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JANE REDGRAVE.*

A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

* CHAPTER XIII.

I loved him once—the memory of that love
Is bitter to my soul—I fain would hide,
E'en from myself, that weakness of the heart.

"ROSAMOND, do you still love Dunstanville Sternfield?" asked Arthur Wallbrook, as they sauntered arm in arm, through a wilderness of shrubs and choice flowers. "Excuse me, dearest cousin, for asking a question which may give you pain, and seem impertinent; but you know me too well to imagine that I would afflict you willingly."

"It is not love that I now feel for him," said Rosamond, colouring, and looking down. "It is a painful regret—a feeling of mortified pride and self-reproach, that I ever *did* love him."

"I am glad to hear you say this. Would it give you much sorrow to know that he loved another?"

Rosamond was silent—Arthur felt her little hand tremble as it clasped his arm, but quickly recovering herself, she replied:

"I wish he did, for then it would be an act of duty to forget him."

"You are right, best, dearest cousin. That which we feel to be a duty soon reconciles us to the most painful trials. I asked these questions, merely to ascertain how far you could bear the intelligence I am about to communicate. Your Cousin Sternfield was lately married."

"Indeed!" and in spite of her boasted philosophy, Rosamond turned very pale, and leant heavily upon Arthur's arm, for support, "And who—who—is his wife?"

"Marianne Morton."

Rosamond drew a long, inward sigh, but returned no answer. Arthur heard a slight pattering upon her silk mantilla. It was the sound of tears falling fast; he pressed her trembling hand in his, as he murmured: "God help thee, dear child. This blow is heavy, but in mercy it has fallen. I pity Major Sternfield from my very heart. He has been shockingly duped."

"Oh! had he married any one else, I could have wished them happy. Cousin Arthur! hatred is a dreadful feeling. I never hated but one of God's creatures, and that was Marianne. I have prayed that God might soften my heart to her, and teach me to love her, but my prayer returns to my own bosom, and seems like hypocrisy. I wish that I could forgive her, but the heavy, crushing weight of her injurious conduct towards me, presses down my soul, and leads me to wish her no good—and this is an awful sin."

"We are told to love our enemies, and to bless those who persecute us, Rosamond; but we are nowhere told to love the wicked. Yet, for your own sake, my dearest cousin, I wish you could pity and forgive this wicked girl. There was a time, my dear Rose, when I loved her only too well, and felt that that love was ensnaring my soul, and hurrying me to perdition; and I reversed your petition, and prayed that I might not love her. My passion for her was a sore temptation. She knew her power, and abused it, and made me very wretched; but though I forgave her, and entreated our heavenly Father to forgive her likewise, yet the powers of memory must be extinct before I can forget her cruel conduct to me."

"She will have her reward," exclaimed Rosa-

* Continued from page 452.

mond, bitterly. "Let us leave her to the punishment which conscience, sooner or later, inflicts upon all who violate her laws. And now, dearest cousin, since you have broken this painful subject to me, may I entreat of you, as a great favor, never to mention Major Sternfield's name in my presence, still less the name of his wife. In order to reconcile my mind to this strange union, I must endeavour to forget the existence of the parties. I did not think I was so weak—that I could for a moment envy Marianne her lot."

The cousins parted, and Rosamond retired to her own chamber; for a long time she remained seated at the open window, her head resting upon her hand, in a sort of waking dream. Memory was busy with the past, and while she recalled every word that had ever passed between Dunstanville and her, she could scarcely believe that he had so soon forgotten her for another, and that other, the heartless being who had betrayed them both.

"Oh! how bitterly will he repent, when it is too late," thought she. "How he will loathe the fraud and falsehood which have worked his ruin. Poor Dunstanville! you have been cruelly deceived, and deserved a better fate. Had you reposed the same confidence in me, we might have been happy in each other's love at this moment. Oh! how happy!" Tears of anguish flowed, as these thoughts hovered on her lips. Hope expired in her heart—those fond hopes which cherish the early dreams and tender idolatries of youth. Dunstanville Sternfield was nothing now to her. The worshipped name must be breathed no more like a sacred thing—must no longer be enshrined in her heart, as the talisman of joy and gladness; the idol was broken at the base—the god had deserted the temple for ever.

She flung herself upon her knees, and prayed fervently, earnestly, and with childlike confidence; and anon the wild burst of passion was tranquillized—tears fell gently over her pallid, serene countenance, and a smile, pure and benignant as the bow of promise, lighted up the humid eyes, now bright with renewed hope, and holy ecstasy.

"The love of earth is not like Thy love, oh! my father, and my God!—henceforth, I dedicate my soul to thee."

She rose from her knees, and stepped into the balcony. The autumn day was bright and clear. A mellow glory rested upon the changing woods, and a little robin sang blithely upon a laurel spray in the gardens beneath.

"Oh, earth! How beautiful thou art. I can scarcely feel unhappy, while gazing upon thee. Thou art worthy of thy Creator. Ah! would that I were worthy of Him and thee."

Throwing her shawl over her shoulders, she wandered into the gardens, from thence into the spacious park, and the fresh and invigorating breeze revived her drooping spirits, and restored her mind to its former activity and cheerfulness.

A footpath, seldom traversed by any but the laborers employed on the estate, crossed a lonely, but very beautiful portion of the old domain, and this was a favorite walk with its fair mistress. Here the oaks were the oldest and most picturesque—the wild flowers bloomed the sweetest, and the short velvet sward was the greenest. A delicious calm brooded over the sylvan solitude, and the mind, fond of contemplation, found ample food for mental cultivation.

Rosamond had walked forward with rapid steps until she reached the heart of the green wilderness; then gently slacking her steps, she sauntered on, now bending over a glittering clump of moss, and examining, with critical eye, its minute beauties—now gathering a wreath of dark, glossy ivy leaves, from the supporting oak which nourished, with the life's flood, the insidious parasite.

A step rustled among the fallen trees. Rosamond raised her head with an involuntary start, as a short man, in tattered garments, and with a very sinister expression, presented himself before her, and blocked up her narrow path.

"The top of the mornin' to you, my purty lady. An' shure I am the fortunate man to get a glimpse of yer sweet face, who have be'n botherin' wid the sick and the afflicted; this many a sorrowful day are the starvin' childer 'crying for bread, an' never a bit to give them. "You seem in distressed circumstances," said Rosamond, beginning to recover from a fear which the presence of the intruder called up. "Go to the Hall, and I will endeavor to relieve you."

"Troth an' it's from the Hall I am, your ladyship; but the big bullies in the gay coats bade me go about my business, and tould me, the lyin' thieves, that yer ladyship would not demane yourself by spakin' to a saucy ragged beggar like me. Bad cess to them!"

"I am surprised at this. My people should know better than to speak harshly to an unfortunate fellow-creature. But you are Irish, and doubtless they did not understand your language."

The man shook his head. "Shure it's from Ireland I am, and spake as good English as any man of them; and was not yer ladyship's mother from the same place—and is it not nathral that you should understand your mother's tongue?"

"My mother was indeed Irish," said Rosamond, "and her country is as dear to me as my own."

But tell me, my good man, in what way can I best serve you?"

"Och hone! Mine, darlint, is a sad case. I came over this summer, wid my wife and the two childer, to look for work durin' the harvest, for times were worse nor bad at home; and Judy, poor crathur, was nigh bringin' anoder babe of misfortin into this hard world. We wandered from place to place to find work, but the devil a hand's turn could we find to do. Money we had none, and we begged our way from door to door, until poor Judy fell sick; an' her baby died, an' she now lies mortally bad herself, the crathur, at a lone woman's house, at the edge of the heath, who took compassion upon her, and carried her from the road-side to die at pace in her own wee bit of a cabin. An' 'twas to ax yer ladyship just to look at my poor Judy, an' comfort her wid the word of kindness, that I made bould to step up. We are too poor to get a docther, and I thought ye might be able to docther her a bit, and resthore the life that's jist gone widin her."

"That I will do with the greatest pleasure. Does your wife stay far from this?"

"Only a mile, an' plase your ladyship."

Rosamond put her hand to her pocket, and found that she had left her purse in her writing-desk. "I have no money with me," she said; "but if you will come up to the Hall this afternoon, I will give you food and medicine for your wife, and will accompany you to see her."

The man looked up with a peculiar expression, as he bade God bless her sweet face, and the twain parted—the one rejoicing in the opportunity of doing good—the other, that he had secured the opportunity of doing evil.

"My dear Rosamond, I cannot go with you to see this poor woman. I have a particular engagement," said Arthur Walbrook. "But Arnold will accompany you. It is not proper that you should go alone."

"Arnold—I feel half afraid of Arnold."

"Is he deficient in respect?"

"Oh! no; but he seems to watch me with a degree of painful interest, which gives me much embarrassment. Then there is a mystery about him, which creates suspicion. I do not think we are acquainted with his real history."

"Perhaps not. Yet trust him, dear Rose. His attachment and fidelity to you would bear any test—poor Arnold!—I feel a strong friendship for him, and pity him from my very soul."

"Well, he shall go with me; call him hither: the poor man is waiting for us at the gate. But I have forgotten to say good-bye to dear grandmamma."

She ran back into the parlor. The old lady

was sleeping in her easy-chair. She leant over the back of the chair, and imprinted a kiss upon her pale, furrowed brow, murmured a short blessing, and, raising her head, met the earnest eyes of Arnold—who stood, with his hat in his hand, awaiting her commands—fixed intently upon her. She felt embarrassed—then asking her attendant if he was ready—they joined the stranger at the garden gate, and proceeded to cross the park in silence.

Rosamond had leisure to contemplate their guide, and the investigation was everything but satisfactory. He walked briskly a-head, flourishing a stout shillelah; his red hair and whiskers clustering in dirty profusion round the coarse rim of his ragged straw hat. His light blue eyes danced from side to side with a restless motion, and he seemed incapable of looking you, for a moment, calmly in the face.

"Miss Sternfield," said Arnold, drawing up close beside his young mistress, "that man has a bad countenance. You had better give him a trifle and return home, while I go to the cottage and report the case of his wife."

"Oh! nonsense. His face is not very prepossessing, but poverty is a sad disguiser. The place must be nigh at hand—I should like to see his wife."

They now left the park and entered a steep sandy cross-road that wound among the hills. After pursuing this path for a mile, Arnold lost all patience, and demanded of Patrick Dolan, for so the beggar styled himself, what he meant by bringing his young lady such a distance from her home, and through such a bad road.

"Bad cess to the maker!" cried Pat; "if your two eyes could only look at the illigant roads in Tipperary, you would call this same the path to the garden of Aden. But the cabin is jist forninst us, over the brow of the big brae, where the lane enters the main road."

"At least half a mile in advance," said Arnold, shrugging his shoulders, and lending Rosamond his arm to help her up the steep hill. "Miss Sternfield, you are fatigued?"

"Oh! not at all. Remember, I was not always a fine lady, but a poor country girl, used to rugged fare and rugged paths. You don't know how strong I am;" and leaving his arm, she climbed the rugged ascent with a springing elastic step, which seemed to bid defiance to fatigue. Reaching the brow of the hill, they perceived a moss-covered hovel at the bottom, and seated upon a bank near it, a tall man, habited in the grey home-spun of the country.

"Shure, there is the cabin ather all your fatigue, my lady. Bless your sweet purty face,

but the cold chill comes over my heart, for I fear that my Judy is gone. There's a stranger foreinst the gate, an' belike 'tis the doctor—Och hone!"

Rosamond walked quickly down the hill, in advance of her male companions, when her progress was suddenly arrested by a cry of revenge and defiance, and turning quickly round, she beheld Arnold struggling with the Irishman, who succeeded in striking him to the ground with his shillelah, and before she could ask the meaning of such conduct, on the part of the mendicant, she felt herself in the powerful grasp of the man she had noticed sitting upon the bank. A carriage, drawn by four horses, drove rapidly from the main road to the spot, and quicker than words could explain the action, Rosamond found herself placed within the vehicle; the blinds were instantly drawn down, and they moved on at a rapid rate.

"Ah! my grandmother—my dear old grandmother! this will be the death of you," sobbed the bewildered Rosamond, clasping her hands together, and weeping bitterly.

"Dry your tears my sweet cousin, and make your mind easy," said a well known voice. "You are with friends."

"Captain Doyle! Is it to you I owe this frightful outrage?"

"Forgive me, for taking a short way of making you fulfil a long promise."

"That falsehood again. This is adding insult to injury. What motive can you have, in tearing me from my family and home?"

"Revenge, fair Rosamond. You have slighted me. You are now in my power. Your life—your honor—are in my hands. It will be your own fault if either is violated."

"I am in the hands of God—who never did, nor never will desert those who trust in Him."

"A fine theory—we shall see how it acts when reduced to practice," said the Captain, leaning back and yawning.

"And what are your intentions with regard to me?—asked his companion, who was startled by the cold indifference of his tone and manner. "I cannot think so ill of you as to imagine it possible for you to injure me."

"Six months ago, I would not have hurt a hair of your head, and would have taken the life of any one who dared to insult you by a look. I loved you then, Rosamond, and fondly believed that I was not an object of indifference to you. The times are changed since then. It is your life—not your love—I seek."

"Good God!" exclaimed Rosamond, in a tone

of alarm. "You have not carried me off with the intent to murder me?"

Captain Doyle was silent; Rosamond threw herself upon the door of the carriage—it was locked. She dashed her fist against the closed blinds, but they resisted her efforts. She uttered loud and piercing cries for help; her companion laughed scornfully. "All these efforts to escape are useless, and only exhaust your own strength. I have here a certificate signed by a medical man, well known in the country, or portending to be his signature, which consigns you to my care as an incurable lunatic, whom I am employed to convey to your friends in Dublin, who have made arrangements to place you in a private assylum in that city. This outrageous conduct will only confirm the truth of my statement, so pray be quiet; we will talk over these things more calmly tomorrow."

Not another word was spoken during the long night. They often stopped to change horses, and in passing through one large town, Captain Doyle assisted his victim to alight, and refreshments were served to her; but, overcome with grief and anxiety, Rosamond could not eat.

After speaking apart with the landlady for a few minutes, Miss Sternfield's earnest request was granted by Captain Doyle, that she might wash her face and hands, and arrange her disordered dress.

"You had better have another female in attendance," said the Captain, "as she is often very violent." Rosamond glanced at him disdainfully. "You see, she regards me as an enemy. Yet I am her near relation and friend. It is a thousand pities that one so fair and young, should become the victim of this frightful malady."

"Ah!" said the pitying landlady, "I know well the sorrow that it is. My own husband died deranged. But this poor young lady is so young and pretty, and looks so gentle, 'tis sad—sad. This way, Miss, if you please."

Rosamond followed the landlady and her chamber-maid up stairs, and the moment the door closed upon them, she took the hand of the good woman, and cried in an earnest, heart-piercing tone: "I am not mad. Indeed I am as sane at this moment as you are yourself. This gentleman is my cousin; his name is Doyle, he is a Captain in the army, and he has carried me away by force, from my friends, to gratify some base and sinister motive, best known to himself. I am Miss Sternfield, the heiress of Westholm."

The women shook their heads, and looked incredulously at each other.

"Ah! you will not believe me—yet my statement is true. Yes, as God's truth! And when

my life is sacrificed to this man's base passion, or revenge, and you hear the news of my death, you will be sorry that you had the means of saving me in your power, and neglected it."

"You see she is deranged, ma'am," whispered the chambermaid to her employer,—"when she imagines that handsome man wants to murder her. Had she said that he had run away with her, in order to marry her, I would have thought her sane enough—for lauk, ma'am, is not she a perfect beauty?"

"If you refuse to protect me from this cruel man," said Rose, clasping her hands in earnest entreaty, "I beseech you to send for a magistrate, to whom I may make the same statement that I have made to you—that I may be detained here, until the truth of what I have said, may be ascertained from my friends at Westholm."

"Upon my word she talks sensibly now," said the chambermaid. "Shall I run across, and wake up old Mr. Dease?"

"My good Betty, all these mad folk have their rational moments. I know by the look of her eye, that she can be as mad as a March hare. Come, my dear, be quick in your operations; I hear the horses trampling in the court-yard."

"And you will not have compassion upon me!" cried Rose, flinging herself upon her knees before the woman, as Maurice Doyle violently shook the door. "You will not help me!"

"My poor maid, I am very sorry for you; but as I cannot cure your disease, nor take you from those in whose care your friends have placed you, it is best for you to submit to your situation with patience."

"Patience to the mad!" said Rosamond, laughing with bitterness. "God help my reason—or I shall be the lunatic they would make me, before this dreadful journey is completed." Then turning to the mistress of the house, she said with much dignity: "Should any one ask for Miss Sternfield here—tell them, I beseech you, the same tale that I have told to you. They will believe, what you reject as the ravings of insanity." The woman unlocked the door, and Maurice Doyle stepped forward, and secured the fugitive.

"She has been telling you strange tales, I suppose. She fancies herself the beautiful heiress of Westholm."

"Oh! yes—but we knew it was all nonsense—there is a poor mad wench here in our village that fancies herself the Queen, but the creature is perfectly harmless, and every body humors her, and calls her 'your majesty,' and she will not answer you, unless you give her the title. Such folks are happy—I think," said the chambermaid.

"Happy indeed when compared with me,"

sighed the supposed lunatic, as the carriage drove rapidly off.

CHAPTER XIV.

Yes—at thy hand I've suffered cruel wrong,
And foul indignity—and dost thou dare,
So to profane the holy name of love—
Thus to demand the homage that the soul
Can only pay to virtue?

GREAT was the consternation occasioned by the flight of its fair mistress, among the inhabitants of Westholm. It was near night before her unusual absence excited any suspicion, particularly as Arnold had gone purposely to protect her from any annoyance which might arise among a rude, ignorant set of people; but when the day wore away into the grey shades of evening, and neither Arnold nor his mistress returned, Mrs. Sternfield could no longer control her uneasiness, and despatched the domestics in search of her grandchild.

Arthur Wallbrook was away upon an errand of mercy in a distant part of the country, and all was terror and confusion, when the servants returned at midnight, without her whom they sought, but bringing in a litter, the apparently dead body of Henry Arnold.

The fright occasioned by these suspicious circumstances, brought on a severe fit of illness, which for some weeks threatened the life of Mrs. Sternfield; and when Arnold recovered his senses sufficiently to give a distinct statement of the abduction, his beloved mistress was beyond the reach of pursuit. The despair and grief of Arthur Wallbrook may easily be imagined, when the disastrous occurrence reached his ears; and he immediately took the most vigorous measures to discover the route of the fugitives; but before his efforts were crowned with success, the public papers announced to the distracted friends of the beloved girl, that the gallant Captain Doyle, having succeeded in carrying off the beautiful heiress of Westholm, the happy pair were in full flight for Greta Green, when in attempting to ford a stream, rendered dangerous by the autumn rains, in the hope of shortening their journey, the carriage was upset, and the lady was unfortunately drowned, in spite of every effort made by the distracted lover, to save the life of his betrothed. The most diligent search had been made for the body of Miss Sternfield, which had not as yet been found. The Captain was represented as overcome with the most poignant anguish, stretched upon a sick bed, and small hopes entertained for his recovery.

"He has acted his part well," said Mrs. Major

Sternfield, as she put down the paper, which contained this melancholy account. "That Doyle is a clever fellow; but what has been the real fate of Rosamond? Is she indeed dead?" And then, a stifling feeling somewhat akin to remorse swelled her breast, and the horrid consciousness of blood-guiltiness took possession of her soul, and she would have given the wealth she had so long coveted, to have undone the deed she had so successfully planned.

But to return to Rosamond. The statement given in the papers was partly true, and partly false. Under the idea of frightening her into becoming his wife, and in this way securing her property, without the dreadful alternative of taking her life, Captain Doyle had taken the road to Gretna Green. During the second day of their journey, he had used every argument that human ingenuity could supply, to bend his victim to his purpose, but in vain. With virtuous indignation she repulsed the idea of becoming his wife, boldly expressing her determination to die, rather than submit to an alternative so derogatory to her character.

It was night—they had left Carlisle behind them. A cold wind swept over the desolate moors, and the moon was wading through heavy black clouds; Rosamond had been weeping, but she now sat in a listless, dejected attitude, her hands resting upon her knees, her head bent slightly forward, and her moistened eyes fixed with a rayless, melancholy expression, upon the heavens. The night seemed congenial to her feelings; and ever and anon a deep, heavy, heart-breaking sigh, issued through the small, full lips, now white, and compressed with intense mental disquiet.

Captain Doyle was seated beside her, watching with painful interest her sad, pale countenance. A thoughtless, vain, dissipated man, he was weak rather than wicked, and had yielded up his better feelings and judgment, to become the tool of a heartless, cruel woman. He despised himself for the part he had taken in the affair, but the desperate state of his circumstances, seemed to compel him to proceed. During the two last days, he had treated Rosamond with the greatest tenderness, and, indignant as she felt at his conduct, she was yet grateful for any little indulgence. The hope of winning her to become his wife, had induced him to take the road to Gretna Green; and as a few hours would now bring them to the Scottish border, he was determined to make one effort more, to induce her to change her determination before they reached Longtown, where in case of failure, he had laid a plan for conveying his victim across the Irish sea, having bribed the

master of a fishing smack, to meet him at Skibburness, and convey them to Belfast, where he expected to receive letters and remittances from England, and from thence proceed along the coast to Cork.

The old ruined castle, which had once been a stronghold of his ancestors, was situated among the mountains, in the wildest part of the district of Skibbereen; a few acres of rocky and impoverished land, were all that now remained of his ancient patrimony, and the only part of the castle that was inhabitable, was a round tower, occupied by his foster-brother, and his family—creatures nearly akin to savages, who spoke no English, and were devotedly attached to the person of their master. These people had been already apprised of the guest that was to be committed to their charge, and poor Rosamond had little to expect from them, but a harsh enforcement of their master's commands; but of all these arrangements, she was at present in blissful ignorance.

"Rosamond," he said, taking the small hand next him in his. "You are very cold. Are you ill?"

"Alas! no, Cousin Doyle. I wish indeed I were; for then there would be some hope of escaping from your power." She drew her hand from him, and looked reproachfully up in his face.

"Is there no other alternative than death, Rosamond? Am I so very repulsive, that you find it impossible to live with me? There is something in my heart, that tells me that, in spite of all my faults, I could yet make you happy."

"After what has passed, Cousin Doyle, I could neither love nor respect you. You have injured one, who never injured you, and for reasons best known to yourself, have rendered me very miserable." Her tears again flowed freely.

"Rosamond. Dry these tears, they really distress me. I am not so hard-hearted as you imagine. Necessity has compelled me to adopt this course. I am a ruined man. The prospect of a jail is terrible to me. I have been offered a noble income to deprive you of life. This I will not do—I cannot do. Bad as you think me, I would suffer the torments of the damned, before I would raise my hand against you; but if you will obstinately refuse to be my wife, then, for my oath's sake, and compelled by an iron destiny to secure my own liberty, I must forever deprive you of yours. Oh! think, think deeply, before you decide rashly. Upon your present decision your fate hangs.

Rosamond remained silent for some minutes. A cruel, a very cruel alternative, was offered her. She was young—hope was strong, and life and

liberty inexpressibly dear to her. She did not absolutely hate Captain Doyle, for saving her cousin Marianne, there was no person living whom she beheld with dislike or distrust. Hatred was a feeling foreign to her breast; but she despised and pitied him, as the weak dupe of an artful wicked woman, and to yield love and obedience to such a degraded being, was impossible. No—whatever happened to her hereafter—she was determined to trust to God, and await His own good time to relieve her from her present perplexity. Her soul revolted at the thought of calling him her husband, who, for the base lust of gain, had betrayed her into the power of her only enemy.

"Cousin Doyle," she said, firmly, "my fate is in the hands of Him who made me. If it seem right in His eyes, that I must suffer these indignities at the hands of my fellow creatures, and those mine own near relatives, I submit myself humbly, and trust fully to His will—confident that he never did, and never will desert me. My life and honor are in your keeping; but I feel assured that they are safe. You cannot harm me, even when I declare to you, in the name of Him who created me, that His heavens and earth shall pass away before I become your wife. Go and rejoice with Marianne in your successful villainy. Spend my patrimony in riot and debauchery, and number me as one already with the dead; but the justice of Omnipotence never sleeps. His vengeance will yet overtake you, although I may not live to witness it."

Awed by the calm dignity of her manner, Maurice Doyle could return no answer. Angry and piqued at her decided and contemptuous rejection of his suit, he smothered in his breast all the tender sympathy with which he had regarded her; and he now beheld her in the light of a bitter enemy, whom he feared, but dared not deprive of life. Not another word passed between them until they reached Longtown. It was midnight. Doyle called for fresh horses for Gretna Green, but did not alight. The waiters grinned and nudged each other, and it was quickly whispered from man to man, that the carriage contained a pair of run-away lovers, a report which Doyle's worthless servant did not fail to exaggerate, whispering to the hostler the name of the lady, and the vast fortune she inherited. Captain Doyle asked the man, who brought him a glass of brandy to the coach door, the nearest way to Gretna, as he was hard pursued by the lady's friends, and was in a desperate hurry. The fellow told him that, by fording the Esk, about a mile from the town, he would gain half

a mile, but he thought the ford was rendered dangerous by the late heavy rain.

"Love knows no fear of danger," said Doyle, gaily, and the carriage drove off, as he sang in a fine manly voice:

"He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Esk river, where ford there was none."

As they approached the ford, Rosamond's attention was directed to a strange-looking covered vehicle, that was slowly traversing the bank of the river, drawn by a miserable lean horse. The cart, or caravan, looked like a bathing machine, mounted on wheels, or a very small cottage in the same predicament, and was used for the exhibition of a monkey and a seal. The former, dignified into the wild man of the woods—the latter, into the wonderful mermaid, caught off Flamborough Head, in a heavy gale of wind.

They had scarcely driven abreast of this odd vehicle, when Doyle called out for the carriage to stop, and jumping quickly out, he seized Rosamond suddenly round the waist, and lifted her to the ground, holding her tightly in his arms, while Pat Dolan, his former accomplice, tied her hands behind her, and bound a large woollen neck-wrapper over her mouth and head. She then felt herself lifted into the caravan, while Doyle whispered to some one to take great care of her, and he would join them the next day at Skinburness, and without one parting word to the terror-stricken Rosamond, he jumped into his own carriage, and drove off.

To give a coloring to the pretended death of his victim, he attempted to ford the river, in which attempt he very nearly lost his own life. The carriage was carried some way down the stream by the force of the current—the horses were drowned, and master and man made a very narrow escape. Returning to Longtown, he spread the alarm of Rosamond's death. Crowds rushed to the spot. The stranded carriage and dead horses confirmed the truth of the fatal tale, and every effort to recover the lost bride proved ineffectual. The sad accident, with all its romantic incidents, was the nine days' wonder of the place, and formed a lasting theme for all the amateur poets in the neighborhood. The most sagacious could scarcely imagine the distracted lover had acted a sinister part, when the loss of the lady involved the loss of a large fortune—even those nearest and dearest to the lost girl gave credence to the fatal tale.

Rosamond, in the meanwhile, pursued her journey to Skinburness, in the back compartment of the small caravan, while her companions, the seal and the monkey, were removed to the fore-

part, or exhibition-room. During the night, the bandage still remained over her head, and she could only conjecture where she was, and wonder what was intended by her removal from the other equipage.

About an hour after the chill October morning had dispelled the fog which hung around the coast, she was accosted by a female, who, in a peremptory tone, bade her stand up, while she unfastened her hands, and removed the covering from her mouth and eyes.

Glad to be relieved from the irksome bondage, which cut her wrists, and benumbed her hands and arms, Rosamond instantly obeyed, and the next moment was able to examine minutely the bounds of her prison.

The little apartment into which she had been thrust, which very nearly resembled the state cabin of a small brig, was about eight feet long and six wide. There was just room for a mattress upon the floor, and a bench, which was a fixture to the wall. A piece of board, supported by a strong bracket, went across a corner, and served for a table, on which there stood a red earthen jug, an iron candlestick, and the remains of a brown loaf. A bundle of coarse home-spun female garments occupied a three-legged stool, near the bed, and standing beside the stool, with one hand resting upon the bundle, Rosamond beheld a tall gaunt gipsy-like woman, with a most sinister and forbidding countenance.

"Come, my fine young lady," she cried in a gruff voice, "you must change your dress. These clothes best suit your present circumstances. Be quick for, I am in a hurry."

Now Rosamond felt no small repugnance to do this, for on retaining her present genteel costume, she greatly relied as the only means of effecting in some shape or other, her escape. Besides, she had in her purse ten sovereigns and other small change, upon which she depended for support in case of such a fortunate event. The money she well knew, would fall into the clutches of the woman if she consented to give up her garments.

"I will not part with my clothes," she said firmly. "And you have no right to compel me."

"Might overcomes right," said the woman, grasping her shoulder. "Come, be wise, I do not want to hurt you, but if you refuse, I must use force. I have received my orders, and I will be obeyed."

Rosamond fixed her eyes earnestly upon her face—there was little of ruth or mercy in its harsh, coarse features, where avarice and low cunning were the predominant expression.

"I am rich," she said, "very rich—I have been

forcibly carried from my home and friends by a bold, bad man, who to obtain my fortune wanted to force me to be his wife. My refusal has placed me in my present position; but if you, my good woman, will assist me in making my escape, I will treble the amount of the bribe Captain Doyle has offered you to detain me in his power."

The woman regarded her with fixed attention. Rosamond's words had produced a powerful effect upon her sordid mind.

"Have you any money with you?" she said, grasping her arm.

"A mere trifle, scarcely enough to provide for my wants until I can return home. But if you could procure me with a few shillings, pen, ink, and paper, I could soon obtain a large sum from my friends."

"Let me see what money you have," said her companion. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Reluctantly, Rosamond drew forth her purse, and counted before her the money it contained.

"Do what I require of you, and all this, and ten times more than this shall be yours; and I will settle twenty pounds a year upon you as long as you live."

The dull, dark eyes of the woman flashed with uncommon brilliancy.

"Do you really mean what you say?"

"Yes: truly."

"And you would not put me and my man into jail for keeping you a prisoner here?"

"No, no! Nothing should be done to annoy you; but I would faithfully perform all that I now promise."

"I will talk to my man about it," said the woman; "but do just let me grip that purse? I never saw so much gold together in my born days—I want to feel its weight, to see what it looks like."

"You shall have purse and all when once we are safe and beyond the reach of Captain Doyle."

"Yes, but I must show it to my husband, or he will not believe my tale. Nay, don't be so stingy—sure you are not among thieves. Why, the monkey would have more sense."

Hoping that the sight of the money might work miracles in her favor, and knowing that to retain it, if they wished to possess themselves of it, was impossible, Rosamond made a virtue of necessity, and placed the purse in the woman's hands, only retaining the few pieces of silver. The woman watched her proceedings with a jealous hungry eye, but she made no comment, and left the room, carefully locking the door after her.

The moment she was gone, Rosamond minutely

examined her prison-house. The only place of egress was by the door which had just closed upon her; and which was securely fastened from without. Light was admitted through two small apertures in the roof, not larger than an ordinary pane of glass, but leaded and glazed with small diamond-shaped pieces of ground glass—in order, no doubt, to prevent unconscientious little varlets, from obtaining a sight of the mermaid, and the wild man of the woods, gratis. Without passing through the forepart of the caravan, there could be no possibility of escape, and Rosamond abandoned the idea in despair.

She heard the man and his wife whispering together in the show room; but in a language to her totally incomprehensible. After a while, the woman returned.

"My man," she said, "has no objection to my helping you off to-night, and for that purpose he will camp on this side Skinburness. But he says, that he will not consent unless you give him the rest of the money in your pocket; for, if you be as rich as you say, you can easily get more."

"But in the mean while, I shall be left destitute. Will he not restore the purse?"

"Na, na; he do say that he can keep it better than you. So come, down with the dust, or you and I shall have no farther talk together."

Reluctantly, and almost with tears, Rosamond gave up her little store, which her companion grasped with a grin of triumph.

"That's right," she cried; "you are now relieved from all your cares. Money is the root of all evil, I have heard a methody parson say. So it has pleased the Lord to deliver you of it. Though I, for my part, always have found, that nothing good could be procured without it; and now, my little maid, off with these fine clothes. Such trumpery without any lining to your pocket, will only lead you into danger. If we have to tramp the road together tomorrow, you will be safer in these. See," she continued spreading them out, "they be coarse, but they are bran new, warm, and clean. This green stuff petticoat is bravely quilted. The Queen might wear it, if she list; and this good brown gown is neat enough. Undress quickly, for I am losing time."

Finding it useless to contend, Rosamond made the desired exchange, and in a few minutes stood before her rude companion, in the simple, homely garb of a peasant girl, not the less attractive for her plain attire.

"Now sit down on the bench, and I will get you a cup of milk, and a slice of bread for your breakfast; doubtless ye bes hungry."

"I have little inclination to eat," said Rosa-

mond; "I would rather hear you tell me, in what manner you have planned my escape."

"Oh! the goodman and I have settled all that. I am to go to the town, and with some of your money, furnish a basket with rabbit and hare-skins, threads, tapes and needles, and so we will beg and sell until you reach home. At midnight, I will leave the door unbarred, and you can steal out and meet me on the green behind the caravan. The Captain's man, Pat, sleeps in the outer place, with the monkey and the seal, but we will make him drunk, so you need not fear—wait patiently, my little pet, and the brave Captain, when he comes tomorrow, will find his bonnie bird flown."

"Thanks! a thousand thanks!" cried the grateful girl, clasping the woman's hard hand warmly between her own. "Never, never, will I forget your kindness to my dying day. Forgive me for distrusting you, but I have been used so ill of late, that it has made me suspicious and hard-hearted."

The woman smiled to herself, and went to fetch the bread and milk, while Rosamond sank upon her knees, and returned thanks to God for having thus far softened the hearts of her stern keepers.

The day wore slowly away, in that narrow den. The wintry sun lingered with a red gleam upon the ground glass sky lights. Unable to look out, the poor prisoner thought that it never would set—but night came at last, and Rosamond sat impatiently contemplating her premeditated escape. Her thoughts flew back to Westholm, to Bramby, the far off home of her childhood and dear Jane Redgrave. What sorrows had been spared to her, if she had remained with that beloved friend in her peaceful village. She thought bitterly of all the anguish her flight must have occasioned—the grief of her aged grandmother—of her gentle Cousin Walbrook—while the idea, that Henry Arnold, the strange, mysterious being whom she feared, yet almost loved at the same time, had perhaps met his death in trying to protect her—was extremely distressing.

Then she remembered her father, and thought that his sins were visited upon her head—that Heaven, in its retributive justice, had ordained her to suffer for his crimes. Wholly absorbed by these painful reflections, the hours, before so impatiently marked, stole onward unregarded, until she was aroused from her reverie, by the sound of voices in the outer place. Several persons appeared to be conversing together, in low and mysterious whispers, and she began to fear that some fresh arrival had put an end to her projected escape. But silence was at length restored. The door was cautiously unlocked, and the woman entered.

"Are you ready for a start?" she whispered.

"Oh! yes; but what was the meaning of all that noise a little ago?"

"Nothing, but my husband getting that beast, Pat Dolan, to bed. Now, listen to me. In about half-an-hour, when the ruffian will be sure to be asleep, I will rap three times at the back of the cart, and you must open the door softly, and cross the outer place, with as little noise as possible. I will leave the other door ajar; then come round and join me at the back of the cart, and if we have any luck, we shall be far away before day-light."

Rosamond promised to follow faithfully these injunctions, and the woman left the place.

Deep silence again prevailed. Rosamond listened. She heard the heavy breathing of Doyle's man, and she thought she heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and the noise of cart-wheels, passing on the road, near which the caravan was encamped for the night.

After waiting in breathless suspense for some time, the expected signal was made, and Rosamond started to her feet, with a beating heart. Her hand trembled with agitation—she could scarcely unclose the outer door.

The place was profoundly dark. Cautiously she stepped forward, when something leaped upon her with a wild, unearthly cry, and fastened its teeth in her arm. Alarmed by the unexpected encounter, and faint with excessive pain, she uttered a loud scream. The animal, for it was the monkey, which was chained to the door-post, growled, and still kept his hold, and the poor girl would have fallen to the ground, had she not been caught in the arms of some one, while the animal was struck away with a heavy blow; and losing all consciousness of the past and present, Rosamond was borne from the caravan.

(To be continued.)

SONNET TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY AUSTRALIS.

Stern Disappointment! in thy withering blight,
 With faded visage trac'd through grief's dark day,
 And sad with weeping through each lonely night,
 Those tears, which o'er the pale cheek force their way;
 Ah! how unwelcome to the laboring heart,
 The fix'd and changeless doom thy woes impart!
 Fate hath a cruel herald made of thee,
 That thou should'st to the anxious spirit bring
 The dreaded message of its stern decree,
 So dark, so fearful, and so withering;
 How sad the thought to suffering virtue given,
 That thy unerring hand should quench that light,
 Bequeath'd by Hope, from its own fairy heaven,
 To guide the wretched through earth's darkest night!

TO MARY.

BY AUSTRALIS.

Mary! when o'er life's varied scene
 Thine eye its thoughtful glance shall cast,
 Think not thy days shall be serene,
 Nor dream that Pleasure's smile can last!
 Ah no! though morn shall bloom for thee,
 And flowers breathe forth their fragrant;
 Though friendship's charm and love's delight
 Clothe each new scene with visions bright:
 Though learning in its midnight toil,
 Thy gentle spirit shall beguile,
 And music's strain in melting song,
 Thrill thy young heart amid the throng:
 These joys will fade, and thou shalt be,
 A mourner on this earth, like me!

'Ere eve shall spread her dewy veil,
 These flowers will fade, their freshness fail;
 Friendship's bright glow will soon grow cold,
 And worthless is the miser's gold;
 And Love is but a feverish dream,
 Reflected o'er life's glassy stream;
 If Passion's ripple but arise,
 Love wakes, and, broken-hearted, dies!
 Ah Mary! o'er this troubled sea,
 These golden bubbles shine for thee;
 But they will burst, and thou shalt be,
 A mourner on this earth, like me!

But faith holds out a nobler prize,
 And bids us look through starry skies,
 To realms where blest Religion's voice,
 Bids the sad sufferer's heart rejoice:
 There, Mary, when life's toils have past,
 May thy loved spirit come at last,
 And I shall meet thee pure as when
 Thy innocence on earth was seen;
 Where, then in Heaven, thou ne'er shalt be
 A mourner on this earth, like me!

THE EMBLEM OF THY LIFE, DEAR GIRL.

The placid lake, my gentle girl,
 Be emblem of thy life,
 As full of peace and purity,
 As free from care and strife;
 No ripple on its tranquil breast
 That dies not with the day,
 No pebble in its darkest depths,
 But quivers in its ray.

And see, how every glorious form
 And pageant of the skies,
 Reflected from its glassy face,
 A mirror'd image lies;
 So be thy spirit ever pure,
 To God and virtue given,
 And thought, and word, and action bear
 The imagery of heaven.

BELPHEGOR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF A. LOËVE-VEIMARS.

BY W. P. C.

[In translating the following tale, I have more than once been tempted to interfere with the author's selection of proper names, which to an English ear will certainly sound most strange and unromantic. My apology, however, for leaving them unaltered, must be the respect which I entertain for the prerogative of the novelist, and the license universally conceded to fiction.—W. P. C.]

ONCE, in that season, and at the hour when the fair ladies of Brighton are wont negligently to recline in their luxurious carriages—when young noblemen seat themselves upon their tandems, and are borne along with the speed of an arrow's flight, or nimbly bestride their English racers, whose shining nostrils bespeak their Arabian origin—a curriole rapidly crossed the Eastern square of that city, and directed its course towards the sea-shore. The noble animals that drew the vehicle, chafed beneath the influence of bit and curb, and at every bound they made, threw forth long wreaths of foam. It was curious indeed to see their curveting and fiery eagerness restrained without apparent effort, by the prompt and steady hand of the coachman, as he sat unmoved and immovable upon a corner of his box; the handle of the whip he used, resting on his thigh, while his left hand held the reins, whose snowy whiteness sparkled beneath the unusually dazzling rays of the English sun. Napoleon, giving directions to his painter, David, with regard to a proposed equestrian likeness of himself, desired to be represented as seated in a calm and fearless attitude, upon a furious charger: thus did he wish to characterize prudence and self-possession. Reckoning in this wise, surely the English coachman, firmly fixed upon his laced cushion, might well be said to represent the appearance and the manner of a conqueror.

The elegant equipage I have referred to, rolled over the pavement with the noise and rapidity of a torrent, and soon left behind it the singularly constructed edifices of Brighton. This, by the way, seems like an Indian city, based upon the ruins of some Grecian town, and finished off by Christopher Wren, or Philibert Delorme. Close to the tapering spire of a Pagoda, escaping from a circlet of domes, covered with fantastic paintings, rise the fluted and festooned columns of the New Birth, the chaste and elegant fron-

tispieces of which, are taken from the age of Raphael and Cellini, and whose *bas-reliefs* fall into long and waving garlands of Cupids and nymphs and flowers. Egypt also seems at hand, with her obelisks, her blue lotus, and her silver ibis, China casts upon you a side glance, though the narrow doors, darkly lacquered, and inlaid with gold, while Greece exhibits over all these remarkable monuments and specimens of architecture, her massive Doric capitals, and immense entablatures of Parian marble: melancholy reminders of a nation's ruin, and now without a purpose, since they no longer reflect the azure of the Attic sky.

The curriole continued to advance with redoubled speed and clatter—its driver still so calm and self-possessed, that not even a single particle of the powder of his white *perruque* fell upon his brown livery—its horses ever and anon, rearing proudly up, flinging on high their lofty heads, adorned, at either ear, with full-blown roses—its two sturdy footmen perched behind it, one bearing a long, golden-headed staff, and both of light complexion, silent and erect, clad in white silk hose, and breeches tied with points of silk and gold. Everything, in this arrangement, seemed intended to attest the superiority of the brute creation over the human race. Everything, from the mettlesome opposition of the horses to the reins that guided them, even to the furious baying of two greyhounds in advance of the equipage, cried shame upon the livery of its sad and humiliating servitude.

I had nearly forgotten to say, that between the animals, and the yet undefined species of creatures—the footmen; between the dogs, the horses and the men, were two human beings, comfortably seated in the inside of the carriage; one of these was a man, apparently thirty years of age, of finely proportioned and majestic figure; the other a lady, hid beneath a large hat of Florence straw,

surmounted by a canopy of white feathers—the sport of the capricious evening breeze.

The man spoke not, and his companion amused herself with looking forth upon the road, and smelling from time to time the contents of a *cassolette*, that hung suspended from her sash.

At length the curricie, the lady, the men, and the beasts, arrived at the pier or quay—a handsome construction, to which a lighthouse is added. The sea, at this place, seems to roll carefully, and with a sort of deference over the fine sands of the shore, laden as it is, with the precious persons of the English nobility. In these roads, the waves scorn to bear other than splendidly constructed packets, swiftly sailing racers, and elegant yachts or pleasure cutters. Never hath an unwieldy barge, freighted with rosin and deal timber, nor a heavy trading dogger, been permitted to disgrace these aristocratic waters; occasionally, indeed, some boat carrying eggs from Normandy, or fruits and golden tinged butter from Isigny, appears at the quays of this noble city, to which it obtains access, as the rustic purveyor is admitted within the walls of the palace, whose tables he is paid to supply—but that is all. This pier and this harbour in fact, were never intended for any but rich and noble pleasure-seekers. The winds that blow here, have ever refused to fill the sails of vulgar craft, and will only spread the flags of seamen from the House of Lords. Here the waves lash only gilded prows;—in a word, this basin might indeed be held worthy to receive the fleet of that distinguished admiral, who set afloat upon a bowl of punch a hundred fathoms in extent, mahogany skiffs, manned by youngsters clothed in silk, and rowed with silver spoons.

The citizens of Brighton were inhaling the fresh air upon the pier; the women, with their faces concealed by veils of green gauze, drawing closely around their persons the folds of their mantles, for which the sportive wind would fain have contested with them; the men, wrapped in their long great-coats, and exhibiting in every feature of their countenance that expression of well-being, and of pride, for which the English are so noted.

At the entrance to the pier, leaning over a parapet, a young man, of agreeably prepossessing appearance, was carelessly surveying the scene before him, sometimes turning his little shell eyeglass towards the pedestrians who were near him, and sometimes watching the horsemen and carriages that passed rapidly to and fro upon the sea-shore. Among these last, at a distance, he discerned the curricie, which I have already described, coming on with a sort of vibrating motion,

occasioned by the elasticity of its springs, and the activity of the horses. He continued to watch it, and at length, governed apparently by a curiosity to observe more distinctly this remarkable equipage, he quitted his lounging posture, and stepped forward. The young man seemed to take increased interest in this spectacle. A few seconds found him directly in front of the vehicle; here he stopped, looked again upon the object of his admiration, appeared for an instant to reflect, and finally, beckoned coolly, yet deferentially, to the individual seated within.

At a signal from the latter, the coachman pulled up the horses, which reared and plunged violently at the sudden movement.

“I ask your pardon for interrupting your ride, my lord,” said the young man.

The other looked at him attentively, but did not reply.

“My lord, you have splendid horses—are they full-blooded?”

The gentleman nodded.

“I do not know,” resumed the young man, with embarrassment, and laying his hand upon the door; I do not know how, my lord, (for so I presume to style you,) to explain the motive which has induced me, a stranger, to stop your carriage. I have recently arrived here from Scotland, with the confessed object in view of enjoying, for a season, English amusements. My name is Beauclerc.”

His auditor bowed.

“Horatio Beauclerc, eldest son to the Duke of Carmarthen, and heir of his peerage.”

At this the lady, who had before scarcely deigned to look at the speaker, regarded him closely.

“I fear exceedingly, my lord, that my title may seem only to add to the impropriety of my proceeding. On first seeing your carriage, however, a certain feeling possessed me, which I found impossible to repress; but then such horses are not often beheld!”

While speaking, he gazed upon the animals with admiration, and stooped to examine their finely proportioned limbs.

“This carriage was made by Brown, I perceive,” said he, glancing at the steel-box of one of the wheels; “as a manufacturer, he is celebrated even in Edinburgh, and, on my word, he well deserves his reputation. My lord, I have a request which I must urge, even should you command your servants here to thrash me soundly for my audacity in doing so. You must know that I propose to make a respectable figure in England, and was just dreaming about the style of my own equipage when yours appeared.”

And, in truth, since I have seen these horses, this livery, and this coach, I entertain towards you, as their possessor, an envy that I cannot restrain. An idea has occurred to me, that possibly you may not be unwilling to dispose of the whole."

In France, a proposition of this character would instantly have consigned the author to Charenton; but in England, no surprise whatever is manifested at so common an occurrence. His lordship replied, that he regretted exceedingly his inability to render the young man this slight service, because, though he had many carriages in London, he had only, at Brighton, the one he rode in.

The youth, however, was not discouraged, and remarked to the other, that the distance from Brighton to London was not great.

"But, my dear young Sir," said the nobleman, "you are, perhaps, not aware how much that pair cost me. Harry," he continued, addressing the coachman, "how much did my horses cost me?"

"Fifteen hundred pounds, my lord."

"And that rascal, Brown, pretends that his curricie is worth five hundred, on account of the silver-steel springs, as the wag calls them. If you add to this the harness and trappings, you will find it a somewhat expensive affair. You would do better to leave such extravagant notions to older men, like myself, who have already inherited my peership, and am not forced to account to others for my doings. This is just the advice I would offer to a friend, my young Sir."

A parting salute accompanied these words, and the attentive coachman instantly raised his whip to start the impatient horses.

"One moment, my lord, as a favor. If two thousand five hundred pounds sterling is all you demand, I will accept the bargain." And, without hesitation, he drew from his pocket-book two cheques upon a London banker, which he presented to the astonished nobleman.

"What! my young friend—would you have my servants as well as the carriage?"

"A thousand pardons, my lord; but I told you before that I was about to make an improper proposal."

"Come, Sir," said the other, rising from his seat, "I see we must talk like jockeys, '*cheval vendu et diner payé se lient à la minute.*' William, hand me my great coat. You now belong to this gentleman, and you also, Tobias. An able coachman, my young Sir, upon my word! Good by, poor Argos," said he, caressing one of his dogs; "good by, you also are sold."

And wrapping himself in an immense coat, and taking his cane from one of the footmen, the nobleman prepared to depart, after casting a final glance at the horses and the carriage.

Meanwhile, the younger man stood confusedly making apologies to the other, who continued his arrangements without replying. Observing at last, that he hurried away, without seeming to think of the lady in the carriage, the youth addressed him again, in considerable surprise.

"How is this?" he asked. "Is my lady also included?"

The nobleman turned round mechanically, and fixed his eyes for a moment upon his interrogator.

"Be it so," he said; "the lady also."

He walked coolly away, leaving the young Beauclerc in a state of absolute bewilderment. Giving his directions, however, as best he could, and springing into the curricie with a determined air, he assumed the vacant seat beside the lady.

EVERY one in London knew Cosa, the beautiful equestrian at Astley's. The fashionable journals had for a long time lavished their encomiums on her alone, her black eyes, her dignity of person, the elegance of her style of riding, the activity and singular modesty of her salutes. It gave one pleasure to see her leap from the saddle upon the sand of the amphitheatre, and escape amid the rustling of her spangled robe of muslin, whose folds contributed to impede the swiftness of her flight. Suddenly, when she had reached the circumference of the arena, she whirled around, bowed with incredible nimbleness, rose up with a rebound, and vanished from before you. From all parts of England, people came together to witness Cosa's bow.

On horseback, how beautiful was Cosa! * * * The shouts of admiration that she inspired, were lost upon her; like an ethereal spirit, she hovered over the multitude, but indifferent to the applause, which, like the fleeting fumes of an incense, ascended from beneath her. And if sometimes she deigned to cast a glance upon the admiring and excited crowd, she saw only an immense circle of heads, confused, indistinct, and pressed together like one of those dark circles of condemned souls, which Dante has described in his *Inferno*. Presently, all these heads, meagre, bloated, red, pale, shrivelled, black, old, young, white, frizzled or bald, spin around her with frightful velocity. They spin around, and in their rotations embrace the columns, the draperies, the lights, and even the deafening din of drums and trumpets. Then, as if she and her white courser, which frets and trembles beneath

his shining trappings, were suddenly checked by a powerful hand, they stop and rest motionless above the excited concourse. The hoofs of the horse strike no more on the sands, the sound of his gallop has ceased to be heard. * * * *

The Duke of M—, a noble English peer, whose estates comprised two or three counties in extent, had grown vexed and weary with the blue eyes of his lady, her light and simple tresses which she parted on her forehead, like one of the virgins of Raphael or Guido, with the serenity of her countenance and the singular quietness of her step. In her carriage, at the tea-table, in her box at the opera, the Duchess was always the same. She listened to the opening scene of Mozart's *Don Juan* with a smile; the same smile served her when she replied to a compliment; that smile she carried with her to church and to the ball room; neither in beautiful nor unpleasant weather did that smile forsake her; nor did an unpleasant dream chase it away, for the Duchess never dreamed, but throughout each night that smile flitted upon her countenance, during her long and tranquil slumbers; yes, smiling and happy the Duchess of M— would have entered her tomb.

That smile vexed the Duke. He would have sacrificed one of his estates to see his wife shed tears, or to make her walk more quickly. Once, on purpose, he let her favorite lap dog fall into the water. The Duchess made a slight movement of uneasiness, and then, without apparent emotion, watched the creature as it dolefully struggled. On another occasion he loudly called her to his assistance. In short, he used every means which he thought might annoy her, or excite in her breast more active feelings, either as a woman, or as a lady of high rank; he was unsuccessful. The Duchess of M— resembled the impassible female in the celebrated *Impavidum* of Horace.

M— House, and M— Lodge, the town and country residences of the Duke, were both enchanting paradises—paradises without the serpent. The striking of a village clock, the song of the cicade, the whizzing of a matron's spinning wheel, are not more monotonous, than was the life which every-where was spent beneath the blazonry of M—. Whist, tea, conversation of methodistical piety; visits given and received with excessive ceremony; and drives, invariably in the same direction, constituted the amusements of the Duchess. She was always seen erect and stately, pale, fair, and without animation, causing on every hand tranquillity and silence. One would have thought that some invisible and secret fluid pervaded her presence, so great repose and

peace did the Duchess impart to all around her. Her attendants never approached her, save with downcast eyes, and pendant hands. The moment she appeared, all disputing ceased; the men and maid-servants stopped their mutual bickerings, and even the horses ceased to paw the earth, and the dogs to howl by moonlight. The Duke even affirmed that the vexatious smile which troubled his peace, had transmitted itself to everything which came within the presence of his wife, and that every living creature in his household, from the governess, even to Sidi-Ali, the young African lion, smiled upon him most disagreeably.

"Shall we go to the English Opera to-night, my dear Hannah?" asked the Duke of the Duchess, one evening.

"Yes, Henry, willingly."

"But what if we should go to see the *Battle of Austerlitz*, at the Theatre Royal?"

"With pleasure, my lord."

"Yet, after all, I do not know that it would be proper for a lady of a certain rank to appear there,"

"I think as you do, Henry."

"As I do! and how do I think?"

"I ask you that question, my lord."

"And I, madam, ask you whether you possess an opinion of your own?"

"I do, my dear lord."

"Let me know what it is?"

"It is yours."

"Zounds! have I then leisure to think for you, Madam?—and the Court, and the Parliament, and the clubs, and the races! Observe, madam, that the practice of despotism, is suited only to a Turk, who passes away his existence, seated cross-legged upon a sofa. To control a woman is an occupation which requires unremitting attention, and for that I have not time; I beg of you, Hannah, that you will condescend to direct yourself; at least, depend very little upon me. In truth I cannot endure it."

The Duchess laid upon the table the handkerchief which she had been embroidering, and looked at her lord with a smile; her large blue eyes grew larger than usual; not a word of all he had been saying, did she comprehend.

"Since that is the case, we will go to the Opera, my lord," she said.

"Very well, my dear, go to the Opera. Meanwhile I have been thinking about Astley's. They mention a fascinating creature; don't you wish to see her—this Cosa?"

"I will go there, if you like."

"But do you wish to go?"

"Undoubtedly I do, Henry; and every thing else that you wish."

Her lord turned away.

"Ye Heavens!" he cried; "how wretched am I! Ye Heavens, how wretched! Oh! how I envy the agreeable household of Socrates!"

ONE circumstance perplexes me in this narration; it is that Cosa was born at Venice. Venice is very old, is it not? The marble pavements of its palaces are not less dear to the pen of the novelist than the East; nor than the brazen big toe of Saint Peter, at Rome, to the kisses of devotees. There is not one of its gondolas that has not become the subject of a story or romance. What poet exists, who has not brought back some black-eyed girl from a voyage to Venice, which he never performed? Who has not glided, of an evening, upon the canals of Venice, lighted by the moon; or listened to the echo of sweet sounds beneath the dark bridge of the Rialto? Venice, once the tavern of Europe, the city of orgies and of festive masquerades, of youthful nobles, with flowing plumes, and diamond earrings; Venice the gay, the dissolute, the foolish, hath become the plaintive Jerusalem of our poets. They love to hang their harps on willow trees, whose branches shade the waters, and seek for sighs and tears. "Venice in ruins! Venice enslaved! Venice moss-covered! Venice lost in wretchedness! Venice, thy columns of marble bewail thee! Venice, thy waters lament thy fate!" cry our unhappy poets, as they walk to and fro in their chambers, or look out on the trees of the Boulevards. They represent Venice to be a city shrouded in an immense crape veil, silent, dark, and deserted. Scarcely do they admit it to contain a few timid inhabitants, who glide along with terror beneath the lofty arches of the public squares, or hide themselves within some dark gondola, to escape the frowning glances of their tyrants. At Venice all things weep and groan over her departed splendour, the lions of Carmagnola, the horses of Hippodrome, the statues of the Doges, and the Saints of ancient Palma. There the sun veils his face in the semblance of mourning. The nights are dark, and noiseless as the tomb; and if indeed, a solitary lamp, but ill concealed, chances to pierce the gloom, yet the pale light it sheds, but serves to reveal the white uniform of an Austrian sentinel, or the threatening muzzle of a German cannon.

Oh! I wish, that some of these sad nights, one of our Parisian poets could find himself suddenly transported to Venice, and could take mournful Italy by surprise. When such a poet would behold Venice lighted up with gas; with velocity, carrying about from place to place its thousands of paper lanterns; gaily partaking of macaroni,

fried fish, and sherbet; its squares thronged with mountebanks; its palaces opening their illuminated portals to crowds of eager dancers, to guard whose cloaks hath become the duty of the terrible Austrian soldier; what would the poet do then with his grief? Where would he shed his tears? Alas! what would become of that poor poet, on seeing that Venice had deceived him, and beholding her thus stripped of her enchantment, as all things earthly are by turns.

Cosa was perhaps the last poetical being that stayed in Venice; nor did she stay there either. Would you know her history? It is short. A Slavonian purchased her from her mother, and instructed her in the art of dancing upon stilts, leaping over drawn swords, and executing figures to the sound of castanets. Her companion in these exercises was a young native of Minorca, who afterwards was known in Venice, by the name of Belphegor. Belphegor, at the age of fifteen years, resembled one of Tintoretto's finest portraits, that of Don Juan, which is still seen at Venice in the celebrated representation of the "Sainted Alliance," suspended in the Church of Paul and Jean. Every night the German officers thronged the square of Santa-Maria-Formosa, where Belphegor practised his movements of agility, and distinguished himself among them as Juan of Austria.

* * * * *

Belphegor, Juan of Austria, pleased the Venetian ladies exceedingly, and Cosa pleased the German officers. The ladies, however, did not carry Belphegor off; but one evening, when the hour came for the usual exercises of his pupils, the old Slavonian found that one of them was missing. It was Cosa.

It would take too long to relate how Cosa passed from Venice to Vienna, from Vienna to Munich, from Munich to Brussels, and from Brussels to London, where she made her appearance at Astley's circus; and how she left the circus in the carriage of the Duke of M—.

The more Cosa saw of the German barons, the great English gentry and nobility, the more frequently her thoughts reverted to the playmate of former days. The stately elegance of the world seemed to make a singular impression upon the young Italian. She could not understand the sentiments, the profound passions, which she inspired, but which deranged neither the folds of a cravat, nor the last curl of a symmetrical head-dress. All those peculiarly beautiful flowers, which bloom beneath a foggy atmosphere, had not the slightest fragrance for her, accustomed as she was to look upon the powerful vegetation of the genial soil of Italy. Every kind expression—

every smile bestowed upon her—she received impatiently. How preferable to her seemed the rudeness and vehemence of Belphegor! Cosa was incapable of disguising her sentiments; she spoke incessantly of him, and when the Duke once inquired of her, who was the person fortunate enough to occasion her reverie, she answered:

“My thoughts are wholly fixed on Belphegor, the finest rope-dancer in Venice.”

His grace grew tired. He had appropriated to Cosa's use an apartment, which, although magnificent in England, would have been considered barbarous in any other country. Large golden palm trees spread their leaves along the walls, hung with brilliant Chinese tapestry, and formed a dome worthy of an Arabian tale. Sofas of Indian cashmere, magnificent japan vases, Flemish paintings, and velvet carpets—all contributed to form a sumptuous confusion, a veritable eastern bazaar, in which the most striking object was Cosa herself.

When the Duke came for the first time to visit Cosa in this enchanting palace, she wore a crown of flowers, and a necklace of diamonds and pearls, and, reclining on a sofa, was playfully caressing the two greyhounds, which had accompanied the carriage, and which were still covered with dirt and dust. At the moment of the Duke's entrance, she was attempting, with them, to leap over a pile of cushions, singing, all the while, some snatches of a Venetian song, and clapping her hands together, exclaiming: “Bravo! Don Giovanni; bravo! Belphegor.” His grace found himself exactly in the way of the bound made by one of the dogs. The whole weight of the animal came upon him; he tumbled backwards, and in the twinkling of an eye, down upon him came two other bodies, one after the other—Cosa, followed by Don Giovanni, who had been contending with Belphegor in agility, and had been unable to check their course. The noble peer disappeared under the dancer and the dogs, and his complaints and anger were stopped by bursts of laughter and loud barking.

The next day found Cosa shedding bitter tears; she had dreamed that Belphegor, her companion in the Piazza Santa-Maria-Formosa, had fallen from his stilts, and expired at the foot of a statue of the Virgin. The dog that she had named after him—his paws bound together, two and two, with black gauze ribbons—his mouth tinged with red, like corpses in Italy—his head grotesquely ornamented with a tinsel crown—and half covered with a dark cashmere shawl—was stretched upon a bed of state. Twenty tapers burned around the very indocile, cross, and restless deceased. Cosa, on her knees, sang

a death chant, breaking it by her sobs and tears. The Duke could not help laughing, as an Englishman seldom laughs. Involuntarily, Cosa rose and fixed her eyes upon him; her bosom palpitated violently, and two brilliant tears stopped mid-way upon her hueless cheeks; in the anger which agitated her, she violently threw back the long black tresses that shaded her face.

“Yes, laugh!” she said; “laugh at me, who weep for such a being as dwells not in England! What do you want? I am very foolish to prefer a dancer to a lord—an actor to a Duke! He is dead, poor Juan of Austria! and I have seen him this past night with a crown of sorb and silver paper. Oh! Belphegor, thou did'st not seek to die without bidding farewell to thy poor adopted sister; but I will kiss the pavements which thy feet have pressed.”

Thenceforth, Cosa spoke only of Venice; she believed Juan of Austria to be dead, and earnestly wished to go and pray upon his tomb. The day before the occurrences at Brighton, already narrated, she told the Duke, that on the morrow she would leave him if he refused to take her back to the shores of her beloved Adriatic; and the first words she addressed to the young Beauclerc, as he seated himself beside her in the curriole, were these:

“Will you take me to Venice?”

“Gladly,” said he; “to Rome, to Venice, to the end of the world, if you like!”

ONE day, when the sun shone with unusual brightness upon the waters of the Adriatic, a beautiful yacht passed lightly along the populous coast of the island called *San Giorgio Maggiore*, and directed its course towards the entrance of the grand canal, gracefully moving, and casting its shadow upon the waters. Its snowy sails, and the yards and cordage carefully painted black, gave it the appearance of an eagle cutting the surface of the waves with the tips of its wings. The taffrail of the little vessel was made of curiously carved wood, and presented a large armorial escutcheon, supported by a lion and a unicorn. Vignettes, intermingled with the leaves of the ivy and the vine, ornamented the cabin windows, through which might have been distinguished curtains of Persian satin, figured with representations of birds of variegated plumage, and brilliant flowers. The deck was wrought from the wood of the palm-tree, and inlaid after the fashion of our modern *parquets*, and around it ran a railing of elegantly chiselled bronze. The vessel carried six small cannons mounted on mahogany carriages, and adorned with arabesques of polished copper. Near these guns slept

two youngsters, clad in white, each of whom bore a powder-flask, of the finest ivory, attached to his neck by a silver chain. A luxurious couch occupied a portion of the deck, and boxes of plants and shrubs placed round about, gave the yacht the semblance of a floating island, approaching kindly to salute its sisters in the lagoons.

Without hindrance the vessel passed the outer custom-house and its doric columns, its kneeling statues and the artificial globe which they support. Thanks to its speed and the narrowness of its keel, it shot into the grand canal with the rapidity of a gondola, and left to the right the noble palace of the Giustiniani; which looks like some venerable marquis in the garb of a butler, since its escutcheons and marble pillars have been disgraced by the inscription—*EUROPEAN HOTEL*. The wind that gaily filled the sails of the yacht carried it speedily past twenty other palaces, ruined, timeworn and deserted, through which the rays of the sun passed from window to window, like the flash of a sword-blade through the body it has pierced. From on board might have been seen the towers of the palace Diario, the rustic chapels of the palace Contarini, the imposing residence of the Foscari, where, in times of yore, the republic entertained its visitors, the charming terraces of the Spinelli, and the antiquated entrances of the Rialto. Presently the sails of the yacht were lowered, a cable was thrown out on the quay it had neared, and the vessel was moored in front of the royal custom house.

All this while, a lady remained sitting in the yacht, in a saloon where gold, velvet and silk had been lavished with the most luxurious prodigality.

* * * * *

"Is not Venice lovely?" asked Cosa proudly of the young lord, who looked upon all these objects with indifference.

"Scotland is also beautiful," answered Beauclerc.

"Yes, Scotland is beautiful, I grant; but mark me, Horatio, the sight of Scotland will never give you the happiness that I experience here. Are you aware whence arises my emotion on seeing this, my native Venice? It is not that I shall find here, as you would do in Scotland, the palace in which I was reared. Every step I take will recall to my mind the want of a mother's caresses. I can have no recollection of the delightful years of childhood, spent with rosy lips and joyous brow, in culling flowers or chasing butterflies. No; that which affects me is the remembrance of all the misery which I have here

endured. How oft have I cursed that splendid sun, in whose rays the English come hither to bask, when it tortured me at mid-day upon these fiery wharves, to which my mother had sent me to sing her canticles, to wave my hand to the patrons who went on ship-board, and to wish them in the Virgin's name a prosperous voyage or success in fishing. Ah! wretched child that I was! Not one of these stones which you see, was not wet with my tears. These fine evenings once saw me wandering about the squares and bridges, supplicating the compassion of happy couples who heard me not. Yonder, where that crowd is gathered, was once another scene: there stood a poor, pale, weakly and fatigued female child, whose rival in the mysteries of begging was Polichinelle. The tranquillity and fearlessness of that child amidst perils occasioned admiration, but no one knew how fiercely her heart beat when she saw in the hands of the master who had bought her, the stick whose terror had taught her how to excite the applause of a multitude. Polichinelle is still Polichinelle, in her cabin of rushes, covered with a worn out gown of coarse blue cloth. And the poor girl has become a great lady and makes voyages in a gilded yacht. Is there no joy in humbling a rival? And can you not guess now why I rejoice at my return to Venice?" A burst of laughter accompanied these words; the next moment, Cosa was in tears.

The young noble approached her, and kindly enquired the cause of her sudden grief.

"My lord, I ask no higher dignity than that of a duchess, since such is your wish; but I cannot live in a castle while the companion of my childhood lies beneath a mound of nettles. Let him be buried in the church of St. Mark, and let him have the finest monument in Venice; and if you refuse me this, well! I have not forgotten the agility that Belphegor taught me, and the square of St. Mark belongs to every one."

"He shall have a marble tomb—one worthy of a doge. I esteem your Belphegor exceedingly. He was such a man in vigor and address as our ancestors, the Scotch and Romans, were. Had he lived during the crusades, he would have been a knight. Show me St. Mark, St. Paul, any thing you like, and then we will sail for England, and there upon my faith, you shall be my wife; to tell the truth, I don't know what they will say about that in England."

"You have courage?"

"The courage of love, Cosa."

"Of love!" she said, turning around and surveying him from head to foot. "Really, my lord, if I might presume to give you advice, it

would be never to use that word again while you stay in Venice."

THE night was dark, as Cosa, wrapped in a large veil, glided stealthily along the walls of the city, like Bianca when she made her escape from the palace Capello. She walked quickly forward; all at once she stopped and listened with surprise. Just as she was turning the corner of the palace Maliferno, on the square Maria Formosa, the wind brought to her ear the well remembered sounds of a flute and tambourine. She trembled and could scarcely move, when she discovered a solitary lamp, which shed a circle of light upon the square. By that light, at the distance of a rod, she distinctly saw the figure of Belphegor pass by. Her heart beat violently, poor girl! She had come all the way to Venice, weeping for Belphegor buried, full of enthusiasm for his memory, and fixed in her resolution to erect for him a tomb and a statue. But Belphegor standing before her, and alive, to find her there was a thing she had not anticipated. She grew faint, not from joy but terror. To the eyes of Cosa, Belphegor, enclosed in an alabaster urn, covered with a marble drapery, under the hanging branches of a willow, was the embodiment of virtue. He was the mighty archangel who had spread his protecting wings over her sorrowful childhood. She thought only of his fraternal devotedness, his honest friendship. She admired his manly beauty, relieved as it was by a gaiety which banished the recollection of every misery. But on finding him again where she had left him, fat, fresh, contented and fierce as usual, she remembered the various occurrences which the poetry of death for a time had effaced. She remembered that her idol had once been sottish, easily angered, and exceedingly gross. But that which she remembered first, was that Belphegor had never loved her.

"Why have I come hither?" she said; "is it not for him? Yes, I will tell him what I have done for him. God grant that he may deserve it all!"

Meanwhile Belphegor, little knowing the happiness that awaited him, gruffly tied up his bundle, blew out the light, and casting an old cloak over his romantic costume, prepared to regain his residence. Cosa followed him through many winding ways, till they reached a dilapidated house in the street called Stella. He rudely pushed the door open, entered a large and dimly lighted room, and cast himself into a chair, near a table on which a good supper was prepared for him. Taking a knife from his pocket, he struck

the table several times with it, and cried, "Carlina!"

Cosa stood in the doorway looking at Belphegor and the objects that surrounded him, attentively. He seemed to her less majestic than formerly, when she had admired his lofty stature, his sonorous voice, and jet black eye-brows. * * * Already she begun to regret that she had exalted her uncouth companion above the unhappy nobles who had worshipped her upon their knees. At last, she felt ashamed of her weakness and indecision, and advancing gracefully, she said in a feeble and agitated voice:

"Open your arms to your poor Cosa, Belphegor!"

"Cosa!" said he; "yes, I remember Cosa, a pretty girl and a good dancer; but you are not she!"

"Oh! Belphegor," she cried; "who could come to seek you this gloomy night, except Cosa! Do you know how I have counted the minutes since I left you? Four years passed far away from you, could not remove the recollection of you! I am no longer the poor girl you protected and supplied with bread; I might become a duchess, Belphegor; but rather would I love to stay with you."

"Would you be my wife, Cosa? * * * I am now my own master, and dance for myself, without fear of the Sclavonian's cudgel. My lot is happy, and since you say you love me, I will share it with you."

His speech terrified Cosa. Oh! how fearful appeared to her the poverty which produces death, and the wretchedness that urges men to commit deeds of blood.

"The wealth and the refinement which I despised," said she, "afford at least peace and security. Selfishness in prosperity becomes almost generous: but when starved, it is sanguinary."

"Come, Cosa," said Belphegor; "let us celebrate your return. Our master is not here with his cudgel, and we may sup together quietly."

As he spoke he bolted a door at the end of the room, brought from a corner two dusty bottles, spread his damp cloak upon an old, broken chair, and tenderly lifting Cosa in his arms, placed her beside him at the table.

"You come at a lucky moment," he said, as he put before her a broken plate. "I have a supper here fit for a king."

A dreadful vapor of garlic, onions and odious spices, arose and wound itself up to the face of Cosa, who grew sick and faint. She strove to appear calm, however, and removing her gloves, which she laid on the table, gracefully took with her fair hand, a morsel of the rude fare.

Belphegor seized her gloves and cast them under the table, where a lean, black dog tore them in pieces with his teeth.

"Away with all useless things, my little Cosa; to-morrow we will assume our avocations; I fear me greatly, that you have forgotten your manners. But I will teach them to you once more, and then the *baiocchi** will be showered upon us. Beautiful as you are, all Venice will come to see us. Let us drink, let us empty these two bottles."

Cosa grew more and more terrified at every word of this man who seemed so rude and terrible, that she trembled lest she should offend him. Flight was difficult, for the door was closed.

"Love brought you back, *ma danseuse*; love you see is like the charm of a drinking-song,—to enjoy it the bottle must be emptied first. One glass more, my fair! Cosina, here I have a great lady at your service!"

The gesture that accompanied these words made Cosa scream. Just then, some one struck repeated blows upon the inner door, which Belphegor had previously fastened.

"Ah!" said he; "here comes Carlina,—one moment Carlina, one moment, my big moor-hen, or you will frighten my dove here."

When he had opened the door, a young woman with a flushed countenance, and gaudily attired, advanced into the middle of the room.

"Is this, then, what you have brought me here for, infamous ruffian?" she cried, pointing towards the almost insensible Cosa, who had fallen back in her chair. "You let us cry with hunger—me and my poor infants!"

Without emotion, Belphegor grasped an enormous staff, which hung upon the wall.

"Here is the cudgel of the Slavonian," he cried; "often have I felt its weight, and I assure you that it shall teach you obedience, respect and sobriety."

The fearful cudgel was uplifted, and about to descend upon the head of his unfortunate wife, when Cosa cast herself before the arms of Belphegor.

"Juan!" she cried; "let me depart, in Heaven's name! I thought you free—I thought you—I was deceived. May you be happy, Juan, happy as you can wish!—But oh! allow me to go hence! I will never return to you."

"Your caprice is already gone, my pretty one. You are admirably fitted to be a great lady! You are not the Cosa of old times. I would not have you now if you wished me to—you are useless. Go, become a duchess!"

* A small Italian coin.

He opened the door, and with the speed of an arrow, Cosa passed out, and vanished in the darkness.

In the same year, Cosa, Duchess of Carmarthen, was introduced to the English Queen, and took her place beside Her Grace of M——. By the latter, she was smilingly received, and since then, there has been no distinguished Court Assembly unhonored by her presence.

TO AUGUSTA R****D,

ON HER BIRTHDAY, WITH A WREATH OF FLOWERS.

BY R. E. M.

Whilst others bring thee glittering toys,
Or jewels rich and rare,
I bring but flow'rs, more meet are they
For one so young and fair.

'Tis not because that snowy brow
Might with the lily vie,
Or violet match the starry glance
Of that dark, thoughtful eye—

Nor yet because a brighter blush
E'en rose-leaf never wore;
But 'tis, that in their leaves lies hid,
A rare and mystic lore.

And with its aid my hand shall form,
A wreath of flow'rets wild,
The brightest e'en that nature yields,
To deck thy brow, fair child.

The Primrose first, the emblem fit
Of budding early youth;
The Daisy, in whose leaves we read,
Pure innocence and truth;

The Rose-bud, sign of youthful charms,
We well may give to thee;
And with it we will wreath in braids
The timid, sensitive tree.

And, tribute to thy modest worth,
The Violet, emblem meet,
Itself concealing, yet on all,
Shedding its perfume sweet.

Thy wreath is formed—of blossoms bright
I've twined each link—and yet,
Another flower I still must add,
The fragrant Mignonette.

Oh! priceless is the wreath it bears;—
Thy charms, how great soe'er,
This flower says "Thy qualities
Are brighter and more fair."

Aye be it thus, and ever may
This lovely wreath, as now,
Emblem of every precious gift,
Be fit to deck thy brow.

And, last and dearest, 'mid the buds
Of thy bright, varied lot,
Must ever be, Augusta dear,
The sweet *Forget-me-Not*.

THE NAMELESS TOMB.*

BY M. A. S.

HAVING communed long and earnestly with her own sad thoughts, Henrietta came at length to the determination of putting Lord Beaumont's purposes to a speedy test, by seeking the means of writing to her parents. With a timid hand she rung the bell, which was answered by Mrs. Brown, who, at the same time, introduced to Henrietta a pretty, modest-looking girl, who was henceforth to be her attendant.

"Am I indebted to your lord for this mark of attention?" inquired Henrietta, calmly.

"Of course you are, madam," returned the house-keeper, shortly.

"Then say to him, with my compliments, that I cannot accept any such favor from him, and that the only boon I can or will receive is that of being restored to liberty. For the rest, I trust my stay here will be so short that I can well dispense with an attendant."

Mrs. Brown turned to the girl, and motioned to her to withdraw; she then approached Henrietta with a kindlier aspect than she had yet worn:

"Then, madam! I, myself, will be your attendant while you remain; but, may I be so bold as to ask, do you really wish to get away from here?"

"Oh! Mrs. Brown!" cried the young lady, with a warmth of sincerity that could not be mistaken; "how can you ask such a question? See you not—know you not—that I am here against my will—that I have been cruelly and treacherously carried hither, and would give worlds, were they mine, to be again under the protection of my parents and brothers! Good heavens! how could you suppose that I came here willingly—or for what must you have taken me?"

"No matter now, my dear young lady!" replied the housekeeper, smiling benevolently; "let it suffice to acknowledge that it is with no ordinary pleasure I find myself mistaken; and now tell me only what I can do to redeem my error?"

"Procure me the means of acquainting my family with my situation, and by so doing, you will place me and mine under an obligation

which the wealth of the Indies could never repay! Give me the materials wherewith to write, and rely upon it, you shall not be long troubled with my presence."

She caught Mrs. Brown's hand between both her own, and pressed it so earnestly that the worthy woman was taken by surprise.

"Truly, young madam, you seem disposed to carry my consent by force, and were it in my power to do what you require, you should not ask me twice; but, unhappily, your request I cannot comply with, and yet you must not accuse me of harshness, or want of compassion, for, heaven is my witness, that I do sincerely pity you, and as sincerely desire to see you restored to your family; but my lord has exacted from me a solemn promise, to withhold from you the means of writing, or to facilitate your escape from here, should you seek to take such a step. This promise I gave, with the less reluctance that I then believed, (erroneously now I find,) that escape was the farthest thing from your thoughts."

Henrietta fell back heavily on the sofa where she sat.

"Then is my case a hopeless one, indeed;" and clasping her hands, she looked up to heaven: "On earth I have no hope, but He who has, in times past, drawn his servants unscathed from the fiery furnace, and from the jaws of the hungry lion—He is still living to protect the friendless who trust in Him—on His promises will I then rely—let man now do his worst;" and quickly drying up her tears, she turned again to Mrs. Brown, who stood silently by:

"Tell me, dear Mrs. Brown! as you hope for mercy at the great accounting day, what have I to hope or expect from your lord? You now understand (at least I hope so) that my most ardent desire is that of returning to my father's house, and my greatest fear to be persecuted by Lord Beaumont's addresses—extreme cases require extraordinary remedies. I have none to advise me on whom I can rely. You appear to be good and wise—tell me then what have I to hope, and what to fear?"

Mrs. Brown appeared considerably embar-

rassed; it was hard—very hard—to acknowledge the faults, nay, vices, of a master, whose unbounded generosity and considerate kindness endeared him to all his domestics; but *conscience*—oh! *conscience*—whispered with startling emphasis, that it was her duty to speak to the friendless young creature, who had so touchingly craved her advice, the self-same words that she would, in a similar case, have spoken to a daughter of her own. When she did at length break silence, her voice, in its quivering indecision, gave full evidence of the struggle going on within, and Henrietta was almost sorry that she had extorted an explanation which was given with so much pain.

"Young lady," said the house-keeper, "you have put a question which I can neither evade nor affect to misunderstand. You ask what you have to expect? I will tell you in few words. Yours is that dangerous gift of beauty which has alone power to fascinate my lord—beauty is the shrine at which he worships, and never did a face or form like yours, (and I know not whether even he has seen either equalled,) on which his eye once fell, escape his machinations.—Alas! that they should have been so often successful! I warn you then that you have fallen into dangerous hands, and have reason to look forward to temptations of no ordinary character. Yet I would not have you despair," she kindly added, seeing the increased wretchedness of her auditress. "Never was there a nobler heart, or one more alive to tenderness and pity, than my master. Oh! madam!" and she clasped her hands fervently together, and her aged eyes filled with tears; "oh! madam! I have known him from early boyhood until now, and I can truly say that, with the exception of that one fatal fault, he has none other."

She turned away to hide her gushing tears, and Henrietta, surprised and bewildered at the conflicting nature of her communication, and still more by the sight of her excessive emotion, remained silent and thoughtful.

"Strange—strange," she murmured to herself, "that one who could plan and execute the daring outrage which has placed me here, should wield such an influence over the hearts of his dependants—and still more, over a mind so upright, aye! and so enlightened as appears to be that of this woman—strange!" She was awakened from her reverie by the voice of the housekeeper.

"Since it is not in my power, madam! to aid even indirectly in promoting your just desire. I can at least endeavor to make your sojourn here as little irksome as possible. The house and grounds contain much that you will find in-

teresting; indeed, throughout the whole extent of the demesne, you can scarcely light upon one spot that will not well repay a visit, either from some beauty of its own, or that of which it commands a view. To-morrow my lord leaves home for the greater part of the day, and I shall have much pleasure in conducting you through the castle."

Henrietta thanked Mrs. Brown for her kind attention, and expressed her willingness to undertake the proposed tour, whereupon the house-keeper withdrew.

In the course of the forenoon, a servant came with an announcement on the part of Mrs. Brown that Lord Beaumont was gone out, so that the young lady might if she wished visit some of the apartments. To this she readily assented, and desiring the servant to lead on, she followed along a wide gallery, and down a flight of marble steps, at the bottom of which the young girl stopped, and throwing open a door, said with a low curtsey:

"This is the library, madam, and as Mrs. Brown is to meet you here, I need go no farther."

Henrietta entered, and the servant closing the door after her, she found herself alone with the wise and great of past ages. The room was a high and spacious one, having three large windows reaching almost from floor to ceiling, yet their light was shaded into a dim and tender radiance by the overhanging foliage of a group of beeches, through the vistas of whose branches were caught distant glimpses of a church spire, and the irregular masonry of a large village, with nearer, a number of softly-swelling knolls green in all the brightness of summer verdure, and many of them crowned with trees either standing in solitary beauty, or grouped together in twos and threes. It was a lovely and a tranquil scene, yet Henrietta turned away after a passing glance over its features to examine the scene *within*. Around the entire walls of the room was ranged a countless number of volumes treating of every subject, and in every European language, dead and living. Henrietta gazed and examined in mute wonder, for she had never before seen so vast a collection of books, and she felt quite at a loss to know whether to give the noble proprietor credit for a profound and extensive acquaintance with the literature of all time, or to convict him of ostentation, as well from the immense number of works so collected, as from the glittering splendour of their bindings. Between the windows and indeed at longer intervals along the walls were niches ornamented with busts of rare excellence,—while at the farther end in a sort of recess stood a marble

statue of the Cyprian goddess, from which the modest eyes of Henrietta turned away in disgust, for with all its divine beauty, there was blent that indescribable voluptuousness of look and gesture which must ever shock the pure in heart. With an involuntary shudder Henrietta retreated from the fair but repulsive statue, and her eye fell on a volume which lay open on a reading desk hard by. She approached with a trembling anxiety which surprised herself—she looked and beheld—Richardson's "Pamela." Some pencil marks were visible on the margin of the page—they were traced in a bold, free hand, and were as follows:

"Thanks, Richardson! to that creative genius which has given us this humble child of virtue—beautiful she is in her retiring modesty, beautiful in the sweet simplicity of her mind and manners, but far more beautiful do we behold her in the spotless purity of her triumphant virtue, emerging in virgin brightness from the fiery furnace of temptation!—thanks to thee, oh, Richardson!"

"Strange! again," thought Henrietta, and "passing strange!" she repeated aloud, when she was startled by the voice of Mrs. Brown, at her elbow.

The latter smiled complacently: "What is so strange, my dear madam!" she asked, having overheard the young lady's exclamation. Henrietta pointed to the marginal notes, which had excited her astonishment. Mrs. Brown calmly put on her silver-mounted spectacles, and read the remarks.

"Nothing at all strange in this," she quietly observed; "at least you would not think it so, did you know my lord one half as well as I do. No one can possibly have a higher respect for virtue than he has, and yet he will not (as you will perceive), stop short of any means to overcome that very virtue, where it impedes the course of his wishes. Ah me! ah me!" sighed the worthy matron, as she turned to lead the way from the room.

Henrietta followed silently through a small apartment, fitted up as a cabinet, and ranged all around with curiosities from many lands, when Mrs. Brown, pushing back a sliding door, they entered a spacious apartment, which from the many musical instruments it contained, was evidently the music room. There was at one end a sort of gallery, supported by a row of slight and graceful pillars, and reached by a narrow winding staircase at either corner, and scattered through the room, or rather saloon, were velvet-covered couches, for those who came to hear, together with those high, and far from graceful seats usually allotted to performers. The full splendor

of the summer sun streamed into the room, through its large, uncurtained windows, and Henrietta shrank back from the strong bright light, begging of Mrs. Brown to proceed, as she liked not the glare of the magnificent apartment. They next visited successively the breakfast and dining parlors—the conservatory came next in order, and here Henrietta seated herself for a few moments on a low Gothic chair, placed in the cool shade formed by some shrubs of unusual height. The air was laden with the rich perfumes of many a clime, and she found it difficult to resist the delicious languor which they infused into her soul.

"Mrs. Brown," said the young lady, abruptly, addressing her companion, "I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration of your master's exquisite taste—he seems in truth to have collected within the precincts of his dwelling all the delights of sense and sound. Truly you dwell in a sort of terrestrial paradise."

She was going on, when Mrs. Brown, with much of her former asperity, broke in with a remark that the day was wearing away, and they had yet much to see—"Unless indeed!" she drily added, "you would wish, Madam, to protract your stay in this charming spot, till its equally charming proprietor returns. I should like to know whether you choose to go through any more of the rooms?"

Amazed by the housekeeper's sudden change of manner, and hurt by her renewed suspicion, Henrietta arose, and somewhat haughtily motioned her to proceed. She would not that her indignation should appear, and therefore maintained silence, a silence which her companion was in no mood to interrupt.

"But, look here, Mrs. Brown!" Henrietta suddenly exclaimed, forgetting for the moment it would seem, her resentment, "whither do those steps lead?" pointing as she spoke, to a narrow flight of marble steps, which rose from one corner of the conservatory, and were crowned by a light balcony, extending in front of two large windows. Henrietta stopped, and looked wistfully up at the balcony, where she then perceived a glass door, corresponding to the size of the two windows. But Mrs. Brown seemed not at all disposed to gratify her evident desire to ascend the stairs.

"The apartments to which these stairs lead," said she in a cold tone, "are not open to visitors—I regret that you cannot see them, but I make it a rule, never to enter them with a stranger." Then, as if to divert attention from the subject, she suggested that the young lady should hasten to see the gardens, as she feared Lord

Beaumont would soon return. But Henrietta had no wish to continue her tour—the one spot which had above all others arrested her attention, was it appeared forbidden ground, and she had lost all desire for seeing any farther. The cold grandeur of all around had a chilling power on her heart, and she longed to be again alone, that she might, unobserved, indulge her sad and fearful thoughts. She, therefore, declined visiting the gardens, and begged to be conducted to her own apartments.

On finding herself again free from observation she sat herself to analyse, if that were possible, the strange and complicated mass of ideas which filled her mind. From all that she had heard and seen of Lord Beaumont, she drew the obvious conclusion that he would shrink from no obstacle in the gratification of a favorite wish, and notwithstanding all his boasted generosity, she had but little hope of working on his better feelings; principles she did not believe him to possess, for she could not but see in him, the creature of impulse, if not caprice—the spoiled child of prosperity.

“And yet after all this,” would she say to herself, “what right have I to assume the fact, that he, who is all but worshipped by his domestics—he, in whose breast lives, as I am assured, the tenderest compassion for the woes and wretchedness of others—can regard my unprovoked sufferings without being moved to pity; can he, who so fully appreciates the immoveable virtue of the fictitious Pamela—can he persecute me, or retain me in bondage for imitating that unpurchasable virtue? No—no! when he finds that I am neither to be gained nor menaced into compliance, he will assuredly permit me to return to my home.”

Thus did the poor young creature endeavor to sustain her sinking spirits, by flattering and fostering hopes which were never realized, until a sudden turn was given to her thoughts by the abrupt recollection of Mrs. Brown's coldness and asperity, and with that came the remembrance of the forbidden apartments. With regard to the insulting sharpness of the housekeeper, she could easily trace it to its proper source—a suspicion, which, all things considered, was far from being unnatural—this she could in some measure excuse—but what could be the meaning of her refusing to show the apartments opening on the conservatory? Or was it without further cause than the mere ill-humour of the moment. Here all her ingenuity was at fault, and she at length sought to dismiss from her mind the fruitless inquiry, by examining some books which the housekeeper had placed on her table. To read,

however, required a fixed attention, and this she could not command—so she closed the book which she had opened, and was turning towards the window, when her eye fell upon the picture which had before arrested her attention, and there did her gaze rest with a pleasure which she could not define. The hours glided by unheeded—the lengthening shadows of the tall elms before the windows gave note of the sun's decline—the light gradually faded into “*twilight's sober gray*,” and still was Henrietta seated before that charmed portrait, gazing on the large proud eyes which seemed to shine from the canvas with a living light. It was surely strange, while she looked upon that countenance, she could and did forget the bitter grief of her heart, and that a sweet and soothing influence seemed to operate on her inmost soul. Yet so it was, and when Mrs. Brown at length opened the door, she moved away with an unaccountable fear of being found gazing on the picture. The dim light, however, served to conceal her confusion from the house-keeper, who said abruptly:

“Lord Beaumont, madam, desires me to inform you that he expects you down to tea.”

She stopped short and looked anxiously at Henrietta, who, on her part, trembled from head to foot; she feared to exasperate him by these repeated refusals, and yet she shrank from an interview with hourly increasing dread. At last she spoke:

“What answer shall I send him, Mrs. Brown? what apology shall I make? for I cannot meet him—it is impossible—do, I entreat you, make my excuse—you know him better than I—you then can make the best apology to him.”

The good housekeeper seemed affected by her evident alarm, and readily undertook the office assigned her, at the same time observing that she feared for the success of her mission. “For,” said she, “I have seen those signs in his countenance, when he gave me the message, which always denote some stern resolve. I will try, however, in God's name.”

“Heaven bless you, my worthy *friend*!” cried the young lady, with a touching emphasis on the last word; “and I shall look anxiously for your return, hoping to hear a favorable report.”

Mrs. Brown shook her head, and left the room in silence. For the next half hour Henrietta was truly miserable—doubt and fear—hope and confidence alternately swayed her mind. A servant came with lights, placed them on the table, drew the curtains, and retired without a word. Somewhat cheered by the light, Henrietta tried to rally her spirits, and when Mrs. Brown soon

after appeared, she addressed her with tolerable composure:

"Well! do I see you the bearer of good tidings?" she asked.

"Why, considerably better than I had expected. My lord, with his usual kindness, overlooks the harshness (it is his own word) with which you treat him, and hopes, that by to-morrow, or the next day, he may be permitted to pay his respects in person. This message I would not deliver," said Mrs. Brown, "were I not convinced that you, madam, will steadfastly maintain the dignity of your sex in any of those interviews which you may be obliged to grant."

"Thanks—a thousand thanks, dear Mrs. Brown! As much for the welcome news you bring, as for the confidence you have expressed in the strength of my resolution. And now, there is one question which I would fain ask." She paused, hesitated, glanced at the picture over the mantel-piece, then at the countenance of Mrs. Brown, and her heart failed her; she stopped short, and Mrs. Brown, who, perhaps, divined the nature of her question, availed herself of the pause which ensued to make her escape from the room, muttering some unintelligible apology for departing so abruptly. Thus left alone, Henrietta turned again to the beloved picture, which had now become her favorite study, and with many a conjecture as to who its original could be (or have been), the moments flew by unnoticed, until her solitary supper was introduced, and the meal once over, she soon sought her couch, to seek, in the land of dreams, brighter visions than those which now attended her waking moments,

The following day, she had scarcely left the breakfast table, when Mrs. Brown made her appearance, together with the announcement that Lord Beaumont was gone out for the day, "so that if you wish to move at liberty through the castle, now is the favorable time."

Henrietta gratefully accepted the proposal, and told the housekeeper, that she should like to go to the library.

"Go wherever you like best," returned Mrs. Brown, with a gracious smile, "and as I have many things to attend to this morning, may I hope that you will dispense with my attendance."

This was precisely what Henrietta desired, and with something of the cheerfulness of other days, she took her way to the library. There she found every thing as she had seen it, on the previous day, with the exception of the obnoxious statue, and this was now carefully covered with a dark green curtain, suspended in front of the recess. Drawing a small table

towards one of the windows, she seated herself close by, with a volume of Shakespeare's Historical plays, and was soon wrapped up in the unparalleled sorrows of that royal mourner, who was compelled to receive the odious addresses of him, whose hand was red with the blood of her sons. Heedless of the flight of time, Henrietta sat with the big tears coursing down her soft and blooming cheek—the sun was already descending from his meridian height, when all at once a shadow fell upon the volume in her hand, and in an instant the adjoining window was thrown open and a gentleman attired in a rich hunting-suit, bounded lightly into the room. A faint scream escaped from Henrietta's blanched lips, for one glance revealed to her astonished eyes, that the original of the admired portrait stood before her, but when the intruder spoke, she quickly arose, with the intention of quitting the room, for the voice, with its deep and mellow tones, was the same, which on that fatal night, reproved the audacity of the Arabian—it was the voice which had whispered those words of homage, few and brief, yet well remembered, as the Spaniard offered her her fallen handkerchief—it was, in short, the voice of Lord Beaumont, and with a heightened colour, and a beating heart, Henrietta gliding past him, would have approached the door, but this he at once prevented, by placing himself full in her front.

"Nay, by all the saints in love's calendar, I swear you must hear me!" he exclaimed in a low tone, evidently enjoying the trepidation he had caused. "How could you suppose, cruel and relentless as you are, that, having at some risk, and more inconvenience, secured for myself a beautiful prize, I would permit it to remain *perdue*, without even the privilege of feasting my eyes with its loveliness. May I ask, Madam! for what did you take me?—a fool, I can well believe."

And he fixed a searching glance on her changing countenance—Henrietta heard with increased apprehension this address, and above all, the tone of bitter irony, in which it was concluded, but when she raised her timid glance to his face, she felt re-assured, she scarce knew why, and though her eye was instantly withdrawn, she had taken a tolerably accurate note of the expression. On the strength of her penetration, she determined to act and speak.

"Permit me to say, my lord; that you are entirely mistaken. In refusing to see you since I have so unwillingly become your guest, I have but acted on the high estimate which I have formed of your character, notwithstanding the very unfavorable specimen which I have been made to experience. I must take to myself the merit of having pierced below the surface, and believing

that you would never dream of taking advantage of my helplessness, I came to the determination of giving your reason and conscience time to operate on your mind, hoping that the result might be advantageous to me—am I right, my lord—have I truly interpreted your feelings?”—And again she looked up, to seek in his eyes her answer. They were full of that proud, and almost fierce expression, which had first startled Henrietta in the ball-room, but in a moment they assumed a milder look, and were lit up with an encouraging smile.

“So you have already contrived to discover that I am neither as heartless nor unprincipled as I appear—well, I shall neither deny nor admit the fact, for time will indubitably clear up the matter to your satisfaction, but even supposing that I were capable of softer feelings—of feelings leaning more ‘to virtue’s side,’ will you allow nothing for the strength of a passion as deep and ardent as ever ran through the human heart?—does it go for nothing that I adore you, and that from the first moment I beheld that incomparable beauty, you have occupied my every thought?”

More softened than she would acknowledge even to herself, Henrietta snatched away the hand which the Earl had seized.

“I can listen to no such language, my lord, situated as we relatively are. Those professions which would perchance do me honour if heard under my father’s roof, I myself being a free agent, are now the greatest possible insult. Let me beg that you will permit me to pass!”

“Not before you have promised to see me soon again.” Then seeing her about to refuse once more, he added in an imperious voice: “Drive me not to despair—I would not that you should compel me to assert that authority which fate has given me over you. When shall I see you again?—Shall it be to-morrow?”

“I shall not object to meet your Lordship even to-morrow, provided you will permit Mrs. Brown to be present at our interview. On no other condition shall we meet.”

The Earl laughed a scornful laugh.

“Oh! very well!” he exclaimed, “I am only too happy to have the hope of seeing you, even though my good old housekeeper be of the party.”

Then resuming his natural manner, he courteously opened the door, and bowed low as the young lady passed him. He stood watching her graceful form as she glided amongst the pillars of the vestibule, and up the staircase, and when she had disappeared from his view, he slowly returned into the library, with a look of serious thought on his fine features.

When Mrs. Brown understood that she was to

be the witness of her lord’s interviews with the fair stranger, she quickly dismissed her early suspicions, and applied herself henceforth to make amends for the injustice she had done her, by every means in her power. Amongst other little attentions, she one day asked Henrietta whether she still wished to ascend the marble stairs from the conservatory.

“For, if so,” she added with a smile, “I am now quite willing to make an exception in your favor?”

Henrietta did not answer for some time; she was endeavouring to account for this unexpected invitation, and after a few minutes’ reflection, she arrived at the conclusion that after all there was nothing in the former refusal but the momentary petulance of old age. She arose with alacrity, and declared her willingness to avail herself of Mrs. Brown’s kind proposal. This time they did not pass through the conservatory, the housekeeper remarking that the balcony door was somewhat difficult to open, indeed she believed its lock was rusted. “From long disuse,” thought Henrietta, and her curiosity was again excited. Passing along the corridor, on which Henrietta’s dressing-room opened, they paused at a door on the opposite side, and Mrs. Brown having drawn from her pocket a key, (which in truth appeared anything but rusty), she unlocked the door, and they both entered. It was a sort of ante-chamber having little furniture besides a pair of one-armed sofas, closely resembling what we now call *loun- ges*, and one or two plain-looking tables. Through this chamber Henrietta followed Mrs. Brown into a bed-room, furnished in a style rather rich and comfortable than ostentatious. The bed, a high and old fashioned one, was overhung by a canopy from which descended in many a heavy fold the hangings of deep blue velvet; the windows, two in number, were hung with the same costly material. There was a cold air in the room, arising probably from its long desertion, and as Henrietta looked round upon its furniture, she perceived that every object was covered with a sort of dewy moisture, speaking sadly of long neglect. The place too, had a lonely aspect, and the young girl shrank closer to her companion, with a whispered request that they might leave the room.

“I cannot bear its cold, deserted look,” she said, “for, somehow, it chills my very heart. Let us go.”

“Yes! yes!” murmured the housekeeper, who stood apparently lost in thought, with her eyes fixed on a high-backed arm-chair, which stood near the bed. “Yes! I do remember—I cannot forget—nor have I even now wherewith to re-

proach myself—I am acting for the best, as far as it is given me to know!”

Henrietta seeing that the housekeeper spoke thus to herself, and seemed utterly forgetful of her presence, became every moment more uneasy—she felt awed, though she knew not why.

“In pity, do come away, Mrs. Brown,” she cried imploringly, at the same time attempting to draw her towards the door.

“Oh! I crave your pardon, madam!” said the old woman, at length aroused from her meditation,—“the sight of these apartments, once so familiar to my eyes, but long, long unvisited, has drawn me from my purpose. But will you not look at the dressing-room and boudoir?” and she moved towards the opposite door. Here, Henrietta found a much more cheerful apartment, looking out on the beautiful lake with the dark woods on its further shore, and here she found the door which opened on the balcony. Here, too, was a picture suspended over the mantelpiece—it was a group of three children, lovely as the day in its early freshness, the eldest of whom might be seven or eight years old. Henrietta could look at nothing else, when once she caught a sight of the painting, and she turned to Mrs. Brown in order to ask who they were, when she saw her standing with clasped hands and tearful eyes, gazing in mute sorrow on the fair angelic faces of the children. Somehow or another the question died away upon her lips, and she turned without speaking, to the door of the boudoir. It was a very small chamber, having but one window, yet that one occupied almost an entire side of the little square apartment, and looked out on a woody dell, which descended abruptly behind the castle. The window was curtained with satin, which had once been of a roseate dye, but now it was almost colourless. Books and drawing materials lay on a writing-table, near the window, and hard by stood a miniature embroidery-frame, on which some simple flowers were still traced, ready for the needle. It was evidently meant for tiny fingers, and by it stood a high chair, on which some young artist might have sat in days gone by. Here again, Mrs. Brown was deeply affected.

“Poor dear little Lady Louisa! how well I remember the day when you stood so intently watching *mamma* as her long thin fingers traced that pattern—never to be worked by you.”

She turned to leave the room, when Henrietta felt as though she must speak:

“But why do you leave all these things untouched, Mrs. Brown?—to whom did they belong?—tell me.”

“Why, of course, they belonged to one who,

long years ago, was the lady of this castle,” returned the housekeeper, as she stepped forth into the dressing-room, and carefully closing the boudoir door, led the way through into the bedroom.

“Then she was, I suppose, the mother of Lord Beaumont?” inquired Henrietta again.

The housekeeper looked searchingly into her face.

“*His* mother!—no!” she said laconically, and then approaching the windows, she drew the curtains of each, in turn, so that the room became almost dark as night. “So let it be!” she muttered, in a bitter tone; “let not one ray of the blessed sun find its way into the room!”

“Mrs. Brown!” said Henrietta, more earnestly than the importance of the question seemed to merit, and catching the housekeeper’s arm as she spoke; “do, I entreat you, tell me who *was* the occupant of these apartments?”

“The daughter of a duke, young lady!” replied Mrs. Brown; and so saying, she turned from the room, and bluntly observed that she had still some morning duties to perform, which required her immediate attention. Whereupon she hastened away—having first locked the door—leaving Henrietta to find her way to her own apartment.

* * * * *

Three months had passed away—the summer had waned into the autumn—the year was already declining into the cheerless winter, and yet Henrietta remained in her magnificent prison, without even a vestige of hope—nay—hardly had she a wish to leave it. Many a bright vision of happier days to come had bloomed in her mind with the summer flowers; like them, they had faded away, and now her heart lay as it were dead, and withered as the yellow leaves which strewed her path. The springs of her very existence were dried up, and the lamp of life itself seemed burning but faintly where so lately it shed light and warmth on all around. Lonely and dejected she sat within her solitary chamber, towards the close of a dark October day, and watched, with a dull and heavy eye, the gloomy masses of gray clouds which drifted across the frowning firmament. Dreary was the scene without, but more dreary far was the waste of that young stricken heart; and then, in the deepening gloom of the autumnal evening, she applied herself, once for all, to review the *past* few months—those months of love and hope, and of grievous disappointment, and entire despair. She had, for many weeks, continued her entreaties, that writing materials might be given her, but vainly she sued, for he who ruled her fate

well knew that her immediate restoration to her parents would be the consequence, and this would have been a mortal blow to him, for he had centred his every hope and wish in obtaining Henrietta's love, and to lose her would be like rending away a portion of himself. All his arts were put forth to make her regard him more favorably, and he succeeded all too well; yet, this he had not the gratification of knowing, for though Henrietta soon learned to love him, she made it her chief study to conceal the change in her sentiments, and though there were moments when, from his unvarying respectfulness, nay, tender veneration, she dared to hope that she might, one day, become his wife, these hopes, these visionary expectations, were carefully concealed within her own heart, and at the very time when Lord Beaumont would have given the half of his broad possessions to obtain even a prospect of winning her affection, she had, in her secret heart, staked her every hope of earthly happiness on realizing to him that beautiful image of unsullied purity and unconquerable virtue, which, in Pamela, he had so admired. Each played a secret and all-engrossing game; the object of each was gained unknown to themselves, and, like those who play at "cross questions," one corresponded to feelings which the other had not dared to express. To Lord Beaumont, the result was merely the breaking down of a favorite scheme—a disappointment which the next fair face would make him forget. To Henrietta, it was the extinction of every hope; she sank like a blighted flower beneath the biting blast, and yielded herself a willing victim to the stroke of death.

While yet under the charmed delusion that Lord Beaumont would eventually propose for her hand, Henrietta had yielded to the fascination of his fine person and graceful manners, believing that his love for her was of sufficient power to wean him from the faults and follies of his earlier years, and that happiness might yet be hers. Yet, while this bright hope was in fullest warmth within her breast, she succeeded (a thing almost unheard of in one so young and guileless) in concealing from that worldly and wily man, the love which now formed a portion of her very existence. Not so with Mrs. Brown. With all a woman's penetration in affairs of the heart, she had early perceived the state of Henrietta's affections; but seeing, at the same time, that the dangerous passion was so scrupulously and carefully concealed from its object, and that Henrietta was more fearful than ever of being left alone with him, even for a moment, the good old housekeeper was only moved to more tender pity by

the discovery, and made it henceforward her chief study to surround her with every one of those little comforts which might help to alleviate the sorrows of her heart, and lighten the bonds of imprisonment.

The discovery which had hastened Henrietta's fate was owing to the inadvertence of a girl who acted in the capacity of upper housemaid in the castle. Being one day occupied in Henrietta's apartment, she began with much flippancy to speak of her master's private affairs, whereupon Henrietta stopped her with an assurance that if she again heard her mention what she had just spoken of, she would feel herself obliged to inform Mrs. Brown.

"Oh! then, God pity you, poor young lady! for I'm sure and certain you don't know what my lord is or you wouldn't be here, I'll engage. It's little you know that he has his own lawful wife that couldn't put up any longer with his bad ways, and so she went away with her four beautiful, darling children, eight years ago, come Lammas next. "Oh! more was the pity, and a sad day that was for the servants. For me, I wasn't here, but Mrs. Brown was, and the butler and the housemaid, and indeed nearly all the servants but myself, and they do say that for all she was of one of the greatest families in all Ireland, she was as humble as a child. Poor lady! it wasn't her fault that she wasn't just as handsome as some are, but she brought his lordship a great fortune entirely!"

By a wonderful exertion of self-command Henrietta preserved an appearance of composure, though her very brain burned as if on fire, while the blood in her veins seemed as though turned to ice. The peach-like hue of her soft round cheek was changed on the instant to an ashy paleness—the freshness and bloom of youth departed never again to return, and the face of Henrietta was colourless as marble, when she turned to ask the girl:

"And where is the countess, your lady, now? does she yet live?"

"Oh! dear, yes, ma'am! she's living at her brother's, and her children too. Her brother is a great lord—I believe they call him a duke,—away up the country, one side of Dublin."

"That will do now, Betty!" said Henrietta, faintly,—“you will have the kindness to send Mrs. Brown here when you go down stairs.”

"I will, ma'am!" said Betty, and she quickly disappeared.

When Mrs. Brown entered the room in a few minutes after, she found the hapless girl extended pale and almost lifeless on the sofa. She raised her head, however, as the housekeeper approached

—she raised her heavy eyes, and they fell mechanically on the fatal picture once so much beloved.

“Take that picture from my sight!” she exclaimed, and a cold shiver ran through all her members. “Take it away; I cannot bear to look upon it—beautiful image of one vile—vile and worthless beyond expression.”

“For heaven’s sake what has happened?” inquired Mrs. Brown in undisguised amazement—“what has occurred to work this fearful change?”

“Oh! Mrs. Brown! Mrs. Brown!” cried Henrietta, unmindful of her question; “why, why did you not tell me ere yet it was too late, that Lord Beaumont was not at liberty to form a matrimonial engagement? Why did you not tell me, for you knew it well, that he was already the husband of a noble and virtuous wife,—and the father of her children? Unhappy that I am, I can now forgive your former coldness and suspicion; but oh! I can never forgive you for withholding from me this fatal—this all-important secret.”

“Alas! madam!” replied the housekeeper, and the tears of the worthy woman flowed freely as she spoke. “I was bound to do so by a solemn oath—all I could do I did, and that was to watch over your safety, and to warn you as well as I could, without infringing on my sacred promise.”

* * * * *

It was the last days of winter when Henrietta died—from that fatal day when she discovered the Earl to be the husband of another, she steadfastly refused to see him under any pretence whatever. Solely occupied with the great affair of her salvation, she succeeded by God’s grace in detaching her affections from earth and its attractions. Even the parents—the brothers whom she had so loved, she no longer desired to see.

“I shall see them I trust in heaven,” would she say to Mrs. Brown; “and as I have no chance of meeting them here, let me not give way to wishes as vain as they would be bootless.”

Her sole request was made to Mrs. Brown, well knowing that she would convey it to her lord, whose love for her, unholy as it was, would ensure its fulfilment. It was that even the one name—her baptismal name—which she had made known to them, should not be inscribed upon any monument which might hereafter be placed over her remains.

“All I ask, Mrs. Brown,” she concluded, “is to rest unknown and unremembered. Those who loved me as I would be loved—with a pure and holy love—may never shed a tear above my lonely grave—I would not then that strangers should have the privilege of repeating a name

once the sweetest and dearest word in a virtuous and happy family circle.”

She spoke no more—a few minutes, and her soul took wing from the lovely but decayed temple, where for nineteen years it had dwelt, and all that remained of the beautiful Henrietta was a pale and lifeless form of clay.

It were vain to describe the anguish of the Earl, when he stood by the couch where his latest victim lay cold in death. How much would it have increased his wretchedness had he known that she had loved him with all the ardour and all the sincerity of a young and pure heart! but this he never knew. In the rage of his disappointment and remorse, he cursed himself—he cursed his absent and injured wife—all—all but Henrietta. For her all the higher and nobler qualities of his heart were awakened—in her he beheld the very ideal of chaste and modest loveliness—the bright reality of the vision which had from his youth upwards, even through years of sin and guilt, floated ever before his mind. And there she lay dead—dead and cold—the victim of his own unhallowed passions. It was more than human nature could bear, and for many days he was almost devoid of reason, and shut himself in from the world. When reason at length resumed her full dominion over his mind, Henrietta was already mouldering in the earth, and all that remained for him to do was the fulfilment of her last request. This done he soon quitted the shades of Beaumont Forest, and resumed his place in the circle of fashion, as though this mournful episode had never drawn him thence.

Many, many years have rolled away, since these events took place—that proud and all subduing Earl has long since met the numerous victims of his evil passions, before the Eternal Judge—the memory of the ill-starred Henrietta has almost vanished from the place where she suffered and died, but her tomb stands fresh and smooth as when first erected—a lonely, and to those few who know its history, a touching monument of obscure and modest virtue—virtue hidden from the world, and enduring even to the end. In a vault hard by, moulder the remains of the Earl of Beaumont. A neat village church once covered this last resting-place of the lords of the soil, and a marble monument in the chancel once recorded their names and titles. Vain and fleeting memorial! In my childish days this church was a ruin, like the fortunes of the noble family by whom it was erected) and now not a stone of the edifice remains, and with it as a matter of course, passed away the monument of the C— family. Their vault has now no other

covering than the green turf, and no mark to distinguish it from the common earth around, save and except a large rough stone, which has been rolled up against its mouth. Strange and striking dispensation of Providence—the grave of the unknown and forgotten young stranger is yet covered by its graceful monument, while the stately mausoleum of her noble betrayer, and the fate which his family reared as an enduring memento of their greatness, have crumbled away together from man's view.

THOU WILT THINK OF ME, LOVE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

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

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

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

When laughing childhood learns by rote
The cuckoo's oft-repeated note;
When the meads are fresh and green,
And the hawthorn buds are seen—
Thou wilt think of me, love!

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

When the meadows glitter white,
Like a sheet of silver light;
When blue bells gay and cowslips bloom,
Sweet-scented brier, and golden broom—
Thou wilt think of me, love!

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

When thou row'st the woodland bowers,
Thou shalt cull spring's sweetest flowers,
And shalt strew with bitter weeping
The lonely bed where I am sleeping—
And sadly mourn for me, love!

BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE, 1814.

(Written in 1818.)

IN IMITATION OF CAMPBELL'S HOHENLINDEN.

BY AN ANGLO-CANADIAN.

O'er Huron's wave, the orb of light
Sunk low in his diurnal flight,
And close behind, the shades of night
Spread out their murky canopy.

To Lundy's Lane the foemen flew,
And quick arrayed in hostile view,
Ere the resplendent bow withdrew
That high o'erarched Niagara.

But as the parting glance of day
Shed its last beam upon the spray,
That crowned the tumbling flood, the play
Of battle hastened rapidly.

The bugle shrill, the war-note spoke—
The maddening drum with furious stroke—
But louder, more appalling, broke
The thunders of th' artillery.

Faint through the war-cloud, dense and dun,
The moon with crimsoned crescent shone,
While gleamed the battle's lightnings on
T' illumine the awful scenery.

Fight on, ye brave! but who shall know
Or where to aim th' uncertain blow,
Or whether bleeds a friend or foe,
To stain the wreaths of victory!

Ceased has the fight's tremendous roar;
The cannon's thunders peal no more;
But death's dark harbinger hangs o'er
The battle's utmost boundary.

Charge! charge again!—the bugle sounds—
At once the clashing steel resounds,
And forward fierce each foeman bounds
To boldest deeds of chivalry.

Hard pant the combatants for breath,
While bloodier grows the blood-stained heath,
And gloomier still the work of death,
Deep veiled in night's obscurity.

To glory rush,—ye brave, rush on!
Seize, seize the laurel!—lo! 'tis won!—
Columbia yields—the work is done!
Britannia shouts the victory!

Sunk is the beam of midnight low;
The fires of death have ceased to glow;
But morn a bloody field shall show
Along thy banks, Niagara!

His silent stand the watchman takes,
Or by his wounded comrade wakes,
While the last groan of misery breaks
Oft 'midst the dying soldiery.

Ne'er saw these fields so fierce a fight,
Since first this flood, with rapid flight,
Majestic, from his giant height,
Rolled through his rugged scenery.

And while the cloud-capt surge shall pour,
Adown the steep, his watery store,
May his deep thunder-voice no more
Mix in the battle's revelry.

JACQUES CARTIER AND THE LITTLE INDIAN GIRL.*

BY H. V. G.

SEVERAL months passed away, without any particular change in the position of the Indians; but as they looked from day to day, and from week to week, for their promised freedom, and, as time flew on, and the prospect of realizing their hopes appeared no nearer than at first, most of them sunk into a state of sullen despondency, from which no efforts could arouse them.

Jacques Cartier in vain solicited another royal commission, empowering him to equip a suitable naval force, for the purpose of renewing his discoveries beyond the western ocean. Chemical analysis had resolved the gold of the New Northern World, into simple mica, and its brilliant gems, to common chrystals; and the glittering bubble which had given impulse to so many adventurers, and awakened the cupidity even of crowned heads, being thus dissolved, the spirit of adventure began to ebb, and the sterile waste, where nature was found so niggard of her gifts, was for a time deserted and forgotten.

Cartier, who had been perfectly sincere in his promise, to return the captives shortly to their country, was subjected to the most painful disappointment and self-reproach, by the involuntary treachery, in which these untoward circumstances involved him.

Francis, in the meantime, urged the propriety of improving the opportunity thus offered, in endeavouring to effect their conversion to Christianity. So politic a monarch could not fail to perceive, that the strong bond of religious faith would unite them in a common interest with his own subjects, and accelerate his ulterior views of adding their broad country to his own hereditary dominions.

M. Cartier was a zealous Catholic, and it was, perhaps, a salvo to his conscience, that he could become, by any means, instrumental in effecting their salvation. He had acquired great influence over their minds, and the real friendliness which he felt towards them, gave a warmth and sincerity to his manner, which won their confidence and regard. They listened to him at all times, with simple credulity, and the ministers of his church were held sacred, because regarded with reverence by him.

It was comparatively an easy task to engraft the plain truths of religion on minds thus unprejudiced and open to conviction; and the ecclesiastics entrusted with the duty of instructing them, rejoiced in the earnest faith they manifested, and which sufficed, in their opinion, to admit them within the fold of the holy church. After a suitable term of preparation, the rite of baptism was administered to them all, in the king's private chapel, in presence of the assembled court, and before the highest dignitaries of the Church. And it was a touching spectacle, when those simple children of a distant and savage land, casting aside the bonds of rude and barbarous superstition, meekly knelt before the altar of Christian faith, in the acknowledged presence of the universal Father of the whole human race.

All those extrinsic aids which the gorgeous ceremonies of Catholicism delights to cast around the observances of its church, were there, to enhance the interest of the occasion. Before an altar adorned with flowers, and rich in gems of art, and brilliant with innumerable lights, blazing in candlesticks of massive silver, stood the baptismal font, and beside it waited the officiating priest, in his pontifical robes, and numerous ecclesiastics of various orders, in the imposing vestments of their sacramental service. Clouds of fragrant incense, wafted from silver censers, floated around, and young choristers, arrayed in white, stood waiting to chant the responses of the ritual, while from time to time the pealing organ lifted its swelling notes, and reverberated in solemn strains, throughout the lofty arches of the chapel.

First came the savage warriors, and with singular reverence and decorum, they received the sacred, initiatory rite of their new religion; and then the young Indian girls, robed in simple white, with chaplets of the same pure, emblematic hue, knelt together at the altar, before the hushed observance of that crowded and brilliant assemblage.

Maraquita, with the wondering simplicity of an untutored child, delighted in the magnificence that met her eyes, and gazed around with eager curiosity, undaunted by the presence of courtly

strangers, and apparently little impressed by the solemn occasion, in which she was to bear a part.

But Fayawana, to whose intelligent mind, and warm affections, the simple truths of religion came, like a beam of sunlight, giving life and reality to her young existence—absorbed in deep communing with her own awakened Spirit, she saw only the lifted veil, through which faith pointed to the unseen realities, so long shrouded, to her mind, by the darkness of heathen ignorance and superstition. The gorgeous ceremony and adornment, the gaze of curious or admiring eyes, were alike unheeded by her; and as she lifted her gentle face, and the low tones of her silver voice responded to the service of the church, many a noble knight thought within his heart, that among the multitude of Virgin Saints, which that church numbered in its calendar, never was embodied a more pure and beautiful ideal than stood there before them, in the serene loveliness and graceful repose of the young Indian girl.

From that day the Indian chiefs seemed to have changed their outward natures, they accommodated themselves gradually to the habits of those around them, and assumed the garb of civilisation. But the free spirit was bent, not tamed; they yielded to necessity, with stoic resignation, but in their hearts they still pined for their wild-woods, and their hunting-grounds, and, like the trees of their own forest, transplanted to an alien soil, they drooped and withered in the artificial life they were compelled to endure. Cartier in vain endeavoured to cheer their drooping spirits, and to rouse them to activity; in vain he held out to them the certain prospect of returning to their homes; one after another, they faded away—those vigorous and active warriors, and save Donnacona, the autumn leaves dropped silently over the graves of all.

The old chief stifed the sorrow of his heart, but Fayawana's cheek was wan, and her heart troubled, when she looked on his sad and altered countenance. He would sit silent for many hours, with his pipe, the sole luxury which he prized; and she hid her tears from him, and sought to cheer him, with the sweet songs which he loved so well, though often her voice faltered, when the memory of her mother, and the form of her young brother, rose unbidden, as she chanted the songs they had so often sung together, in the happiness of their Indian home.

Maraquita, too, her young companion, had lost the buoyancy of her restless spirit, and the gaiety of her impulsive childhood. She missed the nomadic life, in which her infant years had

been trained, the bustle of savage camps, the hunting expeditions of her tribe, and the wild revels of her Indian playmates, amidst the snows and frosts of winter. No arts or persuasion could win her to observe the conventionalities of civilized life; she persisted always in crouching at Fayawana's feet, and would never cast aside the gew-gaws of her savage attire. The brilliant shews of Paris, which for a while delighted her, soon lost their charm, and the childish toys, which Cartier lavished on her, were cast aside, and trampled under foot. The pet monkey which shared her sports and affections, on the voyage, was still her favorite companion, and he alone could sometimes win her to feats of frolic and agility: but he too, had lost much of his mischievous spirit, and loved well to nestle gravely at her feet, or to slumber quietly in her arms.

Fayawana wept over the child, often, in silent tenderness, and when Maraquita saw her tears, she would throw herself in her arms, with a passionate burst of affection, and for a while strove to arouse, and resume her gaiety.

Fayawana would sometimes say to her, "Maraquita loves not her sister, now, for she is silent, and the heart of Fayawana is sad."

"Maraquita loves thee, as her own soul," she would reply, with tender sadness; "but the wild bird loses its song, when caged, and its wings droop idly by its side. Home! home! thy sister pines for the green woods, and the rushing streams of her own wild home."

More than a year had passed away, since the Indians arrived in France, and the second spring was budding into early bloom. They lived in retirement, at a villa of Jacques Cartier's, not far removed from the city; the excitement of their first appearance, had passed away, and their own companionship was most congenial to their feelings.

The King continued to manifest a friendly interest in them; and Donnacona was still invited to occasional interviews, in which his hopes were always renewed, and specious plans suggested, for the improvement of his countrymen. In listening to the courteous and wily monarch, his own wrongs were forgotten, and he was won to believe, that his people would be wiser and happier beneath the sway of so good and beneficent a king.

Happy for that brave and true hearted old chief, that he was not gifted with a prophetic eye! that he could not see his scattered and degenerate race driven before the advancing steps of the white man—wronged, oppressed, defrauded of their birthright,—and from all his boasted friendship,

receiving but a sad legacy of poverty and dishonor!

Madame Perrot, as a near relative of M. Cartier, became naturally interested in his young protégées; she had a kind heart, and ample leisure; and he was glad to place them, in some respects, under the protection of an experienced female friend. She was married in early life, almost in childhood, to the old Marquis Perrot, a cotemporary of her grandfather; but her parents thought nothing wanting to her felicity, since she received with him an ancient title, the influence of wealth and station, and the reversion of his rich estates. And when the Marquis, not many years after, kindly took leave of her, and of the world, it cannot be supposed that she sorrowed hopelessly, since he left her young, rich, and independent, a union of blessings rarely combined in woman's wayward destiny. The Marquise, with some pretensions to beauty, had a cleverness and tact, and extreme bon-homie, which rendered her a universal favorite in society. With these advantages, it may be supposed she had many aspirants for her hand, both lovers and fortune seekers; but with singular wisdom, she declined all solicitations for a second union, satisfied with her present tranquil position, and prudently avoiding a contest with the blind deity, whose random shafts so much oftener disappoint, than realize, the wishes of his votaries.

Fayawana soon became greatly attached to Madame Perrot; she took much pleasure in training the young Indian girl, to the observances of cultivated life, and with judicious care, her unformed mind rapidly expanded, and her quick perceptions, and eager desire of knowledge, rendered the task of instruction easy and delightful. Life, from that time, seemed to her, invested with new charms, and nobler duties; her imagination and her heart were awakened; the spirit of intelligence passed over her, and a new world was awakened by its transforming touch.

Jacques Cartier remarked her progress with inexpressible satisfaction, and he offered every facility which affluence could command, to advance her improvement and education. In rescuing from barbarism a being so gifted by nature, he conceived that ample justice was rendered for the sin of her abduction; and should circumstances still prevent him from restoring her to her people, she would not be unprepared for a more refined and enlarged sphere of enjoyment. The same means of instruction were also offered to Maraquita, but she turned with distaste from all mental effort, and evinced no disposition to extend her knowledge beyond the rude intelligence of her own people; the external enjoy-

ments of life had always satisfied her, and deprived of those to which she had been accustomed, her spirit bowed to necessity, and became tame and apathetic.

M. Cartier still embraced every fitting opportunity, to urge on Francis the expediency of following up his discoveries in the new found country, he had so perseveringly explored, and to which the attention of other European powers had been long directed. His adventurous spirit turned eagerly to the hope of new and more extensive discoveries, which would advance the interest of his country, equally with his own renown, and he chafed impatiently, at the inactivity which he was so long compelled to endure. Royal sanction, and princely wealth it must be remembered, was at that time necessary to prepare an expedition, so expensive and hazardous. A solitary ship, or two or three in company, threading the pathway of the great deep, was a rare and wonderful sight, and in their tedious outfit, and slow progress, they were obliged to contend with ignorance, superstition and prejudice, and to suffer all the inconveniencies arising from an imperfect knowledge of mechanical laws, and especially from nautical inexperience. Such difficulties, which can hardly be comprehended in these days of general utility,—when every art is carried to such perfection, and the navigation of seas and oceans has become a pastime,—at that early period, required the direction of commanding genius, aided by a courage, energy and perseverance, which no dangers could intimidate, no obstacles dismay, and no difficulties discourage. Thanks to the noble spirits, who, so bravely adventured life, and sacrificed life's best blessings, in the generous cause; and who have thus brought remotest regions into contact, and prepared the way for unlimited advancement, and universal fellowship!

The young Sieur de Roberval exerted all his interest with his royal master, to promote the wishes of M. Cartier, for he sympathized warmly with the chivalrous spirit which longed for distinction, and panted for enterprises of peril and adventure. His name stood proudly in the list of Francis' bravest knights, and he had already been associated with Jacques Cartier (with whose name his own is handed down to posterity,) in several gallant enterprises. Though several years his junior, they had long maintained an intimate personal friendship.

It was natural that De Roberval should continue, as he had long been, a frequent guest at M. Cartier's villa. The old chief, Donnacona, loved his frank and manly bearing, and was flattered by the sincere and respectful deference of

his manner, and Fayawana's smile grew brighter, as she listened to the gay and courteous words which fell so gracefully from his lips. Still a child in age, for she had yet scarcely numbered fifteen summers, in mental and physical development, she seemed, at least, two years older; and De Roberval, whose imagination had been strongly impressed by her beauty, and simple grace, when he first beheld her at the Court of Francis, now watched from day to day, her expanding loveliness, and the gradual unfolding of her mind and character, with a degree of pleasing interest, which he never thought of analysing, or once dreamed that so sweet a study might prove dangerous, to a young and susceptible cavalier. If there was danger, it lurked unsuspected in the recesses of his heart, which he believed sufficiently guarded, by his engagement to the Countess Natalie; the allegiance due to her, he thought not of transferring to another.

Fayawana was not forgetful, in her own enjoyment and improvement, of the claims of duty, or the gentle offices of affection. Donnacona became dearer to her heart, and her obligations to him seemed more sacred, as his failing strength required more constantly her attentive care, and his drooping spirits the sustaining cheerfulness which she never failed to shed around him. Gradually he lost all the energy and spirit of his native character, and sunk into that passive and indolent state to which the savage character almost invariably degenerates, when subjected to the ordeal of civilization. Almost his sole amusement and recreation, consisted in the exercise of his bow and arrow, and he would often spend hours, in practising those feats of skill, for which his race are so remarkable. Francis, who had a passionate love for all athletic games, desired greatly to witness the prowess of the old chief; and he was accordingly prevailed upon to appear, once more, on a festive occasion, and before the assembled court.

It was on a beautiful day, in early summer, and a brilliant party of knights and cavaliers, and high born ladies, were assembled at the new palace of Fontainbleu, even then, in its unfinished state, a noble monument of Francis' magnificent taste, and long afterwards the favorite residence of his royal successors. The arena of an extensive court was prepared for a game of archery, a pastime in which both ladies and cavaliers took great delight. The tessellated pavement, wrought in rich mosaic, shone like polished gems, and on an elevated seat, beneath a canopy of state, curtained with tissue of gold, and Tyrian dye, and looped with precious stones, were seated the royal family; the steps leading to them, saith

an old chronicle, "being covered with cloth of gold, and goodly tapestry." A semi-circle of seats extended round the arena, richly adorned with quaint devices, and covered with crimson velvet, fringed with gold, in which were seen the chivalry of France, her fairest dames, and the flower of her nobility.

Fayawana felt little inclination to mingle in the festivities of a scene so uncongenial to her simple taste; she found no attraction in the artificial excitement, and she had already learned enough of the adventitious distinctions of society to feel her own position, in such an assemblage, solitary and peculiar. But the expressed command of royalty could not be disobeyed, still less the wishes of Donnacona, which were always a law to her.

The games were commenced by the fair competitors for the prize, which was a diamond ring, exquisitely wrought, and of great value. It was placed on the target, and the skilful hand, which pierced the centre of the glittering bauble, would be declared its fortunate possessor.

Great was the excitement of the occasion, and much harmless rivalry was called forth by the graceful exercise. But many a skilful hand lost its firmness, in the eagerness of competition, and others, too self-confident, missed the mark through presumption. Others—it must be confessed, their numbers were small—shrinking from the general gaze, failed from sheer timidity. Not among these was the Countess Natalie; who, with perfect reliance on her well known dexterity, carefully adjusted the arrow, and with a firm, and steady hand, sent it bounding from the bow. It passed straight within the circle of the ring; a jot nearer, proud fair one! and the prize had been thine own, and still more coveted, the triumph of success! But the point is still untouched, and the arrow falls harmless to the ground.

The flush of anticipated victory, which mounted to her brow, passed away, and with a look of assumed gaiety, that ill concealed her vexation, she cast the bow from her, saying, she would never again trust the faithless weapon. The Count de Roberval stooped to raise it, with careless gallantry, and whispered a flattering compliment, which was meant to soothe her wounded pride.

But the true language of heartfelt interest beamed from his eyes, as Fayawana at that moment raised her bow, with graceful ease, and selecting an arrow from the quiver which hung at her side, nicely adjusted it to the string. As she stood a moment, her dark eye fixed on the point, to which the arrow was directed, one fairy

foot, advanced, her form slightly bent, and her beautiful lips, just parted, her attitude was like that of a bounding nymph, suddenly arrested in her fleet career, and an involuntary murmur of admiration rose from every lip. Calmly she drew the arrow to its head, and the hearts of the spectators seemed to stand still, so earnest was the thrill of expectation. The winged shaft fled from the bow, and instantly it quivered in the very centre of the ring.

There was no triumph in her eye, as she turned away, with a composed and graceful step; but Countess Natalie, stung with envy, said in bitter accents, which were meant to meet her ear:

"That bow doubtless is endowed with some Indian charm, which ours are not gifted with; for I saw no marvellous skill in the hand which bent it!"

"Ah! it must have been a charmed arrow, which could win the victory from Countess Natalie," was responded from several lips, among the flatterers of the high-born heiress.

Fayawana heard the scornful taunt, and saw the eyes of many turned on her with supercilious derision; her own eye flashed, and the crimson blood rushed to her dark cheek; she stood a moment, regarding them in haughty silence, then taking the rejected bow of Countess Natalie, from De Roberval's hand, and selecting an arrow from his own quiver, she fitted it to the bow; and placing herself at the farthest distance from the target, sent it swiftly from the bow, and with unerring aim, again pierced the centre of the ring.

Amidst loud applause, and flattering congratulations, the prize was awarded to her; with ill-concealed pleasure, De Roberval led her to the royal presence, and the Queen, with a graceful compliment, herself placed the sparkling gem on the slender finger of the Indian girl.

"Truly," said Count R n , "this outlandish fair one hath the grace and spirit of a princess; and, as for beauty, by my faith I see few among our courtly dames who can compare with her."

"Truly," repeated the Countess Natalie, scornfully, "Count R n  has become a connoisseur, but his taste is cameleon like, and changes with every new object he approaches; yesterday he was in raptures with *la blonde*; to-day, *la noir* has turned his head, with her rare display of beauty and accomplishments; ah! Count R n , inconstancy is written on thy brow."

"Ah! Countess Natalie, who would believe thy cruelty!" he replied, affectedly; "thou to whose beauty I have bowed, a willing slave, more years than I can number! I appeal to thee, De Roberval, who art so true-hearted, if a cour-

teous knight can ever prove disloyal to his lady-love?"

"Not till the sun shall cease to shine," said the Count, slightly coloring, and in a tone of constrained gallantry; "while the light of beauty beams kindly on him, like the sun-flower, constant and changeless, he must turn to worship and admire."

"A very lover-like conceit," returned Count R n , shrugging his shoulders; "but, beshrew me, one must be as blind as Cupid himself, to keep a steady eye, when so many suns are rising around him. I must take a lesson from you, De Roberval, for all the world lauds your constancy."

"The world takes much upon trust," said De Roberval, laughing; "but see! the brave old chief is wielding his ponderous bow, and, by my faith! I think there are few of us can boast an arm like his, or an eye, so keen to mark its aim."

Donnacona had indeed entered into the spirit of the game, with an animation long unknown to him. He felt emulous to display his dexterity before the white warriors of the king, and as he stood, proudly erect, in their presence, the dormant spirit of the savage warrior again shone in his eye, and animated his noble form. He placed himself before the target, with impassive gravity, and poised the bow with careless ease, then carefully selecting a fitting arrow, he fixed his eye an instant on the point he aimed at, and sent it whizzing to the point. Again, and again, in rapid succession, the arrow sped, and, so true the eagle eye, so firm the sinewy arm, that it never varied a hair's breadth from the mark he sought to reach. The loud demonstrations of surprise and delight which followed, urged him to renewed displays of that surpassing dexterity and skill, which had made his name not less famous in all savage sports than it was in the deadly battles of his tribe. Like the ancient Parthian, he shot with flying footsteps, wheeling round the course in rapid strides, and always, with unerring aim, he pierced the centre of the shield.

But during the next surpassing feat, a feeling of awe, mingled with astonishment, almost paralyzed the minds of the spectators. Donnacona gravely led the little, unresisting Maraquita aside, and bidding her stand erect, and unmoved, he placed an acorn on her brow, and then removing to a suitable distance, again firmly raised the bow, and drew the arrow to its head. Firmly she stood, that brave child, with strong nerve, and unblanched cheek, her eye fixed on the chief, and so calm and motionless, that she seemed like a marble statue, rather than a breathing, sentient being! So perfect was her faith in his unflin-

skill, so passive her devotion to his will! Every heart beat audibly, as the arrow sped; bearing the acorn from the head of that dauntless child; and so rapidly was the feat performed, that almost before the bewildered mind could realize the peril of the Indian girl, it was past, and a sensation of relief, from insupportable suspense, was experienced by every individual.

But the excitement of the scene had carried the old chief far beyond his strength. In the midst of acclamation, the watchful eye of Fayawana perceived a change pass over his countenance; his foot faltered, and she knew that his roving eye was seeking her guidance and support. She took him by the hand, and passive as an infant, he obeyed her gentle guidance. Silently they passed out, from the brilliant circle, and many an eye gazed after her, in admiration of her loveliness, and respect for her filial devotion. They both longed for solitude and repose; and, far away from the sounds of revelry, and the glitter of heartless display, they passed on, through the princely demesne, resting often, for Donnacona's step was weary, and he leaned heavily on the slender arm that supported him.

Their wandering steps at length brought them to an outer gate, leading to more extensive pleasure grounds, and it was opened for them, by the royal keeper, in respectful silence. Before them lay a sheltered glade, beautiful as the fabled Tempé, stretching far away between protecting hills, whose swelling sides were clothed with fruitful vines; groups of noble trees, planted by the hand of nature or artistic skill, cast their shadows on the velvet turf, which was enamelled with all flowers that seek the sheltered dell, or gather lovingly beneath the trees, or spread their fragile blossoms to the fervid sun. There too, were graceful trees, of oriental foliage, and of southern bloom; bouquets of flowering shrubs, the hardy children of the soil, and rare exotics from a warmer clime, brought in friendly union, to mingle with their sweet flowers, and shed their fragrance in that paradise of royal luxury. The passion flower, and the starry jasmine, from southern bowers, and the clematis, favorite of every clime, twined their slender garlands lovingly together, and formed a bower whose mossy seats invited to repose or meditation. Near it, a beautiful sculptured nymph, of pure Parian marble, crowned with water lilies, stood on a flowery mound, round which a silver stream, winding along the valley, threw its encircling arms, and transformed it to a fairy isle.

The world seemed shut out from this enchanting spot, and nature reigned there, unrivalled and supreme. Fayawana felt the charm of its deep

repose, in her inmost soul; the magnificence of courtly display had never awakened an emotion in her heart; but in that temple of nature's God, her spirit was filled with praise and devotion. Donnacona's languid pulse throbbed with fresher life; he gazed complacently around, then cast himself on the green margin of the stream, and bathed his fevered brow in the cool, refreshing water.

Inigorated by short repose, the chief renewed his walk, with a more elastic step, and a countenance of unwonted animation. But Fayawana observed with pain, his restless eye, and the nervous excitement, so different from his usual impassiveness, and the langour which had of late oppressed him. He seemed desirous to press on, and Fayawana, yielding to his wish, they followed a narrow foot-path, leading around the base of a steep hill, which soon completely shut out from their view the lovely valley they had just quitted. The landscape then suddenly assumed a more rugged aspect; a wild glen opened before them, clothed with dark firs, intermingled with deciduous trees, and stately pines, and rugged rocks, piled in fantastic shapes, rose on either side, decked with the many colored mosses, lichens and creeping plants, which found nourishment in their fissures.

The stream, so smooth and tranquil, now rushed over the rocks, a rapid torrent, leaping over fallen masses, and chafing at its narrow limits. A few wild grape vines leaped from tree to tree, weaving their garlands in a natural bower, and the modest hawthorn was there, profuse in snowy blossoms, and the sumach, with its feathery leaves; dark alders, dipping to the wave, and quivering birch trees, springing from the rocks, with their grey trunks and limbs in quaint contrast with the darker foliage around them.

It was, in fact, a lively picture of those glens, which so often burst upon the view, in forest scenery; and such an one it was intended to represent; the landscape artist having skilfully moulded the natural features of the ground, to imitate the wildness of a forest scene. Many of the trees and shrubs were brought from America, by Jacques Cartier, on returning from his first voyage, and presented to the King, as specimens of the country, and to adorn his royal domain. At the head of the glen, was a level green-sward, open to the sun, and a group of young maple trees, the pride of an American forest, were planted there, and already raised their stately heads, as proudly as if rooted in their native soil. A few fallow deer were seen browsing among the rocks, or standing on the border of

the stream; and two or three fawns lay slumbering together, under the shadow of the maple trees.

A wild cry of delight burst from the Indian girl, which was faintly echoed from the lips of Donnacona. Had they been suddenly transported to their native woods, the reality could not have been more startling than the illusion of the scene before them. The rocks, the trees, the rushing stream, the deer—familiar objects from their childhood—above all, those glorious maples! How often had they watched their swelling buds—their glossy summer leaves—their brilliant autumn changes—in the well-remembered forests of their native land! Fayawana flew to them with bounding steps; she cast herself on the ground, and twined her arms around them, as if a human heart responded to her wild caresses. The muscles of Donnacona's face moved convulsively, and tears stood in his eyes. Fayawana threw herself on his breast, and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

Never before had she yielded to such uncontrolled emotion in the presence of Donnacona; but the old chief rebuked her not—his own heart was touched with tender recollections, and the beloved home of his youth stood vividly before him. He seated her on the ground beside him; the startled fawns had fled at their approach, but a deer, returning to seek her young ones, stopped an instant, and gazed at them, with her gentle, loving eyes, as if to seek their sympathy, for *she*, too, was an exile from her forest home. Fayawana stretched out her hand to caress the timid animal; it was like those she had tamed and sported with in her childish days; but it knew her not, nor did it seem to fear her, but turning away, with slow and graceful step, it sought the shelter of its rocky haunts.

Donnacona looked after it, long, in mournful silence. "Fayawana!" he said at length, "the wild deer droops under strange skies, and the fleetness of its foot has passed away. Its bounding step is curbed in the narrow glen, and the white man's hunting grounds are not like the wild forests, where his herds have roamed in freedom. Donnacona is like the stricken deer, whom the hunters have entrapped; they spread their snares around him, and lured him cunningly from his wigwam and his people. The warrior has become a woman, and his heart is like a little child. The home of the pale face is strange to him, and his bread is bitter."

"Father!" said Fayawana, deeply moved, "the white men are our friends, and when a few more moons have rolled away, their barks shall bear us back in safety to our homes. Our braves will

hold a feast, and our women sing with joy, when Donnacona, the great warrior of his tribe, returns to them, and the heart of Fayawana will be glad."

"In the hunting grounds of the great spirit," returned the chief, "shall the feast be prepared for Donnacona, but never again among the warriors of his tribe. My daughter, listen to me, and let my words dwell in your heart, for, as the winged arrow flies from the bow, so swiftly passes the hours of Donnacona's life. The sapling strikes its tender root, when planted in a foreign soil, and bears flowers and fruit beneath another sky; but forget not, daughter of a chief, thy father's people, nor let thy heart be taken by the bravery of the white man's dwelling, nor the sweetness of his honied words. Our youth are true of heart, and our forests free and wide; and when the white chief again launches his tall bark on the broad waters, go back with him to thy people, and carry with thee the bones of Donnacona, that they may lie in peace among the graves of his fathers. Swear to me that thou wilt do this, and I shall die in peace."

"All that my father bids me do, will Fayawana truly perform," she answered, in a firm voice, and devoutly kissing the cross which hung from her rosary. A smile passed over the countenance of the old chief, and his eyes rested fondly on the face of his adopted child. Presently he murmured:

"Lay my bow and arrows in the ground beside me, and chant the song of our warriors at my grave, Fayawana, my singing bird." He then reclined his head against the tree, and closing his eyes, seemed to fall into a tranquil slumber.

Fayawana removed to a little distance, and watched him long and tenderly; his repose was quiet and profound, and gradually her thoughts returned to the scene around her, and she stooped forward to look into the glen, and watch the playful fawns. Near below her feet, there was a little sheltered cove, where the waters turned aside from the rushing stream, and lay, like a crystal mirror, reflecting the drooping foliage of tree and shrub, which clothed the jutting point on which she stood. A bark canoe was moored there—the pointed beak carved with rude device—she knew it well, for with her own hands, singing by her mother's side, she had helped to trick it out, with Indian bravery, and her brother's hand had gathered the flexile bark, and formed the slender keel. It was a present to Jacques Cartier, when he shared their simple hospitality, and was a fairy model of those light capacious barks, in which the Aborigines first navigated the waters of our mighty lakes and streams.

She stood looking at it, with clasped hands and beating heart; it seemed to her the living forms of those she loved, must be hovering round a spot, which bore so vivid a resemblance to the haunts of her childish years. She would have bounded down the steep declivity, to leap into it, but the thought of Donnacona, the fear that he might awake and miss her near him, checked her step; she turned again to look at him, and close beside her, with admiring gaze, stood the Count de Roberval. A crimson blush mounted to her cheek, and her heart beat more rapidly; but, in the simplicity of her artless confidence, she sought not to disguise the pleasure which his presence gave her.

"I have been long seeking you, *ma belle truent!*" he said smiling; "Madam Perrot became uneasy at your absence, and feared some illness had overtaken Donnacona; so I offered to come for you, for I well know all the windings of these paths, and I was not wrong in conjecturing that the singing bird of the wild would rest her graceful wing among the tangled mazes of this glen."

"It is beautiful as my own free Indian home!" she said, with animation; "these trees are like the companions of my childhood—these rocks, rugged as those I climbed with joyous steps—that dashing water like the music of the stream that chimed my infant lullaby."

"And is there no beauty for thee in fairer climes?" he asked tenderly—"no charm in luxury and refinement—no kindness in your heart for friends that love you well, and long to make you happy?"

"Fayawana's heart is grateful," she replied, timidly, "and her eye has learned to dwell with pleasure on the beautiful works of art; but her free wild home—there, too, was happiness; and there her mother, and the brother whom she loves, wait sorrowing her return."

De Roberval gently clasped her hand.

"Fayawana dreams of happiness!" he said, "which she can never know again in her Indian home. She has tasted the tree of knowledge; her eye has feasted on the beauties of art, and her heart responded to the pleasures of refined and social life; could the rude wigwam, and the savage chase, and wild-wood sports, again delight her?"

Fayawana's cheek turned pale, and, for an instant, the blood ran coldly in her veins. Never before had the contrast been presented to her mind—never had she dwelt upon the thought, that her own intellectual advancement carried her far beyond the companions of her savage state, and unfitted her to return to their rude enjoyments. De Roberval perceived her thoughts, and said, with earnest tenderness:

"There are fair scenes in this broad land of ours, my gentle girl, and loving hearts, ay, one loving heart that turns to thee alone for happiness."

"These are the scenes which Fayawana loves," she murmured, pointing to the rocky den; "but the splendor of a court, the heartless forms, the empty show, perplex and weary her. Proud dames, too," she added, with a burning blush, "look scornfully on the tawny Indian girl—for rank and wealth she has none—and they dream not that she has a heart as warm, and a spirit as lofty, as their own."

De Roberval looked on her glowing face, so lovely in its faultless beauty, and high-souled expression, with undisguised admiration. The counsels of prudence—his vowed allegiance to another—all were forgotten, as he passionately replied:

"I, too, would fly from the world, and its heartless votaries, if thou, my beloved, wilt bless me with thy loving smile. Together, we will seek some fairy bower, fairer than thy Indian home, and thy step shall climb the rocks which thou lovest—the trees of thy native land shall shadow thee, and the flowers of thine own dells spring up beneath thy feet. Grateful for thy dear love, De Roberval asks no other happiness than the joy of being ever near thee."

He pressed her fondly to his heart, as he thus poured forth the ardent feelings of impulsive youth; Fayawana's moistened eyes drooped beneath his gaze, her pulse throbbed wildly, and more eloquent than words, her silent blushes answered with sweet assent the fondest wishes of his heart.

When the first moments of happy emotion had passed away, Fayawana, chiding her own forgetfulness, turned to seek the approving smile of Donnacona. He still seemed to repose, but, to the quick eye of the Indian girl, there was a change, scarcely perceptible, in his position—his bow had fallen to the ground, and his arm lay powerless by his side. She sprang to his side, and kneeled before him; a change had passed over his countenance, a calm smile sat on his lips, but the eyes were closed, and the features cold and rigid. Fayawana placed her hand on his heart,—it had ceased to beat. She uttered a piercing cry, and fell senseless on the body of the Indian warrior.

(To be continued.)

CHRONICLES "EN ROUTE."

BY T. D. F.

On, on, on,—with a rapid, breath-taking motion, speeds this wonder of the nineteenth century, this annihilation of time and space; now hurrying through lovely groves, insensible to the unwritten, yet exquisitely harmonious music of the wind, as it breathes through the wooing branches of the tall elms, and rustles the silvery leaves of the quaking aspen. On, on, on—flitting with spirit speed, through the white-cottaged villages which lie hill-embosomed in its path; like a banshee, uttering its warning cry, shrieking out yells, which would well become those disembodied wretches, who are first made aware, when too late, of the power of conscience, which holds up before them wasted opportunities, neglected privileges, wrongs done to their own natures, and injuries heaped upon those they were bound to love and cherish.

A pleasant day this is, and promises to continue, and it is well to chronicle its aspects and changes; to catch, if possible, the various traits and forms as they pass. I will endeavour, with my pencil in hand, to be the sun, while my paper shall be the prepared plate, on which to daguerrotype the passing incidents.

'Tis early morning; we have just left the city, bustling even in its matin hours. Thanks to a stupid coachman, we were almost too late, and rode the last five minutes in torture, fearing to lose the cars, which is one of the greatest miseries of life, quite equal to a mercantile failure, in these days of patched up credit; but fortunately we got our two feet upon the steps of the car just as the shrill whistle was uttered, and the iron horse started off, snorting and fuming away on his fiery course. We staggered in, and found one nice luxurious seat unoccupied, evidently reserved for us, and *we* (the grey-goose quill permits us to pluralize ourselves sometimes) are now seated in a quiet corner, with a window all to ourselves—blessed privilege!—to open or shut as we please, and on looking round, can find nothing to disturb us but a black eyed gentleman opposite, who seems disposed to exercise the privilege of his eyes, and find out our thoughts, feelings, and occupations. We defy him to do it, however.

He is reading the morning paper now, and the sun shines very brightly, so I will sketch his

outward form—true index to the inner man: broad forehead, straight nose, good colour, nicely defined whiskers, hair black as the raven's wing, but cut with Puritan-like precision, not one solitary lock daring to fly out of place; were it not for his mouth, he would be very good looking. Indeed *quite* young ladies would call him handsome, and his wife (if he has one) would think him an Adonis; but that mouth destroys the whole harmony of his face; it is a perfect contradiction to the noble features, so unrefined and unintellectual; it marks his character to my mind; for, in spite of all phrenologists may say, one glance at the mouth will give a truer impression of the character than all the organs of the skull, or the watchings of the quick flitting expression of the eyes. These will show the passing feeling of the moment; they answer to yours, if warm or cold, earnest or distracted, as the feeling prompts; they are the mirror of the mind; but the mouth is the plastic clay which receives the form and impress of the character, the heart, the habitual tone of thought, the temper; when these are once formed, then the expression remains, and affords an unerring index. Look at it first, examine its lines, read in its compressed form firmness; or in the flexible drooping lip, indecision; in its curves, upward or downward, you will mark peace and contentment, or the spirit of unrest.

But a sudden stop—the ring of the engine-bell, the entrance of new passengers. Oh! my black-eyed friend has disappeared; a sweet young bride, for such I am sure she is, has taken his place; the white riband twisted around her simple straw-hat, marks her as such, but not so much as the sweet confiding expression, with which she looks up at her companion, a fine stalwart youth, with brown hair hanging in profusion around his healthy-hued face. I hope they will be with us all day; it is a pleasure to watch them. How the rain pours down—what a change! A few moments ago all was bright, beautiful, and joyous; nature was rife with the melody of the birds, and the thousand harmony-breathing sounds and influences; and now the feathered songsters have sought their nests, and are spreading their soft wings over their young loved ones, to protect them from the damp, and all is hushed;

no sound is heard, but the heavy drops of rain, as they patter hail-like upon the roof of the cars; the window must be closed, though the air is sultry; all things wear a changed aspect.

"*Telle est la vie!*" How often is the sunshine of the heart, when at its very meridian, clouded suddenly over, and a deluge of sorrow and affliction almost obliterates, for the nonce, the remembrance that bright days ever were! But still at such hours, should not the thought occur that every cloud has its silver lining, which it will turn forth to cheer the gloom, and that, as the natural sun never leaves its place in the heavens, though hidden from us by the clouds which intervene, so does the warmer, more effulgent sun of divine goodness ever shine; and if we but lift the eye, made clear by confidence and truth, its warming beams will never be hidden from us, but will shed warmth and light on what would otherwise seem the most clouded hours.

How deep the green, as I see it, through my rain-dimmed window—how shadowy the outline of the undulating scenery, the rounded hills, the quiet little cabins, the groups of noble forest trees, alternating with bosquets of dwarf, shrubby cedars. The cars are dancing a jig, or in some great excitement, they are so uneasy and tremulous in their motion. We have arrived at a *dépôt*; another influx of passengers—stupid enough they look too, as if they partook of the influence of the storm. "Your ticket, if you please?" I look up at the sound of the voice—the "Conductor" is standing over me—box in one hand, the other outstretched with a complacent air; with a nod of acquiescence, I plunge my hand into pocket long and lank—no ticket! Alas! woe is me! I seize my purse, to pay my fare again, when, lo! my belt unclasps, and out drops the ticket; dirty as it looks, it is welcome enough. It is exchanged for another equally dirty, and then the Conductor passes on. What a miserable life is that of a rail-car Conductor, destined to pace up and down these narrow aisles, day after day, year after year feeling no interest in the mass of people who surround them, knowing no rest, but back and forth, back and forth, tramp, tramp, tramp. If the Ancients had known of rail-roads, they would have placed, in their transmigration, such souls as those of Alexander the Great and Cæsar, into these Conductors, for they must be possessed with the spirit of unrest.

A momentary cessation of the rain; see the lovely white mist, as it rolls its feathery form over yon mountain side, how soft, how graceful it passes gradually up—up—raising itself from earth to heaven, like the incense of a grateful heart; it has arisen in the valley, from the stream

which runs gurgling, leaping merrily along, and now it is soaring up to heaven, and the sky seems opening to receive it—a small blue place, so intensely blue, appears in the midst of the heavy clouds—a cerulean islet—one can almost see angel faces peeping out from it. Ah! now it closes, and the rain again pours forth, fiercely, aye, as if it were in a passion, and annoyed at the momentary cessation. It seems to have two natures, this rain—now wild, fierce, demon-like, coming down, as if determined to destroy all upon the earth. Now gentle as an angel's whisper, revivifying all nature, filling the cups of the gay flowers, bathing the soft grass, and lifting up its drooping blades; like human nature, now melting in tenderness, then darkening in woe, and at times, to be filled with the power of human furies.

Now what a contrast again; we have entered a city; brick houses, straight streets, ponderous factories—the Manchester of America! What confusion, hurrying of people, news-boys, big persons and little. On, on, on—again in the region of pine trees, tall and stately, which lave their drooping boughs in the stream that dashes along over rocks, making deep, sonorous music. Now the stream has narrowed into a little rivulet, which amuses itself with a thousand convolutions, winding in and out, graceful as though a painter's pencil had laid out its course. Why is it, there is no awkwardness in nature? The rocks which are now rising abruptly up from the path, have nothing unsightly in them, but seem to have been thrown together, with reference to a beautiful whole. What study does it require in man, to obtain a full perception of the graceful and harmonious! but nature is informed with it. My window, which we thought such a privilege, will not open, and we are oppressed with the heat; a good lesson that should teach us, we do not always know what are our blessings.

But hark! hear that merry laugh ringing so gaily through the cars—it comes from that pretty groupe, that lovely young mother, and her two sweet children, one a fair-haired, reflecting looking child, with long lashes, shading soul-full grey eyes, and the other such a droll little man, with his quaint, old fashioned dress, the childish form arrayed in small clothes, buckled at the knees—a petite Charles Grandison, only that, that very dignified, proper person, never could have looked so roguish, and played such pranks, even in his most juvenile days; how he tosses himself about, now making hostile demonstrations at his pretty baby sister, who only laughs quietly, as he ends, by kissing and squeezing her, with all the extravagance of affection. Now she looks sad;

the urchin has given her a sly dab, with more force, I warrant, than he intended, and the tears fill her eyes, but she will not cry. The mother gently chides him for it, and seats him by her side, in a firm way; he tosses his wild head, and looks up saucily in her face, but its sweet, yet reproachful expression, rebukes him, and he seems quite subdued—but now, monkey like, he is up, and again turning and twisting himself into a thousand shapes. What perfect cameleons children are!

The cars slacken. Where are we now? At the Depôt, where we leave the rail-road, and take the post coaches, for our different routes. Noise and confusion enough prevail—the luggage is being distributed. A long, lank man approaches.

"Where do you wish to go?"

"To Burlington."

"Which is your baggage?"

"A large trunk, covered and marked—carpet bag—that is all."

"I will put it on the coach; it will be ready soon."

We are still leaning against a post, looking at the mingled throng, wondering how such a confused web can ever be unravelled, and if that place can ever be quiet again—when up steps a stout, stubby man, with a face like a full moon, surmounted with a little round oil-skin cap, clad in a black round-about, and white pants.

"Where are you going?"

"To Burlington."

"Where's your baggage; shew it to me, and I will take care of it."

"There is a man getting it now."

"A man! Who is it? Is it Frank? Is it Frank?"

"I don't know Frank."

"Shew him to me; do you think it is Frank?"

I could not help laughing—the idea was so irresistibly ludicrous—how could I know Frank, from Tom, Dick, or Harry? The man looked up at my expression of mirth, and walked forth, in search of "Frank;" he evidently knew Frank so well himself, he could not believe it possible that any body in the wide world could be ignorant of him, or his existence. I find—strange enough, some interest in knowing whether it really was Frank, and I begin to look round for the long man, and my trunks, when I hear a voice close beside me.

"Come. The coach is ready; your luggage is on. Frank got it; it was Frank;" and turning round, I see the short, good-natured Frank's friend, who marshals the way to the coach for me—he points to my baggage, that I may feel

quite easy, as to its being very safe—helps me kindly into my seat, and then shouting out, "Frank, Frank! Where are you?" disappears. Now the coach rattles off, and adieu for the time to pencil and paper.

It is evening. We have arrived at our place of destination for the night, one of these quiet little villages, nestled down among the green hills of Vermont; I hear the murmur of a small river, which runs leaping past, on one side of it: now swollen by the rain, which has been pouring down the last hour. It has passed away, and who can describe the glorious legacy it has left, in the gorgeous clouds; the upper heavens are still dark and frowning; huge, cragged, and uneven masses piled together; but a belt of cerulean blue, flushed with deep purple, rose-coloured and white, girds the horizon; and just above it are rolled soft, fleecy clouds, light and graceful as an angel's drapery, tinged with a wreath of golden—no—no word so earthly can express the lovely shade, which no painter's pencil yet ever caught; the colouring of the heavenly hand—which no earthly one can ever imitate. Just before my window, rises one lofty peak, covered from summit to base with grouped and clustered trees, the tracery of the uppermost ones exquisitely defined against the clear sky; just below it, is a rounded knoll, smooth as if thrice shorn; from the very centre of it rises one tall and shapely sycamore, so rounded in the outline of its waving branches, as to correspond properly with its verdant pedestal. Stillness reigns around, except the occasional hum of voices from the groups in the village—now as I write, the rich hues are fading away, a sombre shade pervades the whole landscape; twilight closes, and it is night. A tap at the door.

"Come in!" The landlord enters with a bow.

"I am very sorry to disturb you, but you will be obliged to share your room with two young ladies."

"It is quite impossible; I must have a room to myself,—I cannot be put with strangers."

"I am very sorry, but I assure you it cannot be helped; every room in the house is full, but this, which has two beds,—they are nice girls, they won't disturb you. They have gone to Enfield, but told me they should return here to sleep. Indeed you would oblige me very much, if you would consent to it."

"If I cannot help it, I suppose I must submit; but if you can make any other arrangement, I hope you will."

"Thank you! perhaps they may not come; they are very quiet."

This is one annoyance, but must be submitted to. I wonder what these girls will be like? Great

awkward, coarse girls, noisy and ugly; what a bore. I will try and get asleep before they come.

* * * * *

Morning has come, and I must chronicle the events of the night; I had just dropped into a quiet doze, when the blazing of a light upon my eyes awakened me. I looked up, and saw the dreaded intruders.

"What a pity," said one, "that we have got to share the room with every one; it is provoking; I wanted to be alone with you."

"Hush!" said a gentle sweet voice. "Remember it is quite as disagreeable for the other party as for us."

I turned to show them I was awake, and then I looked up to see who I had with me, and there were two really lovely looking girls; they were dressed in English cottage bonnets, simply trimmed with white riband, and a bunch of apple blossoms,—black silk gowns, with a quilling of lace at the throat—so refined, and then such rosy Hebe-like faces.

"What shall we do without our night dresses?" inquired the first speaker:

"We must manage; it is not a cold night, and we shall not mind."

The little straw bonnets were removed, and pocket handkerchiefs, folded corner-wise, tied tightly over the soft brown hair, which was combed back from the forehead; the frocks were unfastened, the clean white skirts removed, and then pinned around the throat, to answer for a "*robe de nuit*," there was such an innocent simplicity, such a bewitching artlessness about them, that I was fascinated, and kept peering out, to follow their movements. They had been silent some time, and I was just sinking into sleep, when,

"Mary, I think Harry loves you;" again aroused me.

"I know he does;" replied the gentle voice of the most lovely looking of the two damsels.

"How! has he told you so? Did he tell you he loved you, Mary? And when? Was it to-night?"

"Yes, Carry, as we were coming home from Enfield, he told me he loved me, and asked me if I would be his wife."

"What did you say? You don't love him—do you, Mary?"

"Why, Carry, I felt to-night as if I did, he spoke so kindly, and seemed so good; but somehow I cannot forget poor Bruce; I *did* love him, and I told Harry so. I asked him if he would be willing to marry me, when he knew that I had been devoted to Bruce, and would rather

have married him than any one. He said yes; he knew I loved Bruce, but that he knew Bruce was not worthy of me; he had not strength of character to resist temptation, and he said, the last time he was in New York, he took pains to enquire about him, to find out what he was doing, and that he had become very worthless, intemperate, and wicked in every way."

"Oh, Mary! did not that make you feel bad?"

"Yes, Carry! I could not help crying as he told me about him; for oh! Carry, I did love Bruce; he was so fascinating. You could not tell how interesting he was, for you never liked him, and he did not care to please you; but he was gentle and loving to me, and I felt as if I could guide him right; and I reproach myself now, for, if I had married him, he would never have gone so far wrong."

"You should not think so, Mary, for even while you were engaged to him, he did many things very wrong, and it would have made your poor father so unhappy."

"I know that, Carry, and that is why I did not marry him. I never shall love any one as much as I did him."

"Will you marry Harry, Mary?"

"I don't know! I promised to think of it, and let him know, soon."

"How beautifully he drives, don't he? he managed these reins so well!"

Just at this moment the lamp was extinguished, the two fair friends were lost in the feathers of their broad bed, and though they still continued talking, I could not distinguish what they said.

I seemed only to have sunk into a sleep, when the roll of the coach to the door, and the call of the landlord, aroused me. I cast, as I left the room, a loving glance at the sweet sleepers, and wished I could know the end of the little romance, the first page of which had thus been opened to me; but years have passed, and I have never heard aught of gentle Mary; but I doubt not, she is long ere this the loving wife of the good Harry; forgetting in a wife's pleasures, and a mother's cares, her first lover, unworthy as he was.

Thus ends Chronicle the First.

THE COVENANTER'S MARRIAGE.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

THE Marriage Party were to meet in a little lonesome dell, well known to all the dwellers round St. Mary's Loch. A range of bright green hills goes southward from its shores, and between them and the high heathery mountains lies a shapeless scene of cliffs, moss, and pasture, partaking both of the beauty and the grandeur between which it so wildly lies. All these cliffs are covered with native birch-trees, except a few of the leftiest that shoot up their bare points in many fantastic forms: that moss, full of what the shepherds called "hags," or hollows worn by the weather, or dug out for fuel, waves, when the wind goes by, its high rich-blossomed and fragrant heath; and that pasturage, here and there, in circular spots of emerald verdure, affords the sweetest sustenance to the sheep to be found among all that mountainous region. It was in one of these circles of beautiful herbage, called by the shepherds "The Queen-Fairy's Parlour," that Mark Kerr and Christian Lindsay, who had been long betrothed, were now to be made man and wife. It was nearly surrounded by large masses, or ledges of loose rocks, piled to a considerable height upon each other by some strong convulsion, and all adorned with the budding and sweet-breathing birches, while the circle was completed, by one overarching cliff that sheltered it from the north blast, and on whose airy summit the young hawks were shrilly and wildly crying in their nest.

The bridegroom was sitting there with his bride, and her bridesmaid; and by and by, one friend after another appeared below the natural arch that, all dropping with wild-flowers, formed the only entrance into this lonely Tabernacle. At last they all stood up in a circle together—shepherds decently appparelled, shepherdesses all dressed in raiment bleached whiter than the snow in the waters of the mountain spring, and the greyheaded Minister of God, who, driven from his kirk by blood-thirsty persecution, prayed and preached in the wilderness, baptized infants with the water of the running brook, and joined in wedlock the hands of those whose hearts longed to be united in those dark and deadly times. Few words were uttered by the gracious old man; but these few were solemn and full of cheer, impressed upon the hearts of the wedded pair by the tremulous tones of a voice that was not long for this world, by the sanctity of his long white

locks unmoved by a breath of air, and by the fatherly and apostolical motion of his uplifted hand, that seemed to conduct down upon those who stood in awe before him, the blessing of that God who delighteth in a humble heart. The short ceremony was now closed—and Mark Kerr and Christian Lindsay were united, till death should sunder them on earth, to unite them in heaven.

Greetings were interchanged—and smiles went round, with rosy blushes, and murmuring and whispering voices of irreproachable mirth. What though the days were dark, and the oppressor strong! Here was a place unknown to his feet; and now was a time to let the clear sparkling fountain of nature's joy well up in all hearts. Sadness and sorrow overwhelmed the land, but human life was not wholly a waste; and the sweet sunshine that now fell down through a screen of fleecy clouds upon the Queen-Fairy's Parlour, was it not to enliven and rejoice all their souls? Was it not to make the fair bride fairer in her husband's eye—her smile brighter, and the ringlets more yellow as they hung over a forehead that wore its silken snood no longer, but in its changed covering gracefully showed that Christian Lindsay was now a wife? The tabor and the pipe were heard; and footsteps that left no print on the hard smooth verdant floor, kept time to the merry measures.

On a small seat, framed of the roots of decayed trees, Mark Kerr was now sitting with his own sweet Christian; when he gently raised her head from his bosom, and told her to go into the shieling, for he saw people on the hill-side, whose appearance, even at that distance, he did not like. Before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, a party of soldiers were at hand. Mark knew that he had been observed for some time; and to attempt escape with his bride was impossible. So he rose up at their approach, and met them with a steady countenance, although there were both fear and sorrow in his heart. Christian had obeyed him, and the shieling was silent.

"Is your name Mark Kerr?"

"Yes—that is my name."

"Were you at Yarrow-Ford when a prisoner was rescued and a soldier murdered?"

"I was—but did all I could to save that soldier's life."



"You wolf, you mangled his throat with your own bloody fangs—but we have traced you to your den, and the ghost of Hugh Gemmel, who was as pleasant either with lad or lass as any boy that ever emptied a cup or had a fall upon heather, will shake hands with you by moonlight, by and by. You may meet either in the churchyard, down by the Loch, where your canting Covenanters will bury you, or down at Yarrow-Kirk, where Hugh was put to bed with the worms, in his red coat, like a soldier as he was. By the Holy God of Israel—(is not that a lump of your own slang?)—this bayonet shall drink a stoup of your heart's blood!"

Mark Kerr knew, in a moment, that there was no hope of life. He had confessed being present on the occasion charged against him; and a sentence of death, which an angel's intercession could not have got reversed, was glaring in the eyes of all the soldiers. Each seemed to kindle into fiercer fury as he caught the fiery eyes around him. Their oaths and execrations exasperated them all into frenzy; and a wild and perturbed sense of justice demanding expiation of their murdered comrade's blood, made them deaf and blind to every thing but the suggestions of their own irritated and inflamed hearts. A horrid sympathy possessed them all; and they were as implacable as a herd of wolves famished and in sight of their prey. There was no mercy in any one face there, else Mark Kerr would have appealed to that man, for his life was now sweet and precious, and it was a hard thing to die.

"I know his face. He is the very man that stabbed Hugh, when he was down, with his own bayonet. How do you like that, sirrah?" and one of the soldiers thrust his long bayonet through Mark's shoulder till the point was seen at his back, and then drew it out smeared with blood, and returned it to its sheath, with a grin of half-glutted vengeance. The wounded man staggered at the blow and sat down, nearly fainting, upon the seat, where a few minutes before his bride had leant her head upon his bosom. But he uttered not a word, and kept his eyes fixed, not reproachfully, but somewhat sadly, and with a faint expression of hope, on the men who seemed determined to be his executioners. The pain, the sickness, the sudden blasting of all his hopes, almost unmanned his resolute heart; and Mark Kerr would have now done much to save his life—and something, perhaps, even at the expense of conscience and faith. But that weak mood was of short duration—and the good and brave man braced up his heart to receive the doom of death.

He had no words to say to his bride; nor almost did he look at her—so full was his soul of

her image, and of holy grief for the desolation in which she would be left by his death. The dewy breath of her gentle and pure kisses was yet in his heart, and the happy sighs of maidenly tenderness were now to be changed into groans of incurable despair. Therefore it was, that he said nothing as he knelt down; but his pallid lips moved in prayer, and she heard her name indistinctly uttered between those of God and Christ.

* * * * *

The soldiers presented their muskets—the word was given—and they fired. At that moment Christian Lindsay had rushed forward and flung herself down on her knees beside her husband, and they both fell, and stretched themselves out, mortally wounded upon the grass.

During all this scene, Marion Scott, the bridesmaid, a girl of fifteen, had been lying affrighted among the brackens, within a hundred yards of the murder. The agony of grief now got the better of the agony of fear, and, leaping up from her concealment, she rushed into the midst of the soldiers, and, kneeling down beside her dear Christian Lindsay, lifted up her head, and shaded the hair from her forehead. "Oh! Christian, your eyes are opening—do you hear me—do you hear me speaking?"

"Yes, I hear a voice—is it yours, Mark?—speak again."

"Oh! Christian, it is only my voice—poor Marion's."

"Is Mark dead—quite dead?" And there was no reply; but Christian must have heard the deep gasping sobs that were rending the child's heart. Her eyes, too, opened more widely, and, misty as they were, they saw, indeed, close by her, the huddled-up, mangled, and bloody body of her husband.

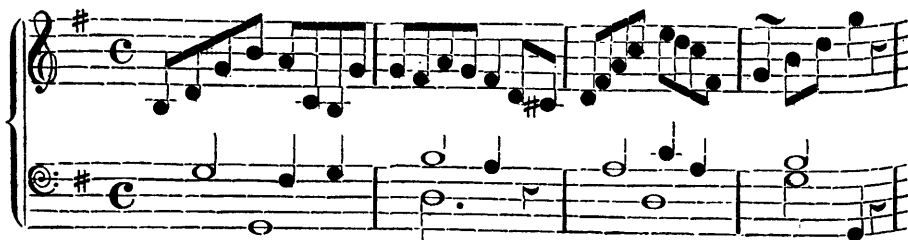
The soldiers stood like so many beasts of prey, who had gorged their fill of blood; their rage was abated, and they offered no violence to the affectionate child, as she continued to sit before them, with the head of Christian Lindsay in her lap, watering it with tears, and moaning, so as to touch at last, some even of their hardened hearts.

To watch by the dead all night, and to wait for some days till they could be coffined for burial, was not to be thought of in such times of peril. That would have been to sacrifice the living for the dead. The soldiers had gone, but they might, no doubt would, return and scatter the funeral. Therefore it was no sooner proposed than agreed to in the afflicted souls of them all, that the bridegroom and his bride should be buried even that very night in the clothes in which they had that morning been wedded.

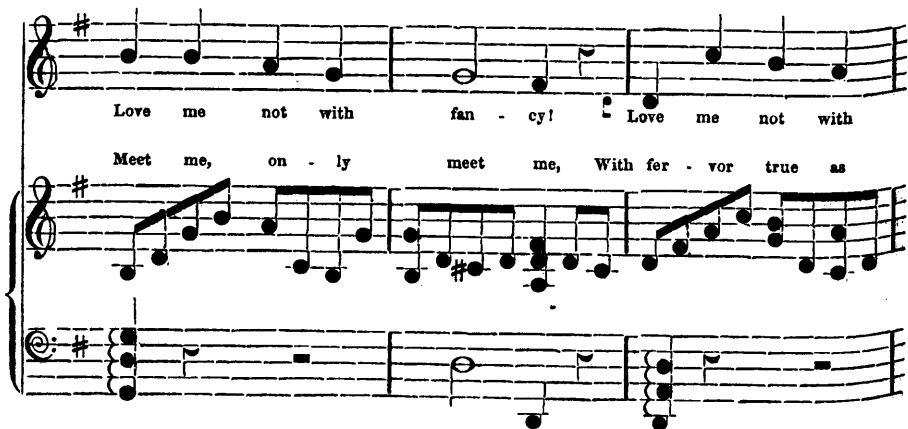
LOVE ME NOT WITH FANCY.

A SIMPLE BALLAD.

WORDS FROM THE MONTREAL TRANSCRIPT—MUSIC BY W. H. WARREN.



The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) begins with a series of eighth notes, while the left hand (bass clef) plays a simple accompaniment of quarter notes. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).



The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics: "Love me not with fan - cy! Love me not with Meet me, on - ly meet me, With fer - vor true as". The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).



The second system of the song continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics: "fear! But love, as if life dou - bled In thee mine; Un - chang'd, un - chang - ing meet me, As". The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

LOVE ME NOT WITH FANCY.

when I was near. As if thou knew-est I bring thee | All,
I am changeless thine. When we, like birds wind driven, A -

all that heart can bring, As if thou trembled'st on - ly, With
part o'er o - cean's breast, Grow our flights when cross - ing, At
strong,

doubt that heart to wring.
thought of one dear nest.

HOMES OF THE POETS.

A PAPER in Mr. D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature" upon "Literary Residences," is very amusing and curious; but it begins with a mistake in saying that "men of genius have usually been condemned to compose their finest works, which are usually their earliest ones, under the roof of a garret;" and the author seems to think, that few have realized the sort of house they wished to live in. The combination of "genius and a garret" is an old joke, but little more.

We know that any man who chooses to begin systematically with a penny, under circumstances at all favorable, may end with thousands. Suppose Shakespeare had done it; he might have built a house like a mountain. But he did not,—it will be said,—because he was a poet, and poets are not getters of money. Well; and for the same reason, poets do not care for the mightiest things which money can get. It cannot get them health, and freedom, and a life in the green fields and mansions in fairy-land; and they prefer those, and a modest visible lodging.

Chaucer had a great large house to live in,—a castle,—because he was connected with royalty; but he does not delight to talk of such places: he is all for the garden, and the daisied fields, and a bower like a "pretty parlour." His mind was too big for a great house; which challenges measurement with its inmates, and is generally equal to them. He felt elbow-room, and heart-room, only out in God's air, or in the heart itself, or in the bowers built by Nature, and reminding him of the greatness of her love.

Spenser lived at one time in a castle,—in Ireland,—a piece of forfeited property, given him for political services; and he lived to repent it: for it was burnt in civil warfare, and his poor child burnt with it; and the poet was driven back to England, broken-hearted. But look at the houses he describes in his poems,—even he who was bred in a court, and loved pomp, after his fashion. He bestows the great ones upon princes and allegorical personages, who live in state and have many servants, (for the largest houses, after all, are but collections of small ones, and of unfitting neighbourhoods too;) but his nests, his poetic bowers, his *delicia* and *amanitates*, he keeps for his hermits and his favourite nymphs, and his flowers of courtesy; and observe how he delights to repeat the word "little," when describing them. His travellers come to "little valleys," in which, through the tree-tops, comes reeking up a "little smoke," (a "cheerful signe," quoth the poet,) and

To little cots in which the shepherds lie."

Milton, who built the Pandemonium, and filled it with

"A thousand demi-gods on golden seats," was content if he could but get a "garden-house" to live in, as it was called in his time; that is to say, a small house in the suburbs, with a bit of garden to it. He required nothing but a tree or two about him, to give him "airs of Paradise." His biographer shows us that he made a point of having a residence of this kind. He lived as near as he could to the wood-side and the fields, like his fellow-patriot, M. Beranger, who would have been the Andrew Marvell of those times, and adorned his great friend as the other did, or like his Mirth (*l'Allegro*) visiting his Melancholy. And here beloved Cowley, quiet and pleasant as the sound in his trees:—"I never had any other desire so strong, and so like to covetousness, as that one which I have had always,—that I might be master at last of a *small* house and *large* garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them, and study of nature; and there, with no design beyond my wall,

"whole and entire to lie,
In no unactive ease, and no unglorious poverty."

"I confess," says he, in another essay (on Greatness,) "I love littleness almost in all things,—a little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast; and if ever I were to fall in love again, (which is a great passion, and therefore, I hope I have done with it,) it would be, I think, with prettiness, rather than with majestic beauty."

Dryden lived in a house in Gerrard street (then almost a suburb,) looking, at the back, into the gardens of a Leicester House, the mansion of the Sidneys. Pope had a nest at Twickenham, much smaller than the fine house since built upon the site; and Thompson another at Richmond, consisting only of the ground-floor of the present house. Every body knows what a rural house Cowper lived in. Shenstone's was but a farm adorned, and his bad health unfortunately hindered him from enjoying it. He married a house and grounds, poor man! instead of a wife; which was being very "one-sided" in his poetry—and he found them more expensive than Miss Dolman would have been. He had better have taken poor Maria at first, and got a few domestic cares of a handsome sort, to keep him alive and moving. Most of the living poets are dwellers in cottages, except Mr. Rogers, who is rich, and has a mansion, looking on one of the parks; but then it *does* look upon grass and trees. He will have as much nature with his art as he can get.

OUR TABLE.

THE WORKS OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

A NEW edition of the works of this justly celebrated, and universally admired author, is in course of publication in New York. It will be got up in a style corresponding with the excellence of the works. Our object, however, in calling attention to the publication, at the present moment, is less to speak of the works of "Geoffrey Crayon,"—which are almost as generally known and admired as the language in which they are written—than to introduce to the readers of the *Garland*, a new preface, furnished by the author, for the new edition of "The Sketch Book."

At the commencement of his career, Irving, being in England, and having met with some reverses of fortune, was in rather embarrassed circumstances, and this, combined with other causes, induced him to think of publishing in that country; another inducement being, that his books would have the advantage of his own supervision. He therefore sent some printed numbers, to the celebrated publisher, Murray, informing him that, if he approved of them, enough of new matter had been prepared for a second volume. The reply, although written in a tone of kindness, was of a nature to do anything rather than elevate the hopes of the young aspirant, and although he thought of seeking another publisher, he determined first to submit his productions to the critical judgment of Sir Walter Scott, by whom he had been cordially received, some years before. The remainder of the history we give in the words of the author, being satisfied that all who read it will join us in thinking it well worthy of a place in any publication, which desires to see literature and literary men fostered and encouraged:—

"The parcel containing my work went by coach to Scott's address in Edinburgh; the letter went by mail to his residence in the country. By the very first post I received a reply, before he had seen my work.

"I was down at Kelso," said he, "when your letter reached Abbotsford. I am now on my way to town, and will converse with Constable, and do all in my power to forward your views—I assure you nothing will give more pleasure."

"The hint, however, about a reverse of fortune had struck the quick apprehension of Scott, and with that

practical and efficient good will which belonged to his nature, he had already devised a way of aiding me. A weekly periodical, he went on to inform me, was about to be set up in Edinburgh, supported by the most respectable talents, and amply furnished with all the necessary information. The appointment of the editor, for which ample funds were provided, would be five hundred pounds sterling a year, with the reasonable prospect of further advantages. This situation, being apparently at his disposal, he frankly offered to me. The work, however, he intimated, was to have somewhat of a political bearing, and he expressed an apprehension that the tone it was desired to adopt might not suit me. 'Yet I risk the question,' added he, 'because I know no man so well qualified for this important task, and perhaps because it will necessarily bring you to Edinburgh. If my proposal does not suit, you need only keep the matter secret and there is no harm done. 'And for my love I pray you wrong me not.' If on the contrary you think it could be made to suit you, let me know as soon as possible, addressing Castle-street, Edinburgh.'

"In a postscript, written from Edinburgh, he adds: 'I have just come here, and have glanced over the *Sketch Book*. It is positively beautiful, and increases my desire to crimp you, if it be possible. Some difficulties there always are in managing such a matter, especially at the outset; but we will obviate them as much as we possibly can.'

"The following is from an imperfect draught of my reply, which underwent some modifications in the copy sent.

"I cannot express how much I am gratified by your letter. I had begun to feel as if I had taken an unwarrantable liberty; but, somehow or other, there is a genial sunshine about you that warms every creeping thing into heart and confidence. Your literary proposal both surprises and flatters me, as it evinces a much higher opinion of my talents than I have myself.'

"I then went on to explain that I found myself peculiarly unfitted for the situation offered to me, not merely by my political opinions, but by the very constitution and habits of my mind. 'My whole course of life,' I observed, 'has been desultory, and I am unfitted for any periodically recurring task, or any stipulated labour of body or mind. I have no command of my talents, such as they are, and have to watch the varyings of my mind as I would those of the weather-cock. Practice and training may bring me more into rule; but at present I am as useless for regular service as one of my own country Indians, or a Don Cossack.'

"I must, therefore, keep on pretty much as I have begun; writing when I can, not when I would. I shall occasionally shift my residence, and write whatever is suggested by objects before me, or whatever rises in my imagination; and hope to write better and more copiously by and by.

"I am playing the egotist, but I know no better way of answering your proposal than by showing what a very

good-for-nothing kind of being I am. Should Mr. Constable feel inclined to make a bargain for the wares I have on hand, he will encourage me to further enterprise; and it will be something like trading with a gipsy for the fruits of his prowlings, who may at one time have nothing but a wooden bowl to offer, and at another time a silver tankard.'

"In reply, Scott expressed regret, but not surprise, at my declining what might have proved a troublesome duty. He then recurred to the original subject of our correspondence; entered into a detail of the various terms upon which arrangements were made between authors and booksellers, that I might take my choice; expressing the most encouraging confidence of the success of my work, and of previous works which I had produced in America. 'I did no more,' added he, 'than open the trenches with Constable; but I am sure if you will take the trouble to write to him, you will find him disposed to treat your overtures with every degree of attention. Or, if you think it of consequence in the first place to see me, I shall be in London in the course of a month, and whatever my experience can command is most heartily at your service. But I can add little to what I have said above, except my earnest recommendation to Constable to enter into the negotiation.'

"Before the receipt of this most obliging letter, however, I had determined to look to no leading bookseller for a launch, but to throw my work before the public at my own risk, and let it sink or swim according to its merits. I wrote to that effect to Scott, and soon received a reply;

"I observe with pleasure that you are going to come forth in Britain. It is certainly not the very best way to publish on one's own account; for the booksellers set their face against the circulation of such works as do not pay an amazing toll to themselves. But they have lost the art of altogether damming up the road in such cases between the author and the public, which they were once able to do as effectually as Diabolus in John Bunyan's Holy War closed up the windows of my Lord Understanding's mansion. I am sure of one thing, that you have only to be known to the British public to be admired by them, and I would not say so, unless I really was of that opinion.

"If you ever see a witty but rather local publication called Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, you will find some notice of your works in the last number: the author is a friend of mine, to whom I have introduced you in your literary capacity. His name is Lockhart, a young man of very considerable talent, and who will soon be intimately connected with my family. My faithful friend Knickerbocker is to be next examined and illustrated. Constable was extremely willing to enter into consideration of a treaty for your works, but I foresee will be still more so when

Your name is up, and may go
From Toledo to Madrid.

— And that will soon be the case. I trust to be in London about the middle of the month, and promise myself great pleasure in once again shaking you by the hand.'

"The first volume of the Sketch Book was put to press in London as I had resolved, at my own risk, by a bookseller unknown to fame, and without any of the usual arts, by which a work is trumpeted into notice. Still some attention had been called to it by the extracts which had previously appeared in the Literary Gazette, and by the kind words spoken by the editor of that Peri-

odical, and it was getting into fair circulation, when my worthy bookseller failed before the first month was over, and the sale was interrupted.

"At this juncture Scott arrived in London, I called to him for help, as I was sticking in the mire, and, more propitious than Hercules, he put his own shoulder to the wheel. Through his favorable representations, Murray was quickly induced to undertake the future publication of the work which he had previously declined. A further edition of the first volume was struck off and the second volume was put to press, and from that time Murray became my publisher, conducting himself in all his dealings with that fair, open, and liberal spirit which has obtained for him the well-merited appellation of the Prince of Booksellers.

"Thus, under the kind and cordial auspices of Sir Walter Scott, I began my literary career in Europe; and I feel that I am but discharging, in a trifling degree, my debt of gratitude to the memory of that golden-hearted man, in acknowledging my obligations to him.— But who, of his literary contemporaries, ever applied to him for aid or counsel that did not experience the most prompt, generous, and effectual assistance!" W. I.

PORTRAIT OF THE REV. MR. CHINIQUI.

WE have before had occasion to speak of the portraits executed by Mr. Hamel, a young gentleman giving high promise of celebrity as an artist, and we again allude to him with pleasure, as the painter of the portrait, a beautiful lithographic print of which is now before us. The Rev. Mr. Chiniqui is justly celebrated for his zealous and successful labors in the promotion of Temperance among the people of this Province, and the portrait we allude to will be highly cherished by multitudes, as a remembrancer of one to whom they are indebted, for having opened to them a more bright and honorable career. The price at which it is sold, is such as to bring it within the reach of all, and, we doubt not, it will be very generally purchased and preserved.

WE acknowledge with very great pleasure, the receipt from the author of "Ida Beresford," of another tale, which we have not been able to give in this number, in consequence of its being received after the greater part of its contents had already been provided.

We also acknowledge a very able paper, on the subject of Capital Punishment, of which we have been also compelled to defer the publication.

In our next number, being the closing one of the year, we shall bring to an end, in accordance with our usual custom, all continued tales. The story of Jane Redgrave, which has occupied us so long, and which has been so generally admired, will be then concluded