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THE DEAD GUEST:

A TRADITION OF GERMANY—FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHORR.

BY HORACE HAMILTON.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the town, or rather the village, of Herbesheim, lived the Burgomaster Bantes, a rich, merry, self-willed old man, whose best riches was his as yet only daughter, Frederika, the greatest beauty for many miles around; and as amiable as handsome. Now, it happened that the Burgomaster had a foster-son, George Waldrieh, living with him; but he engaged as a soldier in the wars of Napoleon, and after the Battle of Waterloo, he returned a handsomer, manlier-looking young man, and as a captain be-decked with military orders; and happily without a wound. It happened, too, that his company was afterwards ordered to Herbesheim, and he, as commanding officer, was naturally quartered in the best house in the place, which was that of his foster-father. It is useless to add, that he was joyfully received by his old friend, and former playmate, Frederika; but it was with that intense feeling that speaks in looks rather than words. His old comrades sought to renew their acquaintance with him, and his society was solicited by the best families in the neighbourhood.

Valiant, discreet, an excellent tale-teller, draughtsman, dancer, and musician, he was considered the life of society by all the ladies of Herbesheim. Young and old agreed in regarding him as a pretty, pleasant, and very dangerous man. But no beauty could enthral him, though at this time both the handsome and the ugly were busily employed in endeavouring to overcome his heart, which he watched with peculiar care, and would not suffer to be vanquished.

The now closing year was the Centenary (or hundredth year) Feast, or rather the Epoch of the so-called DEAD GUEST, an extremely dangerous visit, particularly to the brides of Herbesheim. Nobody in the vicinity of Herbesheim knew who the Dead Guest was. But the prevailing rumor was, that he would make his

appearance at the end of every hundred years in Herbesheim—remaining from the first to the last Sunday in Advent. He was supposed to harp no one, with the exception of the brides, paying his court to them, but in the end wringing their necks. The next morning, they are found dead in their beds, their appearance much changed.

One circumstance distinguishes this Ghost from all others, which is, that it does not appear at the usual ghost hour, from eleven to twelve at night, but fashionably at mid-day. He has an abundance of gold, and the worst of it is, that when he finds no bride, he presents himself as a wooer, and charms the hearts of poor maidens. But when by his fine speeches, he has turned their heads, they cannot afterwards be set right on their shoulders. No one can give a solution of this mystery.

We may read in the church register, the names of three brides, who, in the year 1716, died suddenly—with this addition: "Their appearance was completely altered after death! God take pity on their souls!" But as the explanation of the church register was no proof to a sensible man, it was evident that the history must have been the same a century before. Unfortunately the early registers were burnt in the succession of the Spanish Wars.

Be that as it may, every one knew the tale—every one took it for an old woman's fable—but every one, notwithstanding, waited with intense expectation, the approaching Advent, to see how far events would verify the tale. The most sensible agreed that there might be something in this mysterious affair. The oldest ghost-tale-tellers spoke more sagely.

"I shall be much astonished if this proves true, since I believe it not; but if it is true, I trust to God I heft such a theme of damage!"

The young gentlemen were the most trifling, and therefore rendered themselves merry on all

occasions. The young ladies showed themselves as thorough unbelievers—but it was only a pretended disbelief. Each thought to herself, “these young men have a good laugh, but it does not concern our heads only, but our families, and that is abominable.” The consequence of these thoughts was that every wedding was retarded, so as to not take place in Advent.

Whether the handsome Frederika shared the fears of her sister women, we cannot answer; but it is certain that her love for Waldrich was long concealed, and probably would never have been disclosed, had not her father forced her to take a certain bridegroom* in the person of Herr Von Hahn, a rich banker. The delicate health of Herr Von Hahn detained him from Herbesheim, and meanwhile, the cold and stormy weather personally affected the bride; and the Burgomaster daily shook the barometer to raise it—while Frederika as regularly shook it to make it sink, and thereby retard the unwelcome visit. The mother, who, like all good mothers, took the part of her daughter, urged her husband to delay the wedding till the *wine-night*, so that the Dead Guest might not again appear on his anniversary day, and her daughter undergo the penalty of his visit. The old man laughed at the story of the Dead Guest: nevertheless, the idea of his beloved daughter's neck being wrung, troubled his imagination incessantly; and he felt a degree of excitement he would have been ashamed to acknowledge.

Such was the state of things in the Burgomaster's family, at the time our tale opens.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRADITION OF THE DEAD GUEST.

In the house of Herr Bantes, on the following evening, was assembled the first accustomed *winter company*, as it was called in Herbesheim; but which, in other countries, would be called a *soirée* or evening party. It was a custom among the best families of the small town, to entertain themselves every winter week by giving in turn a friendly and unceremonious party to enliven the long evenings, with music, songs, conversation, plays and jokes. It is almost superfluous to remark, *en passant*; that among the sports, no card playing was understood, as there ordinarily is at the poorer entertainments of the people; and no middle way is known between

scandal and long talking, and a lively playing company. This evening, at Herr Bantes', neither music, nor songs, nor jokes, nor jokes were thought of. Some saw themselves in this circle for the first time; some had prepared themselves to say much to one another, and as it was within three days of Advent, we may suppose that the Dead Guest afforded a subject of entertainment. The young girls laughed incredulously at the stories told of the Dead Guest. Many were glad that they had no bridegrooms, whom they would not have disdained after Advent time. Many, too, carried poor frightened hearts, when they thought of somebody to whom those poor frightened hearts belonged. The old women unanimously agreed that the story of the Dead Guest might not have so airy a foundation as was generally supposed. The young men were all incredulous, without exception. Some wished the Dead Guest might come and try their heroisms. A couple of old gentlemen with warning fingers threatened the young boasters. Some young ladies joined the old gentlemen, and gave rise to a good deal of raillery, witticism and wag-gish laughter.

“But,” said Herr Bantes, half angrily, “what has all this to do with housekeeping? Where does he put the head—on the right, or the left? Is that an entertainment for my friendly guests? Away with it, I say! Living entertainment! No gossiping on the dead.”

“That is my opinion, also,” said the Collector of Taxes. “It is less agreeable than the commonest distraining pleasure. Herbesheim has much more to fear from living guests than from the centenary visit of the Dead Guest; so we may rest assured that the heads of our young ladies will not be distorted.”

“I would like to know how that simple story was spread abroad in the world,” said a young lawyer; “it is dry as a skeleton. I cannot perceive any other purpose for it, than that it has always furnished materials for romance and ballad,—and that is all it is fit for.”

“On the contrary,” rejoined Waldrich, “the story of the Dead Guest, as I once heard it related in my youth by an old huntsman, is too long and tedious to be well related in one day, therefore it has been forgotten.”

“Then you know the story?” said many hastily.

“I remember it but imperfectly,” replied Waldrich.

“Oh! you must relate it to us,” said the girls, and they crowded round him. “Please—please—now you must tell it.”

There was no resistance—no apology to be offered. The gentlemen joined their entreaties

* Before proceeding farther with our translation, it may be as well to observe that in Germany, betrothed, as well as newly married persons, are called indiscriminately Brides and Bridegrooms. As there is no single English word properly expressive of those words, we have retained them in our translation.—Translator's Note.

to those of the maidens. The men removed the chairs, and Waldrich, *volens volens*, must make himself content to relate the tale as he had heard it from the old hunter.

Accordingly he, in some measure, prepared himself, and commenced the relation of the tale as well as he could in an extemporaneous manner—

THE TALE.

It is now more than two hundred years,—began Waldrich—since the commencement of the Thirty Year's War; and the Count Frederick had taken the crown from the Royal Bohemian. The Emperor, the Count of Bavaria, and the highest noblemen of the Catholic Netherlands, arose to retake the crown. The most important and decisive conflict between them was fought on the White Mountain, near Prague, and the Count lost his battle and his crown. The news flew about from mouth to mouth in Germany like a whirlwind. All the Catholic States rejoiced over the downfall of poor Frederick, who had sat on his throne only a few months, and his memory was cherished henceforth by the people, under the sobriquet of the "Winter King." It was known that with a small suite he fled from Prague, in disguise. Our beloved ancestors in Herbesheim, two hundred years ago, knew this. They, always fond of the news of the state and country, gossiped, as we their worthy descendants do; but they were moreover—I dare not say, more religious—but, more superstitious and fanatical. Their joy at the overthrow and flight of the Winter King was as great and as violent with them, as was the joy with us some years since, at the overthrow and flight of the Emperor Napoleon.

Three young girls one day at this time, were together, talking about the Winter King. They were all three handsome, and each had a bridegroom. One was called Veronien, another Franziska, and the third, Jacobea.

"We ought not to let the King of Heresy escape from Germany," said Veronien; "as long as he lives, the monster of Luther will live, and its progress will not be stayed."

"Yes," cried Franziska, "and to the person who rides the world of this monster, there is decreed a reward from the Emperor, from the Count of Bavaria, from all the holy church, and from the Pope. He has also a reward to expect from heaven."

"I wish!" cried Jacobea, "he would come into our state—oh! how I wish it! He must die by the hand of my lover, who would at least have an earldom for his reward."

"It is questionable," said Veronien, "whether your lover would ever become an earl. He has

not the heart to do so heroic a deed. As for my lover, if I but winked at him, he would slay the Winter King, and then the earldom would slip by your nose."

"Do not make your champions quite so brave," said Franziska; "my lover is the most valiant yet. Has he not already been a Captain in the War? And if I ordered him, he would go and pull the Grand Turk from his throne. Do not therefore flatter yourselves so much on the earldom."

While the young ladies were still quarrelling about the prospective earldom, a violent trampling of horses' feet was heard in the street, leading from the city gate. All three immediately ran to the window. It was horrible weather out of doors—the rain poured in torrents into the streets from the roofs and eaves—while a storm of wind drove floods of rain against the houses and windows.

"God take pity on them!" cried Jacobea. "Whoever is out in such weather as this, certainly travels not for pleasure."

"The wildest necessity compels them," said Veronien.

"Or an evil conscience," rejoined Franziska.

Immediately opposite them, in front of the Dragon Inn, stopped thirteen knights on horseback, who hastily dismounted. Twelve remained by their horses, while the thirteenth, clothed entirely in white, quietly entered the inn. The host soon came out with his servants, who put the horses in the stable, and the knights entered the inn. Notwithstanding the rain, the people assembled in the street to see the stranger knights and their horses. The handsome horse bearing the White Knight attracted universal attention; it was a snow-white steed, magnificently caparisoned.

"If that should be the Winter King!" exclaimed the young ladies, withdrawing themselves from the window, and fixedly regarding each other with doubtful eyes.

A noise was now heard on the stairs, and the three bridegrooms of the young girls entered.

"Does my fair mistress know," said one, "that the flying Winter King is within our walls?"

"There might be a capture made," said another.

"Anxiety causes the heavy, haggard pallor of his countenance," said the third.

A slight shudder passed over the maidens. They gazed at each other with astonishment; it was as though they conversed by looks, and understood each other. Suddenly together they raised their hands, and exclaimed:

"Yes, yes! it is worth while, that you three—together and undivided—should do it."

Then dropping their hands each turned to her bridegroom.

Veronica spoke to her lover:

"If my lover permits the Winter King to leave our walls alive, I would rather be the slain victim of the Winter King than his bride. So help me God with his blessing!"

Franziska spoke to her lover:

"If my lover lets the Winter King live over this night, I would sooner wed a corpse than him; and he may forever expect the wedding day in vain. So help me God with his blessing!"

Jacobea spoke to her lover:

"The key of my bridal chamber will now and forever be lost, if the morning does not bring my heart's best loved, his war sword purpled with the blood of the Winter King."

The three bridegrooms were startled; but they soon recovered their spirits, on seeing the three young ladies standing before them, anxiously awaiting their reply. None wished to draw back, and each was desirous of being the first to prove the ardor of his love by some heroic deed. Therefore they promised that the Winter King should never again behold the sun. They now took leave of their brides, who exulting, sat conversing of the deathless glory of their lovers, of their courage, their tenderness, and finally of the earldom and its territories, and the manner in which they should divide it.

The young men conferred together, and immediately went to the Inn of the Dragon, called for drink, enquired amiably amongst the strangers who the Knight might be, where he would sleep, and if he would have a fine room. They knew every nook and corner in the house, and they drank till late in the night.

At daybreak twelve of the strangers rode hastily awny in the stormy weather. The thirteenth lay dead in bed, bathed in his blood; he had three mortal wounds. None knew who he was, nevertheless the host asserted that he was not the King; and he was right; for the Winter King fortunately escaped to Holland, where he lived many years.

The Dead Guest was interred that day, but not in the holy ground, the accustomed place for Catholic Christians; but, as a probable heretic, at the cross roads, without hymn or prayer.

The three young ladies were, in the meantime, anxiously awaiting the arrival of their lovers, to give them the sweet reward—but they came not. They sent after them in all the streets and houses; but no one had seen them after midnight. The host, his wife, and his servant man said nothing about where they were gone, and what they knew

of them. The poor young maidens grieved bitterly, and wept night and day, regretting the vain and frivolous origin of the request they had demanded of men, so handsome, and so true. The merry Jacobea was the most severely afflicted, for she, for their enjoyment, had originated the dangerous design on the life of the Winter King. Two days had elapsed since the night of misfortune; the third was rapidly drawing to a close, and neither the young ladies nor their parents had learned anything concerning the young men. On the evening of the third day there was a knock at Jacobea's door, and a strange gentleman entered, and enquired for Jacobea, who was sitting by her parents, weeping. The stranger presented a letter, which a young man had given him on the way, and which he had promised to deliver. Oh! how great was the joy of Jacobea! the letter was from her lover.

It was fast getting dark, and the mother hastened to light two lamps, in order to read the letter, and to have a better view of the stranger. He was a man about thirty years of age, tall and slender in figure, clothed entirely in black, and, in accordance with the fashion of those times, from his hat waved a long black plume—his doublet was black, with a large pointed collar on his shoulders—his under garments were black, but his boots were white—at his side he wore a sword, whose hilt was gold, ornamented with precious stones. On his fingers were rings gemmed with brilliants of immense value. The fire of his black eyes displayed the impetuosity of his disposition. His complexion, which was pale, seemed still more so, from the contrast his attire afforded. His appearance was princely and noble. He sat down while the father read the letter which was couched in the following terms:

"We have hit the wrong person, nevertheless sweet-heart, be of good cheer. I go to join the army against Bohemia because I lost the key of your bridal chamber; and I will search for another bride who will not ask of her lover a reddened sword. Comfort yourself as I do myself. I return you your ring."

The ring dropped from the letter. As her father went on reading the letter, Jacobea nearly fainted.

The father and mother consoled their poor daughter, and the stranger gracefully said:

"If I had known that the wicked fellow made me the bearer of such evil tidings, as sure as I am the Count of Grabern,* I would have bestowed on him the blessing of Jacobea, with my good sword. Dry your beautiful eyes, sweet girl! a

* *Gernern*—Grave Diggers.—Translator's Note.

single pearl of the tears that roll down your rosy cheeks is sufficient to extinguish all the flames of your love."

But Jacobea did not cease crying. Finally the Count withdrew, asking permission to see the beautiful sufferer again. He kept his word, and came; and when he was alone with Jacobea, he said;

"I have not been able to sleep during the night, for I was thinking ever of your beauty and your tears; I should be well recompensed for my sleeplessness by a single smile, that might recall to your pallid cheeks, the rosy hue that has flown from thence."

"How can I smile?" said Jacobea. "Has not my faithless lover sent me the ring, with the message that his heart was changed?"

The Count took the ring, and cast it far out of the window—

"Away with the ring!" cried he. "How willingly would I replace it with one more beautiful!" And he drew from his finger his most magnificent ring, and placed it on the table before her, saying, "And on this ring depends a rich dominion."

Jacobea blushed, as she pushed the magnificent jewel from her.

"Be not so cruel," said the Count; "when I had once seen you, how could I ever forget you? Your lover has disdained you; disdain him in turn; it is a sweet vengeance. My heart and my earldom lie at your feet."

Jacobea did not wish to listen to him; but she found in her heart that he was right; that vengeance was sweet; and that the faithless must be forgotten. They conversed together a long time. The Count spoke pleadingly and persuasively. Still it was not so fine in the Count to bleach his countenance so entirely, since the light color did not leave him, even when speaking pleasantly. As the Count seemed much concerned while Jacobea cried, she might well sometimes sigh at his pain.

The presence of the rich stranger in Herbesheim was soon rumored through the whole city. It was soon known by every one that he had a magnificent suite, and had travelled much; also that he had brought a letter from the departed bridegroom. Veronica and Franziska soon heard all this. They hastened to their friend, and enquired if the noble Count knew anything of their lovers, and they wished Jacobea to enquire. Jacobea did so; and the Count said that he would visit each of the mourning girls, to see if he could tell by their descriptions which were their lovers. Jacobea, when she had reflected and considered of the ring several nights, said to herself; "I will accept it, and will not share

the earldom with the others. Thus my faithless lover will still have made me a Countess." She showed her parents the ring the Count had left on the table, and related to them his honorable proposal. She told them of his ample estate, and asked their advice as to the course she ought to pursue. They were much astonished, and would not believe her for a long time. But when the Count returned and politely requested them to permit their daughter to receive a trifle for Sunday ornament, and then drew forth from a costly casket a diamond cross, suspended to seven strings of pearl, they were convinced. The parents consented to the request, and conferring together, said:

"This son-in-law pleases us very well; we must, we ought to take him."

They frequently urged their daughter to be more kind, and left her alone in the little chamber with the Count, feasting him with refreshments and old wine as it grew late in the night. But he repaid not their attentions with empty thanks, and the old people rejoiced at their fine presents. As Countess Von Grabern, Jacobea, in her mind, rejected to excite the envious notice of the whole town; and she became more indulgent to the impetuosity of her new lover. But there was still a bad omen—for when he visited Veronica, he found her yet handsomer than the beautiful Jacobea; and finally when he saw the rosy cheeked Franziska, the two others appeared almost ugly to him. But he spoke to Franziska and Veronica, privately and separately, of the probable history of their lovers. On the way he had met the three young bachelors in a hotel, amusing themselves. Each expressed his desire to join the army against Bohemia. As they understood from his discourse that in his journey he would pass through the little town of Herbesheim, one of them wrote a letter to Jacobea, and desired the Count to take it, but the others jeeringly, said: "We have too much to do to spend time in writing letters."

"Would you blame us, sir, if we were going to Bohemia, because we would not do a horrible action by our mistress' commands.—In the place of letters we send the wedding rings. The rings suit them better than they do us."

To Veronica the Count asserted that her ring fitted him exceedingly well; but he told Franziska that her ring was made exclusively for him; and he eloquently consoled them all. He asked them if their bridegrooms shed such tears on leaving them so shamefully and scornfully; and if this was so, how could they so wantonly cast their rings and hearts away. In short, he played his part with the others as well as he had with Jacobea; and he wished at least to console them

all. He made presents to each, and to each he offered his heart and earldom, and they soon became accustomed to his livid figure.

The three friends mutually made a secret of the Count's visits and offers, for they distrusted each other, and each feared that the Count would fall into the net thrown by one of the others.—They no more visited as formerly, and they were offended when they saw that the Count sought the acquaintance of the others. Each jealously desired to be prized above all others. They at first would allow their caressing to diminish, but finally they would return to it to entrap more closely their admirer. No one was more rejoiced at this jealousy than the profligate Count, when by means of it he gained in a short time the greatest advantages with the three beauties. Indeed he swore to each by all that was holy, that he thought the others ugly and silly; but that he must still continue to visit them occasionally as in courtesy bound. Yet this asseveration helped him not in the least. As each desired from him as a proof of true love that he must entirely avoid the others, he found himself much embarrassed. Nevertheless he promised all, but made the reciprocal condition that a formal betrothal, with exchange of rings, should take place in their parents' presence, but that it should be kept a secret; and after this they would meet him where they could lovingly talk of the journey, and of the arrangements to be made in the palace of the Count. He made the same promise to each of the three beauties, and it was sealed with a kiss. But in kissing, each said:

"Dear Count, how is it that you are so pale? Lay aside this black dress which renders you paler still."

"But he always answered:

"I wear black to fulfil a vow. On the wedding day, sweetheart, I will appear as white and red as your cheeks."

Thus the Count was affianced to all three on the same day. Then in the darkness he stole to each in her chamber. This took place in the night of the betrothal day. The next morning, the maidens slept long, and their parents went to wake them. Each of the maidens was cold as ice in her bed, her neck wrung, and her face turned towards her back. Dreadful lamentations resounded from the three houses. All the people ran about affrighted. "Murder! Murder!" was cried; and as suspicion fell on the Count Von Grabern, the populace gathered before the Dragon Inn, while the city officers entered with the archers. The host bewailing himself, complained that his guest had disappeared with all his servants, and no one had seen them depart. His immense baggage, and his steeds from the secure-

ly fastened stable, had gone off without hands. None of the sentinels at the gates had seen them, nor had anybody else. Every one was frightened, and every one in passing before the houses of the three unhappy brides, would touch the cross and sign themselves. All were astonished, that the rich presents, the beautiful wedding garments which the Count had already given, the strings of pearls, the gemmed rings, and the precious jewels, could not be found.

It was a small funeral train that carried the coffins of the three young maidens, covered with a black mantle, to the church door. When they had placed the coffins in the grave-yard of Sebeld church, while the prayer was being said, a tall man, who had not been observed before, was seen leaving the train. The people were astonished to see, that he who had always before been clad in black, was now arrayed in white. There were three red spots on his doublet, and the blood trickled down his sleeves. He went to the cross-roads, where he suddenly disappeared.

"Jesu Maria!" cried the host of the Dragon, "that is the Dead Guest, whom we left there buried twenty-one days ago!"

All those who were in the cemetery took to flight, seized with terror. A storm of wind mingled with rain and hail, blew in fierce heavy gusts against them. During three days and three nights, the coffins remained unburied near the open graves. When the magistrates finally ordered them to be interred, and the parents hired some bold men to fulfil this last act of charity, they found, much to their astonishment, that the coffins were as light as if they had been empty, and still the lids were fastened tight. One young fellow took courage, and got a hammer and chisel—while another called the chaplain and the sacristan. The coffins were found entirely empty—no shroud, no clothes, no straw. They buried the empty coffins.

Here Waldrich paused. The stillness of death reigned throughout the room—the candles burnt dimly, and cast a reddened flush on the faces of the listening circle. The men either quietly sat or stood up around the room—the maidens had insensibly collected more closely together—and the old women, with drooping hands and anxious features, still hearkened, although Waldrich had already been long silent.

"Before all things, snuff the candles," cried Herr Bantes: "I heard a coarse man's voice. Send him away from you! The devil's magic can cause terror."

These words were spoken to the heart, and roused the company. Some ran to the candles—some arose, and endeavored to talk, to laugh loudly, and tense each other for the faint-hearted-

ness which all observed, but none would acknowledge. Some called the story of the Dead Guest the greatest nonsense—the common staple of nursery tales; and though Mrs. Ann Radcliffe and Lord Byron have written upon it, the world has yet to expect a master-piece of clear horror. But when the commander of the city had rested himself from speaking, and the company from hearing, they called for the second part of the Dead Guest. Some sat in a half circle around Waldrich, not caring to hear his explanation, if he would continue the story. The young ladies drew their chairs more closely together; and the same was done by the matrons. All eyes in timid expectation were turned on Waldrich, as he resumed his seat. All was once more still.

The possession of the modern Beckers, near the city belonged as you know, to the family of Von Rosen,—resumed Waldrich,—but it has not been inhabited for more than a hundred years; but was let out as a farm, till the troublous Twenty-year's War, when it was again by chance occupied by Herr Hexart Becker, the last Baron who held this estate, which still comprises a great part of our city wards. The Baron, who was a great prodigal, sometimes resided here with his family. This certainly was only when, by the sumptuousness and extravagance he displayed in Paris or Venice, he was forced to the country to recruit his finances. But then his scanty recreation time at his noble residence was passed in the pursuit of accustomed sports on a magnificent scale. And even now, we may see the traces of greatness and splendor in the vast ruins of the former castle, and its surrounding edifices. Seventy years since they had already fallen a prey to the devouring flames, and on their site arose the fine country seat, which Hofrath Becker had erected in good time. Far off where the plough now passes, was formerly the extensive garden.

The last time the Baron came to his residence, it was the usual time, late in the autumn, and with the usual company, some fifteen or twenty young noblemen, and their retinues. His daughter was at that time the bride* of the Vicomte de Vivienne, a rich, wealthy, and wild young nobleman, who had attended the Court with the commission of the Cardinal Dubois. Dubois was the minister plenipotentiary of the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, and De Vivienne was his particular favorite. We can readily imagine that the Baron Von Rosen allowed nothing to fail in

making as pleasant as possible the stay of his guests, in a country place near a little city. The pleasures of the chase, and of games of hazard, for large sums of gold, were constantly mingled with pleasant rides, and the performance of short French dramas. Count Altenkreuz,* a young, rich, and daring fellow, the descendant of one of the best families of the Lower Rhine, was the master-spirit of all the pleasures in this happy band. He was a professed gambler, he knew the drivers of all the court yards at that time, (*Anglice*, he was a jockey,) and was learned in all the precious arts that could enliven the days with the greatest variety of pleasures. There was nothing there like his inventive wit. The Baron Von Rosen had made his acquaintance but a short time previous to his arrival in Herbesheim. He took him as a real treasure for his party; but probably more on account of his readiness in playing high, but not always fortunately. It was natural for the Baron to expect many such contributions to restore his disordered finances. A masked ball must be given, when the winter days come,—and it was all the same to this young profligate, if it ruined him. It was arranged that every one could choose his partner from the city and neighbourhood, without consideration of rank or birth. They were led to do this because ladies were wanting in their feasts, for the Baroness and her few female friends were lost in the multitude of men.

"Wherefore then, if we seek pleasure, should we tremble at the consequences?" said Altenkreuz: "Beauty is every where admired, even by the king, however well born he may be; and among the grisettes we could find many beauties who would disgrace no Court."

The applause which greeted this, disclosed the plan to the sneering ladies. By this time, the milliners and tailors in the little city were thrown into commotion, and they were forced to write to other cities to prepare masquerade dresses of all kinds. The Vicomte de Vivienne wished to distinguish himself here from all others by his taste. Altenkreuz proved a rival to the Frenchman in this, as in every thing else. He searched in Herbesheim for the best tailor, and the handsomest maiden to accompany him to the ball. He found them both together under the same roof. Master Vogel was the best tailor, and he entered fully into the Count's design of eclipsing his rival. His daughter Henrietta, in the bloom of her charms, pleased him much more than was desirable. The Count frequently visited the tailor's house. He carefully saw that nothing was destroyed; moreover he had to chide

* Our readers will bear in mind, we trust, what we explained in a former note, that "bride" was used in Germany, both for newly married, and for betrothed ladies. Here it signifies the latter.—Translator's Note.

* *Altenkreuz*, signifies Olden Cross.—Translator's Note.

the industrious Henrietta for her work. He left a couple of costly masquerade dresses, which Henrietta must not touch; but which her father made to fit her, because the Count had said that the young lady whom he was to bring from a neighbouring castle, perfectly possessed Henrietta's slender form. The Count was very generous, for the trilling presents he made her were worth at least as much as the reward stipulated for the work. Henrietta received the choicest gifts, and when she met the Count he praised her beauty, and made love to her, in terms that were rendered plain by his eagerness. Henrietta, if she had been a well-behaved maiden, would not have listened to his passion, since she was engaged to a journeyman of her father's; but still she listened to the sweet conversation of so fine a gentleman, and one of such distinction, without indignation, for a maiden can rarely be angry at praise and flattery.

A few days before the evening of the ball the masquerade dresses were ready. Altenkrenz, very sad and dispirited, came into Mr. Vogel's house, and wished to speak a word with him in private. They accordingly withdrew.

"Mr. Vogel," said he, "I am greatly embarrassed. It is in your power to relieve me from this exigency. And I will be more indebted to you than I will if you made ball dresses for me a whole year."

"I am always your honor's most obedient servant," said the tailor with a smile and a bow.

"But think, Sir!" said Altenkrenz. "My partner that I designed to bring to the dance has fallen sick and sent an excuse. All the other gentlemen have their partners, who as you know, are the daughters of your citizens. You see, Sir, that I cannot present myself at the ball without my better half. I might yet find in the families of counsellors and others those who would fit the dresses; but I must have your daughter. The dresses are made for her. I must beseech you!"

At the commencement of the Count's speech, the tailor had started; he had never expected so much honor.

He bowed several times, but could not express himself in words.

"Henrietta will not regret the dresses," continued Altenkrenz—"for after the ball, they shall be hers; and I will furnish her with funds which will be necessary to appear honorably in so brilliant an assembly."

"Your honor is too good," said Vogel; "but I must tell your honor without any pride that the maiden dances exceedingly well. You should have seen her at the wedding of my neighbour, the pewterer. May I be numb and stiff if you ever saw maiden dance so well. I have nothing more

to say. If your honor will stay in this room, I will now go for the maiden. Propose, your honor, and I will not fail to second you."

"But, Sir," said Altenkrenz; "Henrietta's bridegroom will probably be jealous because he has more right. Will you speak a good word to him?"

"He!" said Vogel, "the lubberly fellow durst not say a word to me."

He went and presently brought the blushing Henrietta into the room. The Count covered her hands with kisses. He told her his troubles, his wishes, and that he had provided all that was necessary for her to appear as the best dressed lady there. She blushed again; especially when he said she would be the first beauty of the ball; and as he said so he gave her a pair of precious ear-rings. This was far too much for the weak, vain girl. She cast a thought at the splendour of the feast, and wondered how she would look at the ball, dressed as the first lady there; but she was at a loss, and stammered about her father's not permitting it. Altenkrenz set her at rest on this point, and told her she must not delay—the invitation was then thankfully accepted. He passionately caught her in his arms, and said:

"What can I deny you? You and no other woman were from the first my choice. Your father has already measured your masquerade dress, therefore you only will I choose for my partner at the ball. Ah! I would choose you for something dearer, if I dared ask. You are destined for a much higher station. Do you—will you understand me?"

She said nothing at first, but pushing back his arm, she said:

"I will be your partner, if my father has nothing against it."

Both went back into the workshop, and Altenkrenz whispered in the tailor's ear:

"She is willing—take care that there is nothing to detain her. Take this to buy the things necessary;" and so saying, he put a roll of gold pieces in his hand, and went away.

But now this gave rise to the first quarrel in the tailor's house, as Christian, the journeyman, Henrietta's lover, was nearly frantic when he heard the state of affairs. Neither the thousand caresses of the weeping maiden, nor the oaths and curses of the old man, could bring him to his senses. This state of things continued the whole day. Henrietta passed a sleepless night, for she well knew the earnestness of her lover; but still she knew his character imperfectly. He daringly required her to sacrifice the opportunity of once acquiring admiration at a *Bal Masqué*, among all the people of quality of the city and neighborhood, in the richest dress—she who had never

yielded in her life! He desired in this action all but an impossibility. But she could not do otherwise than believe that he loved her not so truly, since he envied her such great pleasure; and which seemed so innocent to her. The next day, Christian was almost quiet; that is, he did not rave so terribly, but he still continued to threaten and warn Henrietta, "You do not go to the Ball!" and she, as obstinately refractory, replied: "I will go!" to which the tailor took care to add: "And she must go in spite of you; I command it."

Dresses, silk stockings, fine handkerchiefs, lace, and every thing that was necessary, all of the costliest description, were purchased. But when the day of the Ball arrived, and all was prepared, Christian made up his bundle, and, perfectly prepared to travel, walked in, and said:

"If you go, so do I: and we have thenceforth forever done with each other."

Henrietta turned pale; but the old man who had never before quarrelled so violently with Christian, said:

"Pack off, Sir, if you please. I will soon find out which of us is master here. Henrietta still receives every day the visits of a man ten times better than you."

But Henrietta only cried. Just then a servant of the Count Altenkreuz came in with a box, which he gave in the name of his master. "It contains," said he, "some slight trifles for the dress of Frauline Vogel."

There was a costly veil, splendid rolls of rich silk ribbons, an elegant string of coral for a neck band, and two jewelled rings. Henrietta glanced sideways at the magnificent presents, as her father drew them out; and through her glistening tears the diamonds sparkled still more in every hue. She wavered between vanity and love.

"You do not go?" said Christian.

"I will go!" replied Henrietta, in a firm, determined manner. "You do not deserve that I should have cried so much for you. You do not deserve that I should have loved you so much; and now I say decidedly that you never gave me so much joy and honor, and never was so good to me, as now."

"Oh! heavens!" exclaimed Christian. "Go then! you break a true heart."

He threw the ring he had received from her at her feet, rushed from the house, and never returned.

Henrietta sobbed aloud, and would have called him back, if her father had not prevented her. The important evening at length arrived, and she dressed herself for the Ball. The distraction that making her toilet occasioned, soon made her forget the lover she would have called back. A

carriage rolled before the house—it was Altenkreuz who had come to take her to the Ball. They were soon there.

"Ah! Henrietta," said the Count, while they were in the carriage. "You are infinitely more handsome than I thought. You are a goddess. You were born for such attire, and not for your present low situation."

The festival was brilliant. Altenkreuz and Henrietta appeared this evening clad entirely in black, fully in the ancient German fashion. Their magnificence drew all eyes towards them. They far surpassed in splendour Vicomte de Vivienne and the young Baroness von Rosen, who appeared in the checkered throng in Persian costume.

"The man in black is no other than the Count," said the Vicomte to his mistress. "Why has the fool put on his mask? He cannot shorten his lofty stature so as to make himself not likely to be known by his being a head taller than any one else. This knight certainly could not have chosen his favorite color from this gloomy costume, in which like a Parisian Abbé, he appears every day. I am very anxious to know who his partner is. Certainly she has a beautiful figure, and is a lovely dancer."

"I will wager," said the Baroness, "that she is some vulgar girl from the town. We see in her the constrained and ungenteel deportment of her class."

It was late in the night before they retired to partake of the sumptuous supper. At the tables they of necessity were obliged to remove their masks, and many ludicrous discoveries were made, to the amusement of the others. The Vicomte could not sufficiently admire the lovely maiden in the old German costume. He sat all the time near her, as Altenkreuz did by the Baroness. The two gentlemen here appeared to have exchanged their parts. As much of that *politesse*, which is more than mere politeness, as was shown by the Vicomte to his delighted neighbor, so much did the Count show to the Vicomte's mistress. These familiarities continued even after they had left the table.

"As sure as I live," said the Vicomte to the Count, "I will take your partner from you, if you should kill me for so doing."

"I hold the revenge in my own hand, dear Vicomte. I will take your lovely baroness from you!" said Altenkreuz.

The Vicomte, whom the new passion, and the old wine at the table, had rendered very vivacious, spoke very imprudently, without regarding the Baroness, who stood near by, and could hear him plainly.

"A dozen Baronesses for the only Venus in the room, she in the old German costume!"

"Viconte," said the Count earnestly, "remember what you are saying. My partner is certainly handsome, but the first prize is always due to your bride, the Queen of the Festival."

"A titular queen! a titular queen," cried the Viconte, "show her to be such by actual right."

In vain did the Count strive to give him to understand that, on account of the vicinity of the Baroness, he must moderate his tone. Finally he, with a determined air, commanded the Viconte to cease insulting the Baroness; but she had withdrawn. Thus they bandied words. The Viconte, burning with love, wine, and anger, behaved very improperly. The guests seemed uncomfortable; and the Count endeavored by silence to prevent greater mischief, but the Viconte would not let matters rest so, and said:

"Count, I had not thought that so worthless a spendthrift as yourself had still power to excite jealousy, even the weak jealousy excited by you. Now, Altenkreuz, this is an insult you cannot receive tamely."

"Viconte!" passionately exclaimed he, "spendthrift! I! who dare tell you that?"

"Your own white-livered face," answered the Viconte, ironically.

"If you are no coward," said the Count, who had in a measure recovered his calmness, "I shall call you to an account for this in the morning. Vile fool! one of us must leave this house."

The Baron Von Rosen, who had met his daughter weeping in a neighboring saloon, and from her heard of the Viconte's ill-conduct, now came up. Angriily seizing de Vivienne's hand, he drew him apart.

"Wretch!" exclaimed he, "you have publicly insulted my daughter. Have we deserved this of you? You must this moment, and not in the morning, give me satisfaction."

Thereupon they both left the dancing saloon. While the couples arranged themselves anew to restore their interrupted joy, the Viconte and Baron had entered a solitary illuminated apartment, but the Count had followed them. He brought two swords, one of which he offered to de Vivienne, while he turned to the Baron and said:

"Permit me, sir Baron, to avenge on this good-for-nothing fellow, the insult offered to the goddess-like Baroness and myself."

The Viconte cried angrily, "Draw then, pale-face!" and thereon he drew the sword, threw the scabbard away, and attacked the Count, who defended himself with great coolness. The two combatants had scarcely been three minutes engaged, when the Viconte's sword was, by a powerful effort, wrested from his hand. It struck a

large mirror, which was shivered into a thousand pieces by the blow.

"Miserable man," cried the Count, "you are now in my power, but I would not pollute myself with your contemptible blood. Away from this place, and never more let me see you!"

So saying, he struck him on the back, and threw him with gigantic force out of the door.

That night the Viconte, with all his retinue, left the castle. But though the young Baroness had been much affected by the ungentlemanly behaviour of the Viconte, she found full amends for her wounded honor in the fact of their having drawn swords. And as she had never truly loved the Viconte, she now detested him. On the other hand, the Count, who before had appeared simply good-looking, now seemed very handsome to her. We must not be surprised at this sudden change, since it is known that love makes us blind, and after all, the self love of vanity is nothing else than love. When she had heard all the circumstances of the case from her father, she sought for the count with an earnest and pleasing anxiety. She very well knew that the conflict had been a bloodless one, but she said:

"What! Have you not yet begun? I see no wounds. For God's sake, how you have frightened me."

"Ah! untoward fate! If I had been but wounded for you, how proud I should have been. But so consummate a fool as the Viconte was not likely to wound me. But if you had a little pity for me, supposing that I was wounded, continue to love it still. I have been, and still am, very dangerously wounded by you in my heart. Have you no compassion for that?"

"Trifler, till now no one has ever heard of this wound."

"I forbear, and would willingly become one of the many sacrifices of your churns. I should be fortunate indeed to avenge you on an aggressor with the loss of life. Silently and joyfully would I die for you."

"Why do you remain silent!" said the Baroness, after a short pause. "Conduct me rather to the dance."

They danced; both became more and more familiar, when the Count made that declaration, so difficult for lovers to make, whose fates as yet are undecided. She called him playfully, her faithful champion and knight; but he in a cavalier fashion, called for the reward of love and honor.

Henrietta was more joyfully intoxicated with pleasure. She had been in as great assemblies, but never in the midst of so much rank. When in the morning the Count returned with her to

her paternal mansion, and invited her to the next ball, her delight was redoubled.

"Ah! Henrietta," he sighed, "will you never love me a little? You enjoyed this ball. Do you not wish this day, this night, could last for ever? Whether this shall be so, or not, depends on yourself. As Countess Von Altenkreuz, your whole life will be a gala-day.

She was silent. He snatched a kiss while he pressed her to his heart. She trembled, but silently permitted these liberties. On the second day after the ball, the Count did not fail to enquire how his partners were; and to continue with both his wooing. To each he made rich presents, and he filled the maidens' heads with so much vanity, that they fancied they loved him truly. Both fathers, the tailor as well as the Baron, were in like manner blinded by him. The tailor thought himself sufficiently rich to discontinue working at his trade: and the Baron could not love and flatter the Count enough, since he advanced him considerable sums when he was in evident want of money. Altenkreuz thus labored to attain his end, when he solicited of the tailor Henrietta's hand, and of the Baron Von Rosen, that of his daughter. Without one's knowing anything about the other, each gave his approval, as he had finally although speedily gained the consent of the proud maidens. But what was more astonishing, was that this universal lover had played the same game in the house of an officer of the city. By his artifices the daughter of the house had been separated from her lover, and he had taken his place. The betrothal was concluded on the same day with all three. The Baron celebrated the espousal day of his daughter with great feasts, sports, and a ball. Henrietta was again invited, and Altenkreuz received permission to take her home first on the night of the ball. But it was a horrible day: a storm with rain and snow raged—and a hailstorm with thunder and lightning began. The tiles on the roof rattled, and the most powerful trees were torn up by the roots. This was not, however, perceived at the ball, where from a hundred chandeliers blazed a brighter and warmer day; and love, wine and sport were enjoyed undisturbed, amidst the terror of the rebellious outer world. The Baron's daughter and Henrietta swam in a sea of pleasure. The Count devoted himself to both, with increased but not exclusive attention; for he danced rarely with Henrietta, who indemnified herself for this, by dancing with the numerous cavaliers who were emulous of that honor. The young Baroness, who was entirely dressed in a queenlike attire, the extravagant presents of her lover, danced with spirit, and gazed proudly on the

envious admiration of the other maidens. Many of the most wealthy young noblewomen of the vicinity, must this evening be the witness of her wealth, and she allowed herself to feel more sensibly, that she, as the bride of the richest Count in Germany, could no more know her equal. Fatigued, she left the ball, even before its conclusion. The Count, intoxicated with love, escorted her unobserved away. In the next saloon they found one of her maids who wished to accompany her to her chamber. The young Baroness leaning on the arm of her betrothed, said, coloring at the same time deeply:

"Make yourself merry; I do not require your service, I shall disrobe myself."

They then passed on through the corridor.

When the Count returned the company was breaking up. The carriage was brought to the door, Altenkreuz conducted Henrietta to it, and accompanied her home. All were sleeping. She quietly opened the door, but struggled vainly before the house to prevent the entrance of Altenkreuz, who dismissed the carriage and followed Henrietta into the house.

Early the next morning a terrible report was spread through the city, that the daughter of an officer had been found dead in her bed, with a twisted neck. People crowded to the house. Doctors and police-officers hastened to the spot. The dreadful wailing from the house of death was echoed by the crowd of rushing newsgatherers. Many others related the accident which had happened a century before in Herbesheim. The story of the Dead Guest was again revived, and the dread of death came over all the families of the city.

When Mr. Vogel heard of all the circumstances, he thought with secret horror of Henrietta; though he wondered not at her prolonged slumber, as she had returned very late from the ball. But when he thought of the Dead Guest, as the story described him; and then of the Count Von Altenkreuz—a large tall man, with a pale face, and the black dress in which he always appeared—the tailor's hair stood on end. Still he did not believe the story, because he never believed that which was the talk of the whole city. He endeavored to reproach himself for his superstitious imagination, and went to his closet to take a little cordial for his weakness, a glass of Madeira, a present of the Count's. To his surprise the bottle was missing, and he was yet more surprised when, on searching another closet, he found in both, that every evidence of the Count's liberality which he and his daughter had received, was missing. He felt uneasy at this, and to increase his discomfort, he began to fear the verification of his worst suspicions. Alone and softly he

stole up stairs to Henrietta's room : at the worst he saw that there would be no witness, and by this means he should avoid becoming the talk of the city. He opened the door, he went to the bedside of his daughter, but for some time he could not muster up the courage to look at it. At last he cast a furtive glance thither, and immediately his senses became obscured. There she lay dead—her beautiful face turned to the nape of her neck. He stood stunned, as if lightning-struck, while in his bewilderment he placed the pale head of the deceased in its natural position. Without knowing what he was doing, he hurried to a doctor, and announced to him the sudden death of his child. The doctor examined the beautiful corpse, and gravely shook his head. Mr. Vogel, who of all men in the world was the least likely to betray the truth, thought that the overheating on the night of the ball, and then the exposure to the stormy wind on her return home, might be the cause of her sudden death. He screamed in his anguish so loud that the neighbors all collected before his house. Every one in the streets or in the houses spoke only of the two maidens, when suddenly a fresh report was circulated, of the sudden death of the Baroness Van Rosen. But the doctors who returned from the Baron's house protested that the young lady was alive when they left, and still might be. An apoplexy, in consequence of exposure to the night cold after the ball, had proved almost fatal to her. But who could credit this? Every one was convinced that the Baroness had suffered the fate of the other two maidens. For honor's sake the Baron had spared no gold to buy the doctors' silence. The Baron's residence, so late the abode of intoxicating pleasure, was suddenly changed to a house of mourning, and the unfortunate father was inconsolable. To add to his terror, if it could be possibly increased, he must yet make the discovery that all the rouleaux of gold, necklaces, jewelled rings, and other things which the Count Von Altenkreuz had given either to him or his daughter, had disappeared with the life of the young Baroness. Yea, and even the Count himself, though searched for in all places, had disappeared in the most incomprehensible manner. His room was as empty as if he had never occupied it. He had gone with trunks, boxes, servants, horses, carriages, and every thing he possessed, but no one could discover another atom concerning him.

On the same day, the bodies of the three unhappy brides were carried to the burial ground. The coffins, with their suites of mourners, who came from the city at the same time, met at the cemetery. The Curate said prayers for them altogether. One of the mourners, enveloped in a

black cloak, drew aside before the prayer was yet done, and scarcely had he retired a few steps, ere he was noticed, as a figure attired in a very ancient and singular dress, snow white, and from his hat waved a snow white plume. On his back as well as his breast, when he walked, could be seen three dark red spots, each visibly dropping blood on his white doublet. He walked to the cross roads—and was never more seen. Fear seized those who looked upon him; and the coffin-bearers, when they wished to raise the coffins to let them down into the grave, found they were nearly as light as if they had been empty. But their fear increasing, they tumbled the hollow boxes into the grave, throwing hurriedly some earth over them. A strange cloud with rain and storm came over the land! Every one with fear and terror flew to the gates of the city, the cutting wind whistling around them. In a few days after, in the most dreadful weather, the Baron Von Rosen abandoned his manor. He never returned here with any of his family. The garden grew wild, the castle stood uninhabited and desolate, till it, as we know, fell a prey to the flames.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THE maids in the East, when their lovers are absent on dangerous adventures, light a lamp, place it in a small vessel surrounded with flowers, and consign it to the stream; if the light instantly expires, little hope is entertained of their return; if, however, it continues to burn brightly away down the river, their return is considered certain. Great numbers of these little vessels of hope may sometimes be seen at night on the Ganges."

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE ABOVE.

BY CHARLES GREATREX.

An Indian maid with her zone of bells
Pleasantly ringing, pleasantly ringing,
Came where the Ganges' billow swells
Merrily singing, merrily singing,
She launched her lamp on the crystal tide
Rapidly flowing, rapidly flowing,
And tarried awhile by the river side
To watch it going, to watch it going.

Said the Indian maiden smiling, "See
It is brightly burning, brightly burning,
Then my lover, thank Heaven! is safe, and he
Will be soon returning, soon returning :
But on a sudden out went the light
With the wild waves leaping, the wild waves leaping,
Then Hope, with a smile, bade her heart good night
And she fell a-weeping, fell a-weeping."

"'Tis thus alas!" said that Indian girl
Sadly sighing, sadly sighing,
"That sweetly down Love's stream of pearl
The heart goes flying, the heart goes flying,
On waters so fatal, yet ah! how bright!
It can linger never, can linger never;
For it glides away like my lamp to night
And then sinks for ever, sinks for ever."

ADVANTAGES OF THE STUDY OF POETRY.

BY W. P. C.

Elysian fields, where nectar fountains gush
'Mid flowers, whose tints and fragrance never die;
Ambrosial air, to which earth's softest flush
Were dark, though streaming from Eve's rosy sky.

Locoge.

There is poetry in Nature. There is poetry in the gently swelling summer breeze; in the rustling winds; in the gliding rivulet; in the budding of flowers; in the shooting forth of leaves, when the first warm and life-spreading rays of the sun of beauteous spring are shed upon our earth; in the hum of bees; and in the warbling and airy flights of those feathered songsters, whose highly coloured plumage is not more pleasing to the eye than the melody of their voices to the ear. There is poetry in the glassy lake; in the bubbling fountain, and in the majestic river, whose waters, crested with snowy foam, roll impetuously onward to the mighty ocean. And when the chilly blasts of all-searing and withering autumn disrobe the stately princes of the forest, and scatter at their feet their once luxuriant foliage, now decaying and discoloured; when the thunders burst on high, and the lightnings flash in rapid succession, breaking forth from clouds of fearful darkness, illumining the dread profundity of night, with fitful gleams of vivid lustre; when all the elements in space, waging war against each other, in tremendous conflict, complete a scene of almost chaotic confusion; when the sea rises from its unfathomable bed, disturbed by the winds, and lashes the gigantic cliffs with its foaming billows; or bedews the ethereal sky, as it angrily glistens with crested sprays; there also is poetry. At midnight, when the physical system of man, disdainful of its natural rest, gives all power to the mind, allowing it to revel in fantastic dreams of the imagination, or steadily and earnestly to devote itself to intense thought, one whose spirit is not entirely unwarmed by poetic fire, feels that fire rekindled, and within him arise images of peculiar beauty, ideas of sublimity, and conceptions awful and reverential. Even the murderer experiences such as these. Mark the language of Macbeth—

Now o'er one half the world,
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now wither'dt celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings.

The twilight, that season so adapted to the gentle honied words—the moonlit snow—the brightly

starlit sky—all breathe to us the pure breath of poetry. The sun, journeying onward through the firmament, daily completing his course, and as often retracing it, dispensing light and heat to our world, to the planets that appear in his course, and to a million of others unknown, is an object at once intensely interesting and powerfully sublime. Scarcely less so is that reciprocal luminary—that guardian of the night, whose influence the gathering shades are even prepared to welcome and acknowledge.

All men are under poetic influence. Every emotion of beauty, grandeur, and sublimity, is in truth poetical. None are free from them. Some are more insensible than others, yet all experience them less or more. The savage as well as the enlightened have conceptions of Deity, and both worship with adoration and awe. Both conceive heaven to be the Divine residence, and by both are the countless worlds of space considered the Divine Creation. But I shall not delay upon natural poetry; I propose to consider this subject in its more common acceptation.

Is the present an age in which poetry may flourish? Some have denied this, and while pretending that the advancement of philosophy causes its retrogradation, they sneer at all evidences of the contrary, and despise the convictions of others. It is affirmed that that was the season of poetry, when men, having been freed from the fetters of barbarism, having laid aside those idolatrous practices which once were universal, had not yet become greatly enlightened; when there was a kind of medium between savage degradation and positive refinement. We admit that verse is more ancient than prose, but that the poetry of the middle ages was more truly poetry than that which is now termed so, we do deny. Ours is more elevated in character, and not less extensive in influence. Because it was useful to men when philosophy did not flourish, we are not to suppose that now when the sun of the one hath reached its zenith, that of the other must of a necessity wane. Throughout our land and every other enlightened one, praise to God

is offered through the medium of poetry. The very hymns and anthems which Sabbath after Sabbath are sung, are many of them highly poetical. Their subjects embrace everything that is sublime and holy. Shall the poet turn aside from his task when a theme so inexhaustible is presented to his mind? And shall the nineteenth century be considered a non-poetic age, when those who live surrounded by its blessings, with grateful hearts trace all to the hand of an infinite and omnipotent benefactor? No. Poetry presents no barrier to the advancement of sound philosophy. It cherishes all the nobler feelings of man's nature, and represses every injurious propensity. In old age, when the many events of a past life are viewed in their various relations with pleasure or pain; when the mind loves to dwell on scenes that have passed away, it were strange if man should forget the poetry of his youth. The gentle strains which a sister sung, call up associations touching and interesting. In bright relief are exhibited on the page of memory the home and companions of his boyhood. With his youthful friends, he sports again, and with them he loves. As his native village was in days of yore, so it is now. Above the tops of those fine old elms, towers the village spire, gilded by the last rays of the setting sun. Yon luxuriant lawn slopes gently downward to the miniature lake beyond it. Across this, he beholds his father's house, now fast mouldering to decay. The counsels and admonitions of his parents when first he left them crowd upon his recollection. Perhaps he has regarded these, and perhaps he has not. Yet long since has the narrow tomb received them to its silent precincts, and even now, he himself, tottering upon the precipice of time, is about to plunge into the fathomless abyss of death. When the exile wandering in foreign lands, deprived of friends and fortune, hears some blithesome ditty, sung to him in departed years by one dearly beloved, fond recollection hurries him back to the scenes of his youth, and memory rests on the home of his childhood. His playmates, his sports, his joys and happy anticipations of the future, flit across his mind, and awaken emotions too powerful, too overwhelming to be repressed. Anon, he lives over in fancy the happiest season of his life. Again, he wanders through that shady wood, and lingers on the bank of that gentle brook, both never to be effaced from his mind during the many vicissitudes of fortune. All this is poetry—the true poetry of life. Shall this be despised? or can that individual be blamed who makes it his study?

But there is another influence exerted by poetry—that which the national songs of every

country possess. These stimulate patriotism—arouse the mind to a sense of national honour—and stir up the liveliest emotions within the bosom of a lover of his country. They serve in a degree to preserve untarnished and respected the institutions of a people. Without their co-operative power, the burning eloquence of the orator, or the ingenious planning of the statesman, would be inadequate to the accomplishment of the ends towards which they are directed. The presumption is, then, that had this never been experienced, the present solid bases of many constitutional fabrics would be but ill calculated to support superstructures so magnificent. The untiring efforts of legislators may indeed maintain the net-work foundation of government unimpaired, but that the reticulated base may be strengthened, national songs are introduced, through which every interstitial vacuity is filled. This then poetry effects, and that by the high moral tendency of its principles, by a symphonious intermingling of harmonious sounds, and by the ease with which the sentiments expressed are understood. Something nobler than the ordinary concerns of life is offered here. With the rapidity of thought we are transported through its medium to the remotest bounds of the earth, and back again in safety, while yet we sit the unmoved occupant of our easy chair. Residents for the time, in the aerial regions of fancy, we stand upon the lofty rock of imagination, and gaze with lingering eyes and agitated frames upon a world of reality. We do not mean that poetry should be made our all in all—our *summum bonum*—but that it is an unalloyed happiness sometimes to be abstracted from the business of life, from those affairs which absorb the general attention of society, and, wandering through the luxuriant grounds of poetry, to cull the loveliest and choicest flowers that grow therein; to weave a wreath, the sweetness of whose perfume shall have power to remove all ill from the mind—all burthen from the heart. It is perhaps objected here, that many poetical productions are of bad or doubtful moral tendency. Of this, the often quoted and much defamed Byron is introduced as the example. And here, allowing what is desired, that in the works of this illustrious bard appear passages not quite consistent with perfect purity; yet why condemn the whole? What individual would it not dishonour to suppose that he could not resist the temptation to vice, while engaged in the pursuit of virtue? And who can lay claim to courage, that dare not approach a bed of roses, even though his passage be obstructed by a hedge of thorns?

It is true that poetry is generally of an elevated character—sometimes it may be even more so

than is natural. Yet thus it should be. By leaving out of view things only disgusting, it enlarges upon those which are beautiful and good, and likely to promote kindly feelings between man and man. In the description of a pauper, for instance, his rags and filth are thrown aside, while are set forth in strong terms his dejected air and extreme penury. The last excite benevolence and pity—the first only vexation and disgust.

Poetry chastens the affections! By it our hearts are warmed, our conceptions elevated, and our minds enlarged. All the high and noble feelings of man's nature are expanded by its grateful influence. It unites strangers in friendship, and friends in the closest bonds of intimacy. It binds firmly the golden ties of social, civil and religious liberty, and by no other means can these again be severed. It is as opposed to discord and dissension as light is to darkness. Its precepts are pleasant, its construction is agreeable, and its measure sweet. Thus it delights the ear, while it pleases the mind and affects the heart.

Do we pretend that poetry disciplines the intellectual faculties of man? Not exactly; mathematics and the classics have long and justly been considered as almost the only agents in the acquirement of mental discipline. Close application to the harder departments of science, though it may be slowly, yet surely, brings the ability to think accurately, to investigate deeply, and to judge correctly.

But is this all? Must man, when he has strengthened his mind by the severest labour, cast away in contempt those studies which are calculated to apply advantageously what he has already acquired? To suppose that the lighter kinds of literature can displace the more solid, were as unreasonable as that the superstructure hath power to overturn its foundation. We would on no account recommend to an individual an excessive gratification of a taste for poetry, which it is frequently remarked may easily be perverted. But because my house is destroyed by fire, shall another person ever afterwards refuse to occupy one at all? If my neighbour's mind, through too severe study, is disordered, does it follow that I should refrain from every intellectual pursuit? We are far from intending to convey the idea that poetry should exclusively engage the attention. There are other things necessary to a proper development of the mental faculties, and these should never be neglected; but when their object is at length in part accomplished, we deem it proper that another should be introduced, of such a character as to soften

the harsher feelings of the heart and serve as a recreation from severer toil.

To throw aside poetry entirely, it were necessary to destroy much of the Scriptures. In accordance with the command of God, did Moses communicate the law to the Israelites in Song. This is a most beautiful specimen of ancient poetry—clear, concise and explicit, its language indeed by no means acronimatical, yet on this account the less incomprehensible. The poetic Scriptures everywhere abound with the most splendid imagery. Shall these be discarded? Shall men in a measure be deprived of religion itself? Shall all its purifying influences be cut off from the world? Shall society be totally embittered? "He stretcheth out the North over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing." "The pillars of Heaven tremble and are astonished at his reproof." This is the language of sublimity; this is poetry. Thus speaks the Bible, and the Bible is the Word of God. Who then shall deride this, and set up his own authority in opposition to that of our Infinite Creator?

How comparatively small a number of that mighty throng, whose weight, intellectual, moral and physical, oppresses our earth, consider at all in their true light the splendour of Creation, or the beauty of morality! How few attend at all to poetry! And yet we have seen its advantages, and know its influence in the amelioration of the social condition. Man is a noble being. By nature more exalted than the objects around him, with a mind capable of expansion, with a heart endowed with the highest and noblest feelings, he has already anticipated himself, and passing far beyond the goal once assigned as the termination of his race, is arrived within sight of the tower of perfection, and but one barrier opposes his access and entrance to its sacred and unpenetrated precincts. That barrier is—the neglect of poetry. Exploring the almost boundless expanse of philosophy, at one time he descends into the very bowels of the earth, and again, borne onward and upward in the desire of scientific research, he soars aloft in the regions of infinite space. He counts the stars in the firmament; learns their distances and ascertains their magnitude. He measures the sun, and determines the courses of the planets; nor stopping here, he bounds creation itself, and gives to infinity its limit. But something yet is wanting to the completion of his power. Though the harsh nettles of ignorance have been rooted out from the productive soil of Mind, and the glorious plant of science has grown in its stead, still, the man experiences a want. There is to him, amid all his

greatness, a certain vacancy which remains to be filled. A canker-worm gnaws at the very heart of his enjoyment. Can the vacancy be filled? Can the worm be destroyed? Yes: And how? We answer, by attention to poetry. Oh! thrice happy is he, who looks with admiring eyes upon natural beauty and sublimity! who loves to gaze on the extended firmament, bespangled with stars of golden lustre, (fit carpet for the Deity;) and who, surveying the majesty of all, can look, "through Nature up to Nature's God!"

Williamstown, (C.E.) August 18, 1846.

WILD FLOWERS FOR THE GARLAND.

BY CHAS. GHEATREX,

Author of "Leisure Hours," "The Phantom Knight,"
"Don Fernando," &c. &c.

A FACT VERIFIED.

It was about the evening hour,
An evening mild and blest,
When, wearied out with mirth and noise,
Around a grave three little boys
Had sat them down to rest.

Above this calm and simple spot
Some feeling hearts had wept,
For, underneath the daisied sod
On which these joyous urchins trod,
A little maiden slept.

"I wonder," cried one tiny lad,
With something of a sigh,
"Where people go when they are dead,
To Heaven, little Ellen said,
She seemed to long to die.

"She feared not death, and yet to me
It seems a dreadful thing,
To leave this glad green earth of ours,
And see no more its streams and flowers,
Nor hear the throstele sing!"

The thoughts of little Ellen's fate
Had caused his heart to weep,
Upon his arm he laid his brow,
And, sheltered by the hawthorn bough,
He sobbed himself to sleep.

Big with emotions new and strange
His playmates watched awhile,
And, as they pensively sat by,
They said that once they heard him sigh,
And once they saw him smile.

But when they gazed into his face,
Impatient with delay,
He neither spake, nor breathed, nor stirred,
For with that plaintive sigh they heard
His spirit passed away.

So, dropping his cold hand, they said,
"He was too young to sin,
He must have seen, while sleeping thus,
That Heaven of which he talked to us,
And gone to dwell therein."

LINES WRITTEN ON DERWENT WATER, CUMBERLAND.

How gravely in the evening ray
Old Skiddaw deigns to smile,
How sweetly fall the golden beams
Upon saint Herbert's Isle!

So peaceful all, there's scarce a breath
The lightest leaf to shake,
There is no murmur on the shore,
No ripple on the lake.

Yon little bark, how tranquilly
She sits the glassy deep,
Like some bright-plumaged ocean bird
The winds have lulled to sleep.

Above us, glows a lovelier sky
Than limner ever drew;
Beneath, calm Derwent's crystal depths
Reflect each magic hue.

And yet, with all around so calm,
And beautiful, and bright,
One thing there lacks,—sweet woman's eyes
To lend their chastened light.

And though such deep, deep silence sinks
Like music on the heart,
What rapture, o'er the listening lake,
Would some sweet voice impart.

Some gentle "Ellen" had we here,
Who loved the evening star,
To sweep the lute's melodious strings,
Or touch the light guitar!

Here let us wait the dim twilight,
Which fades, alas! too soon,
But when that deepens into night,
Then up thou yellow moon!

TO A STORMY PETREL.

WHICH I HAD KILLED WITH A RIFLE BALL AS IT ROAMED
OVER THE BLUE ATLANTIC.

Poor happy harmless bird! too late
I mourn my folly, and thy fate,

Why should this hand have worked thee ill?—

Wild wanderer of the sunny west,
I would that thou wert bounding still
O'er yonder billow's snowy crest!

Was there not room for both to live
And sport upon this glad blue main,
That I should pant to see thee slain,

And take the life I cannot give?

How gaily onward wert thou gliding,
So innocent, and so confiding,

As if to lead us o'er the waste

To that new world to which we haste.

I mourn to think that thou should'st die,

To see thee now float lifeless by

With bloodstained bosom to the sky,

As if in mute appeal to Him

Who taught thy little feathered form

Along the azure wave to skim,

And brave the billow and the storm,

Which thou wilt brave again—Ah! never!

For only He, who saw thy pain,

Within that breast could light again

The spark which I have quenched for ever!

WHATEVER BEHIDE—FOR THE RIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LONDON "IN THE OLDEN TIME."

Take't up, I say,

Do not delay, but do it,—you know I'm officer,
And I know 'tis all unit that these good fellows
Should wait the cooling of your zealous porridge.

Deaumont and Fletcher.

THE young sun poured his noontide radiance from a cloudless sky, upon fields rich with the first gifts of spring, fresh grass and early wild-flowers, upon hedges white with the blossoming May, and woods white in their spring-tide livery of tender green; and the light gale, laden with sweet incense of leaf and flower, swept along, bearing no ruder sound on its wings than the low hum of distant voices, and the pleasant tinkle of the Sabbath bell. It was the first Sunday in May—one of those bright, balmy, and rejoicing days, which called forth the sweetest numbers of our earlier poets, and bade them celebrate in lays worthy her whom they hymned, the flower-crowned, joy-bringing May. The genial influence of the season, and the hallowed calmness of the day, seemed alike felt and acknowledged by the brute creation; and the steed, untired by labor, as he leisurely paced the green pasture, and the patient ox, with neck ungalled by the yoke, as he lay quietly basking in that soft reviving sunshine, seemed to breathe forth a voiceless song of thanksgiving to Him, who, with such large benevolence, hath provided a rest, not merely for his intelligent creation, but even for the "cattle of the field."

Still pleasantly chimed the bell; and already, along the neighboring fields, numerous groups were seen bending their footsteps towards Stoke Newington church. Many a village Corydon, his clean white frock tied with gay-colored ribbon at the neck and collar, flourishing, in his broad sunburnt hand, the bright silk kerchief, gift of some "neat-handed Phillis," who, in short kirtle, and boddice laced with blue or red, and close-plated coif, white as snow, trudged merrily beside him. In the churchyard a picturesque group presented itself; the substantial farmer, in his coat of blue homespun, and church-going falling collar, edged with Flanders lace, holding carefully yet ostentatiously in his hand, his costly "two-pound beaver," destined to last his life, and perhaps be bequeathed, duly, "by will," to his grandson; and his wife, in high-crowned hat,

snowy muffler, and rustling paduasoy gown, the cherished heir-loom of her grandmother, eyeing with a feeling of mingled curiosity and vexation, two "city madams," who, in low bonnets, silk scarfs, and ample gowns of changeable taffeta, stood, black velvet mask in hand, beneath the church-porch, conversing about the last banquet at court, and the Duke of Buckingham's new liveries. And there were others, whose plain—studiously plain—apparel, showed them to belong to that class which, cast out by the church, and persecuted by the state, seemed but to derive new vigour from every attempt to crush them. Still the crowd increased, and loud converse and hoarse laughter burst from the assembled rustics, who most appropriately endeavored to beguile the time by "races among" the osier-bound graves.

At length the bell ceased—the church-door opened—when the sound of carriage-wheels was heard, and with slow and stately pace, four huge Flanders mares, well characterized in the household books of our old nobility by the term "strong trotting horses," encumbered with trappings, dragged along a huge, low-built, velvet-covered coach, which, with the body large enough for the habitation of some itinerant showman, and wheels about the size of those of a garden-chair, with silk curtains instead of glazed windows, stopped at the church-gate. At the appearance of the equipage of Sir Hargreave Bellasyse, there was instant silence: what the solemnity of the churchyard and the sanctity of the Sabbath had failed to produce, was effected by the velvet coach and liveried serving-men; and each rustic stood awed into silence, bareheaded and with look of mute reverence, while the wealthy owner of Sutton Hargreaves, the friend of the late princely Buckingham, one of the lords of the High Commission Court, and the wealthiest inhabitant of Stoke Newington, passed along.

With reverend bows and quick step, the old sexton scudded past the narrow aisle towards the chancel, to open the door and place the cushions in the high-raised pew, closed round from vulgar

sight with its crimson curtains; while, leaning on the arm of his steward (conspicuous by the gold chain of office upon his cut velvet gown), came the old baronet, his rich damask gown furred with sables, and holding an ebony gold-headed staff in the withered hand on which blazed the "cut table diamond," presented some forty years since by the wise and politic Elizabeth. And close behind—led by a young and handsome cavalier, arrayed in all the bravery of point-lace collar, slashed satin doublet, pearl earrings, and perfumed love-locks—came one whose young loveliness had attracted the gaze and the homage of half the nobles at Whitehall: with shining auburn locks drawn back from the clear open brow, by pearls that looked dim and discoloured beside its surpassing whiteness, with features rich in intellectual beauty, and with tall, graceful, stately form, but partially concealed by the ample drapery of white satin that fell in rich folds to her feet, onward—making, like all-commanding Una, "a sunshine in that shady place,"—came the orphan grand-daughter of Sir Hargreave—sweet Mistress Helen. Arrived at the pew, the old baronet deliberately took his seat on the down-filled cushion, and the young page, depositing at that sweet lady's feet the rich train it had been his office to bear, presented her silver-stemmed feather fan, while the young cavalier, more at home at the banquet than in the house of prayer, leant gracefully beside his fair mistress, plumed cap in hand, willing to receive his accustomed meed of admiration from the marvelling gaze of a village congregation, rather than remain unnoticed.

Although it was afternoon service, the church was crowded to overflowing; and many an exulting look was cast by one party toward the pulpit, where, upon the brass-clasped Bible, a roll of parchment was placed—while those exulting looks were returned by the other with glances of indignation and words of stern reproof. A strange anomaly did that pulpit desk present:—here was the book containing the mandate of the King of kings, enjoining reverence and religious homage to the day of his own appointment, while upon it lay the proclamation of an earthly monarch, directing, "that the book of sports, set forth by our father of blessed memory, be revived;" and, "that after the end of Divine service, our good people shall not be letted or discouraged from any lawful recreation, such as dancing, archerie, leaping, vaulting, or any such harmless recreation: nor from having of May-games, Whitsun-ales, Morris-dances, and the setting up of May-poles, therein used."

"Good master minister keeps us waiting; methinks he is seeking new light," said Sir Har-

greave Bellasyse, sarcastically. "But he had best make up his mind to read yonder proclamation, or he shall have choice entertainment in the Gate-house at the King's own cost and charge."

"Or a voyage to Jersey or the Scilly Isles," replied the young cavalier laughing, "to exercise his gifts among the swallows and sea-gulls, a more sober congregation than the dearly-beloved brethren to whom he holds forth three hours, good measure, by the hour-glass."

"He hath been dealt with too mildly," returned Sir Hargreave; "but I have now duly advertised him, that unless he comply with the order, he shall never preach in that pulpit again.—What! shall a man who hath given up his living for his childish scruples, forsooth! refuse, when suffered to be lecturer, to do as he is ordered? No, that shall never be done, while the High Commission Court stands, and I an unworthy member of it."

This Christian colloquy was here concluded by the appearance of its subject—a middle-aged man, on whose countenance deep thought and anxious care had impressed indelible lines. He wore the plain, black, university gown and band, and held a small silver clasped Bible, "whose very size and figure," the young cavalier remarked, "wore the image and superscription of Geneva." He stood for a few moments eyeing the hushed congregation, with an expression in which sorrow and determination seemed to struggle for the mastery; and then taking up the roll, in a clear and emphatic voice read it quite through. He laid down the parchment, unclasped the Bible, and stretching forth his hand, thus spoke:

"Such is the declaration set forth by authority—and which, in obedience to that authority, I have read. But be it known to you all, I stand here by the mandate of no earthly monarch: hear, therefore, the command of him from whom alone I derive power to address you; and listen with deference to words, not proclaimed by royal herald, but thundered forth from the midst of surpassing glory and the blaze of unsufferable splendour, by the voice of the King of Kings;" and then, reading the fourth commandment, he continued—"such is the mandate of Omnipotence—harken ye, therefore, this day, and choose which ye will serve."

The last words were scarcely uttered, ere two officers of the High Commission Court appeared on the pulpit stairs, and exhibited their warrant. The minister, in no way surprised at a religious service, unhappily at this period too common, calmly descended, and amid the affectionate and sorrowful farewell of his flock, left the church in custody of the officers. The congregation now tumultuously prepared to depart.

"Call ye this merry England?" said a handsome middle-aged man, in the dress of a country gentleman.

"Merry England!" responded his companion, a ruddy featured, heavy-looking man; "no, truly. Westward ho! cousin: on to New England! if she be not merry, at least she's free!" casting an angry look towards the old baronet, who, in all his proud array, was advancing slowly towards the door.

"Ay, westward ho!" replied the first; "it needed but such an exhibition of wanton power as this, to make me sell my acres and leave Old England willingly, though, alas! not gladly."

"Out with ye, Master Pragmatical!" cried Sir Hargreave, slaking his staff as he passed; "leave these matters to your betters, unless you would follow your preacher to the Gate-house."

The fine hazel eyes of the first speaker flashed fire.

"Think not to ruffle with us as ye do with your slaves at the council-table, Sir Hargreave! True Englishmen will speak, as ye know full well; and were it not for this holy day, and your gray hairs, I would tell you some truths ye should not soon forget."

"Come on, cousin," said the second, forcibly pulling him on. "Ho, for New England! There we shall worship God in peace, and do some good in our generation."

Just within side the church porch, sat an old woman, bowed down with age, her eyes fixed, and apparently unconscious of the confusion around; as the angry pair passed her, she suddenly started up, and laid her hand on the nearest to her—

"Do ye seek to leave poor England?"

"Ay, truly, dame," cried the first; "'tis time for all bold hearts to depart—or break."

"Ye shall not go!" replied the old woman; and the sepulchral tones of her voice sounded like a message from another world: "ye may seek, and may strive, but there is a work for you both to do, and ye shall perform it."

"What is you old witch croaking about to these two swash-bucklers?" cried the enraged Sir Hargreave; "are we to have brawling at the church-porch, as well as sedition within? Bring her before me, to-morrow, good people, I'll teach her to prophesy."

The old woman, unmoved by the threats of the great man, calmly departed; but the following morning, when the neighbors sought her lowly dwelling, she was dead.

"I give you joy, Sir Hargreave, for ye've gallantly driven off master preacher," said the young cavalier; "and these honest folk will now have a merry evening."

"Ay, that will they, Sir Edward: so we'll e'en home," cried the old baronet: "and Helen shall give ye a tune on her lute, or I will again beat ye at bowls."

"But sweet Mistress Helen! ye are sad," said the young knight, as they slowly passed through the church-yard.

"Methinks what has just happened were enough to make any one so," returned the lady.

"But fair Mistress Helen, what hath the grand-daughter of Sir Haregreave Bellaysse to do with it? Is it for her to lament over silenced preachers, like some pretty precisian of Blackfrais, with her sad-colored gown, single ruff, and ivory table-book, noting down all the pithy sayings of a six o'clock Sabbath-morning exercise?"

"Better, far better, so employed, than in witnessing wrongs she cannot redress?" replied the lady, offended.

"Finest Mistress Helen, are ye turned precisian?" cried Sir Edward: "'tis a vile fashion—give it up, I pray ye, like a cast-off ruff or unbecoming head-tire. A plague on these psalm-singers, with their exercises and catechisings; a plague on all who seek to be better than their neighbours."

"You, at all events, would stand in no danger from that infection," replied the lady, coolly.

"And you, fair mistress, would look far lovelier with a smile than with that most unbecoming frown," angrily retorted Sir Edward.

"Helen, sweet—look!" cried the old baronet, turning back; "Look! lady-bird, see how they're thronging thither; and here's the May-pole all decked with garlands and ribbons, with six stout horses to draw it. Wilt stay, and be queen of the May, pretty one? Soothly, Sir Edward, they may look long, I warrant you think, ere they will find one so fair!" the old man said, gazing with proud fondness on the beautiful features of his sole surviving grandchild.

"No, grandfather, no," replied she; "this is no pleasant sight."

"What's this? what's this?" cried Sir Hargreave. "What! art so soft-hearted that thou canst not see a puritan sent to prison? Pshaw! leave this foolery."

"But why must he be sent?" cried Helen; "wherefore, before ye have talked with him? Truly he would shew you he was forced to do so. Must he not obey God rather than man?"

"What are ye at your old foolery again?" cried the irritable old man, striking his staff violently on the ground; "what! is not your nurse's folly out of your mind! Go on, go on. Conscience forsooth! Of all things commend me to conscience! Doth a man withstand his prince,

or a minister his bishop—they must chop logic about conscience, forsooth! *He shall go to prison and be kept there, we're only for turning your silly head. Talk with him, say ye? 'Tis just as likely I should go cap in hand to him, and pray his good offices, as that he should be let out of prison.*"

The huge velvet coach jolted off at the rate of about three miles an hour, followed by the shouts of the revel-expectant villagers. On came the morris-dancers, covered with ribbons and bells; on came the musicians, with discordant noise, ineant for melody; and on came the waggon bearing the May-pole, soon triumphantly reared in the midst of the highway and the multitude were soon in the full enjoyment of their rustic pastime.

The blue damask withdrawing-room of Sir Hargreave Bellasye's noble mansion was filled with a fair and noble company. Satin-robed dames, and velvet clad cavaliers, paced up and down, or lingered in select groups in the tapestried recesses of the deep bay windows; while, from time to time, some young votary of verse and song took up the ribbon-decked lute, and sung some of the beautiful productions of Herrick, Carew, or Withers. And conspicuous among them all was Sir Edward Digby, his long dark locks most becomingly arranged; wearing the very suit in which, on Easter Sunday, he graced the dance at Whitehall, and attracted the admiration of the vain and capricious Henrietta Maria. "Armed at all points," and prepared, too, with a song made expressly "to his mistress' eyebrows," he leant, in full confidence of his charms, gracefully against the crimson drapery of the bay window, and touching a short prelude on the lute with the ear and the finger of a master, in the quaint and fanciful style of the day, thus sung:—

I'll not seek nor ask to know
Where the golden sun doth go,
When he leaves our glowing skies—
Might I sun me in thine eyes.

I'll not plough the green waves o'er,
Seeking afar some gem-paved shore
When, in thy rosy mouth I view
Pearls, and richest rubies, too.

Nor will I dwell in cloistered nook,
Poring o'er each lore-fraught book;
For sweeter strains than bard ere sung
Flow from thy honey-dropping tongue.

For all that ever lover sought—
All that muse-nursed poet thought—
All brightest dreams of phantasy
Are, my lady, met in thee.

And, therefore, with admiring eyes
I duly scan the star-gemmed skies,
For Hesper likeliest paints to me
Thy beauty and thy cruelty.

Like her art thou—her diamond gleam
Millions may hail, and bless her beam;
Like thee, she shineth coldly-bright,
Happy in her unshared light.

"And what, if after all these most superlative compliments, I were to put the gallantry of the singer to a severe test?" said Helen, with an arch smile.

"What can be a severe test, sweetest Mistress Helen, if imposed by you?" replied Edward.

"Did me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be;
Or, bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

"Did me despair, and I'll despair
Under yon cypress tree;
Bid me to die, and death I dare—"

"A truce with your second-hand protestations, fished from the blooming garden of Herrick's *Hesperides*," returned the lady; "but, in sooth, I must ask your aid, Sir Edward."

"And for what, fairest damsel? to maintain the proud claim of your beauty as far as the great wall of China?—to kill some fourscore Turks before breakfast, and to take the Grand Seigneur by the beard?—or to go forth and challenge Prester John to bow the knee to a fairer Helen than Paris ever saw?"

"No, thou most extravagant knight-errant!—somewhat far easier; merely an act of benevolence," replied Helen.

"Is that all, fair mistress," cried the disappointed knight.

"And what would you more?" resumed the lady. "But truly, Sir Edward, I must most seriously pray your good offices with your father in behalf of that good minister who now lies in prison. 'Tis vain to attempt to move my grandfather, so my whole chance of success lies with you. You will not deny me—you cannot; for his physician says close confinement will endanger his life: and remember his wife—his family."

"My fairest mistress," said the young cavalier, turning towards the large mirror, and deliberately lifting one of the perfumed curls that concealed his pearl ear-ring, and carefully bringing it forward; "My fairest damsel! ye are bewitched, Saints! 'tis time some steps were taken with these puritan rogues, if they make such converts as you! A goodly piece of service you ask, truly; what would the maids of honor say, if they heard I persuaded my father to set a brawling Geneva bull at liberty? What would Master Cleveland say? We should soon have him inditing some 'mirthful tragic ballad,' on the occasion, to be sung to 'Green Sleeves,' or 'Lacking-

ton's Pound,' or some such dolorous melody, and called 'Sir Edward Digby's Goodnight to Love-locks,' setting forth his new fancies for stiff fuffs and cropt heads, and two sermons and an exercise on the Lord's-day!"

"Leave off scoffing—at least, for your own sake, Sir Edward," replied Helen, severely,

"In good sooth, Mistress Helen," answered the knight, glancing another well-pleased look in the mirror, and again attempting to bring back the obstinate curl to its place; "this plan cannot be thought of. Should you choose to solicit my father, I doubt not you will obtain his kind offices; but for myself, I can offer no aid."

"I shall request none, Sir Edward," answered Helen, proudly; "since I have learnt that most useful lesson,—the wide difference between prostration and performance."

Fair Helen early retired from the scene of mirth and gaiety and sought her own apartment. There she sat, her white hands folded on the ebony table, and her fair open brow clouded with care; "I will go to Lord Digby myself," said she; "and yet if my grandfather learns my errand, and learn it he must, I may never expect forgiveness." She paused; and her eyes fell on the billet which that afternoon she had received from the minister's wife, praying her to exert her good offices with her grandfather, abjuring her by the remembrance of the benefits she had received from the imprisoned pastor's ministry, not to desert him in this his great necessity. "I must do it," said she; "and whatever be the cost; for if he remains a single day in prison when my request could prevent it, will not the crime rest with me? And yet," whispered Fear, "what if my grandfather, so irascible, so determined, should even cast me off!"—and her eyes rested on the damask hangings, the Venetian mirrors, the ivory cabinets, and the silver-clasped volumes, proofs not merely of the wealthy independence which had been her portion from infancy, but of the warm and solicitous attachment of the old baronet to his cherished darling, the last fair blossom of his erst wide-spreading tree. There, just before her, too, lay the bracelets she received from Sir Edward, that graceful and all-admired cavalier, whose homage had rendered her the envy of half of the fair damsels of the brilliant and luxurious court of Henrietta Maria. One moment she paused—it was but one moment—but she fixed her eyes on the fine portrait of her father—(painted just before he set out with that gallant band of volunteers, to aid the recovery of the Palatinate and maintain the cause of religion abroad, an expedition from whence he never returned)—with the noble motto of her ancient house, which the painter had inserted on the

scarf—"Whatever betide—for the Right."—"Whatever betide—for the Right!" responded Helen, "and Heaven grant me grace to do it!" * * * * *

"Honorable sir, I trust nothing ill hath happened!" cried the steward, alarmed at the angry stride, and the paleness of deadly passion that overspread the countenance of Sir Hargreave, as he entered the oak parlour on his return from the High Commission Court.

"Pray sit down, your honour;" wheeling forward the huge arm chair, "and let me fetch you a cordial. Alack! this High Commission Court will be your honour's death, as Dr. Mayene told your honour afore time."

"That it will, good Hewitt, that it will, and all the better too;—for then these young pragmatists, who never knew Sir Francis Walsingham and the great men of those times,—never sat at the council-table with the Lord Salisbury and Lord Ellesmere, may have it just as they list, and send for all the canting rogues who have gone off to New England, as well as those they sent back this morning. Here's goodly work! But would this were the worst!—Call Helen hither; bid her come instantly. Saints! methinks every thing is against me. To have nourished a young viper at one's own fireside—to have nurtured and educated at such cost a girl that now turns out to be only fit to take down notes of a market cross sermon, and sing the whole book of Psalms through between Saturday and Monday—Saints! 'tis not to be borne.—Oh! come in, sweet Precision! fair sister to the painful brethren of Bam-bury, who edify from the pillory and whipping-post—come in, a plague on ye! and lift up your demure face, an' ye dare: and tell me how ye had the boldness to go down to Lord Digby this morning with your humble supplication for your silenced minister? Answer me, Mistress Malapert—your conscience, forsooth! was it not?—and so said your silly father before you, when he would go and fight for the Palatine,—and much good came of it!—Oh! ye little viper! an I could have thrown myself into the river, when Lord Digby said, 'I have attended to your fair granddaughter's supplication.'—So much the better for ye if I had?—then ye might have had chaplains and sermonizings enow."

"In truth, my dear grandfather," timidly interposed Helen.

"Who bid ye answer, Mistress Boldface?" retorted the angry old man; "stop and hear, as ye list, what I told him.—'Hath she sent a supplication,' said I; 'then, my good lord, she shall no longer be grandchild of mine.'"

"Sir Hargreave—worshipful sir! ye surely did not!" cried the startled steward.

"Peace, Hewitt! I did,—and more than that, I have not repented it: so prepare, fair mistress! for your departure. What! is it not enough that my opinion is set lightly by at the council-board, and men prevented from leaving the country of whom the land may be well rid, but the very preacher whom I determined should go to prison, is set at liberty by my own grandchild!—No, Hewitt, that name shall never bear again."

"But, Sir Hargreave, whither can Mistress Helen go?" anxiously replied the steward: "think again, honoured sir."

"Let her go among the silenced brotherhood, or to the minister whom, forsooth! she hath set at liberty—or to her nurse—I care not, so long as she never comes within my sight again. And now, good Hewitt! go and see to the plate and household stuff, and hangings; look to the horses that they be well shod, and the carriage fit for a journey of forty miles (a formidable performance in those days), 'I'll e'en to Sutton Hargreave, for I never can bear this house again.—Ay! the next time Hargreave Bellaysse sets foot within the parish of Stoke Newington, it shall be to beg his life.'

Six years passed on: who knows not the eventful history of these six years? The Sabbath bells were pleasantly chiming, the sun shone out brightly; but although the first Sunday in May, no groups of merry-making rustics or idle loiterers were seen; and when an old velvet coach, surrounded by an escort of buff-coated troopers, jolted down the High-street, and stopped before the closely shut door of the Rose and Crown, at Newington, many a head was thrust out of the adjacent windows, marvelling what was disturbing the quiet of the day.

"What! know ye not the ordinance of the Parliament for the better observance of the Lord's day?" growled the landlord, half opening the door.

"Ay, truly, Master Host," returned the principal trooper, a tall, bold-looking fellow in a buff coat, fastened round by a broad leather band, from whence depended his sword, horse-pistols, and bandoliers (small boxes covered with leather, strung together in a manner resembling the modern bullion fringe, each of them containing a charge of powder), whose single feather in his high-crowned hat and handsomely caparisoned charger, were the sole distinctions between him and his men. "Necessity hath no law, Master Host, or I and my lads had been at church rather than prancing along the highway, like Lord Goring's graceless troopers, or Sir Edward Digby's heathen crew: so let's in."

"I cannot, replied the host," 'tis during Divine

worship, and my servants are all at the catechising, so you must e'en stay there, or go to the church."

"And 'tis well we've no worse place to go to," said the trooper; "but we must take our prisoner with us, and he's not of the sort to like afternoon exercises."

"What? ye've some malignant there, have ye?—some delinquent who must come down with a goodly sum to the Committee at Goldsmith's Hall, ere he see house or lands again?" inquired the host.

"Ay, truly, an it be not a worse business than fining," replied the trooper. "On with ye, lads; mayhap this old man, here, may get a saving cast yet."

The old coach jolted on, surrounded by the troopers, and soon stopped at the church-gate.

"Who have ye here?" cried the old sexton; "methinks I should remember you old velvet coach.—Good heavens!" continued he, as the door was opened; "'tis Sir Hargreave Bellaysse! But how is this? Surely there's Mistress Helen too?"

The old baronet, apparently unconscious where he was, made an effort to rise, and the fair hand of his beautiful grand-daughter, who sat beside him, was stretched out to assist him.

"Leave me alone, Helen," said he; "I have done without your aid six long years, and wherefore should I not now? Why did ye come to seek me out, and insist on going with me?—Alas! all things have gone ill since I sent thee away; and, methinks, this sore trial is a judgment too."

"Let his honour walk into my house until the catechising's over, Mistress Helen," said the sexton, and then I'll bring Doctor Manton to him, for truly the doctor is very great in cases of conscience."

"Well, but where am I to go to?" cried the old man, looking bewilderedly around. His eye caught the well-remembered church, and the tall elm trees. The May games, the arrest of the preacher, all the incidents of that eventful afternoon, rushed overpoweringly on his mind. "I see it all," cried he; "I knew better, but wealth and honours and worldly prosperity entangled me, and I became a persecutor; nay, not merely a persecutor of men whom I knew, not save by report, but a most bitter one even of you, my sweet Helen. Ay! therefore is it, that I am brought here to be a scorn and a mockery."

"Heaven forbid, sir," said the trooper, respectfully. "But will you not into the church?—The minister may speak comfort to ye yet."

"Ay, I'll onward," cried the repentant old man.

"But, sweet Helen, in what straits ye must have been since I so cruelly sent you away! Truly, 'tis more than I deserved at your hands for you to come and meet me this morning, when methought I had no friend to comfort me in this my sore trial."

"Be not distressed, dear grandfather," returned Helen, as, leaning on her arm, he slowly proceeded up the church path; "I soon found an asylum with a wealthy and most Christian lady, and never have I had cause to repent:—ye shall know all hereafter; so take comfort, I pray ye."

They entered the church: there stood the minister, the celebrated Doctor Manton, in his tasselled Geneva cloak, pouring forth a fervent and affectionate prayer for the young catechumens that surrounded him, each Bible in hand, and those of the higher class holding ivory table-books well scored with notes and references. Harassed by long-continued anxieties, and overcome by the strong tumult of his conflicting feelings, Sir Hargreave sunk into a swoon so long and so deep, that it was thought life indeed had departed.

"Well, poor gentleman!" said the trooper; "whatever becomes of his estate, methinks he will have reason to say this was a profitable affliction."

Long did the old man's life hang in doubtful suspense, and many days passed ere he awoke to returning consciousness. Still by night and by day, the fair vision of his lovely grandchild, with her rich auburn locks and clear open brow, floated in indistinct beauty before him; and oft-times that soft silver-toned voice, or the low sweet sounds of her skilfully-touched lute, seemed to recall him to life and consciousness.

"My sweet Helen!" cried the old man, awaking as though from a long slumber, and fixing his eyes on the fair face that had beamed like a star of hope to him throughout his illness,— "how strangely things come about! This very time six years, I mind that I swore I would never enter Stoke Newington again save to beg my life. Alas! I soon shall have to do that, though methinks this small remnant is not worth the begging for."

"Pence, dear grandfather, I pray you: think not of the morrow. Here hath I awaited waiting to see you: and I trust he brings good tidings."

The door was opened by the trooper, who kept watch over his prisoner until he should be able to be removed; and the faithful steward, whose now threadbare velvet gown contrasted mournfully with the cherished gold chain, entered.

"I have but to bring his honour heavy tidings," said he, aside to the lady. "Alas! madam, I have been before the committee of sequestrations, and they give me scant comfort for my worthy master; for Colonel Hampden's company, three days' since, fell in with Sir Ralph Hopton's troopers, and took from them their baggage, and among it were found letters from Sir Edward Digby to the burgesses of Newbury, bidding them in Sir Hargreave's name, give up the town to Prince Rupert; whereupon, it was yesterday moved in parliament, that my honoured master be committed to the Tower."

"What doth he say?" cried the old baronet; "though he need not tell, I know it by his looks: well, I brought ye into sore trouble, my sweet Helen, and it hath rightly come to pass."

"Think no more of this, my dear father," cried Helen; "I have never wanted since I left your roof, and I trust I never shall."

There was a peremptory knock at the door; and with hesitating footstep the steward advanced.

"Alas, Mistress Helen!" said he, "they are now come with the order for Sir Hargreave's committal to the Tower. Alack! I always said the graceless Sir Edward would bring him into trouble."

The door opened, and two strangers entered; one in the dress of a minister, and the other a middle aged man in half armour, whose ample brow, and the fire that flashed in his full hazel eye, marked him for one of those all-commanding spirits, whom Providence sometimes raises up for a nation's deliverance, and sometimes, most inscrutably, ere the great work is accomplished, taketh away. The wondering old man looked up, and immediately recognised the minister whom he had consigned to prison, and the youth who in the church porch, had avowed his determination of quitting England for ever—he of whom now "all England rung from side to side"—John Hampden.

"My fair Lady Thornhaugh," said he, addressing Helen, "I have good tidings for your grandfather. Through the great care and trouble of my chaplain, strict inquiry has been made into Sir Hargreave Bellasyse's case, and the letter hath been found to be a forgery;—it was at last confessed to be so by Sir Edward Digby's secretary, who fell into our hands mortally wounded, and who, by the unremitting endeavours of this worthy minister, at length furnished a clue to the whole."

"What! cried the old man, did he try to save me from prison, whom I caused to be sent to one? Alas! I now see two before me to whom I can never make amends."

"Be comforted, worthy sir," replied the min-

ister, "for though a wondrous overruling Providence, every thing done against us hath turned to our great benefit. Had I not been sent to prison that very afternoon, I had never become acquainted with this honourable gentleman, and a friendship of great advantage would probably never have been formed; had not you, worthy sir, blindly and sinfully it is true, cast Lady Helen out from your house, she had never sought an asylum in Lady Thornhaugh's family, nor become the honoured wife of Sir William Thornhaugh."

"Good Heaven! how wonderful indeed are thy ways!" cried the old baronet, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes: "What! my sweet Helen married to Sir William Thornhaugh! Full fifty years ago his grandfather agreed with me to make an alliance between our families: but I rose at court, and looked forward to great honours, and I broke my solemn promise to him—but that promise has been fulfilled."

"So it is, Sir Hargreave," replied the minister: "man plans and arranges, but God disposes all. On what a turn depended the liberties of England, when this worthy gentleman had actually set foot on the vessel to carry him away."

"Peace, I pray you, on that," replied Hampden; "I have been thrust forward in this great enterprise; and may He who drove me back, when, too, like the discontented prophet of old, I sought to flee away from the work appointed, support and direct me. Never let it be said that John Hampden lifted sword for private feud or personal aggrandisement: but if to restore peace, and justice, and freedom, ay, to obtain the dearest of all possessions—religious liberty—be a cause worthy the sacrifice of life itself, such be my lot—I ask no better."

Ere many days elapsed, Sir Hargreave Bellaysse, having compounded for his estates by a small fine, again took up his residence at Stoke Newington; and as in those days, a sermon was indispensable on all occasions of rejoicing, Dr. Manton "preached in the great hall," says my manuscript, "a most learned, judicious, pithy, and profitable sermon, from the words of Joseph—So now, it was not ye that sent me hither, but God." And grateful that the storm which had threatened the evening of his days unexpectedly rolled away, basking in the mild and pleasant sunset of a happy old age, Sir Hargreave Bellaysse outnumbered the years allotted to man; and, at length, supported by his fair grandchild, and surrounded by her numerous family, closed his eyes in peace.

INDIAN ANECDOTES.

NOBLE CONDUCT OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

At one place, a monster entertained a party of Indians, and treated them kindly, while, at the same time, he caused a gang of his kindred ruffians to lie in ambush where they were to pass, and when they arrived, barbarously shot them down to a man! The news was forthwith carried to the Cherokee nation, and the effect upon the minds of the chiefs, was terrific. They seized their tomahawks and war clubs, and, but for the wisdom of Attakullakulla, would have murdered several Englishmen, then in their country upon some matters respecting a treaty. As Attakullakulla was a chief sachem, he was among the first apprized of the murders, and the design of vengeance. He therefore goes immediately to them, and informed them of their danger, and assisted them to secrete themselves; then, without loss of time, he assembled his warriors, and made a speech to them, in which he inveighed, with great bitterness, against the murderous English, and urged immediate war against them; "and never (said he) shall the hatchet be buried, until the blood of our countrymen be atoned for. Let us not (he continued) violate our faith, or the laws of hospitality, by imbruing our hands in the blood of those who are now in our power. They came to us in the confidence of friendship, with belts of wampum to cement a perpetual alliance with us. Let us carry them back to their own settlements; conduct them safely within their confines, and then take up the hatchet, and endeavour to exterminate the whole race of them." This counsel was adopted.

AN INDIAN CHIEF'S CONSIDERATION FOR HIS SUBJECTS.

At this time the English became more sensible of the real virtues of Massasoit than ever before. His great anxiety for the welfare of his people was manifested by his desiring Mr. Winslow, [the doctor who had previously cured him,] or, as Winslow himself expresses it, "He caused me to go from one to another, [in his village,] requesting me to wash their mouths also, [many of his people being sick at that time,] and give to each of them some of the same I gave him, saying they were good folk."

INDIAN JOKE.

A white man, meeting an Indian, nested him as brother. The red man, with a great expression of meaning in his countenance, inquired how they came to be brothers. The white man replied, "O by way of Adam, I suppose." The Indian added, "Me thank him Great Spirit wo no nearer brothers."

LA DERNIÈRE FÉE.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE HALZAC.

BY T. D. F.

CHAPTER XII.

ABEL AT THE HOME OF THE FAIRY OF PEARLS.

At the approach of the fairy, slaves richly dressed opened the doors of the various apartments, the rich and elegant arrangement of every thing being a constant source of surprise to Abel, who stopped every moment to look at the wonderful curiosities which met his eye. Arrived at the grand hall of reception, the fairy shewed Abel, upon the chimney, an admirable group in bronze, and made him see how it marked the hours in the empire of the fairies, and she said: "It is late; now follow this young slave. I will have you unster of yourself, to come and go as you like, only do not leave the palace—adieu!" She disappeared. Abel was led by the slave to a divine retreat, almost as beautiful as the boudoir of the fairy, but more simple. Hardly had he laid himself down upon a bed, white as snow, and covered with the softest stuffs, ere the most ravishing music broke upon his ear, a slow and gentle harmony which soon lulled him to sleep. The rapidity with which the sensations of the night had passed, had not allowed him time for thought, and he slept without having reflected upon anything; he had only enjoyed, and he was so wearied by the multitude and variety of sensations he had experienced, that he slept most profoundly. He was at last awakened by a fresh burst of harmony. He opened his eyes, and perceived the charming face of his protectress; she was leaning over a harp, and her pretty fingers hurried over its chords, drawing forth sweet harmony which filled the soul of Abel. The Fairy of Pearls rejoiced at the waking of her dear Abel, as nature does at the rising of the sun. She was dressed with a simplicity which contrasted well with the richness of her costume on the previous night.

"How do you find yourself in the palace of a fairy?" said she, sending herself by the side of his couch, with a liberty like that of a sister.

Without waiting for his reply she began to talk with him—the vivacity of her gestures, her gay repartees, her rare conversation, always sparkling, now touching on this theme, now on that, would have appeared to one more conversant with the world than Abel, a being formed to love, but too lively and volatile to be constant. She seemed to view Abel as a plaything, an amusement; the novelty of such a child of nature—his *naïveté*—astonished her. She was like a goddess playing with a mortal, who, though loving him, would not be willing to sacrifice one of the pleasures or rights of her divinity. Abel was too much in love, and had too little experience to reason thus. He only saw a thousand perfections in this charming being. She soon left him to prepare a repast for him, and then returning, led him into a large hall, where she seated him at a table, covered with such a variety of meats and other things, as excited the wonder of the simple Abel. He dared not touch the precious crystal goblets which surrounded him. He was afraid to use the dazzling linen that was before him, and he admired in silence the delicately wrought and sculptured dishes which contained the unknown meats. His dear fairy was by his side; she was only separated from him by a purple cushion, and he could often touch her hand, her arm, and the drapery which robed her. It was she herself who served him, and what delighted him most was a custom which formerly existed in the empire of the fairies, though of late banished, but which his fairy seemed anxious to re-introduce, that she should partake of every thing with him, and even drink from the same glass.

"This," she said, "is a very ancient custom; we have abolished it, but in so doing, I find we have done wrong."

It seemed to be the desire of the fairy to do away with the barrier of restraint and reverence which separated Abel from her, but he dared not avail himself of it; he touched her fingers, he pressed the crystal goblet at the same place her lips had touched; he devoured every look, every

* Continued from page 369.

word, and a thousand thoughts pressed upon his spirit, but he dared not pronounce one word. He lived only in the present.

Poor Catherine! Could this simple and modest child ever become anything to Abel, ever enter into comparison with the Fairy of Pearls? Though Catherine loved him with true ardor and devotion, he had no remembrance for her. She had a heart full of the love of nature, and overflowing with simplicity and candour, but she did not possess like the fairy a *cortège* of perfections—her majesty of grandeur, and the seducing enchantments of love and power. Hers was a love that would endure any sacrifices: the fairy's was but for a moment. Yet, the fairy was beloved, nay, adored. Thus, love and Abel joined to embellish the fairy with every grace, every charm, which Catherine found in Abel, but which he found not in Catherine.

By the end of the repast, Abel had gained a little more ease, and he ventured to take the hand of the fairy, and kiss it, though timidly, as if he feared to offend her. Time ran away in these fooleries of love, and it was not till the evening, by the mysterious light of the diamond chandeliers, that Abel dared to speak; he then dropped on his knee before her, and said:

"Beautiful fairy!" When he had pronounced this word, fear once more overcame him. He trembled; his whole being was agitated; but conquering himself, he resumed:

"Beautiful fairy! for a long time I have wished to speak to you, and I dared not; I can give you no idea of what my heart feels when I say I love you, and yet I am ashamed to own at the same time that I do love you less and yet more than my mother; less, because I feel in myself a thousand feelings when I meet your look, which the glance of my mother never caused me; when I see you I tremble, I am unsteady. I would have given my life for my mother—for you, I would wish to sacrifice a thousand lives. I embraced my mother often, but it seems to me a crime even to kiss your hand. I suffer near you; I was calm and happy by my mother. I ran to my mother at her voice—the sound of yours makes me tremble. What can I say to you? Having never had any one but a father and mother to love, I know not how to express myself; it seems to me you are to me a mother. You know my love! You are all powerful—you can direct my soul—you can give to me a tenderness of expression, more gentle, more pure, less fiery. I have need of one of your words."

The fairy rose; Abel had a terrible fear that he had offended her; he clasped her robe.

"Ah! lovely fairy, I shall die if I have displeased you; but having never loved, loving only

you, I know not how to speak; I do not know how they express love in the empire of the fairies. I am only a mortal, but mortal as I am, my whole heart is full of love."

The tears fell from his eyes; he was charming in his humility; his supplicating eyes sparkled through his tears. The fairy looked at him, and the most divine smile played over her lovely face. She took his hand, led him to the retreat she had destined for him in her palace. When they entered she pressed his hand one moment, then stole away to hide her emotion.

On the morrow, when Abel awoke, the smile the fairy had given him after his declaration of love, came to his mind; he was surprised as the remembrance of all that had passed came over his mind, not to hear the usual strains of music which had greeted his waking in that fairy palace; he opened his eyes, looked about, and found himself in his laboratory, with the furnace, the retorts, the big chimney, and the dust—the song of the birds in the garden his only music. Despair seized his soul; he thought he had passed the night in a dream of love, and that all which had occurred was only a fantasy of the imagination.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHO IS THIS FAIRY OF PEARLS?

ABEL rose to dress himself, but when he found he had on the clothes he had seemed to wear in his dream, he again thought it must have been reality, and that he had really experienced the sensations he had imagined. However all was indistinct and shadowy, like the visions of a night. He perceived Caliban coming towards him; he appeared rejoiced to see his young master again. He led him immediately out of the cottage, and shewed him poor Catherine seated on a bank. The poor peasant was very sad, the deepest grief was painted in her attitude. Abel approached her; Catherine raised her head, uttered a cry, and threw herself into his arms.

"For three days have I come to the cottage to see my son, my life, but nothing could dissipate the night of my soul. I have said every time as I descended the hill, 'To-morrow he will be there; but no.—Oh! if I had an enemy, I would not wish them the unhappiness of waiting for three days for one they love.'"

"Catherine! my dear Catherine!"

"Ah! dear Abel, you are beautiful,—let me look at you?"

"Ah! Catherine, the fairy made this linen, and embroidered these flowers. She gave me this dress."

"The fairy, always the fairy.—I could do it as well as she," said Catherine pouting, "But

Abel, "I entreat you, let me once witness this apparition of the fairy."

"Come this evening," said Abel; "she will perhaps come to take away the lamp, of which she says I have no more need. Oh! Catherine, I have seen her in her palace, and I am almost certain she loves me. Oh! I hardly dare speak my hope."

"Will she marry thee—this fairy?" said Catherine.

"I believe it," answered he; "but I know not how a mortal can become the husband of a fairy."

"Can they be happy who marry one who has more power than themselves? If she deceive thee?"

"Impossible! impossible!" cried Abel; "if you had seen her smile, when I told her I loved her, you could not have thought it."

Catherine looked one instant at Abel, then fled, for she could not restrain her tears. But that evening, after having assisted to put her old father to bed, she returned again to the cottage, where she was to see the fairy, and her beloved Abel. He was seated on the same worm-eaten chair, which had been the delight of his infancy; he leaned his elbows upon that table, where Caliban formerly arranged his seals, and he thought upon his fairy; the mysterious lamp burned in the laboratory. Catherine made a sign to Caliban to be silent, and gently gliding behind Abel, she kissed him.

"Ah! is it thee, Catherine?"

"Yes! I came to see thy fairy;" but her smile told that Abel alone occupied her thoughts.

"Where shall we hide you?" asked he, looking all around. Caliban advised that the old chair should be placed between the furnace and the chimney, and that Catherine should crouch down in the little space behind. She found she could do it, and it was decided upon. During the rest of the evening, Catherine tried to hush her uneasiness; she played with Abel, and his caressing manners, when he frolicked, and talked with her, always gave her hope.

At last, when near midnight, Abel threw himself on his little couch. Caliban retired, and Catherine ensconced herself in her corner, when just as the clock struck twelve, the fairy appeared in her brilliant costume, more beautiful, more sparkling than ever. She ran round the laboratory, touched with her hands all that belonged to Abel; she spoke to him, she listened, she seated herself by his side, and displaying all her graces, her coquetry and the wonders of her power, she appeared to the poor Catherine the very gem of nature. The sobbing child, crouched in her corner, put her handkerchief over her mouth to stifle

her cries, for she despaired of ever gaining the victory over one so gifted, so ravishing as the Fairy of Pearls.

"Ah!" thought she, "why has the sun, in spite of all my care, so darkened my hands,—why am I not a fairy? Oh, yes! it is a fairy, for there can be no earthly woman, with so much grace, such beauty! Great God! love is born in her eyes."

"Abel," said the fairy, "in a little while, you will know to what I submit, to make you happy; you will no longer see me anything but a mortal; for you I quit the empire of the fairies, and all the honors attached to my rank."

"What proof of love more beautiful than that could I give?" asked Catherine of herself, as she wiped away her tears.

Abel, at the height of joy, kissed the fairy's hand; she herself—and this almost broke the heart of Catherine,—bent down, kissed Abel's lips, and then with a graceful adieu, seized the lamp, and disappeared in a moment. Abel was recalled to his senses by the sobs of Catherine, who wept bitter tears, and her grief was so violent that he despaired of ever appeasing it.

"She is too beautiful! Oh, yes; thou should'st love her! thou canst not do otherwise. And me! I can only die! Oh! thou, who must know thy father's secrets, make me to die, for, oh! I cannot live without thee,—thou art more to me than a brother. What shall I do?"

Abel passed the rest of the night in quieting Catherine; he could only calm her despair, by swearing he loved her tenderly, and that they would be always together. Catherine knew he deceived her, but she loved to hear the words of affection, and gradually she recovered her composure. In the morning, she embraced Abel and quitted his dwelling, resolving never to enter it again. Ah! oaths of love!

In leaving the cottage, the thought that she must now become the wife of Jacques, troubled her so much, she could not return to the village, and she bent her steps towards the forest; she walked slowly, with her eyes bent to the ground, which she watered with her tears. Suddenly, she remarked on the road, pearls, which revealed to her that the fairy had passed that way. In looking more eagerly around, she saw traces of a vehicle, and the large tracks of the wheel indicated a handsome carriage. She determined to follow the track, and each step she advanced, a ray of hope entered her mind.

She walked on for some distance, till near two thirds through the forest; then she paused again to think, "Oh! if she prove to be a woman, like myself, I will struggle with her for my love; and I love so much, I must conquer. If she is

not a fairy, she is a woman, and has deceived him in pretending to make great sacrifices for him. I have never deceived him."

Her mind was so filled with these conjectures that she did not notice the length of the road; at last the truck of the chariot brought her to a magnificent chateau, surrounded by a park, celebrated for its magnificence, its picturesque situation, its fountains and superb trees. She recognised it immediately, for the residence of the Duchess of Somerset. Then the vague idea that the fairy might be no other than this young widow, who was celebrated for her beauty and intellect, and still more for her richness and benevolence, suggested itself to Catherine. The Duchess was known to receive every one with affability, and Catherine requested to see her. No difficulty was offered; she trembled as she passed through the courts and various apartments. At last, arrived at the principal saloon, she saw a young girl, whom she instantly recognised as the Fairy of the Lamp. She opened for her the door of the boudoir, which Abel had described to her; she cast one glance at the Duchess, and fainted.

The Duchess and her attendant did everything for her, raised her gently, and placed her on a couch, and when she saw her recovering, she spoke to her in a kind tone, that went to the poor child's heart.

"Ah! Madame," cried Catherine, in a voice of despair,—"your riches, your power—oh! nothing can solace me."

"But what is the matter with you, my child?"

"Ah! Madame, I have seen you, and that is sufficient. Upon the rest, I ought to keep strict silence; they say you are good and kind; that which I should say, would embitter your happiness at its source—I will go; adieu, be happy. But—oh! I saw him first; he belonged to me. Oh!" added she, putting her hand over her mouth, "keep, keep my secret."

The astonished Duchess looked tenderly at the young peasant, and begged her not to leave her ignorant of the cause of the tears she shed, but all that Catherine could add, was to ask the favour of, Madame to send her in a vehicle to V——.

The Duchess readily granted Catherine's desire, and she gave orders to her people to find out, if possible, who this young girl was, and what led her to the chateau. When the villagers saw the brilliant equipage of the Duchess pass through their streets, and stop at the Mayor's door, they eagerly collected around it, and were shocked to see poor Catherine, apparently almost dying, descend from it. Her face was deadly pale, her eyes red, and she was so feeble she could not get from the carriage without aid. She had lost all resemblance to the laughing girl, who, a few days be-

fore, was named "Queen of the Village." Upon the threshold of the Mayor's house, stood Bontemps, with arms crossed, and grief painted in his face. In the morning, Grandvoni had perceived his daughter's absence, and had sent for Jacques that he might search for her; the old soldier, who loved Catherine more like a father than a lover, had mingled his tears with the old man, but when he saw Catherine descending from the chariot, an idea which crossed his mind, pierced him to the heart, and he cursed aloud the great lord, who, under the costume and false simplicity of Abel, had come to seduce the rose of the village, the pearl of the valley, the sweet Catherine, and he meditated revenge.

Catherine, with her charming ingenuousness, the predominant grace of her character, threw herself into Jacques Bontemps's arms, and poured forth a torrent of tears. At the sight, the collector felt all his severity vanish; he took Catherine up, and carried her to her father. Francis soon joined the group, who listened eagerly for her first word. She was going to embrace her father, but with the paternal power and high sense of honour which is so imposing, he repulsed her with a gesture so disdainful that Jacques shuddered.

Again Catherine burst into convulsive tears, but she rallied, collected her strength, and rose to go out; she cast upon her father such a look of innocence, and a smile which procured her pardon—for it was one of those which only the innocent can give.

"I come," she said, "from the chateau of the Duchess of Somerset. I was led thither by circumstances, upon which I must keep silence, and I pray those who love me never to recall this painful epoch."

This simple sentence, uttered with such confidence and candour, satisfied the hearts of both the quarter-master and old Grandvoni.

The young girl said no more, and the profound grief of her soul prevented her from even noticing the attentions of her betrothed, attentions which Grandvoni saw with pleasure. Until now, Catherine had some hope, but this morning had given the death blow to it; and Hope, that beautiful plant which is cultivated with so much care in the spring time of life, was already dead at its root.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CORRESPONDENCE.

THE readers of this veritable history, must be very curious to know how the Duchess of Somerset became the "Fairy of Pearls,"—by what means she wrought all the wonders that aston-

ished Abel. To satisfy this natural curiosity, it is only necessary to look over the following letters, extracts from a correspondence between the Duchess and one of her friends; they will show the true character of this lady, better than any thing that can be told of her, and will indicate she possessed a heart capable of the deepest sentiments, united to a mind variable, and easily influenced and impressed. The Duchess came to France immediately after the death of the Duke of Somerset; she was connected most intimately with the Marchioness de Stainville, whose character was light and feeble, but charming and gay, full of poignant amiability, and spirituelle grace. It was to her the following letters were addressed :

LETTER FROM THE DUCHESS OF SOMMERSET, TO
THE MARCHIONESS DE STAINVILLE.

You complain, my dear, of my retreat, my silence, and my apathy. No woman was ever more occupied than myself. As I have confided to you the history of my life, I know not why I should now conceal from you the secret which keeps me here, in the woods, twelve leagues from the capital.

The weakness of my whole life, the most fixed idea of my heart, has been to be loved for myself. I once thought I had attained my end, and the Duke of Somerset deceived me most cruelly. When he showed me that self-love and ambition had led to his choice, wounded vanity then left me but little real affection. You French people, who are taken with a witty word, or the merit of a beautiful limb, love more with the head than the heart; you cannot comprehend (though there may be some exceptions,) how very dreadful is inaction to a heart which has neither coquetries, the triumphs of self-love, balls, or the music of the world to occupy it, and which sighs only to love and be loved. Since the death of the Duke, and even before, my soul was vacant; I cared not for existence; life had no charm for me, for what is the life of a woman?—it is to be occupied always in making the happiness of one beloved object; there is in us a treasure of sentiments which we must lavish upon some one.

In the church, and on fête days, there are children who carry baskets full of roses, which they scatter over the path, by which the Lord is to pass. Ah! this is the true type of woman's life. We reign haughtily; we appear queens, but let those who love sincerely, look into the depths of their hearts, and they will find that for the object of their affection, they have an obedience, a fear, a real submission; to love truly, it is necessary to believe in perfection, and to find it in the being beloved, for this being is a mortal god, and this love a terrestrial religion! Listen, dear

friend—I am English, and consequently a lover of reverie, and extreme sentiment, and all that I have described to you I have now in my own soul; I find happiness in the smile of the being I love; one word of his raises me to heaven, and I yearn for this word, this smile, as the Arab in the desert longs for the water springs. It is a sweet occupation to be always seeking to render the life of the being we love happy,—what pleasure to blend our soul in his, to share his pains; his griefs, his happiness. We are born for that; we have one sense more than men,—it is the sense of instinct, which teaches us to please them; I do not know how some women can consent as they do, to stifle the fire which they should nourish as a divine spark. I have told you, I have met here a person to whom I am attached by all these sentiments, these thoughts. You will therefore be no longer astonished that I remain in the country. It began in a jest, but will end seriously, for it will be marriage. It was in this way. The curé of the village came to see me; I made him remain to dinner, and in the course of conversation, he told me of a young man, who lived here, who believed in the existence of fairies, had no idea of the world and society, and never left his cottage. Suddenly the idea came to me, to amuse myself with this singular fancy; and to pass myself in his eyes for a fairy. After many examinations, by night, of the place where he lived, I remarked a chimney large enough for a person to descend into the interior of the cabin. Then I dressed myself in a fairy's best style, not forgetting the wand, and one midnight set off for my adventure, not upon a cloud or a fairy chariot, drawn by dragons, but in my own vehicle, which I made stop at the border of the forest, and then my attendants carried me in a sedan to the cabin. All suitable arrangements had been made, and I descended to the sound of the most delicious music, and in this course cabin I met the most beautiful being I ever saw. His first look convinced me that I had come to find my fate, and that where I had sought only an hour's amusement, I should find serious love; I wished to enchant, but I was enchanted.

There is no folly I have not committed. I have given this young man a superb fête, with illuminations, theatrical displays, &c., which all the world thought was done in honour of Lord V. except my own people, who keep it an inviolable secret who was the true hero. I have subjected him to some trying proofs. By a most favorable chance the aqueduct, which brings the water to the park, had many channels, some of them have become dry, and one, the largest; I found by a close scrutiny of the map of the place to have an outlet near the cottage of this young man. I had it cleared out,

and made into a subterranean passage, by which he could be transported to my *chateau*. By the way, I subjected him to the trial of a frightful phantasmagoria, produced by a magic lantern; the *boudoir* you so much admired, the evening of the *fête*, was fitted up solely for him; for on first seeing me, I being dressed with pearls, he named me the "Fairy of Pearls," and I have wished to support my dignity. I certainly have wrought wonders. He wished through my power to see his father and mother, long since dead, and having particularly noticed the dresses they wore, which were hanging in his cabin. I dressed two of my people, and forming some idea of their gestures, attitudes, &c. I made him see their reflection in a mirror; he thought he looked upon his lost parents. He imagined my night lamp a talisman; I gave it to him, and then dressed one of my maids as a fairy, to answer his wishes, and she played the character to a wonder, having studied well Shakspeare's Ariel. I had arranged at the end of the channel, an instrument, by which they could know whenever he used the talisman, as he termed it, and by my directions every wish he expressed was to be gratified at every hazard. I kept relays of horses in the forest, that all might be accomplished without any delay. Being in the centre of civilization, and having money enough at my command, I have been able to obtain every thing.

For several days, he made me besiege all the ministers for places; happily the credit of Lord V. was very useful to me, and I obtained what he wanted. The height of my happiness is that he loves me, as much, to say the least, as I do him; he has the purest soul, and the most loving heart in the body of an angel; his look is celestial, so modest, yet so tender. He realizes more than my imagination had ever painted. He is one of the creatures of love and happiness, one of the rare flowers one meets with sometimes in this earth, and he has fallen upon peculiar circumstances, which have developed his nature, and made him the perfection of a man; he is a proof of that living principle, that goodness and beauty are innate. All generous sentiments fill his heart, he knows nothing of evil. How could it be possible for any person to help loving and cherishing such a being! Yes, I shall be bound all my life to this dear Abel, for Abel is his name, and it is well, for he resembles the first just one of the earth. Do not imagine from what I have said, he is insipid. No, he is lively and animated, his language is elegant, much in the style of the Eastern writers, with this difference, he is often energetic and concise, like a man who expresses only his own ideas. Do you understand now, why I remain in the woods? But, dear friend, let me con-

less my weakness. I have one fear; I am afraid if I marry him, all Paris will laugh at me. The Duchess of Sommerset marry whom? Why, M. Abel, a young man, without fortune, without education. It is true, he will learn every thing I wish him to do, but how can I give him Greek and Latin books, and tell him that is the language of the geni? he would learn quickly from his love to me. But what matter Latin and Greek to a woman of my rank, who wishes to live only for him, and who will not suffer others to approach him. Yes, I wish to raise a barrier between the world and him: he shall be as in a sanctuary, into which I shall forbid anything to enter that can give him pain; and yet this perpetual fairy-land shall have no monotony in it. The divine melancholy, the benevolence, the tears one sheds over the unhappiness of others, shall not be banished from our temple, for such tears enlarge the soul. Ah! yes, I will marry him, for I feel myself worthy of him; he has named me "his fairy," I wish always to continue so. What delight! what a life! His love will make me the happiest of women. There is not on the earth a joy that can compare with mine; it comes from the heart. I am very foolish, but Abel is so happy in believing me a fairy that I dare not undeceive him. Adieu! write me soon.

Yours,

JENNY.

LETTER OF MADAME DE STAINVILLE.

ONE of our poets, I know not which, but a charming writer, has said:

"*Mariez vous au plus tôt,
Dès demain si l'on peut, aujourd'hui s'il le faut.*"

I do not know if I have written it correctly, but such as it is, 'tis the best recipe which a physician could give, in a gay style, but conformed to the disease. Ah! and is it possible you fear what people will say? Do you wish to know what the Parisians will say of a beautiful woman, who has 50,000 pounds sterling, and every thing else delightful? Why, my dear friend, you could do anything, put on your hat, or go bare-headed.—you would be all the *mode*; I wonder if there are many more forests in France, where such husbands as yours are to be found, for I fancy you already married. I have quite decided what robe I shall wear at the *fête*; it shall be beautiful, as beautiful as your manner of looking at love, in which, however, I think you have put us women too low! My knees are what I spare most, and I should be ashamed to be seen kneeling in contemplation before my husband. That he may be in my arms is all very well, but me on my knees—fie! you abuse us too much in placing men so high. I think myself, men are made for

us, and that their life receives the flame from ours; the proof that it is so, is that we are mothers, consequently mistresses of the world, and you know I was very foolishly married, yet I love my husband as well as the world in general do. Still it is the mind of the age that keeps us in our right places; but nevertheless, he is a brave man, and I would not give him serious pain for thirty lovers. Yet I married foolishly, for I was only twenty-two, and DeStainville forty-nine, now I am thirty, and he is fifty-seven, if I count right. Now do you think I can banish my sensibility, or a sexagenarian attach my life to him, or occupy myself alone with his happiness? No, while he takes his snuff, I have a thousand wild thoughts—when he comes in at one door, I go out of the other—the future frightens me, while you are finding your happiness in it. But this poor Stainville has qualities which I like too. But your Abel, does he ride well? does he read Lord Byron? does he know Rossini? how does he dress? does he bow well? does he walk straight? You have not given me any detail of his person. Ah! now I remember you uttered a horrible calumny against the French, when you said they loved with the head not the heart; you will alter your judgment when you see Madame S., Madame G., &c., who have so many lovers—and no head.

I am going this evening to Boufflers', I always think of you, when I pass your empty house. Every body asks about you, I tell them you have gone into the country to wear off the delicacy of your mind; you madden every one by your wit and beauty, and you have no desire to make enemies in that way. Ah! dear, think how much you lose! Return to Paris; there is really no happiness out of it. I have been thinking much of what you write about, most women requiring an object on which to lavish their sensibility. I laugh at it, while I acknowledge its truth; I have a little monkey, which I have loved to perfect folly for this fortnight, and that which makes me sure I shall always be true to my husband, is that I have a weakness for poor beasts, that will preserve my conjugal faith. I am a profound philosopher; I have not for many years embroidered, painted, or played the piano, not even sung a love-song—but I must say adieu.

P.S. Scarlet is very much in vogue; I tell you for your improvement, all will be lost if Abel sees you not in scarlet. Oh! what a pretty name is Abel; you are happy in being able to add tender epithets to it, such as my dear Abel, my sweet Abel, without its being ridiculous; it is an advantage I do not possess with Stainville. How could I call him sweet Mark!! dear Mark!!! Adieu, dear Jenny; in a little while Jenny and Abel. It is not necessary my postscript should

be only this trifle, in that case you would take me for a very foolish woman, who did not know the P.S. should contain all the thoughts which should have been put into the letter, the same as the Creator put all his finest conceptions into us, who are the P.S. of Creation—then dear friend, permit me to tell you once, that your large soft, diamond-shaped eyes, your queen-like air, your sylph-like form, and your *spirituelle* doctrine of the slavery of love, will not procure you more good or happiness than to others; your wife-like devotion will not preserve you from following the current, and loving all the flowers which you find on your route, and inhaling all their perfume, without thinking you do wrong. Shall I tell you why I think so, my dear Jenny; I have your letter before me, in which you rather shrink from marrying the one you love, because his name is Abel. Why, if I met with one who so awakened in me the very spirit of love, I should willingly die for him; ay! I say it to you as soul to soul. I should love not only death, but even disgrace if that should make him happy. Do you hear this? You a pretty woman, young, rich and handsome, and yet a name makes you hesitate. Fie! you will yet love better than this, one of these days; then you will despise the sentiment you now feel for Abel—We shall see. Once more adieu.

FROM THE DUCHESS TO MADAME DE STAINVILLE.

Ah! dear Sophia, you have frightened me. What! what, shall I not always love Abel? If I understand you aright, you think it is only the piquant details of the adventure which have interested me, and that this sentiment which now fills all my being will expire, and that I shall curse the wretchedness of the divine soul I now adore. Oh! no, you deceive yourself, and when you were writing, you were only listening to the chiming of those little bells of folly, of which you yourself are so charming an echo! Come and see me, examine for yourself, and see if in my conduct, my sentiments, you can find any symptoms of that inconstancy of which you accuse me. I am resolved never to marry Abel if I should ever one day mortify him. Your letter made me shudder for a day—but now its effect is gone, and I only listen to my love for Abel. You may call it folly; there is not a moment I pass, without being filled with the remembrance of him; I speak his name involuntarily, and talking about him to Maria all the time, I forget how to give orders. When embroidering, I cannot put my thread in the right place. I keep no note of time; wish every moment to play the fairy, and am chagrined that he does not wish for more difficult things. Is this

not love. See and answer; come and examine; I assure you I can never support the sight of any other but him. Oh! you ugly one, you are jealous of my happiness, you must not pretend that a woman like me cannot love always. Are you not afraid I shall kill you one of these days?—Adieu.

Yours,

JENNY.

ANSWER OF MADAME DE STAINVILLE.

Ah! beautiful Duchess, do you think I want you to eat your Abel? What petulance! You think I scratched off my answer to you without thought! No, my dear, I will not go to see you; because I shall not find any Italians in your forest, and you do not get the fashions quite soon enough; but I consent to give up my whim, and to be silent, except on the colours in vogue. Oh! my monkey makes me almost die with laughter, since I have taught him to take Stainville's snuff with a pointed stick. I shall occupy myself no more with elections. But I will now reason with you a little; the thought of denying your love for Abel never entered into my mind. I believe you adore him now, but I cannot think you will always cherish it. I deny you can always love the same person. It remains for me to prove it to you. Marry Abel. Do you think he will be always happy? Will he always love you as much as he thinks he shall? I have already received many confidences that would surprise you. I love dissipation and gaiety, but I have never yet betrayed a friend; but I will tell you that most of these poor women have been duped. Dear Duchess! look at the sentiment you call love, examine it without the prism that deceives you—is it a sentiment that can last to old age? No! it is kindled by your beauty or Abel's, or by other circumstances I cannot now search for. You say your love for Abel has nothing to do with the senses, but do you not believe the beautiful soul you admire, has its coquetry, as well as the body, and do you not think marriage will show you its imperfections? If you will pass over the impiety of it, I will tell you an anecdote of the painter of the Swedish king; it will show you what I mean.

At the table of the French Ambassador, an Abbé extolled the excellence, the greatness, the goodness of God, and the joy which would be tasted in Paradise, where one was ever in his presence—"He is very handsome, this Deity of yours," said the painter, "but he cannot be more so than the Apollo Belvidere, and I should be very weary of him."

Do you still ask what I mean? Why, possibly, dear Abel will be like all other husbands.

Adieu! my dress-maker waits, and I shall weary you with sore-sonable a letter. Adieu.

Yours,

SOPHIA DE STAINVILLE.

The Duchess did not reply to this.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCHEME OF EMIGRATION.

[The following appears in a Philadelphia paper. It is a curious performance throughout, and the verses have a characteristic drollery.]

The Brewers should to Malt-a-go,
The loggerheads to Scilly;
The Quakers to the Friendly Isles,
The furrers all to Chilli.

The little bawling, squalling babes,
That break our nightly rest,
Should be packed off to Baby-lon—
To Lap-land or to Brest.

From Spit-head, cooks go o'er to Greece;
And whilst the miser waits
His passage to the Guinea coast,
Spendthrifts are in the Straits.

Spinsters should to the Needles go,
Wine bibbers to Burgundy;
Gourmands should lunch at Sandwich Isles,
Wags at the Bay of Fun-dy.

Musicians listen to the Sound,
The surpliced priests to Rome (room);
While still the race of hypocrites
At Cant-on are at home.

Lovers should hasten to Good Hope,
To some Cape Horn is pain;
Debtors should go to O-hi-o,
And sailors to the Maine.

Bachelors to the United States,
Maids to the Isle of Man,
Gardiners to Botany,
And shoe-blacks to Japan.

Thus emigrate, and misplaced men
Will then no longer vex us;
And all that aint provided for,
Had better go to Texas.

GEM FROM THE OLD POETS.

HERBERT TO HIS MISTRESS.

You say I love not, 'cause I do not play
Still with your curls, and kiss the time away;
You blame me, too, because I can't devise
Some sport to please those babies in your eyes:
By love's religion, I must here confess it,
The most I love, when I the least express it!
Small griefs find tongues; full casks are ever found
To give, if any, yet but little sound;
Deep waters noiseless are; and this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depth below:
So when love speechless is, it doth express
A depth in love, and that love bottomless.
Now since my love is tongueless, know me such,
Will speak but little, 'cause I love so much.

GABRIELLE D'ESTREES.

BY C.

HITHER and thither through the crowded rooms Henry wandered in his search for Gabrielle, wearied by his ill success, and tormented by fears whose very vagueness made them to such a mind yet more insupportable; unwilling to create a perhaps causeless alarm in so gay a scene; still maintaining his unpretending disguise, he proceeded silently from group to group of the motley crowd. As he passed a window over which the curtain was drawn, the earnest tone of a familiar voice, the voice of Biron, made him for the instant pause. To play the part of listener, however, but ill accorded with the character of Henry, and though the few words which met his ear would have made the offence seem venial to a mind only less romantically generous than his, Henry, though ever unsuspecting, and even when forced to be distrustful, still forbearing towards all, was singularly, perhaps even weakly, lenient to the faults and treacheries of the fickle Biron. At once, then, drawing aside the curtain, he stepped into the recess, and, to the astonishment of Biron and his companion, both of whom had started up and already grasped in their ready hands a small poignard, he removed his mask, and with his usual frankness, said:

"Pardon my intrusion, cousin, but I heard your voice, and have need of your counsel."

And, without waiting for the Duke's reply, he passed his arm through his and drew him aside.

"A curse upon his generosity!" muttered Auvergne, for he was the companion of Biron. "He could not but have heard words which with any other prince, would have sent us both to the Bastille for life, or more probably to the Place de Grève for death. Yet he asks Biron no questions of who or what is his companion, only calls that weak, treacherous villain, cousin; says he wants his counsel, and leans upon his arm as though he were the brother of his soul. Thank God! this trial was not mine. For, fore heaven! not even a crown could tempt me to be false to such generosity. It will only, however, make Biron a bolder villain. In sooth, I shame to use a thing so mean, even though it serve but as a step of the ladder."

At this instant, and just as Auvergne was leaving the recess, his steps were arrested by a

figure, who, approaching, laid her hand upon his arm, saying:

"My lord! I pray thee, stay."

"I have no time for such as thee," answered the count harshly. "Go, girl! to one who hath lighter heart and heavier purse."

"You do not know me then?"

"In sooth, no—nor am I likely to do so—off."
"Stay!" She drew the count back into the recess—then unclosing her mask, calmly said:

"You will not still pretend to ignorance?"

"Fool! madwoman!" gasped Auvergne. "For Heaven's sake, mask. Is it to make a senseless display of your temerity that you linger here—perilling all by your aimless folly?"

"You are more hasty and less true in your judgment than is your wont. Cannot the Count of Auvergne conceive that one professing to reveal the future is not unlikely to be rewarded for her foresight by some information of the past and present which may be of service. Believe me, holy father," continued Margaret, with asperity, "the office of Astrologer may by skill be turned to almost as good account as that of Confessor."

"I confess to being ignorant of any discoveries yet made," rejoined Auvergne, in a quiet mocking tone.

"They are perhaps coming, however, for Biron informs me that you feared the Count de Soissons' suspicions were aroused."

"In truth, I did not inform Biron of much more, and judging from his conversation, you, my lord, have been equally discreet. But a truce to this jangling—for as you have said, for some little distance at least we travel the same road. First, then, I have gathered thus much from the Duchess,—within the ensuing fortnight another embassy, invested with all but limitless power, departs for Rome."

"Du Fresne at its head," interrupted Auvergne; "we need then no longer, strive to influence the Holy Father's decision; he will outbid, outwit us. We have no time to pause—the Duchess—you understand!"

"Yes, leave that to me—it is my right," replied Margaret, in a tone which so entirely betrayed her eager thirst for revenge, that Auvergne in-

Continued from page 375.

voluntarily shook her hand from his arm. But instantly recollecting himself, and far too sagacious willingly to provoke such a woman's anger, he caught it in his hand, and respectfully raising it to his lips, had begun to present his peace offering to Margaret's wounded vanity, when a voice behind him made him start.

"It is the Count de Soissons—what shall we do?"

"Maintain your present position; you must continue to play the lover till we can mingle with the crowd."

"Thou hast too ready wit," muttered Auvergne. "A curse upon the day I leagued with thee!"

Let us now return to Henry and Biron. A very few minutes after his joining the duke, Henry who had not resumed his mask, was informed by the Count de Soissons that the Duchess was safe, but that overcome with fatigue and excitement, and despairing of soon rejoining her party, she had retired to her private apartments, where she now was, in company with a few of her ladies. Satisfied with this part of the tidings, Henry pursued his promenade with Biron for some time before joining the Duchess, endeavouring by this open display of favour and friendship, by offers and promises, whose very brilliancy only served yet more completely to turn the duke's head—by seeming to justify his boundless ambition, to convince him that honesty and faith even as a matter of policy would be safest and best.

How wearily passed the hours to Gabrielle till her courtly company dispersed. Henry endeavoured, without by direct questions awakening her fears, to obtain the result of her interview with the sybil, but on this point Gabrielle maintained a determined silence, although the tears would start to her eyes, and her lips would quiver with emotion as Henry playfully interrogated her of crowns and kingdoms—power and splendour, which he affirmed could always be bought for a small gold piece. At length the rooms are deserted,—the last notes of distant revelry have died away,—the garlands are faded and scentless; feebly and flickeringly the lamps send forth their dying rays.

As Gabrielle gazed round on these by accident, she raised her eyes and in the opposite mirror beheld herself—in sad contrast to pale cheek and heavy eye, jewels flashed amid her luxuriant hair and glittered on her gorgeous robe. In such a scene, amid decaying light and bloom, and glowing upon aching brow and heart, to her excited mind, there seemed a fiendish mockery in their heartless ray. Hastily and as though she loathed their sight, she tore off and threw from her, gems, each one of which would have formed a king's ransom. Then with her

hair swept back from her pale face, her white and quivering hands clasped, amid all of luxury that love and boundless wealth could procure, she, more wretched than the beggar in his hut who wrestles with grim want, knelt upon the cold marble, and with mingled sighs and tears prayed for mercy which she dared not hope.

CHAPTER XVI.

A private deputation despatched by the wary Henry to Lisson returned with Margaret's unqualified refusal to accede to the terms proposed, and the information that she had been for some time past dangerously ill; that she was not even yet fully recovered. While Margaret's obstinate refusal to accede to terms, in some measure quieted Henry's suspicions relative to her visit to Paris, the tale of her illness, (for he half suspected it to be a ruse to prevent too strict inquiry,) alarmed him. He therefore determined to leave Paris for Fontainebleau, there to spend Lent in the strictest privacy. But it was suggested by Gabrielle's confessor and the Italian cardinal, that she should return to Paris the last week, there to perform in public, the devout services of Easter. Though agreeing to the policy of this proceeding, for, in order to prejudice the popular mind, reports had been circulated that Gabrielle was not sincere in her attachment to the Catholic faith, to both it was a heavy trial. It was in vain they whispered to each other "We part but for a week." Darkest presentiments clouded the minds of both. Moment after moment did they defer the parting—they gazed upon each other with all the longing intensity of a last look; again and again they parted only to return to each other's arms. At length, even, they were separated by force.*

Whence came these mysterious warnings, these shadowy glimpses of the future? Smile not nor sneer, for such things are. Man, a mystery himself—mysteriously stands on the narrow, how narrow, present—on either side roll those fathomless gulfs—the past and future. Though our souls wing at times dimmest memories of the far, far past. Dim phantoms rise for an instant from those depths, but ere we can trace their forms they replunge—and forever disappear.

It was the fifth day of Gabrielle's separation from Henry, that in a plain but neatly furnished parlour of the Convent St. Germain l'Auxerrois, were seated the Duchess of Beaufort, the Princess Catherine, and some two or three more of the ladies of the Court. Many months had passed without finding the Duchess in so gay a mood as now. Only two days more, and Henry would

* See "Sully's" Memoirs for an account of this parting.

rejoin her. That morning, too, she had received a letter from the King, informing her that at Rome all proceeded agreeably to their wishes; and filled with the most ardent expressions of his love, and desire soon to see her Queen. She informed the ladies of the contents of her letter; read portions of it to them; laughed and jested, till, surprised at this unwonted gaiety, they almost feared her reason was unsettled: nor were these fears unwarranted; for such unusual and exuberant mirth spoke not of happiness, rather an attempt to drown thought and care in noise. Nor could Gabrielle entirely mask her real anxiety, for at the least unusual noise she would start and gaze eagerly around; now her cheeks were flushed and feverish—now cold and pale.

At a little distance apart sat the Duchess' favorite, Juanna. The brightness of her cheek and eye had faded. Not even on her lip had the rose-tint lingered. With heavy eye, pale cheek and lip, and head drooping listlessly upon her breast, motionless and apparently unconscious as a statue, she sat.

"What ails thee, girl?" said the Princess Catherine, in a kindly tone, as she approached and took one of Juanna's hands in her own.—"Good heavens! your hand is cold as death!"

"Death!" shrieked the girl in a tone of piercing anguish, while her eyes for an instant glowed with strange light.

"Be calm, I did not mean to fright thee," continued the Princess; "but thou art surely very ill. Where is thy pain?"

"Here, here!" and with a gesture of despair, she placed her hand upon her heart.

While this singular scene was passing, the Duchess remained white and trembling, but at length she gathered courage sufficient to say, with a faint smile,—

"I pray you retire; perhaps my leech-craft may soothe her."

A simultaneous "Ah!" burst from the circle, for Juanna's gesture and the Duchess' words led them to suppose she was suffering from some tender malady.

When the door closed, the Duchess advanced towards Juanna, and pressing her lips affectionately on her pale brow, said in a tone of grateful sadness,—

"Ah! fond heart, it is for me that thou thus sufferest? But look at me. See, am I not calm, even though this be the day foretold as the day of doom? I do not—will not heed those idle prophecies," continued the Duchess, though her trembling voice and pallid cheek belied her words. "Our doom is in the hands of God. He reveals it not to such unholy ones. But do not

sob and kiss my hand thus. Your suffering unnerves me, and I need strength to-day."

"Do not kiss, do not touch me," groaned Juanna, as again the Duchess bent over her trembling form. "Thou only, hast ever loved and trusted me, and"—but here burning thoughts choked her voice; and murmuring inarticulate sounds, she sunk on the ground beside Gabrielle. Suddenly she raised her eyes and exclaimed,—

"It is not yet too late. The avenging flames already burn in my heart and brain. There can be no torture so agonizing as this. Lady, listen, and then curse." But just as she raised her eyes to Gabrielle's face, who stood with her back to the window, through the vine curtain which swayed before it, eyes, whose demon light was but too well known, glared upon her.

"Lost! lost!" she shrieked, while with distended eyes, and brow on which the cold sweat stood in drops, for an instant she remained gazing on the spot where she had seen the fearful apparition, then fell down insensible. Instantly Gabrielle summoned assistance. She was conveyed into the chamber of one of the sisters; and there, herself with scarce more of life, except the consciousness of suffering, than the insensible being before her, Gabrielle lingered, till informed that the litter to convey her to church was waiting, as also the coaches of her ladies.

Though torn with anguish, and trembling in every limb, Gabrielle nerved herself for this last effort, for it was the especial request of Henry that she should that night bear the evening service in the *Petite St. Antoine*. Pressing her own cold lips to the icy ones of her who she believed had ever loved her so devotedly, and commending her to the tenderest care of the sisters, she left the apartment.

* * * * *

In less than an hour after the Duchess' carriage left the Convent, a dark covered coach entered by the private gate into the court. From it descended a tall slender man in priest's robes. He was met by one of the sisters, who conducted him into the Convent. In a few minutes he re-appeared, bearing in his arms a slight figure entirely enveloped in a coarse cloak. He placed this person in the coach; re-entered himself, and locked the door on the inside. Again the Convent gate was opened, and the dark funeral-like vehicle rolled forth.

* * * * *

Meantime in queenly state Gabrielle proceeded on her way. How more than beautiful she seemed as half-reclined on the luxurious cushions, the light, piercing crimson, poured its warm rosy tint upon her marble cheek.

Behind the litter, in their rich and glittering uniforms, rode a company of the Royal Guard, while the haughtiest of the noblesse contested the place of honour by her side, proud to gain from her a gracious word or smile.

Arrived at the church she was conveyed to the chapel, which had been reserved for her. It was the evening service, and except about the altar, the church was wrapt in gloom; but there, leading thither, even involuntarily, the eye and heart was poured the soft light of a thousand tapers, now beaming on the mild and pitying Madonna, as she clasped her smiling child; and now on that child, in the last fearful hour, when the scoffing multitude pressed around — when agonies wrung forth the bloody sweat which stood upon his thorn-bounded brow; silence reigned throughout the church, broken only by the sighs and sobs of the penitents. But suddenly, the deep-toned organ fills the air with the solemn music of its voice, and then, from an unseen choir burst songs of prayer, and praise, so heavenly, that the rapt listeners well might deem they caught the gushes of melody, wooed by angel hands, from their silver harps. The sob and sigh are hushed; those thrilling sounds that roll and play in the lofty vault seem to proclaim pardon and peace.

Deeply did the solemn and soothing service affect Gabrielle, and it was with a heart at least resigned and trusting, that she left the church she had entered, in such a fever of excitement.

As they passed out, a woman apparently blind crossed their path, groping her way along by the aid of a crutch, while in her other hand she carried a small wicker basket containing a gorgeous bunch of flowers.

"Wilt thou exchange thy flowers for a broad gold piece, grandame?" said one of the young nobles, as he observed Gabrielle's eye fixed on the rare bouquet.

"That will I not, Monsieur, for I know one who will pay me better for them than you can."

"And pray, mother, who may it be, who is so generous."

"That is my own affair," answered the woman. "but to cool thy conceit, I would have thee know that it is the Duchess of Beaufort, who is now in this church."

A gay laugh followed the old woman's announcement.

The young man told her that it was for the Duchess he sought the bouquet. But the old woman refused to be convinced, and insisted on herself presenting the bouquet.

As Gabrielle took the flowers and dropped into her hand a well-filled purse, she uttered a few words in praise of their extreme beauty.

"Ay, ay, thou wilt never see fairer," muttered the old crone.

What was there in the gruff tones of that voice that made Gabrielle's heart for the instant stand still? Had they ever met her ear before? She gave a piercing look at the old hag as she tottered away, hiding her purse in her tattered vest, and muttering to herself, then smiled at her own diseased fancy which could find any similitude between that poor wretch, bowed with poverty and age, and any amid the gay and courtly circle which ever surrounded her.

Again Gabrielle entered her litter, and ordering it to the Convent St. Germain, sank back upon the embroidered cushions, to examine her floral treasure.

"How beautiful! how delicious!" she exclaimed, with almost childish enthusiasm, as she inhaled its rich perfume. "Methinks flowers so fresh and fair never before blossomed. Where could that woman have procured these rare exotics? Why these would be treasures even in a royal garden," and again and again Gabrielle inhaled their delicious odours.—But alas! on their perfumed breath, floated death.

The bouquet was poisoned!

And here let us draw the veil, nor tell the horrors of that death which so distorted the "fair Gabrielle"—she whose beauty had so often inspired painter and poet,—that even the eye of love could not gaze on her without horror.

To mention here the other actors in our tale would be superfluous. The page of history reveals the fate of Auvergne, betrayed by Margaret; and how his scheme, though it did not fully succeed, embittered the remainder of Henry's life, and probably caused his treacherous murder—of Biron's mad ambition and repeated treacheries, at length expiated on the scaffold.

DIRGE.

Bless'd is the turf, serenely bless'd,
Where throbbing hearts may sink to rest,
Where life's long journey turns to sleep,
Nor ever pilgrim wakes to weep.
A little sod, a few sad flowers,
A tear for long-departed hours,
Is all that feeling hearts request
To hush their weary thoughts to rest.
There shall no vain ambition come
To lure them from their quiet home;
Nor sorrow lift, with heart-strings riven,
The meek imploring eye to heaven;
Nor sad remembrance stoop to shed
His wrinkles on the slumberer's head;
And never, never, love repair
To breathe his idle whispers there!

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY E. L. E.

"Trust not to earth, trust not to earth! Its very leaves that twine
Their strong roots deep and fast around our being's holiest shrine,
Till 'neath its clustering boughs of joy in confidence we trust,
And lo! the vengeful lightning bursts—and all is in the dust."

It was on a bright and cloudless day in June, 183— that a party of some ten or fifteen couples might be seen wending their way to church, in a flourishing village situated on the southern part of the State of New Hampshire. It was something unusual, as it was a week day, and many were the anxious faces peering through the windows as they passed, in order to discover the occasion of it.

We will leave the gossips to their cogitations, and surmises, and inform our readers that it was a wedding party. Mary Adams, the belle of the village, and a beautiful girl, was that day to give her hand to one to whom she had long since confided her heart—a young gentleman by the name of George Rushville, who resided in a town some eighty miles distant from C—, the residence of the bride elect. She loved him with all the fervour of a first attachment; not merely a fanciful feeling, sometimes designated by the name of love, but pure and devoted, that can find no happiness but in the happiness of the beloved object,—and well was he worthy of it, and most fully did he return it. Their dispositions and tastes were similar, and their friends augured a happy union. Their friendship was of long standing, and though they had verified the old adage which says, "that the course of true love never yet ran smooth," yet the sun of prosperity now seemed to shine upon them and promise future happiness. As they passed through the village on their way to the church where "they twain were to be made one flesh," they looked the personification of happiness. The clergyman was waiting to receive them, and immediately commenced the beautiful and impressive service of the church. The responses were made firmly and audibly, though the cheek of the bride paled to the color of the white robe she wore, as she pronounced the words that were forever to bind her to another.

As the clergyman pronounced his blessing upon the young couple, there was scarcely a dry eye

in the assembly. As for the young sisters of the bride, they fairly wept outright; they had never imagined that a marriage was so solemn an occasion. They had anticipated a good deal of enjoyment on this day, but now they felt anything but joyous. They began to realize that their sister, to whom they had always looked as an example and guide, would soon be separated from them, and though she was their sister still, yet they felt they never could impart to her all their joys and griefs, as they formerly had done; that another now claimed her as his own, and that they were only secondary objects in their sister's affections. The ceremony being ended and congratulations offered, the party returned to the residence of the bride's father, and after partaking of the good cheer prepared for them, began making preparations for their departure. And now it was that the bride realized her situation, and all she was about to leave,—father, mother, brother, sisters, and the home where she had always lived, and all her young companions with whom she had spent so many pleasant hours,—she was to leave them all and go among strangers,—she knew not whether they would prove friends or foes. Yet, she did not regret the choice she had made, though it was a trial to leave so many kind friends. Still, she had said to the husband of her choice, in the language of Ruth, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God," and she did not repent it. She lingered in the room conversing with her sisters, until her father's voice was heard calling out, "Come, Mary dear, the carriage is ready." She nerved her heart for the occasion, and after bidding an affectionate adieu to her friends, she entered the carriage with her husband, and they drove off amidst the kind wishes and heartfelt blessings of those they were leaving.

They arrived safely at the home of Mr. Rushville, and were kindly greeted by his friends. Mary found everything to her mind; everything wore an air of cheerfulness in unison with her own pure and happy heart. She wrote often to

her friends, expressive of her perfect and unalloyed happiness.

"If I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be;
It never through my mind had passed,
That time could e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more.

Gentle reader! will you please to pass with us in imagination, over the space of six years? In the mean time they had been blessed with all the blessings which this world can bestow. One child, a son, was the fruit of their union, and time, instead of diminishing their regard for each other, had only served to bind more closely rows which they had voluntarily taken upon themselves.

About a week prior to the circumstances we are about to relate, they had been anticipating and preparing for an excursion of pleasure in which they purposed visiting some friends in Canada. But, alas! what short sighted mortals we are; how little do we know what a day may bring forth! The closed shutter, the muffled knocker, and the air of sadness that reigned about the house, too surely indicated that sickness and disease had entered that happy home. Yes, the husband and father, who but a few hours before was in the enjoyment of health, now lay stretched on a bed of pain from which he was destined never to rise. His wife, the gentle Mary, attended him with ceaseless exertions;—night and day did she hover around his couch, anticipating his slightest wish, and trying to soothe him with words of comfort and hopes of recovery. On the fourth day, the fever, which was of a bilious nature, assumed the typhus form, and he became delirious. She lingered near him, but he knew her not; sometimes he would be in possession of his reason for a few moments, and would seize the opportunity to endeavor to prepare her for what he felt she would soon be called upon to suffer. He felt no anxiety for himself; he felt that all was well with him, all his anxiety was for his wife and son.

She listened to him, but attributed his remarks to the disease under which he was laboring. The physician gave her hopes, and she could not bring herself to believe that she was so soon to be separated from the husband of her youth, and father of her child—the thought was agony; she could not harbor it for a moment.

One afternoon she was sitting by his side; he had fallen into a gentle slumber, the first he had

enjoyed for several days; her thoughts were busy with the past, and as the future rose on her mind's eye, she shuddered to think what a dreary future it would be to her if bereft of him. The entrance of the physician aroused her from the reverie into which she had fallen; he begged of her to retire and try to obtain rest, and he would sit by her husband; he expressed his conviction that the crisis was at hand. He hoped the slumber he was now in would prove a favorable symptom, but besought her to compose her mind and try and be prepared for the worst.

She left the room and sought her couch. She could not sleep; the words of the physician, as she left his bedside, awoke agonising thoughts in her breast; she threw herself on her knees and tried to pray, but the words died on her lips; she tried to say, "Thy will, O God, be done!" but she felt that it was but mockery to utter words in which her heart had no part. She heard the physician's step as he approached her room, and hastened to meet him; she saw by the expression of his countenance that her worst fears were about to be realized.

"Is there no hope," she almost shrieked. "Oh! tell me there is, if but a spark; he will not, must not die! Do tell me he will not, and I will bless you to the latest hour of my existence."

"My dear madam, try, and compose yourself. I cannot bring myself to utter words of comfort, and raise hopes, which I have every reason to believe will never be realized."

"Oh! Father of mercies!" she exclaimed, "must it be so—must he be taken from me whom I have made my idol. Yes, I see it now,—I have made him my idol, and have worshipped him instead of my God, and thus am I being repaid. But, oh! thou merciful Being whom I have so long neglected, if Thou canst not spare him, take me too, let me lie down in the dust beside him. But no," she continued, starting up, "I cannot believe it yet! I will go to him, he may perhaps know me, and it would be a consolation to hear his voice once more."

Before she opened the door she could hear his delirious ravings; she approached the bed, but the last hour had wrought such a change in him, that she would hardly have known him. She gave one look, and fainted.

They bore her from the room, but it was a long time before she showed any symptoms of returning animation. At length she recovered herself, and turning to a friend who stood near, she faintly whispered, "How—how is he, for mercy's sake tell me?"

"My dear friend, try, and calm yourself," she replied, "it is all over. Your husband is now, I

trust, in that bright land where pain and sickness never enter, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Her friends expected another fainting fit, but she did not move; not a tear started from her eye, but she sat like one stupefied—turned to marble. She seemed neither to hear nor see what was passing around her, until her little son came up to her and drew her attention; this recalled her to herself, and taking her child in her arms, she murmured, "Lord have mercy upon me, and help me to say—Thy will be done!"

While preparations were making for his funeral, and on the day when it took place, she moved about mechanically; not a tear had she shed since his death—she could not weep—she would have given worlds if she could, but her grief was too deep for tears—it was agony, that was wearing away her very life-strings. For weeks subsequently to his death she seemed to be hovering on the brink of the grave; all was done that human power could do, and she at length rallied; but her constitution had received a severe shock; the events of the last few weeks had wrought such a change in her that her most intimate friends would hardly have known her. She was no longer the cheerful happy creature she had once been; every thing looked changed to her—even the flowers in her garden seemed to speak to her of him who was gone never to return. Yet she attended to her child; for his sake she was willing to live. She prayed for resignation to the Divine will, and for forgiveness for past offences, and He who is ever ready to hear and answer prayers, we trust answered hers. She felt that she had grievously sinned in placing those affections on the creature, which are due only to the Creator.

Years have since passed away; she spends her time in superintending the education of her son, who promises to be the counterpart of his father; her life glides tranquilly and peacefully along, and we cannot but hope that her benevolence has not been without its compensation.

HYMN TO NATURE.

BY E. W. G. HANSEAL.

(From the German of Stolburg.)

I.

Nature, holy, fair, and sweet,
In thy paths, oh! guide my feet,
Lead thy child with parent hand,
Docile he to thy command.

II.

When at length I long for rest,
I will sink upon thy breast,
Lull'd then, on thy bosom soft,
My rapt soul will soar aloft.

III.

Oh! the bliss when thou art near,
Mother! ever, ever dear;
In thy paths, oh! guide my feet,
Nature, lovely, fair and sweet.

(From the Same.)

BY P. J. ALLAN.

I.

Sweet and holy Nature be
As a mother unto me,
And this erring spirit guide,
Like an infant at thy side.

II.

Then when weary, on thy breast
I would seek for welcome rest,
Dreams of Heaven shall o'er me sweep,
As I on that bosom sleep.

III.

Perfect bliss with thee I prove,
Thee for ever will I love,
Sweet and holy nature be
As a mother unto me.

CHILDHOOD.

BY E. J. D.

Shout, joyous little children!—shout,
And clap your hands with mirth,
Send bursts of ringing laughter out
Over the bright green earth.
On you the Angel's naturo rests;
Not yet—not yet 'tis fled;
Upon your pure and sinless breasts
Is perfect joy still shed.

Shout, joyous children! shout,—be glad,
Ere the dark days creep on,
When sounds of mirth seem strange and odd,
Or like a dream that's gone.

When your sweet voices shall grow low,
With sorrow in their tones,
Resembling in their mournful flow
The wind's deep wailing moans.

Drink of youth's sparkling waters, ere
Is broke the crystal bowl,
Never again such fountain fair
Shall bless the thirsting soul.

When day is past, calm lights will rise,
But shine they e'er so bright,
The heart, the weary heart still sighs,
And feels, alas! 'tis night.

Thus, when life's glorious morn is past,
Though many a bliss remain,
Yet pure, unmix'd, unclouded joy,
We never taste again.

A TRANSLATION

OF ONE OF ANACREON'S ODES.

BY E. W. G. HANSEAL.

The parch'd earth drinks the heavenly dew
To nurse the trees, which drink anew,—
The briny sea drinks fresh'ning streams,
The sun, the sea o'er which it gleams—
The moon drinks in the solar beams.
Why then, companions, rail at me
Who drink, like sun, moon, earth, and sea?

SUNSET AT ROME.

A PRIZE POEM.

BY AUSTRALIS.

"Roma lieta rileva e pareva ch'ella
Tutti i raggi del Sole avesse in torno."—Tasso.

A day hath pass'd in Rome, and round her spires
The farewell sun hath lit a thousand fires;
Vanquish'd his strength, the blazing God of Day,
Sinks from his throne and hides each quivering ray.
He smiles no more on earth, yet round his shrine
Glean the last beauties of his bright decline;
While o'er his flaming wheels in triumph play,
The transient flashes of expiring day.
That blaze of glory which at noon unfur'd
Its gorgeous standard to the gazing world,
Is quenched not yet; and still its living light
Falls on the far-off Tuscan rocky height;
And sends its last blush o'er the yellow wave,
Where Tiber winds beneath Metella's grave.
See from the Alban Mount, the deep red glow
Throws its broad radiance on the vales below,
While shadows from the Rock Tarpean fall
O'er the dark ruins of the Cesar's hall.
Twilight is round me! and each vestige gone
That mark'd the God in beauty as he shone,
Save where, reflected from his buried car,
One ray yet lingers on the Vesper Star;—
Lone sentinel within the silent sphere,
He hails each planet of the viewless air,
And comes like hope to shed his soften'd light
O'er the dark bosom of affliction's night.

Far-fam'd Italia—Latium's star-crown'd coast,
Thus hath thy sun gone down—its brightness lost!
That orb that with thy morn of beauty came,
And rose resplendent o'er thy early name,
No longer lives nor glows with light refin'd,
O'er the lost empire of thy perish'd mind.
That source and centre of Promethean fire,
Whose touch ethereal tun'd Apollo's lyre,
No longer warms the cherish'd soul of song,
Nor wakes the thunder of the patriot's tongue.
‡ "God of the Silver Bow!" no more thy sound
Woos each lov'd Muse to haunts of classic ground;
No longer Genius leaves his lonely cell
In thy bright myrtle groves with fame to dwell,
Nor soft Larnassian maids around thy shrine,
Bring laurel'd wreaths to grace the lovely Nine.
As thus beneath the ruin'd porch of † Fame,
The thoughtful Muse recalls some honour'd name;
What faded images of glory rise
From out the tombs where buried greatness lies.
Horatius Flaccus sleeps! Oh who shall tell
The triumphs of that name?—the magic spell
Of well-remember'd Odes, enchanter'd lays,

The pride of scholars and the pedant's praise:
The Attic wit whose spirit fann'd the flame,
And lent its fires to gild the Augustan name.
§ "Integer vitem,"—who shall wake again
The Harp that kindled first that master strain?
Or who shall boast of satire's pointed song,
While Horace sings to charm the listening throng?
Virgilius Publius too—I write the name—
‡ The treasur'd talisman of Roman fame:
¶ "Arms and the man," with epic skill refin'd,
Welcome such music to the classic mind!
Mysterious train of thought—what power can bind,
Thy fairy movements o'er the immortal mind?
The flight of ages—space—all earth and sea,
Prescribe no bounds to thy immensity.
'Tis thus the soul returns to boyhood's day,
To rescue back one thoughtless hour from play:
To feel once more the magic of that power,
That charm'd the vigils of the midnight hour:
To hear again the clash of Trojan arms,
See fair Creusa mid her wild alarms,
And breathe with Eneas to his aged sire,
The filial vow which Nature's laws inspire!
'Tis thus at Rome the pilgrim comes to mourn
O'er faded relics Time hath rudely worn!
That there—from its own pure and bright domain,
The Mind of ages comes to earth again;
While Fancy with her wildest theme renews,
Some lov'd memorial of each sleeping Muse!
Illustrious Maro—Rome still reigns for thee!
Thy fame decrees her immortality!
Gone are her glories, sunk her mighty throne,
Her klugs have perish'd and her victors frown;
Arts have decay'd, and letter'd wisdom sleeps,
Within that † tomb where lie its treasur'd heaps.
Yet thy pure spirit lives throughout her clime,
To swell the measure of its deathless rhyme;
And thy proud language still adorns her page,
The charm of youth, the pride of every age.
Long may she boast the triumphs of that skill,
That wak'd o'er Mantuan choroids the lyric thrill,
Long may its echoes fall on every plain,
The purest model of the Tuscan strain:
Till that proud day when o'er Apollo's shrine,
Freedom once more shall shed its fires divine,
And Genius from beneath its kindling flame,
Relume its torch to light th' Etrurian name:
When Rome again shall rule and bless mankind,
Her empire Knowledge, and her sceptre—Mind.

* The Tomb of Caecilia Metella.

† A title given by Homer to Apollo.

‡ The Temple of Fame.

§ The beginning of the 22d Ode of Horace, 1st Book.

¶ "Arma virumque cano,"—the well known invocation of Virgil to his Muse.

‡ The Vatican Library.

THE DISAPPOINTED DEMON.

A TRADITION OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

If you have ever travelled in places much frequented by tourists, it must sometimes have happened that you were glad to escape from the hacknied descriptions which your guide deals out alike to all who come in his way. For my own part, I confess that enthusiasm could never have kept me on its golden wings, if I were obliged to expect it at a given time and after a certain foreseen and determined manner. I love those spots which travellers seldom visit,—where I have to fear neither the insipid loquacity of an ill-informed eicerone, nor the exclamations of a companion, who only admires what he sees, upon a reputation already made to hand, and where others have admired before him.

If, gentle reader, you share in my notions of independence, follow me to the banks of the Tam—a simple, modest stream, which pursues its way among the mountains in the south of France—through a course as rich as any I know in picturesque and original beauty. There are not the heights inaccessible to human eye, and the mountain tops covered with eternal snow, which we find in Alpine regions, but there are instead huge masses of rock, which assume the most romantic forms, and which reflect their rich colours in water of marvellous transparency. Nature here has, I should say, a shade of tenderness and melancholy, which it has not even among the wilds of the Alps and the Pyrenees.

In following the course of the Tam upwards from Melhan, you proceed for some distance between two slopes divided by a large ridge of rocks; below this line, industry has subjugated the soil by a laborious process of culture; above, and near to a second range of rocks which form the summit of the mountain, grow some stunted oaks, at the foot of which a flock of sheep may be seen existing upon a poor and thin herbage. This rocky head overlooks a smiling valley, which leads to the village of Boynes. There the traveller winds suddenly round, and another valley meets his view still more picturesque than that which he has just quitted—the valley of Mortuejoul.

In order to reach a spot where you can group the whole view, it is necessary to proceed to a small ruined chapel, of which the ivy-covered spire overtops the curtain of poplars which skirts

the banks of the Tam. This in former times was the parish church of the village of Mortuejoul. Its isolated situation, however, was fatal to it during the religious wars. In those times it was oftener the scene of strife and plunder than of the sacred rites of religion, and the barons of Mortuejoul for safety, admitted their vassals to divine service in the chapel of the castle. In process of time, this chapel became the regular resort of the villagers, and the little church was altogether abandoned. Now it serves but as a resort for serpents, which glide about among its crumbling walls, and for the birds of heaven, which make its towers a place for their nests.

After passing these ruins, you have before you three ravines of the wildest aspect; each of them conducts a fresh and limpid stream into the valley, after entering which they again unite, and form the Tam. On the left, a very steep declivity presents itself, covered by a group of fine oaks. On the right appears the village of Mortuejoul, in the form of an amphitheatre. It is surmounted by its castle, which on this side shows only a modern façade, though beyond, the remains of the ancient baronial buildings may be distinguished. In the promontory which juts out between the Tam and the Junta, may be seen the gothic tower of the ruined castle of Peyrelean, half concealed by a huge mass of ivy. This tower seems placed here by way of *pendant* to the small church already alluded to. Both the relics of days long since passed by, they seem yet to point to the distinction between what is religious and what is purely human. The peasant reverently uncovers before the half-ruined cross of the church, while he passes with indifference the huge tower of the castle, which in days of old would have inspired him with feelings of terror. The rocks which surround this valley are a vast picture-frame, enclosing the landscape which here meets the traveller's eye. They assume in their varied forms so picturesque and fantastic an appearance, that one might fancy them grouped together by an artist's hand. Some raise their heads in acute points; others are surrounded at their base with quantities of debris, which time has covered with moss. One might fancy them a multitude of

small gothic spires, or the remains of a petrified forest.

The castle of Mortuejous crowns this irregular landscape. It is one of the oldest structures of the country. If it does not present the ordinary appearance of a gothic building, it is owing to its having been built and added to at various periods, and therefore in different styles of architecture; the whole, notwithstanding, has an imposing aspect. In witness of its antiquity, there still remain in the interior several rooms, dating from the first foundation of the building. The walls of one of these are hung with antique paintings, almost obliterated by the hand of time. Only one of them shows clearly what is its subject. Strange to say, it is the picture of a demon, his wife, and child. Curious to know what legend was attached to so singular a conception, I have consulted the old traditions of the country, and the following is the substance of what I learned :

The whole country resounded with the report of the proceedings of the Count of Maltravers. A stranger in the neighbourhood, he had appeared all at once with a magnificence which outstripped all the other nobles around. Having got introduced to the old Count of Mortuejous, he asked and obtained the hand of his only daughter, the young and fair Beatrice. This marriage, which seemed at first sight to unite all the requisites for complete happiness, was nevertheless accompanied from the outset with some unfortunate presages. The wax lights at the altar had been extinguished more than once during the marriage ceremony ; and it was remarked that Count Maltravers had not as usual presented the holy water to his bride on leaving the church. Soon after this union took place, the castle of Mortuejous underwent a great change. The Count quarrelled with all his neighbours, and brought, nobody knew whence, a number of companions to share in his riotous pleasures. They were, in fact, a set of rude, violent debauchees, who hesitated at the commission of no crime, provided that crime was in the path of pleasure. The young and innocent Beatrice had never dreamed of such happiness as this. She had looked forward to the calm possession of family joys, and the sweets of domestic life—but, alas, what a disappointment ! Still, however, she hoped the best, and forbore to complain. The Count still seemed to love her, though she observed with alarm that his love often manifested itself in strange and frightful forms.

The birth of a child somewhat changed the conduct of the Count. He became still more gloomy, but he ceased to exercise his depre-

tions in the neighbourhood. Beatrice flattered herself that a new morning of happiness was about to dawn upon her. She hoped that the baptism of her daughter would have the effect of binding the links which she saw were on the point of breaking, and she timidly mentioned the subject to the Count. He replied, with anger, that the child never should be baptized. Then the unhappy lady conquered her fear, and threw herself at his feet. Maltravers regarded her with a singular expression ; then rose to go out. All at once a hidden thought seemed to cross him ; he retraced his steps, lifted up the Countess, seated himself by her side, and spake thus :
 "Beatrice, when your fate was united to mine, did it ever occur to you that certain fatal consequences might flow from that union ?"

"My lord," replied she, "I have always thought that my life and affections belonged inseparably to you. I think so still."

"Yes ; you are certainly a most submissive and devoted wife. But that is not enough. Do not be surprised. There is a kind of life with which is bound up a frightful mystery, and all which becomes connected with it is subjected to a dreadful and unavoidable fate. Such is my existence ; I cannot reveal the horrible days that are in store for you ; but I love you, Beatrice, and I would not that anything should ever separate you from me. It is necessary, therefore, that you should now renounce that which you have loved and adored from your childhood, all the pious inspirations of your youth, all which your teachers have instructed you to regard as the faith and duty of a Christian woman."

"My lord Count," cried the agonized Beatrice, "blaspheme not, I beseech you !"

"I would not blaspheme, replied Maltravers, bitterly ; "but you see you always rebuke me thus," and he turned himself to go out. Beatrice gave him a look which stopped him. The Count again approached her ; he employed for a whole hour all the arts which he could command in order to induce her to pronounce the fatal words. At length, by dint of perseverance, as well as threats of violence, Beatrice yielded. She devoted herself and child to the Lord Maltravers ; she vowed to follow him wherever he might carry her, here or hereafter.

From this hour the castle of Mortuejous became more gloomy than ever. The pages and retainers began to dislike this melancholy-looking spot, where nothing appeared natural or as it ought to be in a Christian house.

In the meantime, however, Providence ordered it that the little Bertha had been christened.—The pious Magdalene, her nurse, had carried her

secretly to the curé of the village, for in the castle there was no chaplain—he had long since been dismissed. As the child grew up, she showed her pious disposition, and often hid herself in order to perform her devotions. Things continued in this way nearly ten years, but at this period a change took place in the castle. The Count now spoke of a journey he was about to take, and he made all the preparations for it. He settled all his affairs, and appointed a guardian for the young Bertha; but, as if everything must be done at Mortuejouis different from other places, this guardian was not chosen from among the nobility of the neighbourhood, but a strange person arrived suddenly one night, and was at once established in the castle in this capacity.

The tenth year was about to expire. Maltravers and Beatrice were alone in one of the turrets of the castle. Without, a fearful tempest raged, and its horrors seemed in accordance with the gloom which at this moment prevailed within those walls. All at once, the Count arose and drew near to Beatrice.

"Beatrice," said he, "do you remember my words nine years ago?"

"Oh! let me remember! What was it?"

"Ifs your love," continued he, "measured the gulf into which I am about to drag you?"

"My lord, I now remember; but surely it was but a frightful dream. Such a reality is too horrible to conceive."

"Beatrice," continued he, "You and your daughter belong irrevocably to me, and in my perdition you must partake." Saying these words, he stepped towards the poor victim of his malice. He now stood divested of the fascinating appearance he had hitherto worn, and a fiendish look of hatred and despair succeeded in its place. Beatrice lifted up her eyes, and in a moment sunk in terror to the earth. Her presence of mind, however, returned, while she breathed a silent prayer to heaven, and maternal affection lent her an energy and determination which, judging from her pale countenance, one would not have supposed her capable.

"My child!" cried she; "my child, too, cursed and lost! Never!"

"It is so, however," replied the fiend. "Remember you not your promise?"

"Alas!" replied Beatrice, "I do: I know that I am bound to your fate, how terrible soever that fate may be; but, my dear child, what has she done? what compact can have bound her?"

"You have yourself helped her to her fate by denying her the waters of baptism. But quick! the hour is at hand." And he advanced to the poor Beatrice, who knelt weeping before him.

At that instant the door of the chamber burst open, and Magdalene entered, leading the beautiful Bertha in one hand, and holding in the other a crucifix. "*Bertha is God's!*" exclaimed she, in a solemn voice, which made the Count shudder and crouch before her, and "*Bertha shall save thee!*"

Saying these words, Magdalene threw the child into the arms of her wondering mother, and calmly took her place beside them with the crucifix in her hand. The castle clock sounded the midnight hour, they looked round—they were alone!

Morning dawn found Beatrice and Magdalene engaged in prayer. The innocent Bertha, in her beauty, slept at their side. The Count of Maltravers has disappeared, and his body was never discovered.

Soon after these events, the Countess founded a Convent, of which she became the abbess. Her daughter Bertha had no desire to enter the world—she took the veil, and at her mother's death, she succeeded her as lady abbess, and died in peace and in all the odour of sanctity.

FRIENDSHIP.

SIL'UEE was a Cherokee chief, and introduced by Mr. Jefferson, to illustrate the observation, in his Notes on Virginia, that the Indian is affectionate to his children, careful of them, and indulgent in the extreme; that his affections comprehend his other connections, weakening, as with us from circle to circle, as they recede from the centre; that his friendships are strong and faithful to the uttermost extremity. A remarkable instance of this appeared in the case of the late Col. Byrd, who was sent to the Cherokee nation where our disorderly people had just killed one or two of that nation. It was therefore proposed, in the council of the Cherokees, that Col. Byrd should be put to death, in revenge for the loss of their countrymen. Among them was a chief called Sil'uee, who, on some former occasion, had contracted an acquaintance and friendship with Col. Byrd. He came to him every night in his tent, and told him not to be afraid, they should not kill him. After many days' deliberation, however, the determination was, contrary to Sil'uee's expectation, that Byrd should be put to death, and some warriors were despatched as executioners. Sil'uee attended them; and when they entered the tent, he threw himself between them and Byrd, and said to the warriors, 'This man is my friend: before you get at him you must kill me!' Oh which they returned, and the council respected the principle so much, as to recede from their determination.

"NOW."

A "SEASONABLE" ARTICLE.

Now the rosy- (and lazy-) fingered Aurora, issuing from her saffron house, calls up the moist vapours to surround her, and goes veiled with them as long as she can; till Phœbus, coming forth in his power, looks everything out of the sky, and holds sharp uninterrupted empire from his throne of beams. Now the mower begins to make his sweeping cuts more slowly, and resorts oftener to the beer. Now the carter sleeps a-top of his load of hay, or plods with double slouch of shoulder, looking out with eyes winking under his shading hat, and with a hitch upward of one side of his mouth. Now the little girl at her grandmother's cottage-door watches the coaches that go by, with her hand held up over her sunny forehead. Now an elm is fine there, with a seat under it; and horses drink out of the trough, stretching their yemning necks with loosened collars; and the traveller calls for his glass of ale, having been without one for more than ten minutes; and his horse stands wincing at the flies, giving sharp shivers of his skin, and moving to and fro his ineffectual docked tail; and now Miss Betty Wilson, the host's daughter, comes streaming forth in a flowered gown and ear-rings, carrying with four of her beautiful fingers the foaming glass, for which, after the traveller has drank it, she receives with an indifferent eye, looking another way, the lawful two-pence. Now grasshoppers "fry," as Dryden says. Now cattle stand in water, and ducks are envied. Now boots and shoes, and trees by the road-side, are thick with dust; and dogs, rolling in it, after issuing out of the water, into which they have been thrown to fetch sticks, come scattering horror among the legs of the spectators. Now a fellow who finds he has three miles further to go in a pair of tight shoes is in a pretty situation. Now rooms with the sun upon them become intolerable; and the apothecary's apprentice, with a bitterness beyond aloes, thinks of the pond he used to bathe in at school. Now men with powdered heads (especially if thick) envy those that are unpowdered, and stop to wipe them up hill, with countenances that seem to expostulate with destiny. Now boys assemble round the village pump with a ladle to it, and delight to make a forbidden splash and get wet through the shoes. Now also they make suckers, of leather, and bathe all day long in rivers and ponds, and make mighty fishings, for "tittle-bats." Now the bee, as he hums along, seems to be talking heavily of the heat. Now doors and brick-walls are burning to the hand; and a walled lane, with dust and broken bottles in it, near a

brick-field, is a thing not to be thought of. Now a green lane, on the contrary, thickset with hedge-row elms, and having the noise of a brook "rumbling in pebble-stone," is one of the pleasantest things in the world.

Now, in town, gossips talk more than ever to one another, in rooms, in door-ways, and out of window, always beginning the conversation with saying that the heat is overpowering. Now blinds are let down, and doors thrown open, and flannel waistcoats left off, and cold meat preferred to hot, and wonder expressed why tea continues so refreshing, and people delight to sliver lettucees into bowls, and apprentices water door-ways with tin canisters that lay several atoms of dust. Now the water-cart, jumbling along the middle of the street, and jolting the showers out of its box of water, really does something. Now fruiterers' shops and dairies look pleasant, and ices are the only things to those that can get them. Now ladies loiter in baths; and people make presents of flowers; and wine is put into ice; and the after-dinner lounge recreates his head with applications of perfumed water out of long-necked bottles. Now the lounge, who cannot resist riding his new horse, feels his boots burn him. Now five fat people in a stage-coach hate the sixth fat one who is coming in, and think he has no right to be so large. Now clerks in office do nothing but drink soda-water and spruce-beer, and read the newspaper. Now the bakers look vicious; and cooks are aggravated; and the steam of a tavern-kitchen catches hold of us like the breath of Tartarus. Now delicate skins are beset with gnats; and boys make their sleeping companion start up, with playing a burning-glass on his hand; and blacksmiths are super-carbonated; and cobblers in their stalls almost feel a wish to be transplanted; and butter is too easy to spread; and the dragoons wonder whether the Romans liked their helmets; and old ladies, with their lappets unpinned, walk along in a state of dilapidation; and the servant maids are afraid they look vulgarly hot; and the author, who has a plate of strawberries brought him, finds that he has come to the end of his writing.

We cannot conclude this article, without returning thanks, both on our own account and on that of our precessors, who have left so large a debt of gratitude, unpaid, to this very useful and ready monosyllable—"Now." We are sure that there is not a dialectic poetic, ancient or modern, who, if he possessed a decent share of candour, would not be happy to own his obligations to that masterly conjunction, which possesses the very essence of wit, for it has the art of bringing the most remote things together.

THE PET LAMB.

THE Engraving in this number tells its own story, or rather it is the embodiment of a thrice-told tale. The Widow, once in the enjoyment of happier days, has seen the luxuries and comforts which once surrounded her domestic hearth, one by one disappear, until, at last, even the playmate of her babes must, at the urgent demand of want and poverty, be sacrificed for bread. The Pet Lamb! with how many and how tender associations is it connected, and how dearly has it been loved, how kindly cherished, by the smiling cherubs whom she once fondly hoped would have grown up around her, loving and blessing her declining years. To part with it, seems to her to be the first rude lesson their thoughtless hearts have learnt. Little dream they of the struggles through which their gentle mother has passed—little do they think of the still harsher which yet await her and them.

The painter has sketched the melancholy picture vividly. The predominant feelings of the several children are powerfully delineated. One bold-spirited boy attempts to defend his favorite from the grasp of the messenger, whose task it is to bear it from him—another more gentle, but not more kind—more advanced in years, knowing resistance to be hopeless,—embraces the pet and weeps, while a third points to a cunning nook where he hopes the lamb may yet be hid from the grasp of the spoiler. The fourth, scarcely understanding the nature of the consternation that reigns around, kneels beside the doomed favorite, and offers it a morsel from her own scanty dish. The group is full of life. The mother stands apart, weeping while she receives the price of the bereavement of her children.

The picture is a sad one—pity it is that it should be so true!

ORIGIN OF THE UPAS-TREE STORY.

A real valley of death exists in Java; it is termed the Valley of Poison, and is filled to a considerable height with carbonic acid gas, which is exhaled from crevices in the ground. If a man or any animal enter it, he cannot return; and he is not sensible of his danger until he feels himself sinking under the poisonous influence of the atmosphere which surrounds him; the carbonic acid of which it chiefly consists rising to the height of eighteen feet from the bottom of the valley. Birds which fly into this atmosphere drop down dead; and a living fowl thrown into it dies before it reaches the bottom, which is strewn with the carcases of various animals that have perished in the deleterious gas.

SCULPTURE BY MACHINERY.

AN American paper gives the following account of a recent invention which, if the statement be correct, will render the art of the sculptor a merely mechanical employment:—"During a recent visit in Boston we were shown specimens of the production of a wonderful piece of mechanism, which were, indeed, truly astonishing. They were miniature busts of Daniel Webster, Abbot Lawrence, and Lery Woodbury; being perfect *fac similes* of their distinguished originals, and wrought out of beautiful American marble, and by a machine which has been invented by Mr. Thomas Blanchard of Boston. This invention certainly establishes a new era in the art of sculpture, and promises to dispense, almost entirely, with the deep thought, and classic study, and indefatigable labour of the artist in his efforts to put life and poetry into the marble; for nature, art, everything tangible, can be copied by this machine, with a precision which defies the chisel, even when guided by the most skillful hand, and directed by the most gifted talent. The machine, in addition to all this, can be graduated so as to give reduced copies of the statuary, which shall, in their miniature, be perfect and exact copies of the originals in everything else but the size; preserving every line, furrow, and dimple, and giving prominence to muscles and veins, and every particular lineament and feature in exact proportion. By the same machinery the most correct and bas-relief profile likenesses may be cut on the hardest material, and of any size required from half an inch to the full-life size. We saw a strikingly exact cameo profile of Henry Clay, as perfect a head of that statesman as we have ever seen in any of the busts or casts to be found, and of the fashionable size for a lady's breast-pin. Among the specimens shown us, too, were the heads of several of our acquaintances, cut in cameo and ivory, the proper size for setting in pins, the first glimpse of which called before our minds the originals, as readily as the most perfect Daguerreotype or pencilled miniature would have done. We are assured that the best of Greenough's and Persico's productions, which have cost them years of study and effort, can be copied by this apparatus with most positive accuracy; and the block of shapeless marble put into its power will, in a few hours, stand forth a perfect copy of the most beautiful and animated statuary the greatest sculptors ever produced. And, what is most wonderful, this machinery may be graduated to increase or diminish the copy, so as to furnish a colossal or a miniature figure, with equal precision, and in all respects exact proportions."

SCENE.

MISS LUCY BELL—THE PAPA—OLD AUNT—AND MR. ROE, AN OLD BACHELOR.

EXTRACT FROM DR. GARDINER'S "MUSIC OF NATURE."

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

ANDANTE.

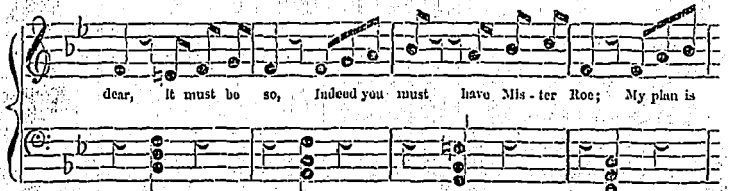


Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE'.

(PAPA.)



Musical notation for the first line of the scene, featuring a vocal line for 'PAPA.' and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Come, come, my'.



Musical notation for the second line of the scene, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'dear, It must be so, Indeed you must have Mis-ter Roe; My plan is'.

(Miss Bell.)



Musical notation for the third line of the scene, featuring a vocal line for 'Miss Bell.' and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'fix'd, I'll have no nay, Come, come—come, come—a-way, a-way. Indeed, p-'.

pa, it is not so, I have no love for Mister Roe; My heart is

dol.

fast, I can't re-move A-way from him; I dear-ly love. O ne, O

(OLD ANGR.)

fie, you snu-cy girl, How dare you thus with Pa' re-bel. O fie, O

(MR. ROE.)

Fie, fie— fie, fie— O fie, Miss Lu-cy Bell. fie— O fie, O fie— O fie, O fie, Miss Lu-cy Bell.

OUR TABLE.

HOCHELAGA; OR, ENGLAND IN THE NEW WORLD.*

THE Editor of this work—the Author of “The Crescent and the Cross,”—is favorably known to the greater portion of our readers, and to the literary world. The connection of his name with this work is therefore calculated to aid in giving it currency—supposing it to need such aid, which in some particulars, we rather incline to think it does. We have only given it a very hasty glance, and may therefore have failed in rendering it justice, but the opinion we have formed of it is not as high as some perhaps better judges among our contemporaries have done. While we admit it to be very agreeably written, and to contain a great deal that is calculated to amuse, interest and instruct, the reader, we cannot conceal the fact, that it abounds in evidences of haste and want of care, which, in such a book, should not by any means have been permitted. We are the more particular in mentioning this, as the Editor, giving full credence to the opinion of the Author, assures us that it is the work of an earnestly enquiring mind, and that it contains no “hastily written” or “crude impressions.”

But while we cannot avoid expressing our opinion that the work is not free from blemishes, we are pleased to find it generally well worthy of perusal. Our author has been highly favored with the means of becoming acquainted with “Canadian social life,” and as he appears to be no unworthy judge, we are gratified to find that he has formed a flattering opinion of us. We are the more pleased with this, as the book will be largely read in Britain, and the people of our Mother Country are still sadly in want of information upon these matters—few of them being unable to divest themselves of the idea that Canada is nothing but an interminable wilderness; an idea fed by many celebrated tourists, and fastened upon the mind by pictures of Canadian scenes, as little like the originals as the stunted firs they represent are like the lordly pines, and luxuriant elms and maples, of which our noble forests are composed. We give his opinion of our Canadian women:—

“The ladies of Canada possess, in a great degree, that charm for which those of Ireland are so justly famed—the great trustfulness and simplicity of manner, joined with an irapproachable

purity; the custom of the country allows them much greater freedom than their English sisters. They drive, ride or walk with their partner of the night before, with no chaperon or guard but their own never-failing self-respect and innocence. They certainly are not so deeply read generally as some of our fair dames; they enter very young into life, and live constantly in society afterwards, so that they have not much time for literary pursuits; there is also difficulty in obtaining books, and the instructors necessary for any very extensive acquirements. But they possess an indescribable charm of manner, rendering them, perhaps, quite as attractive as if their studies had been more profound.”

We give another extract, relating to the same interesting subject:—

“In this climate of extreme heat and cold, they very early arrive at their full beauty; but it is less lasting than in our moist and temperate islands; when thirty summers’ suns and winters’ frosts have fallen upon the cheek, the soft, smooth freshness of youth is no longer there.”

To this we cannot by any means so fully subscribe. We are aware that the opinion has been frequently expressed, but in the face of the evidences seen every where around us, we cannot acknowledge it to be correct. If the reader will judge between us, he has the means of doing so within the pleasant circle of his own acquaintance, among whom there are doubtless many blooming matrons who will readily acknowledge they have passed the boundary which our author vainly attempts to rear against the continuance of woman’s loveliness in Canada. On this subject, there is *prima facie* evidence that our author has been content to take his opinion at second hand. If he should favour us with a second edition—and of this there can be little doubt—we trust he will take occasion to satisfy himself of the error—and correct it.

We would willingly indulge our readers, and ourselves, by quoting more largely from the pages of the work, but the want of space compels us to rest for the present satisfied. On a future occasion we may possibly please ourselves, and, we would fain hope, our readers, by entering more largely into an examination of its contents. We trust, however, that those who feel an interest in the things recorded of us, by an observant stranger, will not wait for this, but obtain the work, and judge of its defects and beauties for themselves.

* Hochelaga; or, England in the New World. Edited by Elliot Warburton, Esq., author of “The Crescent and the Cross.” In two parts. New York: Wiley & Putman—Montreal: Armour & Ramsay.—Price 4s. 6d.