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THE LITERARY GARLAND.

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THE HALLS OF THE NORTH.*

CHAPTER IX.

CRUEL as hell • • •
 A tyrant entertained
 With barbarous sports, whose fell delight
 Was, to encourage mortal fight
 'Twixt birds to battle train'd.

COOPER.

Mr. HUDSON, the attorney-at-law, or Burley Hudson, as he was more frequently designated, was by no means an honour to his profession. He loved to associate with the vulgar at cock-fights, bull-baitings, and other amusements of an equally refined and moralizing character; amusements disgracefully prevalent in our native land half a century ago. This Hudson, as the reader has already been informed, was the only functionary of the kind in the whole County of Westmoreland. Strange as it may appear to any one living in this country of lawyers and lawsuits, that the inhabitants of a whole county should not fall together by the ears sufficiently often to enable two attorneys at least to pick out of their quarrels and disputes a comfortable livelihood; such, notwithstanding, was the fact at the time and place of which I speak. He was consequently not unfrequently placed in rather an anomalous, and, to any lawyer of principle, an embarrassing dilemma, from the circumstance of both sides of a case being committed to his management. This, however, with him was no difficulty. He always clung to the horn most heavily tipped with gold.

The lawsuit which is so intimately connected with our tale, was of such importance, however, that it would neither have been prudent nor safe for both parties to have employed the same attorney. When, therefore, this great "tug of war" commenced, Hudson was engaged by Mr. Northery, while the defendant had to seek his legal adviser from a neighbouring county. The latter, to his great disadvantage, came to the contest

without the same preparatory knowledge that his opponent possessed, who knew what evidence could be adduced against the claim of his client better than did the defendant himself. He was aware, for instance, of the existence of a certain document, having so important a bearing upon the probable issue of the trial as to endanger, if not entirely destroy, the claim of his client. The exact nature of this document I never could understand, and consequently, as it never saw the light, some confusion must necessarily rest upon this portion of my narrative; not so, however, as regards the means he made use of to obtain possession of it.

At Crosby Ravensworth, in the centre of the town gate, as every village green in that part of the country is called, is still to be distinctly traced, the circular spot of green sward, with the uniform little hollow surrounding it, from whence doubtless the soil had originally been dug to level it. This constituted the cock-pit—one of the two *last sad and humiliating mementos of those cruel and demoralising pastimes of an age which has but just gone by.* The bull-ring, in almost every market place, is the other. On Easter Monday, 1743, in this village was to be fought a grand *main*, or, in plain English, there was to be a great cock-fight. A crowd was accordingly collected from all the surrounding villages as well as from the deepest recesses of the Fells. Many of the surrounding gentry were also there, whose descendants would now feel sadly scandalised were I to mention their names; but these took no part

in the pastime, unless some trilling betting might be so considered. Not so, however, with Barley Hudson, who was foremost in the bloody conflict and most conspicuous in the noisy ring, for many a fine game bird among the combatants was his that day, on whose high tempered spur of glittering steel depended many a heavy wager; but

"From every shout
Of that rattle rout"

a by-stander might tell the day had gone against him.

"Well done, Gipsy Jim!" or, "hit him, Poacher!" or, "hurrah for the mole-catcher!" was loudly halloed by a hundred tongues at once. A shout for Hudson followed, but so feebly seconded that it soon died away in the noisy confusion in the moving crowd, which showed the day was done. Not so, however, the merry night, when all that joyous throng, bent on fun and frolic, assembled at the village inn; all save Barley Hudson, Gipsy Jim, and Tom Mitchell, better known as Tom the Poacher. Without any apparent understanding with each other, these three worthies left the village by different routes. The gipsy went by Reagill Grange, as if for Newby, where his gang were known to be; the poacher bent his way towards Oddendale, the road to his rude house at Orton bridge; while through the long and scattered hamlet of Mauls Meaburn, the way to Appleby, Hudson spurred as if in eager haste to reach La Vennet's swollen ford before the night set in. A short half hour had hardly passed away before they turned each from his pretended path, and met again in a deep dingle on the mountain side, a mile or two from Crosby Ravensworth. Here, after a short conference, they determined on some dark and fearful deed, the gipsy and the poacher were to do at Hudson's instigation.

"Remember," he said, as he prepared to mount his horse again, "remember Wastel Beck and brig, and twenty good spade guineas each!"

In less than two months after this, just before the assizes, when this important suit was to come on, two suspicious looking men might have been seen late in the evening prowling about the half deserted streets of Appleby, for some time till all was clear; and then, as if by stealth, to enter Hudson's office. The door was open. A feeble and hesitating tap upon the screen within, was answered by a rude and bluff "come in," and Hudson's two companions stood before him; or, rather, behind him, as he was sitting at his desk, in the little recess already so minutely described, with his back to them. He was either reading or writing. A dim lamp was before him, which burned so faint and flickering that ever and anon

he would look up and watch it, as if doubtful of the final issue of his conflict with departing day. He was alone—his clerk had left the office for his evening meal. There the two men stood; but oh! how strangely altered from what they were when last he met them! The sunken eye that never rested in its hollow orbit. The haggard, downcast, guilty look. The tremulous, husky voice, which even Hudson did not know when first he heard it; all told a fearful tale. The broken shattered wreck upon some rocky strand does not more clearly prove the resistless power of some tempest blast than did the outward man of those poor conscience-stricken wretches, that of the pitiless storm that raged within. There they stood—lumbly silent, like enprits at the bar, to hear their doom.

"Well," he said at last, after a long and painful pause, and without deigning to turn a single look upon them; "and what do *you* want at this untimely hour?" There was a harshness in his tone and manner, such as a saucy craftsman uses when he has no competitor. "The day is surely long enough," he added, in a still more surly tone, supposing them some over-anxious clients come to pester him with questions which he could not answer; "then why come here at night?"

"Because," replied the gipsy, "that's the only time that owls, and bats, and birds of evil omen go abroad."

Hudson started and turned pale, for although he did not exactly know the voice, yet it was not altogether strange to him. And conscience with her chain of triple traps had bound it to his memory with something dark and terrible.

"Yes, master, it's a bad job, nae doubt!" timidly ventured the poor poacher, in answer to what he conceived to be an indication of Hudson's deep and uncontrolled contrition for the part he'd taken in the horrid deed. The words reached not the heart of him who doubtless was the deepest villain of the three. Their import was unheeded, not so the sound of Mitchell's well-known voice. It reassured, and cheered, and freed him from that vague and abject fear of wrath and retribution, the gipsy's words, as if by some mysterious spell, so strongly had inspired. He roused up all his energies and rallied in an instant. Rising from his huge arm-chair, he hastened to the door—closed and locked it—put the key into his pocket—and resumed his seat, after having offered one of his visitors a stool and the other the old "arm-chair," the fellow to the one he occupied himself, exclaiming, as he performed these little acts of courtesy, in a bland tone of equanimity which few could have assumed as he did them.

"This miserable lump," he trimmed it as he spoke, "burns somehow so dim tonight I could not see my friends—well, what cheer?" giving up

the task in utter hopelessness, for the lamp it would *not* burn, and turning to those he called his friends, he added—"never mind it, we can see to talk even if it should take a foolish freak into its head and die away entirely."

"Oh! no, no!" hurriedly exclaimed the poacher, as he saw

"The languishing lamp just flashing to die."

"Don't let it gang out, for I darn't be in the dark, and I niver had been sen——"

"Since when?" sternly interrupted Hudson, and added, *sotto voce*, "since you became a poor miserable driveller, I suppose. Whose fat buck have you slaughtered last? Or whose orchard have you broken—but it's too soon in the summer yet for that? Or whose hen-roost have you plundered that you make such a whimpering about? I wish your wife had been here. She is worth a dozen such puling wretches as thou art! Have you got the paper?"

"We have!" promptly replied the gipsy.

"Then let me see it," eagerly added the questioner.

"Hand out the forty guineas, then," said the gipsy.

"I must see the document first," calmly returned the other; "in order to ascertain if it be the very one I want and stipulated for."

"Good night to you, friend!" returned the other, rising to leave that den of thieves, worse, as he thought then, than any gipsy haunt which, in his chequered lot through life, he had ever visited; but ere he reached the seven, he returned again, remembering that the door was locked.

"And is it come to this?" despairingly exclaimed his comrade, "that we should thus have stained our hands in blood, and all for nothing?"

"Blood!" exclaimed the tempter, in feigned astonishment; "surely you have not committed murder!"

"And if we had, would it not have been at your instigation?" retorted the gipsy, his eyes flashing with rage.

"At mine!" returned the lawyer, with a hideous laugh.

The shrewd gipsy, seeing plainly they were both completely duped, sprang at him like a tiger on his prey—seized him by the throat, and would have strangled him in an instant, had there not been heard just then a knocking at the door. He paused and listened, relaxed his hold a little, not knowing who was there, and came to a parley with his enemy.

"Dismiss that man, whoever he is," he said, "and let us go in safety, and the paper shall be yours; and promise, if a villain's promise can be trusted, that you will not afterwards molest us."

"And what proof can I have that you'll fulfil your promise?" the all but breathless victim asked.

"Proof!" said the enraged gipsy, tightening his iron grasp upon his neck, until his face turned black, and as he slackened it continued with reference to his doing so; "that, for want of a better, is all the pledge I have to give; and gold, as highly as your sordid soul may value it, could not purchase one of half its weight and worth."

Thus was the treaty made between the tempter and his tools. His clerk, whose neck they had heard, was ordered home again, upon the pretext of some private business with a friend or two. The important document was then exchanged for the key, with which they immediately let themselves out, locked the door on the outside, and threw it into the Eden as they crossed the bridge. Their cunning accomplice was thus left to ruminate upon his narrow escape, the saving of his forty guineas, which indeed he never intended to pay, and the dismal prospect of spending a sleepless night, hungry and cold in that dark and dismal cell of the old cloister. The lamp had been extinguished in the fray. His fate was inevitable, unless he could make himself heard by some chance straggler in the street. To this end he applied himself most manfully to thunder at the door, and shouted and hallooed for almost half the night, but all in vain.

The next morning the clerk called as usual at his house for the key, but finding it not on its accustomed peg, he supposed his master had got the start of him, and had gone to the office before him. On his arrival there he found the door locked and the key not in it. He therefore concluded that his master had gone out and taken it with him. He then took up his position in a bookseller's bow-window, some distance up the street, which commanded a view of the office door. Here he patiently awaited his return, amusing himself with watching the noisy crowd as it passed up to the cross; for it was the market day. The breakfast hour would soon arrive, he would then be sure to come; but he did not. Hour after hour passed away, till the market carts began to rattle down the street again at a more rapid rate to their homes. Still the lawyer came not. His wife, or whatever she might be, for there were doubts and surmises concerning her, had gone to Shap Wells for the benefit of her health, so that no enquiries were made after him from his house. Any well known clients, and so few there were, that all were easily recognised, were turned away by his officious satellite.

The poor exhausted prisoner heard not the approach of his clerk to the office. He had sunk into a heavy and disturbed slumber, from which he woke not till the day was far advanced. He

then made another effort to attract the notice of some passer by, and then another, and another, but all in vain. At length he roused up all his energies for one more determined effort, which he now began almost to think might be his last. Just then, however, the school broke loose, and the merry laugh, the exulting shout, and the wild halloo, made such a deafening din, so long continued too, that poor Hudson's heart fairly sunk within him. But all things have an end, and so had the noisy gambols of the boys, and so also had the lawyer's long and weary durance. His prison door was broken open and the captive was set free. Haggard and sullen he seemed. Not one word would he utter in answer to the thousand questions asked him by the wondering crowd that gathered round his office on hearing of his strange imprisonment. Nor would he ever tell. None ever knew why he was there. Even busy rumour with her thousand tongues found herself for once at fault.

The important trial now came on, as was expected, when the court was informed, by Mr. Musgrave's counsel, that owing to the want of an important document, he could not proceed with his defence.

"Some few weeks ago," he said, "a faithful messenger was despatched far into the fells to fetch it, but had not returned, nor had he been heard of since, alive or dead. A most searching investigation had been set on foot by some active and zealous magistrates, to ascertain the truth or falsehood of certain reports concerning this mysterious affair. This enquiry, if brought to a successful issue, and he was led to entertain but little doubt of that," (here he turned a look of withering scorn on Hudson, who winced and quailed beneath it,) "would elicit some facts, that could not fail to unravel the entangled web of mystery in which the case was now involved. He, therefore, hoped the court would allow the trial to stand over to the next assizes. A course," he continued, "as necessary for the vindication of the honor of his learned brother's client as for the defence and safety of his own."

The trial was put off for one whole year. Yet nothing during that long period was elicited to throw a single ray of light upon that deep and tragic mystery, as it now was thought to be by almost every one. When, therefore, the suit was brought before the court again, little or no opposition was offered; and judgment, as the reader knows, was given against the Musgrave.

On the day of sale, numbers had come from the very farthest corner of the Fells to witness so strange and unheard of an event, as that an old ancestral house like Forest Hall should be transferred to other hands than those which held it

now for full five hundred years. When the deed was done they separated into little knots and groups upon the lawn, to tell of all they'd seen or heard since last they met, some long, long years before.

A labouring man began a strange and startling story about a murder he had himself seen perpetrated on the open Fell side, near Wastel Brig, close by where he was digging peats, "just at the varra time." We must tell the tale in his own words, divested somewhat of their broadest patois, or the reader would hardly understand it:

"A little more than two short years ago, as I was gravng peats, not far from Wastel Beck, on looking up from my work, I saw two men hanging about as if they'd nought to do. They were certainly two as ugly looking fellows as you'd see in a day's ride. Each had an oak sapling in his hand. I cowered down among the ling and took my hat off for fear they'd see me. I watched and watched till I was tired, to see what they were after. Just as I was going to give them up, and go to my spade again, they both laid down among the ling as I had done—one on either side of the narrow sheeproad, leading up the hill, hard by where I was hiding. This raised my curiosity again, and I watched on. By chance I now looked towards Wastel brig, and there I saw another man. I began to tremble all over, like an aspen leaf, I know not why, as on and on he came—aye to the very spot where the others lay concealed. Poor fellow! I could see his face as plain almost as I see yours now."

"And what was it like?" asked one of his anxious listeners.

"Like!" he continued; "why it was just like yours or any other body's who was not afeard as I was."

"But had it any mark upon it?" eagerly asked the same questioner.

"O yes it had," was the reply; "now ye mind me. I was not near enough to see it then, but I saw it afterwards. It had indeed—that it had—the queerest nose I ever laid my eyes on. It was exactly as if a piece had been cut out of the middle like, and then skinned and healed up over the hollow."

"The very man! Anthony Fawold, as sure as a gun!" exclaimed half a dozen of the auditors at once, who had known him.

The news flew like wildfire through the crowd, that poor Anthony was found—or that his murderers were taken—or that he had come back unscathed. His disappearing so strangely had created a great sensation; accordingly a corresponding feeling of curiosity was naturally excited by the report as it was propagated, however vague and indefinite it might be, and it was cer-

tainly both the one and the other. It evidently proved that something new had been discovered about it. Whatever that "something" was, all eagerly hoped that it would lead to a full development of the mystery. One was there the while, the most eager listener in that anxious crowd, supplied with keen perception from the exhaustless store-house of a guilty conscience, on whose sensitive ear that vague rumour fell, and tolled the death knell of his peace; not for the wrongs that he had done, but because his life—his safety was endangered. Such were his feelings at the moment. But Hudson, to whom I have been referring, was a lawyer; and what he called his better judgment, told him that no disclosure yet had implicated him. More, however, is yet to come, he thought, as he heard a general call throughout that mingled throng to get the man to tell the sequel of his fearful tale, in all its dread particulars. He remained unnoticed and unknown among the audience, more anxious far than all the rest, to hear the end.

"Well, where was I?" said the man, somewhat confused by the wondrous interest he'd excited, without exactly knowing why. After a short, considerate pause, he continued: "Oh! I remember now! The poor man was coming quietly whistling on, as cheerful like as if no ill was near; when, as he passed the spot where the two men were hid, they both jumped up—not just together, but one a thought before the other—which made him start, and look aside upon the foremost; and before he could turn his head again, the other, a long, lank, tawny-looking fellow, struck him a furious blow with the stick he had, and called out to his comrade, on seeing the poor man stagger towards him—'There! now's your time!' adding, as the unseen and unresisted blow fell crashing on the victim's temple—'Aye, that's it—weel dune, Tom!' This blow brought him down. They then stooped ower him, so low I couldn't see them for the ling, but twice I saw their sticks uplifted far above it, and heard them fall in heavy thuds, as if upon his head. In a minute more, or so, they all came up again to view, but in so queer a guise as made me almost think it would all yet turn out to be nought but a horrid dream. The shorter villain had a leg of the lifeless corpse on either shoulder, while the other firmly grasped its hair, to keep the head from trailing in the path, as well as to relieve his servile comrade, who seemed ever ready to do his bidding, from some small portion of his heavy load. Thus, to my horror and dismay, right up the hill they came, along that narrow path, which led to where I lay concealed, or within a dozen feet of it. On, on they came, with their bloody load. I held my breath, and set my teeth, and watch-

ed and marked them as they passed. When I thought that all was safe, as far as concerned myself, I began to breathe more freely, but my fears were roused again, though from another quarter. A little terrier dog, belonging to the party, which I had not seen till now, perhaps because it had been hunting about among the ling, came barking where I was. On hearing him, they both looked back, but did not stop. The cur got boisterous, as it neared the object of its wrath; still on they pressed with a hurried step, as though they did not heed him much. At length the whelp, which I did not think so near, actually bit my ankle, and without thinking of the consequences, I naturally kicked it for its pains; when it set up a yelping whining howl. This frightened them, and made them stop and listen for an instant. They then dropped their load, and started back.

"My hiding place was the very crowning point of the hill, from which there was a gentle slope on one side, of about half a mile, down to Wastel Beck, a hundred yards or so above the brig; while the other side was far more steep in its descent down into an abrupt gully. Happily for me, they'd reached the bottom, though not more than a hundred paces from me, when this race for life and death began.

"I might have changed my hiding place, and bid defiance to their keenest search, had not that yelping cur kept barking at my heels.

"I was always a good runner. Not a man in Worton Fells, except Jack Jennings, could ever beat me. And well for me that day I was so; for one of my pursuers could have distanced even him outright.

"Well! off we started. He, it will be remembered, had to mount that steep hill-side again. This, short as the distance was, afforded me a noble start, but not enough. I knew too well my only chance of safety rested on my reaching Wastel Beck before he could o'ertake me. This I saw could not be done by the straight course I was pursuing. I therefore, on passing a rocky point, about half way down the slope, turned sharply towards a sheep beel^o on my right. This sheltering wall, as it proved to me, stood close by the brink of the gully I've already mentioned, but some distance from my starting point, and much nearer to Wastel Beck.

"The beel I reached in safety, and in a stooping posture having passed the wall, dropped on my knees behind it. On he came, and just he flew, down to the very bottom of the gully, before

^o A wall in the shape of the letter S, or forming two sides of an equilateral triangle, about four feet high and three or four hundred feet long, built as a shelter for sheep against the wind, from whatever quarter it may blow.

he could stop himself, and turn again. This gave me new life, and another start. Away I went again, and down came my pursuer after me. In short I reached the beck before him, and plunged into the flood. The beck had risen from the recent rains, high above its natural banks. This frightened him no more than it did me, for, without a pause, in after me he plunged; and a better swimmer than I pretend to be, would here again have more than met his match, for he breasted the boiling torrent gallantly. On approaching the opposite bank, however, he found himself at fault, for now the quarry stood at bay. Armed with sharp and heavy stones, I assumed the offensive, to oppose his landing. He was foiled; he saw he was, and turned back to the bank from whence he came. After conferring a while with his companion, who by this time had come up, he sent him down the valley. I saw at once their scheme. Concluding that the fellow could not swim, and so had gone round by the brig. I waited quietly till he was out of hearing, then started up the stream as fast as I could run, determined, if he crossed and followed me, to place it again between us, and set them at defiance. I told him this, and told him, too, that we should meet again. He answered not, but with a deep and bitter curse, he turned, and to my great relief, in the opposite direction, as I supposed, to meet his comrade, in order to get him round again as soon as possible, ere I should get assistance, and the pursuers be pursued. The next day we tried to find the mangled body of the murdered man. The whole Fell-side turned out. We searched in every crevice, pit, and bog. For one whole week we rested neither day nor night—but all in vain. Oh! an I could but set my eyes on those cut-throat villains once again, with a single stout fell-sider at my back, just like myself, we'd shew them the stuff that honest men are made of; and some of you, from what I've heard today, can point them out, I think."

"That we can easily do," said one who seemed more interested than the rest, "if ye'll but meet us at Worton brig end tomorrow morning before its light. Eh! lads?" he added, turning an enquiring eye upon a group of stout young fellows like himself.

"Oh! by a' means! an' we'll raise the Fells this varra meet. Then, hey for Gipsey Jim and Tom the Poacher!"

CHAPTER X.

"AND armed lords leaned on their swords,
And hearkened to the tale."

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

It will be recollected, that in consequence of cer-

tain overtures concerning a double alliance between the two neighbouring families of Newby and Strickland Halls, young Mr. Moreland, the worthy proprietor of the former mansion, had set out on his way to Appleby, to employ a solicitor to draw out the necessary settlements; intending to take Hellbeck Hall in his way, in order to invite Mr. Netherby, as the most prominent of his friends, to assist in the great festivities that were to ensue as a matter of course, on so grand and inspiring an occasion as this double wedding was to be.

"In England's golden days,"

the happy pair did not go as privately as possible, and as it were by stealth, to church with two witnesses, and after plighting their troth, either to other, have a chaise and four waiting at the door to whirl them off to the nearest airport. No! no! they did not spend their honey-moon in a foreign land, as they do now; but returned to the family mansion, to gladden the hearts of their friends and dependents, as well as to receive their congratulations and their blessings. It was indeed a link, and one of adamant; the last that was left and broken, which bound the higher and the lower classes to each other; and as a proof of the beneficial effects of it upon the social system, there were no mob movements then. I know I may be told by the utilitarian advocate of the march of intellect, that the poor ignorant peasant bore his chain contentedly because he knew no better; and yet he wears it still. The only difference is, that then, its soft and gossamer links hung lightly on his neck; but now they've turned to iron, and chafe the raw wound their every motion makes, until they pierce into his very soul.

About three weeks after this, just as the events detailed in the last two chapters had transpired, Mr. Moreland arrived, after a ten mile's ride, at Hellbeck Hall. He found his friend sunk almost into a confirmed state of melancholy. This seemed to have produced so obvious and palpable an effect upon his outward man, that Moreland was entirely driven from his purpose of rallying him upon his disappointment in failing to obtain even a sight of the fair Alice on his recent visit to Forest Hall. All the fine speeches, therefore, he meant to have made, as well as the conclusive and demonstrative arguments he meant to have used, about the folly and madness of fretting himself to death after a silly girl who did not care a straw for him, were entirely lost. The woe-begone look with which he was received, not only disconcerted but alarmed him.

Intimate as these two friends were, and open and confiding as was the trust that either reposed in the other, yet was there one point upon which

master Harry had never been willingly communicative. He had never told him of the real obstacle in the way of his union with Alice Musgrave. He felt that he could hardly tell it to one whom he could not look upon in any other light, knowing as he did what was about to happen, than as a member of the family in whose favour the contingent substitution in his father's will had been made, without subjecting himself to the imputation of wishing, if not of asking, his interference for its removal. This, to his sensitive mind and acute feelings, would have alike been mendacable. Consequently, whenever the subject was adverted to, there was an embarrassment in Harry's manner, hardly reconcilable in the eyes of his friend, either with that full and mutual confidence subsisting between them, or with the nature of Harry's disappointments and annoyances in the matter of his early, and, as far as had been revealed to Moreland, his misplaced affection, in as much as it did not seem to him to be returned.

It will not be a matter of wonder, then, if Charles Moreland saw, or thought he did, on finding his friend so much cast down, that some other misfortune had befallen him. Under this impression, instead of returning his salutation, he exclaimed in astonishment:

"Good heavens, Harry! what is the matter with you? What can be the meaning of this?"

"Sit down and I will tell you, for I am glad you have come; indeed I had all but determined to send off for you tomorrow morning," returned poor Harry, somewhat brightened up by the sight of his friend; "but did you find any one," he added, "to care for your horse?"

"Oh, yes! my friend Lanty will see to him, with the assistance of that strange varlet of yours, Billy Stone, I think you call him, either knave or fool or both," replied Charles Moreland, as he seated himself; and then continued, on Harry's putting in here a disclaimer; "well, whoever he is, he wants to see you; he says he has got some news for you, and desired me, in such a tone of woe-like confidence to tell you so, that I could not but obey; or perhaps he is haunted by that hobgoblin for a month to come."

Harry smiled, and said that his news would keep awhile, at least till he had conferred with Maud about the dinner, and was leaving the room to do so, when Charles called him back, to tell him that it had been ready nearly half an hour, and that he had it in charge: from John to tell him so; adding in the same rattling manner—"You see, how good a messenger I am, to keep my best news for the last."

"Well, but Maud shall —"

"That is all settled, too, for I met her not a furlong hence, in one of the crooked passages,

leading away I know not whither, in this labyrinth of yours, when she made me her very lowest curtsy, and appeared in a monstrous fuss about the scantiness of the master's dinner; and by this time, my best hunter to a donkey, but she has half a dozen extras under way to save the credit of the house."

Harry laughed outright, the first time he had done so for many a long and weary day.

John, whose astonishment was as great as his delight on finding his master in so merry a mood, entered at this moment to announce the dinner; and the two young friends—the one in the highest possible spirits, and the other a very different man to what he had been one short hour ago—entered the eating room together.

Charles Moreland's long ride that morning appeared to have brought along with it an appetite, not only for himself, but also for his friend; or else poor Harry's hearty laugh had produced the same effect.

The dinner—to say that it was any thing but super-excellent would be a desecration of Dame Maud's good housewifery: nor was the piquant sauce of interesting conversation wanting. It naturally turned upon the all-absorbing topic of the stirring time to which our tale refers; that is to say, the threatened invasion of the French in 1743. In the progress of the discussion that ensued, not only of that strange eventful drama, but of each dish before them, it was curious enough to note the odd and mixed up medley they made of it. Thus, the merits of Count Saxe as a general, and his fifteen thousand men, were discussed along with the fine golden trout before them; and Billy Stone's knowledge of the art of angling naturally led to some kind remarks on good old Izaak Walton. Then came the roast lamb and the mint sauce, with the march to Plearly, and the transports at Dunkirk and Boulogne for their embarkation; and while the squadron of war-ships as their convoy sailed from Brest, the noble sirlain came upon the table. The cheese and Admiral de Roquefeuille came next—the one before them—the other to Dungeness, when he and it and the cloth were all removed together, for they had finished their repast, and the admiral, on seeing Sir John Norris approaching from the Downs, weighed anchor and away; the claret and madeira drove their transports all ashore, and neither our heroes nor the fleet, ever got to port.

This extraordinary demonstration of the French government, however lightly we may treat it now, created at the time a fearful and startling sensation throughout the whole country from Lenzance to John O'Groat's house. This feeling of terror and consternation was not confined to the plebeian

crowd, but extended its appalling influence alike over castle, hall, and cottage, and was deeply participated in by the government itself; not, however, with such a paralyzing and withering effect as to prevent them from taking the most active and energetic steps the exigency required to meet the coming storm. Among the most important and effectual of these measures, was their ordering out the fleet from Spithead; and a single glimpse of the "meteor flag of England" drove the foeman back.

Some of my readers may remember the universal apprehension and alarm which pervaded all classes on the occasion of the last threatened invasion by the French under Bonaparte, as well as the stir and bustle occasioned by those mighty preparations which were made to meet and to repel it. Yet even they, from that, would fail to form an adequate idea of what was passing in the minds of men during the fearful epoch to which my tale refers. There was this alarming difference between them: On the latter occasion all was as one united heart of patriotism—as one uplifted arm to smite, for life and liberty—for honour—home and vengeance, the stranger foe from foreign shores; whereas, on the former, all were in doubt, dismay and hesitation. Some there were who knew not what side a brother, son, or sire, might take. Others again would not decide what they themselves, would do, till they saw the tide of battle turn. Thus it was from doubtful friends and open foes at home, that loyal men had most to fear. It will be remembered that while the armies of the latter were commanded by the open and most bitter foe that British prowess ever met and vanquished, those of the former were marshalled by the amiable and accomplished son of the Chevalier de St. George, the descendant of a hundred kings; the heir, by straight and undisputed lineal descent, and rightful owner of the highest throne—the brightest crown in Christendom; but a plague spot on his ancestor, inherited by the son, unfitted him to wear it. Still his adherents were strong and powerful—"leal and true,"—as the rising in fifteen had proved.

Under all these circumstances it will not be matter of wonder if the government, necessarily obliged to keep a watchful eye over the whole country, should have viewed the late riots in Ravenstonedale, a very imperfect account of which had reached them, with a jealous eye; connected, vaguely as they were, with blood and murder. The inno especially as this same neighbourhood, under the lord of the manor of Forest Hall, had furnished no mean quota to the rebel forces in the last rebellion.

It has been stated that the elder Netherby held

from the crown some ancient feudal office under the antiquated title of bow-bearer to the king. His right to this was inherited in the tenure by which he held his lands, and consequently was transmitted with them to his son. Hence, when the privy council determined upon appointing a commission of magistrates to institute a scrutinising investigation into this outbreak in the Fells, as it was termed, he, as a matter of course, was the person to whom such commission was communicated, with power and authority to add two other magistrates; any two, so the wording of the instrument ran, except the master of Forest Hall. In the exercise of his power, Harry Netherby naturally enough inserted Charles Moreland's name, and that of his cousin, Geoffrey Strickland; and after dinner, when they had again returned into the library, he handed the instrument with the broad seal and the sign manual to his friend, to read.

"To our trusty and well-beloved Harry Netherby, Charles Moreland, and Geoffrey Strickland the younger——"

"But what is it all about?" exclaimed his friend, opening out the paper, and adding, as he scanned its interminable length with a deprecating look: "what is it? you can tell me and save me the trouble of wading through this wilderness of words."

And Harry began to tell him that it was a commission, appointing Harry Netherby, Charles Moreland, and Geoffrey Strickland the younger, to inquire into the riots in Ravenstonedale, and the said Harry Netherby, Charles——

"Stop! stop!" interrupted his friend; "I might as well read it myself as listen to all these repetitions; and, now that I think of it, I heard this morning, on my way here, from the old gipsy wife, some strange and confused allusions to these riots, which I could not understand."

"What did she say?" eagerly interrupted Harry. "Was her husband with her? Where did you see her?"

"Why, she said something about a rising in Ravenstonedale, in which you were more than half murdered. She desired me to speak to you about saving her husband from some danger which I could not exactly comprehend. Him I did not see; but inferred from what she said that he was lurking in the wood near La Vennet ford. It was there we had our interview."

"Then they have him by this time. They were on his trail in that direction by sun-rise this morning," replied Harry.

"But you have forgotten your friend Billy Stone, all this time, with his batch of news," exclaimed Charles, "and who knows but they may relate to this very subject?"

He was instantly summoned, and came into the room, not in his usual manner of unency and sidgety bashfulness, smoothing down his elf-like locks with his hand, and his old hat crushed into a shapeless mass under his arm; nor yet with a jaunty or saucy swagger; but with the important look and mysterious air of one who is charged with the fearful messages of fate. His eye first followed John out of the room. He then went to the door to see that it was latched, and anon returned, and looked first upon one and then upon the other, as if they had been his victims, and he was hesitating on which he should pronounce some fearful sentence, first. At length, without being asked a single question, which they well-knew would be more likely to prevent than to elicit any communication he had to make, after a little shuffling with his feet, while straightening out his hat again into something like its original shape, holding it up before him, and eyeing it with a most earnest look, as if about to address himself to nothing else, he thus began:

"Turney Hudson's off, and away over Stainmoor, nobody knows where, and there's another come in his place."

"How odd!" thought Charles, ruminating upon what the old hag had said to him in the morning, while the colour fled from Harry's cheek, as he asked in tremulous accents, if the gipsy had been taken.

"Oh aye!" replied Billy; "and it's a sad pity too, for he could throw a sly mair deftly on the rippling curl than any man that iver darking stood on Eden's brae; but he's fast enough in jail just noo, and wad niver hae kest another had he not hae telt out 'afore the justices, who hurried off the constables to fetch the Turney afore them; but he was ower deep for them, an' mun hae hed somebody like me harking to what they said, and then carryin' it till him, while they were makin' out some writin' or other, for when the constables went to his hoose the bird had flown; and noo they say the gipsy willnt be hanged next week as was expected, but only Tom the Ponecher."

"Well, did you hear what the gipsy said?" enquired Harry, fearing they might be obliged to listen to a long disquisition upon the grand doings he anticipated on Gallows' Hill the following week.

"Nay," replied Billy; "except that he said they had been set on by Turney Hudson, as ye may suppose, by his running away; but they're efter him, and young Mr. Winterton at their heel, sent, they say, by Mrs. Alice Musgrave, oot o' kindness for her nurse that was; auld Biddy—Biddy—I forget her name—"

"Hobson!" added Harry, mechanically filling up the pause.

"Nay, nay!" returned Billy, "that's not the name."

Harry told him it was of no consequence, and directed him to go and tell Mrs. Maud to give him his supper, and not leave the hall that night, as he might want him early in the morning.

When the friends were again left to themselves, Harry desired Charles to be seated, and he would tell him all he knew, as well as all he feared from what he did not know, concerning these dark and mysterious occurrences.

"I wish you would," exclaimed Charles, "for I am strangely bewildered with all I have seen and heard."

"The morning I left you," he began, "on my way to Ravenstonedale; I had sufficient time to have reached the Hall before the sale, but that villain Hudson, doubtless for the purpose of carrying some scheme or other of his own into effect, told me it would be an hour later than the time appointed: so that, as you already know, it was over when I arrived."

"Before I left the neighbourhood, for I remained all night at Orton, some mystery seemed to be gathering round me. Although a stranger, as I thought myself, I was known apparently at every turn I took. On the morrow, ere the sun had risen, a messenger came galloping up to the inn door, just as I was leaving it, and handed me a warning note without a name."

"And did you not know who sent it?" interrupted Charles.

"No," replied Harry; "I could not even form a probable conjecture."

Charles Moreland smiled at what he thought his friend's stupidity. Harry saw the smile, and read it right; and knew, as if by intuition, now as well as he did, where the note had come from. But instead of being delighted, as his friend naturally supposed he would have been, with the discovery he had manifestly made, he leant his head upon his hand, and seemed absorbed, for a minute or two, in deep and melancholy reflection. He then proceeded with his narrative; after having remarked that he hoped the day was not far distant when he should be able to explain, to his friend's satisfaction, what must appear so strange and mysterious now. And added, as if speaking to himself, "I must and will see her once again before we part forever."

"Well!" he said, in an altered tone, as if he made a desperate effort to resume his equanimity, "on receiving this note I changed my purpose of returning home by Crosby Ravensworth, and determined to take the very road I had been warned against."

"How like a Netherby!" interposed his friend.

"After I had gone as far as Oddendale Head,"

continued Harry, regardless of the interruption, to see—but why should I hesitate?—to see an old woman who had nursed poor Alice in her infancy, in order to ascertain from her, whether some reports—or rather to enquire—if—”

“Yes, yes! I see,” interrupted Charles, who, however, did not see any thing except that his friend was getting deeper still into some dark and inexplicable labyrinth about his quarrel with Alice, for he naturally supposed they had quarrelled, which might lead, he thought, to some interminable digression from the narrative in which he felt so deeply interested.

“After conversing with this woman for a few minutes,” Harry resumed, “I heard such a hurly-burly on the fell side above her cottage, and down came a ferocious mob with maddening shouts to seize me. I could not then, however, believe myself to be the object of their fury; and so I waited their approach almost too long, for I only just escaped the rush they made upon me.”

“What could they want with you?” exclaimed Charles, in great amazement.

“You shall hear. The husband of this very woman I have mentioned, it would appear, had been sent somewhere, by the late Mr. Musgrave, for a document that was considered of the utmost importance in the late lawsuit.”

“And he never came back?” interrupted Charles, “I heard that this morning.”

“From the old gipsy?” added Harry; “and the old hag well knew why.”

Here Harry recounted all the particulars of the murder, which he had since heard, and with which the reader is already acquainted. He then continued:—“And it would now appear that this fellow Hudson had been at the bottom of it all, and these two miserable creatures his willing tools; and I sometimes fear—and it is this thought that dwells so heavily on my mind, that—that—”

“That what?” asked Charles in evident alarm.

“That—I may as well out with it at once—that my poor father—”

“Oh, no! no! impossible!”

“Well, I hope and trust he did not; but you do not know how exasperated he was against the Musgraves, nor how much he had set his heart upon that revengeful act—I mean the lawsuit, and although he might not have participated directly in the instigation to that dreadful crime; yet with such a villain for his adviser as this Hudson is, he may possibly have received some intimation—a dark hint, for instance, as to the means his solicitor intended to use, in order to prevent this paper from being produced, by which he might have suspected at least, and consequently have prevented him from carrying them into

effect; in which case I must—but there is a deep, a fathomless abyss before me, down which I dare not look, and I am standing on the very edge of the precipice—ready to be hurled headlong into it, at the word, even of a poacher or gipsy, however little dependence could be placed upon that word. Such men, however, will tell the truth with a halter round their necks. Notwithstanding, I will not shrink from any investigation, although condemned by the world around me. It was owing to this dreadful suspicion that the fierce fell-siders would have torn me limb from limb!

“Shrink from an enquiry! No, no! on the contrary,” continued Harry, with excited animation, “I will exert my utmost energies, and they are more and greater, now that this has roused them, than I ever should have known I could command; and never rest until the lust and dying speech of Hudson, on the Gullows Hill, shall clear up all. Besides the merit of bringing down on such a wretch the fate he has so long deserved. No other one on earth can solve the doubt that weighs upon my mind, and ruckles in my heart, and will, if not explained, till it is sere and hardened to all else on earth besides.—Nay, Charles, not a word, except to tell me what you need not, that you will aid me to the utmost of your power. My cousin Geoffry too, I am sure, will join us in the chase. And now I think of it, I will send a messenger forthwith to Strickland Hall, to bring him here by breakfast time tomorrow, and then we'll start for Stainmoor, where young Winterton by this time is probably on his track. I could all but forgive him if he caught the villain.”

“Forgive him!” exclaimed Charles; “in what has he offended you?”

But Harry was relieved from the confusion in which this question was naturally calculated to involve him, by a gentle knock at the door, when, on the summons being answered, John entered with a letter in his hand, which he said had been delivered to him by a messenger on horseback at the hall-door, who said no answer was required, and instantly rode off. John stirred the fire and left the room. Harry looked at the letter, broke the seal and read as follows:

Sir,—In consequence of certain rumours having reached me concerning the mysterious disappearing of our Anthony Fawcett, I have deemed it necessary to absent myself for a short period.

On finding out, no matter by what means, that this man had been sent to Wastel Head for a certain paper, which would inevitably have turned the scales, in the late suit, against your honoured and revered father, and thus have involved him in costs and expenses that would have sunk your patrimony and left you a beggar; and I mean your respected father and myself, concerted a scheme to prevent so dreadful a calamity. This scheme was carried into effect, however, in a way that we did not

exactly anticipate or intend. I was thus, you see, only acting under your father, and with his concurrence, as a faithful agent for the promotion of the best interests of your ancient and noble house, and for the handing down of Hellbeck Hall, with the lands, tenements, and demesnes, as well as other appurtenances thereunto belonging, free from all incumbrances, to the next lineal descendant and heir apparent, according to the law of primogeniture prevailing and obtaining in this realm. You, Harry Netherby, Esquire, of Hellbeck Hall, being the said heir apparent, have thus come to your inheritance, by my zealous, perhaps over-zealous, exertions in this behalf. These, therefore, are to request that, although you may not be able, from a concatenation of adverse circumstances, to prevent these upstart Wintertons from interfering with your future prospects in life, you will at least exert all your influence to put a stop to those legal investigations, as they justly term them, which have raised such an outcry in the neighbourhood, as may eventuate in the compramisation* of our honour and our good name, even upon the evidence of such felon witnesses as a poacher and a gipsy.

I remain, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant to command,

JOSHUA HEDSON,
Attorney-at-Law, &c. &c.

POST-SCRIPT.—You need not trouble yourself about answering this letter, as I have a faithful agent in the neighbourhood who will inform me of your action in the premises. I shall remain quietly in Liverpool until I hear the result of your interference, when I shall return or leave the realm as the case may require.

J. H.

To say that poor Harry Netherby read this letter with feelings of the most humiliating degradation, would convey to the reader but a very faint idea of the conflicting passions which raged with uncontrollable power in his bosom. His brain reeled—his lip quivered—his cheek turned ghastly pale, and the fatal letter, as he considered it, dropped from his nerveless grasp upon the floor.

Charles Moreland saw it all—saw that some dreadful intelligence had reached him through that letter. He stooped to pick it up, and asked if he might read it.

"Oh yes! by all means!" replied Harry with an unearthly smile; and he muttered as if to himself—"our honour!—our good name!—my degradation is complete—my fate is sealed!"

Old John at that moment, evidently under the influence of fear and superstition, entered the room, and exclaimed that a gentleman was at the door who wished to see the master instantly, on some important business; that would admit of no delay.

"Admit him instantly," replied Charles, taking upon himself the authority of his friend, who ap-

peared so lost in thought as not to have noticed the announcement; "and shew him into the withdrawing-room, and ask his name. The plot thickens," thought he.

John did as he was told, and returned to say so; but in his hurry he forgot the name, as he had before forgotten who it was the stranger wished to see; for it was not his master, but his honored guest.

"Very well, John; tell him I will be with him in a few minutes," replied Charles; but John still lingered. His master, now somewhat more himself again, observing this, asked with some petulance in his tone and manner, what he wanted.

"I don't know, Sir—I don't know what's going to become of us all," replied the venerable functionary, after a great deal of shuffling and stammering; "indeed I don't, Sir, nor does Mistress Maud, nor Lanty, nor none of us, except the gardener, who says he doesn't care about it—"

"About what?" eagerly asked Harry, whose harassed mind predisposed him to participate in the terror he saw depicted in every agitated feature of the old man's face.

"The room, Sir—the haunted room!"

"I believe," said Harry, addressing his friend more calmly, now that he was somewhat relieved by the discovery he had made, contrary to his anticipations, that no new calamity had come upon him; "I believe the whole house are going mad together." Then turning to his old and faithful servitor, he added in rather a severe, if not sarcastic tone and manner: "well! and what now about the haunted room? But you can tell me," he continued, as John was about to answer, "when I am more at leisure to listen to your superstitious folly."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SICILIAN OSTENTATION.

IN Sicily every house is a palace, and every handicraft a profession; every respectable person is addressed as his excellency, and even a servant on an errand is charged with an embassy. This attachment to ostentation is so inveterate, that the poorer nobility and gentry are penurious to an extreme in their domestic arrangements, and almost starve themselves to be able to appear abroad in the evening, with an equipage—often mean, and calculated rather to indicate poverty than comfort.—*Smyth's Memoirs of Sicily.*

MAXIM.

TIME is money; but it does not follow that a man is a capitalist, because he has plenty of it on his hands.

* As a faithful chronicler of the veritable documents connected with this history, which have cost me a great deal of trouble and expense to obtain, I conceive that I have no right to alter a word, although it may not be found in Johnson's Dictionary. It, the learned reader will recollect, was not then published.

SONGS OF THE BIRDS.

NO. I.

BY SELINA OLIVER.

No angel am I, of glorious wing,
 Yet do I soar 'mid the clouds, and sing
 Far up in the deep blue sky;
 And sweet are the notes of my simple lays,
 For I sing glad songs to my Maker's praise,
 Who dwells in his glory on high.

No angel am I, and yet, behold
 My wings are sparkling in green and gold,
 And lightly they bear me away,
 O'er fields and trees, and glittering spires,
 But I am of earth, and my swift wing tires,
 At the close of the long bright day.

No angel am I, yet learn from me
 Where the nobler thoughts of thy heart should be,
 Taking their upward flight;
 These are the wings of the soul, that bear
 The hymn of praise, and the ardent prayer
 Up to the realms of light.

No angel art thou, for soon, alas!
 Heaven's beaming light from thine eyes shall pass,
 Leaving the shades of night;
 But the morn of a brighter day is near,
 Then, may thy spirit in heaven appear,
 An angel of glory and light.

NO. II.

THE OLD BEECHEN TREE.

Oh! well do I remember the old beechen tree,
 That grew beside the rill that sang so merrily,
 And its deepest shadow cast on the snow-white cottage
 eaves,
 Where the happy children played 'neath the shelter of
 its leaves,
 And there amid the thickest of its foliage green and
 bright,
 These pretty little nestlings first saw the pleasant light,
 And oft the noisy urchins would pause amid their glee,
 To peep within the nest, in the old beechen tree.

There first I heard the sound of the streamlet's rippling
 flow,
 And the rustling of the boughs, and their waving to and
 fro,
 And the melody of music, wild, beautiful and free,
 First woke within my heart in the old beechen tree.
 Oh! blithely rose the morn, and the sun was shining
 bright,
 When to the topmost bough I winged my feeble flight.
 Oh! merrily I sang, as I waved my wings of gold,
 And the warbling of my song my raptures gaily told.

In light and joy I revelled, in the glad some earth and sky,
 And in freedom winged my flight most joyously on high.
 I saw a fleecy cloud float in the ether blue,
 Its snowy whiteness tinged with sunlight's golden hue,
 In the gladness of my spirit, I longed to make my home
 In the bosom of that airy cloud, so lovely and so lone.
 But in vain I sought to reach it, for it faded quite away,
 Like a maiden's dream of hope, too bright and pure to
 stay;

Yet I grieved not for its beauty, but warbled merrily,
 For I thought upon my own sweet home within the
 beechen tree.

Williamsburg, March 10, 1844.

"MAN SHALL NOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE."

BY A. G. L.

"Man shall not live by bread alone,"
 The sage, from study wading, said,
 As deep in night the taper shone
 Upon his high, majestic head.
 Forgotten themes of wondrous lore
 Engirt the venerable man;
 O'er pages vast of wisdom hoar
 His calm, bright eyes familiar ran.
 From ages gone he draws his breath,
 And noble joys are his, I ween;
 But round him hangs the pall of death,
 Nor can he pierce beyond the screen;
 All there is mystery to him,—
 And yet a human heart hath he,
 Which beats beneath forebodings dim,
 Of what beyond that pall may be.

"Man shall not live by bread alone,"
 The minstrel cried by stream of Yarrow,
 He mourned his country's poets gone,
 And hymned a low, sad song of sorrow.
 He sinks upon a "gowany brae,"
 Sweet music falls like voices from them,
 And rapt, on Fancy's wings away,
 His ravished soul is one among them.
 Alas! he wakes, his vision gone,
 The happy, happy hour is past,
 Too pure its joys for earth to own,
 Nor fraught enough with heaven to last.
 And thus through life he wends his way;
 The spirit touched, but unsubdued,
 All valiant struggles through the clay
 To make heaven's bread its daily food.

"Man shall not live by bread alone,"
 An humble Christian meekly prayed,
 And God sent angels, one by one,
 Each at his feet, some offering laid;
 Some strengthening grace, some blessing given,
 His soul to aid in hour of need,
 Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons of heaven,
 Ah, Christian! thou art blest indeed!
 The peace of Christ his bosom bears
 As forth he goes his kind to bless:
 Augment their joys, their sorrows share,
 Feed want, and cover nakedness.
 His life of life is from above,
 Assured that every mortal groan
 Shall yet be lost in peals of love,—
 He liveth not by bread alone.

Simcoe, 1844.

ORIENTAL PROVERB.

A VERY beautiful oriental proverb runs thus:—
 "With time and patience, the mulberry leaf be-
 comes satin."

THE UNREVEALED.

ABOUT ten years ago the following extraordinary advertisement appeared in one of the London papers :

"It is wished to place a lady in a retired and respectable family under peculiar circumstances. No questions must be asked; no attempt must ever be made to penetrate the mystery of her situation. The slightest reason to believe, or even to suspect, that her history had been discovered, would cause her immediate removal, and might be attended with the most distressing, if not fatal consequences, to innocent parties. Should this meet the eye of any person inclined to place unlimited confidence in a stranger, who has no dishonourable or criminal purpose in view, the pecuniary advantages of such confidence would be great. It is expected the lady should be treated with uniform respect and kindness. The former is due to her birth; the latter claimed by her misfortunes. Any one qualified to answer this may do so by causing simply a name and address to be inserted on Monday, Wednesday, or Friday next, in the paper in which this appears. Such an intimation will be immediately understood, and means promptly adopted to bring about a satisfactory interview, after inquiries have been made with regard to the character, family, and habits of the respondent, to convince the advertiser all his objects will be accomplished."

I answered this advertisement in the way pointed out, and mine was one of seven which appeared on the following Monday. On Wednesday there were thirteen other answers; and on Friday five. Two weeks more elapsed, and I had relinquished all expectation of being the selected candidate, when one evening about dusk, in the month of July, a letter was left at my house, by a common ticket-porter, containing these words:

"Inquiries have been made. I am satisfied with the result of them. Be on the west side of Sackville-street, Piccadilly, tomorrow night, at ten o'clock, and you shall know more. You will see a gentleman, with his handkerchief to his mouth. Accost him with the words 'You are punctual.' Be so yourself, or you will hear nothing further of this business."

The letter was sealed with a black seal, and evidently written in a hand elaborately disguised. I was, and am, a lover of the mysterious: but I was also then, what I am not now, thank heaven, in circumstances which lent a peculiar zest to the anticipated pecuniary benefits that were to connect themselves with this mystery.

In order not to be too late, I resolved to be too soon. I was in Sackville-street at a quarter to ten. I had not been there above five minutes

when I saw a person approaching me, holding his handkerchief to his face. I walked up to him.

"You are punctual," said I.
"Am I?" he replied, "and what is that to you?" looking angrily at me, without removing his handkerchief.

"You are punctual, sir," I slowly and emphatically repeated, fearful of transgressing my instructions by a single word.

"And you are impertinent, sir," was the stranger's reply, endeavouring to pass me, and proceed on his way.

"Excuse me," I answered; "but it is nearly ten o'clock, and you have your handkerchief to your mouth."

"Do you mean to insult me, sir?" And he measured me with his eye from head to foot, as if taking a prudential survey of a probable antagonist. It was all in his favour, however, for he stood several inches higher than myself, and was twice my bulk. Still he did not remove his handkerchief.

"If there be no mistake, there can be neither insult nor offence," I said, "and from the circumstances of the hour, the place, and that handkerchief which you hold to your face—"

"Your conduct is most extraordinary," interrupted the stranger; "but I have only this to say: I have just been having a tooth extracted; and if you follow me a single step, or speak another word, I'll extract more than one of your teeth."

With this declaration he walked on. I stood watching him, exceedingly perplexed whether I should laugh at a whimsical coincidence, or feel vexed at being made an egregious dupe.

While I was debating this point with myself, and growing more and more inclined to adopt the latter course, the clock of St. James' church went ten; and as the hour struck, I perceived another person advancing towards me with a quick step, holding his handkerchief to his mouth. He was tall, thin, and dressed in black. I rather hesitated, whether to address him or not, beginning, as I did, to suspect the whole thing was a trick, and that probably there were half a dozen more gentlemen ready to emerge from Burlington Gardens, with handkerchiefs to their faces, in order to play upon my credulity for their amuse-

ment. However, as he passed me, I pronounced the cabalistic words.

"You are punctual," said I.

He looked at me for a moment, and then in a mild, but sad voice, replied, "Follow me."

I did so. He walked rapidly in the direction of St. James' Park, where we soon arrived; but he maintained a profound silence all the way. When we reached the open space by the Horse Guards, he cast his eyes round in every direction, to observe whether there was any one in sight. He then addressed me by my name.

"You know my conditions," said he. "They must be rigorously observed. This," placing a paper in my hand, "is at once an earnest and a pledge of my intentions to fulfil them on my part. The same sum shall reach you at the expiration of every three months. Return. If you have any misgivings, if you have the shadow of a wish to retract—there is time for renouncing your present disposition to go on. One word, the day after tomorrow, in the same paper—the single monosyllable 'no,' puts an end to the business between us; and what you have is your reward for what is passed. If no such word appear, then, in the evening of the same day after tomorrow, the lady will arrive at your house. Remember—indiscreet curiosity is the only rock on which you can split, as long as——" He paused, and his voice became tremulous, as he added—"AGNES MANDEVILLE is treated with undeviating respect and kindness."

I was about to say—I know not what—for the situation in which I was placed confounded me; when my companion cut short all reply, by pointing towards the palace, and exclaiming—"Good night! We part now. There needs no other answer here."

"Nor will there elsewhere," I said, as I bowed and obeyed his injunction. I looked back when I had proceeded a few yards, and could just discern that he remained motionless on the spot where I left him. I did the same several times before I reached the palace, to see if he were following; but he was no where visible.

Engrossed as my thoughts were by this mysterious interview, I could not resist examining, by the first lamp I came to, the paper he had placed in my hands. It was a hundred pound bank-note enclosed in a blank envelope. This, I thought, looked indeed like being in earnest, and I returned home with feelings inflamed to the highest pitch of excitement by the extraordinary character of the business in which I had engaged.

My family, at that time, consisted of my wife and two daughters, the elder in her twelfth year. Hitherto I had said nothing to my wife upon the subject of the advertisement, of my having an-

swered it, or of the consequences of that answer. I did not mention the second, because I expected she would try to dissuade me from it, and I was resolved not to be dissuaded; so why give my beloved Jane unnecessary trouble? And I kept the third to myself, till I saw what became of these consequences, that nobody might laugh at me *but* myself, if it should turn out I was befooled. As it was necessary now, however, that I should admit her into my confidence, I did so. I hardly knew what turn matters might have taken, when I came to that part of my narrative which announced the coming of Agnes Mandeville; for though my dear Jane knew me to be the most faithful of husbands, still it did not seem to me that she was sufficiently convinced of the utter impossibility of my ever forfeiting that character. And I grieve to say, the appearance of the hundred pound bank-note, with the intimation that we should regularly receive a visit from one of the same family every three months, had more effect in reconciling her to what she considered a dangerous experiment, than all my assurances of invincible fidelity. Mortifying as this reflection could not fail to be to a man of unimpeached and unimpeachable conjugal constancy, I bore it meekly, under the influence of pretty nearly similar considerations to those which produced the auspicious change in my dear Jane's view of the affair.

The expected evening came, and it was arranged between me and Jane, that I should receive our mysterious visitor alone. Every requisite preparation had been made for her reception, and long before dark I took my station in the drawing-room, listening to each footfall, to each sound of carriage wheels, with a nervous trepidation which I was wholly unable to control. I had settled, in my own mind, the precise way in which I would accost her; how I would conduct her to a seat; and what I would say to the tall thin gentleman in black; whilst my wife had rehearsed her part several times during the day, with additions and improvements at each rehearsal. My busy fancy, too, had pictured all sorts of persons as the probable resemblance of the high-born, but unfortunate lady. Was she young? Was she old? No—that could not be, I thought; but then, was she middle-aged? And was she handsome? Or had sorrow blighted her beauty? What effect, also, had sorrow produced upon her character and disposition? Had it made her sullenly taciturn, or despondingly interesting? I don't know how it was, but I could not help hoping, and secretly believing, she was young, lovely, and drooping to decay, like all angels of romance, under the withering anguish of unmerited affliction.

It was nearly ten o'clock, and I was getting irritably impatient, when I heard a coach stop at the door. I absolutely burst out into a cold perspiration, and a sort of shiver ran through my veins. Unfortunately I had forgotten to settle, among all the other things which I had determined to do, whether it would be better to answer the door myself, or let the servant appear, and I was now in such a flurry, that I could not make up my mind either way. I rushed to the top of the staircase, intending to order Jennet back to the kitchen; but before I could speak, the door was opened, and I hastily retreated to the drawing-room, to take my station in the very place, and with the exact attitude which I had fixed upon as suitable to the occasion. How my heart beat, and my eyes strained themselves, as I heard steps ascending, but not a word uttered!

Jennet entered; with a countenance on which were visibly depicted amazement and intense curiosity. She was followed—not by the tall thin gentleman in black—but by an aged female in black, leading by the hand another female of a slender and graceful form, the upper part of whose person was entirely shrouded from observation by the thick folds of a mourning veil. Having conducted her to the sofa, where she seated herself in silence, she advanced towards me (for I had done nothing and said nothing of all I intended to do and say), and gave me a letter. I offered her a chair; she declined it without speaking, but with an air which denoted the habitual observance of the manners of elegant society. I opened the letter, and read it. It was in the same disguised hand as the former one, and ran thus:

"Receive her—obey her in all things. The bearer of this will visit her at appointed intervals. Let none else; save those you know, and know to be as discreet as I look to find yourself."

"You understand, sir?" said the female, when I had finished reading this brief epistle.

"Perfectly, madam; but——"

She placed her finger on her lips and withdrew, having first pressed silently, in both hers, the hand of the veiled stranger.

I was left alone with her. For a moment I stood irresolute, whether to speak, or retire, and send up my wife. There she sat motionless—leaning back—with her hands negligently clasped before her, and apparently listening to the sound of the departing carriage; but without saying a word, or attempting to remove the long crape veil that continued to conceal her face. I have acknowledged myself a lover of the mysterious; but I became chilled and fearful almost, as I gazed upon the being in whose presence I then

was. There was something awful in her stillness, her shrouded form, her unbroken silence.

The day had been sultry: the evening closed in with every appearance of a gathering storm. Suddenly, a loud peal of thunder burst upon our ears. The crash was terrific, and a piercing shriek was uttered by Agnes Mandeville, as she covered her face with her hands. I sprang towards her, and said something to allay her fears.

"It is not fear, but memory, that brings this agony," she replied.

The calm, mournful tone of voice in which these words were uttered, went to my heart. Before I could reply, she raised her veil, and I perceived that she was blind.

"What have I to dread?" she continued, in the same thrilling accents. "What can the thunder-flash do to me more than it has done? But when I hear its dread sound, I tremble from recollection of that fatal day, which was the last I ever looked upon a world I too much worshipped."

I have seen many beautiful faces, seen them irradiated with joy—bedewed with tears—sparkling with hope—dimmed with long years of grief—wan with disease; but in my life I never beheld a countenance so full of earth's misery, yet so patient in affliction; so dejected, yet so saint-like in its meekness, as that on which I then gazed.

Agnes Mandeville (I speak now from after knowledge) was in her twentieth year. The contour of her features was perfectly Grecian, and their pallid hue, aided by the spiritless aspect of her sightless eyes, and the plexid repose of her whole face, might have cheated the beholder into a belief that he looked upon some exquisite work of art—some chiselled bust, where the sculptor, inspired of heaven, had unveiled nature's mysteries, and entered her holiest sanctuary. The transparent paleness of her complexion was heightened by the contrast of her raven black hair, which hung in large curls on either side, displaying the marble whiteness of her brow, on which they parted, to shade, as it seemed, the melancholy ruin beneath. But those eyes! What must once have been their expression! What once their soul-fraught meaning! Even still, they appeared to fix upon me a look of mitigated fire, of tempered dignity, as their large dark orbs were slowly turned in the direction of my voice. The lightning had quenched their living beam, had blasted their use, without destroying or hardly disfiguring; the outward appearance of those delicate organs which had been ministers of sight, till the miserable hour when she looked her last upon the world.

The thunder rolled again. Her horror was

less violent and less audible. But it was piteous to behold how the poor victim of its former wrath covered and trembled at the sound; and more piteous still to see the tears glistening in eyes which now could *only* weep! It seemed such a cruel mockery of all their noblest prerogatives, such a sad relief of all their glorious functions, to be the channel for their grief alone; as if grief were so indefeasible a portion of our birthright in this world of abounding sorrow, that it clings to us even as life itself, and parts from us only when we mingle with the dust of which our graves are made.

What could I say to her? Such a being was not to be approached with bold, unmeaning consolation, clothed in set phrases of conventional sympathy. The common miseries of common minds find their solace in what would fall unheeded upon the wounded spirit of finer natures; or, if heeded, listened to only with involuntary scorn. Besides, when we know not the true source of the agony we would soothe, how can we be sure that the comfort we offer does not touch some secret chord, whose response will come from the depths of the bruised heart in tones of tenfold agony? And what bitterness of soul is there, what aggravation of wretchedness, to be compared to that which a mourner feels, who is bidden to seek happiness in the very scorpioid paths where he has been stung to madness? The poor wretch, whose burning entrails confess the potency of the deadly draught he has swallowed, might as well grasp at the poisoned cup, replenished with the venom he had drained, and hope to assuage his torture by repetition.

These were my reflections. They kept me silent. But I approached my interesting companion, and gently taking her hand, sought to convey, by the pressure of my own, thoughts, feelings, and wishes, for which I had no words. She raised her sad eyes to heaven, with a blended expression of intense melancholy and fervent gratitude in her fine countenance, that I can never, never forget, as she exclaimed:

"There is, then, one living creature, who pities me, though an offended God has justly ordained there should be none left to love me. It is something! And I am thankful for more mercy vouchsafed, than such a wretch as I am could dare to hope for, from prayer."

"What must that wretch be," I replied, "who did not pity one so ill-fated, so young, so beautiful, so innocent of all that could draw down so much calamity?"

"Aye," she answered, withdrawing her hand, and sighing mournfully, "you say truly,—so young! And flattering tongues, ere now, have said—how beautiful! And past and present mi-

serery proclaim—so ill-fated! But," she added, shuddering as she spoke, "oh! that some angel's voice would command into silence the mocking fiend within, when I try to think it is all unmerited!"

I remembered the emphatic injunction I had received, to shun the rock of indiscreet curiosity. I remembered, too, the words of the advertisement—"No questions must be asked—no attempt made to penetrate the mystery of her situation," and I pursued this conversation no further; for it had assumed a shape which made it impossible, almost, that I should advance another step without violating the tacit pledge I had given, by accepting the office to which those conditions were inexorably attached. But, by the same office, and by the same authority, I was enjoined to administer kindness and to proffer respect. What if I had not? A demon only could have withheld them. And something worse than a demon must he have been, who could have taken hire, to add, by neglect or cruelty, to the heavy burden of affliction which bowed down the spirit of this lovely mourner.

Such was my first interview with Agnes Mandeville. Three years she remained under my roof. Let me describe, if I can, the extraordinary, the incomprehensible—I might almost add, with regard to some of them—the awful incidents that marked those years; and, in conclusion, let me describe the romantic circumstances which led me, seven years afterwards, to stand beside "the stranger's grave," listening, in the dim twilight of a summer's evening, amid the wild scenery of a mountainous country, to the plaintive recital of a gray-headed old man, as he told me what he knew of the "poor inhabitant below."

She seemed to be aware of the sort of gentle imprisonment, and partial solitude to which she was doomed; for though no intimation of it ever fell from me or my wife, she never breathed a complaining wish to cross the threshold of our door, or breathed a sigh because she did not; while, on all occasions, when we were visited by friends or acquaintances, she would rise to retire before they entered. I felt, however, so keenly the hardship of this seclusion, in her forlorn and desolate condition, that I very soon circumscribed, within the narrowest possible limits, the number of my visitors, as well as the number of their visits. I was more happy in seeing her—(no, I cannot say happy, for that she never was, but)—calm and undisturbed, than in any social enjoyments which were purchased at the price of banishing her from our presence. It is no wonder, therefore, if I was selfish enough thus to seek my own gratification. In my dear Jane, too, she found, what, I am afraid I must acknowledge, ex-

ists only in a woman's heart—that untired benevolence, that still fresh and overflowing stream of sympathetic feeling, which sheds a spirit of gladness over the duties of humanity, and makes the thousand kindness, as warm, as generous, and as prompt as the first. It was not long before she loved Agnes, and Agnes repaid her love with all she had to offer in return—the gratitude of an outcast, to whom the world, and its many cherished hopes and delights, were a melancholy blank.

Very soon after her arrival, a harp, a pianoforte, and a fine chamber organ, were sent for her use. She played beautifully on all those instruments; and sometimes sang plaintive, melancholy airs to her harp. But it was when she touched the organ, that her whole soul seemed to dwell upon the tones she produced. A scientific musician, a professor of fugues and fingering, an ear-taught lover of time and tune, and a disciplined scholar in the mysteries of brilliant execution, might, for aught I know, have detected a thousand faults in the performances of Agnes Mandeville. But it was impossible for any one who had a heart to feel the divinity that dwells in music, and own the secret spell that dwells in harmony as its living essence, to listen to the wild, wondrous, subduing sounds which she would extract from the deep, solemn, and swelling stops of that sublime instrument, without emotions such as were never yet excited by the greatest master. She sometimes seemed as if she were entranced, while pouring forth, with spontaneous melody, strains that appeared to link themselves with all her hidden sorrow, with all her saddest recollections, with all her sorrowful forebodings; with the silent tears she so often shed, and with the grief-fraught sighs that waited ever upon her thoughts.

“There!” she would exclaim, after one of these self-inspired performances, and then sink into meditation; “there! I have been holding converse with the past. I have beheld the departed. I have heard the voice that enthralled me. I have shed unseen tears—basked in unseen smiles; and with miraculous speech, which only two can understand—the living and the dead—I have told what I am, because of what I was. Lord! Lord! there is a *future*, which thou alone canst look upon!”

It might be about three or four months after Agnes Mandeville had become our inmate, that my wife one morning entered my room, and beckoning me silently to follow, led the way to the chamber where Agnes was sitting. The door of the apartment was half open. Exactly opposite to it sat Agnes, with something in her hand, upon which she appeared to be intently gazing.

So earnest, so expressive, so full of meaning was her countenance, that any one who did not know she was blind, might have supposed her eyes had been enchained by the exciting object which imparted those qualities to her features. Nay, there was even in the eyes themselves, a strangely vivid appearance, as if they were lustrous from dwelling in secret upon some much-prized treasure.

I felt ashamed of my situation, to stand thus prying into the actions of an unfortunate being, whom Providence had bereaved of the faculty to protect herself from the intrusion; and I was about to retire, directing my wife, by a look, to do the same, when Agnes spoke. Her first words riveted me to the spot. All sense of self-rebuke fled. I could have submitted, at that moment, to lay down my life for my offence, had it been necessary; but it was beyond my power to shun the offence. I will relate her exact words—they were not to be once heard, and ever forgotten:

“How madly was I gazing on thy living image, ATREUSTES, when the scorching flush from heaven dried up mine eye-balls! There came a frantic scream upon my ears, and then, all was hushed! Even the angry elements were still, as if they had done their work of vengeance, and were commanded into silence by the power they obeyed. Yes—all was hushed! But where were you? I stretched out my arms; but they folded back upon myself! I called aloud upon your name—there was no voice save my own! I was in darkness, and I knew that I was blind. I groped to find you, but in vain. Oh God! what a scene of horror followed! There was no pitying heart to feel for me—none who would tell me of your fate. But neither God nor man has quenched that inward light, the torch of memory, by which I see you, even whensoever I list. I behold your semblance now!—Now, now those burning eyes are turned upon me, whose spell-like fascination was my soul's snare—those parted lips, rare triumph of the limner's art! seem to breathe the words that fell like consuming flames upon my senses! To your sanctuary—or I shall grow mad again with looking at thee; and betray a secret, for which the world has no other name than *love*!”

As she uttered these words, she kissed whatever it was she held in her hand, and then hurriedly placed it in her bosom. The sigh that followed was laden with unutterable anguish, while her countenance deepened into an expression of mingled pride and scorn, such as I had never seen it wear before. She remained for several minutes without moving, as if absorbed in thought; and then, suddenly rising, as if walked to—

wards that part of the room where her harp stood, which she began to play, singing to it one of those wild melancholy airs I have described, which were, I have reason to believe, the extempore breathings of her troubled mind.

This was the first glimmering of the mystery that enveloped her which had dawned upon me. It disclosed, indeed, but little; yet that little served as a key by which to decipher many things that followed.

I have said that my family consisted of my wife and two daughters, the elder in her twelfth year. Her name was Frances; and whether it was that she felt a lively sympathy for the forlorn condition of Agnes Manderville, and so strove to soften its calamity by a thousand little kind attentions, or whether Agnes was pleased with her mild voice, and the quick intelligence of her manner, I know not, but she evidently became attached to her. She undertook to instruct her in music, delighted in her company, had her for her bedfellow, and would sit whole hours to hear her read such books as she herself selected.

I should mention that, during the period I am now describing, that is, the first twelve months of her residence with me, no human being visited her, save the aged female by whom she was brought and delivered into my care. This person generally came about twice a week; always in the evening; never saw Agnes in the presence of a third person; rarely stayed longer than ten minutes; and avoided all conversation with either myself or my wife. Sometimes I used to imagine that Agnes was more dejected after one of her visits; but, at others, I have equally imagined she was more cheerful and composed. Probably in both cases it was mere fancy.

A singular instance occurred, however, of the unseen vigilance with which my discharge of this extraordinary and delicate trust was observed. It happened on one occasion, that a friend, who called upon me early in the morning, was shown into the drawing-room which was exclusively appropriated to the use of Agnes; but as it was before she had come down from her bed-room, the servant neglected the strict orders she had received, which were, never to allow any one who did not belong to the family to enter that room.

While my friend was waiting for me, Agnes Manderville appeared. The salutation of a strange voice alarmed her, and she hastily retired. My friend did not mention the circumstance; but when the aged female paid her next visit, she delivered a note into my hands, written by the mysterious individual whom I first met, couched in these words:

"You must be more cautious. That which was the effect of accident on Thursday morning, may some day be accomplished by design. Nay, chance itself may work as disastrously for me, for her, and for others, as contrivance. Therefore, I again remind you, that none, save she who comes from me, must see her; or those you know to be as discreet as I have hitherto found yourself."

I can truly say I needed not this admonition; for Agnes herself had inspired me with feelings which threw round her a defence ten times more sacred than even my promise, and a hundred fold more sacred than could have been the result of any anxiety as to the pecuniary advantages of my undertaking. It would be difficult to describe the exact nature of these feelings, or single out from the mass any predominant one; but there can be no difficulty in conceiving that a young and lovely creature, thus allited, thus shrouded in mystery, and disclosing every day some fresh charm of mind, of disposition, and of heart, should inspire corresponding sentiments.

Let me not, however, arrogate to myself a virtue I did not practice. I only forbore, in the spirit of the injunctions I had received, and in deference to Agnes herself, the attempt to penetrate the mystery of her situation; but that my curiosity made me very uncomfortable sometimes—that my vehement longings to know more, tormented me now and then, I am far from denying. I may add, too, that my own longings and curiosity, joined to the much greater longings and curiosity of my wife, deprived both me and her, of many an honest hour's sleep; for night after night we have literally lain our heads together, and talked, and guessed, and conjectured, and grown positive, and made discoveries, and rejected them as soon as made, because they would not tally with some circumstance or other, infinitely more certain than our own certainties, till the morning has dawned upon our conversation. To this weakness I plead guilty, and am content to receive whatever punishment it may deserve from those who can lay their hands upon their hearts, and say, they would not have committed it themselves.

I will now relate the next incident that occurred, tending, as I considered it at the time, to disclose another link in the chain of circumstances connected with the history of Agnes Manderville.

I was sitting in her room one evening, when my daughter Frances came in. I saw she had been weeping, and I inquired the cause. She said, her aunt had just sent a letter, to inform her mother that Frederick was dead.

"Who is Frederick?" inquired Agnes.

"A nephew of my wife's," I replied, "a fine young man, only two-and-twenty, who was seized

with an inflammation of the lungs about a week since, which baffled the best medical skill, and has terminated, thus early, his life. Your woman! I pity his mother, for he was her favourite son."

"Mothers that have favourite children," said Agnes, "offend Nature, whose command is, love all as you love one; for there is no distinction in the cradle, and the heart should make no distinction afterwards, because the world does. Methinks, were I a mother, I should be proud in the knowledge, that all my children were equal portions of my earthly happiness! and that nothing so horrible as choice, could shame me in my own esteem, when I had to lose them."

"My cousin Frederick was such a nice young man!" exclaimed Frances, wiping her eyes, "that every body loved him."

"And therefore," interrupted Agnes, "his mother loved him best; as if a mother should count her love by the sum of that which the world offers, instead of letting it flow from that rich fount, that exhaustless treasury of the affections, which nature creates in the same moment she bestows the name of mother."

"I often used to wish he was my brother," continued Frances, to whom the observations of Agnes were sincerely intelligible, "but now I do not——"

"Your brother!" exclaimed Agnes, with strong emotion. "And do you wish you had a brother?"

"Yes—why should I not? Have you one, Miss Agnes?"

"Come here, my dear Frances—come here, and let me whisper to you."

She stretched forth her arms, and feeling the extended hand of my daughter, who seemed alarmed at her manner, drew her towards her. For myself, I could only gaze in silent earnestness upon the deeply agitated expression of her countenance. She leaned forward, as if to do what she had said, whisper something into the ear of Frances. I watched her lips; they did not move. There was evidently a severe struggle between the desire to speak, and a reluctance to do so. At last she exclaimed aloud—

"Wish to be happy, Frances, for that wish may, perhaps, be rewarded; but when you name the thing that would make you happy, and by it, alone, shape all your hopes of happiness, you know not what misery you are preparing for yourself! My own desires were once like yours, and I dreamed they were fulfilled; and in that dream I lived, rejoicing for five blessed years; but I started from it as a man who walks in sleep, believing his path is among delicious flowers leading to paradise, and awakes to see the abyss down

which his last fatal step has cast him. And yet, how pure, how guiltless, was my soul's prayer! I put it up in innocence: I thought it vouchsafed in goodness! But God had a purpose of his own to fulfil—and God is all-wise, all-perfect in the means he employs, however they may shock our purblind judgments!"

The tone of voice in which Agnes uttered these strange words—slow, deep, thrilling tones—the character of resigned submission to some great grief that pervaded her fine features, relieved only by one faint gleam of joy which irradiated them for a moment as she spoke of the five blessed years in which she had dreamed she was happy—the steadfast turning of her sightless eyes upon my daughter, as she held her to her, by placing her hands on either shoulder—the half-terrified, half-reverential look of Frances herself, whose mild blue orbs were bent upon the face of Agnes Mandeville, as if seeking there the meaning of what she had heard—presented altogether a picture, the effect of which was almost overwhelming at the moment, and the impression of which is as vivid upon my memory now, as that of any thing which occurred but yesterday.

I did not presume to prolong the conversation. There was nothing I could say that would not have appeared like, and must, indeed, have partaken of, a desire to draw from her further disclosures, if that which I have related can be so called. I therefore did what I had often done before, when she wandered into melancholy themes, chid her playfully for indulging in them, and led her mind to the contemplation of other subjects. But I could not dismiss from my own mind, the reflections that were crowding into it. I could not bid those reflections take a form less painful than the one they suddenly assumed, and pertinaciously maintained. They haunted me: they pursued me night and day. They found food in a thousand things. Words, actions, circumstances, that would have passed unheeded before, became their interpreters. I did not seek them; they forced themselves upon me. What I did seek, was what I could not find; something that might relieve me from my thoughts by offering but the shadow of an opposing truth, to justify renouncing them.

Once, and only once, I was tempted to transgress the boundary traced for my discretion. It was many months subsequently to the above conversation. Agnes had fallen ill; and there seemed a restlessness in her manner, as if fearing she might die, and after her death, things might be found about her person or otherwise belonging to her, the discovery of which she dreaded. So at least I construed her behaviour and certain expressions which fell from her; and in unison with

that belief, proffered my services, as delicately as I was able, to remove her fears. Whether she imagined I was seeking what could not be disclosed, or whether from a desire to prevent the repetition of offers, which distressed, because they could not be accepted, I know not; but her reply was in these enigmatical words:

"You urge me to what I dare not grant. If you would write upon my grave an epitaph of peace, forbear to question, or whence, or who I am. I must not leave a mention of my wrongs (the stain of my unspotted birth) to memory. Let all be buried with me in the dust, that never time hereafter may report how such a one hath lived!"

This answer confirmed me in an opinion which had lately been growing stronger and stronger, namely, that Agnes herself had some strong motive for impenetrable secrecy, independently of any authority which the stranger who placed her with me might exercise over her. It was only when her feelings were unexpectedly roused, by circumstances which recalled the cause of her suffering, whatever it might be, or which reminded her of former years, that this motive was too weak to prevent the utterance of thoughts which dimly revealed the truth.

Thus, however, passed two years-and-a-half, during which time my quarterly remittances of one hundred pounds came as punctually as the quarter itself. But they were always sent by the post, enclosed in a blank envelop; like the first one, which I received from the hands of the stranger himself. The visits of the aged female to Agnes; on the other hand, were nearly as punctual as my remittances, and through her Agnes was provided with every thing she required, apparel, books, music, or whatever else she might wish. Her books were read to her, sometimes by my wife, sometimes by myself, but more frequently by Frances; except French and Italian authors, and they were always my department. Frances too, who was moderately well skilled in pianoforte music, used to play any new pieces, till, by repetition, Agnes obtained an exact knowledge of the notes, when she would execute them with a taste, a brilliancy, and an expression, derived wholly from herself.

I have mentioned that very soon after her coming, I circumscribed within the narrowest possible limits, the number of my visitors, as well as the number of their visits, in order that I might prevent the frequent necessity for Agnes to withdraw from our little circle. It is true, I was not absolutely forbidden to let any approach her, but only enjoined to be wary in my selection of those that did; and I carried this circumspection so far (partly from prudential motives, and partly from respect

to Agnes, who had an evident repugnance to the presence of strangers,) that I believe only three, out of a rather extensive acquaintance, ever saw her. Nor to them did I give the slightest intimation that there was any thing peculiar in her situation, beyond the affliction which was apparent.

At the house of one of these three friends I often met a gentleman of the name of Seymour. He appeared to be about five-and-twenty; and had the air of a person who had always moved in superior society. He was what my own sex would call good-looking; and the other, decidedly handsome. His manners were more than agreeable—they were fascinating; not the fascination which lies in telling a droll story, playing off smart repartees, giving a humorous turn to the ordinary matter of ordinary conversation, and bringing to the dinner-table, or the drawing-room coterie, an infinite fund of small-talk, gracefully delivered; but the fascination of a mind and heart, both of which nature had touched with some of her finest qualities. To an easy and elegant carriage, he added a gentleness of deportment that partook as much of pensiveness as of refined feeling. His large, melancholy eyes, seemed to borrow their humid expression of subdued fire from a soul too sensitive, or from a life already overcast; though in its spring only, with misfortune.

It was not easy frequently to meet such a person in general society, without forming the wish to cultivate a closer intimacy; and I perhaps felt this wish the more strongly, because on all occasions I had perceived in Mr. Seymour's manner a marked desire to improve his acquaintance with myself. He always took his seat next me, held me in conversation upon topics which he found interested me, lavished upon me many flattering attentions, and in the midst of these courtesies, discovered so many of his own superior qualities; that I was no less delighted with, than proud of, the distinction he made in my favour.

I asked my friend one day, who Mr. Seymour was.

"A gentleman of family and fortune," was the reply.

"Do you know his family?"

"I do not; but only because I have never thought it worth while to make the enquiry. I was first introduced to him professionally. He came to me, recommended by Sir Edward Croton, to consult me confidentially upon a matter in which he is deeply interested, and which, I expect, will soon be brought before the Lord Chancellor; and if so, it will present a case far more extraordinary, in many of its features, than the famous Douglas cause, of which you have no doubt read. From a client, he became a visiting ac-

quaintance, and from a visiting acquaintance he has grown into an intimate friend."

"Where does he live?"

"At one of the principal hotels near St. James' Street. It amuses me, by the by, to hear you asking these questions, for it is not very long since that Mr. Seymour was just as inquisitive about yourself."

"About me!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; about you" replied my friend; "and about where you lived. But though I could not say of you, as I have of him, that you were a gentleman of family and fortune, yet for my own credit's sake, I protested you were a gentleman; and for your sake, added thereto, that I believed you were a most excellent fellow."

I was more than satisfied with my inquiries. I fixed a day for my friend to dine with me, and deputed him to be the bearer of an invitation to Mr. Seymour, which was accepted.

I mentioned the circumstance to Agnes, leaving her to use her own pleasure whether she would be present. She declined joining us at dinner, but consented that we should join her in the evening, to hear some music.

The day came. I thought Mr. Seymour appeared depressed in spirits, at first; but after a few glasses of wine he rallied, and conversed with his accustomed energy and brilliancy. While we were sitting over our dessert, Agnes began to play the organ.

"That is a beautiful instrument, and seems to be beautifully touched," observed Mr. Seymour, his voice trembling as he spoke.

"You are fond of music," I replied.

"Too fond, too passionately fond!" he exclaimed, with increasing agitation, "for I can never hear it—and above all the soul-reaching organ—without being affected in the way you see. It is pleasure bordering on agony, from its intensity. Who is playing?"

"A young lady who is residing with me—"

"Miss Mandeville," added my friend, "of whom you have heard me speak so often. She is blind."

There came at that moment a deep, full-toned swell upon the ear, of melancholy harmony, so touching, so plaintive, and so expressive of what we fancy celestial strains to be, in its soft, lingering, melting cadence, as it died gently away, that Mr. Seymour burst into tears.

"You perceive," said he, forcing a languid smile, "that music is a dangerous indulgence to me. It was always thus, from my very boyhood. I have stood and wept, when a child, to hear my mother play on the harp, when she has swept the strings so as to produce those murmuring tones which resemble, to my fancy at least, the choral mingling of angelic voices."

"It will be better then," I replied, "that we should not join the lady who is now playing."

"By no means!" interrupted Mr. Seymour, vehemently. "Only leave me to myself, while she plays. The excitement soon goes off; and half painful though it be, it is compensated by emotions so nearly approaching to ecstasy, that I would at all times rather seek than shun them."

Well; in the evening we went up stairs. I introduced Mr. Seymour to Agnes, who took her by the hand, without speaking; but I observed he was violently agitated. I attributed this to the two-fold cause of his remembering with what an inspired feeling she had touched the organ, and to the effect which her appearance, so beautiful in her affliction, was calculated to produce upon any one, much more upon a nature so highly wrought in its sensibilities, as Mr. Seymour's.

During the conversation that ensued, he was silent; or if spoken to, answered in a low voice, audible only to the person addressed; but his eyes were rivetted on Agnes; and observing also, by his countenance, that there were feelings tumultuously working within, which he could hardly control, I became alarmed, from an idea that there must be a reason for such agitation beyond what I could penetrate. I was considering what step I should take, when my friend, requesting permission of Agnes, led her to the organ.

She played various airs, and during her performance of them, Mr. Seymour took his station by her side. Frances, who was on the other side, asked her to play "one of her own pieces," meaning one of those extempore effusions which, as I have said, seemed like the breathings of her troubled spirit. She paused for a moment, then began. It was one of those strains that I have described, after the playing of which she would exclaim, "There! I have been holding converse with the past! I have beheld the departed! I have heard the voice that enthralled me! I have shed unseen tears—basked in unseen smiles—and with miraculous speech, which only two can understand—the living and the dead—I have told what I am!"

In the midst of her performance, we were alarmed by a piercing shriek from Agnes, who dropped lifeless on the floor. We listened to her relief; but, in the confusion of the moment, did not perceive that Mr. Seymour had left the room. He had left the house too! All we could learn, to explain this fresh mystery, was from Frances, who said, that while Agnes was playing, Mr. Seymour bent down and whispered something to her; that Agnes screamed, and that Mr. Seymour, who "turned dreadfully pale" (to use my daughter's own words) rushed out of the room.

God knows what the whispered words were!

Their effect upon the lovely, miserable mourner, when she was restored to animation, was terrible indeed!

She remained insensible, or I should rather say a succession of fainting fits, with short intervals of reanimation, prevented her from speaking during the greater part of an hour. My friend, meanwhile, who had introduced Mr. Seymour, had gone in search of him to his hotel.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

"SET YOUR AFFECTIONS ON THINGS ABOVE."

Col. iii. 2.

BY M.

The "things above," oh! who can paint
Their varied charms, their matchless worth?
How high those heavenly treasures rise
Above the choicest gifts of earth!

The "things above!"—there Jesus dwells,
He who, to rescue us from death,
Though rich, endured deep poverty,
And on the Cross resigned his breath.

Now seated high at God's right hand,
Enthroned in majesty and might,
Those who have known and loved him here,
Serve him with ever new delight.

The "things above!"—there God unfolds
The wonders of His works, and ways;
While all the ransomed sons of men
With angels join, His name to praise.

The "things above!"—No sin is there,
Nor sorrow, with her blasting breath,
No fickle friendships wound the heart,
None fondly loved are chained by death.

Ah, no! for forth from God's right hand,
Rivers of endless pleasure flow;
And from that bright, that happy land,
Are banished care, and sin, and woe.

The "things above!"—where dwell in light,
The fondly loved, the lost from earth;
They who have slept in Christ, who now
Mingle with those of heavenly birth.

The "things above!"—they never fade;
No moth can spull those treasures fair:
No thief can tear them from the soul—
No enemy their brightness mar.

"Eternal!" is inscribed on them,
For they are "hid with Christ in God"—
His gift to those He hath redeemed,
Bought with His own most precious blood.

And is it so? Oh! then, may we
Forsake the trifles of a day,
The pomp, the pleasures of the world,
For joys that cannot fade away.

On "things above" our hearts be fixed,
While onward, through this world we press,
That we may be, when life hath passed,
Meet for heaven's joy and holiness.

SPRING.

BY M.

The spring, oh! how I love the spring,
Its glowing sun, its balmy air,
Which o'er my spirit seems to fling,
A freshness, like itself most fair:
For nature wears an aspect gay,
Which bids all sorrow flee away.

The spring! 'tis like our life's young morn,
Which promises much good below,
Which dreams not days that brightly dawn,
Can be o'ercast by gloom or woe;
Which smiles to hear earth yields no rest,
And thinks itself supremely blest.

'Tis spring's fair day, and yet the sky,
Ere noon is deeply overcast;
Thus earthly hope oft proves a lie,
And earthly joys are quickly past;
And the sad soul, by grief oppress'd,
Feels that earth yields no certain rest.

And if it then but turns the eye
To heaven, to seek for solid bliss,
Fixes its brightest hopes on high,
While here it follows holiness,
Oh! then, the soul is truly blest,
Finds peace, and happiness, and rest.

Then let the spring of life depart,
And days, and years roll swiftly on,
If love to God reigns in the heart,
The heavenly goal will soon be won;
And in that land of perfect bliss,
None will regret a world like this.

SONNETS.

TO ALICIA.

I.

Oh! that my charmed ear might hear thy voice,
Tell me with woman's witchery of tone
That thou didst love me and wert mine alone,
How would my voice respond, my heart rejoice!
Those eyes of gems, if upon me they turn,
With lustrous glory, how doth my poor heart beat,
And all the love of man within me burn,
To pour my soul's devotion at thy feet.
For I do love thee, and thou know'st it not,
And my heart's worshippings are all for thee;
By me, sweet girl, thou ne'er canst be forgot,
In my lone hours thou art a joy to me:
For then I cast all worldly cares aside
And with thine image and my thoughts abide.

II.

'Tis fixed as fate—for graven on my heart,
Thy lovely image and thy speaking eye,
Pleading in gentleness for love's reply,
Can never from my memory depart.
Between us rolls the everlasting sea,
And counted time hath sped still many a pace,
Still thy remembrance is no dream to me.
'Tis heart-engraven; that time can ne'er efface;
And oceans may divide, and fate may part
Those who seemed douped by fate to be as one,
But the remembrance, moulded on the heart,
Can only be by death's stern hand undone.
Yes, loved Alicia! thou art still to me,
Tho' far away, the load-star of my hopes and destiny.

MILDRED ROSIER.*

A TALE OF THE RUINED CITY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER V.

Hypocrite! smooth worldly-minded dame,
Cold smiling mother of an acted lie—
Nourishing envy in her rotten heart,
Murders the innocent with poisonous breath,
And the deluded world applauds the deed.

In the parlor of an old-fashioned looking house, which was dignified by the title of B— Hall, and which stood some two miles West of the Lodge, and fronted upon the great London road, young Chatworth, in the company of one solitary-guest, presided at the breakfast table. He had not tasted of the food, which was piled profusely before him, nor seemed the least tempted to follow the example of Mr. Crofton, who, comfortably ensconced in a warmly cushioned easy chair, was making a rapid inroad into the depths of a highly seasoned pigeon pie.

The young man's thoughts were abstracted, and his countenance wore a sad and discontented expression. The dapper little lawyer's whole heart and soul were buried in the pie; and he was too intent upon discussing its merits, to feel much interested in his silent host. Perhaps he thought him a sad fool, for fasting upon such a cold morning, while he secretly congratulated himself upon the undivided possession of the dish, from which he evidently was deriving great enjoyment. But as there is an end to every work under the sun, his meal was at length concluded, and with a hearty "Thank God!" the learned gentleman rose from the table.

"Well, Mr. Chatworth!" he cried, turning his back to the blazing fire, and holding apart the skirts of his riding coat, in order to give himself a good airing, preparatory to his taking a long-cold ride over the desolate heath, and fronting his melancholy host; "I must be off. But I trust the advice of an old friend has not been entirely thrown away upon you. There are other girls as pretty as Charlotte Stainer—even as rich; for I query whether the she parson will allow the old colonel to leave his property to his

lawful heirs. Forget this little pale-faced fanatic, and try your fortune elsewhere."

"Her property is nothing to me," said the young man, rising; "I have enough to support both her and me; aye, and to bring up a large family respectably, if it should please God to bless us with children;" and he glanced proudly round the far extent of wood and vale which surrounded his old-fashioned mansion in every direction. "My property is not like his, made up of desolate sheep-walks, and claims upon the wreck of the sea. What my fathers left me is mine own—unencumbered with mortgage or settlements for younger children. He will not meet with such a match every day for his daughter. If I did not love the girl, and wish her happy, from the bottom of my heart, I would see him and his methodist chapel sink into the depths of the sea, before I would condescend to ask a favor at his hands."

"The man is mad," said the lawyer—"stark, staring mad. What is the use of fretting yourself about his unnatural conduct? If you insist upon uniting your destiny with the girl, whom, by the bye, I think just as insane as the parent, why don't you persuade her to run off with you?"

"She received such a proposition with disdain, declaring she would wed no one else; but that she would do nothing contrary to the wishes of her father. I went last night to their hypocritical prayer meeting, in the hope of awakening some tender feeling in her breast towards me—"

"And how were you received?"

"The old man looked daggars—his partner, unutterable contempt; but Charlotte—oh! that sad, tender, pleading glance of hers! the melancholy light which flashed for one moment from those matchless dark eyes, thrills through me still. She loves me, as deeply, as fervently, as devotedly, as I love her. When our eyes met, she trembled and turned pale, and presently sank fainting upon her chair, while with a feeble effort she motioned me to leave the room. But I was spell-bound and rooted to the spot; my heart weeping tears of blood over the wreck of what

had once been so gay and beautiful; and there, as I stood before that stern parent—there in his own mansion—I swore in my soul, and the vow is registered above, to snatch that pale, drooping flower from the early grave to which their fanatical folly is driving her.”

“What passed between you and the Colonel last night?”

“Oh! the usual complement of lectures and reproaches. I own that I acted imprudently. My passions were excited to the highest pitch, and they broke forth into fierce anger. He accused me of infidelity, and of harbouring base designs against his daughter. I, in return, called him a selfish, dogmatical, cold-hearted fanatic, who was anxious to sacrifice his daughter to his own narrow bigotry, without the least regard to her happiness, or respect to her feelings—that he had once given his consent to our marriage, and that I would never give up the contract between us, whilst my mistress was living and in the possession of her right senses. He laughed at my impotent anger, and dared to affirm, that Charlotte herself had given up the engagement which had subsisted between us.

“Transported with anger, I declared that his statement was false—or that it had been extorted from her by the severity of his conduct—that I knew she never would perjure herself, or cease to regard me with affection, if left to herself—that I would not believe it, unless I heard it from her own lips.”

“You shall hear it!” he cried; “Mrs. Stainer, call in my daughter.”

“And she came—pale, trembling, and in tears—and without venturing to raise her eyes from the ground. Coldly and sternly he turned to her, and said:

“Charlotte, do you love this man?”

“There was a long, deep silence. At length, raising her streaming eyes to his gloomy face, she said firmly and distinctly,

“I do!”

“The colonel and his wife exchanged glances, whilst, unable to contain myself, I exclaimed:

“God bless you, Charlotte, for that word!”

“Silence, Sir!” thundered the colonel; then, with a bitter smile writhing his lip, he again addressed his child:

“Do you wish, Miss Stainer, to become his wife?”

“Not without your consent, Sir. Not if it be contrary to the word and the will of God!”

“My consent he will never again get,” said the colonel. “It was while an unconverted, godless sinner, like himself, bound under the elements of the world, I gave my sanction to your union. It has pleased God to change my heart.

I see things in a very different light to what I did. Old things are done away; behold, all things are new. And you, Charlotte, who know the importance of divine things, I am certain will separate yourself from his company, nor consent to touch the unclean thing.”

“Father,” said the poor victim, solemnly, “let it suffice you that I have promised never to marry Lewis Chatworth without your consent. Recrimination and reproaches are useless. My sins are as great as his, and I may be yet farther from the road to heaven than he is. I love him. Before your face, and the face of heaven, I again repeat, that I love him—that I hope the time will never come, when I shall cease to love him—to pray for him—and wish him happy here, and eternally happy hereafter. And now, let me go hence. I feel sick and faint. I have nothing further to say.”

“Say that you will never be his wife!”

“With your consent, and the approval of my own conscience, I will be his wife,” she added, with dignity; as she staggered towards the door, I sprang forward to assist her. My proffered arm was dashed rudely back by her father. Madly, I threatened to strike him; and he ordered me to leave the house. Our quarrel was of such a nature that reconciliation is impossible. I might—but he will never forgive it.”

“You have acted imprudently,” said the lawyer.

“Sdeath, Sir! was it not more than flesh and blood could bear, to hear a man, whom we all know to have been the chief of sinners, preaching sermons to me, from whom he might have taken an example of moral conduct?—and with a cool leer telling me that I was in the broad path leading to destruction—that he eschewed my company, as he would the presence of the evil one—that he would rather see his daughter in her grave, than united to a godless reprobate like me? I know not which filled me with the greatest indignation or disgust—his blindness, or his presumption. If I could but obtain a private interview with his daughter! If I could but persuade her to abandon his protection, and unite her destiny to mine, she would never regret having trusted her honour and happiness to my keeping.”

“I have no doubt, my friend, that your intentions are the most disinterested, and the best in the world,” said Mr. Crofton. “I was young once, and can easily forgive the romance of youth, but it would be the best and the wisest course, in the present instance, to give up the pursuit of this young lady altogether. I can see nothing to be gained from it but confusion and misery. The father is an obstinate, wrong-headed brute, who will not be entreated; and the young lady.

having yielded so far to his wishes, will not be very likely to retract in your favour. When were you last at Darsham Hall? I wish you would give me the job of drawing out the marriage settlements between Lewis Chatworth, gent. and the fair Alicia Dennington, only daughter and heiress of Alfred Dennington, Esq. of the County of Suffolk."

The desponding lover shook his head.

"Don't tease me, Mr. Crofton, with your mistimed nonsense. I have staked my happiness upon this throw, and if I lose, I myself am lost."

"Well, I must be upon the road," said the little man of the world, shrugging his shoulders, and buttoning his great coat closely up to his throat. "I never, thank God! was in love but once in my life, and that was when quite a boy, with the down upon my chin. The girl was my mother's housemaid, and a deuced smart, pretty girl she was. For a few weeks I thought I could beg, starve, and die, for her dear sake. But the affair got wind. My youngest brother peached. My mother went into hysterics, and my father threatened to turn me out of doors. The thing began to wear a serious aspect. I did not half relish the prospect of starving upon love in a cottage. My mother picked the poor girl about her business, and sent me up to London on a visit to a rich old uncle, who had a pretty daughter of his own. This treatment of the disease succeeded admirably. I commenced a flirtation with cousin Letitia. We went together to balls and plays, and Polly Hopkins, and her kitchen attractions, were soon forgotten. Now that which did so well in my case, might prove highly beneficial in yours. Take a trip to London. Mix freely in good society—your rank and fortune can command the best; and Charlotte Stainer, and the grim Argus, her father, will soon cease to trouble you."

"How can you compare my love for a beautiful and highly educated girl, like Miss Stainer, with your affection for a servant——?"

"Love is love, you know, Mr. Chatworth, however misplaced. I daresay I felt as bad, while the fit lasted, as you do. I thought Mary an angel; you can do no more in your idolatry for Miss Stainer. All lovers are fools or madmen, and I consider myself to have acted with more prudence and sagacity than half of them would have done in my place. I am a married man, and the father of a large family of children, yet such an impression did that poor, uneducated, friendless girl, make upon my heart, that though she has been dead for years, I regard her with a sneaking kindness yet."

With the selfishness and egotism of a lover, Chatworth could not listen with any degree of

patience, to the perfections of any mistress but his own, and he cut the lawyer's tender reminiscences short, by abruptly asking him if he had heard lately from William Stainer.

"Aye; I forgot to tell you. He wrote to me last week, and talked of coming down to the Lodge to get introduced to his new mamma. He has been disappointed in obtaining a brief. Money is scarce with him, and he says he must turn saint or starve. There will be terrible scenes at the Lodge; for, between ourselves, he is a sad, wild dog; not likely to do much for himself, or be a credit to his family. I should like to see Mrs. Stainer trying to make a convert of her hopeful step-son."

"He was a fine, frank-hearted boy," said Chatworth. "We were schoolfellows together; and I have no doubt that he will lend me his assistance in rescuing his sister from Doalting Castle. She was always very fond of him—preferred him indeed to Captain Stainer, for they were nearer of an age. I am delighted to hear that he is going to pay us a visit. If the old folks refuse him admittance, he is welcome to a home here."

"Don't confide in him too rashly," said the lawyer, laying his hand confidentially upon his young friend's arm; "nor judge the man by what he was when a boy. Many a lad, that goes by the name of a good boy, turns out a bad, unprincipled man. But hallo! talk of the devil! If William himself is not just turning into the courtyard. Good morning. Don't forget my caution—William Stainer is no longer a generous boy, but an artful, necessitous man."

"Two of a trade, I have heard," said Chatworth, with a smile, "are not likely to agree. Poverty is apt to prejudice us against a man who ought to be rich. In these matters I always take the liberty of judging for myself."

"Then you are certain of being deceived," returned the lawyer, as he mounted his horse and rode off. "If ever I saw the countenance of a designing knave, it lurks under that cap."

"Was not that Crofton who passed me just now?" asked William Stainer, after returning the affectionate salutation of his friend.

"The same."

"Devilish cool in the fellow to cut me in that way. But perhaps," he muttered to himself, "he did not know me."

"Perhaps not. You are so much altered, William, since I saw you, that had I met you in the street I should not have recognised you."

"Hey! too late for breakfast I see," said the other, as they entered the parlor together. "Now Chatworth, there's a good fellow, ring the bell and order up a cup of your best tea. My head aches with dissipating last night. In spite of the

war, gunpowder is always cheap in these parts. I am tired of jolting over these confounded bad roads."

"Chatworth rang the bell and gave the necessary orders.

"That housekeeper of yours, Lewis, is a devilish smart girl. If I was Charlotte I would not suffer you to keep such a pretty young creature as that to superintend your domestic concerns. But why are you not married, and how are they getting on at the new Methodist Chapel—the Lodge I should call it?"

Chatworth briefly related the state of things at the Lodge, and how matters stood between him and the colonel.

"Forbidden the house—not allowed to fulfil your engagement with Charlotte—she herself turned methodist and preacher like the rest! Whew! boy," he continued, with a long whistle, "things are come to a pretty pass. It is time that I and my brother were looking after our own. Ha! ha! ha! I think I see the consternation of the whole herd of canting schoolers, when we charge upon them in person. Give me your hand, cousin Lewis, in less than six months Charlotte shall be your wife."

"I hope to heaven that you may prove a true prophet. For myself, I see no chance of bringing matters to a favourable issue."

"Oh, as to desponding lovers, they are not apt to view things in the most favourable light. I am not to be frightened off my own manor by a set of poachers, who hope to bag all the game. But to circumvent their designs we must be as sly as they are. I will turn too, and learn texts by the dozen; preach and pray with the best of them, and make them all appear like sinners by my superior sanctity."

"Honesty is the best policy, William. Never compromise your honour by condescending to play such a despicable game."

"There are no other stepping-stones which can carry us safely over this Slough of Despond. My maxim is, to fight rogues with their own weapons; to overcome cunning by superior cunning."

"But such a course would make you the greater villain."

"Don't be too nice about words, Lewis, or I shall think that you are turning saint, too."

"I could never consent to act a lie; not even to win Charlotte, by base or dishonorable means," said Lewis Chatworth, the colour mounting to his brow, as a strong disgust for his companion took possession of his heart, and he found himself intently scanning the countenance of the man whom he had not seen since boyhood; and the impression made upon his mind by the survey

was such as rendered any advances to friendship or familiarity, on his part, impossible.

"You don't enter into my plans," said young Stainer, voluntarily closing his eyes to the abhorrence which he saw that his unguarded words had produced in his companion, but not liking him the less for his perception of his real character. "You gentlemen of nice honor, who start at goats and bolt camels, yourselves, tenacious of your own claims, you allow us no latitude of speech or action in securing ours. I have no doubt, that if you thought that adopting a sanctified demeanor would obtain the hand of your mistress, you would make a new profession of faith tomorrow."

"You are mistaken, William Stainer; such a course was open to me if I had thought fit to embrace it; but I would rather lose your sister and all that I possess with her, than attempt to secure her person by the loss of my own self-respect, or desecrate the altar of my God by approaching it with a lie in my mouth!"

William Stainer dropped his knife and fork, and regarded him with an incredulous smile. "This is all very fine in a hero of romance; but too good to be true in the reality and common-place of the nineteenth century. Chatworth, I have no inclination to quarrel with you for all the strange things you have said at me, and to me, this morning: I am no fighting man. You have insinuated that I am a liar and a rogue. I shall not even condescend to defend myself from the charge. I meant to be your friend, and to do my best to bring about an alliance between you and my sister. As matters now stand, I tell you candidly that I will do no such thing. That it shall be my study to thwart and circumvent you in every way that I possibly can; and so good morning, Mr. Chatworth. My father was no fool when he refused to make you his son."

He flung down his knife and fork, and seizing his cap, without casting another look upon his astonished host, he left the room and the house.

"What a scoundrel!" exclaimed Chatworth, drawing a freer breath. "Thank God he is gone. I would rather throw the first sod upon poor Charlotte's grave with my own hand, than gain her by an act of villainy."

CHAPTER VI.

THE moon at full was streaming
Through rack and thunder cloud,
Like the last sad taper beaming
On coffin, pall, and shroud.

ON the very summit of the highest range of cliffs that overhang the restless ocean, was perched the look-out house: a common observatory.

indifferently both by pilots and revenue officers. The building contained but one low apartment, twelve feet by fourteen, surrounded on three sides by a rude wooden bench. Two square apertures fronting the sea, unglazed, and admitting the whole force of the north-east winds, served for reconnoitering the vessels which passed to and from the port of London; and in fact, commanded a view of the whole extent of broken coast from Sizewell Gap to Orford Ness. An old deal table occupied the centre of the unparqueted and unboarded floor, which was composed of mortar and sea pebbles, tramped hard down. This table was generally covered with nautical instruments: telescopes, compasses, and quadrants, which lifted up their unwelcome heads amidst cutlasses, dirks, and pistols. Sometimes two or three seamen were lounging over some old chart, pointing out the voyages they had made in distant latitudes, and telling marvellous tales of by-gone danger and daring on foreign shores, until some one posted at the look-out, cried—"a sail!" and all crowded to the open space to pass their opinion upon the craft.

It was a dull, rainy day; a thick mist hung over the sea like a veil, and the little look-out house was crowded by seamen, fishermen, and excise-men, who seemed willing to while away the time by smoking, jesting, and telling stories. In the midst of his motley group, Lieutenant Scarlett, a smart little officer, who commanded the revenue boat, and occupied the station house at Dunwich, was conspicuous.

Stern, and even cruel, in the execution of his duty, the lieutenant was very much beloved by the men under his command, for he shared with them cheerfully every danger. The wildest, darkest nights, never frightened him from making his rounds on the lonely beach; and though he knew that the smugglers had vowed to murder him if he fell into their hands, he seemed to rejoice in the increase of danger, as it gave him a stronger motive for action, and formed an excuse for the severity of his dealings with the unfortunate free-traders.

"Well, governor, that was a narrow escape you had last night," said an old weather-beaten tar, addressing himself to the lieutenant. "Dawn my old jacker, if it warn't. I thought the smuggler, when it came to the grapple atween you, would ha' hurl'd you clean over the cliff; but ye ta' as many lives as a cat."

"He was a handsome fellow, and as brave as a lion," returned the officer. "But if I could not take him alive, I have set my mark upon him. I think I know pretty well who he is."

"What mark was that, governor? I should not like much to come within the reach of your branding iron."

"And he will keep out of it, I'll answer for him for the future," said Scarlett, with a sarcastic laugh. "I've spoilt his dainty face. I wonder," he continued, "if he will come to the station-house to claim his own," and unwinding a bloody handkerchief, he laid upon the table a human nose!*

A shudder ran through the assembly, and Captain Tasker, who had joined the loungers in the look-out, regarding the revenue officer with an expression of mingled disgust and contempt, said with a dark frown:

"The fellow that had served me so should have paid for the insult with his heart's best blood!"

Scarlett had conceived a great antipathy to the stranger, whom he more than suspected of being in communication with the smugglers, and whom he thought he could safely insult, surrounded by his band, and he answered tartly—"I should like to know, sir, who you are who dare to comment upon my actions. In all probability you are one of these—ruffians yourself, who set the laws of your country at defiance. Let me tell you that no usage is too bad for traitors and thieves!"

"Even traitors and thieves would be treated in a gentlemanly manner by a gentleman," sneered back the captain. "The bantam can crow as loudly as the game cock; but let them try their strength and mettle and the difference is soon known. I am no traitor to my country; her laws were never broken by me; and if it was not that I have compassion upon your puny form, and the pigmy spirit which animates it, I would annihilate you with a single blow!"

"Here are my weapons—take your choice!" cried the lieutenant, furious with passion, flinging to Captain Tasker one of the pistols which lay upon the table. "These make all men equal. The bully of six feet high only offers a larger surface to his inferior opponent. The bullet can as easily find its way into the soft head of the giant, as into the heart of the dwarf."

"The black heart you should have said," retorted Tasker with a bitter sneer, as he proceeded deliberately to load the pistol. Having accomplished this, he walked coolly to the table, saying: "Come, sir, are you ready?"

"Yes, sir, in whatever place you please. Appear your second. Swain, you stand by your commander, and measure out the ground."

"We need no such preparatory foolery," returned Tasker. "Here where I uttered my words—here on this very spot am I ready to defend them. We have witnesses enough to see fair play."

* A fact.

You, sir, take that end of the table. I will keep this, and we will, if you please, fire together."

"This is murder!" cried all the men, rising together. "We cannot sit by, and suffer this."

"Come, governor, make friends with the skipper," cried old Joel Skelton, holding the enraged lieutenant by the arm. "Shiver my mizen! but the sight of that bloody nose was enough to put a man's dander up. It would have been more like an officer in his majesty's service to have killed the poor devil outright."

"I can't blame the skipper for what he said," cried Swain: "for I found myself in the act of feeling if my own nose was in the right place. You must acknowledge, lieutenant, it was rather savage, to say the best of it."

Seeing that the feelings of his men were against him, and not being in a very fit mood to meet the certain death which the captain's mode of treating the subject could not fail to ensure, the lieutenant fell back from the table with a volley of muttered oaths; and turning to his opponent, said—

"At another time and in another place, you will know where and how to meet me!"

"We shall meet again," returned Tasker, and a bitter smile played over his proud mouth, as his blazing eye flashed back the withering glance of his enemy. "Yes, I doubt not that we shall meet again," and with a lofty step and demeanour he strode forth into the fog, and descended the steep flight of steps that led down to the beach.

"The scoundrel!" muttered the lieutenant. "But I'll have him yet. The captain of a privateer! Yes, yes; I understand what manner of craft he commands. He could feel such sympathy for one of his raceals. Let him look to his own neck; he may chance to swing before long. Swain," he cried, turning to honest Mat, "keep a sharp look-out upon that suspicious looking chap."

"Nay, lieutenant, you must not make a spy of me," returned Mat; "I can fight for you, but I can't turn thief-taker; that's beneath the dignity of a British tar. If the captain is what you think him to be, we shall soon find him out."

"Governor," said old Joel, hitching his Welsh wig a little to one side, and knocking the ashes out of his short pipe, "I know of one who can tell you who he is, an he were the devil himself."

"Who's that, Skelton?" returned the lieutenant, his eyes brightening as he turned them upon the seaman.

"Old Rachel Lagon, please yer honor; old Rachel Lagon, the witch of the East Cliff. You have heard, neighbour Sampson," he continued, addressing an aged weather-beaten messmate, who was leaning against the open door-way, "of old Rachel Lagon?"

"Aye, aye," responded the sailor, holding a can of beer untasted in his hand, and suffering the ashes to expire in his pipe, while listening with staring eyes and open mouth to Skelton's appeal to him for confirmation of the wondrous tale, which he knew from old experience he was about to repeat, and which he had listened to a hundred times before, with all the improvements and additions which so many repetitions had not failed to furnish.

"Old Rachel Lagon lived, forty years ago, under the brow of the East Cliff, and she lives, the folk do say in the same spot still. Yes, yes, I know old Rachel to my cost, though I have not set eyes upon her ugly face these many years past. In my young day, she was the dread of every vessel upon the coast. If we cast our eyes upon the hag before we set sail, the vessel was sure to be detained by contrary winds, and she threw such a mist before us that you would have thought old Nick himself stood at the helm. Let us steer our course which way we would, we always found ourselves off the Barbet, or near the accursed Godwin Sands. Many's the good ship that she has sunk by her spells, which left the port with a fair wind, and never again cast anchor in the harbour.

"She was old Rachel when I was a boy," continued Joel, thoughtfully, "and that's a many years ago, and her name was up for a witch through the country. I was a rough, reckless dog, and as to fear, at that time, I had still to learn the meaning of the word. My father, who was a fisherman like myself, was drowned when I was young, and left me to support the widow and bring up two sisters, which I did to the best of my poor abilities. In the course of time, the girls went to a distance—each into respectable service. God bless them both, they are dead and gone; but at that period they and the old woman were my only care, and I loved them well. It was a sore trial to me and the mother, that we met but once a year, and that was at Christmas. Do you remember my uncle, old Nat Howe, who kept the Jolly Fisherman at Walberswick—in which place I was born and raised?"

"Do I Joel! Aye, many's the time that I have wished for a draught of his home-brewed, when my throat has been as dry as a red herring, and the wind has been piping through the shrouds. But what of old Nat? He has long since cast his anchor in the church-yard, and his name is nearly forgotten."

"And what has all this to do with old Rachel?" cried the impatient Scarlett, tired of listening to the prosing reminiscences of the old men.

"Oh! a great deal, your honor. If you will have a little patience I will tell you how this old she-

devil witched me; and the pranks she played me. For she is a real born witch, as I think I can prove to you before I have done."

"Bewitched you, Skelton?" said the lieutenant, turning a sceptical glance upon the jolly narrator of the marvellous, whose stout, hale, figure, merry red face, and comical grey eyes, looked as if they might have hidden defiance to the powers of darkness. "I do not think that you look a very probable subject for ghosts and hobgoblins to play their pranks upon; but go a-head old man, and let's have the story."

"Well, the Jolly Fisherman was our place of meeting," continued Joel; "and he gave us a hearty welcome and plenty of good cheer. It was on one of these occasions that my first acquaintance with old Rachel commenced. The fiddle had been going for several days, and we kept it up with dancing and drinking from night to night. The song and jest went round, and many a young heart was merry then which is long since cold in the grave. The hour of parting came at length, and a bitter parting it was to us all. My wife was a smart, rosy girl, at that time of day, and was one of the company. She lived with my sister Deborah at old Squire Dennington's, at Darsham Hall, which you know is a long way up the Lannon road. They had to cross Westleton heath, and that desolate tract of moorland which Colonel Stainer has turned into sheep-walk, and a terrible lonesome place it was, without a living sight or sound to break the deep stillness which brooded round, save the far off dash of the ocean, and the sad screaming of the pewits in the salt marshes below. I always saw the gulls over the heath; and while they were arranging their furbelows, and putting on their hats, I, half-seas-over, began bragging of my courage. My swaggering speeches attracted the attention of an old sailor, who sat smoking his pipe in the chimney lum. He, willing to put my boasted courage to the test, dared me to stop at old Rachel's cottage which lay in our road, and have my fortune told. The frolic pleased me. I swore to make acquaintance with the witch before the moon was an hour older."

"Well off we set. The moon was at full, the wind high, and the frost hard upon the ground. Our path, for a mile, lay along the beach. The sea was fearfully rough, and there was one fine vessel in distress, and struggling with the breakers that were leaping like mad over the Coquet rock. As we came near old Rachel's hut, we heard the old beldame singing at the top of her voice. Her song I shall never forget. It sounded like the meeting of the angry waves when the wind rolls back the advancing billows, and strews the beach with foam. It is said that old Rachel

lost her husband and three sons in a terrible gale off the coast. The vessel struck upon the Coquet rock, and they all perished in her sight. Out of revenge the old hag invented the song, which contained a spell, which when sung in the midst of the storm was sure to be followed by the loss of both ship and crew. Some years after I learned that song of a boy that had lived some time with the witch, who saved him from being drown'd when all the crew of the ship to which he belonged was lost."

"Give us the song, Joel," said Mat Swain: "I should like to hear it. The tune was doubtless set by the devil himself."

"And played upon the Æolian harp," said the lieutenant, laughing. "Why man," he continued, as Joel commenced singing the following strange ditty, in a stentorian voice, "you will blow off the top of the watch-house; your voice is like a north-wester piping among the shrouds:

Harsh to the rave
Of wind and wave!
Hark! to the seaman's cry!
The moon is bright,
She casts her light
From a wild and stormy sky.

Like wreaths of snow
Round you vessel's prow,
The flashing waters fly!
The sounding surge
Shall ring its dirge,
Tossing the foam on high.

No prayers shall save
Her crew from the grave
That darkly yawns below.
They cling to the shrouds,
And watch the clouds
As the wreck drives to and fro.

They shall hope and pray
For the dawning day
As the angry waters rise;
The morn shall beam
On the ocean stream,
But never meet their eyes.

"None but a witch could have strung that ere song together," said Mat Swain. "It makes one's old timbers creak only to hear you repeat it."

"Aye; but could you have heard the hag as I have heard her sing it, you would have thought it the most awful piece of devilry that ever found its way from old Davy's locker to the green fields above. There she stood perched upon a crag of the broken cliff, tossing her withered, bony hands to and fro, her gray hair streaming in the wind, and her glassy eyes glaring upon the waves, as if she was calling up all the merciless spirits of the storm. At the sight of her my heart sunk within

me as cold as a stone; and all my boasted courage was gone. For my oath's sake, however, and ashamed of proving myself such a vain braggart, I determined, cost what it might, to address her; so putting a bold face upon the matter, I stepped up to her, told her my errand, and asked her to tell our fortunes.

"'Fortunes!' screamed the witch; 'God give you fortune! I can't tell your fortunes.'

"'How now, 'lame!' said I, carefully leaving out the old, because you see women folk, whether they be young or old, are very touchy upon the score of age. 'Every body knows that you deal in such contraband articles, so where's the use of denying it? I came here to have my fortune told, and I don't mean to go away without my errand.'

"'You are a merry, reckless fellow,' says she, 'and your fate is to be poor, and to work hard all the days of your life. That pretty girl, who clings to your arm and trembles like a leaf, will share your poverty and fill your house with children!'

"'Neighbour Sampson, would not this alone prove her to be a witch? What she then told me has it not come to pass?'

"'Wonderful! wonderful!' muttered the old tar, who appeared deeply interested in the oft told tale.

"'Well, messmate,' continued Joel, 'I was so overjoyed at the prospect of marrying Hetty, who had half a dozen other sweethearts, if not smarter nor more loving, certainly all better to do in the world than I, that all my fears vanished, and I followed the old hag into the hut and asked to taste her beer. The galls screamed and pulled me back; but all in vain. Had old Nick himself stood in the door-way, in the humor I was in, I could have braved the devil. The galls dared not leave me, so in a few seconds we were all comfortably seated round old Rachel's fire. You have heard the saying, my mates: 'Woe betide him who eats with a witch.' Yet, in spite of every remonstrance, I partook largely of her cheer, and drank several horns of the best ale that ever came out of a cask; and this it was that gave her power over me. When my head was warm with liquor, she said to me, with a sneering sort of laugh:

"'Joel Skelton, you call yourself a brave man, and I will own that you deserve the title, if you dare descend to the bottom of the cliff, and look into my shed?'

"'Aye, or into your bed either,' says I, as bold as a lion; and I left the cabin with plenty of pot valour in my head, but my heart none of the lightest.

"'As I approached the shed, which stood at the bottom of the cliff, and was composed of pieces of

wreck, and thatched with seaweed, I felt an oppression of breath, and a sensation of fear, such as I had never before known; yet I determined not to yield to an old woman, and entered the hovel. The moon was as bright as day, and I could see into the farthest corner of the place, which was entirely empty, all but a heap of old dry nets, which lay on the floor. I now laughed at my fears, and went back singing at the top of my voice, to shew the success of my adventure.

"'Well done, Joel!' cried the accursed hag; 'you are a brave fellow, an't you? But you dare not go a second time.'

"'Nay, what should hinder me?' returned I. 'It's not in the power of you, nor them you serve to bar my path. I'll go where I please, in spite of witch or warlock!'

"'Bold words!' says she. 'The stroke of the steel proves the quality of the stone. The fire that dwells in the black flint cannot be found in the salt water pebble!'

"'Her look and manner staggered me. I felt a little queerish; but after drinking another horn of ale I entered the shed a second time, with more confidence in my own courage. I looked boldly round it. My eye fell upon the heap of nets upon the floor. By Jove! they were in motion! I heard a loud drumming sound, and the whole mass began slowly to rise!'

"'Pshaw, Joel!' said the lieutenant, amused by the solemnity of the old man's manner, and sailor-like, deeply interested in his tale, "it was a cat!'

"'It was the devil!' shouted Skelton, "as the end will prove. I saw his round black head and fiery eyes, and heard him beating his own tattoo upon the ground with his long tail; and I returned to the hut in a cold sweat."

"'The old hag burst into a loud laugh.

"'What thief, Joel,' says she, 'have you seen in my shed, that has stolen the colour from your cheeks, and given you that demented look?'

"'Your master, but not mine,' says I, as I mentioned the galls to be off.

"'Do not be in such a hurry,' says she. 'The night is not far gone, and I promise you a quick journey home. Besides, a man of your courage will not mind looking a third time into my shed!'

"'I was now safe out of the cabin, and I shook my fist at her, and called her by a thousand uncivil names, which, saving your presence, lieutenant, I won't just now repeat; but I told her I would see her and her shed at the bottom of the sea, before I would ever set foot on her premises again.

"'Her fiendish yell followed us a long way over the heath, though we ran as fast as we could but we were out of her sight. This adventure was a

great damper to us all. We tried to chat, and to laugh off our fright, but it was no go, and we parted at the first toll bar upon the Lannon road, with very heavy hearts.

"I had six miles to return alone over the heath, before I regained the heath, which led me back to Wallerswick. Behind me rose Squire Chatworth's long, dark line of pine groves, and before me the wide ocean, gleaming like silver in the distance. Not a house, nor tree, was to be seen along the black moorland path which led down to the shore; and I had to pass near the remains of that infernal gibbet, where they hung Black Jack, for misusing the poor shepherd's gull, and his bones had not been taken away, and were bleaching in the chains, as they swung mournfully to and fro in the wind.

"In the new fear which crept, d'ye see, in spite of myself, into my heart, old Rachel and my adventure with her, were well nigh forgotten, when the sound of a horse's hoofs, galloping at full speed over the frosty ground, made me start out of the path. I wondered that a horseman should be crossing the heath at that late hour, and turned round to see who it could be.

Here the old sailor took off his wig, and wiped away the perspiration which was streaming down his bald head over his brow.

"And who was it, Joel?" cried the lieutenant.

"A horse without a rider. A high, deep-chested, broad-shouldered, coal-black beast, with a long mane and tail streaming in the blast. On he came at a furious pace, the earth trembling beneath his hoofs, which scattered bright sparks of fire along the flinty road. I would fain have got out of his way, but my feet were rooted to the spot, and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and every hair on my head stood on end with fear. A mighty wind swept over the heath, which made the tall dry grass and withered ferns shiver and moan as it passed, and I was caught up in this whirlwind, upon the monster's back.

"Away we went—straight ahead, without turning to the right nor the left, the horse plunging and rearing like a ship driven afore the gale—and I screeching and roaring, and crying aloud for help like mad. I might as well have held my tongue, for there was nobody there but old Duck himself, to hear me, and I had not said my prayers since I was a little boy, and devil a one would come into my head, to save either body or soul.

"My brain seemed on fire, and then all on a sudden got confused. I seemed to be rolling over and over, and the heath, and the pine forest, and the great sea itself, went spinning round and round me like a teetotum, when the cold moonbeams glanced down upon the shallow ford, which divides Westleton from Dunwich. The little

brook had been swollen by the autumnal rains into a broad pool, which was covered with thin ice. To this spot the foul fiend directed his frantic course. The ice shivered to splinters beneath his hoofs, and I was dashed with violence into the water. "Thank God," I cried—as I gathered myself up from among the floating pieces of ice. The Lord save me from such another ride—and with a loud shrill neigh, that Belzebub of a beast vanished, and I awoke. Yes, governor—I awoke. It was broad day, and I was lying half frozen with cold, upon the heap of nets in that infernal old bedlame's shed. On returning to the Jolly Fisherman, I found the galls, and my meek, wondering what had become of me. In vain I related the adventures of the night, and told them how I had gone with them as far as the toll-gate, and returned over the moor on that horse of the devil's own training; they interrupted all I had to say with peals of laughter. Verily, I believe old Rachel had possessed them. They swore that they left me drinking and making love to the witch, and being in no mind to prosecute their journey alone, they returned to the Jolly Fisherman, without me."

"You were drunk!" said the lieutenant. "The whole affair was the effect of a dream."

"It was all the work of magic," returned the old man, again removing his wig and wiping his brow. "As I stand here a living man, these things happened to me!"

"In sleep!" continued the provoking lieutenant. "Your adventures, my good friend, were nothing more nor less than a fit of the nightmare: therefore cease to attribute to a poor deluded old woman the powers of witchcraft."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHETHER we play, or labour, or sleep, or dance, or study, the sun posteth and the sand runs. In all the actions that a man performs, some part of his life passes. We die with doing that for which only our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, Time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness as in employment. An hour of vice is as long as an hour of virtue. The good, though apparently it diminishes our time here, yet it buys up a pleasure for eternity, and will recompense what it takes away with a plentiful return at last. Time is a ship which never anchors; while I am abroad, I had better do those things that may advantage my landing, than practise such as shall cause my commitment when I come to the shore.

* This story was told to me by an old sailor of the name of Moses Starkey, who believed, and will continue to do so, (if he be still in life,) unto his dying day, that this adventure really happened to him.

DEVOTION.

A POEM.

BY DOCTOR HASKINS.

DEVOTION! soother of all ills below,
Daughter of Heav'n! Thy healing balm bestow;
Come with thy beauteous brow and lovely form,
Dispel the clouds and dissipate the storm
That rages round my bare, unsheltered head,
And love's true light within my bosom shed;
Come seraph-like unto this stricken heart,
If health, peace and pow'r, and heav'nly hope impart;
Come with thy smile, bright as eternal day,
Dawn on my darkness, chase the gloom away:
Attune to harmony my tongue, upraise
On willing wing my soul, to tell thy praise.
And Thou—dread Being! who upon thy throne,
In uncreated glory, sitt'st alone;—
Being ineffable! whom well to know
Angels suffice not, much less man below;—
Oh! touch my heart, irradiate all my mind,
Couch the dim eye, remove its darkness blind;
Oh! let Thy spirit still inspire my song,
Exalt my being, bear my soul along.
Frail in himself, without celestial night
'Tis not for man to think of Thee aright:
Devotion views Thee still with trembling eye,
Adoring turns her upward gaze on high,—
Thence to the earth, half-blinded by the blaze
Of glories infinite, withdraws her gaze.

Blest pow'r! thy genial influence I feel;
What balm is thine the wounded heart to heal!
Oh! come in thine elysian beauty drest,
Smile all my cares away, and give me rest:
Not the dark phantom which the moonsick brain
Of bigot doth in hideous fancy feign;
Not Melancholy's ghastly spectre grim,
Around whose form unearthly shadow's swim,
But lovelier than e'er was poet's dream,
Come, and within my soul effulgent lustre beam.

From sorrow's waves, where I have struggled
long,—

From weakness, woe; from injury and wrong;
From calumny's fell tooth, and poison'd shaft,
Her venom-cup, which to the dregs I've quaff'd;
From snaky slander's foul and reptile sting;
From fiery brands that falsehood round doth fling;
From secret stabs—from the insidious blow

Dealt in the dark by many a hidden foe,
Who deem me base because themselves are so;
From the distorting glass of malice mean
Wherein but foul deformity is seen,
Thy blackness yet more black—thy loveliness yet
more lenn:

From loss and grief—from wounds with which
I'm torn.

Untold distress that secretly I've borne—
From all that bids me weep and makes me mourn—
I turn to Thee;—and as the beauteous light
Of morning, through the shadows of the night,
Bursts over earth,—thus o'er my darkling soul
I feel Thy gladning tide of lustre roll.
Calm, soothing as the breeze of early spring,
Or as her wild birds' music when they sing,
Sweet harmony attunes my thrilling breast
And all is peace within, and heav'nly rest.

What woe can wake when thou hast bid it sleep,
And dost the soul in peaceful calmness steep,
Soft whispering of worlds beyond the sky
Where bliss eternal blooms and joys ne'er die?
Oh! what were I, did'st thou refuse thine aid—
What were my hopes to varied ills betray'd?
Beneath woe's waves, untimely had my bark
Been wrapp'd with weeds in sunless waters dark.
How dull so'er the outward world may seem,
If shines within Thy calm, celestial beam,
Irradiate all with pure internal day,
Exalts the soul, and smiles its grief away.
The captive mourning in the dungeon's night
Feels thy blest sway, and hopes for heav'nly light.
The traveller, who barren lands explores,
Alone in deserts where the lion roars;
The shipwreck'd sailor cast on ruthless shores,
Though sad their lot—no earthly aid around—
Sever'd from man—in solitude profound—
May look aloft; and sure of audience there,
By Thee directed, speed to heav'n their pray'r,
And find a friend. But oh! how drear his lot
Who knows not Thee, when earthly aid is not!
Victim of fell despair he yields to woe,
And sinks, too oft, in death with self-inflicted blow.

Daughter of heav'n! where'er my gaze I turn
O'er Nature's works, I feel my spirit burn:

To Nature's Lord I look in humble guise,
 And bless His bounteous hand with weeping eyes.
 'Tis thou directs my thoughts to Him above,
 And show'st on all His works the stamp of love.
 But led by thee to view on Calvary's height
 The wondrous Cross, that all-transcending sight:
 My dying Lord upon the accursed Tree,—
 My spirit at that awful mystery
 Adoring trembles, while within me reign
 Conflicting passions—sorrow, joy, and pain.

How sweet it seems, when in the early spring
 All things look glad, groves blossom, wild birds
 sing;

While o'er some lovely village, deem'd in light,
 Rises the modest church of stainless white,—
 To hear the silvery bell's resounding note,
 Borne wide and far, upon the breezes float.
 How sweet the sound, when in that modest fan
 The pious rustics chant their simple strain!
 There art thou found;—then hallow'd raptures
 rise,

And many an humble heart ascends the skies.
 E'en where the crowded city's streets extend,
 Where lofty temples to the skies ascend;
 Within the mighty walls of some vast pile
 With pillars proud and many an arch-roof'd aisle,
 With solemn pow'r vibrating through the soul,
 Sublime the organ's pealing thunders roll;
 Or like heav'n's music thro' those arches thrown
 The choral chaunt ascends with thrilling tone;
 There art thou too: there world-worn toilers seek
 Fresh balm from heav'n; and still, from weal: to
 weel,

Find in those hallow'd rites a sacred pow'r
 To cheer the heart through many a weary hour.
 E'en where sad sights of woe afflict the eye,
 In haunts of pining want, pale Penury,
 Where griefs innum'rous gail the stricken heart,
 Where Sorrow, dire disease, inflicts her dart,
 Religion bids thee soothe the wounded breast,
 And win away the thought to lands more blest;
 Forgetfulness, while glad emotions reign,
 Gives intervals of rest from woe and pain.
 Doubtless 'tis hard, when sickness makes the bed,
 When hunger stings and children cry for bread;
 When worn with penury, while fell disease
 Unnerves the soul and robs the frame of ease;
 When haggard want, unceasing care and grief,
 Each wounds the soul and craves its own relief:
 Doubtless 'tis hard to make the spirit glow
 With heav'nly feelings, and forget its woe;
 Yet pow'r thou hast, e'en here, the soul to calm,
 And through the breast infuse a blissful balm;
 Oil on the troubled waters thou dost pour,
 Soft-whispering of worlds where grief shall vex
 no more.

How sweet, when young-eyed morning from these
 Uplifts her radiant brow all beautifully,
 Smiles o'er the billows that in wanton play
 Rove by green meadows fresh and blithe as they,
 When bright with gold the blue hills soar above,
 While blushes tint the sky, and all is love,—
 How sweet upon the margin of the tide
 It is to wander by the waters wide,
 With thee, companion of the lonely hour,
 And from the season sweet drink bliss and pow'r.
 Oh! let them lie immers'd in slumber deep
 Whose sluggard souls deem morning made for sleep
 Who waste that heav'nly hour in idle dream,
 And close their eyelids 'gainst the orient beam;
 Still let me wake, when pale yet beautiful morn
 First looks above the realms of night forlorn,
 And strews the streaked east with rays new-born.
 That hour is heav'nly, holy, pure, and blest,—
 So soft, so still, for thought worth all the rest.
 Yet do I not dispraise meek, silent Eve,
 Around whose forehead sable tresses weave
 Their shadowy tire, where many a starry gem
 Peeps forth and sparkles in that diadem:
 Then would I walk, as erst the patriarch old,
 In meditative thought the skies behold;
 In still communings with my heart and heav'n
 Drink in the peaceful calm of placid ev'n.
 At midnight, when upon the eddying wind
 The tempest drives his ear in fury blind,
 When whirling snows, commingled sleet and rain,
 Make mournful music 'gainst each window pane,
 While ever and anon upon the ear
 Hoarse howling voices outery in darkness drear,
 While roars the forest with its voices vast,
 And nature sickens at the sound aghast,—
 Then from its throne of thought my spirit soars,
 And wing'd by thee the heav'nly coast explores;
 Bounds 'bove the bourne of dim mortality;
 With nobler life expands its pinions free,
 And walks th' empyreal plain exultingly.
 What then is earth, its vanity and toys,
 Its hopes illusive and its empty joys,—
 What mad ambition's triumph of an hour,
 The rich man's wealth, the proud man's pomp and
 pow'r?

Is not th' exulting hope that buoys my breast,
 That soaring of the spirit high and blest,
 That bliss to which pure faith and love give birth,
 Worth worlds of wealth, the glittering gauds of
 earth?

Is't not more noble than to grovel base,
 And reptile-like a creeping course to trace?
 More kindred to man's nature—the high pow'r
 To him entrusted at his natal hour?
 Oh! let the worldling dream his life away,
 Be't mine to plume my wing for endless day:
 To work my Maker's work, adore Him still,
 In life, in death, submissive to His will;

Still, blest Devotion! in this heart enshrind,
Exalt, ennoble, purify my mind.

When wearied by the world's unblest turmoil,
Harassed by care, outworn by anxious toil,
How sweet the songs of Zion to the heart,
Sung by the Psalmist with such tuneful art,
The son of Jesse—heav'n-inspired king,
Responsive to whose hand awoke each string.
There dost thou breathe, thy spirit in his song
Inflames the heart and sweeps the soul along:
By him inform'd, our voice unblam'd we raise
On high to heav'n in strains of pray'r and praise.
Sublime Isaiah! that on wings of fire,
And lofty-soaring pinion doth aspire
Beyond th' empyreal plain and yon blue sea,
Of sparkling sapphire, led by heav'n and thee,
Knew well thy worth; still as his page we turn
His spirit speaks in words that breathe and burn.
But oh! let other themes be far away,—
Behold! the Saviour bends the knee to pray;
Behold upon the mountain meek He bends
And all night long His hallow'd pray'r ascends
Unto the Father; winged by faith and love
All night that heav'nly pray'r ascends above.
There is thy triumph.—there thy worth is seen
As never was nor will on earth I ween.
There is thy triumph, angels wond'ring gaze
And silent earth stands still in mute amaze.
O blest Devotion! heav'n my friend and thou,
What though the storms of life beat on my brow,
What tho' the world frowns on my peaceful way,
Can I not smile the threaten'g clouds away;
Exult my soul, in humbleness not pride,
Rich in thine aid, if poor in all beside?
Can I not smile as over earth I roam,
And find, where'er I rove, a blissful home?
Though hate may wrong me—perhaps envy raise
Its lurid cloud to darken all my days,
Propitious grant thine aid—I ask no more,
For having that, unbounded is my store.

In solitude—for much to it I owe,
Though oft it lent a deeper gloom to woe,
Through wild ring forests dark with fearful shade,
How oft have I in pleasing fancy stray'd!
Then when the storm came crashing in its might,
The thunder roar'd, blaz'd round electric light,
In solemn trance with thee communing high,
Drank strength, revivment, from the stormy sky.
But chief, the vasty mountain claim'd my love,
Whose rocks uprear'd—batter'd by storms above,
Winds and eternal sleet o'erlook the tide
Of restless ocean's foaming waters wide.
Sublime that scene—huge crags and cliffs around,
Stern ocean at its base, thund'ring with awful
sound;
And far as eye can reach on either hand

Dark waters, darker moors, all boundlessly expand,
Save where amid those moors some giant form
Frowns o'er the clouds careering on the storm.
There oft upon that mountain stern and wild,
Amid those crags where ne'er creation smil'd,
I've stood on its bleak, bare, and blasted height,
And drinking in the scene with glad delight,
Still did I hear thine accents in the wave,
And solemn was the tone those accents gave,
Speaking unto the heart with warning pow'r
Of life, death, judgment, time's fast-fleeting hour.
Oft, too, at midnight, when the deep-voic'd bell
From some tall tow'r tolls out the fun'ral knell,
Waking the sleeper from luxurious dream
To think on Death, that all-avoided theme;
E'en at that hour to me thy spirit brings
Exulting thought and high imaginings;
Methinks that past the portals of the tomb
I rove through meadows of immortal bloom,
Soar from the shadows of sepulchral night,
And bask in beams of everlasting light.

When bless'd with prosperous days, with friends
when bless'd;
Thou giv'st to every joy superior zest;
How heav'nly and how holy then is bliss!
Almost too sweet, too bright for world like this.
When kindred hearts before the altar stand,
And plight fond, faithful vows, with mutual hand:
How sweet the scene if thou each heart inspire,
Exalting love's pure flame with heav'nly fire.
When o'er her first-born babe the mother bends,
Entranc'd in joy that other joy transcends—
If with that rapt'rous bliss Devotion blends,
How beats her heart! with what ecstasie thrill
Vibrates her breast, that priceless feelings fill!
Lo! at the dewy dawn of cheerful day
Behold yon household met to praise and pray.
The pious parents with a blooming band
Of young ones round, uplift to heav'n each hand,
And render thanks to God with reverence due,
And seek fresh grace to sanctify anew.
How meek each face with upward-gazing glance,
How does Devotion seem each soul entrance!
Doubtless those pray'rs are heard—each ardent
word
With gracious heed in heav'n's high court is heard.

When summer in his prime and lustihood
Smiles over earth with plenteous treasure strew'd,
When pow'ful suns the ripening grain embrown,
And autumn glories in his spiky crown,—
Who does not hear the voice of Nature cry
"Be grateful, Man! your Father dwells on high."
Then touch'd by Thee the thankful heart must
glow,
With pious love the swelling breast o'erflow,
When the rich harvest loads each bending wain

And teeming barns receive the golden grain,—
 When the rich fruitage from a thousand trees
 All safely stor'd, well pleas'd the farmer sees;
 How glows each good and rightly temper'd heart!
 What grateful feelings dost Thou then impart!
 From toil reposing—harvest work well done—
 The treasure stor'd, his careful labour won—
 The farmer sits beside his cheerful hearth,
 And 'mid his young ones gives a loose to mirth;
 With secret gratitude uplooks to Heav'n,
 And thanks his Maker for His mercies giv'n.

Blest pow'r, Devotion! Thou with gentle sway
 Mak'st glad the brightest as the darkest day.
 When other joys find wings, as oft they will,
 For earthly bliss is evanescent still;
 When fell disease with anguish racks the frame,
 Wealth vanishes, and friendship seems a name;
 When skies grow dark and threat'ning tempests
 low'r,

Then doubly felt Thine influence, worth and pow'r.
 E'en on the gloomy brink of the sad wave
 Where all must plunge—the deep, engulfing
 grave,

When starts the soul at the black fearful shore,
 And shudders at that tide's tremendous roar,
 Thou com'st in sun-like beauty from on high,
 Shin'st through the soul, and mak'st it bliss to die.

But hush! my harp!—Thy theme might angels
 sing,
 Scarce it befits thy harsh, untuneful string;
 Now may'st thou rest that string with cypress
 twin'd,

For those are dead who there could music find.
 But Thou, Devotion, pow'r propitious! lend
 Thy fav'ring smile to cheer me to the end;
 Farewell, my song! but not farewell to Thee—
 I trust we part not for Eternity.

Frankford, C. W.

TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

It is the intention of the French government to surround the tomb of Napoleon with a pavement, constructed on the same plan as the famous pavement of the Duomo of Sienna, which was designed by Domenico Beccafumi, and executed under his direction, between 1520 and 1550. The construction of this pavement resembles the manufacture called *pietra-dura*, a kind of mosaic, in which the figures are composed of pieces of white, black, and grey marble, artificially put together in their natural shades, so as to produce the effect of chiaroscuro. In this material, which, from its gravity and durability, is peculiarly fitted for the architectural decoration of a building devoted to solemn purposes, Beccafumi executed those sublime groups from the Old Testament, which are

well known by the fine old wood-cuts and engravings which exist of them. The original cartoons are preserved at Sienna. Few, however, have seen the whole of the pavement displayed at once: it is, or was till lately, boarded over, to preserve it from injury; and only one or two compartments removed from time to time, to gratify travellers and amateurs.

We are not aware that any imitation on a large scale of this colossal work has ever been attempted; the idea, therefore, of surrounding the tomb of Napoleon with a pavement on which the memorable events of his life are to be represented in this grand imperishable style, appears to us magnificent in taste and spirit. The execution of this national work is confided to M. Henri de Triqueti, the sculptor: an excellent choice, both as regards the talent of the artist and the particular direction of that talent. The characteristics required in such a work belong to sculpture rather than to painting, and those works of M. de Triqueti already before the public, display such a profound knowledge of art in the abstract, and in his own particular province of art, such a degree of grandeur and severity, and purity of taste, as to give earnest of his success. It is not often that an artist in the prime of life, and animated by very noble views in his own art, and a deep feeling of the moral responsibility attached to the gift of surpassing genius, has been afforded such ample space in which to embody his conception of the beautiful and the true. The contemplated pavement, as far as we can understand, will form a circular frieze or band round the tomb, about 8 feet in width, and about 220 feet in its extreme length. On this area the figures will be represented in marbles of different shades, as in the pavement at Sienna. The adaptation of the treatment of the subject proposed to the especial locality, the application of a material so novel, present difficulties to alarm the most sanguine and enthusiastic temperament; but the result, if successful, will be glorious, and form an era in the history of modern art. The composition and arrangement must have the simple severity of a bas-relief: and, from the immense scale of the figures, will require the utmost correctness as well as largeness of style.

Beccafumi was assisted in the execution of his great work by two able sculptors: but the designs were entirely his own. We may return again to the consideration of this famous pavement, and the imitation of it, or rather adoption of the same material by M. de Triqueti. The contemplated decoration of our Parliament House renders every suggestion of the kind at this moment particularly interesting and important.—*London Athenæum.*

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THE BACHELORS' CLUB.

BEING NOTES FROM THE SECRETARY'S BOOK :

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE CLUB—ITS MEMBERS, ITS OBJECTS, &c. &c.

BY ADRIEL HARDY, ESQUIRE, SECRETARY TO THE CLUB.

SCENE—A room comfortably furnished in the St. Antoine Suburbs. A table round which are seated the members of the club. A lamp is burning on the table, and before the party are wine-glasses, and the usual accompaniments of a convivial party.

President—Mr. Secretary, are there any deserters from our ranks, to night? I do not see Vernon present.

Secretary—No, Sir, Mr. Vernon is not here.

President—“Another Roman gone.” That’s twice of late he has been absent. I am afraid the bright eyes of his pretty cousin will make him prove a traitor to our cause—the cause of single blessedness. Has he been warned?

Secretary—Yes, Sir; I yesterday sent him a baby’s rattle.

President—Good. That failing, let him have Malthus on Population. Should he resist that, too, it would be as well to get the poor fellow whose wife had twins the other day to call upon him. Ned Vernon belongs to us by a three year’s fellowship, and must not be resigned without a struggle. The lady’s claim is not a full month old. But we must be vigilant; or our society will be the laughing-stock of the enemy. Are there any applications for admission, tonight?

Secretary—Yes, Sir; a gentleman named Jones, now waits below.

President—Does any one know this gentleman? Is he unscurred, or does he come to us with a bruised spirit, seeking for consolation?

A Member—For consolation.

President—Good. They stay by us the longest. Wounded pride has made the best of bachelors. What classic things were left unsaid; what pleasant hours had never been passed, were woman always kind and always constant! What is Mr. Jones’ malady?

Member—He has been jilted.

[A murmur of approbation passes round the room.]

President—(solemnly) Admit him—there is balm in Gilead!

[The secretary rises and leaves the room. During his absence, the chairman asks]—

Tracy, have you learnt the name of that beauty you met, *pur accident*, the other day? Is she, in fact, one of Titania’s tribe—lady in waiting to Queen Mab—or only some Miss Snooks, a barber’s daughter? You promised us a sonnet to her praise. How goes the muse, old fellow?

Tracy—May it please you, Sir, I have some verses; but —

President—No “buts,” good Fred—we are all attention. Gentlemen, your glasses: inspiration sit’s enthroned. Now, Tracy, go-a-head.

[The member reads.]

MISS MARY BROWN.

I saw her tripe across the street,
The lightness of the very graces mocking;
Her flowing robe but just revealed her feet,
And showed the snowy whiteness of her stocking.
Two small blue slippers, such as Cinderella
Hath found too large, tho’ made of soft puntella,
Mov’d side by side, and thus she floated on,
Her graceful arms supporting her full gown!
I ask’d her name, they said ’twas Mary Brown,
Her father kept a grocer’s store in town;
She had five brothers—two had painter’s easels,
Both youths of talent, so the neighbours said;
The other three were sick’n’d for the measles,
And she herself a mangle turned for bread!

President—Good, again. We’ll drink to Miss Brown’s health: may she found an almshouse ere she dies, and lend an old maid’s life to eighty-three. But here comes our new member—one of the afflicted, like ourselves. Gentlemen, receive him with the honors.

[As the secretary, leading Mr. Jones by the hand, advances to the head of the table, the company all rise.]

President—Mr. Jones, are you content to join the company of Jolly Bachelors? Do you renounce “moonlight walks by purling streams,”—“shady groves,”—“dark speaking eyes,”—“the

soft impressive touch,"—and all the art and circumstance of love?

Mr. Jones (firmly)—I do.

President—Are you content to break a link in your ancestral line, and be a childless man?

Mr. Jones—I am.

President—In renouncing wife and children, do you accept the whole world as your kindred?

Mr. Jones—I do.

President—Let him be sworn on the punch-bowl and the glass, (then turning to the company), Brother Bachelors, are you content to receive this gentleman a member of our club? In friendship and kindness do you receive him, as one brother should receive another? Will you cheer him in sorrow—comfort him in affliction—and help him in distress? Will you walk hand in hand down the path of life? Wife and children he may not have; but friendship shall be his if you are true. In this spirit do you receive him?

Members (unt voce)—We do.

President (turning to the new member)—Brother Bachelor, we receive you into our order. The advantages we can offer you are neither selfish nor impure. Like yourself we have mixed in the world, and been driven here as to a place of refuge. Amongst us there are few who have not felt the potency of woman's charms—her arts—her treachery. We would defend ourselves against these arts; and have we not a right to do so? We carry on no offensive war—we indulge in no blind confidence—we utter no defiance, and we simply act on the defensive. It is she invades our camp. Often we know not of her presence till the fatal blow is struck, and lo! a bachelor is gone! We do not hate woman, but we wish to love her at a distance. We seek tranquillity—shunning noisy homes with brawling children. If in our progress to the grave, no domestic partner smooths our pillow, we have the consolation of having that pillow to ourselves; if woman's voice comforts us not, it at least does not torment us; if its accents never breathe love to us, they never breathe scandal. We see woman in all her perfection—if you would know her defects, leave the club. She is beautiful (sometimes); but her beauty makes her arrogant; she is warm-hearted, but unforgiving; she is compassionate, but still loves to give pain; she would not willingly be cruel, and yet she is the greatest tyrant in the world; instead of cutting off the head of her victim with a scimitar, she would prefer to prick him to death with a needle:—in short, she is WOMAN—the comfort and plague of the first man, as she has been of the whole human race ever since!

[Cries of "hear, hear, hear," from the club, and great applause.]

President (continuing)—Mr. Jones, the rules of the club will be given to you. On perusing them you will see that you will be called on, on some future occasion, to give an account of your whole "course of love." This is necessary to fortify our young members, who may thus learn by example to avoid similar dangers. We will now proceed to other matters. Mr. Placid, you were giving us, at our last meeting an interesting description of an Italian boy, whom you had seen shivering with cold, pursuing his vocation in Notre Dame Street. You were pleased to make some reflections on the hardship of that poor lad's fate, which strongly excited the sympathy of the members. Have you anything further to offer on that subject?

Mr. Placid (producing a paper)—If the company are content to receive these poor lines they are at their service. I would they were better; but "what is writ is writ." I would, however, observe that in the course of my travels in different parts of the world, I have often been surprised to meet these travelling musicians. In the wilds of Russia, when resting in a wretched village inn, the strain of "home, sweet home," played by an Italian boy, brought tears unto my eyes. Since then I have travelled in India, and throughout the whole extent of this continent, and never yet failed to meet one of these lads. They seem to be welcome wherever they go, and they alone, of all travellers, have the strange privilege of setting at defiance the jealousy of governments and the prejudices of the multitude. In Paris, under Louis Philippe, I have heard the *Marsellaise*, and "Vive Henri IV." played by the same organ grinder; in Poland the music of *Masaniello* has frequently met my ears from the same humble source; in New York I have listened to "Rule Britannia," and in the streets of Montreal to "Yankee Doodle!" Such is the power of music—such the glorious immunity enjoyed by the poor organ grinder, whose hard fate in other respects, I have endeavoured in the following lines to set forth:

THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

Poor wanderer from the land of classic lore,
Thy lot to me seems most "unkinnow" hard;
An organ's tones that others deem a bore,
Is all thy virtue bath for its reward!
"Sa ci daren" is but a sorry card
To play against the world's vile knavery—
Upon my soul I pity thy hard slavery!
What, must existence hang upon a tune?
As well put trust in woman or the moon!
"O pesentor" brings little to thy net,
And little dost thou meet with, though "we met"
He oft repeated. Yet how patient, how resigned!
The same old box—the same old face behind—
And thy existence one eternal grind!

President—Thank you, brother P'acid. Still the same merry hearted soul! Years that have silvered your hair could not change your heart. You are sufficient in yourself to rescue bachelors from the charge of being selfish. The girls smile on you now as their mothers did thirty years ago. You are the admiration of nursery maids, and the little wretches they carry, absolutely kick out their legs convulsively as you approach! What a lible then to say that no one cares for an old bachelor? Oh! he alone enjoys the privilege of eternal youth, and at seventy is only a boy, a little worse of the wear. Is it not so, Mr. Cheerly, and could you not tell us as much in a song?

Mr. Cheerly, who is our oldest member, and who might have been President, had it not been for an event which will be repeated hereafter, rose without making any reply, and proceeded to sing a song, which the club has entered on its books:

THE BACHELOR'S SONG.

Here's to the old buck who for good or bad luck,
Has left all the girls—Kate and Mary, O,
Who smokes his cigar, and is not a papa
To a "sweet little deary" or "fairly," O;
Who at his own board sits down like a lord,
Can be peevish, or gay, or contrary, O;
Whose staff is his sword, and who has the last word,
Whilst he quaffs his good cup of Canary, O!
Let grandmamas prate of the sweet married state,
And the pleasures that spring from that dairy, O,
We'll stick whilst we can to the good single plan,
And be happy and free whilst we're wary, O,
Tho' they woo with the eyes, and of soft words and sighs
Are nither reluctant nor chary, O,
We care not a pin, for we will not give in
But be true to our pipes and Canary, O!

It being now ten o'clock, at which hour the club breaks up, the chairman rose to give the toast which always concludes our evening meetings, viz:—"Our old sweethearts; may they never be other than sweethearts!"—but, before doing this, he said he must call the attention of the members to the fact, that the next meeting would be the anniversary of the death of their dear friend Skelton. His heart, he said, at his request remains with us in the urn on yonder mantel-piece. So melancholy an occasion calls for becoming solemnity; and therefore, orders have been given that the room shall be hung with black, and that the ordinary toasts and songs shall be dispensed with. Skelton, continued the chairman, was indeed a princely fellow, and we should not be worthy to be bachelors could we forget him. You will appear, gentlemen, dressed in mourning, as for a funeral, with hat-bands and black gloves. In the course of the evening the memory of our poor departed friend will be drunk in solemn silence, and some of the events connected with his romantic but melancholy history will be detailed.

A Member—Would it not be well, Mr. President, to effect some change in our wines also? The charet and madeira might be suppressed.

President—True; the suggestion is worth considering. We must be consistent in every thing; and as the occasion is so mournful a one, all the arrangements must partake of the same sombre hue. On that evening, gentlemen, we will drink

Member—Black strap!

President—Good!

[The Club breaks up.]

THE DRUIDICAL INSTITUTION.

THE British Druids constituted a sacred and secret society, religious, political, and literary. In the rude mechanism of society in a state of pillage, the first elements of government, however gross, or even puerile, were the levers to lift and to sustain the unbewn masses of the barbaric mind. Invested with all privileges and immunities, amid the transient omnipotence which man in his first feeble condition can confer, the wild children of society crouched together before those illusions which superstition so easily forges; but the supernatural dominion lay in the secret thoughts of the people; the marauder had not the daring to touch the open treasure as it lay in the consecrated grove, and a single word from a Druid forever withered a human being, "cut down like grass." The loyalty of the land was a religion of wonder and fear, and to dispute with a Druid was a state crime.

They were a secret society, for whatever was taught was forbidden to be written, and not only their doctrines and their sciences were veiled in this sacred obscurity, but the laws which governed the community were also oral. For the people, the laws probably were impartially administered, for the Druids were not the people, and without their sympathies, these judges at least sided with no party. But if these sages, amid the conflicting interests of the multitude, seemed placed above the vicissitudes of humanity, their own more solitary passions were the stronger, violently compressed within a higher sphere; ambition, envy and revenge, those curses of nobler minds, often broke their dreams. The election of an Arch-Druid was often to be decided by a battle. Some have been chronicled by a surname which indicates a criminal. No king could act without a Druid by his side, for peace or war were on his lips, and whenever the order made common cause, woe to the kingdom! It was a terrible hierarchy. The golden knife which pruned the mistletoe beneath the mystic oak, immolated the human victim.—*J. D'Israeli.*

A SLIP BETWEEN THE CUP AND TILE LIP.

BY SON.

"Tomorrow will be merry Christmas—oh, Cecilia, my dear?"

"I am afraid not for me, mother."

"Why not, daughter, seeing it is to be your wedding day?"

"That, dear mother, is the very reason why I fear it will not be a merry Christmas to me."

"Why, Cecilia, how you talk! Do explain yourself."

"Isn't it enough, mother, to make a girl unhappy, to be compelled to marry a man that she does not, nor never can love, but must forever hate, from the very bottom of her heart?"

"Phoo! Cecilia, nonsense! I thought you had made up your mind to love Mr. Pank, and to marry him, to please your papa. And, after all, it doesn't matter, so much about one's marrying for love, for they say it's a fleeting thing—a blind thing—an obstinate thing—a thing that inveigles people into scrapes, and deserts them the first two or three months after marriage. I didn't marry your pa for love, dear. He proposed to me—my parents told me it was a good match—I accepted, and it was done at once. The ladies never thought of falling in love in those days, Cecilia. Love is a creature of your modern fine times, and comes of reading your dreadful romances, silly stories of the newspapers and annuals; and witnessing those horrid actings in the theatres, and the like, that young people spend their time upon, turning their heads giddy, and taking from their brains all the common sense they ever were possessed of. Every girl, now-a-days, above the drudgery of the kitchen, and especially if she has been so unfortunate as to have attended a boarding-school, considers herself entitled to enact the part of a heroine, and every young gentleman that of a hero, of romance; and, perforce, *she* must affect the languishing beauty, and *he* the chivalrous bearing; they must imagine themselves in great straits and difficulties; and if a sensible parent endeavours to check his child, that he sees running along in this nonsensical strain, and has resolution enough to force him or her to hearken to a reasonable thing regarding marriage—why, the silly coot is crossed, persecuted, all but annihilated, and the greatest martyr to love the world ever saw."

"O, dear mother! why need you speak thus to me? You know I am not one of those foolish children you have been describing. I have scarcely attended a theatre a dozen times in my life; and as to romances and stories, if I have read them now and then, I thank God I am endowed with common sense enough not to be influenced by them to affect what I am not."

"Still, you are reluctant to comply with your good papa's desire, by marrying Mr. Pank."

"I am, mother; and for very good reasons. Reasons that you and papa are well acquainted with, and, but for worldly considerations, would acknowledge very good, too. You know I plight my faith, once, to William Glover—"

"His father was then rich; he has since failed. Besides, William was but a student at College, under age, and of course a minor; and, therefore, in law, was not capable of making a contract of any kind; and you, too, Cecilia, were a minor; think of that, girl!"

Miss Cecilia smiled as she replied:

"Had William's father not been unfortunate, mother, I think the circumstance of our minority would have been overlooked."

"I can't say as to that, Cecilia," replied the mother, gravely. "It's an odd thing, quite an odd thing, for a youth at College to contract to marry a girl, before he knows what he's going to do in the world, to gain a living for himself and wife, or whether he's going to live at all, or not. Very odd! And I don't think good society would tolerate it; I don't, certainly. Mr. Pank, you know, besides being rich, is of age, and able, in law, to bargain for himself."

"Yes, he is of age, and has been *this twenty years!*" replied the daughter, with a curl of her pretty lip.

"But, you know, he is yet a bachelor, and your papa says, he knows the world, and is a shrewd business man; and that if you marry him, there's no danger but what you will always have enough to support yourself and family in good style. And that, let me tell you, Cecilia, is the main point. Marry him, now, there's a good girl; and I'll warrant you that in three months' time, you will quite have forgotten the pale young Mr. Glover."

Cecilia made no answer to this coaxing appeal,

but she dropped her head, and hid her face in a very white, and tastily bordered linen handkerchief. What was revolving in her mind, just then, may be guessed when the reader comes to know the sequel of this story.

That it is a law of society, and well established by the experience of ages as a good law—and more than that, a law derived from the remotest customs of antiquity, even from God himself—that children should obey their parents, we acknowledge; and are ready to vindicate in all its legitimate extent of authority; but to go so far as to say that the parental authority should be unlimited in all circumstances, would seem to us repugnant to right, and the principles of humanity. The relation of parent and child is mutual in its obligations. The father is bound to exercise reason, good judgment, and a desire to promote the welfare and happiness of his child, by consulting his tastes, inclinations and wishes, in his dealings towards him, and especially in the most important act of setting him out to begin the world. The child, on his part, is bound to render his love, his services and his willing obedience in all the aforesaid premises. But if the parent violate these obligations, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the child is at liberty to assert his independence, and fall back upon his own resources; especially if he have attained the years of discretion—that is, morally speaking.

It is held to be a horrid thing for a lady in coverture to elope from her husband with another man; this we agree to in full. But where the elopement (if it may then be called such) occurs in that particular season that intervenes between the *appointment of the wedding day, and the actual consummation of the hymenial knot*, then, we conceive, the case is considerably altered, and, in some particular instances, may possibly be defended in right and justice. Holding in view these remarks and deductions, let us state the case of Miss Cecilia Bartholomew, and leave the reader to judge whether she can be exonerated from all blame, (as they say of steam-boat captains when their vessels blow up,) in the measure she finally resorted to.

Mr. Bartholomew and Mr. Glover were friends from their youth; born and bred in the same town, and both merchants of considerable notoriety and wealth. The intercourse between them and their families had been of the most friendly and open character, up to the time of the failure of Mr. Glover, when the worldly-mindedness of Mr. Bartholomew suddenly broke it off. Between William and Cecilia (the only children of these two gentlemen), there had sprung up a mutual and very tender, devoted attachment, which grew

with their growth, and strengthened with their strength; and which was fostered by the approbation and encouragement of the money-making, and money-loving papas, who were delighted in this prospect of consolidating their love, property, and influence. Thus the youthful pair lived, and enjoyed the innocent delights of their mutual passion, filled with the most glowing hopes for the future; and they had most solemnly plighted their faith to live and love for each other so long as time endured.

In this state of things, and within a few months of the time that young William Glover was to receive his diploma and enter upon the active business of life, after having first been united with his dear Cecilia in the bonds of wedlock, Mr. Glover, by a sudden reverse of fortune, found himself a bankrupt. Bartholomew instantly abandoned him, and swore his daughter should see his son no more; and when the poor girl, in the honor and fulness of her heart, allowed private interviews to her distressed lover, he cruelly strove to compel her to accept of the addresses of an old bachelor, by the name of Punk, who had for a long time secretly admired her, and who now took advantage of the favourable opportunity to plead with the worldly father for the honor of her hand. She wept, prayed, remonstrated in vain; and the inexorable father finally set the wedding day, and bade her be prepared for it. This day was the Christmas alluded to in the foregoing dialogue between Cecilia and her mother.

Under these circumstances, is it to be wondered at that poor Cecilia should, on the aforesaid Christmas eve, have hid her face in her handkerchief, and revolved in her mind strange things, that —? But hold, lest we anticipate.

* * * * *

Not a hundred leagues from the capital of the State of New York, and considerably less than that distance from the capital of the State of Vermont, and not more than one hundred good English miles from that city in Canada, that *is-to-be* the capital of that Province, there is a town of some note, and more beauty. It has not within its precincts, so important a functionary as a mayor, nor any fat aldermen, nor well-paid police, to regulate its internal economy, and consequently it is not an incorporated city. Nevertheless, it somehow or other has managed to lay out streets, and pave them where it was necessary; make side walks, wells, and pumps; erect a court-house and jail, and churches, and various other public works; and what may appear singular to the good people of incorporated towns, the husbands and wives of this beautiful city seem to live in as great a degree of concord, and their families to move on in their respective spheres

as regularly and harmoniously as those of any city whatever; nor do we know any thing to the contrary, but what delicate and fashionable females can walk the streets, night or day, without fear of being hunted down as "game."

There is in this city, a handsome square of several acres in extent, (the same thing occurs in many other cities,) surrounded on all sides by elegant shops, public buildings, churches, hotels, and private dwellings. Except what is taken up by the public thoroughfare on its outer sides, this square is beautified, in the summer, by a fresh greensward, which is enclosed by a continuous line of posts and chains, except where interrupted by the necessary whirl gates, to admit of ingress and egress. Around this sward, and across it in different directions, are neat, gravelled walks, inviting the soft tread of ladies' feet, nor sparing the more solid one of the gentlemen who accompany them in the promenades there.

Towards night of the Christmas day heretofore mentioned, a young man, with a young girl leaning on his arm, issued from one of the hotels, and crossing the street, entered the gate, and taking the outside walk, (which, owing to the mildness of the season, was still bare,) walked slowly along, quite absorbed in conversation. The youth wore on his head a fine seal-skin cap; and his dress, though cut in the fashion, and well set-off his trim, spare person, was not of a costly description; nay, it could easily be detected that it had seen considerable service, though it was not, by any means, threadbare. His countenance was pale and studious looking, but was lit up by an expression of manliness and heightened feeling that arrested attention, and the flashing of a pair of jet black eyes, that occasionally darted their looks on the passers by, told of a noble soul within—the seat of genius and talent. He could not have been more than twenty summers. The girl was also young, not exceeding eighteen years of age; and in beauty of person was one of nature's perfections. She was elegantly, but not extravagantly, attired; and as the fine weather required neither overcoating nor muffling, a rich thibet, and an open bonnet left the symmetry of her person, and the bewitching beauty of her small round face, to strike their full effect on the admiring citizens. There was the most enchanting look of mingled archness and good nature, love and sweetness, proceeding from her hazel eyes, as she now and then raised them from the ground to peep into her partner's face, that ever ladies did send forth, or that was ever employed in conveying the little god's darts into the hearts of enamoured young men. There was that in the mutual behaviour of the young couple that told they were lovers, and of the most impassioned kind. So closely did

they draw to each other in their slow progress, so delighted did they seem in drinking love from each other's eyes, and so utterly absorbed were they in making, and listening to the low soft words that fell from each other's lips, that they seemed quite unconscious of any one else around them; and, save that they now and then cast a sort of anxious gaze up the main street, as if watching the appearance of some expectant object, one would have supposed they believed themselves alone in the world, although at that moment in the heart of a city, and surrounded by its busy population, and the noisy hum of its business.

Their sudden appearance; their dress as strangers; their youth, beauty and loving conduct, at once attracted the attention of not only the common people, but of the ladies and gentlemen who walked the streets, or promenaded the square, and whose curiosity was excited to the very highest pitch in observing them. "Who are they?" "Where did they come from?" "When did they arrive?" were questions in every one's mouth, but which none could answer. More than one inquisitive young lady fell, as by accident, in their way, to attract their attention, and lead them into a conversation that might elicit their private history; and more than one officious gentleman strove to bow himself into acquaintance; but their insidious advances had no more effect on the youthful lovers than as though they had been offered to the statues of Apollo and Diana. They kept on their slow, abstracted course, turning neither to the right nor to the left.

It was drawing near dusk, when suddenly the object which they had apparently been looking for made its appearance, in the shape of a coach and four dashing down the street towards them at the topmost speed the animals could be lashed to. It halted before the door of the hotel out of which the lovers had issued, and, quick as thought, the driver sprang from his seat, and tearing open the door, two men of middle age, and robust, brawny looking fellows, jumped out, and rushing through the crowd their sudden appearance had attracted to the door, they entered the hotel.

The lovers, when they beheld this, turned pale, and exclaiming, "That they had come at last," made their way instantly into the hotel; and, following close upon the two gentlemen, were in the hall almost as soon as themselves. The burly gentlemen were Mr. Bartholomew and Mr. Pank: the youthful lovers, young William Glover and his Cecilia.

For a few moments the parties stood eying each other in silence—Mr. Bartholomew, foaming and boiling over with rage, and staring at his daughter as if he would look her into oblivion. Pank, winking, and blinking, and shuffling in shame and

confusion; his countenance assuming, by turns, all the primitive colors, from white to black, whilst the fugitive pair stood firm, meeting the angry glances of the foiled father without flinching, and betraying not the least sign of having done a wrong act; and regarding him with a look and manner that said—"We know the consequences of the step we have taken, and are ready to meet them." The parent was the first to break silence:

"Well, girl! is this obeying my commands?"

Cecilia, smiling, and taking the youth's hand, replied in the utmost good humor:

"Dear papa, you wanted me to get a husband; in this respect I have obeyed you: behold my husband, Sir!"

"Your husband, Miss!" returned the father, choking with rage.

"Yes, Sir," replied William Glover, as he put his hand into his breast pocket and drew from thence a folded paper; "I have the happiness to inform you that I am your daughter's husband; we were married early this morning, as this certificate of the officiating magistrate will show you."

"Bartholomew seized the paper, and glancing his fiery eyes over it, tore it into fragments, and stamped them under his feet, exclaiming in the very climax of his phrenzy:

"Married! Damn it! How dared you do this, Sir? Run away with my daughter, Sir, on the eve of her marriage with the friend I had selected for her? Rascal! brute! traitor!"

The youth replied firmly:

"I once had the honor of being a friend of yours, as did also my father; nay, you even called me your son, and fostered my passion for your daughter in every way you could. How am I changed, Sir, since then, that I deserve these vile epithets that you so lavishly heap upon me?"

"Your father has changed, Sir; he's a beggar!" returned the old man, haughtily. "Do you think I'll marry my daughter to the son of a beggar, Sir, when she can have the richest man in town?"

Here Mr. Pank recovered his self-possession, and drawing himself into a most imposing attitude, regarded his rival with a sneer, and a look of triumph; while the poor youth, indignant at the bitterness of this sudden charge, and burning with shame at the thought of there being some truth in it, bit his lip, and trembled with suppressed emotion, as he dropped Cecilia's hand, as if not worthy to detain it. His young wife, reading at a glance the state of his feelings, seized again his hand, as she exclaimed:

"Dear William, be calm; recover yourself; mind not what my father says, he is beside himself." Then turning to her father, she continued, in the

most winning, earnest, and gentle manner: "My father, you are too cruel; you are unjust: Mr. Glover is an honorable man. True, he is unfortunate; but think, O, papa! think, how soon you may be so! Six months ago he was as well off, and as likely to remain so, as you are now. Who can tell what the next six months will bring forth? Your riches may, in that time, take to themselves wings, and his may return to him. The tables will then be reversed; and this is just as likely to occur as what has already happened. Then calm yourself, I beg of you, and think coolly, and candidly on our case, ere you cast us off forever. I am the wife of the only man I can ever love, and with him I can be happy in riches, or poverty, if you, dear papa, are but reconciled again to us; and we only desire to be left to our own resources. Let us retire into some lonely region, to labour and support ourselves by the sweat of our brow, but let us go with your blessing, dear, dear papa. On my knees I implore it. You see the laws of our country have made us one forever. It cannot be revoked. Then do relent."

It has been said that youthful beauty is a strong pleader; so also of the ties of nature; and, we may add, too, of affection. These, separately, are strong pleaders; but where they are united—where youth, beauty, nature's ties, and affection, are centred in one petitioning object—they must be all powerful, except in the most extreme cases. It requires a very heart of stone to withstand them. In the case before us, all these influences were in active operation in favour of the young pair; and during the delivery of Cecilia's touching appeal, a change came over the parties. Mr. Bartholomew's eyes first lost the fierceness of their look; the muscles of his mouth then relaxed their rigidity; then his countenance smoothed; his threatening posture subsided into one of attentive consideration; and, finally, his face lit up with something, as though pleasant recollections had suddenly flashed upon his mind, taking place of angry feelings and dark designs; and, as Cecilia concluded, a tear stood in the eye where anger flashed when she commenced. Mr. Pank gradually lost again his self-importance, and relapsed into his shuffling, blushing, winking, blinking state; and, in proportion as his friend melted into a sensible mood, he became foolish and restless. As for young Glover, his wife's words quite drove from his mind the sense of degradation that Mr. Bartholomew's bitter charge had given him, and her earnest, affecting manner, melted him in tears; and, sinking to his knees by her side, he joined his prayers with hers for her father's blessing.

For several minutes the old man regarded them.

in silence; apparently revolving in his mind what was best to be done. He had lost all his anger, and therefore was enabled to reason coolly on the circumstances of the case before him. The recollection of the past seemed to come up in review, and to be weighed with the occurrences of the present in a balance of justice. He seemed to ponder on his old friendship with Glover; his assiduous cultivation of the spark that drew their children to each other, the mutability of human affairs, and that friendship of honor, integrity and talent could rise above misfortune, and flourish in poverty as well as in riches. He seemed, for the first time, aware of the blackness of his conduct in striving to force his daughter to abandon her faith with the youth of her heart, to unite her destiny with riches and vanity alone; and the purity, and nobleness of her conduct, in withstanding his endeavors, and clinging to her first love in his misfortune, even against a father's authority, struck him with admiration and pride of her virtue. Finally, turning sharp round to Punk, he merely said:

"You see, Sir, you are out out, and there is no help for it. Good day!" Then extending his hand to the lovers, he said, falteringly: "Rise, my children, and let us go home. The coach is at the door."

Upon which, a loud shout of applause and delight arose from the boarders, who had been drawn to the half open door of the hall by the loud talk; and who had been rapt spectators of the whole scene. Poor Punk was hissed at, punched, and humped, and fairly pushed out of the hotel; while the enthusiastic listeners actually caught Cecilia and William in their arms, and bore them out of doors, and placed them in the coach, loading Cecilia with blessings; and, as the coach drove off, wishing the happy pair all manner of happiness, to the end of time, and forever after.

Now, my gentle reader, pass your verdict on fair Cecilia's conduct: did she do right or no?

HOW TO MAKE YOUR FRIENDS UNHAPPY.

THE French philosophers of the eighteenth century accounted for all the actions of men by their evil passions,—as, for example, Voltaire said that grandfathers were only so kind to their grandsons, in the hope; by spoiling them; to be revenged on their own sons for their ungratefulness. "Le Diable Boiteux," Talleyrand, was of the same opinion as to the feelings of men.

"Uncle," exclaimed the young Duc de Vallency, one day, as he ran into the room, overflowing with delight; "dear uncle! only think; kind old Mr. P——, whom I have not seen for years, has left me twelve thousand pounds in his will. I do

not know what to do with myself, I am so overjoyed."

"Well, shall I tell you?" said Talleyrand, in his cold sepulchral voice.

"Oh, by all means, uncle," answered the young duke, who had just made his *débüt* amongst his gay contemporaries in the world, and saw everything, of course, *couleur de rose*.

"Well, then, go and tell all your intimate friends your good fortune; it will make them so unhappy; which if you are a shrewd lad, you will see, and it will be a lesson to you."

Although Voltaire and Talleyrand adopted these opinions, which corresponded so well with the bitterness of their own hearts, this view of human nature was proclaimed before their time.

"Il y a toujours dans le malheur de nos amis quelque chose qui ne nous est pas désagréable," says La Rochefoucault. Swift has paraphrased this opinion of the prince of maximists.

"As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true,
They argue no corrupted mind
In him—the fault is in mankind.
This maxim, more than all the rest,
Is thought too base for human breast:—
In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends;
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us."

TOBACCO.

AN amusing fact connected with the opposition to the general use of tobacco is related of Fagon, the physician to Louis the Fourteenth; in the midst of an oration on the pernicious effects of tobacco, the orator made a pause, and, taking his snuff-box from his pocket, refreshed himself with a pinch to enable him to renew the argument.

ELECTION JOKE.

AT the recent election in this city (says the Worcester Journal), the vote of an old and well-known gentleman was challenged by a young whippersnapper who officiated, and who knew that the old gentleman differed in politics from him. "It is necessary for you to swear that you have lived in this ward more than ten days," said the challenger. "Why you know that I have," replied the voter, "for more than ten months ago you came to my shop, and purchased the hat you have on, and never paid for it yet."

WOMAN.

WE love to see a woman treading the high and holy path of duty; unblinded by the sunshine, unscared by the storm. There are hundreds who do so from the cradle to the grave—heroines of endurance, of whom the world has never heard, but whose names will be bright hereafter, even beside the brightness of angels.

THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK OF ROUEN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF HERCULE ROBERT,

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

BEFORE making his first appearance on the Parisian boards, the comedian Preville made a tour of the provinces. After having charmed the inhabitants of Toulouse in his favorite low comedy characters, he wished to try his fortune before the public of Rouen, a supreme dramatic tribunal, which had long been in possession of the power of making and unmaking the reputations of actors. The head of this terrible Areopagus was at this time a little hunchback, with a long and pointed nose, whose figure seemed a compound of man, cat and fox; as for the rest, he was well informed, sensible, and rich, and his principal delight was to be the Amphytrion and patron of the gay children of Thalia.

Preville made his first appearance on the boards of Rouen, in the part of Hector, in "the Gamester." As at Toulouse, he seasoned his part with original jokes and puns, and with all the traditions of stage acting; and he was equally successful. The Rouennais laughed till they cried, and declared that nothing could surpass the acting of Preville. One person alone did not laugh.

The next day, all the actors, with one exception, were invited to a grand luncheon, at the house of the little hunchback. It was lucky that the theatre was closed that evening, for certainly not one of the guests would have been able to make his appearance there. In the meantime, Preville, humbled by the slight of which he had been the object, was repeating in his own room, couplet by couplet, the two new characters in which he was to appear next day. The points which had seemed to attract the Gascons of Toulouse most, he coloured still more strongly to please the Normans of Rouen; the features which appeared to him too obscure, he touched up more distinctly; and after every addition or alteration, he said to himself, "I must and shall make him laugh."

The next day, then, perfectly prepared, he entered upon the scene. He was received with acclamations; as on the preceding night, his success was triumphant; feet, hands and voices all joined in applauding him. Two hands alone were immovable, and his self-love could be satisfied only by the clapping of these two hands. He redoubles his sallies; he multiplies his jokes and witticisms, and the play of his countenance, till the bones of almost every one in the theatre were sore with laughing. He exceeded all his

previous displays; and still his efforts were in vain—still the little hunchback never laughed, or even smiled. Preville passed a sleepless night.

The next day there was a new invitation of all the company, and a new exception in the case of Preville. He could contain himself no longer. When the entertainment was over, he hastened to the house of the hunchback, and on seeking an interview, soon found himself face to face with the terrible little man.

"Sir," said he, quite abashed, "in submitting myself for trial before the public of Rouen, I had prepared myself for disapprobation, for hissing——"

"That was a needless alarm, Sir, as you have experienced," slyly interrupted the little hunchback, fascinating him with a keen glance from two bright eyes of a bottle-green colour; "the public is enraptured with you, and I would have thought that to be the height of your ambition."

"Pardon me, Sir," replied Preville; "the favour I have come to ask of you will convince you of the contrary."

"A favour? And what is it, if you please?"

"I appear tomorrow, Sir, for the second time, in the character of Hector, in 'the Gamester,' and in that of Crispin, in 'Master and Servant,' and I have come to request the favour of your hissing me."

"Hissing you!" repeated the hunchback, in amazement.

"Yes, Sir; hissing me. I know that I do not play my parts well, since you would not applaud me; by hissing you will at least point out those passages that displease you, and I will endeavour to reform my manner."

The little hunchback, stretching out his neck towards Preville, asked in a huff whisper:

"Are you in earnest, young man?"

"Yes, Sir," replied the comedian, "perfectly in earnest. I am passionately fond of the art which I profess. All the applause which I have met with cannot console me for your indifference. It is the approbation of a connoisseur like you that I desire; all the others are comparatively nothing to me."

The little hunchback put on an air of benevolent seriousness, and requesting Preville to be seated, addressed him in these terms:

"Young man, the profession you have chosen, when not supported by talent, degenerates into a mere trade; but, when exercised with understanding and judgment, it becomes an art worthy of our respect and admiration. Among the ancients the oracles were supposed to derive from the deity which inspired them, a portion of their divinity, and in proportion to this received the incense of mortals; and in like manner, the genu-

ine comedian, whose object is to improve the morals of mankind, to correct their follies, and lash their vices, ought to apply his skill and knowledge to raise himself to the excellence of the sentiments to which he gives utterance. Thus alone can his reputation be established. If, on the contrary, the actor prefers rather to excite the laughter of his audience than their reflection, rather to address himself to their senses than to their reason, he will never be more than a mere Merry-Andrew! Mark me, young man! as a true comedian, you ought neither to regard the opinions of your audience, nor the expression of these opinions. Study *the whole* of the drama, in the display of which you are to assist—imagine yourself to be the person you represent—fulfil exactly the part sketched out for you—adhere strictly in almost every case, to the written dialogue—do not allow your mind to be occupied by any thing that is doing off the stage—despise all noisy applause, and only desire the approbation of those men of taste who make no noise, but who in reality will pass your sentence. Your reputation may be less rapid, less popular, in fact; but it will be more certain and durable."

The little hunchback added example to precept, and set himself to analyse, with great judgment, the characters sketched by Regnard and Lesage, pointing out the sense and the wit, explaining the situations, and showing the different accentuations which ought to be their natural result. Preville listened with enthusiasm.

"Farewell, my teacher! till tomorrow," said he to the little hunchback.

The next evening at the theatre, the audience for the first two hours hardly recognised Preville; they were quite disconcerted and perplexed by his new mode of acting, and not one applauded: except that, from time to time, in the midst of the general silence, a few plaudits were heard from two long, slender, and shrivelled little hands. At the end of the piece, however, the audience altered their opinion, and the comedian was saluted with thunders of applause.

Preville was, from that moment, next to Garrick, the greatest comedian in Europe.

A TALE OF THE FALLS.

BY H. J. K.

Noontide was passing o'er the western woods,
That grew in the wilds, 'mid its falls and floods—
The spirit of Silence spread soft wings there,
So lulled in repose was the earth and air.
The aspect was still, and all sounds were hushed,
Save the foaming Falls, where the waters rushed,
When a speck, far off in the distant blue,
Came gliding on—'twas an Indian canoe.

Through forests of gloom the light bark had sped,
By rapids alone, and the wild waves led.
A-deep at the stern the red hunter lay,
'Mid scalps of the foe, and skins of his prey.
'Twas Alwemi—the haughty Huron chief—
Whose bud was as bright as his blossom brief,
He'd stolen to meet, with the day's last beam,
The maid of his love, who lived by that stream.
But long, as he slept in his carved canoe,
Had he passed her home in the Hills of Blue;
Beside him were wreaths of wild flowers to braid
The beautiful brow of his dark-haired maid.
His dream was of her, and the first time when
He met her alone in Sawlusky glen,
Her noceassins working in neat design
With beads and with quills of the porcupine.
Through the deep old woods where the brown leaves
quiver,

She fawn-like moved and sat down by a river
To gaze on the rapids that past her swept,
And sing the love-song of her Indian sweetheart.
The tone of the waters a wild bass lute,
As her sweet low voice with its music blent.

To the wave-worn rock where the river fell,
And foamed in the strength of its frenzied might,
Still on drifts the boat, as if drawn by a spell,

Like the breezeless bark of a water spout;
When the Indian rose with a fearless brow
And looked on his fate which was certain now;
Then his buffalo robe he round him wraps
And lay down again 'mid his furs and traps;
Although knowing that soon beneath that wave
His corse must sleep in a turbulent grave,
His tomb by watery sea-wrack shaded,
And his leafy shroud by foam-shells braided.
In his dark hand he grasped a tomahawk;

For the roar of the waters falling high,
As the river plunged from the beetling rock,
He thought in his sleep was his battle cry.
But no more shall he draw the tough bow-string,
Or swift feathered shafts to the foe man wing.
Yet when he thought of her he loved so well,
He sighed, and his head on his bosom fell.
One inward struggle—for his beree, fond heart
Was writhing—that he with his love should part.
But 'tis gone, and that cloud which even now
Had shadowed so blackly his frowning brow,
Is fled forever, and his looks are mild
As he gazed on death and sternly smiled.
And list—o'er the swell and the sounds and crash
Of the cataract's waters, as they dash
In grandeur and gloom to the gulf beneath,
Louder rose the red Indian's song of death.

Soon, far away o'er the waters, a speck
Shewed the Huron's canoe a broken wreck;
But his dirge shall be the most awful knell
That ever rung yet o'er the sleeping dead
As the surging roars of the river fell

Where Alwemi lies in his lowly bed,
And no hand shall profane his silent rest,
Or the foam that enshrouds the hunter's breast,
And the blue billows there shall lightly be,
And wailing waves, as they murmuring sigh,
O'er the spot, shall bemoan in soothing grief
The fate of Alwemi, the Indian chief.

Pride is a statue whose support is ignorance;
take away the pedestal, down falls the statue.

AGAIN THE BALMY ZEPHYR BLOWS.

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

A - gain the balmy zephyr blows, Fresh ver - dure decks the

The first system of musical notation consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

grove; Each bird with vernal rap - ture glows, Each

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features the same grand staff and key signature. The melody and accompaniment are clearly visible, with lyrics printed below the notes.

bird with ver - nal rap - ture glows, And tunes his notes to

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. It maintains the same grand staff and key signature. The melody and accompaniment are clearly visible, with lyrics printed below the notes.

Love, And tunes his notes to Love. Ye

gentle warblers lith - er fly, And shun the noon - tide

heat; My shrubs a cool - ing shade sup - ply, My

groves a safe ro - treat; My shrubs a cool - ing

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OUR TABLE.

THE EMIGRANT TO NORTH AMERICA—FROM MEMORANDA OF A SETTLER IN CANADA.

WE have had occasion more than once to speak favourably of this excellent work, two editions of which have been published in this country. A third, we observe, has just issued from the press of the Blackwoods of Edinburgh. A Southampton paper, noticing its appearance, says—"This is not simply a useful; but a most valuable guide to the intending emigrant—and to the settler in Canada, a manual of agricultural operations for the entire year. The author left England with £300; he had followed no other occupation but that of the emigrant farmer's, and he is worth £3,000. But he had industry, ingenuity, fortitude under a disappointment, and a pious spirit; in him religion and all the home virtues go hand-in-hand—and we rejoice with him in his year of voluntary service, where he wooed and won the daughter of his master and friend—in his bear hunts and bee chasing—and sales of produce. It is a most healthful and enlivening book, and would, to the emigrant, be worth a thousand dollars, in communicating the result of experience—successful toil and comfortable independence."

The paper from which we quote closes its remarks with the following extract, which will not be without interest in Canada, where the information it contains is not generally known:

A BEE HUNT.

June 14th.—Found a swarm of bees in a hollow tree in the woods, which was claimed by a bee-hunter, who however renounced his right to my superior title, he only having marked the tree, while I was the owner of it. Much as the habits of this wonderful and useful little insect have been studied, and that with the most successful results, there is one, and I have never seen it mentioned in any dissertation on the subject, upon which the bee-hunter implicitly depends for his successful search after its honeyed treasures, and he is seldom disappointed. Whenever he finds a bee, he catches it, and puts it into a little box with a glass cover to it, and keeps it there for a day or two, when he gives it as much honey as it chooses to take, and then opens the box, and allows it to fly away, but he marks the road it takes, and follows it; but days, or weeks, or even months may elapse before he does so, when he is almost sure to find its home, with a rich treasure there, sometimes of even a hundred weight of honey; but instances have been known where he has had to travel more than six miles before he reached the spot. From which it is evident that the bee, when starved for a day or two, and then filled with honey, and permitted to escape, literally, in the most exact sense of the word, goes straight home. Sometimes, and that not unfrequently, he finds that it takes its flight to a settled part of the country, but almost every settlement is bounded

on one side or another by the wild interminable wilderness of woods, and in that direction alone does he follow it.—Cutting down the tree, cross-cutting it above and below the swarm with a saw, getting it home after being all of us well stung, setting it up as a hive, with a board at each end, and fomenting our swollen hands and faces, occupied the greatest part of the day, and, as it turned out, it was far from unprofitably employed, as I have now a valuable stock from it.

The season is rapidly approaching when emigrants may be expected to arrive from the Isles of Britain. To them this little book may be of incalculable service; and we would strongly recommend persons resident here, who expect friends or relatives, to place it in their hands before they proceed further. The information it contains is thoroughly practical, and applicable to the business of every day. From no other source can so great an amount of useful knowledge upon the subject treated of, be so cheaply obtained. In fact, we know of no other work which can at all be compared with it, as a guide to the industrious emigrant, in hewing out his way to an honourable independence.

HAVING been disappointed in our expectation of receiving the engravings ordered for May, we have been compelled to publish the number without the usual embellishment. We trust, however, the variety of its contents will induce our readers to overlook the omission, which, as we have before explained, is not attributable to any want of care on our part, but is simply caused by our distance from the marts in which such things are to be obtained. We trust the day is not far distant, when our Island City will possess capabilities in this respect, which will free us from the necessity of apologising—a disagreeable duty at best, and particularly so, when all possible foresight has been employed, with a view to obviate the necessity of it altogether.

SINCE the publication of our last number we have been favoured by "EMILION HUGO," with the French magazine from which the story of "Christina Steinfort" was translated. We refer to it again, merely to say that Mrs. Moodie, with the candour of a generous disposition, immediately on being furnished with the explanatory letter published in our last, and without having seen the original French, withdrew the charge, and expressed her regret that it had ever been made.