allah! a hundred times, he followed his extraordinary conductor, grievously fearing that but little good would come to himself or his mule. At length they reached a jungle of briars, apparently impassible; and Taleb Moostafa said with a trembling voice, 'It seems to me, my son; that you have missed the track.'

"Alee made no answer, but having first bent down, as if to examine the ground, uttered a sound like the bleating of a kid, which was soon answered by a shrill whistle, that made the old man's heart sink within him, and put a bridle on his tongue.

"All is right,' said Alee, going to a spot where the jungle seemed the thickest; then listening a while, he threw back a wicket of the living briar, made in such a manner as not to be detected even by a hunter's observing eye. This they passed through, and then the briars were cautiously replaced. Winding along a narrow path cut

through the thicket, they came upon an open space, through which ran a clear stream. On its bank the outlaw had formed a hut, but so thatched as to be with difficulty distinguished from the surrounding thicket foliage.

"As they entered, a young woman in a loose dress ran forward to meet and embrace the outlaw.

"Well, Rahmana, I have not been able to keep my promise to bring the bracelets and handkerchiefs; for just as the kaffa was coming up, our venerable uncle here made his appearance on the highway, and I could not let my good old schoolmaster pass our dwelling without a welcome: so my dear Rahmana, you must make ready some savoury dish out of the flesh of the wild cow \* I shot yesterday; for I think our guest must be very hungry.' As he spoke he turned round to the old man, who had sat down with his back turned to the fair partner of his wild pupil.

"Come Seedy Moostafa, said Alee, 'the Spirit of the Woods is not jealous of his Hourri. Why is woman made lovely but to be looked upon? and what were our eyes given us for by the All-wise but to behold beautiful things? Rahmana, go ask the Taleb's blessing, and then prepare the kekssoo.'

"To hear was to obey with old Moostafa upon the present occasion; so raising the hood of his white gelab, he looked upon Rahmana, who bent to kiss his hand, and having received a blessing, left him in order to prepare the meal.

"This damsel is truly beautiful—blessed be God!—and seems happy with you in this wild scene: may I ask you, my son, how came she here?

"Alee took out a small cane carved in Arabic; then jerking out on the hollow between his thumb and forefinger a long snuff of Tetnan tobacco, offered it to the Taleb; and looking at him, steadfastly, replied: 'For my wife I paid no dowry; yet I hold her dearer, ay, dearer, I dare say, than the Kaid of Alessar can prize either of his four, though for one of them alone he gave a dower of a thousand Mitzakel. Now hear how I brought my fair one to her bridegroom's home.'

"Having one morning taken up my position on a high rock that gave a wide command of view, I remained perched like the eagle, watching for my prey; when a party of travellers appeared slowly winding up the hill. The principal persons were preceded by their baggage animals

\* Within a very few years wild cattle abounded in the woods of Boonar; they were of a dun colour, had very long horns, and were of lighter frame than the tame cattle. When wounded they were very dangerous. The last of these wild animals was, I understand, killed about four years ago.

with their drivers; behind these rode on an ambling mule a venerable man, whose dress bespoke some wealthy Fas merchant; and by his side, on a stout pony, rode, after the fashion of a man, a female closely muffled up.

"I descended cautiously from the height; then taking my stand by a fountain near the highway, waited with cocked gun the traveller's approach.

"I had already taken sure aim at one of the muleteers, who having a brace of pistols slung over his gelab, might, I thought, prove my most troublesome opponent.

"As the party reached the fountain, the old man dismounted from his mule, then helped his female companion to alight, whose beauty, which you have so deservedly admired, I then first beheld; for as she dismounted, her haik caught in the stirrup, which drew it from her grasp, and unveiled the hallowed features. From that moment I resolved she should be mine, and God willing, without bloodshed.

"The old man having seated her at the verge of the wood, in the shade, ordered the muleteers to push on with the baggage animals towards Tangier, and said that he would rejoice them with his daughter as soon as he had performed his ablution and prostration; for the shortened shadow told it was about mid-day, and the hour of prayer. I now felt convinced my prize would be easily won, for the protector of the fair was too infirm to offer resistance, yet still I waited my best opportunity.

"The old man, having performed sundry ablutions at the fountain, took from his saddle-bags a fine Fas rug, on which, having spread it east and west, he began his adoration; but finding I suppose, the surface of the ground in that spot too rough for his aged limbs, he moved to a level plot of turf some fifty yards down the hill, and there in perfect comfort recommenced his genuflections.

"God forbid," said old Moostafa, "That at such a moment thou should'st have wronged him."

"It was God's will," continued the robber; "but listen."

"Leaving my gun against a tree, I crept cautiously through the thicket, until I reached its border, where sat Rahmanna closely wrapped in her haik. I was about to carry my purpose into execution, when the clatter of horse's hoofs was heard fast ascending the hill, and obliged me again to retreat into the bushes. The new comers proved to be a body of cavalry escorting prisoners, whose hands and feet were strongly bound in chains. The party halted at the fountain for a little time to refresh their horses; and then moved quickly on again. The old man was yet

at prayers, though I could perceive he was about to conclude them. Scarcely were the horsemen out of sight, when I crept again with noiseless step towards the damsel. Her back was turned: I took off my slippers, and crawling with hands and feet cautiously approached near to her: then giving a glance at the old man, whose forehead was pressed to the ground. I pounced upon my prey, and pressing the haik over her mouth, I lifted her in my arms, and dashed into the forest, regaining my gun as I passed the tree.

"The poor girl was sadly frightened, and endeavoured to give the alarm to her aged parent; but he could not have heard her stifled screams. I brought her to this hut, and loosening the veil, gazed on her features. A death-like paleness had come over them, and her eyes were closed. I shuddered as I thought that Azrael the arch-robber of mankind, had snatched her from me. A gentle heaving of the bosom told me, however, that her fate was not yet written. She looked so pale and sorrow-stricken, that for a moment I almost resolved to restore her to her father; but then, I reflected that a worse lot might befall her than to be the wife of one who already loved her so fervently as I did; for perhaps, reasoned I, she is destined to become one of a numerous harem of some old dot in Tangier;—and this," said the Arab, interrupting himself, "was just the case."

"I bathed," continued Alee, "her forehead with cool water from this stream; she opened her eyes, but shrunk back on beholding me, and cried out, "O father, save me!" and then again she closed her long eyelashes, studded with liquid diamonds. Long, long, it was that she remained disconsolate. She would take no food all the day and night, and I watched her almost insensible form. On the morning I again endeavoured to soothe her, but the only words she uttered were, "Where is my father?" I swore to her by my heard, that he was unharmed, at the same time declaring my passion for her, and that I was her slave. Still she rejected food. I continued to watch her with the tenderest care, and vowed never to sleep or eat till she became assured I meant her no harm.

"At length hunger obliged her to taste something; and then, poor girl, after many days she took courage to converse with me. She told me who she was, and that her father, in spite of all her entreaties, had resolved to have married her to the old administrator of customs in Tangier, a husband aged enough to remember the first plague. —But now," said the robber, "we're husband and wife, and only wish for your blessing and a written contract to be as happy a pair as the doves,

*God's proclaimers,\** that are wooing over our heads.

"That shall be granted," said the old Taleb; "but my good Alee what became of her father?"

"Why," said Alee, "I little know; though, in truth I heard one of a party of travellers, while sitting under the very tree from which I carried off Rahmana, relate that a beautiful girl of Fas had been carried off from her father, and that the old man was persuaded it was the *Jin* of the Woods; for although at prayers within a few paces of her, he had seen nothing, and had heard nothing."

"The next morning before break of day Alee conducted his guest through the forest to the high road, and on taking leave presented him with thirty mitzakeh, and cloth of the finest texture sufficient to make a soolliam, which would have done honour to a lady. But, O noble Christian, the old man, as I shall now relate, was little worthy the confidence and bounty of his former pupil.

"Not many days succeeding this strange adventure of Taleb Moostafa with the spirit of the woods, a message was despatched by the Kaid of Tangier to the court, which was then in Morocco, giving full particulars of the abode and person of the secret evil doer, declaring that he who carried off the Merchant's daughter, was no other than the six-fingered Alee. On that very day a considerable number of horsemen were ordered to scour the wood of Dar A'clon; but they did so without success. They had penetrated even to the very cave where the scene took place which I have just described, where the yet smouldering embers and other recent vestiges showed that the strange inhabitant had received as true information of their intention as they of his abode.

"Daring robberies were now committed day after day in the forest of Maucora, about three days journey from Alee's late retreat. A party of Arabs had laid in wait for Alee, and succeeded in wounding him; but as usual Alee escaped, sending three of their number to rejoice the hearts of the Houris in Paradise.

"A proclamation was issued by the Sultan, and sent to all governors of provinces and towns, to all knits and sheikhs of this western empire, ordering them to use all diligence to take alive or to kill Alee, the six-fingered, the plague of the universe. All were obedient to the Shereefian edict, yet still the outlaw kept the country in alarm. Wealthy travellers and rich-laden kallas took redoubled precaution against the formidable Alee whose rapid movements made many people

believe that he had a charmed life, and could be in ten places at one time.

Alee however, wisely kept friends with the country folk, and the poor especially, often enriching them at rich men's cost; it was indeed strongly suspected that the people of many camps and hamlets had connived with him; nay, that they even were associated with him in more than one of his forays."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SUNSET.

'Tis sunset, and how soft the light  
The glowing sky o'er all has thrown;  
While the bright clouds that charm the sight,  
Make us forget the day has flown.

Deep silence reigns o'er hill and vale,  
The busy hum no more is heard:  
And in the gently sighing gale,  
The forest leaves are scarcely stirred.

'Mid such a scene, the glorious sun  
Sinks gently 'neath yon distant hill,  
Departs, his daily course now run,  
Another land with light to fill.

Thus do we see the Christian die,  
Who knows his pilgrimage is o'er:  
Who leaves the world without a sigh,  
To land upon the heavenly shore,

Even in death's grasp, his brow serene,  
His calmness, as he sinks to rest,  
His face, on which a smile is seen,  
Proclaim that he is truly blest.

For Christ is with him in that hour,  
When earthly hopes and comforts fall,  
To strengthen with Almighty power,  
The soul that walks through death's dark vale.

Oh! let me die the Christian's death,  
Be mine his hope, his joy, his love;  
And when I'm call'd to yield my breath,  
Oh! may I find a home above.

M.

## THE LEARNED ELEPHANT.

"That's a very knowin' ha'nimal of your's," said a cockney gentleman to the keeper of an elephant. "Very," was the cool rejoinder. "He performs strange tricks and hanties, does he?" inquired the cockney, eying the animal through his glass. "Surprisin'," retorted the keeper, "we've learned him to put money in that box you see up there. Try him with a dollar." The cockney handed the elephant a dollar, and sure enough, he took it in his trunk, and placed it in a box high out of reach. "Well, that is very hextraordinary—has-tonishing truly!" said the green one, opening his eyes. "Now, let us see him take it out, and 'and it back." "We never learns him that trick," retorted the keeper, with a roguish leer, and then turned away to stir up the monkeys, and punch the hyenas.

\* An epithet given to the dove by the Moors from the motion they make when cooing being similar to that of the prostrations of a Moslem at prayer.

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## NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

" Books, we know,  
Are a substantial world, when pure and good.  
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

WORDSWORTH.

No. III.

" THE AMBER WITCH. "

BY C. N.

SINCE the days when we pored over the pages of the Vicar of Wakefield, we have read nothing at once so simply and beautifully written, or so deeply calling forth our sympathy, as this little Romance, which the author, with a pride in his bantering that scorns all subterfuge, has boldly and truthfully named, "most interesting." We congratulate our readers that Mr. Murray has promised to introduce this little work into his Colonial Library, and on the prospect that its pages will almost simultaneously with this our unpretending notice, be laid open to them.

By an article in the Quarterly we were lately made aware that great difference of opinion existed among the German critics, as to whether or not this was a *bonâ fide* chronicle of events which actually occurred, or a Romance—and further that when Dr. Meinhold announced it to be the latter, and declared himself the author, not the editor, a great storm of indignation arose against him for his audacity in entrapping the Solons of the Reviews, who gave in their adhesion to witchcraft. Some doubted his veracity, and sneeringly hinted that from the evidence of his former publications, it might safely be asserted that his pastoral character to the contrary notwithstanding, he was *not* the author of the Amber Witch!

Be this as it may—the book as it is—a Romance, quite as much as if it were a veritable chronicle—is the most acceptable thing which the teeming press of the present century has for a long time produced. Not all the well rounded periods and super-eloquent language of Bulwer—not all the Quixotic Knight Errantry of James, who, tome

upon tome, has been running a muck through all the heroes of the feudal ages—not all the Newgate Calendar of Harrison Ainsworth—the High Toryism of Warren—or the Young Englandism of D'Israeli—no, not even the graphic pen, and master hand of Eugène Sue—have afforded us the exquisite, yet sorrowing pleasure, which we have felt in listening to poor old Abraham Schweidler recite, in his own naive and simple style, his mighty griefs—and through all, his unpretending yet ever present FAITH.

Go ye, who amid the petty sorrows—the little annoyances of every day life—have been wont to murmur at the dispensations of Divine Providence, and to impugn the omniscience of the Creator, because he has in small things afflicted you—go ye, and "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," the wholesome lesson which the poor pastor of Coseron reads you in his simple narrative—he himself, unwitting the while, as it would seem, that every new affliction which he relates, and his bearing under it, is a lecture, sharp and cutting as the sword. But with all this—and there are many texts from sacred writ appropriately and feelingly introduced, as we shall shew in the sequel, "to point the moral,"—yet is the general effect such, that your sorrowing sympathies, more than your direct self-reproaches, are excited. And perhaps in this consists the great art of the author. The stern realities of self-reproach, when called forth by direct admonition, are too unpleasant to leave a lasting effect on the mind. We are always ready to throw them off our thoughts. But when the silent monitor speaks to us through our own awakened sympathies for the sorrows,

\* MURRAY'S COLONIAL AND HOME LIBRARY, No. XI.—Mary Schweidler, the Amber Witch; the most interesting trial for Witchcraft ever known; translated from the German. John Murray, Albemarle Street, London; Ariuour & Ramsay, Montreal. Price 2s. 6d.

real or imaginary, of others—it speaks in a gentle, soul subduing tone. The iron sinks into the soul, to be sure—but it no longer seems to wound or hurt you; for while it pains it pleases you—and the lesson is never forgotten. Ever after, it addresses itself to your practical life.

In a Preface the pretended editor, but real author, of the Amber Witch, gives an account of the discovery of the manuscript of Abraham Schweidler—much in the style, although not in the same manner in which the MSS. of Diederich Kniekerbocker, the great Historian of New York, was produced. The story opens during the Thirty Years War. The first few chapters are supposed to have been lost. But in reality the story begins just where, in our opinion, such a story ought to begin. We know, as if by intuition, that Abraham Schweidler is the venerated pastor of Cosecon—that hitherto his life has been a quiet and godly one—that he has the traces of royal blood in his veins—a thing which is quietly told, yet which means a good deal in the end. Now, however, a party of surrounding Imperialist Dragoons have made an attack on the village—the terrified inhabitants, and among them the Pastor and his daughter, have fled for shelter to the Streckelberg, a mountain near the village. With sorrow and affright they behold the flames arise from their dwellings; but the Pastor's house is spared. After plundering these simple people of their provisions both for man and beast, away ride the hated Imperialists. This time the *casa sacra* were saved, for which he thanks God. Starvation stares him in the face. He writes to sheriff Wittich Appelmann, who brutally refuses him his dues. His old church-warden begs for him in the parish. Appelmann, the Sheriff, is a noted character in the book—and so is Lizzie Kolken, the wife of Leden, who is high in repute in the parish, as a witch. Angered at what the simple Pastor and his daughter imagine witchcraft practised on her husband,—they send her away, telling her to help him. She replies "Yea, forsooth I will help him, and thee too." The Pastor's cow dies suddenly. Of course old Lizzie *must* have bewitched her! And now misfortunes begin to gather thick and fast over the devoted heads of the Pastor and his lovely daughter. For although we have no high-flown description of her arched eye-brows, and her glossy ringlets—her marble brow—her pearly teeth—her damask cheeks—or such like invariable characteristics of the novel heroines of the day—we know, we feel that she is beautiful. We are told it in another way—with less ostentation but with greater felicity. All who see her love her at first sight—that is to say all the men, and the old scandal-mongering women strive to decry her reputation as a maid. There is not another

young damsel in the village—else would we swear that she was envied!

Again the Imperialist troops threaten the village, and the pastor and his flock retire to the cavern in the mountain. Thence they behold their dwellings wrapped in flames—and one after the other, stragglers from the village, who had lingered, concealed in the environs, come dropping in, and bring disastrous news.

A flight of field-fares is discovered in the juniper-bushes, and now old Ise the maid, the troopers having galloped to Danceron, goes to the village to cut off the mane and tail of the dead cow to make springes to catch the birds. Old Leden returns, and relates how his wife, Lizzie Kolken the witch, saved him from the troopers. This time the *casa sacra* are lost. The Pastor suspects Lizzie—but she indignantly denies the charge. Next is related how they passed the first night on the mountain—and in the morning they proceed to their bird trapping:—

"Now we wedged the snares right across the road to Uekeritze: and mark what a wondrous act of mercy befell from gracious God! As I stepped into the road with the hatchet in my hand, (it was Leden his hatchet, which he had fetched out of the village early in the morning,) I caught sight of a loaf as long as my arm, which a raven was pecking, and which doubtless one of the Imperialist troopers had dropped the day before."

He hides it under his coat. A great number of the birds are taken—their "mouths water only at the sweet savour of them." The Pastor loses not the opportunity of admonishing his flock. They answer they will endure all things rather than not believe in the great mercy of God.

"Then with tears I drew forth the loaf from my breast, held it on high, and cried, 'Behold, then, thou believing little flock, how sweet a manna loaf your faithful Redeemer hath sent ye through me!' Whereupon they all wept, sobbed, and groaned; and the little children again came running up and held out their hands, crying, 'See! bread, bread!' But as I myself could not pray for heaviness of soul, I bade Paasch his little girl, say the *Gratias* the while my Mary cut up the loaf, and gave each his share. And now we all joyfully began to eat our meat from God in the wilderness."

He then tells them how he found the bread, and calls to their minds Elijah fed by the ravens. He reads to them Luke xiii, 24, Luther's version: "Consider the ravens; for they neither sow nor reap: which neither have storehouse nor barns; and God feedeth them: How much better are ye than the fowls?" But the witch Lizzie Kolken throws away her birds—whereupon at night only seven, and next morning but two birds are snared. The next morning he hears his



daughter, who is a great proficient, he says, in the Latin tongue, chanting the Latin verses attributed to St. Augustine, which are thus beautifully translated in a note. They describe the joys of Paradise:—

“In that far land the citizens all share one equal bread,  
And keep desire and hunger still, although to fullness fed:

Unwearied by satiety, unracked by hunger's strife,  
The air they breathe is nourishment and spiritual life.

Around them bright with endless spring, perpetual roses bloom;

Warm balsams gratefully exude luxurious perfume;

Red crocuses and lilies white, shine dazzling in the sun;

Green meadows yield them harvests rich, and streams with honey run;

Unbroken drop the laden boughs with heavy fruit-  
age bent.

Of incense and of odors strange, the air is redolent;

And neither sun nor moon nor stars dispense their changeful light,

But the Lamb's eternal glory makes the happy city bright!”

They, father and daughter, then behold a wondrous sign of a cross in the sky, and fall upon their knees.

No fish could they catch in sea, or Aethiowater—no game, though the forests of Coseron and Uckeritze were full of them, for no guns, and no powder had they. Domestic cattle were all swept away, except two cows and a pig. They lived on blackberries.

And now comes one of the most beautiful passages in the book, which we must insert bodily:

“And now let any Christian judge by his own heart, in what sorrow and heaviness I took my staff in my hand, seeing that my child fell away like a shadow from pinching hunger; although I myself, being old, did not, by the help of God's mercy, find any great failing in my strength. While I thus went continually weeping before the Lord, on the way to Uckeritze, I fell in with an old beggar with his wallet, sitting on a stone and eating a piece of God's rare gift, to wit, a bit of bread. Then truly did my poor mouth so fill with water, that I was forced to bow my head, and let it run upon the earth before I could ask, ‘Who art thou, and whence comest thou, seeing that thou hast bread?’ Whereupon he answered that he was a poor man of Bannemin, from whom the enemy had taken all; and as he had heard that the Lieper Winkel had long been in peace, he had travelled thither to beg. I straightway answered him, ‘Oh, poor beggarman, spare to me, a sorrowful servant of Christ, who is poorer even than thyself, one little slice of bread for his wretched child; for thou must know that I am the pastor of this village, and that my daughter is dying of hunger. I beseech thee by the living God, not to let me depart without taking pity on me, as pity also hath been shewn to thee!’ But

the beggarman would give me none, saying that he himself had a wife and four children, who were likewise staggering towards death's door, under the bitter pangs of hunger; that the famine was sorer far in Bannemin than here, where we still had berries; whether I had not heard that but a few days ago a woman (he told me her name, but horror made me forget it,) had there killed her own child and devoured it from hunger. That he could not therefore help me, and I might go to the Lieper Winkel myself.”

“I was horror-stricken at the tale, as is easy to guess, for we in our own trouble had not yet heard of it, there being little or no traffic between one village and another; and thinking on Jerusalem, and sheer despairing because the Lord had visited us, as of old that ungodly city, although we had not betrayed or crucified him, I almost forgot all my necessities and took my staff in my hand to depart. But I had not gone more than a few yards when the beggar called me to stop, and when I turned myself round, he came toward me with a good hunch of bread which he had taken out of his wallet, and said: ‘There! but, pray for me also, so that I may reach my home; for if on the road they smell that I have bread, my own brother would strike me dead, I believe! This I promised with joy, and instantly turned back to take to my child the gift hidden in my pocket.”

Can we imagine desolation more complete—sorrow more heart-breaking? A beloved father doting on his child, sees her wasting before his eyes; her beauty only aggravates the pang which he feels; he turns stricken with grief, and wanders forth to seek food for her. He meets one, if anything more wretched than himself; and still, the impulse is so strong, his love so great, he begs from the man, calling him at the same time “poor beggarman!” But here too, at first, the instinct of self-preservation is predominant over every feeling of pity, and the beggarman refuses him the morsel of bread he asks.

What a subject for a painter of genius! The godly man listens, nevertheless, to the tale of the beggarman; and then silenced by the still greater horror which he hears, turns away despairing for his own dear child; but through all this horror we think we perceive in the words, “I almost forgot all my necessities, and took my staff in my hand to depart,” a feeling of religious thankfulness, as much as if he had said: “Blessed be God, we have not yet come to that.” Then, (we had almost cursed the old beggarman at first) how relieved, how gratified, we feel, when, softened by the touching sorrow which, no doubt, shone in the face of the departing servant of God, he turns and gives him the bread, saying: “Pray for me also!”

We have three distinct reasons for gratulation here, which go home to the heart at once. We are glad to think better of the beggar. We see the load lifted off the heart of the poor pastor.

and we know that our dear little witch of a Mary, for we love her already, will be saved!

Sorrows thicken over the devoted hamlet. Old Abraham writes to a neighbouring pastor, who sends a few loaves, a temporary relief, but says that beggars from all the country are so numerous he can do no more. Again, he writes to the hard-hearted sheriff; his paper a blank leaf from the rescued copy of Virgil, blotted with his scalding tears. With fiendish inhumanity, the messenger is kicked from the rich man's door. "Woe to thee, sheriff, the retribution in store for thee is an awful one! Amid all this misery, the pastor and his starving flock chant hymns of praise. He wonders how the bread lasts so long, and how there is always a piece for his dinner. "Whence comes all this bread?" he asks. And then he finds that his daughter Mary, and the faithful Ilse, had shaped some fir tree bark and placed it beside them, and gnawed it, making believe it was bread. The maid it was who told him, fearing poor Mary would die. "It is not hard," he says, "to guess how my heart was wrung when I saw my poor child lying on her bed of moss, struggling with grim hunger." He falls into heavy doubting and despair, and murmurs against the Lord:

"Wretch that I was, I cried; Thou didst leave to Lazarus at least the crumbs and the pitiful dogs, but to me thou hast left nothing, and I myself am less in thy sight than a dog; and Job thou didst not afflict, until thou hadst mercifully taken away his children, but to me thou hast left my poor little daughter, that her torments may increase my own a thousand-fold. Behold then I can only pray that thou wilt take her from the earth, so that my grey head may gladly follow her to the grave! Woe is me, ruthless father, what have I done? I have eaten bread and suffered my child to hunger! Oh! Lord Jesus, who hast said, 'what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?'—behold I am that man! behold I am that ruthless father! I have eaten bread and have given wood to my child! Punish me; I will bear it and lie still."

Need we say that this is exquisitely pathetic? Where is the parent's heart those words will not touch, wrung from the father in his agony. "Behold I am that man! Behold I am that ruthless father!"

Let us not be blamed if what we intended for a criticism, has run into an eulogy. "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." Moreover, we think that the few passages we have now extracted justify all we have said.

The famine becomes so sore, that he recommends his maid Ilse, who has friends in another parish, spared by the Imperialists, to return to them and save herself. The maid feigns to go. But it is only a pretence. She steals in again

after twilight. And in the morning they find she has lighted the fire. Here again is another beautiful passage:

"Hereupon I sent for her to my bedside and wondered at her disobedience, and asked what she now wanted there, but to torment me and my daughter still more, and why she did not go yesterday with old Paaseh? But she lamented and wept so sore that she scarce could speak, and I understood only this much, that she had eaten with us and would likewise starve with us, for that she would never part from her young mistress, whom she had known from her cradle. Such faithful love moved me, so that I said almost with tears, 'But hast thou not heard that my daughter and I have determined to wander like beggars about the country; where then wilt thou remain?'"

But nothing would move old faithful Ilse to depart.

And now the daughter finds the amber—the seeming blessing, but which turns out a curse. They go to Wolgart; they sell it; they buy food and clothes; they distribute the food to the villagers. More amber they find, and now they are becoming rich. The Sheriff tries to seduce one of his retainer's daughters. Three wolves rush on him; he is saved. He orders a great hunt. The wolf which he pursues with a deadly hate, is driven towards the water and caught. He tortures it to death. But it is not only on beasts that he wreaks his vengeance or his lust. He passes the pastor's door, sees poor Mary Schweidler, and forthwith makes love to her. He even, when her father is absent, rudely snatches a kiss. She repels him with indignation. Again and again he renews his suit—but in vain. He wished her to come as a serving woman to his castle, where she might be wholly in his power. Her scorn and hatred of him are told with the author's usual simple felicity. He sends his huntsman; but like every body else who sees Mary, the huntsman begins to make love to her on his own score! Master and man are alike rejected with scorn. Old Lizzie Kolken had lived in adultery with the Sheriff, but being old she was cast off. Her he bribes to compass his designs.

But all fair protestations, and honied promises are of no avail. Meanwhile Mary has seen the young Lord Nienkerken at her father's house, and for him she has conceived a romantic passion, which her tell-tale blushes half reveal to her simple father. But as the conversation turns on witchcraft and Lizzie Kolken, and the young lord denies the existence of witchcraft, the worthy parson begins to have a devout horror of him; believing, with something of the dark credulity of his time, that he must be an infidel; God-craft and devil-craft, theology and demonology being in his mind so inseparable, that to deny the one was to

deny the other. But Nienkerken loves Mary, and therefore, to the pastor's great regret, he visits the house often. Fair means having failed, the Sheriff, through the agency of Lizzie Kolken, as we, after the trial, discover, tries foul means. Cows, pigs, &c., die in the village. Mary is the only maiden grown up to womanhood. And maidens have, according to the course of witchcraft, power to dispel the charm. She cures one cow, or rather we should say, the cow gets better of itself; in other trials she fails, which the pastor thinks was caused by Lizzie, but which we think was natural enough. The people soon begin to call her witch, to run away from her, to spit before them whenever she appears; and even the maid Ilse, struck with horror, giving way to the superstition of the times, departs at length, saying she must now go to her friends, and spits before her as she goes. So that now indeed the heaviest sorrow is come at last. A coach comes to the door. She is arrested and taken to the castle. The Sheriff attempts her virtue, but is indignantly repelled and his foul purpose foiled. The judges come down. The trial begins.

The whole of these trials which are too lengthy to give, are full of interesting matter, and reveal in strong, but plain language, the bloody superstition, the fearful ignorance, the unbounded power exercised by men of office of the times; but revealing also, more and more, the beautiful and saint-like character of the pastor, and his devoted daughter. Suffice it for us to say, that she is fully committed and cast into prison in chains. Weeks roll on; the unhappy father, knowing his daughter to be in the power of the Sheriff, suffers the direst agonies. But God wonderfully supports him through it all, and to him he gives praise for that support.

But now the judgment of the central court, confirming the first sentence, comes down. Then the father gives way to black despair. The Sheriff tempts him, promising his daughter life and wealth, and peace, if she will but consent to his wishes. "Like Eve," says he, "I took the fruit and eat." He writes to her, recommending the Sheriff's proposal. She answers him in a Latin letter, which is translated in a note; and which translation, in order that our readers may be induced to love "this incomparable woman" as we do, we subjoin.

"Jesus!

"Unhappy father!

"I shall not to-morrow grow more pale at the sight of the pile, nor will the pile grow more red on receiving me, than I grew pale and then red on reading thy letter. How? And hath Satan so tempted thee, pious father, pious servant of the Lord, that thou hast made common cause with mine enemies; and that thou understandest not

that in such life is death, and in such death is life? For if the all merciful God forgave Mary Magdalene and other sinners, he forgave them because they repented of the weakness of their flesh, and sinned not again. And shall I sin with so great abhorrence of the flesh, and that not once, but again and again without return, even until death? How could the all merciful God forgive this to the vilest of women? Unhappy father! remember what thou hast told me of the holy martyrs, and of the virgins of the Lord, who all lost their lives, rather than lose their chastity. This will I follow, hoping that my spouse, Jesus Christ, will also give to wretched me a crown of eternal glory; although, indeed, I have not less offended through the weakness of the flesh than Mary, declaring myself to be guilty whereas I am innocent. Be strong, therefore, and pray for me unto God, and not unite with the devil, so that I may soon pray for thee before the face of God.

MARY S., *A Prisoner.*"

The story winds up. But no, we will not forestall our readers in the pleasure they will have in reading this little work for themselves. All we have done, was to point out some of its beauties; to draw attention to its pathos—the simplicity of the father—the invincible resolution of the daughter to abide by the paths of virtue—the humility, the faith of both. Their fate, we will not tell. God in his mercy sometimes takes from a wicked, persecuting world, those whom he has chosen. But men, in their ignorance, deem that he has punished them. Perhaps it was thus with Abraham Schweidler and his daughter. Again we say, we will not tell how they ended their course of troubles.

Sometimes even on this earth, the good, the faithful, the pious servants, the believing followers of our Lord and Saviour are rewarded by temporal blessing—by the love and friendship of those whose love and friendship they prize. Perhaps this was the blessed lot of Mary Schweidler and her father. Let our readers discover this for themselves, or let them travel to the church at Mellentrim, and there read the inscription on a certain tablet "fixed in the wall, which remains until the present time unopened. (May it remain so until the last awful day, and may the impious hand of avarice or of curiosity never desecrate those holy ashes.)" And, regarding it, they will easily divine what was the destiny of our beloved little Mary, whose history we hope, with God's blessing, often to read again.

#### LAWS.

LAWs are generally not understood by three sorts of persons, viz. by those who make them, by those who execute them, and by those who suffer if they break them.—*Halsfar.*

## THE RUINS.

A CANADIAN LEGEND.

ON the borders of one of the frontier towns of Canada West, there is a sweet field, through which I have often rambled with much pleasure. You enter it from the south by a pretty winding path, leading through a small grove of trees bordered on each side, with the lovely wild flowers, which in this neighbourhood are found in great abundance. On entering the field, you perceive that it is skirted towards the south and west by woods, and towards the north and east by a piece of table land, from the top of which there is a most delicious view of the surrounding scenery. From this table land, in the early part of the summer, a little stream comes leaping over the stones, to find its way into the valley below; but "summer is now in its prime"—the stream is dry, and you can hardly trace its bed, so hidden is it by the luxuriant herbage which has since sprung up. The field in which we are standing extends over some three or four acres of ground, and is thickly covered with raspberry bushes and young trees of various kinds. It is traversed by many a winding path, and here and there you meet with a tree bearing initials deeply carved into its bark, standing as mementos of many a past and tender scene; for the field is a favorite resort for the youth of the neighbouring town, some of whom I have occasionally met in my rambles through it.

When I visit the spot, I generally take an upward path, which after many a mazy winding, leads me at last into an avenue where the raspberry bushes almost entirely disappear, and the smooth turf and shady trees dispose the mind to contemplation. Nearly at the end of the avenue a fallen tree seems to invite me to rest, and as I avail myself of the welcome seat, my eyes naturally turn to the ruins before me, the remains of probably the first house that was built in the neighbourhood.

When first I visited these ruins, now many years ago, the outlines of the cellar were quite perfect, three of the walls were nearly entire, and some of the timber still remained, but now all is changed, and nature, as if indignant at the intrusion on her domains, is fast obliterating all tracks of the handiwork of man.

Julian Haverhill, once the owner of the building whose ruins I have been describing, was the younger son of a gentleman with a numerous family in the north of England. His father, on purchasing for him an ensign's commission in a regiment then under orders for America, did not conceal from him the fact that he could give him

but little besides his outfit, and most men under these circumstances would never have dreamt of venturing upon matrimony. But Julian was already deeply in love with a fair girl whose paternal residence was near his home; and it is not surprising that when (on the termination of that disgraceful war which severed the American colonies from the mother country,) Julian's regiment was ordered home,—he should have sought out his lady-love, and persuaded her to brave with him the perils of the ocean, and all the unknown dangers of the Canadian forest. With small store of worldly goods, but with hearts full of hope and love, Julian and Mary Haverhill landed at Quebec; and in due time, after many toils and privations incident to the unsettled state of the country, found themselves at last on lake Ontario. Julian's location had been judiciously made, and as towards evening their boat neared their new home, Mary could not repress her feelings of admiration at the exceeding beauty of the prospect. Before them in the bay, gradually contracting in its dimensions until, at last, a slender stream issuing from between the dark tall pines, was all that was visible to her eager gaze; on the left lay the forest, in all its primitive grandeur, trees of every variety of form and colour, with here and there a colossal pine towering majestically above the rest; on the right a huge unbroken forest of pine trees crowned the heights above, through which the rays of the declining sun faintly struggled, casting a shadow on the water and gilding the tops of the trees on the hills to the left. Behind them the waters of the broad bay were glistening in the setting sun, and many a little inlet which they had passed seemed to promise to Julian abundant opportunities of proving his skill as a sportsman. On the following morning, a little knoll of ground, at a short distance from the little creek where their boat lay moored, washed on the southern side by the stream to which I have before alluded, was selected as the site of their dwelling; and, leaving the forest on the north and east as a shelter from the wintry blasts, Julian in due time cleared the land to the south and west, forming the field I have already described.

I pause not to detail the various trials of their forest home; suffice it to say, that years rolled by in undisturbed peace and prosperity, for through the preaching of a faithful missionary of the Church of England, they had both secured the pearl of great price, and earnestly did they labour to train up in the right way the two sweet boys whom God had sent them in the wilderness.

On a lovely evening in autumn, Julian and his wife stood for some time in silence admiring the

beauty of the scenery before them, when suddenly Mary, turning to her husband, besought him to give up his projected voyage or get some one to go in his place, telling him at the same time that he had such a presentiment of evil that she could not bear to part with him just then. He smiled at her fear, and attempted to reason with her; but it was all of no avail, the shadow of the cloud pressed heavily on Mary's heart, and in spite of himself, Julian began to feel uneasy. Still all his arrangements had been made; there was every prospect of favourable weather for some days to come, and Julian determined to go. Early in the morning, without awaking his wife, he loaded his boat with wheat, part of which he left at the mills to be ground, intending to call for it on his return, and with the remainder he set sail for a village many miles from his forest home, there to exchange it for necessaries for the use of his family.

But days and weeks and months passed away, and Julian Haverhill returned not, and at length even his fond wife ceased to expect him. With the assistance of one or two kind neighbours she struggled through the dreary winter, and on the first approach of spring, she made preparations for leaving a home now rendered so painful to her by the memory of the past. I have understood that the widow with her sons reached her loved England in safety; but of their future fate I am entirely ignorant.

Such is the brief outline of part of a Canadian emigrant's chequered life. To me these ruins, fast disappearing as they are, are pregnant with interest, and as I stand beside them, and gaze on the surrounding scenery, fancy finds it no difficult task to shadow forth the pleasant scenes of the home where Julian and Mary Haverhill once dwelt. Oh! if there be happiness on earth, surely it must be felt in full perfection where two kindred hearts, attuned by mutual affection and ardent devotion to their Maker and Redeemer, vibrate in perfect unison together. They part on earth only to meet in Heaven.

T.

Fiction; C. W.

## IDEAS.

BRED to think, as well as to speak by rote, we furnish our minds as we furnish our houses—with the fancies of others, and according to the mode and age of our country: we pick up our ideas and notions in common conversation, as in schools.—*Holingsbroke.*

## MORNING—A SONG.

BY DR. HASKINS.

Behold! 'tis the beauteous approach of the morning:  
In her pure golden calm she appears:  
The green garb of earth with its gem-wrought adorning  
Is bright with the dew of her tears;  
There's a blush on the stream and a smile on the forest:  
As they wake from their slilly repose;  
Wake thou, too, my glad soul! and to Him thou adorest  
Devote the blest hour He bestows.

Sweet Morn! from her dewy trance Nature's awaking  
To love and to bliss as before;  
Yet how many the hearts that in sorrow are breaking,  
Whose joys shall awaken no more!  
How many the hearts to which thy bright returning  
Wants not the soft whisper of peace!  
How many the souls that for loved ones still yearning  
Breathe sighs that on earth ne'er shall cease!

Fair emblem of that happy day when the spirit,  
Which droops in affliction's cold gloom,  
With the ransom'd of Jesus, heaven's light shall inherit;  
Oh! when will that blest morning come!  
Oh! when shall heaven's day-spring of glory enlighten  
The cloud-darkened depths of the soul—  
Sorrow's dim faded eye at its glance gladly brighten,  
True pleasure its transports unroll!

## NIGHT—A SONG.

BY DR. HASKINS.

When dewy flowers are smiling beneath,  
Wak'd by the moon with her silvery kias,  
Winds o'er the water in ecstacy breathe,  
Waving the leaflets that tremble with bliss;  
When sparkling fountains their voices unite  
With murmuring streams as they whisper of love,  
Blending in music with sighs of the night,  
Paradise opens around and above.

When on the mountains the dawn-star is bright,  
Blushes in beauty the morning on high;  
When the world wakes in an ocean of light,  
Crimson-hued billows empurpling the sky;  
Soft in the stillness awakens a tone—  
Music of heart-strings that thrill in the breast;  
Like phantom bell ringing in wilderness lone,  
Echo around me the songs of the blest.

## RELIGION.

BY DR. HASKINS.

Life of our life—Religion! on thy breast  
How sweetly doth affliction sink to sleep,  
How calmly can the soul, the spirit, rest!  
E'en as the mariner on ocean deep  
Looks toward the haven where he sail would be;  
Thou from the stormy world I turn to thee,  
Thou healer of the hearts that inly weep,  
Oh! bring thy balm of blessedness to me!  
Daughter of heaven! Oh! set my spirit free  
From troubled thoughts which thee commotion keep;  
Come in thy beauty over the dark sea,  
And let the light of love my beacon be.  
Oh! do not—do not now refuse thine aid,  
For I am torn and sad—by mine own heart betray'd.

## THE DEAF-AND-DUMB PAGE.

EVERARD DELAVAL was the son of a distant relation of the Meynells, who was killed in the civil war, while a lieutenant in the regiment which Sir Richard, the reigning Meynell of that day, had raised for the king's service. Delaval had always been a poor man, and his little property had been totally dissipated by the exigencies of the times: and when he died, leaving a motherless child, that child was not only penniless, but deaf and dumb. But he was not friendless; the promise which Sir Richard made to his dying kinsman, of taking care of his boy, was amply redeemed.

It was at Naseby that Delaval fell. It was not long, therefore, before the royal army ceased to exist, and its members were dispersed, some to their homes, and many to wander in exile. Sir Richard had been one of the warmest supporters of the Royal cause; he had raised a regiment of cavalry at the very beginning of the war, and had fought at its head from Edgehill to Naseby. A more ardent partisan King Charles had not; but Sir Richard had other feelings also, and, like all his feelings, warm and strong to the last degree. He was married to a woman upon whom he doted, and his children were the beloved of his soul. Still he had not scrupled to leave them, and pursue the war throughout its course. But now that all was lost—that the war was at an end and the king put to death, Sir Richard felt that further sacrifice would be of no avail.

The consequence was, that Sir Richard compounded with the parliamentary commissioners; and by suffering a heavy fine, was allowed to retain possession of his Arlescot estate. Hither, therefore, he retired—and he immediately sent Everard Delaval home. The boy was at that time about five years old, and already gave promise of possessing uncommon beauty. He became the plaything of the whole house: all admired and loved him on account of his beauty, his liveliness, and his amiable disposition—all pitied him on account of his infirmity. Sir Richard, especially, showed him the greatest favour. He remembered his dying friend's anxiety about his helpless child and how his mind was soothed and relieved by his promise of protection. Sir Richard, however, retained several of his military habits, and had many of the ideas of times obsolete already at his day, but many of the fashions of which he

approved, and many of which he even adopted. The recent war, also, had tended to confirm him in his notions concerning how the young gentry should be reared. The breaking out of hostilities had found the immense majority, even of those of gentle blood, unused altogether to arms, and totally untrained to their exercise. Accordingly he was determined to rear his sons differently, as well as the little orphan who had come under his care. Thus, although, probably, the office had been discontinued in families of his condition since the days of Elizabeth, he constituted little Everard his Page; and partly from Sir Richard always thus designating him seriously—and partly from his children repeating it, half in jest and half in wonder at the novelty, he came to be universally called and known by the title of "the Page,"—to the almost total suppression of his name.

Sir Richard was unable, in consequence of the close vigilance of the powers that were, to carry his training to the extent he wished: but, as far as all the military parts of horsemanship went, it was of course, impossible to restrain him—and, under cover of childish sports, much of the military exercise of the day was also communicated to the boys. In all these the page was rapidly proficient. His ardour, his vivacity, his playfulness, were all equally conspicuous. His intelligence, in despite of his awful privation of the ordinary means of exchanging thought, was extreme; and his ingenuity in devising means to convey his own ideas fully equalled his aptitude in comprehending those of others.

Thus matters went on till the Page was about fourteen years old, when a circumstance occurred from which the fate of his future life was fixed. This was the return to Arlescot of Sir Richard's daughter Emmeline. This young lady had been wholly bred up by an aunt, whose god-daughter she was, and who, having no children herself, had implored her brother to spare her this one of his many. To this he had consented; and, in consequence, Emmeline had resided with this lady from her very infancy till now, when, at the age of seventeen, she was restored, by her aunt's death, to her father's roof.

Emmeline Meynell was, at this time, probably one of the most fascinating beings that it was possible to behold. She was not what is termed regularly handsome; but she was far, far more

attractive than many persons who strictly, perhaps, had greater claims to the possession of mere beauty. She was of a figure rather short than otherwise in stature, and of a grace of formation which, always beautiful, was doubly so in motion—in which her playful, buoyant, bounding disposition, caused it almost constantly to be. The same lively and ardent temperament gave a vivid play and wonderful variety to her countenance, which it was but too delightful to gaze on. Now, while the words of wit sprang from her lips, its spirit would flash in her eyes—and her whole face would become irradiated with the expression of a brilliant mind: now it would change from this to that livelier, though less keen aspect, which joyous yet graceful playfulness lends so delightfully to a young girl's features;—and now, again the look of stern, almost fierce, scorn, which the mention of anything that was base called forth, would prove that the same countenance, so bright, and so sweet, could speak the higher passions as strongly; while the softness and sadness which would pervade it when she was touched, showed that she possessed also in perfection those gentler and more endearing qualities which are pre-eminently the attributes of woman.

When she first arrived at her father's house, her spirits were still chilled, and her manners checked, by the recent loss of her who had stood to her in the place of a mother. But the extreme kindness of all—parents, sisters, brothers—soon dissipated her sadness; for it is one of the most provident laws of Nature, that whatever may be the love borne by the child towards the parents, the bitterness of grief for their loss must ere very long pass away. Without this, indeed, the world would be one scene of mourning; but the fond and grateful remembrance—the recollections of early kindness, and of continued affection—the regretful sigh which springs to the lip when it pronounces the loved name—these feelings, it is to be hoped, never pass from the heart in which Feeling dwells.

Everard had, in spite of his half nickname of the Page, been in truth bred among the young Meynells completely as a brother—and a brother's feelings he had always experienced towards them all. But this brilliant apparition, which now, of a sudden, irradiated the whole scene at Arlescot, was viewed by him very differently. At first he rather feared her. Naturally shrinking, in consequence of his infirmity, from strangers, who, of course, comprehended him with difficulty,—he now found a stranger—and such a stranger!—established in the very centre of the domestic circle in which he lived, and, very naturally, attracting an exceeding share of their notice and attention. Next, he began to admire her ex-

trremely, while the fear, in a great measure, continued. "How animated—how brilliant—how expressive!" thought he, one evening, as she was detailing in the most vivid manner some of the things she had seen abroad with her aunt, to her brothers and sisters, who surrounded her, anxiously catching every word she uttered—"and how delightedly they are all listening to her!—I wonder what it is she speaks of!—Alas! I cannot listen to her!"—and one of the puns which, as he grew older, his situation was beginning to cause him, shot across his mind, and that more painfully than usual. "But I can look at her—and her very countenance speaks!—What's that? he (alas! I cannot say *said*—but) conveyed to one of the sisters who stood by, as a sort of expression of horror seemed to pervade the countenance of all, as though, (as he thought) palely reflected from the breathing emotion which was conspicuous in Emmeline's. The girl explained to him that her sister was speaking of the falls of Schmilhausen, which she had seen when on the continent—and over which she had beheld a boat drawn by the violence of the current. "My sister was describing to us the one scream, which the poor man gave, at the moment all was lost—I never heard anything so horrible!"—"Alas! I cannot hear!" thought poor Everard, as he turned away—and never had his heart been so full at the reflection.

It was explained to Emmeline what questions Everard had been asking—and she, who pitied "the Page" very much, went and fetched some drawings of Switzerland—and showed him the spot where the accident, she had been describing had occurred. Everard wished to ask her some further questions concerning it: but she did not understand his signs, and she could not, for the same reason, convey to him what she wished to say. After some fruitless attempts—she made a gesture that it was all in vain—and went, at the request of one of her brothers, to play to them on the spinnet. "It is indeed, in vain," thought Everard, as his eyes followed her glancing figure down the room, "I cannot interchange one thought, with her!" and he bit his under lip convulsively, to check the tears which he felt springing to his eyes. "And there," he continued, "she is delighting them all with delicious music—and I know not even what it means."

From this evening, the page's thoughts became almost constantly fixed upon Emmeline. She had become, indeed, so completely the pervading spirit at Arlescot Hall, that it was no wonder if, as he almost began to think, he was fated to meet her at every turn; to say nothing of the fact, which he did not yet know—that at every turn he sought her. Still they were not much together.

His first difficulties in making himself understood by her had so chilled him that he avoided all occasions of conversing with her (I believe that is a word I may use) almost as much as he sought those of seeing her. To gaze upon her—to catch the expression of her smile, and watch the shifting glance of her eye—to look for her light form bounding along with the most graceful and elastic step—and to receive the nod, the smile, the kind wave of the hand, as she chanced to pass him; it was upon such things—I was going to write such trifling things, but, as regarded him, they were anything but that—it was upon such things as these that the soul of Everard fed for months; and he did not yet know that he was imbibing poison.

He was, indeed, so single-hearted in these matters that she was the first to have a vague suspicion of the truth. As the summer advanced, Emmeline began to ride on horseback with her father and brothers, and the Page. It was this last who raised her upon her horse, and who assisted her in alighting from it. She had ridden very few times when she perceived that a circumstance, which had at first struck her as casual, continued and even increased. Everard's hand, with which he grasped her's, as he placed the other beneath her foot to lift her to the saddle, trembled in a manner which could not but attract her attention, which, once attracted, could not but perceive, though undoubtedly she had no idea of its extent, a certain portion of the truth. For, in Everard, whose thoughts, being debarr'd their natural vent, lived in his face, it was impossible that feelings such as those which now were dawning within him, should not be distinctly visible to those who sought them. Emmeline looked in his face to gather knowledge—and what she saw there caused her eyes to be averted speedily.

"Is it possible?—a boy, a mere boy—but fifteen last week. Tut!—the thought is too ridiculous—I am allowing my good opinion of myself to run me into this absurdity. And the poor boy never has, three times in his life, exchanged thoughts with me! we scarcely understand each other in the least, and yet I am fancying this nonsense."—She looked again more boldly—"Pray Heaven it may not be so, after all!" was the result of that second glance.

These constant rides brought Emmeline and the Page into more frequent and closer contact. She gradually acquired the power possessed by her brothers and sisters of conversing with him with considerable facility—and she was surprised at finding, under all his disadvantages, the degree to which his mind was cultivated. Indeed, the very fact of his infirmity debarring him from ge-

neral and easy intercourse, had thrown him, in a great degree, upon books as a resource, and he had profited by them to the utmost; and this Emmeline, who had been far more educated than her sisters, had herself sufficient knowledge to appreciate.

The effect of such intercourse upon the unhappy boy was first to dissipate the degree of dread which still remained when he approached her—and next, to condense, to strengthen, and to render fervent, the admiration he had always felt for her, till he could no longer mistake the name it more properly deserved to bear. But yet, according to one axiom on the subject of love, it did not deserve the name—for, if love cannot exist without hope, then this was not love. Hope there was none: he loved, indeed, as the Indian worships the sun, without the remotest idea of participation. This gave him a startling frankness of manner towards the object of his passion which could not have existed under any other circumstances—and which first bewildered and afterwards still amazed Emmeline herself. But what her ideas and feelings on the subject at this period were, will be best explained by a letter which she addressed to a friend, some three years older than herself, with whom, at her aunt's, she had been in habits of the closest intimacy. This lady had written to her a long and glowing account of the ceremonies and sights attending the Restoration, which had just taken place—and it was in answer to this that Emmeline now wrote. After commenting upon some of the accounts given by her friend, she proceeded thus:—

"You tell me that I ought to be with you in London, were it only for the swarm of gay gallants the King has brought from abroad, some of whom would not fail to become the votaries of *mes beaux yeux*. Alas! dear Mary, this expression made me think of one, most different indeed, from these gay gallants, who is, here, exactly that votary of which you speak—for suitor, in any degree, he is not. It is altogether the strangest thing in the world—sometimes I am inclined most exceedingly to laugh at it—at others, it very nearly makes me cry—and, at all, now that I really believe it seriously to be the case, it perplexes me beyond measure. Know, then, that my father has bred up in his house a distant kinsman, whose father was killed by his side at Naseby—who is deaf and dumb. This boy, for he is no more, is at present somewhat under sixteen—and bears the *soubriquet* of the Page, which my father somewhat fancifully invested him with in his childhood.

"But you must not, from this title, take your idea of Everard Delaval (such is his name) from the gay court-pages whom the King has brought



with him from abroad; he—though I must say it, he is handsome enough to shine amongst them be they what they may—has none of the *gaillardise* of such gentry. I am told that he was wont, notwithstanding his fearful infirmity, to begay and playful enough—and truly I remember me that, when I first came hither, he seemed to be so towards all but me, whom he rather shunned than otherwise. If so, it probably is the effect of the beautiful eyes you say are so powerful, that has wrought a change—for now, undoubtedly, he is as melancholy as any description of a lover in all Shakspeare. Poor fellow!—it is cruel to speak thus lightly of him and his passion—for I believe it is sad earnest with him after all!

“You, who never saw him, will, I doubt not, laugh at my speaking seriously, even for a moment, of a lover of sixteen, who cannot even speak to me. But I do not, mark me, speak in the least seriously of it, as regards myself—but merely from its effects upon the unhappy boy, which I cannot but see plainly—and that, I believe, even more plainly than he does himself. He speaks to me so openly of some instances of these effects, without in the least alluding to their cause, that I know not whether to laugh, to blush, or to be angry. I will tell you one of them, as he told it to me—and you will judge how curiously I am placed with regard to him. The extraordinary simplicity, both of the facts and of his mode of telling them, may appear to you childish, but to me they are the most puzzling part of the whole. The other day, I was out riding with him and my brother Frederick, when having gone farther than we intended, we thought we should be late for dinner. When we were going to push forward, I signified to Everard, who, as usual, was at my side, that we were about to do so, and our reason—when Frederick said to me—‘Oh! he will not hurry the more for that—of late Everard never eats any dinner at all.’ I turned to question him about this—whether it was so. At the instant my brother cantered forward to open a gate, and the Page, speaking as he does, by his fingers, said these words, for I remember them distinctly—I had asked him why he did not eat—his answer was—‘You are at table; if I ate, I must bend my eyes upon my plate, and then I could not look on you.’ For the nonce, at this I did blush; the way he looked on me at the moment was enough to make one of your court countesses blush; and all the time he seemed quiet and unconcerned, as if his answer had been the most indifferent thing in the world. I was glad, I confess, that we came to the gate almost instantly, and all three cantered on together. “And thus we go on—I cannot but see that ‘mes beaux yeux’ have here, indeed, obtained a

rotary—and one whose homage perplexes me greatly. If I were to descend from my shrine, and hold parley with him on the subject, it might bring to ripeness ideas which may, otherwise, never pass their bud; and if I do not, I have constantly before me a worshipper who, as it is said of the new sect of people they call *Quakers*, has no form of worship save silence. Prithce, tell me what you think of all this.”

The following is the answer of Emmeline’s friend: probably, the difference of the three or four years in age, of which I have spoken, accounts for her superior sharp-sightedness. I must confess I think the letter bespeaks real knowledge of the esteemed science of which she treats:—

“Tell you what I think of it?—aye, truly will I; and I regret my having been with the court at Tunbridge has kept your letter so long from coming to hand. For I think a great deal more of ‘all this’ than, from the manner of your letter, you expected; I will not say you intended, I should. You are somewhat like your dumb friend; you write to me what it is quite impossible for me to mistake, and yet are not ‘in the least aware that you have made a declaration of love.’ I do not mean that you love as he does; or, indeed, that the passion has yet got firmly hold upon your heart at all. If I thought so, I might, and would, spare myself the trouble of speaking on the subject, altogether; for my remonstrances would have about the same effect as Canute’s commands had upon the waves: and that I know full well. But you are just on the slope of the descent, and, perhaps, a good hearty pill may place you back again upon even ground, yet.

“Now mark me. If your affections were already given to any one else, or if, (though of this last I am not quite so sure,) in addition to his infirmity, your page possessed a fair degree of deformity also,—in either of these cases I should have no fear for you. But it is not so: you have never loved—and your heart, giddy and *inconséquente* as your poor aunt used to call you, is as capable, my dear, of feeling the passion as any one I have ever known. Indeed, to tell you the full truth, I have for some time past been conceiving a considerable contempt for the cavaliers of —shire, from not hearing any whippers of this kind, either from you or about you. With regard to my second ‘if,’ I am convinced that ‘the Page’ is cruelly handsome; and that, if his tongue cannot speak, his eyes make up for it. It is clear to me also that his passions, were it only from their concentration, are of the strongest kind: your little anecdotes, which appear to me the very reverse of ‘childish,’ prove sufficiently how much they are condensed and profound. I understand you also to say that he has talents

and cultivation little common. Now, in despite of his being only sixteen while you are three years older—in despite of his melancholy infirmity—in despite of his moderate position in life,—I am convinced that it is impossible for you constantly to behold an unbounded and overwhelming passion for you devouring the very vitals of such a person as this, without your becoming almost insensibly touched by it. And, by degrees, from the uninterrupted contemplation of all that he uninterruptedly feels, your pity will warm into that love to which it is so near akin. Of all this I am, from some little experience, fully convinced; and, therefore, I very seriously wish that you would come and pass some time with me. All that you see here will speedily drive from your head any childish ideas you may have imbibed at Arlescot: and really your absence, before, worse comes of it is the most charitable thing for the poor lad himself. Before you have, been absent many weeks, he will eat his dinner, and go to his bed regularly enough, take my word for it.”

Those were days long before Mr. Palmer's invention: mail-coaches did not whirl along at the rate of eleven miles and a half an hour, to convey the “epistolary correspondence,” whether of minister or merchant, of

Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid.

Indeed, such letters as those I have copied above, were ordinarily sent by private hand, or by some trustworthy carrier, equally slow and uncertain; accordingly, what from their delays, and what from some others of the nature indicated in Lady Faulkner's letter, the said letter did not reach Emmeline till upwards of two months after her's was written. Starting from the point at which the reader must (as well as Lady Faulkner) have perceived her to be at that period, two months will do an infinity. Accordingly, when Emmeline read her friend's answer, she blushed, then wept to find how truly her forebodings had been accomplished. Yes, she wept; for, though her feelings were now fondly interested towards Everard, she still felt not anxiety only, but in some degree shame also, for the position in which she stood. In the first place, he was a boy, much younger than herself; occasionally she felt this unpleasantly; moreover, he was beneath her in station, and a daughter of the Meynolls could not be supposed to be quite indifferent to this: and, lastly, she looked back to the time when she had laughed to herself at the idea of a possibility of such an attachment, and this sometimes gave her a twinge of shame at her having so speedily falsified her predictions. But, on the other hand, there was, first and foremost, what had undoubtedly given rise to the feeling on her part, the

spectacle of the deep, strong, intense, all-engrossing passion, which he felt for her. This, beyond question, had been the cause of her affection, and it now continued to feed it. Then, there was sympathy for his terrible misfortune, borne so nobly till his love for her had made him feel its full misery; there was admiration of his person, talents, and acquirements; there were, at once, respect and fondness for his excellent heart. “Yes!” she exclaimed, as she sat thinking, with Lady Faulkner's letter open in her hand; “Yes! Mary is quite right—I do love him, there is no denying it even to myself. Love him!—yes—and he knows it now—and oh! the joy, the ecstasy, the confession gave him!—If Mary had seen him at that moment, she would have forgiven me all—she would have felt that no human heart could resist such affection as that.” And she pondered with deep pleasure upon the picture her memory had placed before her. “And yet,” she continued after a pause, “what is all this to lead to? my father would never listen for a moment to such a marriage—and besides, he is so young—it is impossible!” And she sank into one of those reveries of perplexity and pain under which she now suffered so often.

And what did *he* feel—the boy, who had thus forestalled, as it were, the course of time, and called forth the first affections of a woman like this? The strong intensity of his joy was almost too keen—I had nearly said too severe—for it not to be long before it subsided into happiness. The constant repetition of the fact that *she* loved him scarcely sufficed to feed the burning consciousness that so indeed it was. And oh! how his heart would swell, as he thought of the thousand feelings which he longed to pour forth to her, and could not—when he felt the cheek which stopped the passionate words which sprang in myriads from his heart, and chilled and thinned them by the circuitous modes of communication to which he was obliged to have recourse. “But still she loves me”—that was the comfort with which he always re-assured his soul—he felt that, in despite of all else, *that* made him worthy of envy.

Time passed on, and carried with it very little sensible alteration in the condition and feelings of our lovers. They felt the impossibility of yet, for a considerable time, taking any steps to bring about their union; and they, at present, contented themselves with letting matters take their course, only being especially careful that no suspicion of their attachment should arise. At length extraneous causes brought about their separation for a time. Sir Richard's eldest son was sent to travel, and it was determined that Everard should accompany him. The pain of parting was extreme—but the necessity of the

paring was obvious and inevitable—and each trusted the other so fully that the regret was, in some degree, diminished by the certainty both felt of their affection continuing unimpaired by absence.

Two years had elapsed, and Everard still remained abroad. In all he saw—amid all the new ideas which the scenes he beheld crowded upon his mind, the first, the last object to which everything, in some shape or other, was referred—the standard by which the value of everything was measured—was Emmeline Meynell. What she would think of such a picture—how their hearts would draw closer to each other under the influence of such a noble prospect—how infinitely more he should enjoy any contemplation that delighted him if she were there to share and reflect back his thoughts and feelings,—such was the manner in which the novelties, beauties, and wonders, whether of Art or Nature, throughout his travels, affected the mind of Everard. They were not able to have much communication—a kind, yet open message from her in a letter to her brother—some indirect allusion which he knew well Emmeline alone would really understand, in his letter to Sir Richard,—such was the limited extent to which their correspondence was confined. Yet no shadow of doubt ever crossed Everard's imagination—he felt, however, how little absence altered him, or rather how totally it left his affections the same—and he judged by himself of Emmeline. He painted her, in his mind, as frequenting their favorite haunts at Arlescot, and recalling all that they had felt, and he fancied her feelings as his own.

And so in fact they were. She did love him fondly, ardently—and if she saw more clearly than he the difficulties which lay in their path, this served only to add to her anxiety, and to cause her pain—not to diminish her love. His admiration of her was, doubtless, of an unbounded nature, which she could not fully reciprocate—but the deep and fond pity which his misfortune caused, probably drew her heart towards him with more real *tenderness* than she would have felt in any other event. The unceasing intercourse, also, in which they had lived so long, had caused a blank and dismal void upon his departure. Her voice no longer trilled so lightly—her smile was less bright and less frequent, and she lost in a great measure, that habit of springing forward with the elastic bound of a deer, which had been with her a peculiar characteristic. In all she did, in all she thought, she felt that her heart was far away with Everard Delaval.

Such being the case my readers will doubtless be surprised when they learn that on midsummer-day, two years after his departure, the old hall at

Arlescot was prepared for a high festival, and that the festival was the marriage of the Lady Emmeline with the eldest son of the Lord De Vere, the richest and most powerful man of the county in which Arlescot stood. It was to take place in the chapel at noon. And was she then sickle?—Had she forgotten the first affections of her youth, and all that they had caused her to feel, and, above all, all that he, towards whom they were directed, had felt?—Far from it. She still looked back with bitter, bitter regret to all the hopes of past years—she shed heart-sealing tears over their utter extinction. What then caused her to act thus?—Simply, the constant, ceaseless entreaties of her father, and all who surrounded her—and a want of boldness and firmness to avow aloud that she loved another, and who that other was. These motives may appear too feeble to cause such an effect:—alas! I am certain that many and many who read these pages will draw a long sigh as they repeat to themselves their knowledge of how true they are! The history of this poor girl's heart during the eighteen months that she had undergone the persecution—for though arising from the kindest motives, such in truth it was—which had led to the present issue, is, I am confident, what many a lady of our own time, who seems prosperous and happy in the eyes of the world, would recognize as her own. Her lover far, far away—no one near from whom she could seek consolation, advice, or support—her own family, above all, the very last to whom such a confidence could be made—the consciousness, perhaps, that her affections were bestowed in a manner the world would condemn—these feelings within, and without, the constant urging, sometimes almost violent, although the result only of the excessive fondness of her father—the persuasions, kindly meant and kindly made, of her sisters—and, above all, the ceaseless remonstrances of her friend, her half-confidence in whom had given such power over her—and she never spoke, nor would her Emmeline speak, openly on the subject, but was ever giving dark hints, and, at the most painful moments, causing her to tremble for her secret,—subject to a situation such as this, is it to be wondered at if the fortitude of the unhappy girl sank under it at last, and that, with despair and agony in her soul, she consented to become the bride of Lord De Vere's son?

The hour was come: the old chapel was garlanded with flowers, and all the peasant girls of the country around scattered roses for the bride to walk upon as she approached the altar. Emmeline Meynell was a very different being at this moment from what she was when first introduced to my readers. Her countenance was still

most expressive—but its expression was that of a calm subdued agony. The aspect of springing wit and irrepressible buoyancy of temperament was extinct entirely—utterly. A sunken cheek, and an eye in which the glassy absence of active expression spoke perhaps more than all else the sense of *suffering*—such were now the characteristics of that face whose brilliancy and beautiful life and motion had been so irresistibly enchanting. The contrast of a rich and vivid spirit of this description, with the despairing prostration into which it is so apt to fall under misfortune, is one of the most awfully painful pictures of human misery that it is possible to contemplate.

The bridal party approached the altar. Sir Richard, habited with due splendor, seemed the gayest of the group; for the sisters of the bride could not be blind to the fact that, from whatever hidden cause, the match was distasteful to her, and their countenances wore an expression of anxiety at least, mingled with sympathy for their sister's suffering, which now was becoming at every instant more apparent; and the bridegroom naturally was little pleased with the reluctance of his bride assuming so visible a shape. Still the ceremony was proceeding, when a loud noise was heard at the entrance of the chapel—and THE PAGE rushed in, his dress disordered, his face flushed, his eyes blazing, and, rushing towards the altar, he attempted to utter some few words. The sound which at that instant issued from his lips was probably the most awful to which human organs ever gave utterance. The frantic energy of the moment overcame his physical imperfection—but his total ignorance of spoken language caused what he did speak scarcely, if at all, to approach the form of words. The terrible yell which burst from him struck every heart with awe and horror. Emmeline was the first to recognise him—but as he opened his arms to receive her in his embrace, he staggered under her weight, and fell backwards upon the floor. When they raised them, they found them both covered with gore. The crisis had been too much for Everard—a blood vessel had burst—and he was dead.

The fate of Emmeline, alas! scarcely needs the telling. Hearts that receive such wounds as did hers, never long survive.

#### THE CROSS ON BELCŒIL.

On the eastern verge of the valley of the St. Lawrence, about twenty miles from Montreal, stands Belcœil Mountain, rising somewhat more than 1400 feet above the level of the river. On the summit of this mountain, a cross 100 feet high, was erected in the year 1841 by the Bishop

of Namey. Being covered with tin, it is capable of reflecting the solar rays; it is one of the most prominent objects that are presented to the view of the inhabitants of that part of the valley. Owing to its elevation it reflects the solar rays westward, in a clear evening, thirty or forty miles, for some time after the sun has sunk below the horizon of the valley; and presents the semblance of a large silver cross, beaming brightness on the great darkening landscape. Thus is it in the moral world; the cross casts rays of consolation on the shades and sorrows of the soul. Never do I look on this glittering mountain-crest, in the twilight of a clear evening, without recalling to memory a beautiful apostrophe to the cross, in the French language, made (in the great church in Montreal) by the prelate who erected this monument, and which I have attempted to versify in English as follows:

Symbol of my soul's salvation,  
Bright, celestial, and divine,  
Object of my veneration,  
Emblem of my Saviour—shine!

When the world with dark reflection  
Casts a gloom o'er human hopes,  
Shades my heart-springs with dejection,  
All my soul's deep secrets open:  
When the wounded spirit grieves me;  
When for sin my thoughts repine;  
Thy bright solace never leaves me,  
Emblem of my Saviour—shine!

Dark the vale of life is looming;  
Hope has set in shadowy gloom,  
Joys were once in brightness blooming!  
Now they twine around the tomb.  
Far from God my sins have thrown me;  
Scarce a ray of hope is mine;  
Let me yet, bright object, own thee;  
Emblem of my Saviour—shine!

Hark my heart! what voice is pealing  
From that glistening mountain-crest,  
"I am for the people's healing,  
Come ye faithful, and be blest.  
I have balm for every sorrow,  
Solace heavenly, bright, divine:  
Wait not—stay not till to-morrow;  
Let me on thy conscience shine.

"I who saw his glory beaming—  
Held the Lamb of God on high—  
Felt his trickling life-blood streaming—  
Heard his last expiring sigh.  
Kneel at me, and ask salvation,  
Beg one pardoning ray divine,  
Come to me—earth's countless nations,  
Let me on your darkness shine.

"When the soul from earth escaping,  
Wings its glorious flight on high  
When eternal scenes are breaking  
On its wondering, fear-fraught eye:  
When the saints in glory singing  
Round Jehovah's dazzling shrine,  
Praises to their God are bringing,  
Let me on their raptures shine."

## W A R.

Nonny sees a battle. The common soldier fires away amidst a smoke-mist, or hurries on to charge in a crowd which hides everything from him. The officer is too anxious about the performance of what he is specially charged with, to mind what others are doing. The commander cannot be present everywhere, and see every wood, water-course, or ravine, in which his orders are carried into execution; he learns from reports how the work goes on. It is well; for a battle is one of those jobs which men do without daring to look upon. Over miles of country, at every field-fence, in every gorge of a valley or entry into a wood, there is murder committing—wholesale, continuous, reciprocal murder. The human form, God's image—is mutilated, deformed, lacerated, in every possible way; and with every variety of torture. The wounded are jolted off in carts to the rear, their bared nerves crushed into maddening pain at every stone or rut; or the slight and pursuit trample over them, leaving them to writhe or roar without assistance—and fever, and thirst, the most enduring of painful sensations, possess them entirely. Thirst too has seized upon the yet able-bodied soldier; who with bloodshot eyes and tongue lolling out plies his trade—blaspheming, killing with savage delight, callous when the brains of his best-loved comrade are spattered over him.

The battle-field is, if possible, a more painful object of contemplation than the combatants. *They* are in their vocation, earning their bread—what will not men do for a shilling a day? But their work is carried on amid the fields, gardens, and homesteads of men unused to war. They who are able have fled before the coming storm, and left their homes with all that habit and happy associations have made precious, to bear its brunt. The poor, the aged, the sick, are left in the hurry, to be killed by stray shots, or beaten down as the charge and the counter-charge go over him. The ripening grain is trampled down; the garden is trodden into a black mud; the fruit-trees, bending beneath their luscious load, are shattered by the cannon-shot. Churches and private dwellings are used as fortresses, and ruined in the conflict. Barns and stack-yards catch fire, and the conflagration spreads on all sides. At night the steed is stabled beside the altar; and the weary homicides of the day complete the wrecking of houses to make their lairs for slumber. The fires of the bivouac complete what the fires kindled by the battle have left unconsumed. The surviving soldiers march on to act the same scenes over again elsewhere; and the remnant of the scattered inhabitants return to find the man-

gled bodies of those they had loved, amid the blackened ruins of their homes—to mourn with more agonizing grief over the missing, of whose fate they are uncertain—to feel themselves bankrupt of the world's stores, and look from their children to the desolate fields and garners, and think of famine, and pestilence engendered by the rotting bodies of the half-buried myriads of slain.

The soldier marches on and on, inflicting and suffering as before. War is a continuance of battles—an epidemic striding from place to place, more horrible than the typhus, pestilence, or cholera, which not unfrequently follow in its train. The siege is an aggravation of the battle. The peaceful inhabitants of the beleagured town are cooped up, and cannot fly the place of conflict. The mutual injuries inflicted by assaults and assailed are aggravated—their wrath is more frenzied; then come the storm and the capture, and the riot and lustful excesses of the victor soldiery, striving to quench the drunkenness of blood in the drunkenness of wine. The eccentric movements of war—the marching and counter-marching—often repeat the blow on districts slowly recovering from the first. Between destruction and the wasteful consumption of the soldiery, poverty pervades the land. Hopeless of the future, hardened by the scenes of which he is a daily witness, perhaps goaded by revenge, the peasant becomes a plunderer and an assassin. The horrible cruelties perpetrated by Spanish peasants on the French soldiers who fell into their power, were the necessary consequences of war. The families of the upper classes are dispersed; the discipline of the family-circle is removed; a habit of living in the day for the day—of drowning the thoughts of the morrow in transient and illicit pleasure—is engendered. The waste and desolation which a battle spreads over the battle-field, is as nothing when compared with the moral blight which war diffuses through all ranks of society, in the country which is the scene of war.

The exhaustion caused by war is not confined to the people among whom the fighting takes place. The invaders must have their ranks, thinned by every battle, incessantly recruited. The military chest is a constant drain on the treasures of the nation which sends the invading army. It is in preserving the homes undestroyed and the remnants of its family circle uncontaminated, and in avoiding the actual view of the agonies of the dying, that the belligerent country which is not the scene of war has any advantage over that which is: but this advantage is almost counter-balanced by the chronic panic—the incessant apprehension which haunts its inhabitants, that

the chances of war may bring all its horrors to their gates.

Peace brings with it a momentary gleam of gladness, which quickly subsides in the sense of exhaustion that pervades all nations. The demand for the industry artificially created by war ceases with war. Other branches of industry revive slowly. The cost of the war is less than half defrayed; the debts incurred to carry it on press heavily on impoverished nations. The war interest is beggared and discontented. Men's habits have been unsettled—they cannot at once settle down into the new order of things. The first years of a general peace succeeding a general war are years of bankruptcy and privations—of starving and rioting among the poorer classes—of fraud and political profligacy among the higher.

Such is war, with its sufferings and consequential sorrows. Such is war in Christian and civilized Europe—war in an age and countries in which most has been done to subject it to regular laws, and to alleviate its horrors by the moral self-control and refinement of its agents. White-wash it as we will, it still remains full of dead men's bones and rotteness within. And they who trust most to it, will be sure to feel most severely that it is an engine the direction and efficacy of which defy calculation—which is as apt to recoil upon those who explode it as to carry destruction into the ranks of their adversaries.

[The above article, which we extract from the *London Spectator*, is so excellent a description of the miseries of War, that we do not hesitate to lay it before our readers. To many of them it will doubtless not be entirely new, but it is worthy of universal perusal, and those who have already seen it will generally be pleased with the means of conveniently preserving it.]

CONSOLATION:

BY DR. HASKINS.

Grave! give me back thy dead! Still fondly clings  
Remembrance to the form whence life hath flown,  
While the deep heart vibrates a mournful tone.  
Beyond this wilderness of mortal things,  
Where mutability still waves her wings,  
Oh! let my soul in solemn thought arrive  
Where vast eternity allures on high;  
Is there not that within me which shall live  
When yonder starry worlds forsake the sky?  
Sun of the universe! thy guidance give;  
Blume my darkness, oh! thou peerless sun  
Of light ineffable! as on I strive,  
Point me the path that I false ways may shun;  
Then gild with glory, when my toil, my travel's done.

TO MISS —

FONDLING HER INFANT BROTHER.

O! press again that sweet young lip,  
Thou happy girl, to thine,  
While in the locks that shade thy brow  
His little fingers twine.

His merry laugh is ringing loud  
In thy delighted ear,  
And thou art pouring winning words—  
"O beautiful!" and "dear!"

And fondly yet, but thoughtfully  
Thou'rt gazing on him now:  
Were thy hopes or fears of future years  
That shadowed thus thy brow?

Th' untrodden world before thee lies;  
But thy heart, untaught to roam,  
Holds all its dearest treasures still  
In one delightful home.

Then press again that sweet young lip,  
Thou happy girl, to thine,  
While fondly now, thy bending neck  
His clasping arms entwine.

Should woman's fairest lot be thine,  
'Mid its mingled bliss and pain,  
Thou'lt think upon those merry hours  
And wish them back again.

NECESSITY OF PROPERLY EXERCISING THE MIND.

As the body from disuse may come in time to be deprived of all its powers, so the mental faculties may lose all their energy, through a neglect of their being exerted duly, and the man be no longer able to act, or not act in the manner that best becomes him. Therefore fathers, although otherwise well assured of the good dispositions of their children, forget not to warn them against the company of ill men; knowing, that as to converse with the good must exercise every virtue; so to associate with the bad must prove no less pernicious and baneful.—*Xenophon*.

REASON.

THERE is perhaps something weak and servile in our wishing to rely on, or draw assistance from ancient opinions. Reason ought not, like vanity, to adorn herself with old parchments, and the display of a genealogical tree; more dignified in her proceedings, and proud of her immortal nature, she ought to derive everything from herself; she should disregard past times, and be, if I may use the phrase, the contemporary of all ages.—*Necker*.

PUNISHMENTS.

THE punishment of criminals should be of use; when a man is hanged he is good for nothing.—*Voltaire*.

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FAREWELL! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER.

WORDS BY LORD BYRON—MUSIC BY J. DODSLEY HUMPHREYS.

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

ANDANTE  
CON ESPRESSIONE.

*Pia*

Fare - well! if e - ver fon - dest prayer, For o - thers' weat'wail'd on

*pp* *RALL.*

high; Mine will not all be lost in air, But wait, but wait thy name be

yond the sky. 'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh, Oh more than tears of blood can

*> p* *>* *>* *pp* *cres. for*

*cres* *for p dolce*

tell, When wrung from guilt's ex - pi - ring eye, Are in that word, fare

*con express.*

well. Are in that word, farewell, fare - well, When wrung from guilt's ex - pi - ling

*for pp rall.*

eye, Are in that word, are in that word, fare - well.

*ff* *f* *pp*

## SECOND VERSE.

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry,  
 But in my breast and in my brain,  
 Awake the passions that pass not by,  
 The thought, that ne'er shall sleep again!

My Soul nor deigns nor dares complain,  
 Though guilt and passion there rebel,  
 I only know we lov'd in vain—  
 I only feel—farewell!



## OUR TABLE.

## THE MERCHANT AND THE FRIAR.

THE author of this work, Sir Francis Palgrave, is one instance of the promise of a precocious childhood, being borne out by the fruits of maturer age. When only eight years old, he translated into English the *Datrachyomachiu* of Homer, the long, hard-sounding title of which is a fit emblem of the difficulties it presents, even to the practised Greek scholar. Though still comparatively a young man, he has already published a number of works, displaying profound learning and unwearied antiquarian research, illustrated by an easy and agreeable style. Of these, "The Merchant and the Friar"—a second edition of which is here given us, in Parker's "Collections in Popular Literature"—presents a very favourable specimen.

The scene is laid in England, in the thirteenth century. "The Merchant" is the celebrated traveller, Marco Polo; "the Friar," the no less famous Roger Bacon, whom in the first chapter our author introduces to each other in the refectory of the ancient abbey of Abingdon. In the second, they journey together towards London, and their presence by the way, at a county election, gives occasion for much valuable information on the gradual rise of the representative system. Arriving at the metropolis, Marco visits Guildhall, under the guidance of his companion, the Friar. The third chapter, which narrates this visit, also traces out the origin of the various privileges which the citizens of London have from time to time obtained, and which have almost elevated that city to the dignity of a separate commonwealth. The next section introduces our travellers to the High Court of Parliament, then sitting, and embraces a clear statement of the progress of Parliamentary legislation, with the origin of the Privy Council, and various other parts of our Constitutional Government. The fifth and sixth chapters record and illustrate those foreshadowings, in the mind of Friar Bacon, of future discoveries, which procured him, in the thirteenth century, the reputation of the magician and wizard, but which, carried into practice in the eighteenth, are hailed as the manifest tracks of the gigantic onward strides of science.

This brief sketch may give the reader some notion of the variety of subjects treated of in this excellent work; but it can give him no idea of Sir Francis Palgrave's fascinating style of language, or of the clear and lucid manner in which these somewhat profound matters are dealt with. There are some who prefer a little fiction mixed with history:—their physic must always have a lump of sugar in it. To such lovers of

the *Romance* of History and of Science, we can conscientiously recommend this volume, as one that cannot fail to amuse as well as instruct; and even the more profound student will find, in its pages, many facts in the early history of society and of government, which could only have been ascertained by the most patient antiquarian research.

## THE PROMPTER.—BY MRS. FLEMING.

WE gratefully acknowledge the receipt from the clever authoress, of a copy of this valuable book. We have already alluded to it in terms of commendation; and, we are happy to perceive that, since its publication, it has been most favourably noticed—not by the press alone, but by several of our most eminent teachers. We are satisfied that the plan which the authoress recommends, for teaching grammar, is immeasurably superior to the modes hitherto followed; inasmuch as it addresses itself to the reason rather than to the memory. If the suggestions contained in this book be generally adopted, what has, to the risen generation, been the task of years, will be to the rising generation rather a pleasure than a toil. It will also induce a habit of thinking, and of tracing effects to their causes, which must be highly serviceable to the pupils in after life. We understand that Mrs. Fleming has in course of preparation for the press, another work, intended to accompany "the Prompter." We hope she may receive the patronage which her exertions in behalf of education have so well deserved.

WE this month present our readers with an article from the pen of a new contributor, C. H.,—an excellent review of an excellent work. As he has not furnished us with his address, this is the only medium we have of thanking him for his communication, which we are certain our readers will unite with us in hoping may not be the only one from his pen that will adorn the pages of the *GARLAND*.

A TYPOGRAPHICAL error occurred in the heading of the tale called the "Yorkshire Factory Girl," which appeared in our last number. The initials of the authoress are "A. E. L." not "L. E. L.," as there incorrectly printed. Some of the City Journals, in noticing, as they are frequently kind enough to do, the appearance of the September number, attributed the story to the celebrated Miss Landon, a mistake to which the initials naturally led. We were indebted for the story to the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Lundy, Vice-Principal of McGill College, whose mother, Mrs. A. E. Lundy, is the real author of the excellent and interesting tale referred to.