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EVA HUNTINGDON.*

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER XXII.

PURSUANT to her determination, Eva took advantage of the indisposition which confined Lady Huntingdon to her own room the following day, and having waited to see her wrapped in deep slumber, the natural result of a sleepless night, set out on her mission to Honey-suckle Cottage. How interminably long did that drive appear to her—how she yearned, yet dreaded to arrive at its close! At length she reached the sudden turn of the road that brought her in full view of the Cottage, and her eager, straining glance was instantly fixed upon it. Oh! what a change was there! Her worst, her darkest fears seemed realized. For a moment she pressed her hands upon her eyes, hoping she had not seen aright—but a second look, alas! confirmed her. The very spirit of ruin and misery seemed brooding over the spot. The pretty green jealousies were broken and weather-stained—the little palisade in front of the house, trampled into the dust, whilst tall, unsightly weeds, choked up the honeysuckles that, here and there, struggled to show their pale, weakly blossoms.

With a heart sick almost unto death, Eva approached the door and after a moment's pause to recover from the overwhelming feeling of weakness that stole over her, knocked with a trembling hand for admittance. The summons was answered by an awkward, miserable looking girl of fourteen, who stared at Eva with a degree of

wondering amazement, betokening that visitors of her class were very rare.

"Does—does Mr. Huntingdon live here?" faltered the latter.

"No, father does," was the reply.

"Thank God!" was Eva's heartfelt ejaculation; "Oh! I might have known they could not have fallen as low as this! Can you tell me, my good girl, where the gentleman has gone to, that occupied this house before you came to it! his name was Huntingdon."

The girl knew of no such person. The house was empty when they had come to live in it.

Again disheartened, Eva silently turned away. Though relieved from her first fearful supposition that this wretched habitation was her brother's home; she was far from recovered yet from the terrible shock she had received, nor could she entirely overcome the superstitious feeling that whispered, there was something ominous in this utter ruin that had fallen on his early home, on the roof that had first witnessed his young affection and happiness. Not knowing where to direct her steps, or whom to apply to, haunted by voiceless fears and conjectures to which it was almost madness to listen, she proceeded on her way. In passing a cottage whose climbing plants and well tended garden reminded her mournfully of Honey-suckle Cottage in by-gone days, she resolved to stop and enquire if they could give her the information she sought. As she alighted, the door opened and a young, blooming looking woman, stepped out on the verandah.

*Continued from page 441.

To Eva's enquiries, she rejoined "that Lord Huntingdon lived in the Hall about a mile and a half distant."

"Not him," was the quick interruption, "his son, the Honorable Mr. Huntingdon."

The woman had never heard of such a person; but then, as she apologetically added, "she was a comparative stranger in the place, having only lately arrived from the distant parish in which she had been brought up."

"Oh! surely, this universal ignorance, this utter oblivion is not without its meaning!" thought Eva, as wearied, sick at heart, she turned again towards the Hall, convinced that farther search was almost useless and that if her brother and his young wife were still living, they must at least have left the country long previous.

"And yet," she murmured, as an elegant mansion, whose clustered turrets shewed to singular advantage through the groups of noble trees surrounding it, came in view; "And, yet will I make one more effort. I have asked of the poor—now, will I turn to the rich. Alas, alas! I fear 'tis all unavailing."

Hurricly she passed up the stately avenue, noting not the marble statues gleaming through the trees, nor the sparkling fountains that threw up their showers of diamonds at her feet. Hers was a purpose that absorbed every thought and feeling of her soul and yet she repented of her hardihood as she approached the mansion, for a young and elegant looking man was standing in the portico with his back to the entrance. How could she expose her pale, agitated face to his curious, perhaps, mocking scrutiny—how enquire for a person that might have been dead or at least absent from the country for years? Yielding to her natural, shrinking diffidence, now increased tenfold by her nervous depression of spirits, she hastily turned, hoping to reach the end of the avenue ere he moved from his position. She was disappointed however, for almost immediately the sound of quick, light foot-steps, resounded on the gravel walk behind her and the young stranger was at her side.

Confused and annoyed, she hurried on, he still keeping pace with her and endeavoring all the while to obtain a glimpse of her face which was studiously averted from him. Suddenly the exclamation of:

"Good Heavens! 'tis, indeed her! Eva! my darling Eva!" caused her to wildly spring round. The next moment she was clasped in her brother's arms. With a faint cry of joy her head fell forward upon his bosom, and for a time she was insensible to the tender words and caresses he

lavished upon her. When restored to consciousness, she was still supported by Augustus who was kneeling on the ground beside the fountain, and looking down upon her with an expression of intense anxiety such as had never softened his handsome countenance before.

"Eva, darling! are you better?" he whispered, in tones strangely unlike the clear, careless accents of old.

"Yes, oh! quite well," was the girl's happy, smiling reply, and she quickly rose to her feet, but her brother's arm still encircled her waist and still his dark, varying eyes rested on her face with the same sweet, softened light. Alas! he was tracing with aching heart, the alteration time had wrought in his gentle sister; but trembling lest she should divine his thoughts, should learn, at least from him, the changed thing she had become, he cheerfully exclaimed in reply to her anxious enquiries concerning his wife:

She is quite well, my own Eva, but totally unconscious of the happy, thrice happy surprise in store for her. Oh! I can scarcely realize it myself! and again he passionately strained his companion to his heart. Fearing, however, he was adding too much to her agitation which already was sufficiently great, he led her on to talk of calmer and more indifferent subjects. Arrived at the portico, instead of entering, he turned to an apartment whose windows opened on the lawn.

"I wish you to see Carry before we enter, Eva," he smilingly exclaimed, "Look in."

His sister did so. The apartment was elegantly furnished. Books, pictures, engravings and all the accessories of the morning room of a refined and intellectual woman were scattered profusely around, but Eva's whole attention was rivetted by a lady who was reading on a couch at the other end of the chamber. In that elegantly attired, graceful looking creature, yet combining all the fresh delicacy of girlhood with the gentle dignity of the woman, she could scarcely recognize the silly, giddy looking Mrs. Huntingdon of olden days. Her countenance radiant with delighted surprise, she turned to her companion whispering;

"Is that indeed Carry?"

"Yes, Carry, such as you made her," was the affectionate reply, "but we must not keep her any longer from your embraces. Step into this other room, Eva dear, and I will tell her that a lady wishes to see her. The surprise will be a joyful one."

Eva obeyed, and the next moment her sister-in-law, with a dignified, graceful step, entered. She started as her eyes encountered those of the

and for a moment she looked eagerly, in her face—the next, with a spring whose promptitude not even Carry Hamilton had rivaled, she was in Eva's arms.

"Eva! my friend, my sister! my friend! my friend! my friend!" she murmured with a passionate burst of joy; "Oh, it is enough to drive me wild with

And, I am afraid it will really do so, my wife," exclaimed her husband, as he gently round her arms from Eva's neck, round which she alternately laughing and sobbing; "we must not impress our good sister with the idea that we are both as senseless and unreasonable as when she parted from us. Let us sit down on the sofa and talk quietly over our

companions smilingly assented, Mrs. Huntingdon's arm, however, still around her sister-in-law's eyes still fixed on her face, as if she were all some bright illusion which a moment might dissipate. Scarcely knowing the

of her own words, Eva endeavored to answer their numerous enquiries, and as she spoke her travels in distant lands, her alternate wishes for home and wild wishes of dying away from them all, her young sister listened in breathless silence, and when the tale was ended, she bowed her head on the bosom and silently wept. Alas! she had read in the faded bloom of the sweet

Her husband understood all, her mourning gaze, her gushing tears, and affectionately stroking back her hair, he exclaimed; "My dear Eva, you must excuse poor Carry; surprise has been too much for her. Appro-

prised, we have some very interesting store for you. Eh! Carry!" Even through her tears, the color mounted to the fair cheek of his young wife, and he smilingly continued: "But, come Eva, we must not lose moment, for I suppose your time will be as precious at Elmswater, as it used to be at Honey-

Cottage, long ago."

Gaily jesting, he preceded them through a long passage, and then pausing before a door, exclaimed: "You have seen me, Eva, in three different relations of life. Now, you will see me in that most interesting and respectable of all, the father of a family."

As he spoke, he threw open the door, and two beautiful children, radiant with health and happiness, bounded towards him. Returning the joyous caresses, he turned towards Eva, who was

met with delighted surprise, and with a laugh

that savored strongly of his reckless boyhood, exclaimed:

"Well, Eva, was it not time for Carry and I to learn to behave ourselves, and cease quarrelling for trifles, when those little responsibilities came among us? In fact, we were fairly shamed into propriety, for you know it did not do for the father of a family to spend his whole day playing with his dogs; nor for the mother to pout from morning till night, because her partner was not always at her side, whispering love speeches into her ear; but, come youngsters, do not make me ashamed of your training."

Loosening the arms of the little creatures which were playfully twined round his neck, or buried in the rich masses of his dark hair, he placed them down before Eva, where, awed by the presence of the strange lady, they stood regarding her with that attractive blending of shyness and wonder, so peculiar to childhood.

"Well, sister, what think you of your new nephew and niece?"

Eva replied, only by kissing the little creatures a hundred times, lavishing every possible endearment and term of praise upon them.

"This little darling is, indeed worthy of all your flattery," said the father, fondly stroking the fair silken curls of the youngest child, who nestled closer to him. "She bids fair to realize her mother's unceasing prayer, and resemble in all things, her sweet name-sake, Aunt Eva."

"Have you, indeed, called her after me?" rejoined Eva, with a gratified smile, and drawing the child closer to her, as she spoke: "A thousand thanks, my dear friends, for so kind a proof of your remembrance, at a time, too, when I fancied myself entirely forgotten. And this noble boy is Augustus, is he not?"

"If not in name, I fear in character," was the father's smiling rejoinder.

"My name is Edgar," lisped the little fellow, proudly, "Edgar Arlingford Huntingdon."

Eva suddenly bowed her head over the child, to conceal the crimson glow that flushed her cheek, and her brother, fortunately not perceiving it, continued:

"He is called after another dear friend of ours, the family benefactor, as I used to call him in my wild days. Nobly, indeed, Eva, did Mr. Arlingford finish the good work you had commenced, that of rescuing Carry and myself from ruin. A few months after you had all left England, when I was nearly wild with anxieties—persecuted on all sides for liabilities contracted before my marriage—threatened with executions, bailiffs, and prisons, Mr. Arlingford arrived at our Cottage.

He came ostensibly on a friendly visit, in reality, to remedy all the difficulties that rumor had by that time loudly blazoned abroad. After a few hours frank, kind communing with myself, in which I was as sincere with him, as I would have been with you or Carry, he ascertained the exact amount of my numerous debts, and not only advanced me money to discharge them all, but even to refund the different sums old Snaith had lent me at such ruinous rates of interest, and which were steadily and surely eating up every acre belonging in reality, or in prospect, to Augustus Huntingdon. What called forth my gratitude more strongly than all the rest, was the generous kindness with which he commended my conduct from the period of my marriage, declaring it's perfect irreproachableness gave me a claim upon him, which it was a pleasure and happiness to acknowledge. Carry and I, however, were not so graceless as to take credit where we deserved none, and then, and there, was recorded to him the long tale of all your own generosity, your kindness and your patience. With true feminine minuteness, Carry descended into particulars, and as Arlingford stopped a month at the Cottage, there was not a single domestic quarrel you had made up, not a single good counsel imparted to herself, or kindness lavished on me, but was fully detailed, and to do him justice, he listened as eagerly and interestedly as we narrated. About the time of his visit, four months after your departure, this little hero was born, and of course, was called after him. Carry wished to append Augustus to his name, but I feared similarity of titles might induce similarity of conduct, and I had no fancy for his turning out, in his youthful days, what poor Lord Huntingdon so often, with justice styled myself, a graceless young dog."

"How long is it since you saw Mr. Arlingford?" asked Eva, her head still bowed over the little Edgar.

"Nearly four months. He spends the greatest part of his time at Arlingford Castle, in complete seclusion. He was abroad when our little Eva was born, and having learned through some of the home journals, the accession to our family, brought the little lady on his return, the most regal gift that ever baby received, a complete set of diamonds of great beauty and worth, and really one would have thought the little coquette understood the value of the gift, for baby as she then was, she manifested from the very first, the most marked predilection for him. Doubly, trebly, did he return her partiality, and his namesake, Master Edgar, often loftily declared that only he loved his little sister so well, he would shoot her through

jealousy. Last winter, Arlingford accompanied Carry and myself to London, for you must know, Eva, the Heir of all the Huntingdon's has regained his former position in society, notwithstanding the desperate efforts of Lady Mary Lawton, seconded by a few others, to keep him out, and his wife has as many Countesses and Marchionesses on her visiting list, as she could desire. It was the first time Arlingford had made his appearance in society from the period of your departure, for his relative, Lord Arlingford, having died in Ireland, leaving him his princely estate there, he secluded himself entirely under plea of mourning, till he went abroad. His re-appearance then, in fashionable life, excited a great sensation, and when it was publicly known that he was staying with us, that we were his particular friends, aristocratic Dowagers, who had before refused to recognize 'that Mr. Huntingdon, who had married the young person without a name'—exclusive Duchesses, whose gawky, stupid daughters, seldom danced or associated with aught below a baronet, became suddenly and singularly attentive to us. We were asked every where, and as Carry always appeared in public with Mr. Arlingford at her side, in my presence, or leaning on his arm when I was absent, sunnier smiles were lavished on her, than if her infant cradle had been surmounted by a Coronet. I often think he accompanied us to town, solely for the purpose of re-instating us in society, and nobly, indeed, did he accomplish his generous purposes. From the very first, he made it clearly understood, that where his friends the Huntingdons' were excluded, he did not go, and as his invitations were countless, we soon became the most popular couple in London. To impart to you the secret of all this, dear Eva, you must know that Arlingford is considered one of the first alliances of the day. Even before the death of his estated relative, whose heir he became, his wealth was very great; Arlingford Castle, and its princely domain—Greville Park—the estate of Hillingdon—all separate fortunes in themselves, whilst as to his family, though untitled himself, the Arlingfords' have ever ranked and mated among the highest in the three kingdoms. Strawberry leaves and Coronets have been as plentiful among them, as griffin's heads and claws on our own respectable crest."

"But Augustus, you have forgotten Mr. Arlingford's noblest, highest, qualifications," interrupted Mrs. Huntingdon, "His own mental superiority, his irreproachable, faultless character."

"All very well, Carry. They may be indeed, in your estimation, the most important item in his long list of perfections, but believe me, the young

of London, as a general rule, think differently. Much as they might admire his mind or elegant figure, Arlingford Castle would come for a double share of admiration, whilst his polished, high-bred manners would not ensure as much respect as his close connection with Fitz Herbert's, Greville's and Ponsonby's. Do not think the proud widow of the Earl of Delaware, or the young and elegant heiress of the Howards, would have smiled on him openly, were his only attractions. Ask Eva, and see what she will tell you. Five years' residence abroad, must have considerably enlightened her. "Perhaps, not as much as five years' residence at home," rejoined his sister in a low tone; "but, partiality, did he—did Mr. Arlingford seem to return partiality of his fair admirers?"

"Not very markedly, but rumour says, that remainance of the connections of the Countess of Claworth, and the wealth and youthful charms of the plain, unattractive daughter of some baronet, who has half a dozen dowerless girls dispose of."

"Did you hear the name?" was the rapid interrogation.

"Yes, Stanton, a former *belle* of that witless and of my father's, George Leland. Why, Eva, makes you color so! Ah! I remember the old story. His visit to the Hall, and gossip and conjectures of the neighborhood. I think there was nothing in them beyond Stanton me, it had all escaped my memory, but to Arlingford's attentions to Miss Stanton, general generosity on his part, and a feeling of friendship for Sir Wilmot Stanton, who had been intimate friend of the deceased Mrs. Arlingford, Edgar, feeling for the neglect and disregard which poverty had brought on an amiable and respectable family, did his best to bring her again into notice. He introduced the Stanton to us, and Helen, the eldest, who is really amiable, and rather sensible sort of girl, became a great favorite with Carry. She was on a visit with us last Spring."

"And, was Mr. Arlingford here also?" asked Carry, shading her glowing face mid the glossy curls of her little namesake.

"Yes, part of the time. He and Helen undertook to teach Master Edgar to read, but their proved most refractory, ungallantly declaring though Mr. Arlingford might teach him, he would not learn from Miss Stanton, because she had not that pretty smile and sweet voice like his own dear Mamma."

Eva involuntarily pressed the child closer to her, whilst the father smilingly exclaimed:

"Well, young gentleman, would you condescend to learn from Aunt Eva."

For a moment the boy's beautiful bright eyes earnestly scanned Eva's features, and then throwing his arms around her neck, he murmured:

"Yes, yes, I would, even though she is not rosy, and smiling like my own Mamma."

The young mother instantly, though gently, drew the child away, kindly exclaiming:

"Come, dear Eva, to the drawing room; those little ones will fatigue you."

Eva, afraid to trust her voice in dissent, had no alternative but to follow, and she was some minutes seated on the couch in the former apartment, ere composure was entirely restored. The conversation freely, happily flowed on, yet, though her companions spoke most unreservedly of their own affairs, present and past, their hopes and plans, their lights and shadows of life, Eva returned not their confidence. How could she tell them with that sad, pale face, and spiritless voice, that she was about to become a bride! Would they not at once infer the truth, and anxious for her happiness, weary her with impertinence to retract what she felt was now indeed irrevocable. Silently then, she listened to their smiling allusions to the probable cause of her return, their conjectures as to whether she had met any fortunate fellow-traveller abroad, whose society might compensate in itself for home and country, and when she rose to leave, both felt assured that Eva had returned to them as free in heart and fancy, as when they had last parted. Taking advantage of her sister-in-law's momentary absence, with a brief request to her brother to await her under the portico, she hastened to the nursery. Rapidly, though affectionately, kissing her little namesake, whose bright lips were instantly raised to her own, she turned to the boy Edgar, and strained him passionately to his heart. Much the child wondered at the deep fervor of that long embrace, surpassing even in warmth, those of his own mother, and still more at the bright tears that fell on his ivory brow, and dark curls. Gently twining his tiny arm around her neck, he whispered:

"Wait! I will send for my Mr. Arlingford, and he will give you a handsome carriage and pony like he gave Edgar, and he will not let poor Aunt Eva cry any more."

The boy's only answer was another passionate embrace, and then, like a spirit, Eva had glided from the room. The little fellow, after a moment's quiet thought, turned to his baby sister, and

confidentially exclaimed, as he wiped off almost reverentially, a tear that yet glittered on his tiny hand.

"Poor, poor, Lady Eva! I wish to goodness, Mr. Arlingford were here!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

THAT night, while revolving in silence and solitude the events of the day, more than one remorseful pang troubled the happiness Eva derived from the recollection of the perfect wedded bliss enjoyed by her brother and his partner.

"Yes, yes, she murmured, her pale cheek gaining for the moment a crimson glow; it was wrong, very wrong! I, the promised, affianced wife of another, I should not have asked so eagerly about him, nor listened with so wildly beating a heart to the praises of which he was the object. Even the passionate caresses I lavished on that child because he bore his name, because he had been an object of his love and care, were an injustice to poor George, an injustice too which must be atoned for. Arlingford must be no more my topic, Carry must no more repeat in my presence the praises which may work such fearful havoc in my earthly peace; and that child, that beautiful child, whose dark eyes seem to have caught the depth of earnest feeling, the softened light that beam in his, even he I must avoid. If I am to wed poor George, the heart I bring him though devoid alas! of even one spark of love for himself, must at least be free from all cause of remorse or self reproach. Three days hence he will be here, returning from the home he sought so joyfully to prepare for the arrival of his cheerless bride. And how cold will be the greeting, how poor the welcome he will, at best, receive. Oh! would to heaven we were still in Italy—France, anywhere save in England. Its haunting reminiscences, its calling up of days gone by, its renewal of former ties have been too much for this weak heart."

As Eva had predicted, Sir George soon arrived at Huntingdon Hall, and from that period, her time was so entirely engrossed by different cares that she found it almost impossible to steal a visit to her friends. Not indeed that her time was in any way monopolized by the bride-groom elect, for the latter soon wearied of pouring his plans and observations into so apathetic an ear, and turned to Lady Huntingdon who displayed more interest in his account of the triumphal arches, joybells and illuminations that were to welcome Lady Leland to her new home. She

even listened with complacency when he touched upon the beauty of the equipages, the perfectly ordered retinue and the splendour of the establishment that were to be at the bride's command. But, if Eva thus escaped the infliction of details that seemed to her a mere mockery, there were other duties almost equally irksome that could not be avoided, and the time sped, notwithstanding her weariness of heart, with singular rapidity. But one short week now remained and it seemed to her that there was yet more undone than could be accomplished in as many months. She was sitting alone in her private sitting room one morning having just returned from a stolen visit to Elmswater. The agitation of her features and the traces of tears that yet lurked in her heavy languid eyes betokened the interview had afforded her more pain than pleasure, and so indeed had it been. For the first time, she had found courage to communicate to them the tidings of her long engagement and approaching marriage with a man, whom they seemed intuitively to know, she neither loved nor revered and the intelligence was to them as a clap of thunder. Recovered from their first overwhelming surprise, every argument that affection could invent, every remonstrance that tender anxiety could bring forward, were employed to dissuade her from so ill suited a union. But Mrs. Huntingdon's prayers and tears, her husband's passionate and almost angry adjurations were alike vain, and Eva parted from them sadly but firmly assuring them;

"That when next they met, she would be George Leland's wife."

Firm as she had appeared during that trying interview, it had nevertheless affected her terribly, entirely dispelling the fictitious tranquility she had with such difficulty acquired, and giving form and voice to the many dark fears and doubts that had before lurked unanalyzed and unheard in the depths of her own heart. Yet, if she were to be the bride of Sir George, their remonstrances and persuasions had been, at the best, ill-judged and unwise, and as she sat there, revolving all that had passed during the visit, the many new fears infused into her breast and the confirmation added to the old, she could not help bitterly regretting that she had ever sought it.

"Yes," she murmured with a long drawn sigh, "They both predicted what my own heart has so often darkly fore-shadowed, they both told me Lady Leland would be even more wretched than Eva Huntingdon has been. But I must have done with these useless haunting thoughts and turn to a duty from which my irresolute heart has shrunk too long."

She lit the taper on the stand beside her and drew from her desk a small package of letters written in Mr. Arlingford's well known hand.

"My only solace, she whispered, "my only comfort for many a long year. Oh! how hard to part with them, but it must be done and then will my sacrifice be complete."

Without permitting herself to glance at the cherished contents, a mournful satisfaction for which her heart so fondly yearned, without pressing them a last time to her lips, she held them over the flame of the taper and with inexpressible bitterness of soul, beheld the beloved characters gradually moulder away. The ashes were yet warm when a knock sounded at the door and a well known voice exclaimed:

"May I come in?"

A strange expression of mingled impatience and despair flitted across the girl's face and she replied, almost peevishly rejoined;

"Indeed you cannot, Sir George, I am too busy present."

"I am very sorry for it, Eva, for I have fifty things to say to you. I sought a few words with you yesterday, but you refused me under plea of your position and to-day you are too busy. Tell me, at least, when you can or rather when you will see me."

The young man's voice betrayed both pain and mortification, and Eva ashamed of her late petulance, which to one unacquainted with the cause must appear so unkind and capricious, unfastened the door and admitted him.

"Thank you, Eva. Hope you are not angry at my disturbing you."

His glance falling by accident on some French drawers which Eva's maid had left some hours before on the couch for her mistress' selection, and which the latter had never even glanced at, he laughingly added;

"I thought, Eva, your voice was unusually sharp to-day, but I do not wonder at it now. Few mirrors can stand the test of being interrupted at their mirrors."

The remark spoke so eloquently of the speaker's better want of discernment, his poor appreciation of the character he had had such opportunities of studying and that for years, in the noblest lights, Eva's only reply was a faint smile either of compassion or contempt. Surprised at her silence he glanced enquiringly at her and perceived for the first time the traces of agitation her countenance still revealed.

"Now, Eva! you have been crying?" he quickly exclaimed, "Have you been ill, or has your domineering ladyship been lecturing you

again? By George! she won't carry it so high once we get into Leland Park. You'll be mistress there, any how, and so I mean to tell her, if you will allow me, the very first opportunity. I thought she would have annihilated me on the spot the other day because I happened to address her during the course of a very animated conversation as "old lady". She drew herself up like a Cedar, bidding me remember, whatever might be the degree of respect I thought fit to accord my mother-in-law, I was not to forget what was due to Lady Huntingdon. To pacify her, I was not only obliged to make the humblest apologies for my wonderful offence, but also to settle an extra hundred on yourself. But do tell me, Eva, what on earth makes you so dull and unhappy looking."

"Not unhappy, but serious, Sir George," rejoined Eva with a faint attempt at a smile, "The step I am about to take is an important one and demands, at least, serious reflection."

"Yes, so poor Lord Huntingdon must have found out when too late, but I beg your pardon, Eva, 'tis wrong for me to talk of your mother so. To change the topic, I will tell you at once the purpose for which I intruded on your solitude. There! What, think you of these?"

And he placed before Eva a casket containing a set of emeralds of the most exquisite beauty. Eva's girlish taste for jewels had long since passed away and with a smile which despite her utmost efforts was sad and spiritless, she rejoined:

"Thank you, Sir George, they are really very beautiful and you are exceedingly kind."

"Well, that itself is something from you, Eva, but I certainly wish you could appear a little more cheerful when our future is in any way alluded to, and not look all the while as if we were cutting out and measuring crapes for your funeral. But, perhaps it is the fashion for young ladies in your position to look sad and anxious? If so, I have only to say that I think it a very hard task for the future mistress of Leland Park and I wonder how you contrive to act your part so perfectly."

"A true woman and a Huntingdon can always do her duty, however painful it may be," exclaimed her ladyship, who entered in time to hear the baronet's last words. The latter sprang to his feet annoyed and confused, and the new comer, seating herself in the chair he had thus unconsciously vacated, calmly exclaimed.

"Excuse me, Sir George, but I wish to have a few words with Miss Huntingdon, now. You can see her again after dinner."

Sir George without a word bowed himself out,

and Lady Huntingdon, after a sharp, quick glance towards her daughter, exclaimed ;

"I see, you have been weeping, Eva. Now, though feminine sensibility and timidity are both well enough in their place, there is no necessity for your indulging them till you render yourself a perfect fright, but I come to talk on another topic—to remind you that the period has arrived when I may speak openly of your approaching union, and issue for that purpose, whatever invitations I may think proper. Faithfully have I heretofore observed the singular and childish promise you exacted from me, of keeping that important event as secret as possible, and the only one instance in which I have departed from it has been in the case of so old and valued a friend that I feel convinced you will be the first to approve of my transgression. Your father having occasion, shortly after our arrival in England, to write to Mr. Arlingford on business, I bade him invite the latter down here, giving him at the same time a hint of the object of our return. Arlingford has accepted the invitation, but Eva, child, what are you doing. You have overturned the inkstand among your papers."

The girl murmured some indistinct reply and as she hastened to repair the evil, grateful for the cover this afforded her confusion, Lady Huntingdon continued ;

"Well, as I told you, he wrote to him and he accepted the invitation immediately in a letter worded in the warmest and friendliest terms, desiring his sincerest regards to yourself, but without alluding in any manner to Sir George or your engagement. His message I did not deliver at the time as I feared you would feel annoyed on learning that your request had been disregarded, even in this one instance. Now, however, there is no farther cause, in fact no farther opportunity for concealment for he is awaiting you down stairs."

"Mr. Arlingford down stairs!" rapidly ejaculated Eva, her pale cheek becoming scarlet, "Mamma! I will not see him."

"And, why not? Really, Eva, for a girl of your apparent sense and judgment, you are the most capricious, the most incomprehensible being I ever knew. Not content with daily, constantly denying admittance to your affianced husband, you must now refuse to see an old and valued friend whom you have not met with for years and who has conferred the most signal benefits on your family. Have you forgotten his kindness to yourself—have you forgotten the interest he displayed in your early studies—the generosity

with which he ever interposed between us when you had incurred my anger."

"I remember it all," was the low-toned reply, "but still, mamma, do not I implore you, importune me now. I cannot see him."

"Eva, you must," rejoined her companion coldly but decisively. When you are Lady Ieland, you may act as you please, but whilst you are still Miss Huntingdon, still an inmate of my roof, you must pay some regard to my commands and wishes. Surely, you do not wish openly to insult and humiliate one to whom we all owe so much, or, can it be?" and she looked earnestly, suspiciously into her daughter's face, "can it be that you have some hidden or secret motive for this refusal, with which I am unacquainted."

Eva felt her color come and go with strange rapidity, she felt that another moment's hesitation would place the cherished secret of years at her mother's mercy, and painful as was the alternative, she resolved to see Mr. Arlingford. In a low, rapid tone, she rejoined ;

"Since you insist on it, mamma, I will obey. In a few moments I will join you in the drawing-room."

"Very well, I will go down immediately," and Lady Huntingdon, well satisfied with her success, turned to the door. She paused, however, with her hand on the lock and after a moment's thought, added ;

"I do not know Eva, but it would be as well for you to receive him here. With so old and intimate a friend you need not stand on such rigid ceremony and your maid will be perpetually wanting your directions about your *trousseau*. Yes, I will send him up.

As the door closed upon her, Eva clasped her hands, and passionately, almost wildly exclaimed.

"Oh! may heaven give me strength and courage to pass unscathed through the fearful ordeal before me!

To be Concluded in Our Next.

It is not true, says Rev. Sidney Smith, that the world hates piety. That modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with all human charities, and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power when it is veiled under the garb of piety ; they hate cant and hypocrisy ; they hate advertisers and quacks in piety ; they choose to be insulted ; they love to tear folly and impudence from altars which should only be a sanctuary for the wretched and the good.

MY AUNT PHOEBE'S COTTAGE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HALLS OF THE NORTH," AND OTHER BORDER LEGENDS.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FAERY WOMEN.

"Dear sister sit beside my bed,
And let me see your gentle smile,
And let me lay my aching head
Upon your kindly arm awhile;
I shall not long be with you now,
My time is drawing to an end."

CHARLES DICKENS.

Poor Fanny Millway was so weak and her life was evidently ebbing so fast away that it had become necessary to have some one always with her, night and day, to watch by the sick bed, and with the exception of a neighbour dropping in occasionally of an evening now and then, and volunteering her services which were always gratefully accepted, this arduous duty devolved entirely upon her elder sister Bella, and her mother. I therefore had the less difficulty in obtaining the privilege, as I have ever since esteemed it, of being the watcher for that night at least.

A total stranger as I was, I felt somewhat delicate in making such a proposal to Fanny herself, and of course this was necessarily the first step. Deeply interested as I felt, from all I had seen and heard, that evening, in the patient sufferer before me, and anxiously desirous, as I consequently was, of becoming better acquainted with her, yet, I could not think of obtruding myself upon her notice in a way that might not be agreeable to her.

But when I spoke to her about it, all my fears vanished in a moment.

"O yes, by all means," and her face brightened up with a faint but joyous smile as she spoke, "and then you know,"—she continued in so familiar a tone that I felt quite at home with her, as much so as if I had known her all her life;—"and then you know, I shall have more time to tell you about Bella, for I do feel rather exhausted now." "Besides," she added after a short pause,

"I am only a poor ignorant child and I've prayed and prayed the blessed God to send some one to instruct me, and I dreamt last night that an angel came down from heaven and stood by my bedside, and told me that my prayer was heard, therefore the moment they told me of your arrival, and especially how that you were forced to come, I was so delighted, because I knew that you'd been sent to me."

"Why my dear," I replied, a good deal struck with the extraordinary coincidence, "I came here by the merest accident."

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, "it was His Providence that sent you, I know it was."

Her confidence seemed to be inspiring me with the same belief, for I began to think so too.

With some difficulty I got her persuaded to be still and not to talk any more; for the time at least.

In a few minutes she was fast asleep, so at least I thought from her long and heavy breathing, and I stole out of the room, as noiselessly as possible, in order to tell her mother what had passed between us, and to get instructions as to what she was to take during the night.

The mother was much more astonished at her daughter's dream than I had been, and firmly believed in its supernatural character, and that I was undoubtedly sent to fulfil the prophetic vision. The mother too had had some dream herself, I forget now what it was about, but it could not be interpreted until my arrival at the cottage.

People in all countries, of the class to which this worthy family belonged, are very superstitious and they are more especially so in mountainous districts like the one I am speaking of. And there's not a hill nor dale—not a rock nor river, nor yet a flowery mead in all those 'fells' without its ghost or goblin, sprite or wraith, or gentle faery, all as firmly believed in, by these simple people, as the Gospel. And every house that they inhabit, whether lordly hall or humble cot, from which the grim tyrant death is about to snatch a victim, is blessed or cursed with a visit

*Continued from page 472.

from some one or more of these denizens of that dark and mysterious world beyond the grave.

When first I entered the cottage, I was looked upon with affectionate regard, and actually designated, as the 'kind and gentle stranger.' But my position or rather my indentivity was changing rapidly.

There was something inexplicable about me and my coming there at this particular crisis, and mystery always begets fear. The lightning and the thunderbolt are terrible instruments of Almighty power, as the doomed and devastated spot on which they strike can testify—but more fearful still is the unseen and mysterious hand that guides them on their desolating path.

On returning to the sick room I observed the little urchin, my quondam guide, sitting on a stool close by the door; on recognizing him I said, as I laid my hand upon his head, "is it not time for you to be in bed my little man?" He seemed to shrink from my touch with horror, or else he was half asleep, and I thought at the time he was so.

"Go kiss your sister Fanny good night," I continued "and then to bed, and mind and say your prayers."

"I have said them," was the curt reply.

"And what were they?" I asked, more for the sake of saying something to a child apparently so ready and willing to talk to me, than from any wish to get a literal answer to my question.

"The prayers my mammy learned me," was the ready answer.

"And what are they?" I enquired with increasing interest.

"Our Father, was one," he said, "and the next was,

Now I lie me down to sleep,

I pray the Lord my soul to keep;

If I should die before I wake

I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"And the next?"

"God bless mammy and daddy, brothers and sisters, and make poor Fanny better, and——."

"And what?" I now eagerly asked, as the boy seemed confused, and hesitated, but there was no answer.

At length, by dint of threats and promises, both only referring to the giving or withholding of a few ha'pence, I succeeded in persuading him to give me the concluding sentence.

"And dunnet let t'fairy woman tak her away."

I knew of course who the "fairy woman" was, and laughed at the boy's conceit, and looked round under the expectation of seeing every body

else laugh too; but no, I saw only the expression of fear not unmixt with solemn awe strongly depicted, in unmistakable characters, upon every face.

The mother too just then whispered something to her husband, and although I only caught a word or two, I thought she said "the Lord's will be done,"

The mystery was now solved and the sudden change that had come over their conduct and demeanor towards me clearly accounted for. I was evidently, in their opinion a supernatural being, sent from heaven as I afterwards learnt, to conduct the spirit of the dying girl to Him who gave it.

The whole family sat up that night much later than usual, and when at last they did go to bed it seemed to be with great reluctance, and the affectionate good night was sobbed out by each into a sad and mournful farewell. Poor Bella was the last and Fanny addressed her in words, exactly similar in substance to the lines at the head of this chapter.

"Dear sister sit beside my bed,
And let me see your gentle smile,
And let me lay my aching head
Upon your kindly arm awhile;
I shall not long be with you now,"
My time is drawing to an end.

"But before I go, you *must* promise me, and I am sure you will not refuse your dying sister's last request" she said, "that you will never marry William Armstrong. This kind lady agrees with me, she had told me all about it, that it would be an unsuitable and dangerous match, and in direct opposition to the word of the blessed God, for does not his inspired servant say, 'be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers,' and you well know that he is one, and worse than that—a bad—bad man."

Bella's energy of character was awakened, and overcame her bashfulness. It was indeed a crisis, and she met it with that firmness, which integrity and singleness of heart and purpose invariably inspires.

"No! dear Fanny" she said, "and I've told you the same thing a hundred times, that I will never marry William Armstrong unless he be turned by the merciful grace of God from his evil and sinful course of life and become a new man and a real Christian, and now, to satisfy you more fully, since you seem to doubt my word, I here, in the presence of this 'kind and gentle stranger' sent down from heaven amongst us, (the fairy woman again thought I,) repeat and register, this my vow and promise made, with my hand

his blessed book," and as she said this, she laid her hand upon a bible on the bed beside which she was sitting. It was open, and at the same time, from which her sister had just been reading. The circumstance, of course, was accidental, but it struck us both, after I had cast my eye upon the page and noticed it, as a strange and happy coincidence. So much so indeed, that I called her, insisted upon it as another proof of the intervention of divine providence and undoubting faith as almost made her convert to her creed.

"I do not know, and cannot tell," she said, "but the doubts she saw I entertained were removed by the particular interventions of providence, and the long and weary period, during which I have been suffering—or rather, I ought to have been suffering—praised be his name," she continued, "I clasped her attenuated hands together and looked up her bright blue eyes to heaven, 'that the merciful dispensation of his saving grace might be extended to my heart,—during which I have been favoured by the correcting hand. For I can now say I went astray but now have I learnt thy sweet singer of Israel; 'before I was besides,' she added in deprecation of a which I, by no means entertained, "We read in this blessed book," and she clasped the Bible beside her, in her hand and held it to me, that 'these light afflictions,' such as she parenthetically interposed, "are but for a moment—and that they work out for us a far exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EBBING OF THE TIDE.

"Hark! they whisper, angels say
Thy sister spirit come away."

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

Although it is not the fate of the dead, but of the living, that these unpretending pages are reading, yet I must detain the gentle reader, a moment longer, by the death-bed of that blessed soul until she shall have taken her final leave of me, more than half the night, of joys of heaven and the bright and glorious presence before her.

"O how I long to be with my blessed Saviour," she would exclaim, "where sin, and sorrow, and sickness, and death, can never come."

And anon she would complain of her fretful impatience, and express her fears that it was sinful. "I must wait His time," she would say, "He knows best what is good for us. I know and feel he does, but this wayward, wilful spirit of mine clogged as it is with the burden of the flesh, is apt to rebel against His divine authority and almighty power.

"But pray for me, dear lady," she would add on such occasions, "that it may not be so imputed to me, and tell me what to do, for you were sent here, you know, on purpose to instruct me."

"Oh, no! I exclaimed," interrupting her, "If I were sent at all, it was not to instruct, but to be instructed."

I thought I knew before, how Christians ought to live, but I had yet to learn, how calmly and peacefully and triumphantly they could die. With Fanny Millway, the battle had been fought with the king of terrors, and the victory won, she could look him in the face without shrinking, and in the strength of her Redeemer, could say to him, in a tone of defiance: "O death where is thy sting."

Her whole conversation, throughout that long night, turned incessantly upon the hope that possessed her soul, the hope that casteth out fear, and which, with her, was blooming full of immortality.

The reader must not suppose that I have given anything like a full account of all she said. I could not, indeed, have remembered a title of it at the time I made these memoranda, and they refer, I am sorry to say, more to the substance, than the form—that is to say, to the ideas she conveyed to me, and many of them were truly original, while the exquisite simplicity of her language was forgotten. On looking over my notes, I perceive that some remark of this kind is necessary to account for the language, I have put into the mouth of a simple uneducated country girl like Fanny Millway. The fact is, the sentiments only are her's, the language is my own.

But to return once more, and but once, to the bedside of my now no longer talkative friend, she was fairly tired out. She had not, indeed, talked so much, as I learnt afterwards, at one time at least, no, not for several months. No wonder then she was exhausted.

On my urging her to go to sleep she said:

"Come bless me, and kiss me good night, and I will try and do so.

'And if I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.'

"And he *will* take it," I said, as I complied with her wishes.

She clasped her arms around me, and said in a whisper :

"O, yes ! I know He will. I know in whom I have believed, he has promised to save me, and I know he will keep his word."

"Certainly, my dear," I replied, "He is faithful, who hath promised."

A long and silent pause ensued, during which she slowly and almost unconsciously released me from her embrace, and then clasped her hands together, as if engaged in deep thought, while her soul seemed resting in full and entire confidence in the strength of her Saviour. At length, her bright eyes filled with tears of joy, and she began to extol the praises of redeeming love.

On again pressing her to be still and go to sleep, and to induce her to do so, I told her that we would have a long talk about all those things to-morrow.

"To-morrow !" she said, repeating my last word like a faint echo ; "To-morrow may be *eternity*!"

I was much struck with her remark at the moment it was made, but had cause, as the sequel will show, to think a great deal more of it afterwards. I made no reply to it, and she herself remained so long, so still and silent, that I thought and hoped she had gone to sleep.

By this time, the night was far spent, and daylight was approaching, it had already, indeed, arrived. So far, at least, as to have awakened the matin song of the linnæ and the thrush, and one or two of the earliest risers among the Laverock's* that had soared aloft on musical wings, to have a peep at the sun over the Fells, while yet the low undulating shore on which the cottage stood, and the level sands, and the dark sea beyond them could hardly be distinguished from each other.

An hour or so had passed away, in unbroken silence, during which, my poor Fanny slept like an infant, while the noise of the rippling tide, like the voice of many waters, came up from the inlet on the balmy breath of the new born day, and fell upon the ear as soft and soothingly as a mother's lullaby.

All of a sudden, I believe I was dozing myself at the time, she called out, in a loud clear voice, as if speaking to some one at a distance :

"O ! yes, I'm ready," and then added, as if addressing me, or some one in the room beside her ; "There's my little sister Alice,"—she had died some years before—"with a troop of angels just come up for me with the tide, and it's now turning,

* The provincial term in this locality for larks.

and we all go back with it together, so God bless you, till we meet again."

"God bless you my child," I replied, without further heeding what I then believed to be nothing more than the ebullition of a wandering dream, and again all was as still as before, and so continued for nearly the same space of time, when the anxious mother and sister noiselessly entered the room to see how the sufferer was, and to know how she had spent the night. Her sister stole softly to the bedside and kissed her cheek, and then fell with a heart-rending shriek upon the form before her.

The truth flashed upon me at once, her gentle spirit had departed with the ebbing tide* and had gone to him who gave it : and I, instead of watching over the living as I supposed, had been unwittingly sitting there, for more than an hour, alone with the dead.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WEDDING.

And now as fitting is, and right,
We in the church our faith will plight,
A husband and a wife.
Even so they did ; and I may say
That to sweet Ruth that happy day
Was more than human life.

WORDSWORTH.

FIVE long years elapsed ere I again returned to the scene of my story ;

I had several relatives living at Millam not far from the Millways' Cottage, and had been invited over from the other side of the Fells, where I generally resided, to be present, and to assist at the nuptials of one of my nieces. Yet they were not my nieces either ; they were only—there were three of them—my first cousins, my mother's sister's children, but then I was so much older than any of them, that they always called me Aunt. This niece of mine, I must persist in the misnomer, to call her anything else indeed would seem unnatural—this niece of mine then was to be married to the master or captain, as they called him, of the new Brig, Elizabeth, of which he was also the principal owner ; his name was Maurice Power. He was in the North American trade, and had just returned from a success-

* Among the fishermen on the coast of Cumberland a superstitious belief prevails that a spirit never takes its departure from its mortal tenement until the turn of the tide, hence the expression not very uncommon, "Life is ebbing fast away." A similar superstition according to Charles Dickens prevails on the coast of Norfolk and may be common to the same class all round the island.

ful voyage to Quebec, and was busy engaged in preparing for another in which his bride was to accompany him.

The marriage took place the day after my arrival, and immediately after the ceremony, the happy couple, as the newspapers say on such occasions, set off for Liverpool to see his other wife as he called his brig.

From the account I had given to my nieces of the Millways, on my former visit, they had been very kind to them. Bella, in whom they felt a more particular interest, was taken into the house as dairy maid, their father had a large farm, and they, or rather the oldest of them, kept house for him, the mother had been dead some years.

Judith, Bella's only remaining sister, was placed by their instrumentality in a similar capacity in another farm house hard by, and David, my quondam unfortunate guide, had been taken as a cabin boy by Captain Power the very week after poor Fanny's funeral. He was on a visit at the time to his mother, who lived in that neighbourhood, and my nieces, who had known him intimately from his childhood, they had indeed been all but brought up together, had no difficulty in persuading him to do all he could for this poor family.

"But what *can* I do?" he said; "silver and gold have I none, nay I'm so deeply in debt that it will take me three or four years of hard labour," he continued, "before I can call my old wife my own, and have a home to sleep in."

This reminds me of a very striking and expressive remark made to me by Handy McPhelan my next door neighbor. He had purchased a small farm of fifty five acres with a hut upon it sufficient to afford shelter to his family, and a rough log building as an apology for a barn, for which he was to pay ten pounds down, and ten pounds a year for four years with interest. The first three payments he managed to meet, but the two last he could not pay. And he saw no other prospect before him, but to lose what he had paid and his farm besides, with all the additional improvements he had made upon it during five years of hard and incessant labour. He was quite down-hearted about this mortgage and did not know what to do. He had a wife and four children to maintain, and this took all his earnings; he was a bricklayer and plasterer by trade; and, although he got good wages, he could hardly make ends meet, much less lay by any thing to satisfy this crushing claim against him.

When just at the culminating point of despair,

he found, to his astonishment, that there were two letters in the village Post Office addressed to him. The one had a charge upon it of four-pence half-penny, and the other, one and two-pence.

The four-pence half-penny one he opened first. It was from a lawyer in Montreal, employed by the man from whom he had bought his farm to sue him for the twenty five pounds currency, the amount of the two payments then over due with interest.

He came over to me with the two letters in his hand. The open one he handed me to read, and hopelessly asked me what he should do.

"Read the other" I replied, for want of something more consoling to say, "before you give up."

I saw it was a letter from home, and the thought struck me that it *might* contain some good news for him. He broke the seal at once as a drowning man would catch at a straw, and found that his grandmother was dead and had left him twenty-five pounds, the exact sum he wanted to redeem or save his farm. The letter contained directions for him to draw upon—I forget the name of the banker in York, for the amount.

"But how in the world," he exclaimed, "shall I get this money in time to save me and mine from ruin and starvation?"

"Oh, I'll give it to you at once," I replied, and immediately wrote out a cheque on the Bank for the amount.

"Well, well," he said, who would have thought it, and then emphatically added, "I shall sleep at home to-night."

"Do with him!" exclaimed the youngest of my nieces who afterwards became his bride. "Why take him as your cabin boy, to be sure, and make a man of him."

Captain Power happened to be in want of one at the time, and he therefore the more readily acceded to her request.

The boy's parents were as much delighted at the idea of thus getting their son so easily provided for, as he himself was at the prospect before him.

During the week's preparation he could think of nothing else but the high office to which he was to be elevated. His play-things were neglected. His 'mills' fell into decay, and with a short and long step he already assumed the swagger of a jolly tar.

Five long years had made a man of him, and he had come down with his master, on a visit to his family, and had a fortnight's leave of absence.

CHAPTER X.

THE TEMPESTUOUS NIGHT.

O turn thy rudder hitherward awhile,
Here may thy storm beat vessel safely ride.

SPENSER.

We hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm.

SHAKESPEARE.

A few days after the occurrence of the event mentioned in the last chapter—it might have been a week or more—we took a walk, I and my two remaining nieces, to Box-wood Cottage,—the main object of our visit was to enquire after Bella's lover, William Armstrong, concerning whom we had heard some strange and discreditable reports.

Bella, herself, could have told us all about him, but we did not like to ask her, the more especially as she never voluntarily adverted to the subject, but on the contrary would manifest the strongest symptoms of distress on the very mention of his name.

From her parents we learnt, that soon after my last visit, when they mistook me for a faery woman or a witch, old Armstrong, William's father, had died insolvent, and that his cattle and other farming stock had been sold by auction to pay his debts. But what had become of his son no one could tell.

A vague and uncertain rumour was afloat that he had frequently been seen on the coast, but it was always after night-fall and generally during the most stormy weather. This, coupled with what we had heard before, confirmed our suspicions that he had become a smuggler.

We also wished to see old David Millway and his wife. On entering the cottage we found them both at home, David had just returned from his work. He did not recognize me at first, but she did in an instant, and with tears in her eyes adverted to the mournful event connected with my former visit.

"I was afraid," I said, addressing myself to David who knew me now, "that my presence would be likely to awaken some painful recollections."

"Oh no!" he replied, but with a certain quivering in his lip and voice which led me to doubt the sincerity of his words, "Oh no! we cannot bring her back to us, and," he continued after a short and mournful pause "we would not if we could, not *now* at least—we would at one time when the heavy blow first fell on us and bowed

us down and almost crushed the poor weeping mother into the grave before we'd closed it over the last remains of our sainted child. Then the wound was fearful, and if you'd come back to us within the year, your presence would have made it bleed afresh, but now, even you my Alice, "addressing himself interrogatively to his wife," have given *her* up. Her name he could not and did not mention.

"Oh yes!" the sobbing mother said "we shall go to her but she will not return to us."

From the sterner nature of the *man*—the father, or from the less strong hold his daughter had upon his heart,—or else perhaps from the superior degree of grace and strength with which he was endowed, he was enabled to say with sincerity and true Christian resignation, "the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be His name!" But the mother's heart rose up into her throat, and she *could* not say Amen to it.

She tried hard to do so, and did say something like it, but as it did not come from the heart it was all a mockery.

Upon my remonstrating with her on the duty of submitting with Christian resignation to the will of him who doeth all things well, and who knoweth what is best for us, and exhorting her to rely with undoubting confidence on the truth of his gracious declaration as announced to us by his inspired servant, that these and such like "light afflictions are but for a moment, and work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." And on my repeating to her a number of promises applicable to her peculiar case, such for instance, as, "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth," still the mother's feelings overcame her Christian duty, all that I'd said she knew as well as I did; her good Minister, during the last five years, had repeated it to her a hundred times, and she more than half believed herself resigned to the will of God concerning her, but my untimely and unseasonable visit, as I cannot but call it, tumbled down at once the fabric that had been erected upon a false foundation and scattered to the winds of heaven the quasi consolation it was erroneously intended to afford.

On seeing me, the dreadful scene of her fearful bereavement was brought as vividly before her as if it had occurred but yesterday, and the fountains of the great deep in a mother's heart were again broken up, and the only reply she could make, to my well meant but ineffectual efforts to console her, was confined to the simple but pathetic exclamation, broken by sobs and tears, "my child! my child!"—

On returning home, I determined once more to cross the sands, and my former little guide, not little now, begged that we would allow him to accompany us, especially as the night would set in before we could reach our journey's end, but I would by no means consent, until, by his stories about smugglers and the preventive service men having been seen in the neighbourhood the night before, he succeeded in frightening my companions to such a degree as led them to unite with him in his entreaties, and I had to submit. There was no danger this time from the tide, it had just gone out, and I well understood its movements now.

The night set in with a wild and threatening aspect. The wind was off the sea, and its moanings in the distance foretold the coming storm. The sky was overcast with black and broken clouds, and the moon, while careering through them at a rapid rate, ever and anon peeped forth for an instant upon the glistening sands, and then on the dark and troubled sea beyond them.

Just as we reached the low little promontory on the opposite side of the inlet, the gale came on in all its fury and brought up the foaming tide along with it. What with the troubled waters and the boisterous blast, it was truly a fearful night.

The promontory though low, as I have stated, was high enough to bid defiance to the tide, and so covered with furze and brush-wood as to afford a capital shelter for the smugglers themselves, and a thousand hiding places for their illicit wares.

This promontory we had to cross on our way home, and in doing so we descried a dark looking object on the sea, a short distance from the shore; we could not tell what it was, but the experienced eye of our sailor guide enabled him to solve the mystery.

"Yonder craft," he said at once as he saw it, "is a smuggling lugger waiting for the tide to bring her up the inlet a few miles, where on the return of the tide she would be left high and dry, a circumstance that would greatly facilitate the discharging of the cargo. She will then start away again with the following tide.

On crossing this head-land which, although very narrow, extended a mile or more into the sea, we came upon a little bay beyond it; and just as we did so, the bright moon, as onward on its rapid course it sped, peeped forth from out a dark and angry cloud, and for a moment threw its pale and glimmering light across the troubled waters. 'Twas but an instant, hardly longer than a lightning

flash, but quite enough to limn upon the western sky, the masts, the yards and shrouds of another craft also at anchor, and, as appeared to us, in fearful proximity to the rocky shore.

On turning an enquiring look upon our guide, who, we were well aware, knew more about such matters than we did.

"That's a Revenue cutter," he said, and must be the Jolly Tar, I think, as no other vessel that I know of, would ever have attempted to ride out a gale like this upon a lee shore. She's got an eye," he continued, "upon her neighbour on the other side of the head-land on I'm mistaken. The wind will fall as the moon goes down and the tide comes in," he added after a moment's consideration "and then she will beat up round the point and there'll be a desperate fight for it."

"Why does she not attack the lugger now?" we asked.

"Because she cannot get round that point, nothing could weather it in such a gale as this."

"Why then," we asked with increasing interest, "does not the lugger run for it, and thus escape the threatened danger?"

"Simply because she's not aware of it. She would give me or any one else a hundred pounds, aye half her cargo to tell her what we've just now seen behind those hills."

"Go, go then, David!" exclaimed the youngest of my companions, "but never mind the hundred pounds, you may save the lives of half those wretched men."

The young man drew himself up to his full height, and was about to make an indignant reply but was diverted from his purpose by the terms in which her prayer was gently reiterated, and therefore he only said;

"Aye and be sent to jail and hanged for my pains. But your fears for the lives of these lawless men," he continued "are needless now—see the signal from their friends on shore."

As he spoke a dim and glimmering light slowly rose above the bushes on the hill that hid the two vessels from each other's view. It flickered and quivered there for a moment, as if the hand that raised it were paralysed or knew not what to do.

"Thank God!" my niece exclaimed, and clapped her hands in ecstasy, "the poor men are saved."

But while she spoke the light again descended, and the echo of a shot came down upon the gale, and faintly fell upon our ears, our guide well knew or guessed aright what all this meant, but would not tell us then.

KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,
Ere yet his last he breathed,
To the merry monks of Croyland
His drinking-horn bequeathed:

That whenever they sat at their revels,
And drank from the golden bowl,
They might remember the donor,
And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,
And bade the goblet pass;
In their beards the red wine glistened
Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,
They drank to Christ the Lord,
And to each of the Twelve Apostles,
Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs
Of the dismal days of yore,
And as soon as the horn was empty,
They remembered one Saint more.

And the Reader droned from the pulpit,
Like the murmur of many bees,
The legend of good Saint Guthlac,
And Saint Basile's homilies;

Till the great bells of the convent,
From their prison in the tower,
Guthlac and Bartholomæus,
Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney,
And the Abbot bowed his head,
And the flamelets flapped and flickered,
But the abbot was stark and dead!

Yet still in his pallid fingers
He clutched the golden bowl,
In which, like a pearl dissolving,
Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels
The jovial monks forbore,
For they cried: "Fill high the goblet!
We must drink to one Saint more!"

About the time of the Mexican war, there was one evening, a very singular appearance in the heavens; a peculiar aurora borealis; where the

crimson rays meeting in the zenith, hung in the form of an inverted cactus, the flower of Mexico.

Strange nursling of a stranger birth;
Thou drew no nourishment from earth,
Whence didst thou take thy varied dyes?
From the pale beauty of the skies?

When on their gentle parent's breast,
The countless flowers are laid at rest,
Thou hangest in the vault of heaven
A brilliant star at dewing even.

Prophetic flower! our hopes are fled,
They all lie numbered with the dead;
For us, alas! no good shall flow,
From all the wealth of Mexico.

All nature's changed, the evening glow
No longer gilds the world below,
But the steaming field, from its gory bed
Paints the pale aurora red.

God's message learn revealed in power,
Uttered in silence by a flower;
Our cup shall be forever dry,
It hangs inverted from the sky.

COHASSET ROCKS AND NANTASKET BEACH.

Onward rolls the storm-beat wave,
Hollowing out the seaman's grave,
Beneath the rock, a monumental stone
Raised for the mariner alone.

But though the dark waves his body enfold,
Daily, and hourly his story is told,
For there lies the wreck strown o'er the shore,
To watch over him who has watched it before.

Upon the mainland see the bent trees,
Blasted and torn by the rough northern breeze,
They seem to rush coldly with arms stretched
out,
Like warriors dream by battle and rout.

Then comes the light wave with a peaceful flow,
And the little beach bird fluttering low,
The wave glides in with silvery feet,
And gives to the bird a safe retreat.

List! to the Ocean, and what doth it say!
In a voice for the grave and a voice for the
gay;
It shouts out exulting with those who are glad,
And breathes forth a refrain solemn and sad.

M. D.

THE EMIGRANT SHIP.

(A REPUBLISHED SKETCH.)

WRITTEN FOR THE PROTESTANT ORPHAN BAZAAR.

THERE was a crowd looking on, one bright morning in early Spring, while an Emigrant ship weighed anchor, and spreading her white sails, moved slowly out to sea. A loud cheer broke from the spectators, and it was answered by a farewell shout—a wailing cry rather, it was so sad and plaintive—which burst from the full heart of those poor emigrants, who crowded the deck to take a last look of their native land.

A last look! and who ever looked for the last time on any spot endeared by memories of joy or sorrow, without a pang, keener than words can express!

"That ship is too heavily laden," said a hard-faced man, whose thoughts dwelt on the risks of insurance, in which he was deeply concerned.

"Too much—too much crowded," replied a bustling, active man, "there will be sickness on board, and it will be detained in Quarantine, till the demand for Spring goods is passed."

He spoke feelingly, for he had consigned a large amount of goods to the chances of that crowded bark.

"God be with the poor creatures," fervently ejaculated another; one who wore a priestly garb, beneath which, beat the heart of a true Samaritan. And his prayers followed those whom poverty and despair had driven away, to find new homes in a far off, stranger land.

"God bless your reverence," said an old woman, wiping a tear from her eye, "there go our friends and neighbors, who would have lived and toiled honestly on their own bits of land, if the bread had not been taken from their mouths, and they were left to starve entire—God help them."

"Let them go, mother," said a young man huskily, "why should they stay here till the black rot comes, and the bailiffs turn them out of doors? When I have saved enough, mother dear, we will go too."

The crowd dispersed; the ship ploughed heavily along, farther, farther off—it became a mere speck, and was then lost to sight. And, save in a few forsaken homes, or a few desolate hearts, who thought of, or cared for the fate of that heavily-laden Emigrant Ship?

The ship went on its way bravely, ploughing the smooth sea with deep furrows, and making

steady progress, though the wind was capricious and often drove it from its course. Twenty days it had already been at sea; it was alone in the midst of the broad Atlantic, and a hundred and thirty living souls were pent up within its narrow limits. And there was not a heart there, however seared with wretchedness, or hardened by degradation, or chilled by disappointment and poverty, but throbbled with a feeling of hope that some better destiny awaited them in the land they were approaching, than had fallen to their hard lot in that which they left behind.

Another week passed away, but storms had arisen, and adverse winds beat the ship about, while drenching rains swept the deck, which only experienced seamen could tread in safety. The nights were dismally dark, and the angry waves lashing the sides of the vessel, which pitched fearfully on the stormy sea, struck terror into the hearts of the ignorant and superstitious. Provisions also began to grow scarce, for with habitual improvidence, many had neglected to prepare for the exigencies of a long voyage, and others had been sent from their homes almost destitute. The captain, a selfish and grasping man, doled out a scanty supply from his private stores, for which he exacted a most unjust compensation, and those who had no money to give, became a burden on the charity of the compassionate. During the week in which the storm continued, a fearful change had taken place among the unfortunate Emigrants. Shut out from the fresh air, crowded together in a small space, and destitute of wholesome food, a fearful disease was generated, and when the sun again broke out cheerfully, and all were called on deck, not one half their number were able to obey the summons. Pale, dispirited, worn by fasting and confinement, they crawled forward; even those who had been cleanly and robust, were but the shadows of their former selves, and on the face of childhood, was imprinted those most painful lines—the traces of premature suffering and hardship.

Amidst a silence which seemed sad and ominous, two of the ship's crew followed, staggering under the weight of a dead human body; and when another and another was brought forward, and cast, with little outward form, into the fathomless

deep, a cry of anguish burst from the survivors, and the chillness of despair settled on every heart. The work of death went on among that devoted company; in quick succession, fifty passed away, and their bodies were consigned to a watery grave.....

It was a joyful sound when a man at the mast head cried out, "Land!" and the faint outlines of Newfoundland might be seen through a glass, in the far distance. The cry was repeated by every lip, and the saddest face lighted up with a glow of pleasure. The sun had just sunk below the waves, and the broad sea, mingling with the horizon, lay like a smooth mirror beneath the glowing sky. Eagerly, but vainly the poor Emigrants strained their sight to catch a glimpse of the wished for land;—it still lay far beyond the ken of any but the most experienced eye. They were dispersed with rude jests by the sailors, and returned disappointed to their allotted places. Seated on the bulkhead there remained one group, apparently too much absorbed by their own sorrows, to observe anything passing around them. A young man of perhaps thirty years, was holding on one knee a sickly looking little girl, and on the other, an infant of some eighteen months sat quietly nibbling a crust, and vainly trying to win a smile by holding it coaxingly to her father's lips. A sturdy little boy nodded at his feet, while the mother, sitting beside her husband, leaned her head on his shoulder, and wept bitterly. That day, her mother and an only brother had been consigned to the deep.

"Do not fret so, Bessy dear," said the husband tenderly, "it cannot call back the dead, and fretting only wears the life out of you. Just think of the bairns now,—you will make them grit too."

"The poor bairns, God keep them," sobbed the wife, "and you too Allan, but you do look so pale! Sore enough times we had at home, but then we kept all together,—and now they are gone—gone!" and she burst into a fresh flood of tears.

Allan soothed his wife with all the arguments which his kind heart could suggest, and her tears gradually dried and she tried to answer him with a smile, but her heart was sadly oppressed, poor thing, for her gentle but not very strong spirit had sunk under the distresses of that sad voyage.

An early marriage and the demands of a growing family, had kept Allan and his young wife poor; and how can the Irish peasantry hope to grow rich amidst the accumulated social evils which grind them to the earth? They rented a small cabin; and a patch of potato

ground and a cow were their chief dependence; yet Allan and his wife belonged to the decent poor who prized independence and looked forward to better days. But the potato rot came, and took away from them the staff of life; labor was scarce and poorly remunerated, and the cow was sold to pay their rent and taxes. So they scraped together the little that was left, and it barely sufficed to pay for a passage to America after setting aside a few pounds for the outfit of a new home, or any exigencies that might arise. From this small sum some coins had already been abstracted to relieve the necessities of their suffering fellow-passengers, for Allan and Bessy had kind hearts and could not resist an appeal to their sympathies. And, however deficient the unsophisticated Irish may be in prudential virtues, and in worldly wisdom, for generosity and self-sacrificing kindness, no people in the world can equal them.

The Emigrant Ship, still infected with the baleful fever, reached Grosse Isle in due season and was detained the usual time in quarantine. Many carried the seeds of the dreaded fever to the shelters provided for them on the island, and before the ship was purified and suffered to proceed to Quebec, more than half the remaining Emigrants rested under the sod. On the very day that they were preparing to depart, poor Allan was taken ill and carried to the hospital. Bessy's agony amounted to despair, for in her weak, fond heart was the strong love of a devoted wife, and the superstition of her uncultured race. It is well remembered what terror the progress of *ship fever* spread on every side, and how reluctant any but the devoted Nuns, or the most mercenary nurses, were found, to attend upon the sick. But Bessy's love was stronger than her fear, and nothing could keep her from her husband's side. The medical men, touched with her distress allowed her to attend upon him, and though almost unconscious of her presence, his sufferings were mitigated by her vain, but tender care. Poor Bessy's painful watchings, aggravated by distress of mind, brought on her the same terrible disease, and for some weeks after Allan's death, her life seemed to hang by a single thread.

It was a bright summer morning, when Bessy and her little children mingled in with a crowd of Emigrants, landed from a steamer on the wharf at Montreal. She looked round on the cheerful, active scene, and a sense of loneliness smote upon her heart. This then was the city which she had looked forward to, with such earnest longing, when they parted from their native shore! This was the end of the long travel

which she had commenced with such unambitious but sanguine hopes! And he who had set out for her, and on whose stronger arm she leaned for support, had fallen by her side, and henceforth she must tread the world alone! Poor Bessy! *she had not time to grieve*; the poor have never time to grieve. In the midst of bereavement they must rise up and struggle for existence, and with stricken hearts bear the burden of the day, and crush down the sorrow which would unnerve their hands for that labor on which their life depends! Often we may look at them, and wonder at their apathy, when, could we see their hearts, we might read there a tale of patient endurance and of unforgetting sorrow, which would far outweigh all external badges, and all conventional forms.....

In an obscure court, leading from a narrow street, in the heart of the city, might be seen a few wooden houses close packed together, and the words "Room to Let" written in large characters on one dilapidated window-shutter, attracted the attention of the passing idler. The houses were swarming with children, and every room, save that one which had just lost a tenant, was occupied by a family. The court was small, closed in by those over-crowded tenements, and the air stifling and polluted. In the middle of the yard was a pool of water kept full by the emptying of dirty suds and other questionable slops, and some half dozen ragged children were gathered round it with boisterous mirth, floating chips upon the stagnant water. From almost every window some untidy female looked out, or a meagre baby was held up to find amusement in gazing at the noisy children without. All manner of rubbish littered up the sides, and the feet slipped over decaying vegetables thrown out before the doors. It seemed strange that life could be supported in such a fetid atmosphere and pent up in such close apartments. Yet in these places the poor of cities are obliged to live, for rents are too dear where there is fresh air and comfortable lodgings!

In that "Room to Let," poor Bessy found shelter for herself and children. Her money was nearly exhausted; scarcely two sovereigns remained of all her little store. There she deposited her chest, her bed, and the few articles of comfort she had brought from her childhood's home. The poor children fretted sadly, for they had been used to fresh air, and the little cabin where they first saw the light, was clean, and stood alone on a breezy hill side. Bessy soothed their complaints and though her own heart was crushed, love for them, gave her courage and endurance. Patiently

she sought employment, and though often ill-requited, day after day found her toiling in cheerful hope and earning enough to keep want from the door, and to pay the rent of her little room. If anxious thoughts would sometimes intrude, hope came to her aid, and she looked forward to the time when her children would be old enough to help her, and they could then earn more, and live in a better place. Poor Bessy, this was the extent of her ambition.....

Autumn came on with its chilling blasts and dismal rains. The children needed warmer clothes, and the wind blew so sharply through the broad cracks and shattered windows, that another stick must be added to the fire, and even then their teeth chattered, and the small dipped candle at night, flickered painfully to the eyes. Bessy had no pent-bog to go to now, where fuel might be had for digging, and the long, long Winter came on fast and found her ill prepared to meet its severity. Work was not as plenty as it had been in warmer weather. A family for whom she had done washing, left town suddenly and forgot to pay her a dollar which was due. Alas! a few shillings which the rich think so lightly of, or spend in selfish extravagance, if given to the poor, or applied to the just payment of honest industry, how many hearts would be gladdened, how many abodes of poverty made comfortable!

That dollar Bessy had appropriated to purchase fuel; for a week they had had no warmth except from the blaze of a few chips which the children picked up about some unfinished buildings, and the mother's heart ached as she looked on their poor little frozen fingers and their bare feet, pinched with cold. And when they came crying round the few dying embers, her thoughts turned reproachfully to the rich man in his abundance, who had so cruelly forgotten the claims of justice and humanity.

It was the midst of Winter. Bessy sat with aching eyes by the dim candle, finishing some slop work that she had procured from a dealer in *cheap labor*. Sixpence for a garment neatly made! It was a bargain which brought *him* ample remuneration, but left *her* only a few farthings for her strained sight and wasted strength. A threadbare cloak, which was the pride of her happier days, slightly screened her from the wind that whistled through every crevice; but still her feet ached, and her fingers were so numb she could scarce hold the needle. A few chips still lay on the hearth; they were all that were left to warm the little ones the next day, when she must leave them alone to go and work at Mrs S's. No, she could not rob the children of the warmth they so

much needed; so she drew the cloak more closely round her, and at a late hour her task was finished, and poor Bessy lay down to rest with a more quiet mind and a far more confiding spirit, than many are blessed with, whose easy lot leaves them no anxious thoughts for the morrow.

The next day Bessy returned home thoroughly chilled from her days work. She had gone far out of her way to ask for a few shillings due for some sewing which she took home in the morning; for she was very hard pressed, and Mrs. S. could not make the change when she left her house, but told her to call again the next day. Mrs. S.—with all her kindly feelings, knew little of the wants of the poor, and Bessy never complained to any one. She bore her hard lot with patient submission, and felt an honest pride in concealing her wants from every eye. So she could not make up her mind to tell Mrs. S. that she and her children were suffering from cold and want, but gratefully took the fragments of broken meat offered her, and in weariness, threaded the cold streets, half blinded by driving sleet, to obtain the paltry sum due for her midnight labor. It was then too late to purchase any thing that night, so Bessy went home and groped her way up the crazy stairs, to her cold silent room; for a charitable neighbor in the next apartment had looked after the children and put them to bed. Bessy ached in every limb, and her head throbbed painfully. It was of no use to kindle up the embers at that late hour, so she laid down beside the children, cold and damp, and vainly tried to sleep. It seemed very long, that weary night, as she tossed from side to side, and could find no relief in change. Hardship, anxiety and exposure had done their work, and a burning fever raged in every vein. In the morning she was unable to rise.

It was well for poor Bessy that she had a kind friend in her neighbor of the next apartment, who, with the warm sympathy that almost invariably springs up, fresh and genial among the weeds of poverty,—rendered her every needful assistance, and watched beside her with the tenderest care. Mrs. S. also, when two or three days passed away, and Bessy did not return for her money, neither came on the usual day to work for her, sent to enquire the cause. Greatly shocked to learn that her own thoughtlessness had, in part, occasioned Bessy's illness, she endeavored to repair the error by every possible attention which her situation demanded; and the suggestions of self-reproach led her, ever after, to regard more seriously the claims of those whose labor contributes so materially to domestic comfort.

Bessy had struggled hard with poverty and her constitution was unable to bear so severe a shock. The violence of the disease yielded to medical skill, but a rapid decline followed which left no hope of recovery. The world could offer her few allurements, and the grave had no terrors to her imagination. But one strong tie still held her to life, and the mother forgot all suffering in her earnest prayer to live a little longer for the children's sake. "My children, what will become of them?" was the constant burthen of her heart; and the doubt, "who will care for the poor creatures when I am gone?" rose before her with painful pertinacity.

Happily Mrs. S. was enabled to soothe her fears, and give peace to her dying moments. She explained to her that there was a place provided, where such little ones were received and kindly cared for, and promised that her children should all find a home there, when she could no longer care for them. Poor Bessy's gratitude was unbounded; she had no higher boon to ask in life, and death came to her without a sting. The little orphans were welcomed to the Protestant Orphan Asylum, where their brief troubles were soon forgotten; and here, subjected to kind discipline, and instructed in all good and useful knowledge suited to their condition, it is hoped they will grow up to usefulness, and reflect credit on the Institution which has embraced them in its noble charity.

Friends of this Orphan Asylum! it is no tale of fictitious sorrow which we have laid before you. In your own experience, similar cases must have often called forth your generous sympathies. At every turn, you meet the poor, the sorrowful and the forsaken. In all the by-ways and obscure corners of this city are hungry, weeping orphans, left to the cold charity of a world that deigns not to look upon them, but whom Providence calls on you to rescue and redeem for the service of mankind.

And to others, the gay, the prosperous and the happy, who come here this day to pass an idle hour, or to please the fancy and gratify the taste,—let a deeper thought and a more earnest desire take possession of their minds, and lead them more faithfully, to perform the mission which our Heavenly Father has appointed to every child of humanity.

These orphan children appeal to every Christian heart, not for themselves alone, but for all little ones who are destitute of food and shelter,—care for their bodies, and training for their immortal minds. And to every one whom Providence has blessed with means and opportunity, is addressed the touching language of the Saviour. "In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

THE OLD PARISH SCHOOL.

BY A SCOTCHMAN AND A SOLDIER.

ELIZA COOK, sings the "Old Farm Gate,"
 And the "Old Barn," and the "Old Mill Stream,"
 And how sweet is her song, as she warbles along,
 Through the visions of memory's dream;
 She opens the door of the house-hold room,
 Where the youngsters had used to play—
 You examine each nook, where the toy and the
 book
 In such beautiful disorder lay,
 And who can refuse to contribute a tear,
 To her "Old Household Clock," and her "Old
 Arm Chair."

'Tis strange, how our warmest feelings cling
 To life's morning scenes, cloudless and fine!
 How we love to look back over memory's track,
 To the beautiful days of langsyne,
 I often think on the Old Parish School,
 Where I first learned the A B C,
 And when time had gone round there, declining
 the noun,
 Was a very sore puzzler for me,
 Though the verb to love, was made easy and plain
 When I look'd on the Dominic's daughter, Jane.

When nature told that Spring had arrived,
 With the linnet, the lark and the bee,
 And, with magical voice, bade each creature re-
 joice,
 At her feast, so abundant and free,
 With bannocks and books in my satchel disposed,
 How delighted I scamper'd away,
 Through the braes where the broom, and the whins
 were in bloom,
 And the light-hearted lambs were at play—
 There, each morning I met by appointment and
 rule,
 Some friends who were bound for the Old Parish
 School

Our way to the school, lay through a glen,
 Like some fairy land, lovely and fair,
 Where the wild flow'rs in bloom shed their scent-
 ed perfume,
 And with their fragrance filled the air;
 A beautiful burnie ran by our side,
 And the blae berries grew at our feet,
 While the birds, loud and long, pour'd their rap-
 turous song,
 In an anthem so holy and sweet.
 On Lössie's fair banks at the foot of the hill
 Stood the Old Parish School, and the Old Parish
 Mill.

The Old Parish School was thatched with straw,
 And the floor was paved smoothly with a stone,
 On an high oaken seat, like a ruler in state,
 There the Dominic sat on his throne;
 Though marked by decision, yet mild was his sway,
 Of severity, none could complain,
 And the second in rule, in the Old Parish School,
 Was the Dominic's fair daughter Jane,
 A blooming young creature, well fitted, I ween,
 To disturb the peace of a youth of fifteen.

From far and near the students convened
 At the rural Academy hall,
 Where our Rector so kind, poured light on the
 mind,
 With unwearied attention to all,
 From the little beginner who just could tell
 That the O was quite round like the moon,
 To the youth who could soar to the summit of
 lore,
 And aspired to a clerical gown.
 Some forty to fifty assembled each day
 Devoted to learning, to mischief or play.

Our kind instructor, the homely and plain,
 Had a mind well replenished with lore,
 He could read, write and speak, in the Latin and
 Greek,
 And the classics expound and explore,
 He taught navigation, the use of the globes,
 With mathematics, each problem and rule,
 And some stars who now shine bright in lit'ra-
 ture's line,
 Dawned first at the Old Parish School,
 Distinguish'd by cloquence far above par,
 Now adorn the senate, the pulpit or bar.

The Dominic's daughter taught me with ease,
 Love's first tender lessons of joy,
 Tho' the rules of Murray, I own it with sorrow,
 Were too hard for the poor simple boy,
 I managed with credit to pass through the "Grays,"
 Where the questions were easy and plain,
 But all deep transactions in practice or fractions,
 I got done by the Dominic's Jane,
 Who was clever at figures, indulgent and kind,
 And a sweet little teacher just to my mind.

Tho' drawing was not taught as a branch,
 Nor sketching by lesson or rule,
 Yet a part of each day, in that innocent way
 We passed at the Old Parish School,
 Whenever hard questions baffled our skill,
 And the answers would not agree,
 Then we took to the plan of sketching a man,
 Or drawing a house or a tree,
 If the Dominic chanced to pass near the seat,
 The cuff and the sleeve went to work on the slate.

The Old Parish School tho' learning's seat,
Was head quarters for frolic and play,
What a racket and rout when we all turned out,
When released at the hour of midday,
The tumult of voices, with caps in the air,
Announc'd that the prisoners were free,
And the loud shout of joy from each light hearted
boy.

Rang forth in a torrent of glee.
When the wild out-burst to good order gave way,
Then we formed in different parties for play.

Up hands was the cry for hide and go seek,
'Mongst the broom where we cannot be seen,
Or up hands and hurra' for the club and the ba',
Or for old blindman's buff on the green,
Some eagerly watched their kites as they rose,
So gracefully soaring away,
While at profit and loss, gaining at pitch and toss
Their comrades were busy at play,
If the Minister's mare graz'd down in the vale,
Some urchin would mount with his face to the tail.

Others would off to the river to swim.
And the youth was their leader and guide,
Who was foremost to rush o'er the bank and the
bush,

And could dive to the opposite side.
And then the glorious sport and fun
To sail in an old washing tub,
And the loud laugh and scream, when upset in the
stream,

Was the juvenile boating club,
And the lightfooted racers would start in their
pride,
When garments as cumber were all laid aside.

How free was the laugh that rang through the
air,
How happy and cloudless each brow.
And each eye sparkled bright with unmingled
delight,

But alas where are they all now,
The flowers of the grave have bloomed and decay-
ed,

For full many a Spring time and Fall,
O'er the fairest and best who have gone to their
rest,

And o'er one who was dearest of all,
Death's lone silent hall is the Teacher's abode,
And Jane's gentle spirit has returned to God.

When twenty years had silently passed,
Down the fleet gliding river of time,
From a far away shore I returned once more,
To revisit my dear native clime,
I sought the Old School and the friends of lang-
syne,

For I long'd for their welcome embrace,
But the friends of that day had all passed away,
And a change had come over the place,
A new Parish School neatly slated and fair,
A new race of Scholars and Teacher were there.

The spring time of life like the Spring of the year,
Has flowers which bloom but to decay,
There is nothing we know in our planet below,
But is changing or passing away.
To day we bend low o'er the grave of our friend,
With that grief which affection can move,

And to-morrow the tear shall be shed o'er our
bier,
As the fond parting tribute of love.
How happy are they to whom wisdom is given,
Whose friend is their God and whose home is in
heaven.

TO MY SLEEPING BOY.

Sweet is the smile, that plays around thy lip, my
boy.—
And sweet, the tale it tells, of innocence and joy,
Doth some fond angel hover o'er thy balmy rest?
Art thou by guardian spirits in thy dreams
caressed?

Ah! yes, fond angels o'er my child, their watch for-
ever hold,
And round thy sinless brow, their radiant wings
unfold.
Sweet tales of that bright land they tell, from
whence they come,
That land of peace, and joy, their own pure spirit
home.

And would they call thee hence, in that soft clime
to dwell?
To wander mid its bowers, its home of love to
swell?
To twine perennial wreaths, with blossoms ever
new,
To sip from fadeless flowers, the sweet ambrosial
dew?

And wouldst thou go, my child, with them to
dwell, above?
Wouldst thou, these fond arms leave, that circle
thee in love?
Wouldst thou from her be torn, that true, that
faithful breast,
To which, with wild devotion, thou art fondly
pressed?

Ah! no—sweet, slumbering babe, from her thou
wouldst not rove,
Thou wouldst not leave that heart, that clings to
thee in love.
But cradled in those arms, thou wouldst serene-
ly lie,
Nor, while encircled thus, for seraph land wouldst
sigh.

God bless thee, sleeping boy, and wouldst that
ever still,
Thou mightst thus cling to her, to shield thee from
all ill.
That thou mightst ever on this faithful breast re-
pose,
To her mightst ever turn, to solace all thy woes.

And she would guard thee well, dear idol of her
heart,
And ne'er should life's stern cares, that faithful bo-
som part,—
But with a mother's prayer, should added strength
be given,
To fit that struggling soul, for purer rest in heaven.

E. H. H.

TORONTO, C. W.

THE OLD DUTCH FARM HOUSE.

A TALE OF GOWANUS.

BY H. V. G.

Meta Von Sickle, was without doubt the prettiest maiden in all Gowanus. The young men said so, as they saw her lightly tripping to the old Dutch Church on a fair Sunday, and very hard they tried to peep under her ample hood and catch a glimpse of her laughing blue eyes, and her smooth rosy cheeks. And there was not a young girl in that village church who did not feel that rivalry with Meta was a vain attempt; yet so sweetly and with such unconscious grace was the homage of admiration received, that envy was disarmed, and the golden apple with one consent accorded to her.

Yet think not, gentle reader, that our pretty heroine was a faultless model of female perfection; moulded like a form of Grecian art, and exact as a cunning piece of Dutch mechanism. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Meta was some inches shorter than the Venus standard, and her plump figure was perhaps too *embonpoint* for perfect symmetry, a defect inherited from her Flemish ancestors. But her taper waist, one might have clasped with ease; her little feet were perfectly bewitching, and never was there a lighter step, or more free and graceful motions. As to her face,—in spite of a nose somewhat *retroussé*—the rich complexion, the dimpled cheeks, the little rosy mouth always parted by an arch smile, and the clear eyes, at once soft and spirited, were altogether so exceedingly lovely that the heart was taken by surprise, and one never stopped to analyse the features which left such an agreeable impression.

We well remember the Old Dutch Farm House, where Meta's father, honest Hans Von Sickle, lived in rural state, the undisputed lord of that comfortable domicile. It had come down to him, with many broad acres, from an ancestor, once a wealthy burgomaster of Amsterdam who came over when the first Dutch colony planted the standard of St. Nicholas in the ancient Island of Manhattan. The burgomaster had built the nucleus of a house, in what was then a forest, where the homestead of his descendant now stood, and every succeeding generation had added to it, as comfort and convenience required. It now stood, a monument of Dutch taste, and the

special glorification of old Hans Von Sickle. Not an acre had ever departed from the family, and perhaps not one had been added to it, for the domain was ample enough to satisfy the desires of the most ambitious of the Von Sickles.

As each descendant had exercised his own peculiar taste in adding to the family mansion, it would have been impossible to class it with any known order of architecture. The various additions presented different heights; little windows peeped out of odd corners, and narrow doors opened where least wanted; but pre-eminent were the gable-ends, and the invariable *stoup*, the crowning glory of every Dutch habitation. It was painted red, with leaden colored roof and window-shutters, but the capricious elements had changed the red to a tawny brown, which gave it an antique and not unpleasing appearance. Every thing in the house and around it, was exquisitely neat and well kept. The ample barns were filled with the produce of the fields, the fences were in good repair, and the grounds richly cultivated.

A high, cross-barred gate, also painted red, opened from the public high-way into the patrimonial estate of Hans Von Sickle. From it, the bridle-path led along a gradual ascent, about a quarter of a mile, to the house, which seen all the distance, seemed to be playing bo-peep through the old trees, two round windows in the attic, looking out, like eyes, in the front. On either side were rich pastures, dotted with ruminating cattle; flocks of sheep, scampering at the sound of footsteps; fields of corn and waving grain, thriving young orchards, and all the outward manifestations of rural prosperity. The house itself, seated on a sunny slope, formed, as it were, the apex of a promontory, which stretched into Gowanus Bay; and the whole, several miles in circuit, comprised the farm of old Hans Von Sickle, and was the finest in the colony.

It was passing lovely, the view that met the eye, when looking from the *stoup* of that Old Dutch Farm House. Like a rich mosaic, lay that broad promontory, with its green fields and wooded pastures, its ripening grain, and thick woodlands, standing to the water's edge. Eastward were Brooklyn heights, then winning a name for his-

tory; and beyond them, the spires of New York, dimly visible. To the south, and just below the Farm House, lay the Bay, and along the shore ran a smooth, sandy beach, extending at low tide almost around the promontory. Opposite was a distant view of the wood-crowned heights, now known as Greenwood Cemetery, and in the direction leading to Flatbush, lay a range of hills where a division of the continental army of the Revolution was at that time encamped.

Meta Von Sickle was an only child, and the prospective mistress of her father's well tilled acres. No wonder then that she had many suitors, for if her beauty failed to win, what young man, then or since, was ever found insensible to *golden charms*. Yet Meta had reached her eighteenth year and still was "fancy free," not one, of all her many admirers had caused a throb in her innocent little heart, or robbed her of one hour of sweet repose. Many, it must be confessed, attributed her gay indifference to coquetry; but that is ever the resource of self-love when a disappointed swain, misled by vanity, accepts a smile of courtesy, as a manifestation of tender regard.

The whole world, to Meta's fancy and experience, appeared *couleur de rose*; the past, the present and the future, were all robed in light. Her buoyant spirits, her warm imagination, and perfect contentment, gathered happiness from every element and invested the prosaic details of common life with the more attractive hues of romance. Her mother, who was of French descent, died almost before her child's remembrance, and from her, Meta inherited a vivacity and joyousness of nature, which gracefully modified the graver traits, transmitted through her Dutch ancestry.

Von Sickle, honest man, never uttered a more expressive *éloge*, than when he took the little Meta in his arms, and laying aside his pipe, to kiss her rosy lips, called her the *tulip of his heart*; a term of endearment suggested by his floral partialities, and which expressed more tenderness to his mind, than any other combination of words within the range of his vocabulary. And as she grew up to womanhood, it was beautiful to observe the gentle influence which her devoted affection exercised on his phlegmatic nature; nor could the most unbounded indulgence on his part, ever render her selfish or exacting.

Dame Gertrude, as she was called, the old nurse of Meta's childhood, and to whose care she was committed by her dying mother,—held the responsible office of house-keeper and superintendent-general of the domestic establishment at the Farm House, and no one could have performed, more faithfully, its multifarious duties, Strange

it was that she did not spoil her little charge by overweening indulgence, for in her eyes Meta could do nothing wrong, and her very whims and caprices were a theme of praise. But Gertrude, to do her justice, had both good sense and firm principles, her weakness was in her loving heart; and fortunately Meta's quick perceptions caught hold of the good and true, and her innate sense of right was a spell against all wrong impressions.

The inmates of the Farm House led a quiet and retired sort of life, mixing little with the world around them; but Meta found happiness in the exercise of affection, and in the bright creations of her busy fancy, and her father was engrossed by his farm, his cattle and produce, and at evening reposed contentedly with his pipe, feeling no want, if Meta were only near him. Never, but once, had Meta crossed the ferry to the neighboring city of New York, and when she went abroad, it was generally to church, or to a tea-gathering at some of the neighboring farm-houses, or riding on her spirited little pony, and sometimes on a pillion behind her father, who on such occasions wore a proud look, and always mounted his sleek Flemish mare, and put on his best powdered wig.

But as Meta grew older, the fame of her charms caused a wonderful palpitation among the young gallants of the neighborhood extending even to the good city of New York itself; and Myn-heer Von Sickle was greatly puzzled at the strange increase of visitors, who under various pretexts found access to the Farm House. Not being gifted with very quick perceptions, and more skilled in bargains than in the vagaries of a young heart, he thought only of sale or purchase, and waited patiently for their business to unfold. Meta, in the mean time, kept her own counsel, or confessed only to dame Gertrude, whose keen, woman's eye could not by any means be blinded. But Hans Von Sickle, with all his negative qualities, and others really good, had one characteristic in common with his countrymen, which not even Meta's coaxing could ever in the least overcome. This was a most invincible obstinacy; and when once resolved on any thing, right or wrong, nothing could persuade him to the shadow of a change. Now it happened that his grandfather's sister, who married one Von Kortland, had received for her dowry a very pretty tract of land lying along the opposite side of Gowanus Bay; and the last will and testament of that good lady was so worded, that in default of lineal heirs, the said estate should revert to the Von Sickle, and be rejoined to their homestead. When the present proprietor of the Old Dutch Farm came into possession of his patrimony, the Von Kortland estate

was represented by a grandson of the aforesaid lady. He was some ten years older than his relative, and having been once married and left a widower and childless, and being moreover very asthmatic, Von Sickle began to look upon the broad fields which lay basking in the sunshine across the Bay, as almost in reality within his grasp. But, to use a homely proverb, "he had reckoned his chickens before they were hatched."

Nicholas Von Kortland, who had fully attained to middle life, was so wrought upon by the charms of a plump young damsel, or by the manoeuvres of her calculating mother, that he was tempted, a second time, to launch on the sea of matrimony, to the no small discomfiture of the heir at law. The fruit of this union was a only son; the father did not long survive, and Von Sickle's hopes again were active, for this frail infant only stood between him and the object of his desires. The infant, however, grew into a sturdy boy, a truly Dutch built, which promised great longevity. But Von Sickle still calculated on chances, and still kept his eye upon the tempting acres. Though not regarded as a niggardly man, he had a *quantum sufficit* of Dutch forethought, and never suffered an opportunity of gain to pass by him unimproved, and these fair lands, the purchase of his ancestor the burgomaster, came fairly within the scope of his ambition, and were often the theme of serious meditation. Not that he harbored any ill-will towards his little kinsman; on the contrary the boy was somewhat of a favorite at the farm-house, where his early taciturnity was set down as a mark of precocious wisdom.

Years passed on, and Hans Von Sickle, himself, became a husband and a father. It was whispered that the pretty, gentle girl, full of French vivacity and grace, whom he selected as his partner, sacrificed a dearer tie when she yielded to her parent's necessity or ambition, and consented to become his wife. She belonged to an ancient Huguenot family, which had fled from persecution, to find safety, and encounter poverty in a land of strangers. But whatever self-renunciation had been given or exacted, no word of complaint ever escaped the lips of the young wife; and her husband never questioned her heart, or doubted that it was filled with gratitude and affection. True, the bloom faded from her cheeks, and her lips forgot the sunny smile which once heralded her sportive words; but household cares, perhaps, weighed heavily, and faded the bloom upon her cheeks, before their primo; and when the little Meta filled her arms, and with the new happiness of a mother's love, came a strong desire to live for that child's sake,—it was too late. Two or

three years, and her frail hold of life was loosed, and her name survived only in her epitaph, and in the hearts of a few who loved her.

Von Sickle, to do him justice, mourned sincerely for his gentle wife, and quite as long as it is in the heart of a man to mourn for any thing which does not materially affect his comfort. Whether from respect to her memory, or from some cause known only to himself, he never filled her vacant place in the household, but seemed quite satisfied with Dame Gertrude's management of himself, his child and the menage in general. Smoking his pipe became his great pleasure,—a negative sort of pleasure which was generally enlivened by the sports of little Meta who played round him like the very spirit of joy, and whose wildest moods and most romping amusements were always endured with complacent satisfaction. Their young kinsman, Harman Von Kortland was sometimes the companion of her sports; and being a petted little girl six year his junior, she enjoyed the privilege of practising with impunity, manifold mischievous pranks, which from any other, would have been received by him in a most rebellious spirit.

Hans Von Sickle looked upon the children with benign complacency; and as he sat meditating at eventide in his flowered dressing gown and red night cap, rolling volumes of smoke from his mouth, his eyes glanced unconsciously across the Bay and rested on the busy mill which received daily tribute for old Von Kortland's heir. Thence they followed a green path through fields and orchards, and finally rested on the family mansion, which stood square and solid,—for it had been garrisoned long ago in the old Manhattan wars,—and now shone out resplendent in tiles of red and white, a *stoup* added to the front, and a weather cock like a winged dragon, veering from the tallest chimney. His meditations doubtless suggested a practical result; for on a New Year's day,—Meta being then about five years old,—her father, to the surprise of all the household, ordered his Flemish mare to the door, and forthwith mounted her, arranged in the imposing splendor of a new periwig, and a satin waistcoat with embroidered lappets, worn at his own wedding, and plush breeches with gold buckles, also displayed on the same memorable occasion. As Cuffy, the privileged *major domo* of the establishment, held the stirrup while his master settled his portly person in the saddle, a broad grin stretched his mouth from ear to ear, showing a double row of shining ivory,—for the shrewd blackey rightly conjectured that Myn-heer was setting off in the spirit of a good old custom, which he had sadly neglected of late,

to exchange the friendly greetings of the season, with his fair relative, the comely widow of old Von Kortland.

The good cheer which the hospitable mistress of the house offered on that occasion,—the display of cakes and pumpkin pies,—the hung beef and sour crout, which so unequivocally evidenced her skill in housewifery, not to mention the tankards of solid silver, foaming with sparkling cider from her own presses, must have made a notable impression on the mind of her sagacious kinsman. Scarcely a week elapsed before the Flemish mare was again seen, fastened to the post before Dame Kortland's door. Long she waited there, most impatiently flapping her vixen tail, and pawing the frozen ground; and it is no marvel that the *goede vrouwen* of the neighborhood circulated a report that the honest man went there to offer his hand and heart;—they even affirmed, that Maude the serving maid, had put her ear to the key-hole, and heard her mistress positively refuse him. This was probably a malicious rumour, for we find no allusion to it in the family records which we have been permitted to consult; Dame Gertrude, however, affirmed, that her master rode home that day with such unwonted haste, that his beast was sadly jaded, his wig awry, and his cocked hat, usually so perpendicular, inclining over his left eye. And when she questioned him in some anxiety, as to the cause of his disordered state, he testily ejaculated, “*der duyvel woman!*” and forthwith hid himself from sight.

But the solution of this perplexing passage in Myu-beer Von Sickle's private history can never be revealed. It must suffice to know that after the lapse of a few months, amicable relations were permanently established between the two houses, and a compact formed by which it was agreed that Harman Von Kortland and Meta, when they reached a suitable age, should be united in marriage, and by thus joining the two estates, settle the question of succession for all their future heirs. This was a master stroke of policy on the part of Hans Von Sickle; and not a doubt entered his mind as to the complete fulfilment of the contract; the idea of any repugnance on the part of those who were to be so greatly benefitted, was never admitted into his calculations. So from that time forward he smoked his pipe in perfect tranquility, and trusted the event to time, the great disposer.

And so time passed on; and it was not till Meta attained her sixteenth year that the grand purpose of her existence, viz: that of uniting the two fair inheritances, was made known to her. If the old gentleman expected to astonish his daughter

by the disclosure of so vast a scheme, or to gain her gratitude by his affectionate, parental foresight, he must have been taken by surprise when he found the announcement received only as a grave jest, and answered by a burst of laughter. Von Sickle looked at her with a puzzled air and was at first inclined to send for a strait jacket, believing she had gone mad, in a sudden fit of joy. But he soon found she was in veritable earnest; that she did not care a pin for the Von Kortland estates, and would not accept them at any rate, subject to an encumbrance that did not please her. It was of no use to argue the matter, for his strongest arguments were knocked down by a merry retort, and she finally coaxed him into silence by throwing her arms around his neck and smothering his words with kisses. So the prudent father, baffled, but not defeated, resolved to keep silence for the present, and leave the young lover to win his mistress by his own address.

So Meta, for the present, considered the matter at an end and quitted the field in triumph. Poor Harman, though constantly reminded by his mother, that “faint heart never won fair lady,” could not muster courage enough to plead his own suit; and though his heart, somewhat sluggish in its movements, always beat faster in her presence, if he only ventured to touch her hand, she assumed such an imperious manner that he was quite awed, and then she was sure to manifest her mirth at his awkward bashfulness. She was so graceful and light-hearted—how could he help admiring her? and so good-natured too, if he only kept at a distance. And so she continued to visit Dame Von Kortland, as often as ever, but would never listen to any of her maternal hints, and often took occasion to declare she intended always, to reign, like good queen Bess, alone in her own little dominion.

It would be affirming too much, to say the pretty Meta had not a spice of coquetry in her composition. Not that she would have given a moment's serious pain to any one, for the world; but she thought, rightly enough, perhaps, that most of the young men who courted her smiles, were vulnerable only through their vanity, and it could do no harm to humble *that* a little. The true heart that sought her in good faith was never trifled with, and the lover generally remained a friend. It may seem strange that among so many admirers, there was not one who pleased her fancy; but, as we have said, she passed on to her eighteenth year, and her heart was still entirely in her own keeping.

Those were gloomy and troublesome times, the

period in which Meta reached the important era of womanhood. The war of the Revolution had but recently broken out into open warfare, and Long Island was then the scene of approaching conflict. Our story has nothing to do with political questions, and the state of the country is referred to, only in connection with the *dramatis persona* of our veritable tale. Von Sickle took little interest in the bitter strife of party feeling that raged around him; his eye was fixed on his broad acres, and his insulated position in a manner shut him out from the arena of strife. Having passed the age when his services could be commanded in the field, he deemed it prudent to preserve a strict neutrality, and shut up in the little peninsula which he called his own, he cared little from which side came the shout of victory or the cry of defeat.

This kind of selfishness was not confined to Von Sickle; at that time it was perhaps more widely spread than is generally believed, and to his own conscience, the worthy Dutchman framed a ready excuse. He was not far enough removed from the early settlers of Manhattan to have lost, entirely, his nationality of feeling, or to have forgotten that he was the descendant of a peaceful colony, who first took possession of that fair country, and who had been driven out with little ceremony by the starchy English. And towards the restless Yankees, who were never contented to buy and get gain within the limits of their own territories, but must needs push their enterprize into the very heart of Manhattan, and monopolize the trade and commerce, while the Myn-heers dreamed over their pipes—towards them, Von Sickle looked with even less complacence. And so, as we have said, he preserved a strict neutrality; and if his fine beeves and fat sheep commanded a good price, he was content to sell to either party, reserving a choice for those who laid down the broadest gold pieces.

It was on the eve of an important battle. The Americans to the amount of fifteen thousand, under the command of General Sullivan, occupied a commanding position on Brooklyn Heights, where were erected strong fortifications overlooking East River, which separated them from New York, where General Washington had then fixed his head quarters. A line of entrenchment stretching beyond Brooklyn village, enclosed a large space of ground which was covered by the American camp, and the whole was secured by abatis, and flanked by a strong redoubt.

The British army, about twenty-four thousand strong, under the command of Sir William Howe, had landed from their ships of war, at Gravesend;

having resolved to make the first attack on Long Island, though their ulterior object was the capture of New York. The two armies were separated by a range of hills, covered with thick wood which stretched across the country from east to west, terminating near Jamaica.

The most intense excitement prevailed in all the country round, when it was known that a large army had actually landed on the coast, with all the formidable preparations for a hostile attack. A few weeks only had passed since the declaration of Independence sounded through the length and breadth of the land; and on the coming battle, which would test the untried strength of the infant republic, perhaps, depended the issues of that political struggle which had now taken shape and assumed such tremendous responsibilities. Even in the Old Dutch Farm House, was observed a cloud of anxiety which no political event had ever before evoked; and how could it be otherwise, when all around, were heard the sounds of military preparation, and on the distant hills might be seen bristling cannon, and soldiers laboring on intrenchments, while groups of officers riding in haste from post to post seemed anxiously inspecting the different works. The American lines swept round to Mill Creek, near to where it empties into Gowanus Bay, just where the old Mill may still be seen, its huge wheel half out of water, and no longer vigorous and active as in the days when it ground corn for the family of Von Kortland.

Old Von Sickle sat in the summer twilight smoking his pipe more thoughtfully than usual, his small grey eyes roving restlessly along the distant line of encampment, and then falling somewhat anxiously on the smiling fields ripening with early grain. An old house dog lay at his feet, with one eye open, and at every unwonted sound, a low growl testified his acute perceptions and his careful watchfulness. At a little distance sat Dame Von Kortland, still plump and comely, but sorely troubled, poor woman! for her son Harman had been called out in the roll of militia and half distracted with fears for his safety, she had been induced to leave her lonely house for a few days, and share the hospitality of her kind neighbors. So not a word was spoken, but both sat busied with their own vexed thoughts, while from far and near, rose on the still air, the sweet sounds of rural life,—lowing cattle returning from rich pastures to yield their milky treasure to the dairy-maid,—sheep bleating on the upland hills,—cocks, crowing their vesper notes in the barn yard, and flocks of geese, let out to pick up their living through the day, being driven back by a grinning

black boy, and escorted by the watchful gander, who made good his claim to silliness by leading them all astray, and expending his breath in vain hissing at every imaginary enemy.

Meta was not at her father's side as usual at that hour, for Dame Kortland's trouble had infected her, and her spirits were depressed by the vague apprehensions which filled the very air around them. And so she had strolled out in restless mood; and her father's eye followed her as she strayed along the narrow, pebbly beach which bordered the peninsula, and was made hard and smooth by every flowing tide. Dame Gertrude, her tall and primitive figure amplified by broad skirts, a flowing cardinal and expansive hood, walked beside the "young mistress," as she was called, and Meta's little, round, girlish form, and elastic step, contrasted agreeably with the old nurse, while her hood of pale silk thrown back, displayed her glossy, chestnut hair, untortured by the formal fashion of the day, falling in natural ringlets around her face and neck. Meta's step was slower than usual, and her face very thoughtful, though she sometimes stooped to pick up a polished pebble, and cast it into the water, and then stood watching the spreading circles as they disappeared; her heart was far from gleeful, and her father, as he looked after her, in vain listened for the joyous laugh which ever rung so musically in his ear.

"My heart is heavy to night, Gertrude," she said, at length breaking the silence, "there is such an ominous gloom on every thing, it seems truly that something dreadful is about to happen. I have heard them tell about the fight at Concord and at Bunker Hill, but it cannot surely be that any thing so fearful will take place here—so near us—before our very eyes; tell me Gertrude, do you think it possible?"

"The good Lord only knows, child," she replied, "but truly these are evil times enough, and these Englishers are not so peaceable as the grave Dutch were in your great grandfather's days. But keep up a good heart, little dear, your father is safe enough, any way, and I doubt not St. Nicholas will take care of master Harman, if it is for him you are in trouble," and she turned on Meta an enquiring and half doubting look.

Master Harman's legs will take him under their especial care, I doubt not," said Meta, yielding to a moment's mirth; but directly checking it, she added gravely, "I hope no harm will come to him, for his own sake, and his poor mother's!"

They again walked on in silence.

"Meta, Meta," called her father, leaning over the end of the stoup to look after her, "come in

my child, for it is getting late and the air grows chilly.

"Oh no dear father, put on another night cap and light your pipe again," she answered, "it is so lovely here, and this sea-breeze is so refreshing; to-morrow night, perhaps, we may be afraid to walk here." And so she continued to walk on, looking back and waving her hand in answer to his warning finger, till the old gentleman gave up the playful contest, and was content to accept her suggestion and shelter his bare pate under the panoply of a double night cap, and keep off the cold by the stimulus of a fresh pipe.

It was in truth a lovely evening; the balmy air, the pure, pearly moonlight blending with twilight's fading hues and casting over all a transparent silver veil,—now revealing the graceful outlines of the distant hills, then stealing through the sleeping vallies, and resting on the quiet waves. The perfect repose and loneliness became almost oppressive; when, as if to relieve the eye and give animation to the picture, a little boat shot out from a distant point where the inlet opens into the sea, and came gliding over the smooth waters, as swiftly and silently as a fairy bark. Meta and her companion were standing on the wooded point of land that forms the extremity of the peninsula and looks out into the broader waters. They withdrew under the shadow of some trees, and, as the boat drew nearer, Gertrude whispered;

"Truly it must be Master Harman; he is off duty by some chance, and is coming to give a look at the farm house, and smoke a pipe with Myn-heer."

The little skiff kept near the shore; it was guided by a skillful oarsman, and contained only himself and a figure which reclined very comfortably in the stern seat, enveloped in the folds of an ample cloak. A sort of foraging cap fell over his eyes, and he might have been sleeping, he seemed so lost to all outward objects.

"It must be Harman," replied Meta, in the same low voice, "but he looks so odd in that military gear! How glad his mother will be to see him! but I marvel that he can sleep in that tilting nutshell;—we must wake him up—see, he will think the enemy is upon him."

And Meta stooped down and gathered up a handful of small pebbles, which she threw at him with a true woman's aim, for they just glanced the boat, and fell pattering into the water. The boat was pushed hastily from the shore, and without revealing its face, the figure seemed to glance keenly round, as if expecting to discern an enemy. Another shower of pebbles, and a stifled laugh, which Meta could not repress, reached him, and

perhaps, the flutter of female garments caught his eye, and excited his curiosity. He spoke low to his companion; and one dip of the oars brought the skiff in contact with the beach, when stepping lightly out, he lifted the cap from his eyes, and cast a searching glance around. The moonlight fell clearly on him and revealed—not the very sleek, but exceedingly commonplace figure of Harman Von Kortland,—but that of a young man, of medium stature and rather slightly built, with a frank, manly face, which, if not handsome expressed intelligence and spirit.

Poor Meta, thrown off her guard by terror and surprise uttered a faint scream, and seizing Gertrude's arm, who was scarcely less bewildered, attempted to fly; but her foot caught in the underwood, and she would have fallen, if the stranger had not sprang to her assistance. Firmly but respectfully he held her trembling arm, and looked into her face which was covered with burning and blushes half hid by her abundant ringlets. But directly he loosed his hold, for he seemed instinctively to comprehend that some strange misconception had led her into such an awkward dilemma, and he longed to relieve her confusion. There was a purity and pleading sweetness in her fair young face, which would have checked any injurious doubt if one had arisen in his mind. But evidently surprise and admiration prevailed over every other feeling, and as Meta was too painfully abashed to frame any words in explanation, he thought it expedient to relieve the embarrassing pause.

"I knew not that these woods were haunted by fair nymphs," he said, smiling, "and I must bless my happy fortune which has led me to the discovery."

"I must seem very foolish," Meta began, and she dared not meet his eye, "but it is all an odd mistake. I took you for another, sir, for—for—" and here poor Meta broke down entirely.

"For one greatly to be envied," he said courteously, taking up the broken thread, "if he has the happiness of winning a thought from one so fair, and I can feel flattered only by the mistake."

An arch smile fluttered on Meta's pretty lips, and chased away her blushes, but she answered only by a courteous gesture, and turned away with rapid steps, anxious to escape from the embarrassment of her position. The stranger respected the delicacy of her situation too much to detain her, if he had felt so inclined, and probably of speeding on his way. He remained, with head uncovered, gazing after her till she was out of sight; and Meta made no pause till she stood

safely on the stoup by her father's side, while Gertrude, not so fleet of foot, came panting after her. Then indeed she turned her eyes back on the path she had just trodden, but deepening shadows were fast gathering over it, and the headland where she had lately stood, was lost in distance and obscurity. She could not see the little boat again pushed off, and dancing like a sea shell on the waves, while the moon-beams seemed to follow it with a stream of silver light, falling on it as if in mockery, as it sought to glide unnoticed among the shadows of the wooded shores.

Yet Meta's thoughts pursued it with many a vain conjecture; and often as she attempted to dismiss the subject from her mind, it would return with strange pertinacity, holding spell-bound her imagination, and stamping itself on her memory. And the features of that strange youth,—why did they rise before her with such singular attraction; with a charm so new, yet so familiar? Was it that the idea of her young fancy, was now, for the first time invested with reality? Beware Meta, thou standest on dangerous ground!

How bright the sun shone when Meta looked out early the next morning! All the birds of the air seemed perched on the old ash tree by her window, and such a gush of melody as they sent forth! And how prettily the path wound along the inlet, now turning round a green field, sparkling with dew, then half hid behind a thicket of young trees! And then the water lay so smooth, just blushing faintly with the morning sun-light! That little boat, still in her minds eye—where could it be; how had it sped on its nocturnal mission! All night it had been in her dreams, and she had floated in it through such regions of fairyland, but not alone! And Meta's heart was so light this morning; she sprang with such a bounding step into the fresh air, upon the stoup, her eyes and thoughts all the time far away, that she came, bounce like a little ball upon Dame Kortland who stood there with a lugubrious face, and a kerchief at her eyes, for she, too, had been looking abroad in the fair morning; but her eyes rested on the camp ground, and her thoughts were with her "poor boy," who was cooped up there, an unwilling victim in the cause of patriotism.

"Dear, good aunt Korty," said Meta laughing, "I am so glad I was not a cannon ball to sweep you off entirely! but, dear me"—and her face lost its joyous smile; "I ought not to feel so happy this morning, when every body else is looking so sad and dismal!"

"You are so careless, child!" said the Dame, smoothing down the ruffles of her sleeve; but

instantly her good humored face cleared, and she added kindly, "never mind, Meta dear, perhaps I was a little giddy at your age too. But you cannot wonder that I am sad enough now, a lone woman in the world as I am, and then they have taken my poor Harman away—all that I have left me to care for, and what will become of him, he will be killed, I know he will!" and again the kerchief was applied to her eyes.

But Meta, whose kind heart was really moved, pulled it away, and kissed the ruddy cheek on which a tear was fast rolling down.

"Now don't fret, dear aunt, pray, till you have something to fret for," she said coaxingly, "if it is no use to cry for spilled milk, as Gertrude used to tell me when I broke off a doll's head, it is of no use to cry for milk that never may be spilled. We must hope that Harman will escape all harm; and when people do fight, you know every one is not killed, so I dare say he will get off with the rest."

"Ah Meta, if you cared anything about him, you would not talk so!"

"Why you know I do care a great deal about cousin Harman," she answered frankly, for she well knew the drift of the discourse, "we have always been very good friends, and he used to let me tease him as much as I liked when I was a little girl."

"And you tease him enough now, you know you do," she answered somewhat tartly, "there is many a young girl, Meta, I can tell you, who would not toss up her head if my son asked her to marry him."

"I dare say, aunty dear, and he will find a nice little wife amongst them one of these days," she answered carelessly.

"But he cares for no one but yourself, Meta, you know that very well; and you know, too, that your father and I wish you to marry him, and have set our hearts on it ever since you were a child of five years old; and now that you have grown into a young woman, you ought to be a little graver, and look to your own interest,—I mean happiness. So if Harman does come back to us, I hope we shall have it all settled right very soon—that's a good girl!"

"I think I am altogether too giddy, as you say, for such a grave youth as cousin Harman, and besides, you know I have no thought of marrying at all. But never mind; we have something else to think about in these troublesome times; goodness knows but what we may be all killed in a bunch!"

"God forbid!" said the Dame turning pale, "you give me such a start, child! But if you had only

seen Harman when he left me for the camp last week, all dressed up in his uniform—and he looked so well I can tell you."

"Indeed," said Meta musingly, and a dubious smile played on her rosy lips; for standing before her, all unbidden, fancy held up the rotund figure and quiescent face of "cousin Harman," and the animated graceful youth who took her heart by surprise, the preceding evening; and the juxtaposition was anything but favorable to the young Dutch wooer.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Dame Von Kortland with a smile; not doubting that her words had made a due impression, and that Meta was revolving the graces of the young militia officer.

"I am thinking," said Meta, starting and blushing, "that all the fowls in the barn-yard are clamoring for their breakfast; so I must run and feed them, and then I will make such a nice curd for your breakfast. There goes Phebe with her milk pails, and here is my good grey pussy waiting for her share!" And away went Meta, glad to escape from a subject, more than ever distasteful to her.

Every thing remained quiet about the farmhouse that day. Though the English were evidently forming in order for an attack, and the Americans were equally busy in finishing their defences, not a shot had yet been fired, and the sullen note of preparation was rather *felt* than *heard* along the hostile ranks, and from the intermediate hills and woody passes which were already occupied by a large detachment, sent from General Putnam's division.

In the afternoon, Dame Kortland, "on household cares intent," proposed riding over to her own house to see how things were getting on there without the inspection of her careful eye. So Myn-heer Von Sickle gallantly offered his favorite black mare for the use of his fair guest, and Meta, mounted on her own spirited little steed, which had obeyed her voice from shaggy *colt-hood*, they set off at a brisk pace, followed by Cuffy, who, by way of contrast, perhaps, usually selected for his own especial use a perverse beast of almost snowy whiteness. Every thing was found in as good order as could be desired; not a particle of dust rested on chair or table, stoup or bed-room, and a finer churning, Maude declared, had never come out from under the mistress' own eyes. Out of doors too, all was unexceptionable:—the cattle well cared for, and the garden in trim order; and the good Dame was forced to admit the unwelcome conclusion that the little world

which she had so long governed, could go on without her especial supervision.

They were returning home in the grey twilight, and Dame Von Kortland, fatigued with her laborious scrutiny, sat uneasily in the saddle. To speak truth, the black mare, accustomed to her master's weighty person, and peculiar trot, seemed to consider it beneath her dignity to submit to female authority, and on this occasion thought proper to assume a defiant sort of pace, which lifted the fair incumbent up and down in the saddle, like the dasher of a Dutch churn. They had just passed the old mill; the restless clapper was stilled for the night, and the wheel lay dripping in the stream that now flowed quietly under the rude bridge, and was then lost in the little inlet, across which might be seen the Old Farm House, with its fitting lights gleaming in the increasing obscurity. They rode slowly, for Dame Von Kortland asserted the impossibility of coaxing the wicked *diavel* into anything like a comfortable motion, and a solitary road lay before them, which would have seemed dreary enough at that hour, but for the cheerful light of a clear summer moon. Cuffy, who had all the superstition of the negro race in his woolly pate, saw a bogle staring at him from every bush by the road side; and the unsettled state of the times were no less suggestive to his physical apprehensions.

They had just passed the old mill, as we have said, and were proceeding at a slow pace, when the sound of horses' feet were heard clattering over the bridge behind them. Cuffy, being in the rear, ventured to give an accelerated motion, to his steed, which brought him close to the side of his young mistress.

"Look missis," he said, in a timid whisper "dere be bad people about in these times, we better let him pass."

But the horseman showed no disposition to pass; he rather checked his horse when close upon them, so that the animal's nose almost rested on the hinder part of Cuffy's white rosinante. But that sagacious animal, indignant at the familiarity, kicked up his hind legs in a most belligerent manner, so that the stranger was obliged to change his position, and then rode slowly on, bowing courteously to the ladies as he passed them. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance; he was of the middle height, and sat well in the saddle, and his dress was in the fashion of the country people round, only of a rusty black which might indicate a travelling preacher, or perhaps a doctor, called to the camp service, and the saddle bags strapped on behind, favored the latter supposition. For the rest,—a wrapper which

delicate health might excuse, tied round his neck, covered the lower part of his face, and a hat, too loose for his head, falling over the brow, left but a small part of his physiognomy exposed to view. After riding on in advance of the party for a short time, he suddenly reined in his horse and stood drawn up on the side way till they all filed past him, and as they did so, again bowing profoundly to the ladies. Then falling into the rear, he kept at a short distance from them, accommodating his pace exactly to their own.

There was certainly something marked and peculiar in this sort of manœuvring, and Dame Von Kortland felt a growing uneasiness at the proximity of a stranger who seemed so pertinaciously resolved to travel with them; and Meta, though troubled with few idle fears, could not help wishing they were relieved from so dubious an attendant. She begged her companion to ride faster, and clear the ground before him, and the Dame would gladly have done so, but the mare took an obstinate fit, and would not be persuaded to budge out of her moderate, uneasy pace. But Cuffy's shrewd wit came to their assistance. He knew the weak points of the black mare from long experience, and one of them was a decided aversion to whip or spur. But in desperation at the state of affairs, and in bodily dread of the unknown personage who hung upon their flanks, Cuffy ventured to apply his riding whip smartly to the mare's haunches, and she forthwith broke into a gallop, which took her rider completely by surprise, and only by holding fast to the animal with both hands, was she enabled to maintain her seat. Meta's pony gave chase in fine style, soon outstripping the mare; while the black, delighted with the success of his experiment, followed fast after, grinning with satisfaction at his own cleverness. The obtrusive stranger was completely distanced.

But in the midst of the race, the girth of Meta's saddle gave way, and for a moment she vibrated and was on the point of falling. Happily the well-trained animal obeyed the instant check she gave the rein, and before the saddle turned, she sprang unhurt to the ground. Cuffy, greatly terrified, hastened to her assistance; but he was anticipated by the unknown traveller, who put spurs to his horse, and was at her side, and holding the bridle rein, before the other could dismount.

"My lucky stars are in the ascendant again to night, fair lady," he said, smiling, "and since you have escaped unhurt, I am too selfish to regret the brief alarm which my unlucky presence seems to have inspired; May I receive your pardon?"

Meta started at the voice, and glancing timidly

at the speaker, a deep blush suffused her face when, in spite of all disguise, she recognized the frank, intelligent features which had impressed her so agreeably the preceding evening, and, it must be admitted, had haunted her imagination ever since.

"I cannot pardon where there is no offence intended," said Meta frankly, "we, country damsels think lightly of dangers such as these, and I have no fear only that my good aunt may not be able to keep her saddle—thanks, good sir, for your intended service, I must hasten after her."

While speaking, Dame Von Kortland, unable to check her horse, had gone past them like an arrow, her hood blown back, and clinging with both hands to the horn of the saddle. The stranger could not repress a smile as he looked at her flying figure; but obeying Meta's motion, he assisted her to the saddle, which Cuffy had adjusted, and as he resigned her hand, he said gravely:

"When we meet again, I trust it will be without disguise, which a true man never assumes but at the urgent call of duty, and I pray you let it not weigh against me in your kind thoughts. It is not a stranger's privilege to attend you, and I must say farewell."

Meta, surprised and embarrassed, could only bow in reply; Cuffy waited impatiently, and touching her steed lightly, they were soon far on the track of the frightened Dame. They did not, however, overtake her before she reached the farm house, where she was received, half dead with fright and fatigue, into the arms of Myn-heer Von Sickle who waited on the stoup, looking with great anxiety for their return.

To be continued.

THE FAIRY'S APPEAL.

In ancient times when flowers and trees and fairies were on speaking terms, and all friendly together, one fair summer's day the Sun shone out on a beautiful garden where there were all sorts of flowers that you could mention, and a lovely but giddy Fairy went sporting about from one to the other, (although no one could see her because of the Sunlight,) as gay as the morning lark. Then says the Fairy to the Rose—"Rose if the Sun was clouded and the storm came on, would you shelter and love me still?" "Do you doubt me says the Rose," and reddened with anger. "Lily" says the Fairy to another love, "if the Sun was clouded and a storm came on, would you shelter and love me still?" "Oh do you think I could change," said the Lily, and she grew still paler with sorrow. "Tulip," said the Fairy, "if the Sun was clouded and a storm came on, would you

shelter and love me still?" "Upon my word" said the Tulip, "you're the first lady that ever doubted my constancy." So the Fairy sported on, joyful to think of her kind and blooming friends. She revelled away for a time, then she thought on the pale blue Violet that was almost covered with its broad green leaves, and although it was an old comrade, she might have forgotten it had it not been for the sweet scent that came up from the modest flower. "Oh! Violet," said the Fairy, "if the Sun was clouded and a storm came on, would you shelter and love me still?" And the Violet made answer; "You have known me long, sweet Fairy, and in the first Spring-time, when there were few other flowers, you used to shield yourself from the cold blast under my leaves, now you have almost forgotten me—but let it pass—try my truth, if ever you should meet misfortune, but I say nothing." Well the Fairy skitted at that, and clapped her silver wings, and whisked singing off on a Sunbeam, but she was hardly gone when a black cloud grew up out of the north all in a minute, and the light was shrouded, and the rain fell in slashings like hail, and away flies the Fairy to her friend the Rose.

"Now Rose" says she, "the rain is come, so shelter and love me still." "I can hardly shelter my own buds" says the Rose, "but the Lily has a deep cup." Well the poor Fairy's wings were almost wet, but she got to the Lily. "Lily," says she, "the storm is come, so shelter and love me still." "I am sorry," says the Lily, "but if I were to open my cup the rain would beat in like fun, and my seed would be spoiled—the Tulip has huge leaves." Well the Fairy was down-hearted enough, but she went to the Tulip whom she had always thought a most sweet spoken gentleman. She certainly did not look as bright as she had done in the Sun, but she waved her little wand. "Tulip," says she, "the rain and storm are come, and I am very weary but you will shelter me and love me still?" "Begone," says the Tulip, "be off," says he "a pretty pickle I would be in if I let every wandering scamp come about me." Well by this time she was very tired, and her wings hung dripping at her back, wet indeed—but there was no help for it, and leaning on her silver wand she limped off to the Violet, and the darling little flower with its blue eye that's as clear as a kitten's, saw her coming and never a word she spoke, but opened her broad green leaves, and took the wild wandering creature to her bosom, and dried her wings and breathed the sweetest perfumes over her, and sheltered her until the storm was all gone. Then the humble Violet spoke and said—"The love of one true heart is enough for earthly woman or Fairy spirit."

ARTS AND ARTISTS.

BY H. H. TUCKERMAN.

I was struck recently, with an unfinished sketch by a young artist, who has since lost his reason from the intense activity of a rarely-gifted, but ill-balanced mind. It struck me as an eloquent symbol of his inward experience—a touching comment upon his unhappy fate. He called the design 'an artist's dream.' It represented the studio of a painter. An easel, a pallet, a portfolio, and other insignia of the art, are scattered with professional negligence about the room. At a table sits the youthful painter, his head resting heavily on his arm, buried in sleep. From the opposite side of the canvas the shadowy outlines of a long procession seemed winding along, the figures more indistinct as they receded. In the front rank, and with more defined countenances, walked the most renowned of the old masters, and pressing hard upon their steps, the humbler members of that noble brotherhood. It was a mere sketch—unfinished, but dimly mapped out, like the career of its author, yet full of promise, indicative of invention. It revealed, too, the dreams of fame that were agitating that young heart; and proved that his spirit was with the honored leaders of the art. This sketch is a symbol of the life of a true artist. Upon his fancy throng the images of those whose names are immortal. It is his day-dream to emulate the great departed—to bless his race—to do justice to himself. The early difficulties of their career, and the excitement of their experience, give to the lives of artists a singular interest. West's first expedient to obtain a brush—Barry's proud poverty, Fuseli's vigils over Dante and Milton; Reynolds, the centre of a gifted society, and the 'devout quiet' of Flaxman's home, and similar memories, crowd upon the mind, intent upon their works. Existence with them, is a long dream. I have ever honored the fraternity, and loved their society, and musing upon the province they occupy in the business of the world, I seem to recognize a new thread of beauty interlacing the mystic tissue of life. In speaking of the true artist, I allude rather to his principles of action than to his absolute power of execution. Mediocrity, indeed is sufficiently undesirable in every pursuit, and is least endurable, perhaps, in those

with which we naturally associate the highest ideas of excellence. But when we look upon artists as a class—when we attempt to estimate their influence as a profession, our attention is rather drawn to the tendency of their pursuits, and to the general characteristics of its votaries.

"Man!" says Carlyle, "it is not thy works which are all mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least, but only the spirit thou workest in, that can have worth or continuance." In this point of view, the artist, who has adopted his vocation from a native impulse, who is a sincere worshipper of the beautiful and the picturesque, exerts an insensible, but not less real influence upon society, although he may not rank among the highest, or float on the stream of popularity. Let this console the neglected artist. Let this thought comfort him possessed of one talent, if the spirit he worketh in is true, he shall not work in vain. Upon some mind his converse shall ingraft the elements of taste. In some heart will his lonely devotion to an innocent but unprofitable object awake sympathy. In his very isolation—in the solitude of his undistinguished and unappreciated lot, shall he preach a silent homily to the mere devotee of gain, and hallow to the eye of many a philanthropist the scene of bustling and heartless traffic.

I often muse upon the life of the true artist, till it redeems to my mind the more prosaic aspect of human existence. It is deeply interesting to note this class of men in Italy. There they breathe a congenial atmosphere. Often subsisting upon the merest pittance, indulging in every vagary of costume, they wander over the land, and yield themselves freely to the spirit of adventure, and the luxury of art. They are encountered with their portfolios, in the midst of the lone Campagna, beside the desolate ruin, before the masterpieces of the gallery, and in the Cathedral-chapel. They roam the streets of those old and picturesque cities at night, congregate at the Café and sing cheerfully in their studios. They seem a privileged class and manage, despite their frequent poverty, to appropriate all the delights of Italy. They take long tours on foot, in search of the picturesque; engage in warm discussions to-

gether, on questions of art, and lay every town they visit, under contribution for some little romance. It is a rare pastime to listen to the love-tales and wild speculations of these gay wanderers. The ardent youth from the Rhine, the pensioner from Madrid, and the mercurial Parisian, smoke their pipes in concert, and wrangle good-humoredly over national peculiarities, as they copy in the palaces. Thorwaldsen is wont to call his birth-day the day on which he entered Rome. And when we consider to what a new existence that epoch introduces the artist, the expression is scarcely metaphorical. It is the dawning of a fresher and a richer life, the day that makes him acquainted with the wonders of the Vatican, the palace halls, lined with the trophies of his profession, the daily walk on the Pincian, the solemn loneliness of the surrounding fields, the beautiful ruins, the long, dreamy day—and all the poetry of life at Rome. Whoever has frequently encountered Thorwaldsen in the crowded saloons or visited him on a Sabbath morning must have read in his bland countenance and benignant smile, the record of his long and pleasant sojourn in the Eternal city. To him it has been a theatre of triumph and benevolence. Everywhere in Italy are seen the enthusiastic pilgrims of art, who have roamed thither from every part of the globe. Each has his tale of self-denial, and his vision of fame. At the shrines of Art they kneel together. Year by year they collect, in the shape of sketches and copies, the cherished memorials of their visit. A few linger on, till habit makes the country almost necessary to their existence, and they establish themselves in Florence or Rome. Those whom necessity obliges to depart, tear themselves, full of tearful regret, from the genial clime. Many who come to labor, content themselves with admiring, and glide into dreamy habits from which want, alone, can rouse them. Others become the most devoted students, and toil with unremitting energy. A French lady, attached to the Bourbon interest, has long dwelt in Italy, intent upon a monument to Charles X. Her talents for sculpture are of a high order, and her enthusiasm for royalty, extreme. Her hair is cut short like that of a man, and she wears a dark robe similar to that with which Portia appears on the stage. Instances of a like self-devotion to a favorite project in art, are very common among those who are voluntary exiles in that fair land.

Though the mere tiros in the field of letters and of art, those who pursue these liberal aims without the genius that hallows, or the disinterestedness that redeems them, are not worthy of encouragement—let respect await the artist whose

life and conversation multiply the best fruits of his profession—whose precept and example are effective, although nature may have endowed him with but a limited practical skill. There is a vast difference between a mere pretender and one whose ability in actual but confined. A man with the soul of an artist, is a valuable member of society, although his eye for color, may be imperfect, or his drawing occasionally careless. There is, in truth, no more touching spectacle, than is presented by a human being whose emotions are vivid, but whose expression is fettered, in whose mind is the conception which his hand struggles in vain to embody, or his lips to utter. It is a contest between matter and spirit, which angels might pity. It is this very struggle, on a broad scale, which it is the great purpose of all art and all literature to relieve. "It is in me, and it shall come out," said Sheridan, after his first failure as an orator. And the trial of Warren Hastings brought it out. If we could analyze the pleasure derived from the poet and painter, I suppose it would partake much of the character of relief. A great tragedy unburdens the heart. In fancy we pour forth the love, and partake of the sacrifice. And so art gratifies the imagination by reflecting its pictures. The lovely landscape, the faithful portrait, the grand historical composition, repeat with more or less authenticity, the story that fancy and memory have long held within a less defined shape. The rude figures on the old tapestry—the miniature illustrations of ancient missals—the arabesques that decorate the walls of the Alhambra, are so many early efforts to the same end. The inventive designer, the gifted sculptor, the exquisite vocalist, are ministers of humanity, ordained by Heaven. The very attempt to fulfil such high service, so it be made in all truthfulness, is worthy of honor. And where it is even partially fulfilled, there is occasion for gratitude. Hence I cannot but regard the worthy members of such professions with peculiar interest. They have stepped aside from the common thoroughfare to cultivate the flowers by the wayside. They left the great loom of common industry, to weave "such stuff as dreams are made of." Their office is to keep alive in human hearts, a sense of the grand in combination, the symmetrical form, the beautiful in color, the touching in sound, the interesting in aspect of all outward things. They illustrate even to the senses, that truth which is so often forgotten—"that man does not live by bread alone." As the sunlight is gorgeously reflected by the clouds, they tint even the tearful gloom of mortal destiny with the warm hues of beauty. Artists

instruct and refine the senses. With images of grace—with smiles of tenderness—with figures of noble proportions—with tones of celestial melody, they teach the careless heart to distinguish and rejoice in the richest attractions of the world. He who has pondered over the landscapes of Salvator, will thenceforth pierce the tangled woodlands with a keener glance, and mark a ship's hulk upon the stocks with unwonted interest. John of Bologna's Mercury, will reveal to him the poetry of motion, and the Niobe or the statue of Lorenzo, in the Medici Chapel, make him aware how greatly mere attitude can express the eloquence of grief. The vocalism of a *Prima donna*, will unveil the poetical labyrinths of sound. Claude will make him sensible of masses of golden haze before unobserved, long scintillations of sunlight, and a gleaming across the western sky. The neck and hair of woman will be better appreciated after studying Guido; and the characteristic in physiognomy become more striking from familiarity with the portraits of Vandyke. Hogarth, in the humble walk he adopted, not only successfully satirized the vices and follies of London, but gave the common people no small insight into the humorous scenes of their sphere, and Gainsborough attracted attention to many a feature of rustic beauty. Pasta, Catalani and Malibran, have opened a new world in music, to countless souls, and Mrs. Wood has produced an era in the musical taste of our land. The artist thus instructs our vision and hearing. But his teachings end not here. From his portraitsures of martyrdoms, of the heroic in human history, of the beautiful in human destiny, whether pencilled or sung, he breathes into the soul new self-respect, and moral refinement. We look at the Magdalene, prostrate upon the earth, pressing back the luxuriant hair from her lovely temples, her melancholy eyes bent downward, and the lesson of repentance, the blessedness of 'loving much,' sinks at once into the heart. We muse upon Raphael's Holy Family and realize anew the sanctity of maternal love. We commune with the long, silent line of portraits—the gifted and the powerful of the earth, and read, at a glance, the most stirring chronicles of war and genius, of effort and suffering, of glory and death. We drink in the tender harmony of Bellini, and the fountains of sentiment are renewed.

The golden age of Art and Artists, the splendid era that dawned early in the fifteenth century is one of the most romantic episodes in human history. The magnificent scale of princely patronage, the brilliant succession of unsurpassed productions, and the trials and triumphs of artists

that signalize that epoch, place it in the very sunlight of poetry. There is something in the long lives of those eminent men toiling to illustrate the annals of faith, pursuing the beautiful, under the banner of religion, that gives an air of primeval happiness to human toil, and robs the original curse of its bitterness. The lives of the old masters partake of the ideal character of their creations. Scarcely one of their biographies is devoid of adventurous interest or pathetic incident. Can we not discover in the tone of their works, somewhat of their experience and character? As the poet's effusions are often unintentionally tinged with his moral peculiarities, is there not a certain identity of spirit between the artists and their works? Leonardo supped with peasants and related humorous stories to make them laugh, that he might study the expression of rustic delight. By writing, conversation, and personal instruction, he promoted that most important revolution, the reconciliation of nicety of finish with nobleness of design and unity of color, and having thus prepared the way for a higher and more perfect school of art, expired in the embrace of a king. The thought of his efforts as a reformer, and the precursor of the great prophets of art, impart a grateful sentiment to the mind of the spectator who dwells upon his Nun in the Pitti-Palace, the Herodius of the Tribune, and the Last Supper at Milan. In the variety of expression displayed in the various heads and attitudes of this last work we recognize the effect of Leonardo's studies from nature. It is singular that the chief monument to his fame, should of all his works, have met with the greatest vicissitudes. The feet were cut off to enlarge the refectory, upon the wall of which it is painted, and a door was cut through some of the finest parts. It is with a melancholy feeling that the traveller gazes upon its dim and corroded hues, and vainly strives to trace the clear outlines of a work made familiar by so many engravings. From Leonardo's precision of ideas and the elegance of taste that marked his personal habits and his attachment to principles of art, something even of the mathematician is recognized in his works. It might be argued from his pictures, that he was no sloven and was fond of rules.

Titian's long career of triumph and prosperity was cheerful and rich as the hues of his canvass, dream-like as his own Venice; his fair and bright-haired mistress, his honors and wealth, contrasting strangely with a death amid pestilence and desertion, come over the memory like a vivid picture. In infancy, Titian colored a print of the Virgin with the juice of flowers, in a masterly

manner. In early youth he deserted his teachers for the higher nurture opened up to him. The passers uncovered to his portrait of Paul III., as it rested on a terrace at Rome, deeming it alive; and when Charles V. of Spain sat to him for the last portrait, he exclaimed, "This is the third time I have been immortal!" These exuberant tokens of contemporary appreciation—these, and countless other indications of a life of success and enjoyment, are echoed in the fleshy tints of his Venus and laugh out in the bright features of Flora La Bella.

And Correggio's sad story! His lowly toil as a potter, the ecstatic joy with which the conviction came home to him, that he, too, was a painter;—his lonely struggle with obscurity!—his almost utter want of appreciation and sympathy;—the limits of a narrow lot pressing upon so fine a soul and then his rare achievements and bitter death,—worn down by the weight of the very lustre his genius had gained, can fancy, in her wide range depict a more affecting picture of the "highest in man's heart struggling vainly against the lowest in man's destiny? His Magdalene, bowed down, yet serene, sad, yet beautiful, sinful yet forgiven, is an emblem as lovely as it is true of the genius and the fate of Correggio. Salvator Rosa has written the history of his own life. In those wild land-scapes he loved so well; one might have inferred his Neapolitan origin. There is that in his pictures that breathes of a southern fancy. We there feel, not the chastened tone of a Tuscan mind, not the religious solemnity of a Roman, but rather the half-savage genius of that singular region, where the lazzaroni sleep on the strand and the fishermen grow swarthy beneath the warmest sky of Italy. The wanderer, the lover of masquerade, he who mingled in the revolt of Massaniello, and roamed amid the gloomy grandeur of the mountains, speaks to us from the canvas of Salvator.

Delicacy and affection, taste and sentiment, characterize Raphael's paintings. There is in them that refinement of tone, born only of delicate natures, such as this rude world jars into the insanity of an Ophelia, or bows to the early tomb of a Kirk White.

Michael Angelo has traced the inflexibility of his soul in the bust of Brutus, his self-possessed virtue in the calm grandeur of his muscular figures. One dreams over them of stern integrity and noble self-dependence.

It is common to talk of the genius of artists as partaking of the "fine frenzy" attributed to that of the poet. The intense excitement which accompanies the process of conception, is, however,

comparatively rare, with the votaries of art. They have this advantage over the great thinker and the earnest bard—that, much of their labor is mechanical, and calls rather for the exercise of taste than mental effort. There is, indeed, a period in every work when imagination is greatly excited and the whole mind fervidly active, but the painter and sculptor have many intervals of repose when physical dexterity and imitative skill are alone requisite. And when the hand of the artist has acquired the habitual power which makes it ever obedient to the will, when he is perfectly master of the whole machinery of his art, and is confident of realizing, to a great degree, his very conception, a delightful serenity takes possession of his soul. Calm trust in his own resources and the daily happiness of watching the growth of his work, induce a placid and hopeful mood. And when his aim is exalted and his success progressive, there are few happier men. They have an object, the interest of which, familiarity cannot lessen nor time dissipate. They follow an occupation delightful and serene. The atmosphere of their vocation is above the "smoke and stir of this dim spot that men call earth." The graceful, the vivid, and the delicate elements of their art, refine their sensibilities and elevate their views. Nature and life minister to them more richly than to those who only "poke about for pence." Hence, methinks, the masters of the art have generally been remarkable for longevity. Their tranquil occupation, the happy exercise of their faculties was favorable to life.

It has been said of Michael Angelo's pupils, that they were "nursed in the lap of grandeur." And it may be said of all true artists, they are buoyed up by that spirit of beauty that is so essential to true happiness. I have ever found in genuine artists, a remarkable simplicity and truthfulness of character. There is a repose about them as of men who commune with something superior, and for whom the frivolous idols of the multitude have no attraction. I have found them usually fond of music and if not addicted to general literature, ardently attached to a particular poet. They read so constantly the book of nature, that written lore is not so requisite for them. The human face, the waving bough, the flower and the cloud;—the fantastic play of the smouldering embers, moonlight on a cornice, and the vast imagery of dreams, are full of teachings for them.

There is a *definiteness* in the art of sculpture, that renders its language more direct and immediate than that of painting. Masses of stone were revered as idols, in remote antiquity; and men

soon learned to hew them into rude figures. When architecture, the eldest sister of sculpture, had given birth to temples of religion, the statues of deities were their chief ornaments. Images of domestic gods existed as early as the twenty-third century before the Christian era. The early Indian and Hindu idols, as well as the gloomy sculpture of the Egyptians, evidence how naturally the art sprung from the human mind, even before a refined taste had developed its real dignity. Sculpture was a great element of Grecian culture. In the age of Pericles, it attained perfection. In the square and the temple, on the hill-top and within the private dwelling, the beautiful productions of the chisel met the eye. They addressed every sentiment of devotion and patriotism. They filled the soul with ideals of symmetry and grace, and the traces of their silent eloquence were written in the noble air, the harmonious costume and the very forms of the ancient Greeks. The era of ideal models and a classic style passed away. In the thirteenth century, the art revived in Italy, and there are preserved some of the noblest specimens of Grecian genius, as well as those to which M. Angelo and his countrymen gave birth. The Apollo looks out upon the sky of Rome, while the Venus "loves in stone" and Niobe bends over her clinging babe in the Florence gallery. Shelley used to say, that he would value a peasant's criticism upon sculpture, as much as that of the most educated man. Form is, indeed, more easily judged than color. There is a certain vagueness in painting while sculpture is palpable, bold and clear. There is a severe nobility in the art; its influence is to calm and elevate rather than excite. The Laocoon, Niobe and Allessandro doloroso indeed are expressions of passion; but they are striking exceptions. Sculpture soothes the impetuous soul. The heads of the honored dead wear a solemn dignity. The stainless and cold marble breathes a pure repose, stamped with the calm of immortality.

In walking through the Vatican by torch-light we might deem ourselves, without much exercise of fancy in a world of spirits. The tall white figures stretching forward in the gloom, the snowy faces, upon which the flambeaux glare, the winding drapery and the outstretched arm, strike the eye in that artificial light, with a startling look of life. One feels like an intruder into some hall of death, or conclave of the great departed.

A good bust is an invaluable memorial; it preserves the features and expression without their temporary hue. There is associated with it the idea of durability and exactitude. Though the most common offspring of sculpture, it is one of

the rarest in perfection. Few sculptors can copy nature so faithfully as to give us the very lineaments wholly free from caricature or embellishment.

Those who have an eye for the detail of expression, often fail in general effect. To copy the form of the eye, the texture of the hair, every delicate line of the mouth, and yet preserve throughout an air of veri-similitude and that unity of effect which always exists in nature, is no ordinary achievement. The requisite talent must be a native endowment; no mechanical dexterity can ever reach it. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." This sentiment spontaneously fills the heart in view of the great products of the chisel. We contemplate the Niobe and Apollo as millions have before us, with a growing delight and more intense admiration. They have come down to us from departed ages, like a messenger of love; they assure us, with touching eloquence, that human genius and affection, the aspirations and wants, the sorrow and the enthusiasm of the soul, were ever the same; they invoke us to endure bravely and to cherish the beautiful and the true, as our best heritage. So speak they and so will they speak to unborn generations. In the silent poetry of their expressive forms lives a perennial sentiment. They keep perpetual state, and give the world audience, that it may feel the eternity of genius, and the true dignity of man. It is delightful to believe that sculpture is destined to flourish among us; it is truly the art of a young republic. Let it perpetuate the features of our patriots, and people our cities with images of grandeur and beauty. Worthy votaries of the art are not wanting among us: on the banks of the Arno, they speak of Greenough and Powers; from the studios of Rome come praises of Crawford, and beside the Ohio is warmly predicted the fame of Cleverger. Let us cherish such followers of art with true sympathy and generous patronage. The national heart shall not then be wholly corroded by gain and a few places will be kept green for repose and refreshment upon the great highway of life.

CHILDHOOD is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around it. Remember, that an impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lip, may operate upon the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no after scouring can efface.

THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY E. R.

THE most charming quarter of Stockholm is its northern suburb; the handsomest house it contained in 1820 was that of Professor Riedsand. Nothing but the imagination of a poet could have dreamed and formed this delightful nest. Before the simple and elegant façade arose the beautiful and ever-green trees of a garden, watered by a rivulet. To reach the main body of the mansion it was necessary to traverse the green-house, filled with the rich perfume of exotic plants that were growing there in all their beauty. The interior of this habitation discovered the refined taste of its possessor; the comfortable furniture, the library, the pictures; and, to preserve all these agreeable objects in all their virgin freshness, was the employment of three women, one of whom was a Fleming. Stina had been in the service of M. Riedsand's mother a long time, and, since the old lady's death, had come to live with him.

Fifty years had taken away none of the agility of this active servant. She ran here and there, washing, rubbing, and waxing from morn till night. Repose made her sick. When the cares of the house or the important occupations of dinner did not claim her attention, she would carry her spinning-wheel into the room with Madame Riedsand and her daughter Ebba. There she spun while looking at the young girl she had carried in her arms when an infant, and from whom, since that time, she had never been separated a single day. Ebba was the happiness and the life of Stina; her least words, her most indifferent gestures, excited her admiration. Nothing seemed impossible to her if it was to gratify any wish of Ebba; she would have given her soul, she, a devoted and holy catholic! had it been necessary for the happiness of the fair angel. The passionate tenderness with which Ebba had inspired the old servant was felt still more by her parents. Nobody, however, not even a stranger, could remain indifferent before the unconscious beauty and celestial sweetness of the pretty Swede. When leaning thoughtfully against the window, her rosy cheeks half-veiled by her luxuriant hair, she might have been taken for one of those beautiful fairies about whom the Swedish poet Frauzen sings in his ballads. Ebba repaid the parental cares with unaffected grace, which had in it nothing prosaic.

In the morning she looked after her flowers in the green-house and garden, and aided her mother and Stina to prepare breakfast. When the professor had gone to the university she spent a few moments at the toilette, then seated herself at the window, where, while working with her needle, she could watch for his return. As soon as she perceived him at a distance, Ebba would utter a cry of joy, and run to meet him, followed by her mother; the happy father wound his arms in those of his two loved ones, and entered his house, where the kind smile of Stina always awaited him.

Then was the time when Ebba, to refresh her father after the fatigues of his class, went to the piano and sung some ballad, with a voice whose compass and flexibility was truly wonderful. Her tones, full of charms and richness, plunged his soul into a reverie bordering on ecstasy, and brought tears to his eyes.

Madame Riedsand passed her life in forming a thousand projects for the future happiness of her daughter; the present was happy and the future certain. Surrounded with comfort, the little fortune she had brought as a marriage-portion to her husband, and which had increased under the good management of the professor, left her no possible cause for solicitude. When a husband worthy of Ebba should present himself, she could say to her: "If you love him, become his wife!" And she already saw Ebba, according to the custom of their country, dressed in her bridal robes, seated in the saloon, and visited by all the city, rejoicing in her happiness.

One evening, when she had been indulging in these sweet thoughts, and when her eyes filled with tears of happiness, she contemplated her daughter; the latter, who for some moments had been looking by turns at the clock and the avenue to the house, gave a cry of joy and sprang out to meet her father. But before she reached him she discovered, on the ordinarily serene brow of the professor, traces of profound grief. She questioned him with anxiety, and Madame Riedsand joined in her entreaties. At first he resisted by denying his grief, but at last unable to contain himself, he stammered the fatal words—"We are ruined!"

Madame Riedsand flung her arms round her

daughter, and clasped her to her bosom with the frenzy of despair.

"My brother," resumed the unfortunate man, "my brother, with whom our whole fortune was deposited, has just fled from Stockholm. He leaves behind him for his family only misery and dishonour. The rumour of his shameful bankruptcy fills and desolates the city!"

"Ebba! my poor Ebba!" exclaimed the unhappy mother, who, even in his fearful crisis, had thoughts and suffering only for her daughter.

Stina hastened to take her share in the misfortunes of the family, clasped her hands in anguish, and the first malediction that ever escaped her lips was uttered then against the miserable being who had been the cause of so much despair. Ebba caressed her father and mother alternately, covering them with kisses, and seeking to give them a little courage and consolation, but nothing could diminish their grief.

"Misery!" repeated Madame Riedsand.

"Dishonour!" murmured the man of probity, who had received from his father an unblemished name, and who saw this name henceforth sullied.

Then a thousand poignant thoughts assailed him. He condemned himself for entrusting his brother with his fortune. He bitterly reproached himself for giving way to the mercenary motives which had led him to expose and lose his daughter's patrimony.

All that day and night sobs and despair never left the house, where lately they had been unknown. Alas! the next day they only established their fatal dominion more firmly, for M. Riedsand was seized with a burning fever. Delirium succeeded reason, and the physicians who were called in, looked with anguish on the sick man, and turned away their eyes from the three women, because they dared not give them the least hope. Neither the prayers of Ebba and her mother, nor the nine days' devotions, which old Stina promised the Holy Virgin, could obtain from heaven the alteration of his destiny. Three days from that time, black draperies shrouded the façade of the building. Unhappiness had taken possession of these sad places forever.

Soon after, the first assault of poverty came, to mingle its hideous trials with the mourning of the widow and the orphan. Modest as was their mode of living, it was necessary to retrench at first, and to strip it of those *naïve* conveniences. The plants of the green-house were sold, the pictures disappeared from the saloon, and one evening, Madame Riedsand returned with some work to sew for a *lingerie* in the city. The poor mother and her daughter were compelled to rise at break

of day. Notwithstanding their courage and the perseverance they showed in this obdurate struggle, they could not shield themselves from the misery that fell, drop after drop, on their heads. By degrees they found themselves encumbered with debts, which multiplied like the head of the hydra—feeble at first, but soon formidable. One evening the three women, weeping, left the house to take refuge in a poor chamber in the Mosebacke, the quarter in Stockholm inhabited by the poor, and whose muddy and unhealthy streets have not their equal in horror in the most deplorable faubourgs in Paris.

Until then a cruel thought had not entered the mind of the widow, but misery suggested it; it was this: to dismiss Stina, and thus to reduce to two mouths only, the number for whom to procure food. When, with downcast eyes, pale, trembling and convulsive lips, she stammered something of this design, Ebba fainted, and the countenance of the old servant reddened with indignation.

"Ah, fie! Madame," said she; "ah, fie! Madame."

And, without adding another word, she turned to restore her favourite to animation. The cruel project of separation was never mentioned again.

Stina only, after having, with her usual promptness, discharged the duties towards her mistresses, she was accustomed to render them, usually went out every day and returned only in time to prepare their evening repast. Besides, Madame Riedsand observed that the old woman, who would never consent to seat herself at table with her companions in misfortune, never touched the dessert, and served it again the next day. When she interrogated Stina, she at first denied it; but pressed with questions, she owned that she prepared the meals of some labourers in the neighbourhood, too poor to pay her in money, who gave her, therefore, a part of their meagre food! Ebba and her mother endeavoured to persuade Stina to desist from this hard work, but she remained firm, and declared, with an independence almost disrespectful, that she had a right to do as she pleased.

Meanwhile, poverty and grief slowly undermined the health of Ebba's mother; she could not bear much longer the agony of seeing her poor child reduced to so much misery. A mortal languor soon obliged her to leave off work and keep her bed. Without deceiving herself about her approaching death, one day, while Ebba had gone to pray in the church of Saint Claire, she profited by the occasion to confide her sad presentiments to Stina.

"Listen to me," said she; "Ebba will soon have no mother but you!"

Stina in vain tried to give Madame the confidence which she did not feel herself.

Madame shook her head sadly.

"I know my situation," she resumed; "I have but a few days to live, so listen to me, Stina. My poor child is going to be an orphan, an orphan in abject misery. Perils of all kinds are going to surround the poor defenceless creature. Young, beautiful, at seventeen, poverty sometimes is a bad counsellor. The purest angel in such circumstances can hardly fail to soil the hem of her celestial tunic. Stina, God has inspired me with a bold project; desperate, without doubt, but the situation in which we are placed leaves us no choice. This morning my husband's brother has sent me a sum sufficient for you and Ebba to live upon a year. As soon as I am dead, in a few days you must set out with her for Dresden. Here is a letter I have written to one who was formerly a friend of our family. He lives in Dresden; his name is Ernest Theodore Hoffman. You will give him this letter. If he gives an encouraging reply to the plans I have submitted to him, you will tell Ebba to pursue the studies the Councillor Hoffman approves, and to follow his advice in everything. If my last hope fails, may God protect my daughter, for his mercy alone will be left her."

At this moment Ebba entered, and her mother tried to smile.

Some weeks rolled on, during which Ebba, in spite of the entreaties of her mother, used a little of the money her uncle had sent them to lessen the privations of her suffering parent, who grew uneasy at these light expenses, and forbid them.

"This money is the only resource left you," said she; "To use it is to augment my anxieties about your future welfare."

She then took Stina aside and said to her:

"I wish to be buried without any expense, as they bury the poor. Reflect that one week, one day, the longer this money lasted, might decide the fate of my daughter."

One morning, after a night during which fatal symptoms had increased, Madame Riedsand took the hand of her daughter, who had been watching with her, and drew her gently towards the bed. She passed her fingers through the fair hair of Ebba, feigned more calmness, until at length the young girl, overwhelmed with fatigue, fell asleep. When she saw the long lashes of her child close, she motioned to Stina, drew the letter from her bosom and said:

"To-morrow you will start for Dresden; here is a letter for Ebba, recommending this journey. Stina, you are now the mother of my daughter."

The old servant knelt before her mistress.

"Stina, you are her mother!" resumed the voice of the dying; "I shall watch from heaven over both of you! My daughter! Ebba! My child!"

She reached out her hand towards the poor orphan, but that hand could no longer smooth the fair hair of the young girl; it fell back again, chilled in death.

When Ebba awoke, a veil, thrown by Stina, covered her mother's face. The servant was sobbing and praying.

The day following this mournful one, two women, dressed in black, left Stockholm for Dresden. During the fatigues and difficulties of the voyage, Stina had ceased to be the humble servant; who, for fifty years, had only known how to obey. She showed sagacity so full of good nature that she conciliated all with whom she had anything to do. The respect she paid her young mistress equalled that which her modest deportment and profound grief obtained for her from others. Arrived at Dresden, Stina and her mistress took care to procure cheap and comfortable lodgings. Once established, their next care was to find Councillor Hoffman. When they spoke of him to their hostess the latter raised her eyes in astonishment.

"Have you business with that man?" said she.

"God help you, then, for Dresden has not a greater original than he. He is now the manager of the theatre. His house is not far off. You can see it from this. Stop, look, it is easy to recognize; he has stopped up some windows, and opened others by the side of them."

The young girl and governess, although little encouraged by this information, did not delay paying their visit to the guardian to whom her mother's last wishes were addressed. An old servant opened the door, and led them to a room, in which the strangest disorder reigned. A piano stood in the middle of the floor, flanked on all sides with books, empty bottles, rough-hewn statuary, half-painted pictures, and papers which strewed the floor. A large black cat was the only living thing in the apartment. At the sight of the two visitors it uttered a low mew, and took refuge behind a half-opened door, which instantly afforded entrance to a small man, of fantastic appearance, enveloped in a large riding-coat. He took from Ebba's trembling hands the letter which she presented him.

"The worthy Professor Riedsand is dead!" he exclaimed, "and his wife, his poor widow, has followed him to heaven! God in his mercy receive them. Welcome here, young woman.

Your mother asks my assistance; she is right, you ought to look to me as a real father. I have not forgotten what generous friends I found in your family in those severe days of trial. Come, let us sing!"

Ebba regarded him with stupefaction.

"Since you are an excellent musician, you may try to sing, at first sight, this air of my friend Weber," said he. "Come here, do not look surprised at me, and let us sing."

Ebba, troubled and confounded at the singular demand, hesitated, and then mechanically obeyed him. She had hardly finished a few lines of a recitative, when Hoffman interrupted her with a cry of joy. Then, with the eccentricity which always characterized his movements, he sprang towards the door of an adjoining room, and called out:

"Jean Paul Richter, Carl Weber, come, come, come!"

The two friends appeared. Hoffman seated himself again at the piano, and Ebba went on singing. Marks of surprise and admiration were soon manifested by the grand maestro and the illustrious writer,

"Oh!" said Jean Paul, clasping his hands, "a purer voice never charmed human ears. Young girl, are you sure you are not an angel?"

Weber, advanced towards her, and with the melancholy solemnity peculiar to him, said:

"You are a great cantatrice."

And as Ebba, affected, looked at them in doubt, Hoffman cried:

"A great cantatrice, the greatest cantatrice Germany has ever had! Three months of study will be sufficient to enable you to make your *début*. Weber shall be your professor of singing, and I will be your master in declamation."

"And after that?" demanded Stina, who did not understand what this was to lead to.

"After that, my old friend! Fortune and glory! You do not comprehend! Oh! soon the transports of the public and the gold of the director will make you understand it all."

"I am going to write an opera for you," said Jean Paul.

"And I will compose the music for it," added Weber.

"What subject will you choose?" demanded Hoffman, with enthusiasm.

"Oberon, for this Titania," replied the poet.

Brilliant as were the hopes given by Hoffman to Ebba, and notwithstanding the short term he had fixed for their realization, the young Swede, following Stina's good counsels, managed prudently

with the little sum that was all her fortune. She dwelt in a modest room, joining the little closet where the old servant lodged.

A piano occupied one half the room, and a little couch nearly took up the other. Here Ebba had devoted all her time to study, receiving no visits but those of Hoffman and Weber. The first came seldom; the second, notwithstanding his enfeebled health, gave her lessons every day, in order to prepare her for her *début*. Nature had organized Ebba so happily, and left so little for art to perform, that at the end of three months she was ready to come out, as Hoffman had promised. Unfortunately, Weber, almost always sick, had not been able to finish writing the *Oberon*, and days and weeks passed in waiting for it.

One evening, when Ebba returned from a short walk with her housekeeper, they met, on the staircase of their humble dwelling, a woman who, like them, was obliged to go up to the last story, and who opened the door next to their own. By degrees a vague kind of good feeling was established between Stina and this stranger. Stina took a great liking to this young woman, who hardly ever went from home, rose at break of day, worked steadily at her sewing until late at night, and knew how to perform her duties of house-keeping with a sort of elegance. One day, after hesitating a long while, the stranger asked her old neighbour, her countenance red with shame, if she had any sewing for her to do.

"I will be content with what you may be willing to pay me; and for want of money, a little bread would suffice."

Stina was touched; she led her into Ebba's room, and did the honours of the breakfast, which was just ready, with such good grace that their neighbour forgot for some moments her sufferings and poverty. She was a woman of about thirty years of age, cruelly disfigured by marks of the smallpox. She expressed herself in German, with elegant facility, although her accent revealed her to be Italian. Her manners showed education and acquaintance with the customs of society; indigence had struck her, but had not broken nor withered her character. When she arose to depart, Ebba kindly said:

"We dine at six; be punctual."

Therese, it was the stranger's name, took her hand, and would have raised it to her lips. Ebba embraced her tenderly.

"I have known poverty too!" said she. "Now better days are coming! Hope as I hope."

Therese smiled bitterly.

"Happy days have already come for me," she

replied; "they have preceded days of misfortune."

Then, as if to free herself from painful thoughts, she rose abruptly and went to the window, where Ebba saw tears flowing down the cheeks of her new friend.

In the meantime, notwithstanding the touching marks of affection given by the two neighbours to Therese, the latter evinced the greatest reserve in visiting them, and never came to see them unless at their pressing solicitations.

"We must insist upon it," said Ebba: "she is poor and unhappy."

And she lavished all the graces of her *naïf* mind to decide Therese to seat herself at their little table. When she saw her smile she was rejoiced. Stina could not sufficiently admire the good heart of her child.

"God will make her happy," she thought with delight, "or else happiness is not made for angels."

Hoffman, impatient to bring out his *protégé*, resolved not to wait for Weber's new work, and selected a *role* for her from the ancient repertory. Zerlina, in *Don Giovanni*, appeared to him wonderfully suitable for the blonde and charming Swede. He went himself to teach Ebba this part, from the magnificent work of Mozart. She learned to sing it in a few lessons.

"All that is necessary to occupy ourselves with now is the costume," said he. "As I know no better mantuannaker than the woman who is going to wear the robe, here is gold, buy the stuff, and cut it after the pattern I am going to draw for you."

He traced with a pencil the costume of Zerlina, told her the colours, and left six pieces of gold on the piano.

"You will make your *début* the day after tomorrow," said he, as he left.

Ebba was seized with fear and joy when she heard this great news. What! in two days her whole destiny would be decided! As Hoffman had promised her, glory and fortune, or shame and poverty! Not resigned, but fatal poverty! Agitated, feverish, she seated herself at the piano, left it precipitately, and went back to it again only to leave it anew. Her trembling hands could not strike the keys.

Therese entered.

"More resolution and courage is needed to make your *début* at the theatre," said she. "My child, if you give way to fear, you are lost. Combat it from this moment; it will have only too much power still in the moment of peril. Dear Ebba, let us see; sing me your *role*, or rather let me play it for you."

She sat down to the piano and struck a few chords.

"What? you an excellent musician, and yet never proposed to play with me before?" asked Ebba, in accents of mild reproach.

"I had sworn never to put my fingers again on one of these fatal keys," replied Therese. In doing it now, dear child, I only discharge a duty for the generous compassion you have shown me. But let us leave all those thoughts," she interrupted with effort; "we will play and sing the *role* of Zerlina. I have often heard and seen it played by Donna Florés, who, it is said, excelled in it. I can teach you some traditions about the manner in which it should be performed."

Indeed, Therese gave such good advice to Ebba that the next day, when Hoffman conducted his pupil to rehearsal, they could not stop admiring the progress the *debutante* had made since the preceding day.

When Stina brought back her young mistress, they found Therese cutting and sewing on the costume of Zerlina. Ebba showed all the joy of a child in trying on the pretty orange-coloured skirt and black velvet boddiece. She looked at herself in the little mirror, smiled at herself, and then looked in the glass again. Therese, plunged in profound sadness, turned away her head many times to conceal her tears.

At last the great day for the *début* arrived. Early in the morning, Ebba rapped softly at the door of Therese.

Therese came to the door; her red eyes looked as if she had wept all night.

"Will you not come and pray with us, that I may succeed to-night?" said Ebba. "Stina and I are going to the church."

"Yes," replied Therese, "I am going to pray with you, Ebba; to pray for your happiness. One has need of prayers on entering the perilous career into which you so gaily precipitate yourself without foreseeing the dangers, or dreading its despair. But do not heed my words; I am suffering this morning, and know not what I say. Let us go to pray."

The three women proceeded to a neighbouring chapel, knelt and prayed with equal fervour for a long time. The last, who arose, was Therese.

When they left the church, Ebba put her arm within her friend's, and said, in her irresistible voice:

"You will not leave me all day, will you, dear Therese? You will accompany me to the theatre?"

"I!" exclaimed the stranger with terror. "I go with you to the theatre! I become a witness

to your triumphs! Count not on that! Count not on that!"

And she drew away her arm from her young friend.

Ebba could not restrain her tears.

"Pardon me," resumed Therese, "pardon me, beloved child. Yes, I will go with you," said she, with firmness; and, after a moment's silence, during which she armed herself with resolution, "I will go with Ebba; God, to whom I have just prayed, as I have not prayed in a long time, will give me strength to do so. No, Ebba, I will not leave you."

Therese kept her word. She not only conducted her to the theatre, assisted her with her costume, but followed her to the stage and encouraged her to the last moment. Then, her face concealed in a large veil, she sank down, almost fainting, covered her face with both hands, and did not appear conscious until the *debutante* returned to her, followed by the enthusiastic bravoës of the public, and the cries that recalled her from all sides. Dresden had never admired a more exquisite creature, had never heard a sweeter voice, a more accomplished cantatrice.

Every one hurried round her with congratulations. Hoffman threw himself on her neck. Weber, his eyes filled with tears, exclaimed:

"You restore me to health. I am going to finish *Obéron*!"

Jean Paul flung himself at her feet, and, with a sort of frenzy, said:

"You have transported me to heaven, from whence you came."

There were nobles, artists, a wondering and excited crowd, who hastened to salute and felicitate the intoxicated Ebba. In the midst of this triumph she felt an icy hand press hers!

It was that of Therese; Therese, pale as Leonardo when her ghostly betrothed hurried her away on his black steed shouting—"Hurrah! the dead go quick."

"Take care, Ebba," said she, with a sarcastic smile, "take care, for if the clearness of your voice alters, all these flatterers, who adore you now as a divinity, will turn away from you with indifference! Take care!"

She then threw her own shawl over Ebba's shoulders, and drew her into her box, where they found Stina still praying, unable to be a listener to her young mistress's trial.

"He has not deceived me," cried Ebba, flinging herself on her neck. "Success and glory is ours! God inspired my poor mother when he gave her the thought to send me on the stage."

"Stina," interrupted Therese, "take care of the

intoxication of this young girl; watch over her, for the hour of peril has come!"

At this moment they recalled Ebba on the stage, where the public received her with more admiration than ever.

"You can remain in your garret no longer," said Hoffman, after it was ended; Hoffman, always the friend of the marvellous and fantastic. "I am going to conduct you home; change your dress, I will wait in the theatre for you."

Ebba wished to put on her simple dress, but in its place was substituted a robe of rich stuff—a cachemire replaced her woollen shawl.

Hoffman, without making any explanations, or even answering the questions she asked, hurried her along, made her get into a handsome carriage, and conducted her to a magnificent apartment.

"Where am I?" cried the dazzled girl.

"At home, dear *prima donna*."

"At home!" replied she, astonished.

"Yes, this all belongs to you, and I only ask you one thing in exchange."

"What is it?"

"Your signature to this engagement for three years; this engagement, which ensures you a thousand ducats a month."

He went off, leaving Ebba in the ecstasy of a delightful dream.

The renown of the *prima donna* increased from day to day; to hear her sing they came from all parts of Germany to Dresden. Ebba soon became habituated to her new position, and it seemed as if she had never known days of trial and hardship, so familiarly did she use fortune and renown. On the days when she did not appear on the stage, Hoffman escorted to her house the *élite* of the city of Dresden. Her mind and elegance of manners were soon extolled as much as her celestial voice and dramatic talent.

Surrounded with all this happiness, the *prima donna* did not forget her friend Therese. She wished to give her a chamber in her hotel next her own, but the Italian steadily refused it. She showed the same wish to avoid the brilliant throng who filled the saloons of the cantatrice. She visited her only in the morning, when Ebba received no one but herself. She counselled her young friend about the new *roles* she was to take, made observations on the manner in which she played the night before, and, above all, tried to discover, by adroit and well turned questions, whether Ebba's heart remained free in the midst of the brilliant seductions that surrounded her on all sides. One morning, as Therese entered, the cantatrice hurriedly concealed the billet she was reading under the cushions of the ottoman. Therese, touched with lively sympathy, took her hand.

"Ebba," said she, "Ebba, may your mother in heaven watch over you! You have never had greater need of her protection."

With a gesture of impatience, she replied:

"My secrets are my own."

"Poor child!" said Therese, "my heart feels

no resentment for the bitterness of your words. Ebba, your secrets are your own; but, in the name of heaven, in the name of your mother, in the name of your talent and your glory, do not keep to yourself alone, these fatal secrets!"

And, half by gentle violence, half by consent, she took the billet Ebba had tried to hide from her notice.

At the sight of the name it bore, Therese became livid.

"God has sent me to save you!" said she. "Ebba, the Count de Karn requests an interview; it must be granted immediately!"

She wrote on the margin of the billet:—"Come" Then rang for a domestic, and ordered him to take it immediately to the Count de Karn.

Ebba looked at her with surprise, but without strength to oppose in any thing.

"My God! give me strength to bear this last trial you lay upon me!" said Therese, walking the room with agitation. "May my cruel sufferings serve at least to save this poor child, and spare her the anguish which has been consuming me for years! Ebba, dear Ebba, this man, who speaks to you of love, lies! This man, who promises you happiness, lies! This man is the vampire of your old Swedish legends. He wants only your happiness, your beauty, your glory! His infernal lips would press your brow only to wither and devour it all! dear Ebba, God has sent me to save you!"

She was speaking in this manner when the count entered. At the sight of Therese he recoiled, full of terror.

"You see, Ebba," said she, "he turns pale at seeing me! I will tell you what makes him pale, what makes him tremble thus before me. Ten years ago, Vienna applauded with transport a cantatrice, young, beautiful, celebrated and pure, like you. A man, he who comes here to speak to you of love, told her he loved her, and the foolish girl believed him! She threw all at his feet; her glory, her beauty, her renorse. She gave him even her talents—even her soul! He fell sick of a fatal contagion, the bare name of which makes one shudder—the smallpox. She, who was young, she who was beautiful, stationed herself at the pillow of the sufferer, who would have died had it not been for her devoted care. She saved him. Then she became sick in her turn! No one stood and watched at her pillow! No one consoled her! When she left the bed on which she thought she was going to die, the terrible malady had destroyed all—all her beauty, talent, voice, and even the appearance of this man's love. He abandoned her shamefully, regardless of her sufferings and despair. Since then, shame, misery, hunger—Ebba, you know it—hunger itself, have pursued her with their most cruel tortures; for this man's victim, Ebba, is myself!"

Ebba wept bitterly.

"Go," resumed Therese, to the count, "go there is no prey for you here."

He retired full of rage and confusion.

"Dear Ebba," said Therese to her, who had taken refuge in her arms to conceal her tears, "dear Ebba, consecrate your affections to art alone; art is a spouse full of jealousy, who exacts the soul, the body, even the least thoughts, from

her whom he crowns with his sublime aureole. To betray him is to lose the throne on which you are seated by his side! Like the fallen angel, it is to exchange heaven for the devouring flames of the abyss. Ebba! Ebba! Let my misery serve at least to save you!

As if God hath reserved Therese only for Ebba's welfare, the poor unfortunate left the world a short time after, and went to God to receive the reward of the sufferings she had borne. Ebba, whose name Germany ever repeats with enthusiasm, even now preserves, thanks to some precious talisman, all the power of her talents, all the lustre of youth and beauty! When she is asked to what cause this wonder is owing, she, with a sigh, repeats the words of Therese:—"Art is a jealous spouse, and I am faithful to him."

JEANIE DEANS.

JEANIE DEANS is unquestionably one of the noblest delineations of Sir Walter Scott. She is the heroine of the Heart of Mid-Lothian, a tale which unites rare excellencies with a high moral aim, and which also gives a true and vivid picture of the Scottish character and manners at the time in which these characters figure. The rude and unsettled state of society at this period was such as to foster the growth of violent passions and strong feelings. It was a time when great vices and exalted virtues sprung up side by side, and grew with strength and vigor.

The character of Jeanie Deans is not only lovely in itself, but it derives additional interest from the striking contrasts with which it is surrounded. How unlike her sister Effie's? The one the wild and impulsive child of nature; the other the offspring of regulated and steady principle. They illustrate the benefits and the evils arising from that freedom and simplicity of manners which prevailed at this time among the lower Scotch. In the one it produced freedom, honest confidence and incorruptible virtue; in the other, familiarity, imprudence, and guilt.

The honest frankness of Jeanie Deans was wedded to a deep religious sensibility and a lofty sense of duty. She was endowed by nature with a prudence that accompanied her in the most trying and difficult circumstances, and which guided her as it were, almost by instinct. This endowment of nature was strengthened by practice and directed by religious principle. She was true and generous in her attachments, and although "her eye may wish to change, her heart never." The same quiet simplicity pervaded both her joy and grief, and she performed with the same unobtrusiveness the humblest and most exalted deeds. And she was forgetful of herself in the constant care which she had for the interests and happiness of others.

Her mind was keen and sagacious, the affections were in well balanced proportions; her shrewdness was wedded to great moral strength, and firmness of moral purpose, which gave her such a lofty consciousness of rectitude that she scorned to take low or improper means to prove her sister's innocence. This high consciousness related to her unlimited trust in God, gave her unflinching strength of soul, and threw around her life a moral radiance and dignity.

She possessed that clear moral discernment which belongs alone to pure minds. This is exhibited in striking colors, in a conversation at midnight on St. Leonard Craigs, where she met the seducer of her sister, the wild, reckless and wicked Robinson. Jeanie's sister was in prison under the charge of child murder. She was innocent of the crime alleged against her, but the circumstances were such as to render her acquittal hopeless. Jeanie entertained the strongest feelings of pity towards her sister, and she was anxious to do anything for her safety, which "a Christian woman ought to do." In this state of mind, and amid the wildest scenery at midnight, and in a place too whose associations themselves were enough to make her imagination dizzy, amid all these circumstances Robinson attempted to make her believe that her sister had made a confession to her, and then begged for the sake of her sister's life to give this confession in her testimony at the trial of Effie. The artful manner in which he attempted this showed that he was well acquainted with the weakness of the judgment, when influenced by affection and guided by the feelings. But in this instance he had mistaken the mind he wished to affect. She saw his sophistry at once, and replied:

"But I canna remember that which Effie never told me."

"I tell you, you *must* remember that she told you all this. You must repeat this tale in which there is no falsehood, except in so far as it was not told to you, before these justices. Do not hesitate—I pledge life and salvation, that in saying what I have said, you will only speak the simple truth."

"But," replied Jeanie, and here she displayed the accuracy of her moral discernment. "I shall be man sworn in the very thing in which my testimony is wanted, for it is the concealment for which poor Effie is blamed, and you would make me tell a falsehood anent it....."

"I wad ware the best blood in my body to keep her scathless," continues Jeanie, weeping bitterly, "but I canna change right into wrang, or make that true which is false."

The whole conversation represents in the strongest colours the contrast between passion and virtue, guilt and innocence, and vividly shadows forth the power of conscience in its action upon a pure spirit and a passionate villain. In both we see its mighty energy; the soft clear tones of the Angel, and the wild shrieks of the fiend. The temptation offered to this noble girl at this time will not be perceived by the general reader unless he calls to mind all these attendant circumstances, but when they are all considered, then her character rises in moral majesty and grandeur.

Jeanie's life was one of entire devoted self-sacrifice, and the climax of all was the heroic resolution of going to London, to obtain the pardon of her sister, by an appeal to the King and Queen. The means she took to accomplish this was as creditable to her courage, prudence, and sound sense, as it was to the tender feelings of her heart. She trusted in a just cause, urged as it would be with an honest purpose and a pure enthusiasm. She was conscious of a deep feeling within, and she trusted in its power to effect her purpose.

"I have that within me that will keep my heart from failing, and I am amaisst sure that I will be strengthened to speak the errand I came for.".. "But writing winna do it—a letter canna look and pray, and beg and beseech, as the human voice can do to the human heart. A letter's like the music that the ladies have for their spinnets—naething but black scores, compared to the same tune played or sung. It is the word of mouth manna do it or nothing."

Animated by this noble enthusiasm, she went to London alone and unprotected, and by means of her sound judgment, heroic perseverance and pathetic eloquence, she succeeded. We envy not that heart which can read the simple but touching appeal to the Queen in behalf of her sister, without being moved.

"But my sister—my puir sister Effie still lives, though her days and hours are numbered! She still lives; and a word of the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never, in his daily and nightly exercise, forgot to pray that his Majesty might be blessed with a long and prosperous reign, and that his throne and the throne of his posterity might be established in righteousness. No, madam, if ever ye kenn'd what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is so tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery!—Save an honest house from dishonor, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrangs, and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your leddyship; and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours. O, my leddy, then it is na what we hae done for ourself, but what we hae done for others, that we may think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life, will be sweeter in that hour, when, come it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the haill Porteous mob at the tail of a tow."

This was uttered in tears, while her features were "glowing and quivering with emotion," and in tones at once simple, solemn, and pathetic.

This character we regard as one of the noblest delineations of the great Novelist. To our mind it is more natural and simple than Rebecca. It has not that air of romance and high imagination that surrounds the noble Jewess, but it has no less nobleness. The one was the product of a Christian faith, the other the offspring of Judaism wedded to a high and noble chivalry.

But we cannot leave this character without a reflection. It is the only female creation of Scott which exhibits genuine religious sensibility. With some of them it is seen mingled with the false glow of chivalry. Many of his other heroines reveal a lofty disinterestedness, but in Jeanie alone is it so blended in harmonious proportions, as to produce an excellence whose highest charm is its religious spirit.

A R I A,

SUBJECT FROM THE OPERA OF MEDEA.

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

Allegro Moderato.

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 in the key of B-flat major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The music begins with a series of chords in the bass staff, followed by a melodic line in the treble staff. The tempo is marked *Allegro Moderato*. The first measure of the treble staff contains a dynamic marking *fm.* (for *forzando*). The system concludes with a fermata over the final notes of both staves.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves in treble and bass clefs. The treble staff contains a melodic line with several slurs and accents. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and a few melodic fragments. The system ends with a fermata over the final notes.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves in treble and bass clefs. The treble staff contains a melodic line with several slurs and accents. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and a few melodic fragments. The system ends with a fermata over the final notes.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features two staves in treble and bass clefs. The treble staff contains a melodic line with several slurs and accents. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and a few melodic fragments. The system ends with a fermata over the final notes.

ARIA.

The first system of musical notation features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment line in the lower staff. The vocal line begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature. It contains a melodic phrase with eighth and sixteenth notes, followed by a longer note with a fermata. The piano accompaniment starts with a bass clef and provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line shows a more active melodic line with frequent eighth notes and some slurs. The piano accompaniment features a steady rhythmic pattern with chords and single notes.

The third system shows the vocal line with a melodic line that includes a fermata over a note. The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent harmonic texture, featuring chords and moving bass lines.

The fourth system includes the dynamic marking *fm.* (fortissimo) in the vocal line. The vocal line has a melodic line with slurs and accents. The piano accompaniment also features slurs and accents, indicating a more powerful and expressive section of the music.

The fifth system concludes the musical piece. The vocal line ends with a melodic phrase and a fermata. The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic resolution with chords and a concluding melodic line.

OUR TABLE.

ADELAIDE LINDSAY, A NOVEL, BY THE AUTHOR OF NORMAN'S BRIDGE, TWO OLD MEN'S TALES, &c. &c. NEW-YORK, HARPER, BROTHERS & CO., PUBLISHERS, 1850.

We commenced reading this novel with avidity, promising ourselves as rich a treat as we enjoyed in the perusal of those two, named on its title page as works of the same author. But we are constrained to say we were never more disappointed than we have been by this last production of Mrs. Marsh's pen. It possesses none of the tender and exquisite pathos that characterized the "Two Old Men's Tale's"—none of the graphic delineation of character, the deep morality, the truthful teachings, that rendered "Norman's Bridge" a work of such interest and power. The plot of Adelaide Lindsay is feeble, the characters common place, the conversation and incidents forced and wearisome, and as a whole it is decidedly a failure, an evidence, that too great rapidity in writing works of fiction, enfeebles the mind and exhausts the imaginative powers. This has been exemplified in the outpouring, even to the satiety of novel readers, of Mr. James' fertile productions, and we fear Mrs. Marsh, presuming upon her well earned fame, is in a fair way to become equally garrulous. Adelaide Lindsay, however, cannot prevent our anticipating future instruction and delight from the pen of its gifted author, and we trust ere long the genius and taste which presided over her junior works, will send forth to the public something not unworthy of one, who has already taught it to expect superior excellence from her literary efforts.

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS, HIS FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES, HIS FRIENDS AND HIS GREATEST ENEMY. BY W. M. THACKERAY, AUTHOR OF "VANITY FAIR, &c." NEW-YORK; HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

A SPENDID book, full of delicate yet keen satire and sparkling wit. Quite surpassing "Vanity Fair," in interest, though both are less remarkable for any depth or intricacy of plot, than for the series of brilliant pictures which their pages present. Thackeray's humor is irresistible, and we recommend all who love to laugh, to read "Pendennis."

"THEOPNEUSTY, OR THE PLENARY INSPIRATION OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES, S. R. L. GAUSSEN, WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY THE TRANSLATOR, EDWARD NORRIS KIRK.

This is a full discussion of one of the most important and difficult questions which has arisen in the church. It has a large circulation, and this is an evidence of the popular favor. It differs in many material points from the opinions of Coleridge, Dr. Arnold, and L. Clerk. In comprehensiveness of thought it is unequal to the productions, upon the same subject, of either of these able scholars. He very much doubts whether all the positions of the author of this work, can be sustained by valid evidence. As a full defence of extreme opinions, however, it is worthy the attention of all who treasure a reverence and love for the sacred volume. No one can peruse the work without the conviction of the sincere and devout feelings of the author, and his desire to awaken in his readers a strong faith in the Bible. "He does not," says his translator, "propose to convince the sceptic; and yet there is much here, on which the doubter may profitably reflect. His great object is, to take the church off from her present, unsafe, indefensible and enfeebling position, of a mixed, varying and indeterminate inspiration."

WILLY BURKE, OR THE IRISH ORPHAN IN AMERICA, BY MRS. J. SADLER BOSTON PUBLISHED BY PATRICK DONAHOE, 1850.

We have been favored with the perusal of the little book named above, which is intended to illustrate the duty of a Roman Catholic boy among Protestants, and so well answered the end for which it was designed, that it received a premium of fifty dollars from the Roman Catholic Society in Boston. The tale is well written, and possesses considerable interest, but of course it is entirely sectarian.

THE BRITISH COLONIES; THEIR HISTORY, EXTENT, CONDITION, AND RESOURCES; ILLUSTRATED BY MAPS OF EACH POSSESSION, &c. BY R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN, ESQ.

This work possesses, in part, a personal induction which gives a general and rapid sketch of the colonization of ancient and modern nations, commencing with British North America. We trust, it will have an extended circulation, on account of the information it contains respecting the history, resources and condition of our Provinces, together with our sisters of the British Colonies.