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THE FIRST DEBT.

A TALE OF EVERY DAY.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

Continued from our last Number.

CHAPTER VI.

WE will leave Alice to her own reflections, and follow Arthur and Sophy, in their walk to the ruins. Fleming was much gratified by the kind reception he had met with from his aunt and her charming daughters; and the affection he had long cherished for these relatives, whilst unknown, was greatly strengthened by a personal introduction. He was much interested in the two girls, but suffered the beauty and vivacity of Sophia to blind him to her many faults. Her candour charmed him; and he admired her frank, unaffected manners. Deceived by these, he deemed her a simple, unsophisticated child of nature, who spoke what her heart dictated, and that her expressive countenance betrayed its emotions when her lips were silent. Alice pleased him less than Sophia. But then Alice made no display of her talents. She never alluded to herself in conversation, but left the person whom she addressed to discover her good qualities, and if he was not much gifted with penetration, she would only pass for a silent, every-day companion.

"But is Alice less conscious of her superior talents than Sophy is of her beauty?" thought Arthur. "The same vanity may exist, but she has tact enough to conceal it. If this were not the case, why should sisters so formed by nature to love each other, so charming in their persons, conversation and manners, so refined in their pursuits and habits, disagree?" It was plain that there existed no confidence, nor affinity of mind between them—that they regarded each other in the odious light of rivals, and Sophy took no pains to conceal how irksome she felt her sister's control. "I must solve this mystery," said Arthur, "and examine the characters of these two girls separately, before I can hope to effect a change in their sentiments, or discover in which the error most lies."

While these thoughts were passing rapidly through the mind of Fleming, Sophy felt surprised and annoyed at his long silence. She was convinced that her

cousin was the only young man in the world who would have been so long alone in her company without paying her a single compliment. She pointed out to him the most picturesque objects in the neighbourhood, in order to attract his attention; but he answered her observations at random, until tired of wasting her eloquence on such an inattentive auditor, she ceased speaking altogether. Arthur started from his fit of abstraction, when he no longer heard the sound of her voice.

"Proceed, dear cousin—I am all attention."

"Now, Mr. Fleming, that is too bad," said Sophy, laughing. "If that were the case you would not so often have said no, in the wrong place. Are your thoughts in Holland that you are so grave tonight?"

"I was thinking of you."

"Is this new assertion as apocryphal as the last?"

"Not quite."

"I am rather curious to learn in what manner I could possibly engage your thoughts. Prithoe, good cousin, resolve my impertinent doubts?"

"I fear my frankness may offend you Sophy," said Arthur, looking anxiously in his gay companion's face.

"I am certain that you would never say anything which could give me offence."

"I am not so sure of that." After a short pause he continued: "Sophia, I have remarked with pain, during my short stay at B——, the want of confidence and affection which appears to exist between you and Alice. It is this subject which engrossed my thoughts, and on which I vain would speak."

Sophia colored, and looked down. She was unprepared for this, having suffered her vanity to suggest a very different interpretation to her cousin's thoughts, and her eyes actually filled with tears. Her emotion was not unobserved by Fleming. "I fear I distress you, Sophia?"

"Since you have introduced a subject so painful to my feelings, pray proceed."

"I am sorry to witness this unnatural disunion, as I am confident that had you met as strangers, each would have appreciated the other's worth. Surely, Sophia, this state of things ought not to be! Speak, dearest cousin. Tell me candidly why you look upon Alice, who appears so kind and amiable, with fear and aversion?"

"We do not possess kindred hearts."

"In what respect do you differ?"

"In every thing," said Sophy, regaining her presence of mind. "Alice can neither enter into my feelings, nor participate in my pursuits. She is so intolerant and so bigotted to her own way of thinking, that she will never allow another to be in the right, who is so unfortunate as to differ with her in opinion. If I do not happen to agree with her on the same points, I draw upon myself a long lecture. If I would escape from a series of endless disputes, I must quietly submit to be thought in the wrong. She considers the most innocent amusements criminal; and without I dress as prim as a quakeress she rails at my vanity and extravagance. You heard the provoking speech she made at the milliner's?"

"I heard it repeated," said Arthur, gravely. "But are you quite sure that your own resentful feelings did not give different meaning to the words than was intended by the speaker?"

Sophia's eye kindled, and somewhat of her haughty and vindictive spirit crimsoned her cheek, as she replied, with great warmth. "No. It was said to wound and mortify my feelings, and render me contemptible in the eyes of Mrs. Lawrence, and her customers; and I did not repeat it with the coarseness and illnature with which it was said."

"But was it acting like a sister, to repeat it at all? I was a stranger to Alice, and the exposure of this unamiable trait in her character could not fail to produce an unfavourable impression on my mind. In so doing you were guilty of the same fault which appeared so reprehensible in her."

"I see that you think me wholly to blame in this 'unpleasant affair,'" said Sophy, bursting into tears of unfeigned anger and vexation. "If it had been the first, or the second time, that Alice had lectured me in public, I should not have thought so much of it. But she constantly finds fault with me before those to whom she wishes to appear interesting, and me ridiculous. Did she attempt to deny the charge I brought against her?"

"Perhaps she forbore from motives of delicacy."

"Oh, you don't know Alice!" said Sophia bitterly. "From my infancy, she has exercised an authority over me which has cancelled all the bonds of affection between us. I am sure she has little reason to be jealous of one so every way inferior to herself. But it is the most charitable motive I can assign for her conduct."

"I am sorry to hear this," said Arthur, suppressing a sigh while he thought that the latter part of Sophy's statement might be true. "What a pity that so much gross mingles with the purest gold. My dear cousin, take into careful consideration this great moral truth. That the interest of one sister, should be as dear to the other as her own. When the members of a family are united within themselves, they may defy the malice and illnature of the world—but our blessed Lord has said, 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' Many young people err in this respect, from not fully understanding the relative duties they owe to each other. This excuse cannot be urged in the present case. You and your sister were instructed by an excellent father, in the knowledge of these important truths; and if Alice neglects the performance of these moral obligations, you are not less guilty in suffering yourself to be influenced by a bad example."

"But my sensibility is so acute that these ill-natured sarcasms wound me to the heart, and expose me to constant temptation."

"Then, my dear cousin, you should make the suppression of these evil passions the subject of earnest prayer—for you know not to what dreadful length the indulgence of them may carry you. 'He that hateth his brother is a murderer.' What an awful sentence, yet spoken by lips which could not lie. Hatred, Sophy, does not spring up in a moment. It is the work of time, which every rash and inconsiderate word we fancy spoken against us, strengthens, until the mass of unforgiven injuries corrodes the heart, and makes it the fit receptacle for the most dreadful crimes."

"Do not say any more, Mr. Fleming. You have convinced me that we are both in error, so let us drop this unpleasant subject, for the ruins are close at hand."

It was a fine warm evening, at the latter end of June; and the setting sun shed a flood of golden light through the magnificent arch which had once contained the chancel window of the Abbey. A young ash had sprung from a cleft in the broad marble slab, which once formed the covering of the altar, and its elegant foliage, pencilled on the crimsoned sky, formed a beautiful contrast to the time-worn edifice. It was an emblem of youth, waving its graceful tresses over the hoary locks of age.

Fleming seated himself upon one of the fallen pillars which had once adorned the stately aisles. The scene exceeded his expectations. The quiet beauty of the evening, the far off dash of the ocean, which bounded the prospect to the east with a silver girdle, the vast extent of the ruined edifice, with its picturesque groups of broken arches, and fallen columns overgrown with ivy, gave rise to reflections of a melancholy, but not displeasing cast. The reign of superstition is over—but the monuments of

her departed greatness fill the mind with awe; and we behold them with silent wonder. Reason and Revelation have taught us that God is a spirit, and as such must be worshipped in spirit and in truth; that the contrite heart is his proper temple. But to whom can man dedicate his labors, and the ingenuity of his inventions, with greater propriety than to the munificent Being from whom he received his knowledge? Our ancestors devoted a great portion of their wealth in erecting abbeys and churches—in founding hospitals for the sick, and asylums for the poor,—through a superstitious belief that these good works would absolve them from sin, and win them an entrance into glory. We, who live in a more enlightened age, are apt to sneer at the gross credulity which could imagine that salvation was to be purchased by acts like these. But, before we condemn them, we ought to remember that the knowledge of the Scriptures was confined to the priests, who imposed upon the ignorance of the people, to increase their own power. They taught the wealthy that such endowments were the surest means to obtain the forgiveness of their sins; and the guilty, tyrannical noble, trembling beneath the apprehensions of future punishment, eagerly embraced the offered means of obtaining grace and pardon. Society felt the benefit arising from their mistaken zeal; and it would be uncharitable in us, who enjoy the full flood of gospel light, whilst standing among the ruins of a darker age, to condemn the motives which influenced their actions. The work of their hands is crumbling to dust around us—their bones are beneath our feet,—and their sole memorial is with God.

So thought Arthur Fleming, as his eye slowly measured these stupendous relics of departed grandeur. In the ivy covered niches, once occupied by the carved images of saints and martyrs, the owl built her nest in security, and the sparrow and swallow unmolested hatched their young, verifying the words of the sweet Psalmist of Israel: 'Yea, the sparrow had found her an house, and the swallow a nest where she may lay her young; even thy altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God.' He looked from the moss covered pile up to the glowing heavens. Untouched by time, the glorious luminary, whose parting beams shone upon prostrate towers and crumbling arches, that gilded the dark rich leaves of the ivy, and encircled the hills and woods with a diadem of ruddy light, had seen the foundation stone laid of that haughty pile, and watched its gradual progress towards perfection. The same flood of brilliant light had rested, from age to age, upon the Abbey's massy walls, and had seen it slowly sinking beneath the waves of time, until its shattered frame and broken buttresses alone remained of all its ancient pomp and grandeur,

'Like a flag, floating when the bark's engulf'd.'

"Oh, vain and foolish ambition," said Fleming, "which induces man to place all his hopes on objects as perishable as himself, and exchange the promised blessings of eternity for a few brief years of anxiety and pain. Here, the pleasures we anticipate with such eagerness fade in the enjoyment, and leave behind them the heart-withering conviction of blighted hopes and time wasted in vain. In a few years our names are as much forgotten as if we had never been. The relatives who moistened our ashes with their tears, form new ties; and long ere the changeful climate wears the marble that covers our cold remains, another generation supplies our place. The trees we planted flourish, and the children of a distant age gambol beneath their shade. Our descendants gather the flowers that spring upon our graves, unconscious that kindred dust sleeps below; or that their own being is in any way connected with the ground they tread upon. Well has the poet said,

'O'er them, and o'er their names the billows' close.
Tomorrow knows not they were ever born.'

Fleming was roused from his reverie by Sophia, —who had been selecting a beautiful bunch of wild briar roses for her pencil—taking a seat beside him.

"Tell me, Mr. Fleming," she said, "why ruins create in the mind such a deep interest? Is it solely produced by the ideas we connect with them—the spirit of past ages, which appears to hover round and hallow them; or the picturesque forms, which masses of broken columns, overgrown with ivy, generally assume?"

"I have often asked myself the same question," said Arthur, "when sailing down the Rhine, and our vessel has cast anchor beneath some ancient castle, now a vast mass of crumbling and disjointed stones. A rock, a tree, a natural waterfall, may fire the imagination, and lift the soul to God, as the author of all the wonders of this visible world; and the shapes which they assume surpass any thing of man's skill and contrivance; but they do not convey to the heart the same mournful lesson, nor point out so forcibly the instability of human greatness. No, Sophia,—it is the ideas which we associate with these relics of antiquity—these scattered fragments of the grandeur of a former day—that constitute their greatest charm: as a tale acquires tenfold interest when we have every reason to believe it true, and the actors in the drama no creatures of the poet's fancy. They have walked this earth, have lived and suffered, and were, like us, subjected to all the trials and sorrows of humanity. While gazing on these walls, we know, that they were once filled with beings endowed with the same feelings—exposed to the same temptations—actuated by the same passions, and bound to life by the same moral obligations, and kindred ties. Like

us, they were loved, feared, esteemed, or hated in their day; and filled, with honor or dishonor, the stations allotted them on earth. Their day is over—their names are forgotten—and their dust is here. While musing on their fate we recognize our own—

‘One Cæsar lives—a thousand are forgot.’”

“Why do the ruins of a temple, once dedicated to the service of the Deity, call up feelings of a higher order, than those of a feudal castle or fortress?” said Sophia.

“The latter,” said Fleming, “recall to mind scenes of oppression and strife—the cruelties of the merciless tyrant—the groans of the captive, and the discontented murmurs of the soul bound slave. Gorgeous banners, glittering armour, waving plumes, and all the pomp and magnificence which romance loves to weave around the days of chivalry, only cover, like the flowers in Cleopatra’s basket, the poison and death that lurk beneath. The poetical illustrations of fancy cannot shut our eyes to the crimes of a darker age, when the man who had caused the greatest misery to his fellow creatures was esteemed the greatest hero, and received, from erring beings like himself, divine honors. We look up to those mouldering towers, perched like the eagle’s nest upon some tall cliff, and rejoice that they are no longer the spoiler’s abode—that the tread of armed warriors is heard no more in their desolate halls.”

“What an enthusiast you are, cousin Fleming,” said Sophia, who began to feel a lively interest in the subject. “Now what have you to say in favor of our ruined Abbey?”

“In surveying the ruins of a temple once dedicated to the service of God,” said Fleming, “the mind assumes a loftier tone, and the tenderest sympathies of our nature are called into immediate action. The organ has pealed through these roofless aisles. The word of God has been preached from yon ivy-covered nook, and thousands of human beings from age to age have bent the knee, and worshipped their creator at that deserted shrine, over which the wild rose throws her fantastic wreaths, and the ash waves her light drooping foliage. Their fate irresistibly recalls our own, and every heaved up turf and crumbling stone becomes a silent monitor.”

As Fleming finished his long dissertation on ruins, his attention was arrested by some writing on a stone which headed a grave, and he read with considerable interest the following lines, traced with a pencil:

“Tell me, thou grassy mound,
What dost thou cover?
In thy folds hast thou bound
Soldier or lover?”

Time o’er the turf no memorial is keeping,
Who in this lone grave, forgotten is sleeping?”

“The sun’s westward ray

A dark shadow has thrown,

On this dwelling of clay,

And the shade is thine own—

From dust and oblivion this stern lesson borrow

Thou art living today, and forgotten tomorrow.”

“I should like to know the author of these lines?” said Fleming, “how exactly they coincide with the subject on which we have been talking.”

“I can satisfy your curiosity,” said Sophia.

“The first verse was written by Alice, and the second by a young gentleman who was educated by my father; don’t you observe the difference in the autographs?”

“I see it now—And the gentleman?”

“Became what people of his fanatical turn of mind call decidedly pious, and turned missionary. It was a pity. He was a handsome, clever fellow, and papa’s favorite pupil—who was much attached to him. Stephen Norton was an orphan, and heir to a fine property; but, entertaining very romantic religious notions, on the death of his guardian he abandoned his country, and devoted his life and property to the arduous profession he had chosen. Last spring he returned to England, and came to see his old friends at E—. He visited these ruins with Alice and me; my sister wrote the first verse, Stephen answered it; and now you have the history of the melancholy lines you are pleased to admire.”

“For which you have my thanks. The man who could thus generously devote the morning of his life to the service of his fellow creatures, must be a character of no ordinary cast. Is Alice engaged to Mr. Norton?”

“Oh no—not positively engaged. But they always loved each other. Indeed, he was the brother of our childhood, and I esteemed him very much, until he turned fanatic, and became grave and puritanical. But he converted Alice, who thinks him a saint, and constantly corresponds with him on religious subjects. They ought to marry, they so nearly resemble each other.”

“He is worthy of Alice,” said Fleming, suppressing a sigh; “I wish they may be happy.”

The wish was sincere,—but Arthur fell into a fit of musing; and hardly remarked that they had quitted the ruins, until he found himself once more on the high road. “And do not your religious sentiments and your sister’s agree, Sophia?” he said, making a desperate effort at composure, for the full conviction of Alice Linhope’s worth had never struck him so forcibly as at that moment, when he felt that however superior she might be to her sister, he had no longer a choice left between them.

"Alice, my dear cousin, makes religion wearisome by the rigorous manner in which she enforces its duties. She is one of those stern sectarians who belong to what is termed the evangelical part of our church; who declare war on all the kindly feelings of the heart; and she considers me vain and irreligious, because I shrink from making an ostentatious display of feelings which ought to be held sacred."

"But Alice is sincere?"

"She thinks herself so. But is it charitable to condemn every one that happens to differ from herself?"

"True," replied Fleming thoughtfully; "and what are your sentiments on the subject, Sophia?"

His fair companion was rather puzzled how to answer this unwelcome question. After a few minutes awkward silence, she made a desperate effort to free herself from her embarrassing situation; and laying her hand upon her heart, and looking up in his face with as serious an aspect as she could assume, she replied, "I fear, cousin Fleming, I should fail to convey to you my sentiments on this important subject in words. But it is all here!"

The slight blush which accompanied this act of duplicity heightened her beauty and completely deceived her companion into the belief that she was not insensible to its holy influences. "If religion reigns in your heart, Sophia, guard well the sacred treasure. But beware, my dear girl, that you do not deceive yourself."

They were now within a few yards of home, and Arthur forbore to press the matter farther. His conversation with Sophia awoke in his mind a thousand painful regrets. He did not suspect her sincerity, yet he felt dissatisfied with the invidious remarks she had made on her sister. He made every allowance for slighted pride and early prejudices, and the exaggerated medium through which she viewed Alice's faults; but he could not justify her for seeking to prejudice him against her absent sister; and his respect for her character greatly diminished.

Sophia was one of those persons who, pretending to great candour, constantly depreciate their own talents, that their auditors may contradict their assertions. She affected the deepest humility with regard to her own person and accomplishments, but never forgave those who had the temerity to agree with her. She wished to become the wife of Arthur Fleming, not on account of his talents or worth, or the very fine person he really possessed, but she considered that it would be an excellent match. Had Arthur been poor, Sophia would never have deemed him worthy a second thought; but he was rich, and wealth and power were the idols that she devotedly worshipped; and she could not regard with indifference any one who possessed these solid advantages. Besides, she was determined that Alice

should not carry off a prize she had marked for her own. The pretended affection she had asserted Alice felt for the young missionary, would, she thought, ensure all her cousin's attention to herself for the future. So far from this being the case, she well knew that Stephen Norton had been for years engaged to a young lady in B——, whose ill health entirely precluded their present union.

CHAPTER VII.

THE summer evening had nearly waned into night. The chirring of the grasshopper in the green banks that skirted the pretty mill-stream that flowed through the town of B—— had succeeded to the songs of the blackbird, and all the numerous tribe of finches, which had made the air eloquent through the day with their melodious warblings. At the end of a green lane that skirted the town, full of fine old trees, and bounded by high hawthorn hedges, stood a neat little dwelling facing the aforementioned stream. Within a trellised porch, covered with woodbine and briar roses in full bloom, reclining in an old-fashioned, high-backed leather chair, an aged man, with strong marked features and snow-white hair, sat in a sort of dreamy stupor, his head bowed upon his breast, and a black velvet cap pulled nearly over his eyes. A stool supported his wooden leg, while the other limb, which, by its swollen appearance, looked as if it most needed support, was firmly planted on the ground. A large black dog sat at his knee, which from time to time shoved his nose into his old master's listless hand, and licked his fingers, while a fine tabby cat sat purring on the sill of the door. At the open window, her head resting on a very small white hand, sat a middle-aged, meek-eyed woman, in a widow's dress. The knitting she had been employed in had fallen from her grasp, and her eyes were turned towards the lane, with an anxious and earnest gaze.

"Down, Nelson! you are troublesome," said the old man, in a querulous voice. "A good dog should not love two masters; and if Roland were here, small notice you would bestow on me."

The dog looked piteously up in his master's face, as if he understood his reproof, and couched down at his foot.

"I wonder what detains Roland," said Mrs. Marsham. "It is too late for Alice to come to-night."

"She seldom comes now," muttered the veteran. She, like Nelson, has got tired of the company of an old man.

The widow sighed. "She does not like to come while Roland is with us."

"Then the sooner he goes to sea the better.—She is far kinder to a poor, blind, infirm old man, than he is, who is my own flesh and blood."

"He is young and thoughtless," returned the mother, wiping away a tear. "You must make

some allowance for my poor boy, father. At his age could you have given all your time and attention to amuse the sick and infirm?"

"I was fighting my country's battles, but the lubber has never smelt gunpowder in his life."

"That's no fault of his—the land is at peace. If war should break out, I am sure Roland would never disgrace his name."

"He would be the first M^archam that did. His brave father died on the quarter-deck like a hero. But Roland is not like my Richard. He wants principle—'unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.'"

"It breaks my heart to hear you so severe on my poor boy," said the widow, and the tears, which had slowly trickled down her pale cheek, increased to a shower.

The old man could neither see nor hear her distress, and like most aged persons, whose humours have been studied, and their word made the governing law of the house for years, he had become cross and peevish. He was disappointed that Alice had not been to see them, as she generally read to him the newspaper, and the old captain was a great politician. Roland was very selfish. He had strong passions, and a gay, reckless, frank manner, which, together with a manly person, recommended him to the notice of strangers; but those who knew him the longest loved him the least, and, beyond his fond doating mother, few loved him at all. Even Alice knew little of his real character, but she knew enough to convince her that, without a decided change took place in his pursuits and natural disposition, it was impossible for any woman of virtuous principles to be happy as his wife. The society of his infirm grandfather was extremely burthensome to him, and most of his time, when at home, was spent in contradicting and quarrelling with his stubborn old relative. Captain Marsham loved Alice, who, he considered, greatly resembled, in voice and manner, an only daughter, who had died in a consumption at eighteen, in whom all the affections of the veteran, after he had lost his son, devoutly centred, and she became to him the Lydia he had lost.

Mrs. Marsham was kind and gentle, but she was a woman of no decision of character. She had known many sorrows, in the loss, one after another, of a fine young family, and lastly the death of her gallant husband had for a time overwhelmed her with despair, and brought on a painful and prolonged attack of that awful malady, which had driven her eldest son to commit suicide, and which was the curse of her family. She loved Roland with an intensity which those who are subject to temporary fits of insanity perhaps alone can feel, and she considered it impossible for Alice to be insensible to his love. Any doubt on the subject would have driven her mad, and, soft and feminine as she was, would have converted her regard into the direst ha-

tered. She did not know that Roland had ever mentioned his passion to her young friend; but hearing that Mrs. Linhope's nephew was expected there on a visit, and thinking it not improbable that he might form an attachment for one of the girls, she had strongly urged her son to declare himself—and his walk with Alice to their cottage would afford the lovers an opportunity of disclosing their real sentiments for each other. She regarded the non-appearance of Alice and Roland as a favourable omen, and continued to watch for their arrival with a degree of feverish anxiety.

"Alice will not come now," said the old man. "I know by the heavy fall of the dew that it is near night, and the pain in this confounded wooden-leg warns me 'tis time to go to bed."

A smile passed over the lips of the widow, as she gently lifted down the wooden-leg from the stool, and presented the old man his crutches. It took some minutes to remove the veteran and his chair and stool into the house, and whilst busy in performing these duties, Mrs. Marsham did not observe her son enter the room. The old man first caught the sound of his steps.

"Where's Alice?"

"At home," said Roland, carelessly. "She was too much engaged with the arrival of her cousin from Holland to come up tonight."

"Then I may go to bed," sighed the old man. "It has been a long, dull day. If she had read to me, it would have cheered me and sent me happy to bed. Oh, what a miserable thing it is to be old and blind!"

Neither mother nor son took any notice of this affecting complaint. The former rung the bell, and an old, decent-looking woman appeared.

"Rachel, put your master to bed. Make his gruel with a little wine in it, and don't forget to read a chapter to him till he falls asleep."

"Good night, sir," said the young man, assisting the nurse to lead his grandfather into an inner room.

"Idle trifler," muttered the old man, "much you care for your poor grandfather. Will my sweet Alice have the bad taste to marry this lad? But it might make a man of him." So saying, he retired for the night.

The door had scarcely closed on the veteran before Mrs. Marsham turned inquiringly to her son. She felt that all was not right; but it was too dark to observe the air of discontent and mortification which clouded his brow.

"Did you see Alice?"

"I did—I met her alone in the church—her heart softened by some domestic grief, and in a frame of mind likely to be favourable to my suit."

"And did you declare yourself?"

"In the most unequivocal terms."

"And what answer did you receive?"

"One that has driven me to despair!" exclaimed

the young man, dropping his head upon his clasped hands. "She does not love me—cannot love me—never will be my wife. Oh mother! mother! counsel me in this distress. My whole soul is wrapped up in her; and if I lose her, I have no alternative but one left——."

"Say not the word!" said the widow, putting her hand before his mouth; "say not that dreadful word! Is it not enough that I have seen one son brought home to me a mangled corse?—and would you—you whom I love so tenderly—would you selfishly plunge the arrow into my heart? You are my all—all that remains to me of happier years; and can you, Roland, talk of forsaking me, and rushing unbidden into the presence of your God?"

"God!" repeated the young man, sarcastically. "Prove to me that there is such a Being, and I will consent to drag out a miserable existence. This world is full of sin and sorrow, of fools and madmen. It is a bad compliment to your Deity to imagine that His government produces such a mass of vice and wretchedness. I am tired of combatting with the ills of life, and care not how soon the conflict ends."

There was a long pause—both mother and son appeared lost in thought. At length the widow uttered her mind aloud:

"It cannot be that she is in earnest—young, handsome, companions from childhood—it is not in nature that she should be indifferent to him. It's all a woman's trick, to enhance the value of her acceptance. I see it all now. Dearest Roland," she continued, advancing to the table and kissing his pale brow, "cheer up—Alice shall yet be your wife—I will plead for you myself—she will never be able to resist a mother's tears."

"God bless you, mother!" said Roland, springing up and folding her in his arms. "I will try to encourage hope. But mind, you must not deceive me."

"I feel confident of success," returned the widow. "And this Mr. Fleming, did you see him?"

"No, but I met Cooper, who told me that he saw him and Sophia walking towards the ruins; that the Dutchman was handsome, and seemed greatly smitten with his pretty companion. I am not afraid of him—it is of herself. The obstinacy with which she adheres to what she considers her duty—the fanatical faith in which she has bound herself up. Burst asunder these bars of adamant, and she is mine."

"If these are the only barriers between you and happiness, my dear boy, they may be soon overcome. Let her but once feel one spark of interest in your welfare, and her devotion will change its object. In the meanwhile, Roland, endeavour to overcome your feelings so far as to be outwardly calm in her presence. If she loves you, your indifference will wound her pride, and she will endeavour to draw

from you those attentions which she slighted when they were acts of involuntary homage. Women are oftener won by neglect than by too great attention. The former brings them to their senses, the latter makes them insolent and vain. Take my advice, and mark the result."

"Good night, mother!" said the young man, hastily rising; "I will think over what you have said; but my head aches and my brain seems on fire. Do not tell my grandfather what has passed between Alice and me. He will but reproach me, and just now I could not stand any impertinent remarks from him. The old man feels no affection for me, and, to tell you the truth, there is not much love lost between us."

The young man retired to his own chamber. His mother continued to pace the room with slow steps and eyes fixed upon the ground. The moon streamed in through the open casement, and flung the shadows of rose and jessamine upon the floor. The air was full of delicious odours. The widow sunk down into the old man's easy chair, and inhaled the freshness of the night. Memory was now busy in her breast, and slowly lifted up the veil of the past. She was a child again, caressed by fond parents—an only child—pretty, sweet-tempered, and beloved by all. She ran about the fields and groves which skirted her native village, blithe as a bird, rich in her uncounted stores of primroses and violets—and when tired of a long day of play, her own soft little bed received her—a mother's gentle hand smoothed her pillow, and a sweet voice, long since passed into silence, bade God bless her, as her white arms clasped her neck, and her rosy lips pleaded for another kiss. Happy childhood! why did that blessed period, when the soul in its confiding love and simple faith seems nearest to heaven, so soon pass away. Youth dawned upon the little girl, with all its sunny hopes and fervent promises of future bliss. But here the shadow of the world first cast its dark eclipse upon her heart. Those parents were in the dust, and the orphan found herself alone. This did not last long. A brave and high-minded young officer sought and won the maiden's hand and heart. The intoxicating dream of early love for a while banished all other impressions; but darker days were in store; and when the poor, lonely, forsaken widow recalled the long train of domestic calamities which had pressed her sore, and her mind glanced, with painful intensity, at that portion of her life which had been passed in solitary confinement with a dreadful consciousness of her awful situation, she rose from her seat, and uttered a short and agonizing cry. Something of her old malady returned—and there at her feet, with the white beams of the full moon flickering and playing upon his ghastly face, she fancied she beheld the dead body of her son. It was but fancy—yet shriek followed upon shriek, and she stood

spell-bound and rooted to the spot. Half dressed, and with looks of wild astonishment, Roland re-entered the apartment.

"What ails you, mother? are you dreaming? Why are you not in bed?" said Roland, taking her hand, and looking earnestly in her face.

"It was no dream," she replied, sinking back in the chair; "I see the horrible shadow of it yet.—Is that you, Roland? Thank God you are yet alive! Three minutes ago I saw you lie there dead!"

"Nonsense, mother!" said the young man, starting, and turning very pale. "You are always seeing visions, and dreaming dreams. Do not imagine evils till they really come. My foolish words frightened you," he continued, kissing her pale cheek. "It was wrong: I should learn to bear my disappointment with fortitude. You know, dear mother, those who talk of doing such deeds rarely do them. You must make some allowance for the madness of my nature."

"My poor boy! and this you have inherited from me!" said the widow, flinging herself into his arms, and bursting into a fit of passionate weeping. "Ah, why were we ever born?"

"Why, indeed?" sighed Marsham, pressing his weeping mother to his heart, for he loved her tenderly.

"It was the will of God," murmured a hoarse voice near them. Both started and looked round.

"It is your grandfather's voice," whispered Mrs. Marsham; "he seldom sleeps soundly; and see, you have left his chamber door open. He startled me. Let us go to bed."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE bright beams of the moon were contending with the light of half a score of wax tapers that would fain have chased them from the elegant saloon, in which Miss Ogilvie, the heiress of B——, and her father, Sir Philip, were enjoying at the open French windows the evening air.

"My cousin is a dull beau," said Amelia; "he promised to take tea with us tonight, and has forgotten his promise. I have half a mind to quarrel with him."

"Young men, my dear—young men," said the old half-witted lord of the manor; "you must not expect too much of young men."

"In his case, I should be disappointed if I did," said Amelia, laughing; "but he is clever enough for a husband."

"He's a devilish handsome young fellow," said the baronet. "He's very like what I was myself at his age. Who would have thought that my solemn, puritanical brother could have been the father of such a smart dashing lad. Well, the Ogilvies were all handsome, and he has done one good act in not spoiling the fine old breed."

"I see him coming across the lawn," said Amelia, ringing the bell and ordering up the teae quipage, "and his sister with him. Her London visit has not altered Lucy much. She is as unfashionable and as countrified in all her notions as ever. Her company is always a bore. I wish Philip had come by himself."

In spite of this candid declaration, Miss Ogilvie, the heiress, received her cousin, the parson's daughter, with the most flattering demonstrations of regard, and even reproached her with not having been to see her before. Poor Lucy was simple-hearted and kind, and as she could not look into her handsome young relative's heart, she implicitly believed all the fine things she said to her. The captain outvied his cousin in complimentary speeches. You would have thought they both kissed the Blarney-stone together.

"What kept you so late, nephew?" said the baronet. "Mill and I had nearly given you up."

"I was trying to make an impression on the heart of a pretty rustic, uncle, but I find it as hard as a flint. These foolish country misses seem frightened out of their wits at a little harmless flirtation."

The old man laughed. Miss Ogilvie looked grave for a minute, but affecting a smile, she asked who the lady was who had attracted his attention.

"I'm sure I don't know—my sister called her Alice—yes—Alice Linhope was the name. The girl was confoundedly pretty, and had a sweet figure, but such a prude I never before met with."

"Pretty," said Miss Ogilvie, with a sneer; "do you call such a pale piece of piety pretty? Really, cousin, I thought you had more taste. I never could see any thing to admire in those Miss Linhopes, that people make such a fuss about. And what are they? The daughters of a poor curate!"

"He was a very good man," said Lucy, venturing to stem the torrent of detraction as it fell from the lips of her proud cousin; "and the girls are highly accomplished."

"They are very well," said Amelia; "but really, Lucy, I think them far beneath our notice. I never did patronize them, and I never will."

"I love Alice Linhope," said Lucy, "and should be sorry to lose her friendship."

A long pause succeeded. The Captain sipped his coffee—Miss Ogilvie assumed an air of indifference—and poor Lucy looked down, deeply blushing at her own temerity in daring openly to defend her absent friend. "I have just received a charming new set of waltzes from town," said Miss Ogilvie to the Captain. "I must have your opinion of them after tea."

"By the by," said the young officer, "that reminds me of the ball, which the bachelors of B—— give to the ladies next week. Shall you go, my dear cousin?"

"Of course—but I am sure it will be a horrid

affair. I hate these country balls—there is always such a mixture. The women are so vulgar, and the men so awkward. If I consulted my own feelings I should stay away; but it would give such offence to the rich land-holders, that they would refuse to vote for papa at the next election. My pride would be the theme of conversation in every gossip shop for the next month—I must sacrifice myself to keep the monsters civil.”

The Captain laughed, and assured her that the ball would be nothing without her—that the officers from the neighbouring town would make it more tolerable than she expected—that he knew several of them quite well, and that they were excellent dancers; and he thought she might contrive to spend a very pleasant evening.

“The waltz is an odious dance,” said Lucy; “I wish it would go out of fashion.”

“You were very fond of it once,” said Miss Ogilvie, drily.

“Yes—at home—waltzing with you, Amelia. But you know, I never waltz in public.”

“You are very foolish. It is one of the few things you do well,” said the Captain.

“I am very sorry I ever learned it,” returned Lucy; “I could then refuse to join in it without a blush.”

“Nonsense!” said Amelia; “you really disgust me with this prudery. I do not attempt to defend it altogether, but fashion has made it familiar; and what others do, you may do also, without any remorse of conscience. The only objection I have to the dance is when I happen to be bored with an ugly, disagreeable partner. Cousin Philip, get your flute, and let us play those delightful waltzes together.”

“I shall only be too happy,” returned the young man, leading the handsome worldling to the music room. She swept the white, delicate hand, well skilled in that delightful science, lightly over the keys; and Lucy, who was passionately fond of music, soon forgot, whilst listening to the gay, lively airs, which her cousin played with such exquisite taste and judgment, that it was to these that the movements of the dance she abhorred were performed.

“I’ll tell you who waltzes very well,” said Amelia, suddenly checking her hand in the middle of one of the most difficult passages, and looking up in Lucy’s face, “and who really is a fine young man—and that’s Roland Marsham. Is it true that he is going to marry Alice Linhope?”

“I—I don’t know,” said Lucy, blushing deeply, and hastily turning over the leaves of the music book. “I have heard that Lieutenant Marsham is attached to her—but I am sure Alice does not care for him.”

“It would be an excellent match for her,” said the Baronet; “the old man must have saved some

money, and the young one has his half pay. The girl will never be so mad as to refuse him.”

“But if she does not love him, uncle?”

“Love!” said the Baronet, with a strong sneer, “where is it to be found but in novels and romances? I tell you, Lucy Ogilvie, that I have been twice married, and never was in love in my life.”

“Then what did you marry for, uncle?” asked the astonished girl.

“For convenience, to be sure. They were both rich and pretty, and I wanted a wife to sit at the head of my table, and take the management of my house; and I did as other men in my situation would have done, I looked out for the most eligible match that offered, and was as comfortable under the yoke as most married men are.”

“But it might have turned out differently,” said Lucy thoughtfully.

“In nine cases out of ten,” continued the Baronet, “such marriages turn out the best, for the parties are too indifferent about each other, to quarrel or feel jealous; and they go through the common courtesies of life with credit to themselves, and deceive others into the opinion that they are reasonably attached to each other. There’s your father now. He married a wife of my recommending. He was so foolishly bashful he could not court for himself. I took the business in hand, and wooed and won your mother for him, and he never saw the bride until within a week of their marriage. You know, Lucy, that that marriage turned out very well.”

“It would not satisfy my heart,” said Lucy.

“Pshaw!” said the Baronet, pettishly. “Young ladies have no business with such troublesome things as hearts. I hope Amelia will have sense enough never to fall in love.”

Amelia did not answer—but she looked in her handsome cousin’s face, with a meaning smile. Their eyes met—but no reciprocal glance beamed from the cold, bright, blue eye of the captain. You might as well have struck fire from an icicle.

“He cannot love,” thought the heiress, as she bit her red lips and looked down. “I must not be fool enough to set him the example.”

But the germs of passion were already unfolding in that proud, selfish heart, steeled as she believed it was, against every outward impression. Her growing regard for the captain could not deserve the name of love, for it was wholly uninfluenced by the moral worth or talents of the object. His fine showy figure and handsome face excited her admiration; and the very indifference he displayed towards her, made her more anxious to secure his affections. Too vain to believe it possible that he could long resist the charms of a person which all united in declaring beautiful, she considered her conquest secure, until his description of Alice Linhope, though given in a careless off hand manner,

awoke in her breast a pang of jealousy, which all her tact and worldly-mindedness could not allay.

Philip Ogilvie was the rich Baronet's heir, and it had been settled between the father and daughter, that a marriage between the cousins would be the best means of keeping the estates in the family. Miss Ogilvie inherited a large fortune from her mother, so that her choice, if she pleased, could have been perfectly independent of these circumstances. But avarice was a strong trait in her character, and she determined to follow her father's advice, provided no better offer was made for her hand. Young Ogilvie had left B— when a boy, for the military college. His regiment had been placed, after he joined it, on different foreign stations, and she had not seen him until the present period for many years. Struck with his handsome person, she did not long remain indifferent to her future bridegroom; and determined if possible to win his heart. The Captain was aware that his proud cousin was intended for his wife; and this circumstance, to a man of his volatile character, was enough to make him dislike her person, and shun her company. Similarity of tastes and pursuits made him attached to his uncle, and if he spent most of his time at B— Hall, it was more with amusing the Baronet, who was his constant companion in hunting and fishing, than with any desire to walk or read with Amelia. "They may plan as they please," he would say to Lucy, whom he really loved—"but Philip means to please himself. What's the use of having a fortune if I must inherit with it, a proud, disagreeable wife?" "I applaud you for that sentiment Philip," would his father say, "and hope that it will lead you to make choice of a virtuous and amiable partner for life."

"It must be some one very different from my cousin Amelia. But let the worst come to the worst, I can but marry her, when I am tired of leading the merry life of a bachelor."

"But supposing you disappoint your uncle—and he should marry again, and have a son?" suggested a friend. "Older men than him have done such things."

"Why, that would be an awkward fix," as they say in Yankee land, said the Captain laughing, "and Amelia's the very girl to marry from spite—well—if I must thrust my head into the halter, its some comfort to know that it will be made of gold twist."

And such was the man on whose heart the proud Amelia Ogilvie hoped that her charms and accomplishments could make a permanent impression.

CHAPTER IX.

BUT to return to Arthur Fleming and his companion. The moon had risen high over hill and dale when they reached home. Sophia entered the house with the consciousness of having acted wrong. Her

countenance wore a dubious and perturbed expression, which agreed very indifferently with the smiles she endeavoured to assume. She entered the parlour alone, for Arthur stayed in the passage to inspect the unpacking of his luggage, which had just arrived by the mail-cart. She found the candles lighted, and Alice and her mother engaged at work.

"Well, Sophy," said Mrs. Linhope, laying down her needle, "who do you think has called in your absence?"

"Miss Ogilvie, I suppose?"

"Yes; but who else?"

"The heiress?—But no—I am sure Amelia Ogilvie would never honour our lowly roof so far.

"You must guess again."

"No, indeed I will not. Some methodical old woman, who came to inspect Alice teaching the children their A, B, C. I am glad I escaped the infliction of such a visitation."

Alice raised her head from her work, and something like a smile passed over her face.

"What think you of Captain Ogilvie?" said Mrs. Linhope, amused at her younger daughter's look of astonishment and regret.

"And has the captain really been here, and I not at home? How I wish I had not proposed that dull, disagreeable walk to the ruins—I should then have seen him. What sort of a looking man is he?"

"Alice can tell you, for she had the pleasure of his company to the church," replied Mrs. Linhope; "I did not see the beau."

Sophia turned an eager, inquiring look upon her sister.

"Really, Sophy, I am a bad hand at describing a fine gentleman."

"Nonsense!" said Sophia, impatiently. "Is he handsome?"

"The world reckons him so."

"I know the opinion of the world—do you reckon him so?"

"As far as features and complexion go, I do;—but without a corresponding expression, the most beautiful features would fail to please me. The Italians would call him *un bel corpo*, for his manners and countenance are so unnatural and sophisticated that one might almost be tempted to imagine that his soul had lost its way in the labyrinths of the world, and could never again discover its right owner."

"The saints can be satirical when they please," said Sophy, with a sneer on her pretty red lip. "Does Captain Ogilvie's appearance at all correspond with what report says of him?"

"Perfectly. A hundred years ago he would have been called a fop—fifty years ago, a beau—in the present age of modern enlightenment, a dandy.—He is the very essence of a fine gentleman; a man of the world, and a votary of pleasure, with an empty head and a full purse. Such a trifler may be

found in every great city, from the days of Noah down to the reign of William the Fourth.

"I should like to see an antediluvian fop," said Sophy, endeavouring to laugh off her chagrin.

"I believe you would discover nothing new about the animal," said Alice, "beyond the cut of his garments. The manners and customs of a people may change, as wigs and hooped petticoats have long become obsolete as articles of fashionable dress; but the vanity of the human heart remains the same in all ages, and influences alike the actions of the unlettered savage and the enlightened philosopher."

"I wish I had seen the captain," said Sophy, who thought Alice was too fond of long speeches, and drawing comparisons, and was heartily sick of the argument. Perhaps she was right—all have their weaknesses. This was peculiar to Alice, but it sprang from a noble and reflective mind; and though she met with few in a country village to sympathize with her and appreciate her talents, her conversation did not fall wholly unheeded to the ground. It had its due weight with many, and even a thoughtless infidel like Marsham bowed before the superiority of a mind which all his sophistry could not conquer. "Do you think Captain Ogilvie will be at church tomorrow?" said Sophy, resuming the conversation.

"If the day should happen to be wet, and the hall unusually dull," returned Alice, "he may perhaps condescend to honour the house of God with his presence. And his fine clothes may succeed in diverting the attention of beings as careless and unthinking as himself from the performance of their duty. I hope my dear sister will not be among these?"

Sophy coloured deeply.

"Consider, my dear Sophia," said Alice, affectionately, "how utterly worthless that love of approbation is which springs from personal vanity. You must have been a thousand times more agreeably employed in listening to the conversation of an amiable and sensible man like your cousin than in trying to attract the attention of a heartless votary of fashion."

"Did you enjoy your walk to the ruins, Sophy?" asked her mother.

"No indeed, mamma; it was any thing but agreeable."

"I am surprised to hear you say so!" said Mrs. Linhope, who eagerly desired a union between her nephew and her youngest daughter. "I suppose Arthur paid you no compliments?"

"Compliments! dear mamma!—Why he's a Presbyterian, and belongs to the Dutch church. How could you imagine that he could be guilty of such a heinous offence?"

Alice sighed, and turned mechanically to her for-

mer employment, as Arthur entered the room, followed by a servant carrying a pile of books.

"My dear cousins," he said, "I fear I must prepare myself for receiving a severe lecture from you both."

"Go on," said Alice; "I do not think there is much danger to be apprehended from two peacefully disposed damsels."

"I am not so certain of that," returned Fleming, shaking his head. "Some author—I forget whom—has said, that woman is an animal fond of dress."

"It cannot be called an animal propensity," said Sophia; "for animals are arrayed by nature in a garment which must last for life."

"True," returned Arthur, laughing. "In which case they possess a great advantage over us. And now for the lecture. My father yearly sent you a present of wearing apparel: a rich shawl or a piece of silk for dresses. This year I undertook to choose for him, and laid out the money in purchasing books, which I thought might prove equally acceptable. Since my arrival at B—— I have felt some misgivings on the subject, and fear that I have done wrong. I have added several valuable authors from my own library, which I hope you will read for my sake."

"And prize too, dear cousin," said Alice, her eyes glistening with unaffected pleasure. "I should have received the most costly article of dress from your hands with less satisfaction. These volumes, with care, will be as valuable fifty years hence as at the present moment, when not one thread of the fine garments would be in existence."

"And what says Sophy?" cried Arthur, turning towards the fair girl, who had retreated to a distant window to conceal her mortification and disappointment. From the moment she heard of her cousin's arrival, she had calculated on her uncle's donation, and had arranged the cut of her new dress to suit her fashionable hat.

"What business had he to choose for me?" she thought, "as if a girl of eighteen could prefer a whole library of dull, metaphysical books, to a new dress?" Yet when Fleming spoke to her she smoothed her bent brow, and turned her lovely face towards him, dressed in smiles: "Thank you Arthur," she said; "you have anticipated my wishes. I have long wished for such an addition to my book-case."

Fleming was pleased with this happy termination of his doubts. He took a hand of each of the fair sisters, and pressed them affectionately within his own: "I wish, dear girls, I could persuade you to agree as well on every subject as you appear to do on this." Sophy cast on him an appealing look—a silent caution—not to reveal aught of their conversation at the ruins. Arthur understood her hurried glance, and was silent. From that moment Sophia began to experience the penance in-

flicted on all those who, to exalt themselves, depart from the truth, in order to traduce another whose superior merit they dread. She watched Fleming's countenance narrowly, and felt alarmed at every word he uttered, lest he should inadvertently betray the cruel confidence she had reposed in him. Alice soon perceived that her sister was ill at ease—that her cousin's manner was distant and constrained, when he addressed any remark to herself, and she secretly wondered what could have occasioned their mutual embarrassment. In order to give the conversation a more lively turn, she introduced their walk to the abbey. Fleming became eloquent, and Sophy animated, and Alice listened to their remarks with the most lively interest, till Fleming turning to her, said, "that nothing had pleased him more in his visit to the abbey than the lines inscribed on the nameless grave."

"I am glad you liked them," said Alice: "I wish you were acquainted with the author: but he is no longer in England."

"I understand from Sophy that you were the writer of the first part."

"Sophy is under a strange mistake," said Alice, with a glance of surprise at her sister: "I thought she knew better. Indeed, cousin Fleming, though passionately fond of poetry, I never wrote a couple of rhymes in my life. This is but one of many which Stephen is the author of. He is a very good and clever young man."

Fleming carefully examined his cousin's face whilst she was speaking; but he could discover no variation in its usual calm expression, while extolling the merits of her supposed lover. No downcast eye, quivering lip, or blushing cheek, betrayed the least consciousness of the affection which Sophia had affirmed that she entertained for the young missionary. "My cousin Alice is a strange girl," thought Fleming, "but I know not how to imagine her insincere." Anxious to discover whether she was as bigotted as Sophia had represented, he asked what she thought of those sects of Christians who differed from the church?

"All creeds that embrace the doctrines of Christianity, and rest for salvation on the atoning blood of the Saviour," said Alice, "cannot be far from the truth; for no conscientious person would embrace, as true, a doctrine he knew to be false. He acts upon the strong conviction that he is acting right—and it would be presumptuous in me to condemn him. To his own master must a servant stand or fall. We are guided by the same spirit that he is, and though, through the prejudices of education, we may be tempted to consider our mode of worship the best, God alone can decide who is in the right. To Him I leave a question which is beyond my human reason to solve. I consider the different denominations of sincere Christians, by whatsoever title they may please to identify themselves,

as so many tributary streams flowing onward, to empty their waters into the great ocean of Eternity. The waves of one may conceal gold, of another pearls, of a third precious gems—but He, who is the searcher of hearts, will in his own good time discover their hidden treasures, and bring the respective merits of each to light." As Alice ceased speaking, the clock in the passage struck ten. Rising from her seat, and turning to Arthur, she asked him if he would join in their evening devotions. He cheerfully acquiesced, and she took the Bible from the bookstand, but ere she commenced reading, Sophia glided across the room, and asked in a whisper, "if she would allow her to read the chapter for the night?"

The request created some surprise. Alice turned an anxious and enquiring glance upon her sister. She had read prayers to the family ever since the death of her father, and Sophia had never expressed the least wish to share in this duty—on the contrary, she had often manifested a great disinclination to lay down a book or her work, to join in the family worship. Could her sister make that holy book instrumental to her love of display? Alice checked the ungenerous thought, and suppressing a sigh, placed the Bible in her sister's hand. After the family parted for the night, Alice went, as was her wonted custom, to her grandmother's room to assist the old lady to undress, and to see her well and comfortably settled for the night. She generally spent an hour in reading to Mrs. Fleming after she was in bed. During this period Sophia arranged her hair, elaborately curling it for the next day, and long before Alice returned to her apartment she was usually lost to all consciousness in the arms of sleep. Alice was not a little surprised on entering the bed chamber to find her sister seated at the table—her fine hair dishevelled and her eyes red with weeping. She hurried to her. "My dear Sophia, what is the matter?"

"Matter—everything today has happened contrary to my wishes. In the first place, that odious Mrs. Lawrence has not sent home my hat!"

"Is that all?" said Alice. "You looked so distressed that I was afraid you were both ill and out of spirits."

"All? I think it is enough to provoke the patience of a saint! What right had she to detain it beyond the promised time?"

She exercised the same privilege that you did, Sophia, when you ordered it. She pleased herself."

"It's the last article I will ever buy at her shop," said Sophia.

"I hope you may prove a true prophet, Sophy—I wish it was both bought and paid for."

"I am sure to meet with little sympathy from you, Alice."

"Not on such trifles as these."

"Oh, it's very well for you, Alice, to preach. I do

not believe that you are so indifferent about your personal appearance as you would lead us to imagine from your pharisaical affectation of neatness and simplicity. All women love admiration, however carefully they endeavour to conceal it. Each has her own method of attracting attention, and you have yours!"

"It may be so," said Alice thoughtfully, but though hurt by her sister's speech, she instantly curbed her own resentful feelings, startled by the supposition that it might be true, though she was herself unconscious of the fact. "I am not exempt from the weakness of my sex, and the sinfulness of my nature."

The noble candour of the high minded girl failed to make the least impression on her sister. The truth is, that she was perfectly incapable of estimating her character.

"And now, Alice," she continued in an angry tone, "have I not cause for complaint, when Mr. Fleming took the liberty of purchasing, with the money my dear uncle always expended on some handsome articles of dress, those dull books—so much as I wanted a new silk dress, to match my elegant hat—I hate books—I have more than I can read already; and I am determined I will never open one of these. No never!" and she flung back her head—stamped upon the floor with her little foot, and gave way to another passionate burst of crying.

"Sophy, you shock and distress me!" said Alice, very gravely. "If the books were so very displeasing to you, why did you receive them with such apparent pleasure? Surely this was not acting conscientiously?"

"What was I to do? Could I tell him to his face that I did not want his odious books?"

"That would have been rude and unladylike. But you might have thanked him for the kindness of his intentions, without being guilty of the falsehood of declaring that he had anticipated your wishes."

"In matters of this kind, it is impossible to speak the truth. It was less criminal to deceive him than to wound his feelings by seeming indifferent to his present."

"You deceive yourself, Sophy. Falsehood when weighed in the balance will never make an even scale with truth. If you were to vindicate it with the most able arguments that sophistry could invent it would still remain a moral evil and the origin of half the crimes that are committed in the world."

Sophy returned no answer. She was doggedly determined not to be convinced, whilst poor Alice continued in a tremulous voice:

"Do not think that it gives me any pleasure to find fault with you, Sophy. But I wish for your own sake that you would endeavour to overcome these violent bursts of temper, which occasion me

no small degree of uneasiness. You have made my heart ache today, Sophy. You have wounded my feelings by cruelly misrepresenting my words, and placed me under the influence of temptation. Oh, my dear, but unkind sister, if you knew all that I have to bear within the confines of my own breast; what need I have at this moment of all my fortitude, to keep me steadily in the path of duty, you would aid me by your counsels, and comfort me with your sympathy, instead of plunging a fresh wound into a heart overburthened with its own weight of unreciprocated and untold grief."

She flung her arms about Sophy's neck, and kissed her. The latter was touched with remorse. Her conscience reproached her with the events of the past day. She bowed her head upon her sister's bosom, and wept bitterly.

To be continued.

TO A ROCK IN THE OCEAN.

Proud cliff! that tow'rest from the ocean bed
Calmly as ever when the tempest raves,—
And hurls its thunder on thy splintered head—
I hail thee o'er the blue and sounding waves!
Full many a noble oak has beat the plain,
Full many an age has passed in numbered train
Since first, unmoved, thy rocky Andes' side
Shouldered the flood, and braved the rolling tide!

Emblem of Freedom! God has wisely made
Cliffs, hills, and mountains thus to tower—
To teach a glorious lesson to the slave,
And nerve the arm that braves the tyrant's power?
Oh, may my country, young and nobly free,
Withstand the shock of time's far ebbing sea—
And ever great and fair as now remain,
While wrecks of empires strew the troubled
main!

Image of Truth! though error sweep the sky
With more than Stygian whirlwinds—and on thee
Lift angry billows, like the mountains high—
Yet shalt thou stand erect in majesty!
Eternal Truth! the rock of all the just—
With God her author, last and first!
Her glorious form shall prop the skies sublime,
When error writes upon the wreck of time!

VALUE OF LABOUR.

It is to labour, and to labour only, that man owes everything possessed of exchangeable value. Labour is the talisman that has raised him from the condition of the savage; that has changed the desert and the forest into cultivated fields; that has covered the earth with cities, and the ocean with ships; that has given us plenty, comfort, and elegance; instead of want, misery, and barbarism.—

M'ulloch.

ROMANCE.

"Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day: but it will not rise to the price of a diamond, or carbuncle, which showeth best in varied lights.

Bacon.

The silent workings of public opinion have so effectually operated upon man, that one might as well attempt to stem the mountain torrent by a breath of wind, as counteract the current of popular feeling in favor of novels and tales of knights, military encounters, and tournaments. Under such circumstances, we shall not hold up our weak hand, in the vain attempt to interrupt the dashings of this mighty cataract; like children at their sport, we shall but endeavour to fit out a neatly rigged pleasure boat, for the purpose of seeing it with mast uplift and sails unfurled, steering its way over the light blue water, to be engulfed in the foaming torrent.

We propose to speak, first, of what we conceive to be the origin of the taste for works of amusement, novels, plays, and the like, and afterwards of its effects, the green shoots, their leaflets and budding blossoms.

To the rude man of primitive times, this world was all a mystery. Wherever he turned himself, he met with objects of admiration. He was filled with wonder, at the sight of what is now regarded with indifference. Whether he surveyed the lofty scenes of nature, whether he directed his view to the boundless ocean, whether he raised his eyes to the orbs of heaven, he was filled with astonishment and awe. "This green, flowery, rock-built earth, the trees, mountains, rivers, many sounding seas;—that great deep sea of azure that swims overhead; the winds sweeping through it; the black cloud fashioning itself together, now pouring out fire, now hail and rain," was all to him as yet new "unveiled under names and formulas." The bright sun of science "had not yet risen, and the dews which welcome its beams were not yet dissipated; he smelled the freshness of the morning, and his heart dilated at the sight of its soft and unsullied hues." This rude, uncultivated man could *feel* the loveliness of things. He knew not of trophied lists, enchanted gardens, haunted forests, the achievements of enamoured knights, or the smiles of rescued princesses. But the whole world was to him a romance. Every where he could trace the sketches of some unknown hand; every sketch contained in it divine beauty. It naturally came to pass, in course of time, that one man, superior to others, a Poet, a man of Genius or a Prophet, arose to direct the unuttered thought of ages,—who felt, above his fellow men, the divineness of nature, the great mystery of life, and with childlike loveliness and manly strength, uttered his thoughts in sweet, flowing language. By degrees, this communion with nature was

joined to the worship of man or the godlike in man; and what at first was only admiration of the unseen powers of nature, the origin of fire, frost, wind, &c. came at length to be connected with reverence of the heart of man, and a desire to know its mysterious workings. Hence, to the description of the outward universe, there was joined a representation of the powers and faculties of man—not as found in one age or in one place, but as essentially his in all circumstances, and at all times. But as in a rude state of society, imagination predominates over the other faculties, this truth to nature, was not until after much evolution of thought, perceptible. At first, there were personifications of the powers of nature, enough gods and goddesses, but no true men, there were demons and monsters, but no perfect Iago. Such were the times when each man, had he the gift of utterance, could have said with Wordsworth,

My heart leaps up when I behold

A rain-bow in the sky,

So was it, when my life began;

So is it now I am a man;

So let it be, when I grow old,

Or let me die.

As civilization advanced, and histories came to be written, fictions were woven into the thread of the narrative; fictions

"All carved out of the writer's brain."

Hærodotus assisted his otherwise interesting history by descriptions of transactions, which some reasonable people suspect happened no where but in his own imagination. Not that one can so very readily determine between the fictitious and the real in his works, but though certain that they abound in fictions, he finds it difficult, from the colouring diffused through the whole, to detect the particular parts unworthy of credit. The childlike simplicity of his relations, the minuteness of detail, and the "pure sweet flow of his language," would please the most fastidious taste. That they have the interest of a fascinating novel, can not be so readily seen through the medium of a translation. It is necessary, besides going to the original, to bring before our minds the manner in which they were recited; the numbers collected together, listening to the details, the breathless attention with which they would hear the account of the actions of their ancestors, and the absorbing interest which would hold them, as the history approached their own time. Such a narration, in so captivating a garb, with all the circumstances attending the recitation, might well be favorably received. To the scholar, his history is prized as the entrance to a mine of intellectual wealth, as the first stepping stone to an inexhaustible fund of mental delight.

Leaving ancient times with its romance of history, if we turn our attention to the early period of our

own mother-land, we there see Chaucer as the morning star of her literature, shooting orient beams through the darkness of the age, and dissipating the mists of ignorance, which had not yet rolled upward from the domain of knowledge. The bright heaven of literary culture is separated into many divisions. There we behold Shakespeare, with his attendant orbs, Spenser, Ben Johnson and Massinger, and Milton too, who moralized in song, seeking to justify the ways of God to man. But before them all—yet not above them—stands Chaucer, as a star of promise, ushering in the dawn of mental illumination. He received to himself the earlier beams of the rising sun, and dispersed abroad, throughout the realms of thought, bright influences, and delightful impressions. That the works of Chaucer have been consigned to the dust and silence of the upper shelf, by no means redounds to our credit. The necessity of a frequent reference to the glossary, should not detain the reader from having constant reference to the pages of the illustrious Father of English poetry. The thirsty soul need but quaff of the waters of this well of English, pure and undefiled, to feel the influence of genuine poetry and romance.

Spenser, "the shepherd-bard sublime,"

"On whose brow sat the charm
Of Shakespeare's parting look, his hand still
warm

From grasp of that at whose dread touch arose
Macbeth's fierce guilt and Lear's distracting
woes,"

was another brilliant star in the literary horizon. The influence of his "loved, imperishable song" has been universally felt. He wove for himself a wreath of glory, as imperishable as time; his name will always be associated with those master-geniuses, who seem to belong to no age, but to be the property of the world. If we could but wander through those beautiful and romantic scenes, which have been sanctified in the song of Spenser, which haply

"Loved the lone echoes of his exiled feet

When sick with suing, from vain courts afar,"—we would feel the influence deep, which still floats o'er the sylvan scene, we would have opened to us a new world of thought, we would then drink in the pure spirit of his divine poetry.

Without glancing further at the greater or lesser lights of that intellectual system, whose sun is Shakespeare, we would for a few moments rest our eyes upon the benevolent features of the chief of novelists, the pioneer of this land of promise, the Moses of our rich inheritance, that second Spenser

— "whose command

Called up the past, till helmeted and mailed romance
And Chivalry re-burnishing the lance,

Amid Mortality resumed his stand—

That king, whose sceptre was enchantment's wand."

Who that has ever read Lockhart's biography of Sir Walter Scott, could fail to have been enamoured of the baronet's character. His genuine humour, and unflagging wit, his overflowing kindness and open-hearted hospitality, and, in latter days his manly fortitude and Christian resignation under calamity, pourtrayed as they all are by a master hand, touch us, with a feeling of deep love and admiration. As was the man, so were his writings. The question propounded by Lockhart—what is it that gives to all his works their unique and marking charm, except the matchless effect which sudden effusions of the purest heart-blood of nature derive from their being poured out, to all appearance, involuntarily, amidst diction and sentiment cast equally in the diction of this busy world?—unravels the mystery, if any there be, of Sir Walter Scott's popularity. In all his works, we have the author's own inner soul and temperament laid open before us.

"At Lincoln Cathedral, there is beautiful painted window, which was made by an apprentice out of the pieces of glass which had been rejected by his master. It is so far superior to every other in the church, that, according to the tradition, the vanquished artist killed himself from mortification. Sir Walter Scott in the same manner, has used those fragments of truth, which historians have scornfully thrown behind them, in a manner which may well excite their envy." In his romances, we find ourselves in company with knights of fame and prowess; we see society "from the highest to the lowest,—from the royal cloth of state to the den of the outlaw; from the throne of the Legate to the chimney-corner, where the begging friar regaled himself. Palmers, minstrels, crusaders, the stately monastery, with good cheer in its refectory, and the high-mass in its chapel, the manor-house, with its hunting and hawking—the tournament, with the heralds and ladies, the trumpets and the cloth of gold,"—give life and truth to his representations. The reader of *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, *Rob Roy*, *Kenilworth*, *The fortunes of Nigel*, *Ivanhoe*, and his other tales, ever wishes to re-live the delight with which he has gone through each and all of them.

The novels of our day, like the cars on the railroad, carry us to our journey's end, with all imaginable speed, and with no great effort to ourselves. We have hardly time to take our first nap, much less to look about, and scrutinize the many objects which may meet our view. In another particular the resemblance is striking. Novels, like railroads, for the purpose of expedition, pass through even level countries, with no hills to diversify the scene. We behold no fields, rich in the promise of a plentiful

harvest, we breathe no summer fragrance, we see no brooks meandering with their soft music through the meadows; we meet with no green pastures or lowing cattle. All is sterile and destitute of beauty.

In this intellectual dearth, the works of Dickens, in their eloquent and natural simplicity, "steal, as it were noiselessly into the citadel of the heart, and wholly lead it captive." Like an oasis in the desert, like some green spot, which, from comparison with surrounding objects, appears heavenly, they fill our minds with exquisite delight. Like a tuft of trees in a waste, with the cool water welling up, under their protecting arms, they invite the weary to repose. The branches, sprays, leaves, buds, blossoms, all afford pleasure to the eye; and we are never satisfied with partaking of their fruit. The comico-serio character of *Pickwick* and his faithful servitor, Sam Weller; the indomitable perseverance of *Nicholas Nickleby*, and the pure devotion of his sister; the touching adventures of poor Nell, and the eccentric vagaries and poetical conversation of Mr. Richard Swiveller, all afford intense gratification.

With Dickens, we must not fail to mention Samuel Warren, the popular author of *Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician*, and of that grand story *Ten Thousand a Year*. In this last mentioned work, as far as it has been published in this country, there appear so intimate a knowledge of character, such brilliant powers of description, so clear an insight into the motives and conduct of men, so graceful a style, and such humor and pathos combined, that it is no matter of surprise, that the writings of this author are so eminently popular.

In conclusion, we would add that the taste for novels, romances, and what one of the fathers terms *vinum dæmonum*, seems to have been an increasing one. It might be compared to the Norse's *Igdrasial*, whose trunk reaches up heaven-high, and whose boughs spread through the whole universe. It would seem almost as vast and deep rooted. Every leaf of it would seem a romance, and every fibre a chapter. Like the *Banyan tree*, of the East, this taste has taken root deep, and spread out branches far and wide; and if at any time, it has rested in its upward course, it has been but to form new roots and put forth new branches. Like the same tree it is now covered over with leaves, impervious to the rays of the sun; hundreds walk under its canopy, and thousands recline under its shade. It may be preferable at times, to bask in the sun; but who would not, during the heat of the day, prefer its refreshing coolness. Though not suitable as an abiding place, we would, when heated and weary, willingly seek its shade.

B. F. M.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

On the village green it stood,
And a tree was at the door,
Whose shadow, broad and good,
Reached far along the floor
Of the school-room, when the sun
Put on his crimson vest,
And, his daily labor done,
Like a monarch sank to rest.

How the threshold-wood was worn!
How the lintel-post decayed!
By the tread at eve and morn,
Of the feet that o'er it strayed—
By the pressure of the crowd
Within the portal small—
By the ivy's emerald shroud
That wrapped and darkened all

That school-house dim and old—
How many years have flown
Since in its little fold
My name was kindly known!
How different it seems
From what it used to be,
When, gay as morning dreams,
We played around the tree?

How we watched the lengthening ray
Though the dusty window-pane!
How we longed to be away
And at sport upon the plain—
To leave the weary books
And the master's careful eyes,
For the flowers and for the brooks,
And the cool and open skies.

Alas! where now are they—
My early comrades dear?
Departed far away,
And I alone am here!
Some are in distant climes
And some in churchyard cold—
Yet it told of happy times,
That school-house dim and old!

ANARCHY AND DESPOTISM.

THE nature of anarchy has never been sufficiently understood. It is undoubtedly a horrible calamity, but it is less horrible than despotism. Where anarchy has slain its hundreds, despotism has sacrificed millions upon millions, with this only effect—to perpetuate the ignorance, the vices, and the miseries of mankind. Anarchy is a short-lived mischief, while despotism is all but immortal. It is to despotism that anarchy is indebted for its sting.—*Godwin.*

(ORIGINAL.)

BORDER LEGENDS.

BY A MONK OF G— ABBEY.

NO. V.

THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH RANGER.

Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life and not repine,
But pain is perfect misery.

Milton.

IN that year of famine, near the close of the last century, when men in comfortable circumstances—in the full enjoyment of all the necessaries, and to their circumscribed habits, even of many of the luxuries of life, were reduced to absolute want, and beggary, and utter ruin; and not a few were hurried, in the maddening excitement of reckless despair, into acts of violence and robbery, which at any other time their very hearts' blood would have run cold to have thought of: hence the crowded state of prisons at that period, and the numerous respites from capital punishment, owing to the high testimonials, as to character, elicited, on the trial of the culprits, from no unwilling witnesses, which, if they could not altogether shield the offender from the vengeance which unswerving justice demanded, could and did so temper it with mercy as to commute it for transportation for life; and the wretched victims of want and misery were sent, in crowded vessels, to New Holland, where, if they did not die on their voyage after being a few months at sea, they were doomed, in exile and bondage, to drag out a hopeless and weary existence. Oh! if our legislators and judges but knew of half the miseries these wretched sufferers endure, after they have atoned a hundred times for their offences, as far as tears and blood may expiate any crime in the power of man to forgive, they would hang them out of pure mercy. A cold tremor will yet come over my whole frame when I think of the first time they put the iron round my neck and clenched the bolt—for life; for death, rather thought I in the bitterness of my anguish; and I then knew what that Scripture meant,—“the iron entered his soul.” What would my wife and my child do—but the poor little innocent was happily unconscious of what was before it—how would she have felt? I have often reflected thus since; but I confess, with shame, that I never once thought of any thing, or any one, but myself and my misery at that trying moment. But I am anticipating my story: I ought to have commenced in the form usually observed in all biographical sketches.

There is a certain fatality attending families as well as empires—they have their gradual rise for several generations, till they arrive at the very zenith of honour and respectability; where they remain not long stationary, but begin as gradually to sink again into the obscurity from which they originally sprung, and occasionally to something far beneath it.

My great-great-grandfather, or some one perhaps still longer ago, any member of our family in the last generation, would have told precisely, for they had ancestors and a pedigree then, although they had nothing else, except their good name

“Which, unsullied, descended to me,”

communicated to the government some useful information, on the eve of the rebellion of 1715, concerning some movements in the border country, where he resided, symptomatic of the part those stalwart denizens of the Fells would take in the coming struggle, and, being in the church, was rewarded with the small living of G—, which happened then to be vacant; but small as it was it afforded him the means, with economy and good management, to give his only son a good education, which he finished at Cambridge with equal credit to himself and to his father, who had prepared him for the ministry.

I must here be excused for being so very minute in my account of this subject of our ancestral pride, as it was his history, so often repeated to me by an old maiden aunt, that gave a bent to my disposition and a colouring to my character, which led to the evil I did and to the ills I suffered.

He was intended for the church, and so was I: he had a strong and unconquerable aversion to the profession, and as powerful a bias for a military life, and so had I: he became a soldier, a brave and successful one, and here alas the parable drops: I became a —; but I have not yet come down to myself, the last of the family.

The next rebellion, that of '45, was as fortunate for him as the former had been for his father. He distinguished himself in that hot skirmish on Clifton

Moor, so nearly fatal to the royal forces, where he was slightly wounded, obtained his promotion, and retired on a pension, when he married a lady of fortune and died just as my grandfather, also an only son, though not an only child, came of age; for there was a daughter, who married a man of rank. The present representative of this branch of our family, a man about my own age, is now revelling in all the luxury that wealth and rank can give; *aye*, and was at the time that I was chained to a stithy and making nails.

But to return to my ancestor. By the rigid economy of his father, approaching even to parsimony, together with the rapid increase in the value of land, he succeeded to a large property; but he was young, and gay, and thoughtless, and he married a lady younger and gayer and more improvident than himself, and they fancied their income would never be spent, till the principal itself became deeply involved.

Then came the American war, when landed property fell so enormously, just at the time too that they were obliged to sell. But I need not detail the particulars of their fall—suffice it that they were ruined. Some of their sons, for they had several, besides a daughter, enlisted as common soldiers: what became of the rest I never knew.

My father, however, being the oldest, had received a good education, in order to fit him for the honourable position in society he was intended to occupy, as the representative of the family. While at the university he had the good fortune to be placed under the care and guidance of a prudent and worthy tutor, whose constant and unremitting endeavours to instil into the mind of his pupil those principles of piety and resignation were so eminently successful as to enable him to submit, if not with cheerfulness, at least without a murmur, to his altered circumstances.

On the sale of his paternal mansion, he retired on a small annuity, purchased with the remains of the general wreck, to the small hamlet of K—y, with his sister, the maiden aunt I have already mentioned, where he rented a neat little cottage, near the foot of Saddleback, one of the loftiest mountains in England, and soon afterwards married a lady of a good family, but, like himself, a generation too late for the property. With economy and good management they were enabled to live very comfortably upon their small income, and to bring up and educate me, their only child, as a gentleman's son, with the expectation of an independent fortune, ought to be brought up and educated, and they were people of good sense too, but as simple as children in regard to any knowledge of the world.

They thought, in their wisdom, that they were making an ample provision for me, by giving me a good education, which I was to turn, when I came to years of discretion, to whatever account I should judge best.

This was my mother's plan, and my father would be silenced, if not convinced, when after a little bickering about it, for it was the only thing that produced any, she would conclude, with the often reiterated and flattering assertion, that there was no danger, I was so like my father, always a sensible boy.

I heard this often, and I began to think there was so much truth in it, that I was already old enough to decide, and having such a vivid picture of my brave ancestor, the colonel, always before me, I did decide that I would be a soldier. My father shuddered at the idea; perhaps he thought of the fate of his poor brothers; but my mother was delighted, and always thought I was a lad of spirit.

The heroic deeds of my great-grandfather were blazoned forth afresh, and his battles all fought o'er again. Even my father would join in, and be delighted with, the conversation of the long winter's evening, around the fire. The war of the French revolution now broke out, a circumstance which gave plausibility to our scheme, and of course added greatly to our happiness; but this, like all other dreams, was as evanescent as it was delightful; for, in the succeeding spring, my poor mother sickened and died, and my father, who was so devotedly attached to her that he could not, literally would not, live without her, soon followed, and I was left alone, a hopeless, helpless outcast upon the measureless waste of a cold world, without a friend or even an acquaintance, for those whom I thought did know me avoided me as they would the pestilence, and I had serious thoughts of still becoming a soldier, not, however, like my brave ancestor, but after the example of my poor uncles, when my mother's brother, in gratitude, perhaps, to my father for getting him the parish grammar-school, which he taught for want of an employment more befitting his former circumstances, or because he thought I might be of use to him as an assistant, for he was rather old and infirm, or else, which was probably the true cause, from pure charity, took me into his house, and treated me as his own son, an act of kindness, however, which he did not long survive, and I succeeded to his school, and married my protector's daughter, a hopeless, homeless, penniless orphan like myself, when first taken under her father's hospitable roof.

I need not relate how happily we lived together a few short years, for chiefly through her instrumentality, owing in some measure, perhaps, to my own religious education, for, a spoiled child though I had been, this was by no means neglected, I had got over all the foolish and utopian schemes I had formed when I had nothing better to do, and had subdued all my feelings of ambition down to the quiet fireside enjoyment of reading the accounts of the triumphs of our arms, by sea and land, in the

sullied columns of a second-hand provincial newspaper.

My school flourished, for I had roused my latent energies when I first entered it, in order that I might be useful to my benefactor. I succeeded so well that I soon liked my employment. I was kind to my pupils without familiarity, and a strict disciplinarian without severity; in short, I was esteemed and respected by every body; pupils flocked to my school even from distant parishes, and my income was quite sufficient to procure us all the comforts, and not a few of the luxuries of life. In short, as I before observed, I was happy, as happy perhaps as this world could make me, and so was my wife; but we thought, and often said to each other, it could not last. It was a happiness too pure, too unmixed with alloy, for this transitory scene, in which our minds were so occupied that we reflected but too little upon that which lies so far beyond it; so very, very far, in the estimation of those who are uniformly prosperous, as to become a point all but undistinguishable in the dim vista of futurity.

We would now and then, in our anticipation of evil, speculate upon the means that might be made use of, in the inscrutable ways of an allwise Providence, for the purpose of embittering the draught, if not of dashing the cup itself from our hands, although we never thought of that.

Our child might die, for we had a little girl at the time I am now speaking of, just at the age in which children are most interesting, and she was so delicate and sickly as to superinduce an apprehension of such an event. Indeed it was not, till this little cherub contributed so materially to the increase of that happiness, which we considered already so complete, that we were led to turn our thoughts to the frailness of its tenure, and the consequent uncertainty of its enjoyment.

We thought, too, one of ourselves might die. These were the worst and most dreadful calamities that would befall, and we deprecated no other—so little did we know what was before us! For when the year of famine came, it brought with it horrors to many, as well as to us, which pictured to our imaginations the 'want of bread.'

'The want of bread!' O how much is implied in that little sentence,—far more than those who wallow in plenty can possibly comprehend. Its application to the worn and wasted frame must be endured to be understood; the sufferer must feel the painfully acute sensation, like the gnawings of some voracious and living thing upon his very vitals; then the withering and overwhelming anxiety which sinks him into the earth, and anon the violent spasms that rouse him into an unnatural and convulsive energy, only to fall again into the abyss of a selfish and remorseless exhaustion, till reason

totters in her throne, and he becomes all but a maniac raving for bread.

The want of bread! A man must feel, that if he could sell his soul for any thing on earth, it would be for a morsel of bread, before he can tell what starvation meaneth.

I would have given, God forgive me for saying so! but its true, I would have given my wife and child for a morsel of bread. I would—I did give more.

I remember reading some romantic story about a man's doing what I did, to procure a morsel of bread for his children when they were dying for want of it. He must have been better off or he would have done it for himself. The author of such nonsense never felt what I have suffered, or he would have known better;—known, that the one only absorbing feelings when it comes to such a crisis as this, is selfishness, a maddening, heartless, reckless selfishness, which has driven people into the most revolting and relentless crimes. This is starvation—all this—and more and worse, which a man must feel as I said before, to form an idea of. And this is what I felt—what my wife felt. But before it came to this we saw our little angel withering away before our eyes; but it did not affect us now as it would have done when we were happy. Our hearts were hardened; our spirits were broken; and the sad tale was inscribed upon our wan and wasted features that the glorious impress originally stamped upon them had given place to a ghastly and unearthly aspect, as fearful to look upon as if we had risen from the charnel house, and were hastening within its dark and gloomy precincts.

My school was endowed with land, but the crops failed and the farmer would not pay his rent. Thus our best, though not our only resource, was cut off; but the whole neighbourhood depending entirely upon agriculture for subsistence, although so near the rich mines in the district, was in a similar predicament and could not pay the fees for tuition; so that there was nothing left but to work as a day labourer,—to throw myself with my little family upon the parish, or to starve. I was utterly incapable of having recourse to the first, I knew not how to do any thing: the second I could not submit to; I was therefore driven to the only alternative in the dark catalogue, into which I plunged without counting either the cost or the consequences; vainly trusting in my own unaided strength, or rather weakness, to submit to the one, and avoid or endure the other as I might.

Bitter indeed! as some one has well said, 'bitter are the first crumbs of poverty!' I well remember that we lived or rather existed for weeks upon half a bushel of black unsound barley, ground up husks and all, for which I gave the last money I could collect from those who were still indebted to me for

the tuition of their children; and when this slender stock was exhausted, several days elapsed during which we were absolutely without food.

As the first slowly passed away, we conversed sometimes even cheerfully upon our circumstances, distressing as they were, for we were still buoyed up with hope, except that when our little girl cried for bread, my wife would burst into tears, and sob over her child as if her heart would break. The next day appeared much longer; we sometimes spoke to each other, but not in cheerful sympathising affection as heretofore, nor indeed in anger, but there was a certain air of bitterness and gloom, and indifference as if the mind had been so much occupied with its own thoughts as to render us impatient under the slightest interruption; the cries of our child for bread might have seemed to a casual and superficial observer to have been regarded by us both with stoical indifference. My wife's demeanour in particular was solemnly grave, deeply serious, and apparently unruffled; what threw her yesterday into a paroxysm of grief moved not a muscle in her features today. The next day, in the morning, for I remember nothing beyond it, the low moaning of our poor child, which intimated a speedy termination to its sufferings, became fainter and fainter, and at length ceased altogether, when the poor heart-broken mother turned upon me such a look as I can never forget, and broke into an immoderate fit of laughter. I could endure no more; I rushed from the house and ran to the mountains, where I wandered in a state of delirium till night-fall; when I again descended to the lonely and solitary road winding round the head of that beautiful lake, which lay as mirror-like and placid, in the dim moonlight, as it used to do when we walked along its shores in a summer's evening and were happy.

I stood some time on an overhanging rock, where we had often stood before, contemplating the lovely landscape, but its beauties were faded now, at least to me, for I thought only of the deep plunge and the slight ripple, as the calm waters would close over me for ever. No, no, not for ever! and I hurried away from the horrid temptation only to fall by another, for I had only proceeded a few paces, when I met a well dressed man walking along that solitary road alone; he was evidently a stranger,—but I must throw a veil over what followed. Indeed I never had but a faint and dreamlike recollection of the circumstances, although I do remember that he shrieked, not in fear but in horror, when his eye encountered mine in the dim moonlight, glaring upon him with such ferocity.

How I reached my house, or whether ever I returned there at all, or how I was discovered or taken, I know not,—I never knew; for I had fallen into such a state of torpor and apathy as to be totally unconscious of every thing that was going on around me. And it was not till I was several miles

from my desolate home, that I awoke to a sense of all the horrors of my situation.

I was in a cart with my hands bound together in irons, and two assassin-like looking men, in the same vehicle with me. They gave me bread and I ate of it voraciously; but O, how I suffered for it; I actually rolled myself in the cart and roared in agony; and the fiends mocked me. Indeed they took every opportunity of insulting and annoying me, especially after I had recovered from the sudden and violent spasms, the natural consequence of my own thoughtless conduct. They, however, performed their task faithfully and apparently with great satisfaction, entertaining each other with stories about attempts at escape by their prisoners, which their cunning and penetration had foiled and baffled.

One of these was so romantic and so nearly successful, although made in all but hopeless circumstances, that it attracted even my attention, abstracted as it was, or absorbed with my own sorrows, impressing my mind so strongly with the hope of escape, that I retained a vivid recollection of it to the last moment of my captivity. Indeed I was so intent upon it that I could hardly think upon any thing else, into it became in short a monomania so that I rose immediately out of the 'slough of despond,' the lofty regions of ærial castle-building, and began to consider what I should do when I had escaped from prison; one of my plans I well remember, was to go to America, clear a small farm and then send for my wife and child; but, just as I was finishing this waking dream, the cart stopped at the massive door of a huge and shapeless building, whose narrow windows were grated thickly with strong iron bars. I shuddered as I contemplated this, perhaps, my last dwelling place on earth.

We had stopped near one of the numberless angles of this vast prison house,—a position which commanded a view of two sides of this portion of it, being the western wing, and close upon the sea shore, and I began immediately to reconnoitre.

I saw where the sentries were placed, where and how it was connected with other buildings, but on looking upwards, I caught a glimpse of an old black wooden platform, between two heavy buttresses, with some projection over it—I saw no more—

‘Reeled sense and sight!’

—but this did not last long, as I was roused or partially so, by the one solitary thundering rap that reverberated in cavern like echoes, throughout that vast labyrinth of vaulted cells and dungeons within, as the ponderous iron knocker fell from the noisiless hand of my hated companion, with a violence to my astounded ear that would have waked the dead: and on turning my head I saw a smile of satisfaction curling his lip as he winked at me with one eye; indeed he had but one, which had been twisted and

drawn so near to his turned up and broken nose as to give to his whole countenance a sinister and revolting expression; and his teeth, as he grinned—bah! they were literally like those of the hyæna—but enough! he was such a wretch as a condemned malefactor would spurn and spit upon, even if he came to him the messenger of life and liberty; and I felt a relief when he was shut from my sight by the closing of the prison door, although I was on the wrong side of it.

The jailor into whose charge I was now committed, was a man of a mild and benevolent temper, an honour to humanity, and I would here mention his name with the grateful acknowledgments I owe him, if it would not lead to the discovery of other individuals to whom allusions are made in this narrative, who, for obvious reasons, would not like to be more particularly pointed out; at least their friends would not, for few of themselves are sensible of either applause or blame. Forty years makes a wonderful change in a living generation.

I was conducted to my cell, where I had to weary out months and months in loneliness and misery, if I did not make my escape. I examined all around,—above,—below, as closely as I could by the light of the little window, or rather hole, for it was hardly big enough to be dignified with the title, and had no glass in it; but the scrutiny afforded no hope: nothing but solid mason work and iron, and I had no tools, and if I had I knew not how to use them; and I lay down upon my palliase without addressing myself, as was my wont, to Him in whose hands my destiny was placed, and who could overrule even this great affliction for my benefit, either in time or eternity; I did not however thus calmly reflect at that trying moment; my heart and affections, my thoughts and my whole soul were with that heart-broken and desolate widow, 'though not of the dead,' who was mourning alone: it was just about the hour too, in which my little Mary would come and lip her little prayer to me before she went to bed; but I heard, instead, the clanking of chains, with blasphemous oaths, mingled with the grating of bolts and bars, and my heart sank within me.

I tossed and tumbled in my restless misery till long after midnight, when my mind became a little more composed, and I got up and tried again to pray to God to have mercy upon me, and to give me grace and strength to bear up under my load of wretchedness, with patience and resignation; but I could not: yet I felt as if the effort soothed me, or perhaps nature was exhausted, and I fell asleep, dreaming of home and my escape from prison, and awoke not till the turnkey made his morning rounds.

He came within my cell, laid a small package on my table, and retired as softly as he could, thinking I was still asleep, but I saw the parcel, and my curiosity was so strongly excited to ascertain what were its contents, that I instantly rose to examine

it, and found it to contain a few necessaries my poor wife had sent me, and a Bible, which in my hurry I accidentally tumbled upon the smoothly polished floor of my cell—polished perhaps with the wearied footsteps of misery; it was a pavement of large flag stones, and the noise it made startled me with the idea that the one it fell upon was hollow underneath. I let it fall again: I stamped upon it with my foot: I stamped upon it with the foot of my table; still the same hollow sound. I poured water upon it, and then rubbed it all over with my hand, in the hope that it would dry sooner in the middle than at the sides, if there were in reality a cavity beneath; and then I sat down and watched the drying of that stone, with the most intense and breathless anxiety, but it afforded no proof. I thought the water had not penetrated sufficiently into it, so I repeated the experiment, but with no better success. I then wetted my blanket, which I laid over it, covering both with my pallet to avoid detection. I then lay down, but in the morning blanket and stone were both dry. The next night I tried it again, but did not lay down as before, and at daylight, in examining it, I found both still wet. I then removed my blanket, and upset a pitcher of water close by my pallet, and tumbled the wet blanket over the place, as if both had been done by accident.

After the turnkey's visit, I again examined the important flag-stone, and oh! how my heart leaped for joy, when I found, although I knew not what use I could make of the discovery, that it was dry in the middle, with about six inches on each side still evidently wet.

The rest of the floor was paved with smaller stones, except another one like the subject of my experiments, which, with it, extended across the middle of my cell; and I conjectured that these two formed part of the covering of the hollow and subterraneous passage, or shore, or something, which if I could but once get into, might lead to life and liberty. Eut how to get there was the difficulty, to overcome which occupied all my thoughts.

The large stones I could not have moved by my own unaided strength, and the smaller ones were so closely jointed together, I could not get a hold of them. At last I discovered a break across the corner of one, or nearly across, when I broke the blade out of my penknife, and drove it into the crack with the foot of my chair, which completed the fracture, and the piece came out without much trouble. I then raised the rest of the stone, but immediately replaced it for fear of detection, carefully fitting in the small corner I had broken off, which I considered the key stone of my deliverance.

I then began to ruminate upon the possibility of getting a light to work by during the night, when only I could do so with safety. To this end I saved all the butter and fat meat allowed me in my daily food, till I thought I had a sufficient quantity at

least to commence with. I obtained the means of lighting my candles from one of my fellow sufferers, who had managed to secrete them; and one of my shirts, torn into shreds and daubed with this grease, answered the purpose beyond my expectation. I, therefore, as soon as the locking up was over, stuffed my coat into the window of my cell, struck my light, and set to work.

On raising the stone again I found mason work beneath it as I anticipated, but so very carelessly and loosely done, that in a few hours I had completed an opening into the place, whatever it might be, underneath the large stones, into which, after well considering its bearing, I pushed all the debris and rubbish I had dug out into the side I supposed I should not want to make use of. I then laid the stone carefully in its place again, drew my pallet over it, got every thing in order as if nothing had transpired, and lay down a few minutes before the usual morning rounds of the jailor, and pretended to be fast asleep.

This work was repeated night after night, sometimes several intervening for want of lights, or from having given up the enterprise in despair, or from sickness, and other causes, so that an anxious month and more passed away before I had completed the passage. Then a night was spent in exploring, when I found it was a shore leading towards the river, along which I could manage to creep, and I did creep, so near to the very outlet that I could see the stars; one in particular attracted my notice, as it shone with peculiar brilliancy—but ever and anon it was hidden from my view.

What *can* this mean? I said to myself, as I crept still nearer to ascertain, when the sound of heavy footsteps, in slow and measured tread, fell upon my startled ear. It must be a sentry, I thought, and I soon found that I was right in my conjecture; for from some slight noise I suppose I must have made in turning to make good my retreat, which I instantly commenced, the object which had so fitfully obscured the bright star all at once became stationary, when a voice exclaimed, in accents stern and deep: "Who goes there?—Speak, or I fire!" but I did not, although I heard the sharp click of the lock of his musket as he prepared to carry his threat into execution. A bright flash and a loud report immediately succeeded—a shower of broken stones and mortar about my ears was the only effect—the ball had not touched me.

I now hastened back to my cell with all possible speed, and on reaching it, fortunately found my rude candle still burning. By its flickering and expiring light I was enabled partially to replace the stone, and put every thing else in order for the ensuing scrutiny, which I doubted not would be instituted; and I had barely accomplished my hurried task ere my watchful guardian was upon me.

My well feigned start of surprise as he entered,

which my fears rendered more apparently real, satisfied him that I had been asleep, and consequently could have had nothing to do with the cause of the alarm, and as the floor of my cell was not examined, I inferred that this secret communication was known to none save its wretched inmate.

When all the prisoners were found secure in their several wards—the noise and confusion quickly settled down again into that monotonous and gloomy tranquillity, which generally prevailed during the night, contrasting sadly and solemnly, yet pleasingly, with the ribald song, and the profane oaths, and the clanking of chains, which jarred, in grating discord on the ear, during the day.

I could not sleep, yet my spirits were by no means cast down for hope was still in the ascendant; my mind was too busily occupied in canvassing the merits of the different schemes which suggested themselves for meeting this new difficulty. At length I concluded to wait for a stormy night in which to make my final attempt, and I had not to wait long, for I had no sooner come to this determination than the wind began to moan, in low, hollow, fitful gusts through the embrasures and loopholes of the old Border Fortress which constituted the prison, succeeded by a blast which shook the massy towers to their very foundation; and then a lull—a dead portentous calm, as if the raging spirit of the storm had paused in its fury, to burst anew upon that devoted spot, in all the concentrated energies of its wrath. The old elms surrounding the castle which had braved the tempests of a thousand years, bowed submissively to its resistless power; the enormous pile again trembled, in all its heavy mason work, from bastion to battlement, as if shaken by an earthquake.

I have said I could not sleep. Fear,—hope,—anxiety and disappointment, as may well be imagined, kept me awake.

I had drawn my mattress, as was my custom, over the flag stone covering the entrance into my subterraneous passage, which in my hurry I had not properly replaced; a chink was consequently left open on one side of it, through which, from beneath, as I rested my head upon my hand, immediately over it, I heard,

"Amid the pauses of the tempest's scowl," audibly and distinctly articulated, in a loud and startling whisper, "now's your time!" I thought at first I must have been dreaming; in another moment it occurred to me that my reasoning faculties were giving way under the conflict they had so long sustained: anxious to solve the mystery, I instantly drew aside a corner of my rude couch which covered the opening, and listened with nervous excitement, not unmingled with superstitious dread, when the voice again cautiously repeated the same words, "now's your time!" and added, "to the sands—the sentry's safe!"

To say I was alarmed and confounded, would not adequately describe my feelings. I fancied there was some supernatural agency at work for my deliverance. I thought, in short I do not know what I thought; but after the first moment of bewilderment was past, I resolved to take advantage of the friendly warning, come from what quarter it might, although I confess I was somewhat shaken in my purpose by connecting the vague idea, of having heard the voice before, with something excessively revolting, and I lost as much time, which however was not more than a few minutes, in trying to identify the speaker, as had nearly cost me my life.

I accordingly, again raised the stone, and again commenced my subterranean journey, on my hands and knees; and when I arrived at the outlet, the storm was still raging violently; the cold blast, as it burst upon me, when I reached the open air, heated, and feverish, and worn out with fatigue and watching as I was, for it was long past midnight, fanned and refreshed me into new life.

But I was now free; for the sentry, as the warning voice had led me to expect, was safely ensconced within his box, to shelter him from the raging turmoil of the elements; and this contributed not a little to the invigorating effects of the cool night-wind upon my weak and wearied frame.

From my perfect local knowledge of the neighbourhood, I was at no loss for the shortest route to the "sands," as the long low level reach was called, upon which the tide flowed to the very foundations of the ancient fortress, in which I had been incarcerated, so as to fill the moat, which had formerly surrounded it.

There was a high rocky knoll, about three miles off, across a portion of these sands, which loomed in the distance, like a black cloud, whose ill defined outline was but dimly traced on the dark horizon. To this, in the first instance, I directed my course, as being the only point I could at all distinguish.

When at a safe distance from the sentry, on pausing a moment to decide my future proceedings, I thought I heard footsteps behind me. I eagerly listened, as I cautiously pushed forward, but not hearing the noise again, I inferred that my fears had deceived me.

When about half my journey, or a little better, had been accomplished, the roaring of the breakers among the rocks became more fearfully audible; with their horse thunders began to be mingled a splashing hoarse sound, "like the voice of many waters." I knew but too well what this portended. The tide was coming in, and, driven by such a wind, it may easily be imagined, with what appalling rapidity.

I was by this time very near the shore, to which I was pressing with redoubled efforts, when a wave broke at my feet, and another a little beyond me, impelled by a third, of giant form, which came

without a curl on its lofty crest careering by, and left me without a ray of hope, above my knees in water; still I struggled on, till the next overwhelmed and swept me from my feet, and carried me I knew not whither; but when it broke, I found myself among the Soutra rocks. A rush—a plunge, and I had grasped the slippery surface of the largest and loftiest of the groupe, and, in another moment, I was exulting in triumph above the maddening waters, as they surged and boiled below, as if enraged at the loss of their destined victim; "but we'll have him yet," they seemed to say, as they rose higher and higher, till they were more than half my own height above the top of the rock on which I stood.

I now began, in the most intense anxiety, to mark their progress by the buttons on my coat. The first—second—third, were rapidly submerged; another and another followed their fate, till the last close upon my shoulder, after being alternately hidden and revealed again, several times, by the varying surface of the water, from the gentle undulation which still continued, for the storm had long since ceased, at length was lost entirely to my aching sight.

My terrors gathered and grew with the increasing danger, and now my eyes became dim and dizzy—my brain reeled—strange unearthly phantoms of hideous aspect seemed to mock me as they floated near. A sea-mew fanned my face with flapping wing, as it flew swiftly by, when I gave way to the swaying motion of the tide, so far as not to be able, in my exhausted state, to recover myself, and down I went to the bottom, with a heavy plunge, from whence I managed to scramble up again, with as much energy and alacrity as if to regain my position were to rescue me from peril.

I had no sooner raised my head above that dreary waste of waters, in a state approximating to suffocation, than, casting an anxious eye towards my shoulder, I perceived the bright button shining in its full orb'd splendour, for such I verily thought it then, above the welling flood.

Happiness and misery are indeed but comparative terms, as far at least as this world is concerned, for cold, wet and weary though I was, independently of other and still more miserable considerations, such an extatic sensation of joy and triumphant delight, as I never before felt, thrilled through every fibre of my frame, when I was thus fully assured that the overwhelming tide was ebbing fast away.

By the time I was again able to resume my flight, the sun was high in the heavens, when turning, what I hoped was a farewell look upon my prison house, whose faint outline I could hardly trace, I saw, to my horror and dismay, a horseman emerging from beneath its dark shadow, and coming towards me, bounding over those bright and glittering sands, at his utmost speed, and felt quite certain

that my recapture was his object ; and equally so, that if he did not already perceive me, I could not long escape his notice, he was so rapidly shortening the distance between us.

One of the few fisherman's huts upon the knoll I was approaching was close at hand, and, although I could not now take shelter in it without being seen by my pursuer, I still however made for it, as if that had been my purpose, in the hope that I should be able to clear a high rocky ridge, and descend into the deep precipitous gulf, which intervened between it and the hut, before the horseman could reach the top, and, thus screened from his view, I could turn in either direction, and make my way to the right or to the left, or secrete myself among the shelving rocks along the margin of the deep narrow sheet of water at the bottom. But, in mounting the ascent my strength began to fail, and he came upon me hand over hand, so that when I reached the rude footbridge, across the water already mentioned, consisting of a single beam, resting upon two projecting rocks, with a slight hand rail on one side of it, I had barely time to spring across before he was at the other end of it, when I instantly laid hold of one of the upright posts morticed into the beam to support the rail, in order to overturn the bridge ; but breathless and exhausted as I was, with my rapid flight, I could not accomplish my object, and therefore gave myself up as lost, till I saw in the person of my pursuer, the hateful wretch who had before lodged me in jail, and heard him exclaim, as he deliberately tied his horse to the other end of the handrail of the bridge, when he had witnessed my unavailing efforts to overturn it : " Ah ha ! my covey—that was no go ! that wont work ;" and with a hoarse croaking noise, meant for a laugh, winking at the same time with his only eye, he added, " I've nabbed you at last, though I've had a devil of a run for it," then drawing a pistol from his leather girdle, and examining the flint and priming, as he continued, " I feared my twenty guineas, (the reward for my recapture), were gone with you to Davy's locker, when I saw you tumble from your sentry box. Ye may be didn't know we'd a prospect glass at the castle."

This roused my prostrated energies, and, in the pause, I had regained my breath, when, desperate and determined, I made another effort to overturn the bridge, even although I should go to the bottom along with it. The end where I stood rested on an acute angle of the rock, and so near the transverse face of it, that if turned over it must roll off.

I accordingly stretched to it with a will, and succeeded on my first attempt in leaning it over, when feeling it must return to its original position, I pulled it back till it inclined more to the opposite side, and then, as the villain stretched out his hand to seize it in its rocking motion, I swayed it back again with all my force, and got it fairly at the

equipoise, where a hair might have held it quivering on the balance, or an infant pushed it over, but I could not ; for at that instant a ball from the fiend's pistol struck me senseless to the earth.

(To be continued.)

GUESS, GUESS.

BY T. MOORE.

I love a maid, a mystic maid,
Whose form no eyes but mine can see ;
She comes in light, she comes in shade,
And beautiful in both is she.
Her shape in dreams I oft behold,
And oft she whispers in my ear
Such words as when to others told,
Awake the sigh or wring the tear ;—
Then guess, guess, who she,
The lady of my love, may be.

I find the lustre of her brow,
Come o'er me in my darkest ways ;
And feel as if her voice, ev'n now,
Were echoing far off my lays.
There is no scene of joy or woe
But she doth gild with influence bright ;
And shed o'er all so rich a glow
As makes ev'n tears seem full of light ;
Then guess, guess, who she,
The lady of my love, may be.

THE INDIAN BOY WITH HIS FATHER'S BOW.

" I look on the bow that my father bent,
And I know the ways where the warrior went.
I remember the flash of the chieftain's eye ;
When he heard the whoop of the foeman nigh !
I can see the fall of that stately head
On the dauntless breast, when its blood was shed ;
And I bear in my heart the charge that hung,
To avenge his death, on the faltering tongue !

" My hand is as firm to bend the bow ;
My feet through the forest as fleet to go ;
I can aim my dart with as sure an eye ;
And I am as ready as he to die !
My spirit is burning with thirst to meet
Our ancient foe—for revenge is sweet.
Lo ! onward I go, and my father's shade
Shall be at my side, till the debt is paid !"

He leaps, and is gone, like the bounding deer ;
But not like her, from the hound and spear.
He flies to his death—he has met the dart ;
And 't is drinking the blood of that fearless heart !
But it came too late, for his dying ear
The curse of his falling foe can hear—
The arrow was sped, which brings him low,
By the hand of the son, from the father's bow !

(ORIGINAL.)

BEATRICE; OR, THE SPOILED CHILD;

A TALE.

BY E. M. M.

Continued from Number V.

Nay, fear not now thy fond child's waywardness,
My thoughtful mother! In her chastened soul,
The passion coloured images of life,
Which with their sudden startling flush awoke
So oft these bursting tears, have died away;
And night is there—still solemn holy night
With all her stars—and with the gentle tune
Of many fountains, low and musical,
By day unheard”

Mrs. Hemans.

In the meantime Sir Claude, in much alarm for the safety of his wife, had driven at once to the house of Lord Morton, and roused up the porter, who had fallen asleep in his chair, by his vociferous knocking at the street door. “Is Lady Brereton still here?” he demanded in a voice of anxiety.

“Lady Brereton has never been here, Sir Claude,” was the astounding reply he received.

“Good God, then where is she? She accompanied Lady Julia to the Opera—has her ladyship not yet returned?”

“Lady Julia returned about half an hour ago, Sir Claude,” said a footman, now advancing, “and she retired almost immediately to her own room.” The alarm of Sir Claude increased considerably at this intelligence.

“Can I see Lady Julia?” he hurriedly inquired; “I will not detain her five minutes. Let my compliments be conveyed to her and say that I entreat an interview.”

“They shall, Sir Claude; step in here, if you please,” returned the servant, ushering him into the library while he hastened to convey the message. With what impatience Sir Claude awaited his return may be imagined—in a few minutes he came, saying:

“Lady Julia will see you in the drawing room, Sir Claude; walk up this way.”

Sir Claude sprang after the man, who, throwing open the door, formally announced him to Lady Julia. She came forward with a simpering mincing air, attired in an elegant *négligé*, excusing her appearance by stating that she had retired for the night when the summons from Sir Claude was conveyed to her. The agitation of Sir Claude was too great

to allow him to even hear what she said to him. He apologized for his untimely intrusion by stating his uneasiness at not finding Lady Brereton at home on his return, or with Lady Julia, in whose company she had been.

“Good heaven, is she not yet arrived?” replied Lady Julia, in a tone of astonishment; “she left this with my father and Lord Stepney some time ago.”

“With Lord Stepney?” repeated Sir Claude, in surprised displeasure; “was he of her party?”

“Yes, indeed, he was, and I assure you to his gallantry you owe the safety of your lady, for he carried her in his arms through the crowd. Poor thing, she was sadly frightened, and but for his exertions must have been lost, so you see what a debt of gratitude he has against you,” and she smiled.

“Yes, I owe him a debt, and it shall be paid,” returned Sir Claude fiercely, then instantly recovering himself, he thanked Lady Julia for her information, and wishing her good night, was proceeding towards the door, when she laid her hand upon his arm, saying softly:

“I am afraid I have done wrong in mentioning the name of Lord Stepney to you, I did it without reflection, and have betrayed my sweet friend—what an incautious creature I am.”

“Betrayed your friend, Lady Julia, what do you mean?” demanded Sir Claude, pausing, and fixing his penetrating eyes upon her.

“I mean that Lady Brereton and Lord Stepney—indeed I scarcely know what I mean—forget my words I entreat,” returned Lady Julia in pretended confusion.

“Lady Julia,” said Sir Claude in his most stern and determined manner; “there is some ambiguous meaning hidden beneath your words; well do I know how you delight in torturing the feelings, calling up suspicious doubts, and destroying confidence—this may succeed with some, but I am not one to be so trifled with, and I command you to tell me what you allude to,” and he drew himself up to his fullest height as he spoke.

“You command,” repeated Lady Julia, all the

malignant passions roused within her breast, by his peremptory words and manner; "upon my word, Sir Claude, I am unused to such authority from my father, and you must excuse me when I say that I will not obey your command," and she would have passed him to leave the room, when he caught her hand, grasping it firmly, as he said:

"Lady Julia, you do not quit this spot till you have satisfied my curiosity. Again I demand your answer—explain the dark hint you have thrown out or by heavens you will rue your obstinacy."

Lady Julia laughed scornfully. "If you are so determined, I can of course have no choice," she said, looking up in his face, a malicious triumph glancing in her blackeyes; "what I meant was this, that Lady Brereton some time ago renewed her acquaintance with Lord Stepney, and dreading lest you should discover it, she exacted from me a promise that I would not betray her, which but for the unfortunate circumstances of tonight I certainly should have kept. Now, Sir, what more do you command?"

"It is false!" yelled Sir Claude, violently stamping his foot—his whole countenance growing dark as night. "False as the heart from whence proceeds the foul slander! What! my pure innocent Beatrice deceive me. Never, never, never!" and his agitation became terrible.

"False, say you?" retorted Lady Julia, in screaming tones of passion—"hug yourself in the pleasing idea—pray go home to your pure innocent Beatrice, and ask her if she has not met Lord Stepney several times unknown to you—if he has never called her beautiful, nor pressed her hand to his lips? Ha! have I touched you there—what say you now?"

"Silence! fiendlike, malevolent woman," vociferated Sir Claude, trembling with emotion. "I would not credit you, were you to swear to me that you had been an eye witness. How dare you asperse the fair fame of one of God's fairest creatures—by Heavens! if you were a man I would trample you beneath my feet. How dare you, I repeat?" and he grasped the arm he held still more firmly.

"I am not one to be intimidated by a war of words, Sir Claude," replied Lady Julia with wonderful composure. "Release me, Sir, and if you require proofs I can give you one," and she walked over to her work table, and opening a drawer she drew from thence a small sealed packet, adding "this ring your immaculate Beatrice confided to my care for Lord Stepney—but I, conceiving that such an offering from a married woman would be highly improper, withheld it, intending to return it to her when I had an opportunity. I believe this to be in her own hand writing; may take it, examine it well, and convince yourself."

Sir Claude did so—his cheek becoming ghastly pale, and his hands trembling while he read the address. When he could no longer doubt, one deep

groan burst from his oppressed heart—he violently struck his forehead, and rushing from the room into the hall he sprang into his carriage, saying in a voice husky and almost inarticulate "Home."

Lady Julia gazed after him as he descended the stairs, her whole countenance exhibiting the delight she experienced from the torture under which she saw he was writhing. "This moment repays me," she exclaimed, clasping her hands in wild ecstasy. "Yes, proud man—repays me for all your cold and cruel scorn—one such hour of suffering to you is worth millions to me. Ha! ha! ha!—how his patrician blood boiled at the supposition of his wife's infidelity—it would not surprise me to hear that he had put a pistol to his head. I must hasten and acquaint Lord Stepney with the success of our plot. I rather imagine he intended to follow it up much further, and will feel disappointed that I have brought it to a conclusion so soon; but I am quite satisfied as it is. A quarrel must ensue with Beatrice—the consequence a separation, and thus my end becomes gained. What a paragraph shall we see in the Morning Post tomorrow. Revenge thou art a darling passion! Henceforth I devote myself to thee, and at thy shrine will bend adoring for ever! for ever! for ever!" And wildly tossing her arms above her head, she retreated once more into her own room, just as a loud knocking at the street door announced the return of the Earl.

On the arrival of Sir Claude at his own house he walked straight to the dressing room of Beatrice who was still reclining on the sofa, wearied out with waiting and listening and watching for his coming.

The moment he entered she flew towards him, exclaiming joyfully:

"Oh, dearest Claude, thank God you are come at last; I have been so unhappy,"—but on perceiving the expression of his pale countenance, she shrank back appalled.

"Beatrice," he said in a suppressed tone, and glaring wildly upon her; "you have deceived me—have dishonoured me—and from this very hour we part, and forever. Oh, great God."

At these fearful words, Beatrice uttered a shriek that, reverberating through the whole house, brought the domestics, dismayed and trembling, together, gazing on each other in speechless terror, yet not daring to enter. She cast herself on her knees before her husband, clasping his and crying imploringly:

"Oh, Claude, kill me at once—trample me to death—but recall that dreadful sentence—tell me what have you heard—what do you believe? for I am ill prepared for this violence. You have seen Lady Julia—she has probably told you the renewal of my acquaintance with Lord Stepney—that tonight he saved me. Ah! could you know the anxiety it has been to me, the having this secret on my conscience, you would pity and forgive me."

"It is true then. You own to it—dare own that you have lent your ear to his soft flatteries, your hand to his polluted lips. 'Sdeath what a viper have I been fostering in my bosom. Go, base girl,—leave me—your presence is hateful. Begone!" and he turned from her with the utmost scorn.

Beatrice sprang to her feet, and with an air at once lofty, dignified and fearless, she repeated :

"Base girl!—how dare you apply such an epithet to me, sir? When did I suffer Lord Stepney to kiss my hand. Ah! I remember now," she continued, her voice falling from its high tone; "when I was summoned home to my dear child, it was he who assisted me to my carriage. Heaven knows how little I was aware of the liberty he took until afterwards."

"As little aware probably as when you sent him this," said Sir Claude sneeringly, and holding up the fatal ring. "Now, fair lady, have you aught to say in defence of yourself for this? No; I am glad you have still enough shame left to blush for your guilt."

Beatrice was indeed taken by surprise, and a sudden faintness obliged her to lean for support against the wall.

"Oh, merciful God! is it possible?" she said in tones of agony, and pressing her hands tightly together; "my enemies are too mighty for me; they have encompassed me round about, and have caught me in their toils. But thou, oh Father of Heaven! canst save me," she continued, again falling on her knees, and raising her streaming eyes to heaven; "canst clear my good name from these dark and cruel calumnies, and let my innocence shine forth as the sun in the noon-day. Oh, Claude, my dear husband, you are deceived, but not by me; beware how you create remorse for yourself. When Lady Julia gave you that ring, did she tell you how it came into my possession. It is none of mine. It is Lord Stepney's; and by the merest accident I had it in my keeping for a few hours. If you will only have patience, I will tell you all—how I came to speak to Lord Stepney—how very slight my acquaintance has continued, and why I did not confess it to you before. Oh, do not frown and turn away—surely for a fault so trifling you would not forsake me;" and her pleading voice, as she gazed upward, would have softened almost any but him who she addressed.

"Trifling—do you term it?" said Sir Claude, with rekindled fury, and grinding his teeth in the bitterness of his feelings. "Trifling, to deceive—know, madam, that it is a crime I would not pardon in my servant, much less in my wife. But it is well—hitherto you have experienced my tenderness alone, now you shall feel something of my severity. Go, base minion, I scorn you—go—return to the mother who has trained you for your ruin, and never afflict me with your presence more on earth."

Beatrice had borne much, because she loved much; but this cruel, unmerited taunt, and the look of ineffable contempt with which it was accompanied, roused all the indignation and passion belonging to her character. Twice had he called her base—and now fire flashed from her eyes, and raising her small hand, she STRUCK HIM. It required but this to complete the terrible scene. Sir Claude was a brave man and a soldier, and he COULD not return it, but the insult having entirely destroyed all his remaining self command, he seized her in his arms, and shook her with such frantic violence that, uttering a sudden cry of pain, and pressing her hand to her side, she fell insensible to the ground. He stood over her, his broad chest heaving with a thousand conflicting feelings; and as he gazed on that pale and beautiful object, laying still as death at his feet, a pang of remorse smote him, for the recollection of her present very delicate situation occurred to him—forgotten until now. He sprang towards the bell, pealing it violently, and in doing so his foot came in contact with something on the floor—it was the heart pierced with arrows, that had fallen from her bosom—and he had BROKEN IT. In a state bordering on madness he fled from the room, as the women entered it, and hurrying to his own, he threw himself into a chair, when, covering his face with his hands, he gave vent to a flood of tears that shook his iron frame convulsively. Never was that night forgotten by him.

Day had scarcely dawned, when the wretched Beatrice, starting up from the uneasy slumber into which she had at length fallen, and drawing aside her curtains, asked her woman, who sat by her side, in feeble accents for her child.

"Is he awake yet? has he slept well?" were the tender inquiries she made.

"Nurse is just bringing him to you, my lady," replied Rawlins, as the woman entered with the young Harry in her arms.

The moment he saw his mother, he turned away his head, saying:

"That is not my pretty mamma, that white woman—go away."

"It is your mamma—your own dear mamma—but she is ill," replied the pitying nurse, who, as she gazed on the death-like face of Beatrice, could indeed scarcely trace the same radiant creature she had risen on the preceding morning.

"Poor mamma ill! oh, Harry so sorry!—and dear Geordie ill too!" said the child, stretching out his arms, and beginning to cry.

Beatrice kissed him tenderly. "Are you going with him to Norwood, nurse?" she asked.

"I have received no order to the contrary, my lady, therefore I suppose the carriage will come round at the hour named yesterday: I am already packed."

"Then let a few of my things be put up, Rawlins, and prepare yourself to accompany me, for I shall go also."

"Oh! my dear lady! pray think better of it—you are quite unfit to travel," replied her woman: "indeed it would be dangerous. I hope you will remain in bed, and see Dr. Jefferson."

"Never, Rawlins! never!" replied Beatrice, with considerable agitation; "never will I remain another night in this house; would to God I had left it long ago. Do not oppose me, as it only distresses me, but attend to my orders directly."

"Rawlins knew how useless it would be to say more, and inquired what jewels her ladyship would take into the country with her.

"Not one," replied Beatrice; "I have lost the only jewel I valued—the rest are all worthless."

The nurse now tried to dissuade her from undertaking so long and fatiguing a journey, but in vain; her determination was made. With great difficulty they dressed her, and when all was finished she cast one lingering glance around her ere she left the room, sighing bitterly. While slowly and in evident pain she was descending the stairs, she encountered Antonio. The boy looked sorrowfully in her sweet pale face, and without uttering a word, he raised her in his arms, and carried her into the hall. She turned her eyes towards the door of Sir Claude's private room, dreading lest he should come out, forbid her going with her child, and send her back disgraced to her mother. All the love she had ever felt for him had suddenly changed into a fear the most distressing. She clung to Antonio, entreating he would hasten her departure. He lifted her into the carriage, placing pillows at her back. She then offered him her hand, saying: "Farewell, Antonio. God bless you, and accept my grateful thanks." Her words entirely overcame the feelings of the poor boy, who, pressing her hand, burst into tears, turning abruptly away and re-entering the house.

When Sir Claude was asked if he would see his child before his departure, he desired that he might be brought to him. He remained alone with him for a considerable time, and on the nurse receiving her charge again from his arms, she perceived that his little dress was completely wetted with the tears that had been shed over him. Had any friend at this moment appeared to explain the perfidy that had been used to bring misery and woe upon his house all might have yet been well; but there was no one, and the storm fell, destroying in its fury every bright and sunny spot, and leaving nothing behind but the blackness and darkness of despair. In another hour Beatrice was miles away from that home, which she was destined never to enter again.

On the morning of the same day appeared the following paragraph:

"We have heard with regret that a baronet well known in all courtly circles, has suddenly separated

from his lady—jealousy, it is supposed, has been the unhappy cause. So many painful rumours are abroad that we are unwilling to give credence to them all. How galling to the proud feelings of a man, whose escutcheon has never yet been sullied by a stain, must be the painful supposition of disgrace. We pity him."

While the pen of scandal was thus employed to calumniate the innocent Beatrice, and to wound the tenderest feelings of her noble husband, she was slowly proceeding on her way to the abbey with her child; and wonderful it was to see how she bore up against the agony of her mind and the fatigues of the journey; but as she drew nearer and nearer to each well-known object on the road, all the indignant pride and wounded affection that had hitherto helped to sustain her suddenly gave way before a flood of grief that threatened to destroy her. On arriving at the inn, within three miles of the abbey, she addressed a few lines to Lady Brereton, to announce her near approach. This she despatched by a servant on horseback, and then laid down to rest, uneasy thoughts assailing her as to how Lady Brereton might act towards her when she came to know the unfortunate circumstances that had occurred.

"Were she now what she once was," said the wretched creature, "hers would have been the last roof I would have entered; but she is altogether changed: kind, forbearing, merciful. I shall not trouble her or any one long. God help me, and prepare me for His presence ere my hour comes. Alas! I am ill-prepared at present: in my joys I had forgotten him; but in my sorrows I now remember him!—oh! will he remember me?"

The little Harry had been a great solace to her during the journey—his tender pity shown towards her, by stroking her face, and nestling his beautiful head on her bosom, and saying:

"Never mind, mamma soon see dear Geordie now; he make you *vily* glad, and me too."

Towards noon she re-entered her carriage, trembling in every limb, and drove on to the abbey. Once more was the draw-bridge lowered to admit her; once more the dark avenues were passed, and the venerable pile rose up before her. She threw herself back in the carriage, sobbing convulsively. On alighting, she paused not to reply to the kind greetings that welcomed her from many a familiar face, but hastening passed them all, she entered the saloon, when she was clasped in the warm embraces of Lady Brereton.

"Welcome, welcome, my daughter!" exclaimed the matron in kind accents; "sorrow has stricken you, I see, since last we parted; yet bow in meekness to the stroke, remembering that it comes from him who cannot err—whose attributes are mercy and goodness—whose love never fails in the darkest hour."

"Oh! my child! my child! how is he?" gasped

Beatrice, when after much struggling she was enabled to speak. "Let me see him; the sight of his angel face will do me good!"

"Ah! my love, prepare your mind for the trial that awaits you," replied Lady Brereton, deeply affected. "Our sweet babe is passing away from us all to that bright world he is so fitted to enter. Nay, hear me, Beatrice, and be calm: only this morning I despatched a letter to my son, urging you both to hasten thither, as you hoped to see him alive. We had thought him recovering till last night, when a frightful return of the convulsions seized him; and I fear, I much fear, his hours are numbered."

Poor Beatrice! what overwhelming intelligence was this? Her grief and agitation were terrible to witness.

"And you, my darling child! you too have lost your blooming cheeks," said Lady Brereton to young Harry. "Ah! why, why did you ever leave me, beloved ones? Never has the sun shone so brightly over the old abbey since your absence. But come, we will go to our precious charge," and she drew Beatrice away, supporting her with her arm until they reached the door of the nursery. Beatrice glanced fearfully towards Lady Brereton, as she unclosed it. The scene within realized her worst apprehensions. Her beautiful child, the image of death, appeared, lying on a low couch, his pale face turned towards them. Mrs. Golding sat by his side, watching anxiously every change in his countenance. The moment Harry caught sight of his brother, he ran forward, and falling on his knees, hid his face in the bed clothes, crying:

"Oh, Geordie! Geordie! Geordie!"

The sound of his voice roused the little sufferer. He made the effort to raise himself, and laying his hand on the head of his brother, he murmured:

"Hello! Come at last—Geordie so glad! Ah, mamma, I soon well now."

Already had Beatrice caught him to her heart, when a gentle sigh heaved his bosom; his soft eyes turned in search of his brother—they grew dim—they closed—one faint struggle—the lips became dark—the angel of death was there—and the spirit of her child was gone!

Who can paint the scene that followed? who but ye, oh mothers! from whom your tender nurselings have been torn? Beatrice was carried out from it in a state of insensibility.

What a task now devolved upon Lady Brereton, to break the sad tidings of his child's death to her son. Little did she know, as she traced them upon the paper, bedewed with her tears, how cruelly the feelings of that noble son were already tortured. But in a few days she was fated to know all, by a letter which she received from him, dated Calais, whither he had proceeded in search of Lord Stepney, breathing vengeance against him for the supposed wrongs

he had heaped upon him. The letter had been written under a state of the most terrible excitement, and filled the wretched mother with dismay.

"Oh! Eternal God!" she exclaimed, pressing her hand on her forehead, and with a countenance expressive of the most intense grief, "try me not beyond my strength, I implore! Thou hast brought death upon my house! but save it,—oh! save it from disgrace! My dear, my noble son! what has he done to merit such accumulated grief? Yet pardon me, my Father," she continued, sinking on her knees, and bowing her face to the ground; "do what seemeth right in thy sight. What am I, that I dare arraign thy decrees? Take what thou wilt away, only leave me Thyself, and teach me submission, humility and patience."

She rose, and with tottering steps entered the chamber of Beatrice, who she found engaged in writing, her face partly shaded by her hand, the nervous movement of her figure betraying the disturbed state of her mind. Her cheek wore a livid hue, save one round red spot that augured fever. The unnatural brightness of her eyes was startling, as she turned round on the entrance of her mother-in-law, who, without speaking a word, placed the letter of Sir Claude into her hands. Beatrice read it through calmly. She shed no tears—that relief had been denied to her since the death of her child—but rising, and beckoning with her finger, she said: "Follow me," then glided like a spectre from the apartment to the one where they had laid her boy. Flowers had been strewed over his cold bed, and there sat such a holy calm on his marble features that both felt awed as if in the presence of an angel. Beatrice knelt at the feet, as in a voice almost inarticulate she said:

"In the presence of this pure object, Lady Brereton, do I solemnly protest my innocence; that never, in thought, word, or deed, have I ever wronged your son. God knows if I have sinned it was in loving him too devotedly. I could have explained every thing to him, but he would not listen to me. He believed the reports made by Lady Julia Russel, and he spurned me from him with a cruelty I never could have believed him capable of exercising; but I forgive him, and with my latest breath will bless him. Was he not the father of this —?" She could say no more; but she had said enough.

Lady Brereton raised her and strained her to her maternal bosom.

"May God in his infinite mercy be praised, my injured daughter!" she exclaimed. "Be not dismayed nor overcome, 'they that be for us are mightier than those that are against us,' therefore we will not fear though the billows of affliction rage and swell, and the heavens grow dark: His approving smile shall cheer us on—His arm uphold us—and again shall the dove return in peace to our breasts."

Beatrice felt consoled. In her husband's mother

she had found a friend, and she blessed God for this mercy amidst her fiery trials. They lingered awhile in the mournful chamber, uniting in fervent prayer—then kissing the face of the dead, they slowly departed.

That night was the babe consigned to the tomb, when sad and solemn sounds were borne upon the air, and the voice of weeping was heard like that in Rama, where “Rachel wept for her children, and would not be comforted because they were not.”

Beatrice paced her solitary chamber, supported by her tender nurses. No sleep came to cheat her of her woe—her brain seemed on fire—while the increasing wildness of her looks and manner caused the greatest alarm. Lady Brereton would not leave her for a moment, but watched her day and night. She had written to Mrs. Annesley, and strove to cheer Beatrice with the prospect of seeing her mother; but that which at any other period would have afforded her the highest pleasure, now seemed to bring none. She seldom mentioned the name of Sir Claude; but that her thoughts were with him, might be traced in her anxious watchings for his return from the turrets of the abbey, whither she would repair, straining her eyes in the direction of the road, and fancying in every carriage that passed that he must be in it. Heavy were the sighs she breathed as they rolled on, and her hopes faded with them.

“He may be ill, or may have fallen under the hand of his antagonist!” she would then cry in piercing tones. “Oh! Father of mercies! forsake me not utterly! Let me see him! let me receive his forgiveness, ere I go hence, and return no more!”

The anxiety of Lady Brereton for the safety of her son became also intense, as the days and weeks passed, and she gained no tidings—she knew not what to think; and although she strove to console Beatrice, it was with a heart breaking under its load. She felt too that another trial was near at hand, for the bereaved young creature, in the loss of her only remaining child, who, ever since the death of his little brother, had never ceased to weep, refusing all food, and laying in his nurse’s arms, repeating the name of “Geordie” in the most affecting manner. When they told him that Geordie was in Heaven, and very happy, he would reply: “Then *Hally* go to him. Me no want to stay when Geordie gone. God take *Hally* and mamma too.”

Beatrice was very unequal to the fatigue of attending him, yet no persuasions could induce her to suffer him out of her sight—all saw his danger, save herself. She would not believe that it was possible he could die, and none liked to deceive her.—When he slept she occupied herself in writing to his father, often rising at midnight to pursue her task, and replying to all the gentle expostulations of her mother-in-law, who intreated her to take rest, in these words:

“Do not prevent me, it is the only relief I have. Ought I not to assure him of my innocence while my senses are spared to me? What! I bring disgrace on his noble house? I who would die rather than dishonour him? Oh, unfortunate error! how will he lament it when it is too late?”

The wailing cry of her suffering child often interrupted her, when she would fly to him, lift him from his tiny bed, and lull him off to sleep again upon her bosom, singing old ballads with heart-touching melody. Alas! could Sir Claude but have seen her in those moments! The heavy hours of agony sped on; the life of the babe flickered as an expiring lamp; his spirit seemed on the wing, yet still it lingered.

“Sing *Hally* Geordie’s own hymn,” he softly murmured to his mother, as one night he reposed in her arms. She could not refuse him. The child listened, a smile irradiating his lovely face. Suddenly the expression changed: he clasped his arms tightly round her neck—the words “God bless ou!” were scarcely audible—the arms were relaxed—Beatrice uttered a wild, frantic cry—alas! all was over, and she was childless! And where were the parents of Beatrice while their daughter was thus bowed down by sorrow as a flower in the tempest? They were already on their way to the abbey, hastening with all speed to her succour. Previous to receiving Lady Brereton’s letter, announcing her unhappy state, and the loss she had sustained, Mrs. Annesley had felt extreme uneasiness at not hearing from Beatrice, who was usually an excellent correspondent; and she expressed her fears to her husband, who endeavoured to remove them by saying:

“Folly! nonsense! the child is well enough, depend upon it, but is too much engaged with her pleasures to be thinking about home; if it were otherwise, Brereton would of course have written to us.”

This could not silence the anxiety of the mother, who on reading the paragraph in the newspaper, became still more alarmed.

“Good God! Mr. Annesley read this!” she exclaimed; “it surely cannot be our Beatrice who is separated from her husband? If so, where is she gone?”

“I should not be at all surprised if it were, my love,” replied Mr. Annesley, most composedly glancing his eyes over the paper. “It is not every man who possesses my patience and forbearance. Brereton’s have been well tried, no doubt.”

But when the letter of Lady Brereton was received, when he learnt that Beatrice was ill, suffering, and her child no more, the character of the philosopher became lost in that of the father, and he mingled his tears with those of his distracted wife, making instant preparations for their journey, and in the same hour they commenced it, with forebodings the

most harrowing of what was to meet them on their arrival.

As they drove up to the abbey, Mrs. Annesley glanced fearfully at the windows; all looked silent and still, the shutters being partly closed. She screamed, and concealed her face within her hands. The moment Lady Brereton heard that the afflicted parents were come, she hastened to welcome them, sorrow was deeply traced on her fine face, yet on her queen-like brow sat Resignation, as the radiant bow amidst the darkened heavens, telling that a God of mercy was near.

"Where is our Beatrice—our dear, our once happy child?" shrieked Mrs. Annesley, clinging to her dress. "Keep me not in suspense one moment as you hope for mercy! Does she live? why are the shutters closed? Oh, God! tell me, tell me?"

"Your child lives. Be composed my dear friend, I implore," replied the distressed Lady Brereton; "but her last dear babe is gone—for him our house mourns. Alas! alas! bear up against this stroke, for there is yet another to fall—I dare not withhold it from you. The sweet mind of Beatrice has sunk under her trials! For many days we have feared this calamity; but last night," here her voice faltered, "last night when they told her she was childless, she rushed forth frantically into the woods, and when they found her stretched on the ground, and carried her back, all reason had fled!"

Mrs. Annesley heard no more—she wept, she raved, she tore her hair, and finally went off into a violent fit of hysterics. The physician was summoned to her aid, who ordered her to be immediately conveyed to bed, and on no account suffered, at present, to see her daughter. Mr. Annesley, at first stunned by the blow he had received, in a little time recovered himself sufficiently to say:

"And where is your son, Lady Brereton, at a time like this? where is Sir-Claude, I say, whose duty it would be to sustain my daughter in her afflictions?"

"Alas! I know not," replied Lady Brereton, mournfully. Some unhappy quarrel drove our Beatrice hither. My son left town, and although I have twice written to him, I have received no answer, which fills my mind with a thousand vague apprehensions on his account."

Mr. Annesley mournfully shook his head. "This is what I feared," he said; "my dear child was all too young and inexperienced to leave her parents' home, and had my advice been taken—but it is too late now," he added, moving towards the door to conceal his feelings. "Let me see her, wreck as she is of all that was lovely and beloved." On reaching the door of his daughter's chamber, the father shuddered, for he heard her sweet voice singing a well known air. It ceased as he opened it, when, oh! what a sight was presented to his view! He clasped his hands together, exclaiming: "Oh, God!

this is dreadful! Her poor mother! how will she sustain the shock?"

Beatrice, dressed in the deepest mourning, which displayed still more the death-like hue on her cheek, was hanging over the bed where her babe reposed in his last sleep, singing snatches from the ballads she had been wont to sing to him when he was yet alive. The nurse sat near her, gazing sorrowfully upon the dead child—her charge ended—her services no longer required. In truth it was a scene that would have melted harder hearts than those called upon to witness it. On the entrance of Lady Brereton and her father, Beatrice started, and wildly cried:

"You are not come to take him away! see, he is only sleeping—he will soon awake now!"

She looked imploringly at her father as she spoke, who, inexpressibly moved, clasped her in his arms, saying:

"My child, do you not know me? I am your father, Beatrice—look at me my love."

"Oh, papa, is it you? I am so glad—I thought it had been that cruel man who took away my Geordie," replied the poor creature, clinging to Mr. Annesley. "Where is mamma? I dreamed that she came to me last night, and brought me flowers—such beautiful flowers—but they all died: was it not a pity?"

The agony with which Mr. Annesley listened to her incoherent address was intense. He turned away to hide it, while Beatrice, drawing aside the glossy ringlets that clustered round the fair brow of her dead infant, endeavoured to call his attention towards it.

"Is he not a lovely creature, and so like Claude?" she said; "but I wish he would open his eyes that you might see them. Nurse, he is sleeping very, very long—when will he awake?"

"He will never wake again in this life, my dear, dear lady!" replied the nurse, sobbing bitterly. "The dear babe is gone to his sweet brother in Heaven, as he wished."

"Gone! oh, what a sad word! he used to say it himself, 'all gone,' don't you remember, nurse?"

Lady Brereton, perceiving how much Mr. Annesley was affected, strove to entice Beatrice from the room.

"Come with me, my love," she said, "we will go into the garden and gather fresh flowers. See how brightly the sun is shining; the air will refresh you."

"Is the sun shining? I do not see it; all looks dark without to me," replied poor Beatrice. "No, no, no, I will not go," she added, suspiciously;—"you only want me to leave my child that they may bury him in the earth," and she knelt down by him, taking one of his little cold hands, and singing the favourite hymn he had asked for but she might before:

"Jesus, with an eye of love,
 Marks little children from above;
 And when on earth for them he bled,
 He took them in his arms and said,
 Little children come to me,
 And a Saviour's welcome see.
 If you love me you shall share,
 While you live my tenderest care;
 And in death shall mount above,
 Where your angels live in love,
 And their Father's presence view,
 For Heaven is formed of such as you."

She ceased, she listened, but no voice replied. Alas! in death where is hope? Religion must give the consoling answer, and point to these realms of light, where the lost are found, and where all shall be restored to us, over whose graves we may have mourned while in this vale of lengthening shadows.

Throughout the day did Beatrice continue to keep watch, with jealous vigilance, over her melancholy charge, the impression that he was sleeping having taken such strong possession of her mind that no persuasion could shake the belief. At length, when completely exhausted, a powerful soporific was administered, by order of the physician, who attended her with the kindest solicitude, and when this took effect, and a deep sleep stole over her, they removed the dead from her sight, and she never saw him more.

She did not awake till nearly midnight, when she found her own fond and anxious mother sitting by her side. Her thoughts, confused and wandering, allowed her not at first to recognize her, and she looked alarmed, till she heard the sound of her voice, when she started up crying:

"Ah, mamma! thank God you are come! for they have all been very cruel to me. I have lost my darling little Geordie, and they wish me to believe that sweet Harry is dead, and would have carried him away to bury him in the dark cold earth; but I hid him from their sight. See, he is here, is he not beautiful?" and she raised the coverlet of the bed as if to shew him; but on finding him gone, she uttered a cry of piercing agony: "Where is he? They have stolen him while I slept! they will put him in the grave. Oh, mamma! go, go save him from their cruel hands!" she imploringly exclaimed.

Poor Mrs. Annesley summoned up all her fortitude to reply as she had been desired.

"Beatrice, my precious one, calm yourself, your sweet babe is safe where none may harm him—where neither pain nor sorrow can reach him more."

"Who told you so, are you sure—is he not crying for me?"

"No my blessed one, he is happy, quite happy."

"And when shall I see him again, mamma? to-morrow! oh tell me."

"When it pleases the Almighty disposer of all things, my child," replied the trembling parent, who felt as she gazed on the pale and wasted form of her daughter how soon that event might be realised.

Her answer seemed to satisfy Beatrice, who, laying down her head on the bosom where in childhood it had so often rested, again yielded to the overpowering sleep produced by opium, and forgot for awhile her sorrows.

Bitter were the reflections of Mrs. Annesley as she kept vigil during the long dark hours, and contrasted Beatrice as she now was with the bright and happy being of bygone years. And what had caused the change? What but the fulfilment of those very hopes she had nursed for her from her earliest years, as the wife of the wealthy Sir Claude Brereton, the admired in all fashionable circles—how had she built upon years of happiness to come! Vain, vain speculation, to trust to flying shadows. Fair and lovely as the morning had appeared, and full of promise, how soon had it become overcast by dark clouds, by gloom and tempest.

"Vanity of vanities all is vanity," saith the preacher, "all flesh is grass and the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it."

Could the time be recalled how differently would she act; but it had passed forever,—she had "sown the wind," and she must "reap the whirlwind." The world had been her idol and on its shrine had she sacrificed her child. Unhappily the regrets of Mrs. Annesley were mingled with repinings and murmurings against the decrees of Providence, evidencing that want of faith in God's goodness that increased tenfold the weight of her misfortunes. On any rather than on herself, she was willing to cast blame. From the nurse who she questioned and cross questioned, she learnt the quarrel of Sir Claude Brereton with her daughter, when she became so incensed against him that she determined within herself to remove Beatrice as soon as possible from beneath a roof that belonged to him, never more to enter it with her consent. This determination she repeated to Mr. Annesley on the following day, endeavouring to exasperate his mind by her exaggerated details of Sir Claude's tyrannical conduct. It was with difficulty she refrained from expressing her indignation in the presence of Lady Brereton, but on seeing the noble matron already weighed down by care and anxiety, she did refrain. After consulting with the physician upon the propriety of removing Beatrice from the scenes of all her sorrows, and receiving his entire concurrence, she mentioned her intention of departing with her, whenever the last melancholy duties had been performed for the lamented child. Lady Brereton received the intelligence with unfeigned regret. Dear as Beatrice had become to her for the sake of her son,

and interested as she felt for her in her present forlorn situation, it would have been a solace to her maternal heart, had she been permitted to remain under her care until after her confinement, but she dared not oppose the wishes of the parents; and with sweet resignation she bowed to this further trial of her fortitude, though when alone her tears would fall for all she had been called upon to yield within the last few years.

Till the day named for her departure came did the poor Beatrice continue raving for her child, accusing every one of having robbed him from her; but when this arrived, and to pacify her she was told that she should go in search of him, she became calm, and on seeing Lady Brereton weeping bitterly, as she clasped her to her bosom, she said:

“Do not grieve dear mother, I will bring him back to you, and Claude will come too, I know he will, for I dreamed last night that I saw a cloud descend upon the earth, and when it opened he was there, and in his arms he held my babes, both of them, and they all smiled upon me, and I felt so happy till it passed away and I saw them no more. Oh, I wish I could always sleep.”

Lady Brereton could not answer her. Again and again she kissed her, gazing in agony upon her pale sad face, which she expected no more to see; her parents were equally affected; they drew their child gently away. She was lifted into the carriage, when, taking an affectionate leave of the disconsolate widow, they followed, and it drove rapidly from the door. At that moment Lady Brereton felt as if the whole world had suddenly been swept from beneath her feet, and she was left standing alone upon its ruins. She re-entered her bereaved home, where she yielded herself up to the anguish of her soul; not long however was this faithful servant forsaken of her Lord, for while yet on her knees, there came over her spirit a holy peace in answer to her cries and supplications, that gave her the blessed assurance of his Divine presence and support.

“Yes, yes, my father, thou art with me,” she exclaimed, as the tears streamed from her eyes. “In a little wrath thou hid thy face, but with everlasting kindness wilt thou have mercy on me, and who can separate me from thee? can ‘care, tribulation, distress,’ or even death itself. Oh no, let me only be patient, and wait in humble hope, that when I shall have passed through the turbulent waters of affliction, I shall anchor in safety on that blessed shore where all I have lost here will be restored to me for ever and ever.”

The evening of this most trying day was devoted by Lady Brereton to writing letters to her son, which, with the one poor Beatrice had already written to him, she dispatched to his bankers in town, desiring they might be forwarded to his address without delay. With what yearning anxiety

she awaited his answer, and watched for his return, may be imagined.

The village of M——, over which Mr. Mortimer presided as the faithful pastor, lay in the immediate road to Annesley Park, and previous to quitting Norwood, Mr. Annesley had written to his daughter Mary, saying they would spend a week at the parsonage with their dear invalid, as they intended proceeding homeward by very easy stages. During the whole journey, Beatrice lay back in the carriage in a kind of stupor rather than sleep—for her eyes were open, though fixed on vacancy. This probably might be owing to the quantity of opium they had been obliged to give her to quiet her excited nerves.

It was evening when our travellers wound slowly down the road leading to the parsonage of Mr. Mortimer, who, with Mary, appeared at the wicket-gate, eagerly awaiting their approach. The scene presented to their view was one of the most perfect tranquillity and repose. The village stood between two sheltering hills, crowned to their very summits with innumerable shrubs and wild flowers. The pretty cottages of the peasantry were scattered in the valley, while in the distance were the abodes of the wealthy, with their woods and rich meadow lands. Near the parsonage rose the church, an old time-worn building, round whose venerable porch and tower clung the luxuriant ivy, and as the setting sun gleamed upon its gothic windows, the bells commenced their evening chime.

“Hark!” cried Beatrice, starting from her lethargy; “do you bear them? they are ringing for my bridal. How sad and changed from the peal I once remember. Oh tell them to cease, mamma; I cannot bear them,” and she pressed her hands over her ears to shut out the sound.

Mary flew forward as the carriage stopped—she seemed deeply agitated, looking eagerly into it, and shuddering as the pale and drooping form of her lovely sister met her sight. The door was quickly opened, and without a word being spoken, for every heart was full, Mr. Mortimer raised Beatrice in his arms, and carried her into the house, placing her on a sofa, and gazing tenderly and mournfully upon her, while Mary threw herself on the bosom of her mother, when a copious flood of tears came to her relief. Beatrice expressed no surprise on finding herself in a strange place—speaking to her brother and sister as if she had only been parted from them a day. She looked anxiously around her, and then said:

“They told me I should find my darling Harry here. Dear Mary, where is he? Take me to him.”

“Beatrice, your child is not here,” replied Mr. Mortimer, seeing the wisdom of undeceiving her at once; “look up to the bright blue heavens—far above them, he is there, in endless bliss. Christ loves such little ones, and he has taken your dear

children to save them from sin, and woe, and temptation. They cannot return to you, but you shall go to them."

The solemnity with which he said this, awed Beatrice, who had been accustomed, from her early childhood, to listen to his precepts with respectful attention. She fixed her large blue eyes upon him; their sorrowful expression went to his heart.

"Shall I go soon?" she softly murmured.

"Oh, no, no; stay with us, stay with us my darling," cried the agonised mother, hanging tenderly over her; "Beatrice, Beatrice, you will break my heart, if you speak thus."

Beatrice made some wild reply, the vehemence of Mrs. Annesley's manner instantly destroying the effect of Mr. Mortimer's mild speech.

"Oh, Edward, this is too terrible," said Mary, who had cast herself on her knees before them; "her death I might have borne, but to behold her beautiful mind thus shrouded in darkness, is a trial I was not prepared to meet."

"Mary—in life there is hope, in death none; for when the door is closed, repentance comes too late," replied Mr. Mortimer, kindly yet seriously; "remember from whose hand the trial comes, and bow your will to his."

Beatrice appeared so fatigued and worn with her journey, that they prevailed upon her to retire almost immediately to the chamber that had been prepared for her reception. When, after seeing her placed in bed, her mother and sister left her for the present to the care of Mrs. Golding and her woman Rawlins.

On returning to the drawing room, Mr. Mortimer was concerned to find, from a few remarks made by Mrs. Annesley, the unchristian spirit in which she received her present calamity, and the severe thoughts she entertained against Sir Claude Brereton, who he endeavoured to defend. This at first only irritated her the more, for with asperity she said:

"It is all very well in you to take his part, Mr. Mortimer; he is your patron; but I have no such cause—and when I look at my beautiful child, altered as she is, and view in him her destroyer, how can I suppress my indignation?"

"I do indeed owe Sir Claude Brereton a debt of gratitude that I can never repay," said Mr. Mortimer—his pale cheek reddening as he glanced towards Mary. "Yet I hope that had he been my enemy, instead of being my friend, I should still stand up as his defender. He has faults—who, alas, is without them, but I cannot believe that one so noble, so truly generous can merit the odious epithets of cruel and tyrannical." "And yet what said the woman to me, who, on the night he quarrelled with my blessed child, was within hearing of all that occurred," said Mrs. Annesley; "who listened trembling to his loud and angry voice—to the plaintive expos-

tulations of Beatrice—and heard the wild cry she uttered ere she fell beneath his unmanly hand—was not this enough to exasperate the feelings of any parent, Mr. Mortimer. More especially of one who to save her from an hour's suffering, would have willingly sacrificed his own life."

"Can Claude indeed have acted thus?" said Mary, shuddering and clasping her hands.

"There can be no doubt of it," replied Mrs. Annesley, her cheek glowing with indignation; "the woman could have no wish to deceive me. For the rest of that dreadful night my child lay in a state of insensibility, and yet he never came back to her room. What say you now, Mr. Mortimer? will you still act the part of his champion?"

"It is the duty of every Christian, my dear madam, to view the conduct of our fellow creatures leniently," replied Mr. Mortimer mildly; "to put the best construction we can upon their actions—particularly when they are not present to defend themselves. The character of Sir Claude has been cruelly tortured, but our own knowledge of him ought to forbid our giving credence to the frightful tale. Forgive me when I say that I for one cannot believe it."

"Ah! Mr. Mortimer, you feel not as I feel," rejoined Mrs. Annesley, bursting into tears, which brought Mary instantly to her side. "Calm and passionless, you can view all things serenely and temperately, but I to whom Beatrice is far more dear than life itself. I, to see her bruised and wounded under trials so unaccountably severe, and not to feel detestation for him who has left her to breast them alone is surely impossible."

"Impossible, in your own strength, but not in His who has enjoined us to forgive our enemies. May not these trials you so deeply deplore have been sent in mercy to your beloved child to save her from far greater evils?—Remember that through much tribulation we must come ere we are purified from our sins in the blood of Christ." And again, Mr. Mortimer continued in a low gentle tone: "May not God beholding your inordinate affection have stricken your idol, to remind you of your duty and allegiance to himself?—To love any creature immoderately can never be for our happiness; it fills us with a thousand racking cares and anxieties, which we should never feel could we only place our entire trust in him, nor shrink so faithlessly from the medicines offered by our divine physician for the good of our sin sick souls. Endeavour to receive all things from his hand in patience, my dear Mrs. Annesley, suppress all murmuring, all harsh and severe thoughts; to mourn you are not forbidden, but then let it be the mourning of a Christian, in meekness, in humbleness, in resignation, and in the spirit of forgiveness, knowing that if we show mercy we shall receive mercy—then will your troubles become sanc-

tified, and eventually be changed into so many blessings.”

As the good minister continued to remonstrate, and Mary in all affection to breathe words of hope, the suffering parent dried up her tears and faintly smiled—and with more fervour than usual did she unite in the family prayers that were offered up before they separated for the night, in which Mr. Mortimer feelingly introduced the name of Beatrice—imploping the giver of all good to remove the clouds that overshadowed her mind, and fit it for its highest purpose—that of glorifying and praising his holy name.

A few days spent in this tranquil abode, where the purest religion shed her light over all, produced the happiest effect on the dear invalid, who seemed to find much comfort in the society of her sister Mary; this amiable young woman devoting herself entirely to the dutiful task of assisting her mother in watching over her. As of old the flower garden proved a source of interest to her, and as she appeared jealous of being so constantly followed, they allowed her to wander in it alone, where she would talk to herself or sing old ballads whose touching melody, under existing circumstances, were full of sadness to those who heard them, and remembered her in her hours of glee. To many of her wild expressions about Claude, Lady Julia and Lord Stepney, a mystery seemed attached that was trying to her friends, since they could not elucidate their meaning—yet of her innocence they never made the slightest doubt; Mary frequently conversed with her husband on the subject, who on one occasion said to her:

“Can you not see, my Mary, in this trying dispensation the arm of her heavenly father outstretched to save her from the verge of a frightful precipice. What have we always desired for her in our prayers, but that she might be brought out in safety from the temptations and dangers surrounding her, and now that our prayers have been answered, shall we shrink from the means God has taken in his wisdom?—Think how infinitely more precious is the welfare of her immortal soul in his sight, than its poor weak tenement of clay. Mary, I could lay her down in her cold and narrow bed in perfect resignation, if I only felt certain of her eternal safety. Let this be our first care, and let us leave the rest in humble confidence to him.”

A week soon passed, and already had the last day arrived that Beatrice was to spend at M—. It was the Sabbath, and although the summer was fast fading into the “scar and yellow leaf,” still was it bright and beautiful, and, for the season, warm. On perceiving her mother and Mary preparing to attend church, she expressed her earnest desire to accompany them. They referred it to Mr. Mortimer, who begged that she might be indulged. The church was only divided from the minister’s house by a fine

meadow, and having crossed this, they entered the grave-yard, where many a dark cypress and weeping willow waved their branches over the graves of those who slept. The sacred spot was kept in the neatest order. Most of the tombs being decorated with flowers—for Mr. Mortimer possessed that tender respect for the departed that would not permit him to see it as a desolate ruin forsaken and neglected. And he employed the children of the village in tending and dressing and preserving it from the improper and unseemly custom of desecrating it to the use of pasture ground for animals. At present it was thronged by his flock, in their neat Sunday costume, who, as they passed their good minister and his amiable wife, showed their affection and respect for both in their friendly greetings and low bows. All gazed pityingly on the pale sweet face of Beatrice, who had already obtained the name of the “broken lily” from those who in part knew her story. At the porch, Mr. Mortimer consigned her to the care of her sister Mary, who led her up the aisle of the church. The quiet solemnity of the place seemed to inspire her with awe, and on gaining their places in the pew, she whispered:

“Mary, Mary, God is in this place, I am sure that he is.”

“Yes, my sister, you are right,” replied Mary; “but God is every where you know.”

“No, no, Mary, God never was with me in Grosvenor Square,” returned Beatrice with a shudder.

Mary smiled mournfully, holding up her finger, as the service had already commenced. Beatrice sat perfectly still and apparently attentive during the prayers, until the organ commenced playing a beautiful anthem. Sacred music had always affected her powerfully; but now it was an agony. For wildly clasping her hands she started up exclaiming: “Away, away! take me away! those sounds are death!”

Instantly was she hurried out by the distressed Mrs. Annesley and her father, who led her to a distant part of the burial ground, where, placing her on a tombstone, her mother sat down beside her, supporting her tenderly with her arm.

“Oh, mamma!” cried the distracted creature; “why did you take me to the opera on the Sabbath day—how very wicked I have been.”

“My child, you were in church, offering praise to God; be composed I intreat,” returned her mother soothingly.

“In church, I am glad of that, I thought it had been the Opera House. Listen!” continued Beatrice, as the faint tones of the organ floated on the air;—“how soft—how beautiful that music comes from heaven, and those voices singing far away. Are they not my children calling me to go to them?—why then should I linger here when all

have left me. Oh!—Claude!—Geordie!—Harry! will you indeed return no more?" she paused as if to listen for a reply, when the music ceasing, she murmured, "they are gone—they will not answer. Alas! I am not forgiven."

Deeply affected by her words and the grief expressed on her countenance as she gazed upward, straining her sight for those who could not hear, Mr. and Mrs. Annesley drew her gently away, conducting her through the field into the garden when other objects attracting her, again she became tranquil and for the remainder of the day she lay listlessly on her couch, her blue eyes fixed on the heavens over which light clouds were passing, and her lips occasionally moving as if in prayer.

"Truly," has this world been designated a "vale of tears" where our partings only render it painful that we have ever met.

Where time wrecks something with its smoothest waves,

And every year sets up memorial graves!

"where our heaviest sorrows spring from our greatest joys. And why is this? Not because the Lord afflicts willingly or grieves the children of men for his own pleasure, but to remind us that this is not our rest. Were all to continue unchanged below, should we ever desire or look for another state? God knows that we should not; therefore in mercy he breaks link by link of the chain that binds us to earth, to unite them again in that "better land," purchased for us by the sufferings of his own dear son, thus gradually drawing our hearts away from this sublunary scene to fix them on one of endless felicity."

Such were the thoughts of Mary, as the carriage that contained her parents and sister wound its way up the hill on the morrow, and was lost to her view by a turning in the road. She had parted with that sister with feelings of anguish unknown to her before. Mr. Mortimer strove to cheer her, intreating her to look forward hopefully to the future; that although at present it was over spread with the mists of sorrow, yet was it in the power of the Almighty to dispel them all and permit the sun to shine forth again in all its brightness. Mary tried to feel comforted; but the increasing weakness of Beatrice, the coming event that was to try all her remaining strength to the utmost, filled her with many foreboding fears, which she poured forth to God alone. She knew that whatever He ordained would be for good—yet nature could not help shrinking under the dreaded blow. Earnestly she prayed for resignation to the divine will, and as she did so the sacred words seemed to sound in her ears, "The Lord will not cast off forever, but though he has caused grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies? Mary then rose refresh-

ed in spirit, and wept no more, because she trusted God.

Mrs. Annesley had written home, giving orders that the room Beatrice had occupied as a girl should be prepared for her precisely as she had been accustomed to see it,—in the hope that her mind might be won back to earlier and happier recollections. It was not difficult to beguile her into the belief that she was returning to Norwood Abbey in search of her husband, an impression she fully credited till the lodge gates of Annesley Park were thrown open to admit the carriage, when she uttered a cry of joy and astonishment.

"Is he here, mamma—is he really here?" she exclaimed.

"I am not quite sure, my love; but we will hope so," was the evasive answer of her anxious mother, who trembled for the effect of the disappointment when it came.

Beatrice was received at the door in the arms of the attached and faithful Norris.

"Welcome, my dear young lady, welcome any way to your home; but I never thought to behold you thus," said the affectionate creature, much affected by her altered appearance. "Ah! well-a-day! and is this the end of all our grand hopes and desires? If riches and pleasure can do no more, give me poverty and a peaceful conscience."

Beatrice laughed and cried hysterically, for in an instant she was surrounded by every servant in the house. Mrs. Annesley hurried her up to her own room. Flowers were on the table—her books were ranged on their shelves as in days past, and the same little bed with its white curtains stood in the corner. Beatrice gazed around her in utter amazement.

"Mamma, have I never left you—have I been in a long dream?" she said. "Ah, no, no; where is Claude? where are my children? Tell me, for I feel quite bewildered."

Mrs. Annesley folded her to her bosom in despair. Alas! how useless to deceive her!

Mr. Annesley could not rest until he had summoned the family physician to report upon her case. With what deep anxiety both parents awaited his opinion it would be difficult to express. It agreed with the one given by her medical attendant at Norwood—that in all probability the birth of her child would be followed by the restoration of her reason, which was only wandering and unsettled from great mental suffering, and not lost.

"And her precious life, doctor?" gasped Mrs. Annesley.

"Is in the hands of him who gave it, my dear madam," replied the worthy doctor, feelingly; "her strength is sadly reduced, astonishingly so for the time; and I do not like this pain in her side of which she complains—yet her youth and naturally fine constitution, are (under Providence) much in

her favour. I would advise her being kept in perfect quiet, and all causes of excitement as much as possible avoided—and may the means we hope to use receive that blessing which can alone render them successful.”

Whilst this consultation took place in the chamber of Beatrice, Norris was disputing with Mrs. Golding and Rawlins upon the question of who should be considered her especial attendant in her approaching hour, affirming that the right must be hers as she had been her nurse in infancy. When words began to run high, and various tossings of the head expressed increasing irritation, Norris checked herself, saying :

“ Ah, well, it little matters who attends upon her, sweet lamb; she will not require any of our services very long, or I am greatly mistaken. Hang that Colonel Erereton with his stately airs, I wish the French had made mince meat of him before ever he came to this house.”

“ Do not blame my master, Mrs. Norris,” replied Mrs. Golding, “ he was always a good and kind one, and I am sure loved my lady as his own soul, denying her nothing—surely the deaths of such lovely babes were enough to kill her without any other cause; but, with the blessing of God, I trust another will soon come to fill up the void in her heart—and that God may spare her for many happy years to come.”

Days and weeks now fled away, bringing no change to our poor Beatrice. The season had become broken, unsettled, and occasionally tempestuous, so that she could no longer receive the benefits of the open air. Indeed the scene without presented no attractions, for the flowers were all gone; the trees were stripped of their foliage, their leaves withered and lying scattered upon the ground. At times there were glimpses of returning reason in the dear sufferer, which would raise the hopes of her parents, but these were so quickly followed by distressing paroxysms of her malady that again were they crushed and disappointed.

Mrs. Annesley was her constant unwearied attendant. Delicate, and used as she had ever been, to indulgence, yet self seemed forgotten, now that one inexpressibly dearer demanded her care. Oh! is there a tie so powerful, so unchangeable as the love of a mother for her child. Beautiful and holy bond! not even death can divide ye, for when the light of thine eyes is gone to the land of the blessed, there will thy heart, thy desires, follow also, never more to return to this “ low dim earth,” in search of pleasures where she is not.

One evening as Beatrice awoke from an uneasy slumber, she pressed her hand on her side with an exclamation of pain, while the colour rapidly went and came over her soft cheek. Mrs. Annesley, in alarm, asked if she were ill.

“ Mamma, I am dying. Call Claude to come and forgive me,” was the startling reply.

Almost distracted, Mrs. Annesley immediately summoned her medical attendant and the nurse to her side, and then went in quest of her father, who she found in his studio deeply engrossed with a large volume spread open before him.

“ Good God, Mr. Annesley! is this a time to be engaged in your vain studies when the hours of our beloved child may be numbered?” she exclaimed.

“ Maria, do not think me so cold, so cruel?” replied Mr. Annesley, rising hastily and turning on her a face expressive of great feeling. “ This blessed book,” laying his hand on the Bible, has been my study since our return from M——. Too long have we both neglected it, forgetting in the works of God the Mighty Creator of them all, and he has punished us for our sins; but if we turn to him with contrite hearts, he may yet have mercy upon us. Where is my darling Beatrice—let me go to her?”

Such an unusual display of emotion in the placid philosopher, forcibly struck Mrs. Annesley. With trembling steps she accompanied him to the door of her daughter’s apartment, where she was admitted, but where he was left to await in anxious suspense the issue of an event so replete with heartfelt interest. At length, when his feelings were wrought up to the highest pitch of uneasiness, Mrs. Golding came out to him, to announce that Lady Brereton had given birth to a little girl, and that the few words she had spoken had been calm and collected. Mr. Annesley clasped his hands, bowing over them, and ejaculating :

“ Oh God, thy goodness is indeed infinite, thy mercies never fail. May this act of grace be engraven on our hearts forever.”

He then retired to the privacy of his own room, with a heart lightened of its heaviest load, where he gave free vent to the feelings he had so long repressed.

For the remainder of this night Mrs. Annesley sat by the bedside of her child, watching every movement, the infant reposing in her arms; and as she contrasted the present scene with the one she had formerly witnessed at Norwood Abbey, her tears literally rained over the little unconscious thing. For where was now the husband and father who had then spoken words of affection and encouragement, so grateful in such a moment? Alas! gone, none knew whither; how would Beatrice sustain the shock, when returning reason forced the painful truth upon her? As the mother thought on all this, she raised the curtain of the bed. Beatrice had just awoke, and perceiving the infant on her mother’s knee, she smiled sweetly but made no comment; happily the full recollection of her heavy losses was in mercy held back, for the present, from her memory, else had it indeed destroyed her; but in time it came like a torrent bearing down the fragile drooping flower to the earth with its violence. Her tears, the first she

had shed, fell tumultuously; her sobs were fearful to behold, yet when the paroxysm passed, exhausted though she was, her spirit seemed revived, and on Mrs. Golding's holding up the babe to receive its first kiss, she murmured:

"Poor little thing, you come in a sorrowful hour; will you ever be to me what *they* have been?"

For days after this she continued in a most precarious state, her life suspended as it were by a single thread that in an instant might be snapped in twain. It was now when all other comforts had fled, when the world with its pomps, and vain pleasures could afford no ray of comfort, that the afflicted Mrs. Annesley sought for it where alone it is to be found, from God, through fervent prayer,—yet often when no answer seemed to come, and hope began to die within her was she constrained to feel the bitterness of her past neglect, and that God "must be sought for while he is to be found, and not in the great water floods where none shall come nigh him;" that if we wait till the hour of sickness or of sorrow ere we go unto him, how know we that we shall have power or strength to implore his mercy and forgiveness! "Seek me *early*, and ye shall find me," are his own words! obey them! oh ye young, in your hours of ease and happiness, and then you will have a tried friend to flee unto, when the tempest overtakes you, under the shadow of whose wings you shall surely be safe.

At this most distressing period Herbert, now a young ensign, returned home upon leave, as much grown and improved as a parent could desire. In person he was extremely like Beatrice, as well as in disposition, possessing all her warm affectionate feelings united to an ardent love for his profession. When he learned from his mother the dangerous state in which his beloved sister languished, and the trials and sorrows she had undergone, his indignation against Sir Claude Erereton, as the primary cause, knew no bounds, and he determined within himself that nothing less than a duel with his brother-in-law should efface the insult he had offered to her pure fame by his suspicions, or avenge the misery he had heaped upon her by his cruel desertion. Thus reasoned the boy of eighteen, who felt proud and elated, as he thought on the eclat this would certainly give him in the eyes of all his companions—of course he was not permitted to see his sister, nor was she informed of his arrival, as the strictest quiet had been enjoined, and was rigidly adhered to in her darkened chamber; but Mrs. Golding, as a great favour, brought out the infant to show him, who when he saw it, he exclaimed:

"What, that little ugly thing my sister's child. By Jove, if she dies I will strangle it."

"La! Master Herbert, how can you say such a thing," said Norris. "Sweet little lamb, she is the very image of her mamma, and indeed of yourself

for that matter; your blue eyes and mouth to a tittle."

"Like me indeed," rejoined Herbert contemptuously, "that is just like the remark of a foolish old woman who calls an officer, in his Majesty's service, Master Herbert," and the youngster stalked away highly offended.

"La! bless the boy," said Norris, looking after him. "I suppose we must not speak to him next! Well, well, often have I nursed him upon my knee, and a fine child he was, though a rare passionate one; nothing but bawl, bawl, bawl everlasting! ah! Mrs. Golding, children are careful comforts, I don't know but an old maid has the best of it after all, if she could only think so herself. She goes to bed master, gets up mistress, and nobody to say wrong she does; yet when the offer comes at last, she has'nt the heart to refuse, poor dear creature it ever so much when it is all too late."

Beatrice had scarcely spoken since the day she had wept so long and bitterly, but lay motionless, and apparently unconscious of all that was passing around her, when asked how she felt, her reply usually was "well," uttered in the faintest tone, yet often were her beautiful and intelligent eyes raised upward, and her lips seen moving as if she were engaged in secret communion with her God. One morning she turned to Mrs. Golding with the sudden enquiry:

"What month is this nurse?"

"November, my lady," replied Mrs. Golding, pleased at the question, it being the first she had made.

"November," repeated Beatrice, reflecting, "August, September, October; nearly four months since I left town, and have no tidings reached of *him*, mamma,—no letters?"

"None, my child," returned Mrs. Annesley, whose arm encircled her as she sat up in bed, "yet do not despond Beatrice, love; surely we must soon expect them."

"Ah, how difficult to hope against hope," murmured poor Beatrice, as her head drooped again on the bosom of her mother. At this moment a quick light footstep passed the door accompanied by a voice whistling a well known air, Beatrice started, and tremblingly enquired:

"Who is that?"

The truth could not be withheld.

"It is your brother, my precious child," replied Mrs. Annesley; "he returned home about a fortnight ago, but we dared not allow him to enter your room, anxious though he is to see you."

"Ah, my dear, dear Herbert, let him come in; is there still so much of happiness left me on earth?" But the agitation that Beatrice evinced, as she said this, warned her attendants not to permit the interview at present. Mrs. Golding gently laid her down again, intrating her to be calm, and promis-

ing that if she passed another good night she should see Mr. Annesley on the morrow. Beatrice was too weak to offer opposition; she deeply sighed and closing her eyes, soon afterwards fell asleep. With the permission of her doctor, her father and brother were admitted into her chamber on the following evening; the meeting was an affecting one, and although Herbert had been cautioned to repress his feelings as much as possible, the sight of his dear sister Beatrice, so wasted and changed, entirely overcame his fortitude, and he wept aloud. Beatrice appeared much distressed, clasping her arms round his neck and bidding him be comforted, that she would soon recover and become his companion as of old. Herbert could not answer her; he tried to smile, but the effort only produced another fit of passionate crying, and he was obliged to withdraw. Mr. Annesley then kissed his daughter, saying:

"Let me congratulate you, my dear Beatrice, on being the mother of a very extraordinary child. I studied the horoscope on the night of her birth, and the planets augured most favourably; hers will be a shining character, depend."

Beatrice faintly smiled.

"May she be endowed with that wisdom from on high, dearest papa, that will lead her in all humility to the feet of Jesus—if God spares her," she added in a sorrowful tone.

"God will spare her, my beloved child, rest assured, he will," replied the father, tenderly embracing her, and affected by her words; "and that he may realise your pious wish I most fervently pray."

Beatrice felt much cheered by this interview, short as it had been, and when in a little time she gained more strength, and the fears for her life began to give place to a hope that she would ultimately recover, the society of her lively brother proved a great solace to her, and truly engaging it was to see how entirely he gave up his own most favorite pursuits and wishes to devote himself to her, striving to beguile her thoughts by either reading aloud or recounting all the wonderful things he had seen and heard since he left home. Her infant was another source of consolation to her, in some measure filling up the dreary void in her bereaved heart. She was a dear little thing, fair as Parian marble, and promising to possess all her mother's rare beauty, and naturally playful vivacity. Mrs. Annesley perfectly idolised her, and in the pride of her heart exhibited her to all the friends who called to express their interest in the recovery of young Lady Brereton. She had earnestly wished that she should have borne the name of her mother but this Beatrice had resolutely opposed, saying, in agitation:

"No, no, there shall be nothing in her to remind her father of me, else he will never love her, her resemblance to me, I cannot help, let her be Chris-

tened Claudia, after my dear kind, Lady Brereton," and Claudia, she was consequently called.

Beatrice saw no one but her own family, being still too weak in body and depressed in spirits to make any effort, yet though so evidently a prey to inward grief, she never uttered a complaint, and once when Mrs. Annesley, lamenting to her the overthrow of all her happiness, ventured to cast blame upon Sir Claude, she exclaimed with vehemence:

"Oh hush, my beloved mamma, I implore you! I alone am to blame; had I used more forbearance, and have performed my duties as a wife more faithfully, my conscience would not torture me as it now does! Oh, no, I deserve all, and more than I have met at the hands of my Heavenly Father, who in my afflictions has still remembered mercy. Better to wish for me a resigned heart, then a release from my sufferings. I needed them mamma—you know not how sinfully cold I had become in all my religious duties, how forgetful of God. Vain pleasure filled my thoughts, haunted my dreams. I cannot think of that period without shuddering, but he has torn the bandage from my eyes, and I can see the dangerous ground on which I was standing, its enchantments have passed, he has stripped me of all my idols, and in the dust I am humbled for my sins! Oh, pray with me for grace and strength to endure the chastisement, and not to murmur, for it distresses me."

Mrs. Annesley caught the sweet creature to her heart. Such sentiments from one hitherto so wayward and spoiled, could not fail to impress her with wonder, and lead her to meditate on the unlimited power of Almighty God, whose holy spirit could thus bring light, where all was before darkness and confusion. Indeed the great change visible in the whole deportment of Beatrice, struck every one with amazement and admiration. Her sweet patience; her yielding gentleness to the wishes of others—her uncomplaining endurance were most touching, when contrasted with her former petulance and vexation under the slightest provocation. Norris shook her head and said: "That she was sure her dear young lady could not long be for this world."

A work of grace was without doubt going on in the heart of this favored child, who, in reviewing the past felt deeply penitent and abased, seeking in fervent prayer for pardon and uniting the name of her beloved husband in all her petitions, that God would bring him with herself to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and restore him back in safety to her longing sight in his own good time.

Herbert was the only one who could not reconcile Beatrice, as she now was—he longed to see her the wild and lively girl he remembered her, and he told herself so, adding:

"Never shall I be satisfied, dearest Beatrice,"

till I can rouse you to threaten you will 'box my ears.'"

The expression brought a rush of tender recollections to the memory of Beatrice, who, turning pale—then red—finally burst into tears, and fell sobbing on the neck of her brother. Annoyed with himself for his inadvertent remark, he strove to soothe her, promising never to speak of old times again.

"Forgive me, my dear Herbert," she replied, struggling for composure; "I know I am very foolish, but when I get stronger I hope I shall not mind such things; at present the least overpowers me."

The only exertion she had yet made, was to write short letters to Lady Brereton, and her sister Mary, from both of whom she constantly received communications the most beautiful and consolatory under her present trying circumstances; but the fatigue of even this proved too much for her, and confined her to her couch for the remainder of the day. The first evening she was able to leave her chamber, Herbert carried her down stairs to the drawing room, where he placed her in a large easy chair by the cheerful fire. With what grateful feelings her parents beheld her there, may well be imagined. The tea equipage, with its "hissing urn," stood upon the table, and as Herbert poured out the coffee, his happiness was displayed in many a playful sally and mirthful remark. Beatrice tried to meet his spirits with cheerfulness, but while the smile was upon her lip, tears dimmed her eyes and fell one after another down her pale cheeks in rapid succession. So many thoughts rose up, as she gazed around her, to fill her with sadness—in this very room had she pledged her vows to Colonel Brereton, at the altar raised by Mary, and received his in return. Alas, how had they been kept! She shuddered as she made the self inquiry, and thought on all the suspicions—the evil tempers—the jealousies that had ren. asunder their sacred bonds, and left her desolate. The last words her husband had spoken to her. "Go, base girl, and never afflict me with your presence again." They seemed written in characters of fire upon her heart, and, unknown to all, were withering and consuming her daily, more and more.

After tea, Herbert went over to the piano forte, and ran his fingers over the keys—boy as he was he could not understand the thrill of agony she experienced at the sound. And he asked her to try and sing.

"Do, dear Beatrice," he said, "you know not how often I have longed when far away to hear your sweet voice; will you oblige me?"

Mrs. Annesley turned to see how Beatrice received the request—her hand was shading her face, which was bowed over her bosom.

"Herbert, my dear boy, your sister is unequal to the effort to night—you must not press her."

Beatrice raised her head. Oh, how sad was the expression of her lovely countenance.

"I would willingly oblige you, my brother," were her words, "but can there come melody from a broken heart?"

Her grief could no longer be suppressed. She sank back in her chair yielding to its violence. Herbert flew to her side. At this moment a carriage was heard driving rapidly up to the front entrance, followed by a violent ringing at the door bell. Beatrice started wildly, clasping her hands together: all listened with intense eagerness. The door was rapidly opened, when voices resounded in the Hall.

"He is come—he is come at last, oh! God, I thank thee," cried Beatrice, her cheek growing deadly pale as she spoke.

A quick footstep ascended the stairs; in the next instant Sir Claude Brereton rushed into the room. At first, Beatrice was concealed from his view, but as the group who surrounded her, separated on his approach, what appeared to him her lifeless form presented itself. One deep groan of agony burst from his lips as he gazed terror stricken upon her, when Mr. Annesley waving him back said in a stern and commanding tone of voice:

"Behold your work, proud man! and begone for ever!"

To be concluded in our next.

THE FROZEN DOVE.

Away, from the path, silly dove,

Where the foot, that may carelessly tread,
Will crush thee!—what! wilt thou not move?
Alas! thou art stiffened and dead!

Allured by the brightness of day,
To sink 'mid the shadows of night,
Too far from the cote didst thou stray,
And sadly has ended thy flight!

For here, with the snow at thy breast,
With thy wings folded close to thy side,
And crouched in the semblance of rest,
Alone, of the cold thou hast died!

Poor bird! thou hast pictured the fate
Of many in life's changeful day,
Who, trusting, have found but too late
What smiles may be lit to betray.

How oft for illusions that shine
In a cold and a pitiless world,
Benighted and palsied like thine,
Has the wing of the spirit been furled!

And hearts the most tender and light,
In their warmth, to the earth have been thrown,
'Mid the chills of adversity's night,
To suffer and perish alone!

(ORIGINAL.)

SKETCHES OF VILLAGE LIFE.

Concluded from our last Number.

CHAPTER VI.

ABOUT a mile and a half from the ravine described in the last chapter, a road branches off to the south east, forming a very acute angle to that leading from the village in that direction, and whose course, for a mile or so, carries the traveller back towards the village he has just left, until it approaches, at the nearest point, within a half mile of it; it then bears off a little to the left, till it intersects the direct southern road to the States.

Into this cross road the vehicle which conveyed Emily and Calista turned, and dashed along its surface for about a half mile. Here they had to pass through a small piece of woods. They had reached near the centre of it, when a sharp, quick, determined voice, proceeding from the road side, ordered the driver to halt. At the same instant four men rushed from their concealment into the middle of the road; two of whom seized the horses' bits, suddenly arresting their progress, and the other two presenting each a carbine to the breast of the driver, commanded him to descend from his box, and deliver up those whom he was unlawfully carrying off.

The moment the first voice was heard inside the carriage, Emily and Calista exclaimed with joy:—"It is Albert! it is Albert!" whilst a corresponding phrenzy seized upon their two captors, for they also recognized among the voices that of Juet, and they knew that they were detected.

"Traitor!" was the first word uttered by one of them. "Delany, we are betrayed! We have got to fight! follow me!"

As he said these words, he drew a brace of pistols from his breast pocket, cocked them, opened the door, and they both jumped out on to the ground.

The two girls shuddered with horror, as they knew, by the voice of this man, that they were in the power of Marston! and when they heard the click of his pistol locks, as he cocked them, they shrieked, and fell back senseless.

"Who dare interrupt travellers on the king's highway?" demanded Marston, in a voice of thunder, as he alighted from the carriage. "Driver, proceed!" then turning to those who had hold of the horses' bits, he shouted, "Ruffians! let go these horses' bridles, or you are dead men!" at the same time presenting his pistols, one to each of the two men.

At this moment the clouds parted overhead, and the moon shone forth in all its brilliancy, revealing

to Marston's view the person of Mr. Dartmouth, who stood close beside him. He started back a pace or two at seeing him, and stood mute, though his eyes shot fire, and his countenance exhibited the most deadly hatred, whilst his arms fell motionless to his side.

"It is for me," said Dartmouth, in a stern voice, and with a look which pierced Marston to the heart, "it is for me to demand of you, sir, whom you have in that carriage? Speak, dastard! have you not my sister and Miss Bartel there? and did you not intend kidnapping them?"

"I desire you, sir, to go out of the road with your party, and let me pass peaceably; for I shall acknowledge no man's right to question me in the night, and on the king's highway. I do not wish to injure you, but depend upon it I shall never yield while I have life; so I advise you not to drive me to extremities."

"Be it so then," returned Dartmouth, firmly, as he drew a parchment from his pocket. "It now becomes my duty to let you know that I have authority for my proceedings; and, by virtue of this warrant, I command you and your comrades to yield yourselves king's prisoners."

A laugh of derision was all the answer returned by Marston to this authoritative demand, as he again raised his pistols to shoot down the men at the horses' heads: at the same time the driver brought his long lash around the ears of the two men, with a loud crack. The horses reared, and strove to break loose, but they were held too firmly.

"Bring down the driver!" shouted Dartmouth.

No sooner was this order given, than a ball from a carbine struck the arm which held the reins, and its owner fell to the ground, groaning in agony from the effects of the wound. On the same instant Marston fired off his pistols at the men at the horses' heads; but doing no further damage than grazing the side of one's head with one ball, and carrying off a piece of the other man's hat with the other.

Finding himself unsuccessful in this attempt, Marston, with desperate resolution, rushed upon Dartmouth and clenched him round the body: a violent struggle ensued, in striving which should throw the other to the ground. In the mean time Juet was engaged with Marston's companion, and the other two men were securing the horses and the wounded driver. For a time the battle raged with fury, but it was not of long duration. Juet, being

a powerful man, soon dispatched his antagonist. A momentary struggle enabled him to disarm Delany, and prostrate him in the dust; then, with one blow of his brawny fist, directed to a proper point in the man's face, caused him to lie quivering and helpless at his feet.

Then turning to the assistance of his friend, he seized Marston by the collar, and endeavoured to disengage him from his tight embrace with Dartmouth. But Marston, like a man grasping a substance in the act of drowning, held his hold with a death-like tenacity, and was using extraordinary efforts to throw his adversary to the ground.

"At length Juet, standing behind Marston, and laying hold of his coat collar with both his hands, gave him a powerful jerk backwards, which brought him heavily to the ground, and the same force took Dartmouth along with him, who, remaining uppermost, and so closely held by Marston as to be unable to move himself, caused the latter's fall to be much more severe than it otherwise would have been.

The unfortunate Marston gave a groan as he came to the ground, and exclaimed:

"Oh! God! I am a dead man!" and his hold now relaxing, and Dartmouth springing off, he rolled over on to his face and closed his eyes in a swoon. In a minute or two he again opened them, and with the aid of Dartmouth and Juet, who now thought of nothing but how they might assist the dying man, he raised himself on one side, and leaning on his left arm, he pointed to his side pocket, and with difficulty said: "These papers—will—inform—all. Pestley and ——" Here he again fell back, and instantly expired, breathing his last in Juet's arms: the internal injury he had received in the fall producing an inward hemorrhage which caused his death.

Albert now thought of the girls, and hastening to the carriage, he found them still insensible from their fright. He instantly ordered the horses' heads to be turned towards home, and putting aboard Marston's corpse, he and Juet got in, and drove home as fast as the horses could carry them, leaving the other two men to take charge of the remaining prisoners.

They went directly to Mr. Bantwick's house, whose family were thrown into the utmost consternation at their appearance. But there was no time to be lost in idle wonderment and useless lamentations. Emily and Calista were carried in, and means resorted to for their recovery, and the corpse was deposited in a proper place, and decently laid out. It was not long before the fainting girls awaked from their long swoon, to express their joy and thankfulness for their fortunate deliverance out of the hands of their captors; and the congratulations were warm and numerous on all hands that the affair had come to so favourable a termination.

Let us now explain how Albert and his party were enabled to arrest the flight of the runaways in the manner they did.

Juet, from the time of his interview with Chauncey Bantwick, as before related, had followed Marston's movements so closely that he had satisfied himself that force was intended to be put in requisition against Emily, but in what shape he could not learn; as Marston, growing rather suspicious of him, would not freely disclose the full extent of his plans. But, to be prepared for any emergency, he had engaged the services of a couple of good fellows to assist him at a moment's warning.

Fortunately a mere accident enabled Juet to discover what he had vainly endeavoured to draw from the wary Marston.

About a hundred rods from the road, to the east of the ravine before described, there stood an old decayed farm house, formerly the residence of some tiller of the soil, but now used only as a sheep-fold, and to contain a quantity of hay that was cut from the small field which surrounded it. Two roads led from the highway to this lonely ruin: one from a point beyond the northern extremity of the ravine, and then from a place near the village, which last run for some distance nearly parallel with the highway.

On the evening on which the attempt was made to carry off the girls, Juet happened to be passing up this latter road, and saw, as he approached the old house, a span of smart looking horses harnessed to a coach, standing at the end of the building. This struck him as something remarkable, as this was altogether an unfrequented place for establishments of that kind, or indeed for horses and carriages of any kind.

Curiosity led him carefully to draw near the building in a direction opposite to that part in which the horses stood, and listen and see whether he could discover any thing going on inside. He silently crept along under an old window, which was overgrown with tall weeds, and looking through a crack, discovered three men inside, enveloped in cloaks, and engaged in animated conversation, but in a low and depressed voice.

Although disguised as he was by his dress, Juet easily detected in one of them the person of Marston; the others were entire strangers.

He discovered by Marston's manner that he was giving directions to the others how to act in some business they were about undertaking; and feeling certain that their conference was intended to affect the destinies of Miss Dartmouth, he listened, breathlessly, to catch something that might give him a clue to their intentions.

His wishes in this respect were at length gratified, for Marston, as he closed his final instructions to his companions, losing himself in his earnestness to make them fully comprehend his meaning and in-

tentions, raised his voice from his former husky whisper to an audible tone, as he said :

"Now, remember my object is not to harm the girl, but to get her into my possession, either by fair or foul means. It must be done; but on no account do I desire either of you to lay a hand upon her, unless it be absolutely necessary. If we do not run foul of her in her usual night walk, nor can entice her into our snare, so that she can be easily obtained, why we have got to take the next best course; and it may be that in that case I may want your assistance, Delany, to bring her off; but I charge you, as you value my friendship, to use no disrespect towards her, as I consider her entirely my own, to enjoy uninterrupted when we reach our destination; and you, driver, recollect to take the cross road which leads to the States—you know where it turns off, two miles or so from the village?" The driver nodded assent. "Well then when you are got under way, rest not until you are free and clear beyond the lines; and now that we all understand each other, let's to business, as we have no time to lose." With these words the conference broke up, and they all went out.

Juet remained in his concealment until he heard them all start off; he then arose, and walking out in front of the building, he observed they took the road leading to the north. He watched the carriage until it was out of sight, then feeling that he had no time to lose, he hastened back to the village, and went directly to Mr. Bartel's house to apprise them of what was going on.

When he arrived there, Emily and Calista were already gone; and learning that they had taken the north road, he became alarmed for their safety, well knowing that Marston and his comrades would be sure to meet them, and unprotected as they were, make them captives with all ease. He therefore saw no chance left for their succour, but to raise his party, and proceed with all possible dispatch to the cross road, along which he judged they were to proceed in their flight to the States; the nearest point of which he calculated they might reach in season to cut off their retreat, should they actually have succeeded in accomplishing their object.

He therefore, after requesting Mr. Bartel to follow on in pursuit of the girls, rushed into the street, and while on his way to raise his force, he came across Dartmouth, who was returning home after a vain effort to trace the slander which bore so heavily on the character of his sister, and which threatened such direful consequences to them both, to its source.

Juet in a few words made known the state of affairs, and advised Albert to hasten to his father's and procure a warrant, while he, with his faithful adherents, would hasten to a particular spot on the cross road which he designated; and there await

his joining them, and be ready to receive the kidnappers when they should come up."

This was accordingly done: a few moments only were requisite for Juet to gather his men, who, with him, well mounted and equipped with arms ready for the conflict, ran their horses up the narrow path which led to their place of rendezvous, where they were joined a short time after by Albert with the necessary authority. They had been in waiting but a few minutes after Albert joined them, when the carriage of Marston made its appearance. The rest has been told.

An investigation was quickly made into the circumstances of this strange transaction. The two men were closely questioned; but the driver protested he knew nothing at all of Marston's business, only having been employed by him to drive him a short distance into the States: and the other man declared he was merely hired to accompany Marston on a special journey, without being made acquainted, at the time, with what was wanted of him; and protested that if he had known, he should not by any means have gone with him.

Mr. Bantwick, although he might have been sufficiently authorized by Juet's testimony and other strong concurrent circumstances, to commit the culprits; yet, considering them merely as Marston's tools, and that they had already received no small portion of punishment; and taking into account their contriteness and their willingness to make amends for the injury they had done, by any means in their power, consented to acquit them, on condition that they should stand ready to testify to any thing they might know in the case, whenever they should be called upon.

But it was from Marston's papers that they gained the greatest insight into the mysterious business. From these they learnt that Marston was a young gambler from the neighbouring state, and that a deep laid plan had been concocted by him and Pestley, to ruin the character of Emily Dartmouth; by, in the first place, circulating the false report that she had been privately married to Marston, in order to conceal her shame consequent on an unlawful intimacy with him; and then, by so managing as to make circumstances appear to confirm the report.

This object accomplished, was to have been Pestley's revenge; whilst Marston in consideration of his part of the transaction, in addition to receiving a certain sum of money, was to be aided in carrying off their mutual victim, and who being completely in his power, he vainly hoped might in time be won to transfer her affections from Bantwick to himself.

Although it was evident that Pestley, aided by his co-adjutor Cotts, was at the bottom, and the prime mover of the plot; yet, he had been so cautious in his communications with Marston, and so guarded in all his other acts, that he had avoided committing

himself, so far as to enable the law to take hold of him; and now that his fellow leaguer was dead, and could not appear against him, there appeared no possible chance of legal redress being successfully resorted to. The parties, therefore, who were sufferers by his crimes, after having used every exertion to bring justice to bear upon him, were compelled at last, to let him go unmolested.

On the second day after the fatal occurrence, Marston's remains were decently interred on a gentle rise of ground, just without the village burying ground; (the inhabitants of the village refusing to allow him a sepulchre within the sacred enclosure,) where a stone and slight mound of earth, mark, to this day, the place of his humble grave.

Neither Pestley, who had claimed him as his particular friend, nor any of his connexions, attended his funeral: and now that their diabolical schemes for seeking the destruction of an innocent female, had so signally failed, they all expressed the utmost horror for his conduct, and the strongest friendship for the Dartmouths; and were eager to do them all the good in their power. Such is the ease with which plotting characters, can change their faces to suit themselves to circumstances.

Chauncey's malady, under the kind care and management of suitable nurses, soon took a favorable turn. Emily Dartmouth constantly watched at his bed side, scarcely allowing herself time to take proper rest and nourishment. Her gentle, soothing voice, and assiduous cares, gradually brought back his wandering reason to its wonted throne; and on the fifth day from the event last related, he opened his eyes in his right mind.

For a moment he stared wildly around, then appeared as if trying to recall the events of the past. It was evidently, no small perplexity to him, to find himself in a strange room, surrounded by his parents and relatives, and above all, by Emily and Calista. He attempted to turn himself in his bed, but found that he was so weak he could not. At length, he again shut his wandering eyes, and a deep groan escaped his lips, as the painful reality began to break upon his bewildered mind.

His father approached his bed side, and enquired of him how he found himself.

"I don't know," replied Chauncey, "but tell me, what has been the matter with me, I am so weak, and things appear so strange?"

"You have been sick, my son, but thank God, you are better now, and I hope you will soon recover: but you need rest, and must not attempt to converse much for the present. Keep quiet, and in a few days you will gain strength," and the father, grateful for these favorable symptoms in his son's case, pressed his hand and retired.

Emily was overjoyed to see her lover so much better, but, in order to avoid exciting his mind, in his present low state, by recalling the events which her presence would naturally do; and which without explanation, must be painful to him, she left the room, and did not return for several days.

Calista now came to his bed, and asked him if he wanted anything. "Tell me," said Chauncey eagerly, "why Emily Dartmouth is here—and you, likewise—and why I am not in my own chamber; and what has happened?"

"You will know all," returned Calista, "when you get sufficiently recovered from your illness to bear it. It will not do now."

Chauncey drew a long sigh and resigned himself to his fate. He rapidly gained strength from day to day, and was enabled to contemplate his situation with calmness and resignation, but not a word was

mentioned, by either himself or any of the family, in relation to what had transpired during his derangement.

He was sitting one day in his arm chair, sipping a bowl of coffee and wondering why Emily did not visit him, when the door opened and she entered the room. The glowing flush, which so easily over-spreads the pale face of the convalescent invalid at the least excitement, now mantled to the forehead of Chauncey Bantwick at sight of one, who could not fail to call up in his mind a thousand conflicting remembrances. He was, by this time, able fully to comprehend the peculiarity of their relative situations in regard to each other. The circumstances of the report, of the last party at Pestley's, of the ride and of the recriminating letter—all were fresh in his memory. At the same time, his love for the fair girl before him, who had taken particular pains to dress herself for the occasion with the greatest care and neatness; and who, entering with a roguish smile on her countenance, seemed to him more lovely than ever; had increased, in room of being diminished, by his late severe illness. All these influences operating upon his mind at once, rendered him unable, at first, to determine how he ought to act.

He at length extended his hand towards her, and enquired, in an embarrassed voice, why she had stayed away from him so long.

"I did not know that you would wish to see me;" replied she, as she touched his proffered hand, and took a seat beside him.

"Why not Emily?"

"Why, I received so short a letter from you, a few days ago."

Bantwick turned pale, as this circumstance brought to his mind the horrid suspicions which prompted the production of the latter. "Tell me!" cried he with a violence of manner that startled Emily, "tell me if the report is true concerning you and Marston?"

"What report, pray?" returned Emily in a tantalising manner.

"Why, that you were once secretly married to him, and have lately received his addresses?"

Emily smiled.

"Speak, I conjure you! and relieve my mind from the insupportable anxiety that oppresses it."

"Well then, Mr. Bantwick, since you so much desire it, I will speak—it is not true."

"Why then did you conceive it necessary to spend your whole time with him at Pestley's party? and what papers were those he exhibited to you that night? and why were you coquetting with him in a morning ride on the following day?" demanded Chauncey, incredulously.

Miss Dartmouth's face reddened a moment at these insinuations against her rectitude of conduct; but, knowing that the circumstances of the case gave her lover much cause for jealousy, she calmly explained to him the reason of her apparent intimacy with Marston, and then inquired if he were satisfied.

"I most fervently wish it might be so!" replied Chauncey, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

"You can have the most positive proof of what I tell you," replied Emily, rising and handing to him Marston's papers, which she had concealed in her handkerchief on entering the room.

Bantwick eagerly cast his eyes over their contents, and his countenance lit up with pleasure, as he discovered in them a full confirmation of Emily's statements, though he could not but shudder to think what a diabolical snare she had escaped.

"And how did you get possession of these papers, dear Emily?" inquired Chauncey, when he had finished reading them.

"We found them on the dead body of Marston," coolly returned Emily.

"On the dead body of Marston!" repeated the astonished Bantwick; "why, is he dead then?"

"He is, and buried; and may his ashes rest in peace."

"How you astonish me, Emily! and how did it happen?"

Miss Dartmouth then related the circumstances attending this affair, and further explained in regard to the present state of affairs.

"My adored Emily!" exclaimed Chauncey, clasping her to his throbbing breast, when she had ended her relation, "how happy I am to find at last that you are innocent! I feel now, more than ever, that you are an invaluable treasure; and I am determined that many more days shall not elapse before I can call you my own." Emily returned the embrace, and perhaps the lovers were never more happy than at this moment.

One month from that very day saw them man and wife. On the same day, also, Albert and Callista entered the same happy state; and the house of Mr. Bantwick was thrown open to all that chose to partake freely of the festivities of the joyful occasion.

On the morning after the wedding, and whilst the happy pairs were making arrangements for a short journey of pleasure, Mr. Pestley called upon Mr. Bantwick and paid up his and Cotts' notes, and then desired a private interview with Chauncey, who, withdrew with him into a private room. Pestley presented him a paper, under his signature, purporting to be his voluntary retirement from the partnership in trade of the firm of "Pestley, Bantwick & Co." and therein acknowledging payment, in full, for all his right, title, and interest in the said concern up to the date of his retirement.

The cold perspiration stood on Chauncey's face, as he, scarcely believing his senses, read and re-read this extraordinary paper. At length he demanded:

"Mr. Pestley, what does all this mean?"

"It means certainly just what it should—just what it reads," returned Pestley coolly.

"When and where was this paper signed?"

"At the time and place the agreement specifies."

"Do you have the effrontery to say, sir, that this is a true document?" demanded Chauncey, casting upon his partner a withering glance.

"I certainly consider a contract or agreement in writing, under one's hand and seal, *true and valid*," replied Pestley, with a malignant smile.

"You are an impudent scoundrel, Pestley!" exclaimed Bantwick, no longer able to contain his indignant feelings.

"I thank you for the compliment, Mr. Bantwick," replied Pestley, maintaining his composure, and with an insulting, ironical expression; but I merely presented you that paper now, to put you in mind of your engagement to remove your private property from the store, as we intend making alterations and some new arrangements; but as you are out of humour this morning, I will thank you to return me the writing, and I will trouble you no farther at present."

"Take your illegal instrument, miscreant! and be out of my sight, or by — I'll strike you to the floor," said Bantwick, dashing the paper at Pestley's feet, and raising his cane over him, whilst his whole frame shook with suppressed anger.

Pestley slowly picked up the writing, and, making a formal insulting bow, with a fiendish smile, said:

"You have made things no better, sir, by this treatment. Before this I had some pity for you, but your conduct has forfeited it. Now I warn you not to enter my store at all, and what property you have there send for it immediately if you wish to get it. As to the rest, time will determine."

With these words he retired, leaving the enraged Bantwick, exclaiming:

"Your store!—you order me not to enter *your* store!—and command me to take away my *private* property from *your* store!—as if things were really as you would wish to have them!"

In this manner did he give expression to his contempt of Pestley and his acquisitions, long after he was beyond the reach of his voice.

"Now we have him," exclaimed Pestley with a demoniac laugh, to Cotts, when he returned to their store, "Bantwick has got my girl and we have got his money; therefore, I have my revenge in part. Let him live on love, and I will enjoy his money, and live in anticipation of meeting my *full* revenge, in some future day."

"Did you pay up the *old* devil," enquired Cotts.

"Yes, here are the notes—and now we are free—no man can demand of us a sou, whilst we have a store full of goods, plenty of money, and a fair run of custom." And Pestley snapped his fingers in triumph.

"And how did Chance take the matter of the paper?"

"Oh, he flew into a passion of course; but it'll avail him nothing—he cannot help himself."

"Well then," said Cotts, with an exulting smile, "now let us publish—alter our sign—get new books—and put up all the bars!"

"Yes! yes!" rejoined his colleague, "no time to be lost."

All this was soon done; and done so effectually, that Bantwick, although he left no stone unturned in endeavouring to recover a remedy by law and otherwise, for his wrong, was eventually obliged not only to suffer the loss of his share of the property in the store; but to bear the expense of a protracted and vexatious lawsuit.

The effects of these heavy losses and expenses was, the involving of Chauncey Bantwick in deeply embarrassing circumstances; and while he endured, for a time the ills of his unfortunate situation—which nothig but the affectionate solicitude and encouragement of his angel wife enabled him to do, he was compelled to witness the advancement of his destroyers to wealth and honour, which, by a proper management of their ill-gotten property, they soon were enabled to attain.

Thus fortune often crowns with success the persevering labours of the crafty, the intriguing, and the contemnners of law and justice, in their endeavours to acquire, lawfully and unlawfully, the riches of this world, its honours, and its advantages; whilst through their injustice and criminality, the good, the upright, and just, are made to suffer the loss of property, gotten by honest efforts; the destraction of character, pure and innocent, and all the serious evils consequent thereupon.

It is, however, in this world only. In the facts here stated we have an incontrovertible evidence of the inscrutable wisdom of Him who "giveth law unto the nations." There is a world, where they that "humble themselves shall be exalted," and they that sin shall meet with their merited reward.

VALE.

PAR S. SCHAD, PROFESSEUR DE PIANO AU CONSERVATOIRE DE GENEVE.

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

VIVACE.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are marked with a 3/4 time signature. The music begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The first measure of the treble staff contains a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The bass staff contains a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and a quarter note B3. The word *pia* is written below the first measure of the bass staff.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music continues from the first system. The treble staff has a half note C5, followed by a quarter note B4, and a quarter note A4. The bass staff has a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and a quarter note B3.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music continues from the second system. The treble staff has a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The bass staff has a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and a quarter note B3. The word *for* is written below the first measure of the bass staff.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music continues from the third system. The treble staff has a half note C5, followed by a quarter note B4, and a quarter note A4. The bass staff has a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and a quarter note B3. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The image shows a piano accompaniment score for the song "Swiftly from the Mountain's Brow". It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system includes the word "for" in the bass staff. The second and third systems feature a fermata over the first measure of the treble staff. The fourth system includes the word "dim" in the bass staff. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

SWIFTLY FROM THE MOUNTAIN'S BROW.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.—BY CUNNINGHAM.

(Treble, Alto, Tenor and Bass.)

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
 Shadows nurs'd by night, retire!
 And the peeping sunbeams now
 Paint with gold the village spire.

Sweet, O sweet! the warbling throng
 On the white emblossom'd spray;
 Nature's universal song
 Echoes to the rising day.

OUR TABLE.

WILD FLOWERS OF NOVA SCOTIA.—BY MISS MARIA MORRIS.

THE study which this work is so eminently calculated to assist is one of the most delightful among the pursuits of the cultivated and intelligent mind. It is one which more than any other speaks an innate taste for the beautiful in nature, and fosters the kindly sympathies which give something of enjoyment to the every day intercourse of the world.

The work has been long promised. About a year ago we announced the intention of its author; and many inquiries have been made as to the time when it would appear. Two numbers have now been published, from an examination of which we have derived much pleasure. The numbers each contain three specimens of the floral treasures of the sister Province, several of which may occasionally be found in Canada, the portraiture of which are perfect in shape and colouring, and are accompanied by letter press explanations, descriptive of the nature and qualities of the flowers.

The execution of the work would as a whole reflect no discredit upon any country, but here, where the arts are in their infancy, it will of course be even more highly esteemed. The specimen numbers may, we believe, be seen at the bookstores of Messrs. Armour & Ramsay, where those who feel inclined to patronize the honourable effort of the author may also leave their names.

SUMMER MORNING.—BY THOMAS MILLER.

WE have again to notice, with such humble commendation as our pen can yield, a poem from the pen of the Basket Maker—the author of “Royston Gower,” and many other excellent works, as well in poetry as prose. Of the various poetical attempts which he has made, this one is on all hands deemed the best—the faults from which his style was not altogether free being now greatly corrected or subdued.

The poem is strictly rural—it is a description of such objects as may be seen around any English village on any “Summer Morning,” and contains nothing whatever particularly striking. Every thing, however, which presents itself to the eye of the admirer of nature, in the garb of summer, and that, too, at early dawn, is described as only one with a keen perception of the beautiful could have done it, the reflections of the author being expressed with a calm and quiet simplicity which will be the more valued from the contrast they present with the florid language in which too many of our authors now imagine the secret spring of poetic success lies.

The poem is extremely short—a fault of which complaints are very seldom made, but every line contains something to admire—something which might be safely quoted, were it not that our pages in this number are fully occupied. We may, however, at some future day, afford ourselves the pleasure of extracting from it, confident that any portion will bear us out in the praise which we have given.

THE LADY'S COMPANION.

WE have frequently expressed our admiration of this elegant magazine, the May number of which has been for some time received, and is, as usual, rich in original contributions. The extensive popularity enjoyed by this monthly, is the surest test of its excellence, evidencing, as it does, the universal favour in which it is held by the reading public of America.

WE are in this number, by the very great kindness of the author, enabled to give the continuation of the story of Beatrice, intended for our last, but lost, with some other valuable matters, by an unhappy accident, on its way to this city from Kingston, where its author now resides. The task of re-writing the tale was however, unhesitatingly undertaken, and, by an extraordinary effort, completed, so that with very little delay, we have been enabled to lay it before the public. The disappointment which on the publication of our last, was so very generally felt, will, we doubt not, be amply compensated, on receipt of our present number.