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THE END OF THE WORLD

THE LITERARY GARLAND,

AND

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JANE REDGRAVE.*

A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

"I STARTED from the rude bed upon which I had been reclining for many hours, deep sleep having succeeded the fainting fit of the morning. The darkness of night had gathered over the earth, and a furious tempest raged without. The hurricane roared through the old elms at the back of the cabin, and stripped them of their leaves, in its wrath. The gloomy pines in the plantations that skirted the heath groaned and bent to the heavy gale, and the rain poured down in torrents, finding its way through every hole and crevice in the mouldy roof. The poacher and his wife were crouching over their fire of turf, talking to each other in mysterious whispers. As I rose from the bed the man held up the fore-finger of his right hand, as a caution to his wife to refrain from further converse, and a chilling fear crept over me, for I felt certain that I had been the subject of their discourse.

"Well, pretty one," said the man, "you have had a long, comfortable nap. If I was your husband I would not let you sleep away your wedding day after that fashion. But Redgrave is a queer chap—perhaps you will never set eyes upon him again."

"His words awoke a terrible suspicion in my mind; yet the night was so stormy it was impossible for any one in his senses to brave its fury. I opened the door and endeavored to look into the inky darkness beyond, but the wind and rain beat in my face, and the uproar of the elements was perfectly deafening.

"Good God!" I cried, "what a night!—I hope he has not met with any accident."

"Never fear, my dear," returned the hateful owner of the mansion; "his master will take care

of him. It is not the wind or the rain, or the bursting of them awful thunder claps, that would frighten him from his purpose; if he wishes to be here he will come."

"Alarmed and terrified, I continued to pace the narrow limits of the mud floor with distracted steps; my mind wrought up to a fearful pitch of excitement. Expectation had reached a point beyond hope, and the re-action bordered on despair. Hour after hour passed away. The thunder became more distant, the fierce flashes of lightning less vivid, and the heavy masses of clouds, driven before the furious wind, began to burst, and shew the moon, which was at full, riding in wan lustre behind their envious shroud.

"The man and his wife had both fallen asleep over the fire, and the crowing of the cocks proclaimed the midnight hour, and my agony of impatience had reached a height almost beyond endurance, when the door was suddenly burst open, and, drenched with rain, and pale as a spectre, Armin stood before me. An involuntary cry burst from my lips, and I was about to fling myself into his arms, when, putting me coldly back, he said in a hurried voice:

"Jane, this is no time for trifling. Are you ready?"

"Not to leave the shelter of a roof on such a night as this," I cried, casting a fearful glance abroad.

"The moon was struggling through heavy clouds, and her shrouded beams cast a wandering and indistinct light upon the wild extent of barren moor, and gave a ghastly and spectral appearance to the wind-tossed trees, bowing and groaning beneath the breath of the tempest.

* Continued from page 58.

"The wind blows a perfect hurricane. Ah! do not let us prosecute our journey to-night."

"Are you afraid of shadows?" he cried, with a sneer; "or do you tremble at the yelling of the blast? You have nothing to fear from the storm; its fury is already past, and before morning you will enjoy rest and safety."

"Have you brought the conveyance?"

"Yes, I have. The driver waits for us at the edge of the wood. The inequalities of the heath made it impossible to drive up to the door. We should have been here hours ago, but the landlord of the George would not let his horses start in the storm. Come, be quick! the horses will take cold."

"And must I walk over the dreary heath to that fearful looking wood?"

"Nonsense!—there's no alternative. Make haste! You have met me too often in the dark, Jane, in that very wood, to make me believe that you are afraid of ghosts."

"Can't you let the creature stay where she is?" cried the poacher, waking up. "It is a sorry night for females to travel in. You are welcome to the use of that bed. It is hard enough, but you may have a worse before you die."

"Don't croak, George," said Redgrave. "I dare say the bed is good enough, but I have no wish to try it. Here's a trifle, old boy, for your attention to my wife. Should we ever come this way I will not forget you."

"He put some money into the man's hand, and throwing my cloak over my shoulders, he drew my arm through his, and we left the house."

"The cold pitiless wind cut me through, and I faltered at every step. My companion maintained a sullen silence; and to every question I put to him, he returned vague and unsatisfactory answers."

"Dear Army, what made you so late?"

"Business of importance."

"And where are you going?"

"Home."

"In what part of the country is it situated?"

"You will know soon."

"Good heavens! Army—why this reserve—why these short answers?"

"It suits my humour. Married men are not so complaisant as lovers. But quicken your steps, Jane! I must be far from this spot before morning."

"I cannot walk faster. I am dropping with fatigue."

"Come, no fine airs, Jane, or I must hasten your motions; you shall sleep sound enough ere long."

"He turned his eyes upon me as the moon burst from the clouds, and I caught the same

dark, dubious expression, which had always inspired me with a secret dread. A sudden horror came over me. It was impossible to mistake the meaning that that look unconsciously betrayed. The dreadful truth rushed upon my mind. I made a sudden pause; we were just at the edge of the wood.

"Why do you draw back, Jane? Are you afraid of me? Of me, your husband?"

"Oh, God!" I cried, "your looks terrify me. I know not what to think. I dare not enter the dark wood."

"Nonsense! You have only to cross it. The chaise is on the road, waiting for us at the other side. If you detain the driver much longer, he will return to the town without us."

"Let him return. I will not go into that wood."

"Jane!" he cried, grasping my arm with ferocity, "you think I am going to murder you!"

"Such a thought did enter my mind," I said, firmly, for the horrible vision of the night again presented itself to my bewildered fancy.

"Foolish, weak girl! you deserve to be punished for these unjust suspicions. Let us proceed without further delay."

"The heavy clouds again closed over the moon—the wind roared in the tops of the old oaks—and we were involved in darkness. The blast came to my excited fancy loaded with shrieks and groans, and horrible outcries; and I unconsciously murmured in my superstitious terror:

"The Lord have mercy upon us! The spirits of the dead are abroad to-night!"

"Army, flung me rudely from him, and cried in an angry voice:

"A truce to this folly—I have no patience with it. The girl's mad! Stay here while I go into the wood and order the chaise to this spot."

"Oh! do not leave me," I cried, in a tone of agony; but the next moment I felt relieved that he was gone.

"I sat down upon the ground, to collect my thoughts, and rest my weary limbs. Some minutes of torturing suspense elapsed, and I began to upbraid myself for my cruel and unjust suspicions, when a voice came to me through the roaring of the tempest—a wild, unnatural, appalling voice. It was the voice of my husband, calling to me from the depths of the wood.

"Jane! Jane!" Murder and death were in every tone. A sudden panic seized me—I sprang like lightning from the earth; and disengaging myself from the heavy cloak that enveloped me, I fled from the spot. Fear gave wings to my feet; the dread of death and future judgment

nerved my weak frame, and endued it with super-human strength. Methought a thousand demons pursued me; a thousand monstrous arms were stretched forth to enfold my quivering, frantic form, and Armyn Redgrave was the foremost in this infernal chase. The moaning of every blast increased the rapidity of my flight; nor did I pause one moment in my frantic career, till I arrived at the home I had deserted—that home which now appeared to me my only haven of rest.

“Open the door! in God’s name, open the door!” I cried, mustering up my last remaining strength, as I sank with a heart bursting with fatigue and terror, across the threshold. My brother put his head out of the window, and said in a surly tone:

“Who’s there?”

“’Tis I—’tis Jane! For the love of heaven! rise and let me in!”

“Get to your husband!” was his reply. “This roof will never shelter you again!”

“I have no husband!” I cried, in a voice of earnest entreaty; “no home elsewhere—no friend in the world but you! Have mercy upon me! have mercy upon me, my brother! and take me in from the cold and pitiless night!”

“Hence! get to your paramour—you will find no countenance from me.”

“Then I must die here!” I cried, dashing my head against the sill of the door.

“The blood gushed from my mouth and nostrils—I thought my last hour was at hand—hell seemed to yawn at my feet, and I filled the air with wild and terrific cries. The next moment I was in my brother’s arms. Shocked at my condition, the tears fell fast from his eyes as he lifted me from the ground, and wiped the blood from my face.

“I remember seeing this—but I remember no more. Before the morning dawned I gave birth to a dead son—and I rejoiced that it was dead. During the ravings of delirium, my brother elicited from me every circumstance connected with my fatal marriage, and caused diligent enquiries to be made respecting my husband. But the poacher and his wife knew no more about him than I did. He was a wild, dissipated young man, they said, who had lodged some months in their house, and told them that he was hiding from his friends. He had often joined Pack in his predatory rambles, and in gambling in the low taverns he frequented. He was generous, and paid for what he got, and had always money at his command. Pack and his wife thought that he was a highway robber from these circumstances, and because he looked so much like a gentleman, and had such white hands. What

strange ideas these people had formed of a gentleman! That he was well born and brought up, but had committed some crime that had alienated him from his family, and rendered concealment necessary, I have no doubt.

“The spring had dressed the earth with flowers and verdure before I recovered my health; but my mind remained in a wandering and unsettled state. My madness, for such it was, was of a harmless character, and I raved continually of my husband and child. For hours I would sit upon the edge of the moss-grown well where I first met Armyn, looking down into the waters beneath, and laughing at the reflection of my own face. The poor people called me ‘Crazy Jane,’ and I used to repeat the title, and murmur to myself, ‘*Poor crazy Jane!*’

“One evening, while at my favorite post, a number of people passed me with the busy and hurried tread of those who hasten to behold a spectacle; and each person, as they flitted before me, like shadows over a glass, cast a mournful glance at me, and said half aloud:

“Ah! poor Jane! It is well thou art crazed. Poor Jane!”

“Deranged as I had long been, there were moments of sanity that streamed in upon my mind, like light upon darkness, in which my past guilt and present degraded, lost state, would start out in terrible relief, and I shrunk under the shadow that covered my mind, to hide me from the fearful consciousness of what I had been and what I now was.

“It happened that on this eventful morning I was under the influence of one of these lucid intervals,—my curiosity was painfully excited by these remarks, and I eagerly demanded of each person that passed me whither they were going, and what sight they were hurrying over the heath to see? but they all made the same brief reply:

“Alas! poor Jane!”

“Guided by the impulse of the moment, I determined to make one in this strange procession—I imagined that a mysterious connexion existed between me and them,—that whither they went I must go too, and I sprang from my seat and followed the crowd afar off. They directed their course to the poacher’s cottage, which stood, as I have before told you, at the bottom of the heath, and I seemed compelled by a supernatural power, to visit the same spot.

“I forced my way through the throng that surrounded the door, and every person drew back with a start of horror to let me pass. I crossed the threshold; no one attempted to stop me, but still I heard on all sides the half murmured exclamation:

"Ah! poor Jane!"

"No one followed me into the house—all kept aloof—I stood alone in the room. A figure wrapped in a winding sheet, and stretched upon a rude bier, was before me. A dark presentiment led me on. With desperate energy I advanced and attempted to raise the sheet that covered the face of the dead—but my hand refused its office—my heart with terrible fidelity portrayed, but too vividly, the features that lurked beneath. Without seeing, I knew, by that mysterious warning in my soul, that I stood beside the body of Armynd Redgrave. Yes! it was even so. With a strong effort I withdrew the cloth, and gazed upon the corrupted mass that lay beneath. Recollection and sanity returned—I felt that I was a widow—and the certainty brought tears—tears, which had never moistened my eyes since the horrible moment when we parted—tears, which are the offspring of reason, and purify the source from whence they flow.

"The body had lain in the water many months, and was in a dreadful state of decomposition. The dress alone identified the person to whom it once belonged; but though every trace of beauty was gone, and death triumphed in his most ghastly and appalling form, had there been no other evidence of the fact but the voice in my own heart, I should have recognized my husband.

"My soul was softened and subdued whilst surveying that melancholy spectacle, and tracing the fearful progress of decay; and words like those arose in my mind, though they found no utterance from my lips.

"Must I, too, come to this? Must I shortly lie down in the dark and noisome grave, and say to the worm, Thou art my sister, and to Corruption thou art my brother? Husband and child! ye are both gone; the curse of mortality is already passed upon you, and the hungry earth opens her mouth to receive her dead!"

"The fiery passions that had scathed my frame—the tearless agony, that, like the shock of an earthquake, had poured the lava flames of desolation over my bursting heart, and levelled my boasted reason with the dust—were hushed into silence. The punishment of my crime was upon me, and I felt that it was just, and was enabled, in that awful hour of visitation, to exclaim:

"Oh, God! Thy will be done."

"I followed the remains of my unfortunate husband to the grave. I knelt beside the spot which contained his mouldering ashes, and my spirit rose to heaven in deep and silent prayer. While my head was still bowed to the dust—while the tears still blinded my eyes—a voice

came through the solemn stillness around me—a voice, unheard by human ears, but audible in the depths of my own soul,—it spoke of pardon and reconciliation with God; of sins blotted out by a Saviour's blood; of regeneration through the influence of the Holy Spirit; of future happiness and eternal life. Oh! blessed hour—oh! holy and sanctifying sorrow! Had I never been tried in the fierce furnace of affliction, I never should have felt that sacred peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

"When I arose from that grave all things wore for me a different aspect. The sky above, the earth beneath, the deep stream and the shady forest, yea! all the idols in which my heart once delighted, bore the impress of mortality, and reminded me of my own inevitable fate. I saw death stamped upon the perishing leaf—I heard the requiem of Time in every moaning blast; and the voice of Ocean, with its thousand waves, made the same mournful response—'We, too, must die!' the stupendous frame of Nature must decay; and wilt thou cleave to perishing things, and fix thy affections upon objects, that, at the longest date, can only survive thee for a few years? I turned my thoughts to a better world, and more perfect state of existence; and the fierce strivings of agony were suspended, and my soul found rest."

Jane Redgrave paused, and looked up with eyes swimming in tears; but a smile rested upon her lips—a smile of heavenly sweetness and resignation, and Rose gazed upon that meek, pale face, with feelings amounting to devotional tenderness, as her aunt, with a low sigh, continued:

"Much of my heavy tale is still untold. The most distressing portion of my narrative is yet to come. I did not explain to you the manner in which my husband's body was found. Some men cutting down timber in the wood had discovered something at the bottom of a large pond; having succeeded in dragging the object to land, the poacher, who was one of the party, instantly recognized the dress and figure of Armynd Redgrave. The news soon spread through the village that the body of Jane Woodley's husband had been found in the pond in the wood; and the crowd I have described, was soon gathered to the spot.

"Some thought that he had destroyed himself; others that he had been murdered; but for my own part, I felt convinced that his death was purely accidental; that when he went into the wood, on pretence of calling up the chaise; (for my brother ascertained that no chaise was hired by him at the town,) but doubtless to fetch some implement which he had secreted there in order to murder me, he lost his way in the dark, and

fell into that deep pool, and perished at the very moment that he was premeditating my death. And those fearful cries which met my ears on that memorable night, were the last shrieks of his expiring agony. I am the more fully convinced of this, from the circumstance of my finding on the edge of that pond, when I visited the spot a few days after his funeral, a large rusty knife, with the name of Armynd Redgrave carved upon the hilt, and a loaded pistol, which I knew to be his, lying among the flags upon the margin of the water. But whatever his intentions were, or how he came by his death, must ever remain a subject of painful conjecture. The hand of God was evident in the whole affair. Great as my sorrow was for his untimely death, the sequel will prove that I was spared a greater affliction, by the very event that I so deeply deplored.

CHAPTER III.

How like a vision of the night,
She rose upon my startled sight;
Recalling griefs which long had slept,
And bitter thoughts in darkness kept;
Stern memories, which the stricken mind
Hides from the knowledge of its kind;
Until some chord is rudely rent
And those hushed feelings closely pent
Within the bursting heart, break free
And quench in tears their agony.

AUTHOR.

"SHORTLY after these heavy visitations my brother was attacked with a severe illness, which entirely deprived him of the use of his limbs. He had been kind to me in my hour of mortal sorrow, and I was deeply grateful for the attention he had paid to me at a time when I stood so much in need of sympathy and consolation. I nursed him with the greatest care, and Joshua was not insensible to the interest which I took in his welfare. Our mutual obligations cemented those ties which had been so rudely wrenched asunder. I became an object of tender solicitude and affection to him, and he could hardly endure my absence, even for a short period, from his side.

"It is wrong, my dear Rose, to despise any one because they may happen to fall short of our ideal standard of excellence. At this season of sickness and distress, Andrew Miller proved himself a true and disinterested friend. He conducted my brother's business for him without any view to his own benefit, and flatly refused any remuneration beyond the actual expense he was at in superintending the workmen and paying for their labor. Had it not been for his care and attention, the farm must have gone to total ruin; and often while gazing upon his homely, but honest

countenance, beaming with benevolence, I reproached myself severely for having treated him with contempt; for plain and uneducated as he was, he had proved himself a better human being than Armynd Redgrave, with all his personal advantages.

"It was with no idea of becoming the wife of our plain straight-forward neighbor, that my opinion altered respecting him, for Andrew had wisely united himself to a good, industrious girl, far more worthy of conducting his household than the erring creature he had once dared to love; but because my heavy misfortunes had given me a better knowledge of myself and others, and forced me to own that the man I despised was in reality superior in moral worth to me. Neither by word or look did Andrew Miller ever reproach me with my past conduct, and he had more than once entered into a serious quarrel with a less fastidious neighbor, who had coupled my name with disrespectful epithets, at the public house in the village.

"Some months had elapsed since the mortal remains of my husband had been consigned to their nameless grave. Winter closed in with unusual severity; the snow covered the face of the earth, and lay deep upon the ground. One bitterly cold, dark and windy night, while we were seated around the fire, and I was reading aloud a chapter from the Bible, preparatory to the household retiring to rest, cries for help rose upon the blast, and a supplicating voice faintly implored for admission at the door.

"'Have pity,' it said, 'upon a young mother and her fatherless child! who have lost their way in the deep snow.'

"I hastily drew back bolt and bar.

"'You are welcome!' I cried, 'whomsoever you may be that are abroad on this pitiless night, to the shelter of our humble roof.'

"Receiving no answer, I held up the lamp to discover the supplicant, and beheld a slight figure wrapped in a grey cloak, extended upon the frozen snow, in a state of apparent lifelessness, while the wailing of a young child struck painfully upon my ear.

"With the assistance of one of the farm servants, I succeeded in carrying the unfortunate woman into the house, and her beautiful child, a little girl of two years of age. But when the light flashed upon the pale face and rigid brow of the fair young mother whom I supported in my arms, a cry of horror burst involuntarily from my lips. It was the same face, so calm and still, that had haunted my dreams on that dreary night that preceded my fatal marriage.

"It might indeed be only one of those strange

coincidences which produce an electric effect upon the mind, and bear the stamp of supernatural agency; but this singular circumstance was connected with events so appalling, that reason could supply no argument to shake my belief in its stern reality. Yes! it was the identical figure that had stood in the spirit by my bedside, and uttered in my sleeping ears that awful warning.

"My interest was strongly excited. I felt that some mysterious bond of sympathy existed between me and the lifeless being I held on my bosom, and my tears fell fast over her marble countenance. For a long time all our exertions to restore her to animation proved unsuccessful. At length a convulsive shuddering and a gush of tears announced returning consciousness, and the stranger unclosed her heavy eyes, and looked vacantly upon me.

"Soothingly I made the necessary enquiries as to her situation, but she answered only by putting her hand to her head, and moaning piteously.

"She was carried to bed, and the servant despatched for the village surgeon, but he declared that no medical aid could save her. I watched by her bedside all night; towards morning the ravings of delirium ceased, and I perceived by the ghastly lengthening of her face and the sharpness of her features, that her end drew near. She too seemed conscious of her situation, and raising her head from my supporting arm, in feeble accents asked for her child. The little girl was brought to her asleep; she gazed upon it with unspeakable tenderness, and folded it mournfully to her heart.

"'Poor innocent!' she said, 'you are blissfully unconscious of the misery that awaits you. In another hour you will have neither home nor parents. What will become of you in this cold wicked world, when I am gone?'

"'Do not distress yourself,' I cried, taking the child from her feeble embrace. 'I will be a mother to your child, if she is indeed friendless. Has she no father? Have you no parents—no sister or brother, that would take compassion on your orphan child?'

"'She had a father once,' said the poor, dying creature, 'but God only knows whether he be still living. And I had friends and parents—kind, good, affectionate people, whom I cruelly deserted, to follow the fortunes of a stranger. My time is brief, but I will try and explain it all.'

"My father is a respectable merchant in Dublin; his name is Patrick Doyle. I was the eldest of six children, and was the pride of my parents, who believed that God had bestowed upon them a pearl of great price. I was educated in the most fashionable seminary in the

city, and at sixteen returned to my father's house, vain of my pretty face, and the frivolous accomplishments I had acquired at school. My fond parents vied with my brothers and sisters in flattering and caressing me; there was no end to their extravagant praises. A rich aunt was on a visit to my mother when I returned, and she insisted on taking me with her to Cork, where she resided in a fine house of her own.

"It was at her house that I first met the father of my child. He was a young Englishman, introduced by her nephew, who had become acquainted with him during a journey from London. Handsome in person and elegant in manners, Mr. Sternfield soon won my youthful affections, and sought me as his bride. I referred him to my parents, but a difficulty arose. He told me that by accident he had shot his elder brother; that, overwhelmed with horror, and fearful that his parents would think that it was a premeditated crime, as by that brother's death he had become heir to a vast estate, and unable to witness his mother's agony, he had fled, and was supported by an aunt, who idolized him, and supplied him with the means of subsistence, and would use her utmost endeavors to reconcile him to his family.

"While this cloud rested upon his name, he said it was impossible for him to reveal his incognito, but as he could not live without me, he implored me to consent to a private marriage, and fly with him to France.

"In a rash hour I consented to his proposal; we were married, and spent one happy year upon the continent, where my dear little girl was born. Finding that his family remained implacable, my husband grew restless and discontented, and forgetting all that he owed to his birth and education, he became the associate of dissipated and worthless men. The brothel and the gaming house were places of nightly resort, and he treated me and his poor baby with marked neglect. Having got into some disgraceful affair with a young man of rank, whom he had fleeced of all his property at *carté*, he suddenly determined to return to England, and to England he came, and hired a small cottage in Devonshire, he having taken the precaution to change his name for fear of discovery.

"We passed two months at —, in comparative comfort and tranquillity, for in spite of his harsh, and oftentimes unkind treatment, I madly loved him; when one night he returned greatly agitated, in consequence of having seen an advertisement offering a high reward for his apprehension. He told me that he must instantly quit that place—that he could not wait for me and the child, but that he would write for us to

follow him directly he was settled in some remote village. I was as anxious for his speedy removal as he could be, and I hastily packed up what articles he considered necessary for his flight. He left me twenty pounds for my present use, and kissing me and the child with a shew of more than usual tenderness, he left us—never to return."

"The poor creature here paused in her narration, and wept long and bitterly. I, who was listening to her narration with breathless attention, could ill brook this delay, and she appeared so much exhausted by the exertion she had used, that I feared that she would die and leave the most important part of her history untold. Nearly half an hour elapsed before she was able to proceed.

"Month after month passed away, and I heard no tidings of my husband. The anxiety and grief occasioned by his absence preyed upon my mind and destroyed my health. The money he had left me was dwindling to a few shillings, and sickness and destitution stared me in the face; in this emergency I wrote to my parents, but my letters were returned unopened, and I was on the point of yielding to despair, when an itinerant vender of small wares called at the farm-house where I lodged, and informed me that a person who bore the name assumed by my husband was in this neighborhood."

"When the stranger came to this part of her narrative a universal tremor seized me—I turned sick—my head grew giddy—I gasped for breath, and clung for support to one of the pillows of the bed.

"The moment I received these unhopèd-for tidings," resumed the stranger, "I determined, in despite of the inclemency of the weather, to seek my husband. The good farmer with whom we had boarded generously gave me a small sum to defray my expenses on the road, and hope for a few days supplied my feeble frame with artificial strength. Thus far I had prosecuted my journey, but at the moment when the goal to which I had so eagerly directed my steps was nearly won, my strength failed, and worn down with sickness and fatigue, I could no longer combat with the difficulties of my situation and the severities of the season. Darkness and the storm overtook me on the confines of this desolate moor; a light from your window guided my faltering steps to your hospitable home, but the hand of death arrested me at the door. My fruitless search is at an end—I shall behold my husband's face no more!"

"What was his assumed name?" I asked, in

a voice hollow and broken with suppressed emotion.

"'Armyn Redgrave! his real name, the name by which we were married, is Armyn Sternfield.'

"'He is dead!' I replied, concealing my agony. 'May you meet in heaven!'

"I put my hand to my head—horrible visions swam before my burning eyeballs—I felt as if the demon that had so long possessed my soul was again about to close his fiery pinions over me. My eye glanced on the fair creature whom I had so cruelly, though unintentionally, injured, and my glance fell upon a lifeless corpse! She had departed without solving my doubts—without answering those torturing questions which had driven me to despair, or cleared up the impenetrable mystery which still involved the history of her husband and my seducer.

"'And what became of the poor infant, dear aunt?' asked Rose, in a tone of deep sympathy.

"'My brother was so deeply interested in the little orphan that he determined to rear it for his own. The poor babe did not long derive much benefit from her adopted father; he died shortly after, and I quitted a spot where every object presented to my mind some melancholy memorial of the past. My grandfather's legacy becoming due, I purchased this little cottage, and with careful industry, the few acres attached to it have amply supplied our wants.

"'But where—where is the child of these unhappy parents?' demanded Rose, pale with excitement, as she directed her eager, enquiring glance, to the wan face of her companion.

"'Here!' replied Jane Redgrave, falling upon her neck, and bathing her face with tears; 'you, Rose, are the sole memorial that remains to me of the once adored Armyn Redgrave!'

(To be continued.)

WISHES OF YOUTH.

Gaily and greenly let my seasons run;
 And should the war-winds of the world uproot
 The sanctities of life, and its sweet fruit
 Cast forth as fuel for the fiery sun;
 The dews be turned to ice—fair days begun
 In peace wear out in pain, and sounds that suit
 Despair and discord keep Hope's harpstring mute;
 Still let me live as Love and Life were one:
 Still let me turn on earth a childlike gaze,
 And trust the whispered charities that bring
 Tidings of human truth; with inward praise
 Watch the weak motion of each common thing,
 And find it glorious—still let me raise
 On wintry wrecks an altar to the Spring.

GLEANINGS AFTER SAAVEDRA!

BY ANDREW L. PICKEN.

THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR!

IN THREE PARTS.—PART SECOND.

There's a love-lorn bulbul singing in the dark mimosa tree,
But 'tis not for the Naiad's dream—nor Gul's idolatry;
But from the Oda's lattices he mourns the moon-eyed girls
That glimmered through the vine's festoons like ocean's virgin pearls.
Whose lips as henna crimson, made the musk-rose turn away,
And the lucciola from their eyes fly, winking, as from day.

Silent the harem kiosk now, as Monkir's drear domain,
No sound save of the trickling fount or bulbul's wailing strain,
That still breaks forth anon—anon, with a loftier, wilder tone,
Like one the early dead have left deserted and alone.
Where late the amber lamps were swung and chimed the crystal bells,
As the Odaliques through mazes green pursued their lithe gazelles.

Oh! fell and deadly is the thrust that leaves no dripping wound,
And chillier than Nevada's breath the grief that lacketh sound—
The heart's warm currents stagnate, and its pulse's joyous play,
Sinks to a slow and weary knell that lingers on decay;
No tears, like blessed springs, rise up to cool the desert air,
No sigh to heave from off the breast its burthen of despair.

The Harem Flowers that smiled beneath the dark majestic oak,
Still clung around him when he fell beneath the thunder stroke.
The spring may come and greet them with her dews and gentle rain,
But the verdure of the heart is gone—they ne'er shall smile again;
The home that, like the halcyon's nest, o'erflowed with dear delight,
Must cast them—even as Hagar—forth, beneath a rayless night.

And she—the royal mother—Mauritanian Schirene,
Silent as Isis—dark and stately ruin of a queen—
Stood with blent arms and glaring eye amid her prostrate train,
Clasping the vulture, Spartan-like, in motionless disdain;
Firm as her native Atlas still, she towered above the blast,
And taunted with a brazen smile the storm-fiend as he passed.

And round her feet, like some lone flower that clasps a column's base,
Aysha—bird of beauty—twined with desolate embrace.
She scarce that seemed a thing of earth, so spiritually fair,
That Eden's glory lingered in her clouds of golden hair;
While graceful as the aigrette round and round the heart she drew,
Till it opened with sweet fragrance, like the red rose drinking dew.

And when to some glad Georgian lay the viua's wires she swept,
The bulbul burst her envious heart—the fawn delighted wept;
While at her feet—her monarch slave—with rapture swimming eye,
Cried, "Were it not sweet—my Peri—on such waves of sound to die?"
And worse than death is round them now, though still with pride elate,
Schirene—like Lucifer at bay—defies and dares her fate!

"Up—dull-eyed things! and cast in scorn your dastard sorrow by—
 What!—have ye shared the Lion's spoil, and fear ye still to die?
 What though the crescent pales before the Giaour's accursed sword,
 Is not the Prophet throned on high—is not our God, the Lord?
 Ah! that I grasped the lightning—I would mete this Christian guile,
 And where his godless shrine is reared, should be his funeral pile!

"Shall the children of the Zâara endure a thought of dread,
 Where Ismael leads the lion with a leash of silken thread,
 Who never turned the heel before the Samiel's burning breath,
 And shriek amid the whelming sand, 'Thou art our slave, O Death!'
 No—though our star be darkling—by the glories of the past!—
 Our tymbalon of triumph shall ring loudly till the last.

"Though ye have seen the Zegri with a rebel scoff depart,
 And heard the braggart shout that swelled the lean and coward heart.
 Have ye not learnt—dull fools! that when the earth-bound Titans rouse,
 The rats detect their waking throes, and fly the falling house?
 Come what come may! though bond-slaves—be our destiny, our will—
 And I am *one*—foresceing—shall command it calmly still."

No whisper through the harem stole that at the outward grate,
 Abon Abdallah stilly doffed his emerald robe of state.
 No flying slaves before him sped with heart and accent fleet,
 To tell before the Oda's veil he bared his sandalled feet;
 But lone and strange he passed as through some "City of the Dead,"
 While Desolation's echoes moaned like ravens to his tread.

And o'er his hope-abandoned breast the void fell cold and dark,
 The dove brought no green garland back to the deserted ark,
 And he shuddered 'neath the silent lamps of that drear Anderûn,
 As Jebel Kumrah thrills to the cold kisses of the moon.
 What trust had he that love survived when honour's heart was dead,
 And Marah's waves of bitterness swelled round his sinking head.

"Hail, King! whom tyrant fate denied a king's death on the field,
 Would'st learn from woman's scorning lip the warrior words "I yield?"
 The faithful Zegri whom ye left with wolf and haggard kite,
 Yielded *their lives* ere Eblis veiled the Shadow and the Night,"
 "Thy curse—oh! Afric," cried the king, "more sharp than serpent's tooth
 Upon this wrung and bleeding heart—my mother's words of truth!

"And thou, Ayesha—dreaming bird! that from the fountain caught
 All those wild, mournful tones, with which thy minstrel heart is fraught,
 That breathe around me now in the stilled ocean of thy sigh,
 And seem to spread in shadowy rounds within thy flooded eye.
 If this be treason—Allah! speed its swiftest, surest dart,
 And pardon's tears—like Yemen's waves—shall melt around my heart."

"My Lord hath his bright handjar—seeks he treason in my sigh,
 Its blade will find the deepest cave where treason's secrets lie,
 Or in my tears—oh! reckon not my feeling by that flood,
 For dark within my silent breast the heart is weeping—blood!
 Or in my kiss—Boabdil!—this—on which exhales my life,
 Look in mine eyes—oh! king—such look were deadlier than thy knife."

"Now sweep around me, Fate—with each accumulated ill,
 Fernando's dark revenge—or Torquemada's spider skill,
 Shall swell his triumph. Thou art still—dear Shadow—by my side,
 And like the storm-beat rock my soul shall wind and wave deride—
 Thy love is left me—brighter still—that lighter loves depart,
 Fall—Granada! my realm is still one fond and faithful heart!"

* The Night and Shadow.—The sacred banners of Islamism.—*SALE.*

IDA BERESFORD; OR, THE CHILD OF FASHION.*

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER VI.

THE succeeding months passed quickly on, and their rapid flight brought no change in Dr. Vernon's quiet circle. Ida was proud, imperious as ever, and the gentle Mrs. Vernon had long since abandoned, as hopeless, the task of curbing her strong will. Many were the pangs inflicted by that haughty spirit on her heart; and sad and anxious were the thoughts she often entertained for her future. But these passages of bitterness were more than repaid by the devoted tenderness of her daughter, and unceasing letters from Claude, whom, if possible, she regarded with still more passionate love. The latter's epistles, which seemed to diffuse sunshine through the house, were unfeigned sources of annoyance to Ida, who generally found some pretext for absenting herself during their perusal.

One morning, according to her usual custom, on seeing the well-known missive handed to Dr. Vernon, she immediately discovered some cause for leaving the room; determining not to return till the hated letter was perused. As far as she herself was concerned, they could not possess much interest for her; as her own name was never mentioned in them, beyond a casual inquiry respecting her health, and that of the family in general. Meanwhile the little group, careless of her departure, eagerly listened to the beloved lines; dwelling on every passage of affection, rejoicing over every sentence which told of college honours reaped and expected. Dr. Vernon, who was reading it aloud, was suddenly interrupted by an exclamation from Lucy, who was standing near the open window. He followed her glance, and saw a tall footman in gorgeous livery approaching the house. He looked around, as if uncertain where to direct his steps, when perceiving the casement unclosed, he advanced, and touching his hat, delivered his message, in a dialect, which Dr. Vernon at once recognized as pure Cockney. It appeared that the carriage of his lady, who was on her way to her country seat, had been overturned opposite the gate, and he had been dispatched to ascertain if they could lend assistance, or else afford her shelter till the disaster should be remedied. An answer was

immediately given in the affirmative, and while the man returned with the satisfactory intelligence, Dr. Vernon went out to send some of his servants to assist. After some time the London footman re-appeared, preceded by a lady, tall and elegantly attired, whose every faculty seemed engrossed by a young spaniel she carried in her arms, and whose prolonged and trembling whines seemed to announce it had received either a severe hurt or fright. So engrossed was the lady by her interesting charge, that she had not found time to raise her eyes till she had arrived at the porch. She immediately saluted her hosts with the most affable politeness, apologizing for her intrusion, but with the condescending tone of one who is conferring as much as receiving a favour. After tasting the refreshments offered her, she exclaimed with a gracious smile:

"May I enquire the name of my kind hostess?"

"Vernon!" she repeated, half to herself; "a fine old name,—and mine," she added in a louder key, "is Lady Ida Stanhope."

She then proceeded to give the details of her accident. Whilst informing them that she was on her way to Elm Grove, her country residence, the door opened, and Ida, unknowing her presence, entered. She started on seeing a stranger, and one, too, whom her quick eye at once informed her was a member of that world she still remembered with such poignant regret. But no sign of embarrassment escaped her, and with a bow, even haughtier than her wont, for her temper had been proportionably soured that morning, she glided to her seat, with an ease and grace that called forth the admiration of even the fastidious lady of fashion. The latter regarded her with a look of mingled admiration and astonishment, and though she still continued her narration, it was evident that the new-comer had effectually replaced the overturned carriage in her thoughts. Shortly after the footman returned with the intelligence that the vehicle, which had sustained no serious injury, would be ready in half an hour; and having duly listened to her ladyship's thousand injunctions, respecting imperials and portmanteaux, turned away to fulfil her orders. When some little distance off, some fresh idea recurred to her, and she called to him as

* Continued from page 77.

loud as she could elevate her fashionable voice, to "return." But in vain, he heard her not. Hastily turning to Ida, who was nearest to her, she exclaimed:

"Run, child! call him—quick!"

Instead of obeying her injunction, Ida turned her dark eyes full upon her, and honoured her with a haughty stare. At length, she ejaculated the single word, "Madam!" in a tone so cutting, so disdainful, that something like a faint flush tinged the cheek of even the patroness of Almacks.

"Pardon me," she returned, somewhat embarrassed; and more and more perplexed, she turned to Lucy, whose fair face became crimson beneath her glance, whilst Ida, with queen-like dignity, swept from the room.

"Do not deem me impertinent," she at length exclaimed, turning to Mrs. Vernon; "but surely that young girl cannot be your daughter, the sister of your gentle child?"

"Not exactly; she is an adopted daughter."

Here Lucy made her escape.

"Ah!" said the lady, with a deep-drawn breath; "I thought not. Again pardon me; but may I ask her name? She must be of high birth and breeding."

"Ida Beresford."

"Beresford!" reiterated Lady Stanhope, with a start. "Surely not the daughter of John Beresford, of London?"

"The same," replied Mrs. Vernon, secretly wondering at the deepening colour and evident perturbation of her proud guest, who, after a moment's pause, exclaimed:

"I am the godmother of the young girl, and further, am connected, though distantly, with her mother's family. Her mother was a Stanhope. I should have known that haughty brow and curved lip," she murmured; "they are family characteristics."

After another pause, she turned her large eye, full on Mrs. Vernon, and said:

"Now tell me frankly, are you not thinking at the present moment how little I have interested myself in the child, notwithstanding the double ties by which I am connected with her? Nay," she added, with a polite smile, as her hostess attempted a faint negative; "I know it is so, nor do I wonder at it. But still, do not condemn me unheard. In compliance with her mother's desire I stood sponsor for her, and bestowed on her a silver rattle, together with my simple but beautiful appellation of Ida, which was all she then wanted, for her parents were surrounded by luxury. After her mother's death, I rarely saw my pretty god-child; but each time I beheld her

I discovered some new beauty, some additional grace, and predicted that she would one day be able to enter the lists with the fairest and most brilliant of the aristocratic circle for which she seemed destined. When she had about attained her sixth year, my husband died, and I went abroad with my only daughter, who, some years after, was united in Italy to a wealthy nobleman. In order to dispel the feeling of loneliness to which I was now a prey, I continued to travel from place to place, and it is but five months since I returned to England. Poor Mr. Beresford and his misfortunes were then forgotten, and it was only by the merest chance that I became acquainted with them. My anxiety respecting his daughter was satisfied by the intelligence that some kind friends of her father had taken her under their protection. My enquiries concerning their place of residence were perfectly unavailing. No one knew where they lived; some believed in Cambridgeshire or Hertfordshire, but all concurred in assuring me that they were buried in the country. Feeling that I had perfectly fulfilled my duty towards her—for as I reasoned, after all, what was she to me?—I quietly dismissed her forever from my thoughts, and had it not been for this unforeseen *rencontre*, I blush to confess, I would never have even remembered that such a being as Ida Beresford existed. I had forgotten her as completely as she had forgotten myself."

Here Lady Stanhope paused, but Mrs. Vernon making no comment, she resumed:

"Now tell me, my dear madam, you who have so kindly befriended her when she had none else to look up to, tell me how I can prove serviceable to her, or share the burden you have so generously imposed on yourself?"

"In none that I can see," gently rejoined her companion. "My husband and I have adopted her for our daughter, and though we are not what the world calls affluent, we have still enough for Ida and ourselves. Our roof shall be her home till she leaves it for another of her own."

"But surely," hastily ejaculated Lady Stanhope, "it is wrong to bury such grace and beauty in the obscurity of a country village. Nay, pardon me!" she added, in a softer tone. "Far from me be the presumption of dictating to those whose active and immediate generosity has given them a prior, an all-powerful claim on her direction; but still, I only wish to present to your notice, that Ida Beresford, with her beauty and elegance, and particularly my patronage," here her ladyship unconsciously elevated her head, "might form a splendid alliance, nay, aspire to the highest in the land."

Mrs. Vernon replied somewhat sadly, "that it might be so, and that she never would wish to stand in the path of Ida's advancement."

"Nay, say no more, dear Mrs. Vernon," interrupted her companion, who had marked her reluctance. "If the project meets not your approbation it shall be abandoned forever, and the young lady shall never know that it was even entertained for a minute; but if it should prove otherwise, and that you and your husband should consent, after deliberate reflection, to entrust her to my charge, I would ensure her not only a favorable introduction, but a flattering reception in the fashionable world. How old is she now? Seventeen, I should think."

"No! she is but fifteen, and some months."

"But fifteen! wonderful! But then she is so tall, and her carriage is so easy and self-possessed! 'Tis all the better, for if you and Dr. Vernon should agree to entrust her to me, I shall present her this season. She is indeed very young, almost too young; but then her want of fortune makes a material difference, and 'tis better to introduce her, while she yet possesses the freshness and delicacy of extreme girlhood. But you have not yet answered me. Give me your decision, and whatever it be, I shall submit to it, unmurmuringly; only premising, that if it be in my favour, it will prove of incalculable benefit to the child herself."

"Then be it as your ladyship desires. As I have before said, I shall never interfere in any plan which may redound to Ida's advantage; but still she must have a voice in the matter. She herself shall decide, whether she stays, or accompanies you."

This was said with a half sigh, for too well Mrs. Vernon knew the choice that worldly heart would make, whilst Lady Stanhope smiled in anticipated triumph. One glance at Ida had told her that she was as little suited to the monotony of a country life, as it was repugnant to her tastes, Mrs. Vernon rang for the servant, and told her to send Miss Beresford. After some time she was heard leisurely approaching, and with her usual ease, she entered the room.

"Ida, my dear," said Mrs. Vernon, "I have sent for you, to introduce you to Lady Stanhope, your god-mother, and maternal relative." Her ladyship advanced a few steps, but Ida made no movement towards her, and after a cold bow she turned to Mrs. Vernon, exclaiming, somewhat bitterly:

"Lady Stanhope claims relationship rather late. You, madam, are the only friend, or relative I possess, or acknowledge."

"Ida! Ida!" hastily ejaculated Mrs. Vernon;

but Lady Stanhope's deepening colour, and kindling eye, proved the taunt had told well. An embarrassing pause succeeded, during which Ida unflinchingly met the steady gaze of her aristocratic relative; who, to speak the truth, when the first feeling of anger had subsided, was charmed with her haughty independence.

"She is a true Stanhope," inwardly thought the lady, "and if she is ruled by me, she will yet rise even above the station she has lost; but I see, I must be conciliating, nay humble, or she will reject my offers with scorn."

Accordingly Lady Stanhope rejoined with her blindest smile.

"I feel your reproach, and much as it has pained me, cannot but acknowledge its justice; but permit me now to make atonement for former neglect; yes! Ida, if you are willing, I shall restore you to that brilliant position which you are entitled by birth and education to fill; and believe me, your *debüt* will not be the less successful because it is made under my auspices."

Ida's dark eyes flashed with almost overpowering brilliancy; as, losing in that moment of wild delight, all her habitual proud reserve, and self-possession, she sprang to the side of Lady Stanhope, exclaiming in quick, vehement accents:

"What! will you really befriend me as you say? Restore me to London; that earthly paradise, which fills my thoughts by day, my dreams by night! Will you make me again the Ida Beresford of yore."

"Yes, all that, and more," returned Lady Stanhope, as she rested her hand on the rich tresses of the weak, vain girl, who so eagerly longed to exchange the quiet, happy home, she possessed, for the heart-burnings and selfishness of the world. Mrs. Vernon mournfully gazed upon her. 'Twas what she had expected, and yet it grieved, deeply grieved her. A feeling of tender compassion filled her heart, and when Ida next encountered her soft eyes, they were filled with tears. This somewhat sobered down her wild exultation, and in a low tone, she murmured:

"But you have been kind, patient and generous, when others cared not, thought not of me. How can I consent to leave you forever?"

"There is no forever in the case," said Lady Stanhope, with a smile; who thought that Ida, childish and vacillating, was now shewing in the most unfavorable light in which she had as yet seen her. "We can easily accommodate matters; you shall spend one half of your year in town, with Lady Stanhope, the other half in the country with Mrs. Vernon. That is, if this arrangement meets with Mrs. Vernon's approbation."

Whilst she was yet speaking, the Doctor entered, to say, "her carriage was now prepared." He was immediately made acquainted with the new arrangements, to all of which he unreservedly, and unhesitatingly assented, for he was easily pleased, where his affections were not concerned, and they were anything but deeply interested in the present case. Lady Stanhope then rose to go, and after courteously bidding farewell to her hospitable hosts, and saying she would be very happy to see them at any time at Elm Grove, turned to Ida, and drawing two costly rings from her finger, exclaimed, "For you, and your gentle little friend." She then imprinted a kiss on Ida's fair brow, telling her to be ready for the opening of the season. "And mind, Ida," she repeated in a tone of solemn warning. "Carefully guard your complexion; never go out in the sun, or when the dew is falling. Remember, that like the heroine of the song, your face is your fortune."

"A fortune I am quite contented with," returned Ida, with a slight toss of her graceful head. Lady Stanhope smiled, as she turned to descend the steps, and she was revolving in her mind that very sentence, when, reclining in her luxurious carriage, she was rolling rapidly on to Elm Grove.

"Yes," she exclaimed, half aloud; "the girl is bewitching, and she knows it but too well. However, a season in town, an experience of the mortifications and rivalships of fashionable life, will soon effectually cure her superabundant share of pride, and self esteem. I am really happy to have something on hand, something to occupy me; for since Marion's marriage, I have been literally dying of *ennui* and inaction. I have sometimes been tempted to repent having disposed of her so soon, for she was an unfailing source of anxiety and interest. But, I am now well repaid for all, for I could not have a more promising, a more faultless *protégée*—that is in a worldly point of view. In two seasons I shall close her history. The first present her, the next dispose of her to nothing below a Duke or a Marquis.

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CHAPTER VII.
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THE hopes and expectations excited by Lady Stanhope's visit occupied Ida exclusively for some days; but the reflection that she had to wait a couple of months longer somewhat calmed her enthusiasm, and she found leisure to indulge in ill temper and folly as of yore. The comments passed on the event by Claude, to whom Lucy had immediately written, proved a fresh subject

of irritation. He said "he was sincerely rejoiced, on Miss Beresford's account, for he had long since perceived that a life of fashionable gaiety was more congenial to her tastes than the quiet, and consequently somewhat monotonous happiness that reigned under his own roof."

Ida bit her lip as Dr. Vernon read aloud the sentence.

"Yes," she inwardly thought, "he not only rejoices at my departure, but has the audacity openly to avow it. Fashionable gaiety, indeed! Fashionable levity and folly, he would have said if he dared. But thank Heaven! if he is so delighted at the prospect of my departure, I am, at least, equally happy."

It might have been supposed that Ida's approaching separation from Dr. Vernon's family would have rendered her a little more amiable, a little more considerate of their feelings; but no! she was the self-same being, selfish, intolerant as ever, and bade fair to fulfil to the letter the prediction of Mrs. Vernon, that she would never be reclaimed by either kindness or any other means. Occasionally, however, though very rarely, some slight trait, some expression would escape her, which proved that with a different education she might have been a different being; and that some good, generous feelings, yet lurked in her heart, marred as it was by so many unworthy passions. During one of the pleasant walks which the family frequently took together, walks which even the indolent Ida sometimes enjoyed, their attention was attracted by a sickly, wretched-looking woman, who held an infant in her arms, as wan and emaciated as herself. To her imploring call for charity, Dr. Vernon returned a short negative, and with a significant glance at his astonished wife, who had never seen him display such insensibility before, passed on.

Lucy, after a pitying look, followed in their footsteps, but Ida, touched in spite of herself, by the abject misery of the petitioner, lingered for a moment behind. Hastily drawing the costly ring bestowed by Lady Stanhope, from her finger, she dropped it into the woman's hand, and immediately rejoined her companions. Had she but known how surpassingly beautiful she looked with that compassionate glance on her classic features, she would never have changed the expression. Dr. Vernon had marked all that had passed—quietly, quickly as it had been done,—and turning to Ida, asked:

"What comfort she had been whispering to the sufferer?"

Ida, literally ashamed of a good deed, which was in such direct opposition to her avowed opinions, became crimson, whilst she haughtily re-

joined, "that she was not aware Dr. Vernon had placed her under such strict *surveillance*, as to preclude her addressing a word to an object of charity, without being obliged to render an account of what she had said."

Dr. Vernon made no reply, but turning to his wife, exclaimed with a half sigh:

"There is good there, but alas! 'tis mixed with a large portion of evil. Still, the girl at least, is not irreclaimable."

Ida avoided any allusion to the ring, or the manner in which she had parted with it, and her companions humoured her by never pretending to miss it.

The two months, which had appeared really interminable to Ida, were now drawing swiftly to a close, and her impatience and eagerness were proportionably increasing. The tasks, irksome before, were now doubly so; and Mrs. Vernon could easily perceive by the carelessness and inaccuracy with which they were repeated, that the heart of the giver was with London and its festivities. Her impatience was at length terminated by the arrival of the long-looked for Lady Stanhope. Her Ladyship's manner was more ingratiating than before, and Mrs. Vernon could not but acknowledge that if she did take rather much upon herself, she did it with the best possible grace. After saluting Ida, she fell back a few steps, and deliberately examined her from head to foot. The result of her scrutiny proved satisfactory, for she exclaimed with a pleased look:

"Yes! you are decidedly improved. Grown taller and more graceful. I see also, you have attended to my injunctions respecting your complexion. It is as pure, as faultless as I could desire. And now, my dear, hasten and complete whatever preparations you may have to make, for my time is very limited. Two hours is the farthest I can assign you."

Ida bounded from the room and hurried to her own apartment; where with an alacrity she rarely displayed, she made all the necessary preparations within half the time allotted her. 'Tis true these said preparations were distinguished by anything but neatness or symmetrical order. Collars, dresses, brushes, books, were mingled together in the most hopeless confusion; but it troubled her little, and she seemed to think by the air of satisfaction with which she surveyed them, that she had acquitted herself to perfection of the task. Glancing round the apartment to see that nothing had been forgotten, she perceived her portfolio of drawings lying on the table. Knowing that they would serve to wile away many of those hours of *ennui*, with which the great and wealthy are so often visited, she opened

her valise and threw it in; first selecting the handsomest and best finished it contained, on the back of which she inscribed in pencil:

"To dear Lucy," and laid it on the stand.

"Poor Lucy!" she somewhat bitterly said. "Perhaps she, at least, may bestow one thought of regret upon me."

In arranging her portfolio, a book which she recognized as Claude's, and which she had by accident thrown in with her own, met her eye. She caught it up, looked at it for a moment, and then flung it to the other end of the apartment, with an ill temper which would have done anything but exalt her in the owner's opinion. And now that all was completed, she cast a last glance around, and yielding to an emotion she could neither explain nor control, bowed her head on the table, and burst into tears. Were they tears of sorrow? No! for she departed willingly, aye, gladly! and the very thought of the future, now opening before her, caused her heart to throb with tumultuous delight. And yet they were not tears of joy, for they were accompanied by a feeling of sadness, of depression, which partook of any nature but that of happiness. For some time further, whatever were the thoughts that agitated her, she continued to weep bitterly, but suddenly throwing back her head, she murmured:

"What folly! I should blush for my childishness, but I must have no more of this," and the proud glance that flashed through her tears, told that Ida Beresford was herself again.

Having bathed her eyes so as to obliterate every trace of weeping, she prepared to descend to the drawing room, when she encountered Lucy on the landing place. She inwardly wondered why the latter, who was ever so self-sacrificing and thoughtful, had never even offered her services to help her to prepare for her journey. The truth is, poor Lucy had sought the solitude of her brother's room, to give vent to the grief she was unwilling to display before one who she knew well could not sympathise with her, and who would offer no further consolation than a satirical smile or careless pleasantry.

"So you are really going, Ida!" she exclaimed, in tones which, though low, were yet calm and firm.

"Positively going, *carissima*; about to bid adieu to gardens, fields, rabbits and poultry; in fact to all the felicities and attractions of country life."

"Will you be much changed, Ida, when you return?" asked Lucy.

"I know not," murmured the young girl, changing her former tone of levity to one of deeper feeling. "I know not, Lucy."

"But you may never return," said the other. "You may never consent again to exchange the pleasures and gaieties of that world you so passionately love, for a life which I know you detest."

"You are mistaken, Lucy; I shall, I will return!" said Ida, with an energy and abruptness that almost startled her companion.

"I am glad of it; and now, dear Ida, farewell. I shall not see you again."

Throwing her arms round her neck, she affectionately embraced her, and ere Ida could recover from her astonishment, she was gone. The latter lingered for a moment, as if uncertain whether to follow or not; then murmuring "Lady Stanhope will be impatient," descended the stairs. On entering the apartment, the latter started up, exclaiming:

"You have been very long, my dear child. We have not a moment to spare. Farewell, dear Mrs. Vernon; I trust when I again return Miss Beresford to your care, you will find she has lost nothing under my tuition."

Politely bowing to Dr. Vernon, she turned to her footman to give him some directions, but in reality to leave Ida to bid farewell to her friends, free from the observance of a stranger. Brief and cold indeed was that "Farewell." Pretty nearly as she had estimated the fashionable heartlessness of her *protégée*, she had scarcely given her credit for such perfect egotism. With a cold, unmoved demeanour, Ida advanced towards the Doctor, who murmured "a God bless you, dear child!" as he pressed a kiss on her high brow, and then, turning to Mrs. Vernon, she submitted to the same ordeal with the same indifference. The only evidence of feeling she gave, was in answer to Mrs. Vernon's injunction not to forget them, when she murmured so low as to be heard only by her:

"Never! never! and I shall return to you again, if you will but receive me."

Her adopted mother strained her in her arms, inwardly murmuring a prayer that a merciful Providence might guide and watch over that young heart, which she felt, alas! was but too ready to receive impressions of evil. In another moment she was at the side of Lady Stanhope, and they entered the carriage.

With what a feeling of intense delight did Ida sink back amid the perfumed satin cushions, whose pale, roseate hue, imparted so delicate a tint to her own transparent cheek. It seemed that now indeed her wild, fanciful dreams, her visions of luxury and splendour, were about to be realized. For some time they proceeded in

silence, which Lady Stanhope broke, by at length exclaiming:

"Are you thinking of the friends you have left behind, Ida?"

"No, indeed!" was the frank reply.

"I thought not, for, to speak truth, your adieux plainly told me how narrow was the spot they occupied either in your heart or your thoughts."

"We should not always trust to appearances," rejoined Ida.

"Not in all cases, but in this we safely may. Nor do I wonder at it. The Vernons, though honest, well-meaning people, are not, my dear Ida, of our set, and between us and the inferior classes, no sympathy or interchange of feeling can exist."

Gratifying as was this speech to the young girl's vanity, the opposition which formed so strong an ingredient in her character, led her to defend now, those from whom she had parted one short moment before without even a sigh of regret; and to whose fondest demonstrations of affection she had returned nothing but the most insulting coldness.

"Nay, pardon me, if I say your Ladyship is mistaken. Dr. Vernon in point of family is inferior to none, and in good breeding and gentlemanly feeling, is superior to many. As to Mrs. Vernon, your Ladyship forgets she is my father's cousin."

"Aye! your father's cousin, but not your mother's. She is no connexion of the Stanhopes."

"I believe not," said Ida; "she is too gentle, too yielding, for one."

Her Ladyship, far from being displeased by a speech, which though cutting enough, tallied so exactly with her own opinions, burst into a clear, merry laugh.

"You are right, child, you are right. Gentleness and docility were never the characteristics of the Stanhopes, and, if I mistake not, my young friend, you partake more of their nature than of any other. But tell me," she continued, after a momentary pause, "they are not affluent, these Vernons, and though I saw but that pretty little daughter of theirs, I doubt not but that they have a dozen others, whom they had the good taste to keep in the nursery."

"No! they have but two; the girl you saw, and a son."

"A son," reiterated Lady Stanhope, quickly, and turning a keen glance upon her young relative. "How old is he?"

"I never enquired his age, but I suppose he is about nineteen."

"Is he handsome?"

"Strikingly so."

"Does he always reside at home?" continued her Ladyship, with an uneasiness she vainly strove to dissemble."

"No! thank Heaven! he does not."

"Why! wherefore?" was the astonished reply.

"Are you not on good terms with each other?"

"Anything but that. From our first introduction till our separation, we never could agree a moment."

"Ah! indeed!" said her Ladyship, quite relieved; "and whose fault was that?"

"Partly my own temper, partly his arrogance and obstinacy, which are at times unbearable."

Lady Stanhope glanced sharply at Ida, to see if such vehement indignation was really felt or only assumed, but the dark frown that marred the beautiful brow of the speaker, dispelled all doubt, and in a cheerful tone, she continued:

"Well! with this one exception, they are a good family; but to return to my former subject. As I was saying, they are far from affluent, and with their limited means,—how could they afford to ***. *Pour trancher le mot*, who or what is to remunerate them for your support?"

The blood mounted to Ida's very temples at the indelicate remark, but repressing her burning indignation, she coldly replied:

"The Vernons, madam, sought, asked no other recompense for an act of disinterested generosity, than the approbation of their own hearts."

"Nonsense! child. Such talk is rather sentimental and overwrought for the present century. Who ever dreams of one's heart repaying them for calls on their purse."

"Perhaps not in our circle; but your Ladyship forgets, the Vernons are not of our set. No! truly they are far above it."

There was such bitter reproach and indignation concentrated in her tone, that Lady Stanhope felt she had gone too far, and an awkward pause succeeded, during which Ida was bitterly contrasting the delicacy and consideration which Mrs. Vernon had ever evinced towards her, with the unfeeling carelessness Lady Stanhope had already displayed, even in the short time she had known her. At length the latter broke silence:

"I must inform you of one thing, Ida, which I have perceived even during our short acquaintance. It may be very interesting, very edifying, to so eloquently to defend your friends; but you are too emphatic in your terms, too *prononcée* in your manners. Though passable in a Dowager of forty, or a Lady Patroness of Almacks, it is excessively unbecoming at your age."

"Does your Ladyship forget I am a Stanhope?"

retorted Ida, a provoking smile, or rather sneer, curving her mouth.

"'Tis impossible to forget it, even for a moment," rejoined her companion, now thoroughly out of patience; "but let me advise you, young lady, to endeavour to conceal it a little more than you do, or it may mar your future fortunes more than you dream of."

"Your Ladyship has lost no time in giving me my first lesson. 'Tis to be hoped I shall profit by it," said Ida, with an air of easy *nonchalance*.

Lady Stanhope felt her temper giving way, and unwilling to descend to a *scene*, turned to the coachman and bade him drive faster. A half hour's reflection soon shewed her that her best policy was to conciliate Ida for the present, and gain her confidence; for any other course would only call forth the powerful opposition that lay in her character, and thus render all her plans and projects abortive. Prompted by this feeling, she exclaimed:

"You look fatigued, Ida; he will drive slower if you wish;" and she ordered the man to slacken his pace.

This instantly restored the former tone of cordiality, and to speak truly, Ida was very glad, for it was at least a most uncomfortable thing to be on bad terms with one who was at the moment conferring favours on her, and under whose roof she was to be a resident for months. She therefore thanked her for her attention, and sunshine was restored. After some further conversation, Lady Stanhope drew forth a book, and apologized, saying she would now leave her to her own thoughts. And a luxury it was indeed, to Ida, who soon fell into a delicious sort of reverie, in which a dreamy perception of the present, blended with indistinct visions of future grandeur, *fêtes* and admiration. Gradually the visions became more and more indistinct, and at length she was wrapped in deep slumber.

CHAPTER VIII.

IDA continued to sleep till the carriage stopped before the splendid mansion of Lady Stanhope, when the latter gently touched her on the shoulder, exclaiming:

"Ida, awake! We are at home."

Ida sprang up and gazed around. Night had set in and all was darkness. Perfectly bewildered, her eye wandered from the long vista of glimmering lamps, to the stately, indistinct building before her. After a moment, her companion again reiterated:

"Ida, my love! we are at home."

The footman sprang to let down the steps, and the brilliant light of the carriage lamps flashed upon his gorgeous livery, and the stately entrance of the mansion. All struck her as familiar. It seemed to her as if she were descending from her own carriage, alighting at her own home, and she turned, almost expecting to see her father beside her. But no! her eye rested on the striking figure of Lady Stanhope, half revealed in the lamp-light, and the reality broke upon her. Mechanically she followed her through the grand hall, up the wide staircase, into a splendid saloon, where a small table was spread with a choice and delicate repast. The meal concluded, and the glass of wine which Lady Stanhope kindly compelled her to take, finished, the latter rose, saying:

"Now, my dear Ida, follow me. I will shew you to your rooms; and, remember, do not rise to-morrow at all. Your meals will be served in your own apartment." Her Ladyship led the way through corridors, ante-rooms, saloons, till at length they entered an exquisitely fitted up chamber, whose elegance struck Ida, even in the transient, sleepy glance, she cast around.

"This is your boudoir, my dear, but you will examine it when you are recovered from your fatigue," and she passed on to an inner apartment, whose lofty bed, with its rich, heavy draperies, betokened it was her sleeping apartment. A bright fire burned in the grate, before which was seated a smart, shewy-looking girl, whose gaudy attire and indescribable air of mingled affectation and flippancy, told of one belonging to the genus "Lady's Maid."

"This is your maid, Ida. She is exclusively at your own disposal. Stratton, assist Miss Beresford to undress; and now, dearest, good night. Endeavour to sleep well,"—and she left the room.

The girl, with a speed and alacrity, the result of long practice, disrobed her, and when all was completed, asked "if Miss Beresford wanted anything further?" On Ida's replying in the negative, she added, that she slept in an adjoining closet, and that in case Miss Beresford wanted her during the night, she would please to call her. With indescribable happiness and satisfaction, Ida sank back on her luxurious couch, and a few moments after her cheek had touched the soft pillow, she was buried in slumber. The fatigue and excitement of the preceding day had almost exhausted her strength, and the sun had attained his meridian height when she awoke. Barely had she unclosed her eyes, when her attendant sprang forward and asked if she would bring her coffee.

Ida, anxious to be left alone for one moment

to collect her thoughts, which were in chaotic confusion, assented. The heavy curtains were closely drawn so as to exclude every ray of sunshine, but still sufficient light penetrated to render the interior visible. All seemed like a dream. The gorgeous apartment, the thousand articles of luxury, the servant ready to fly at her slightest word. How widely opposite to the life she had led for some months past. Involuntarily her thoughts recurred to the moment of her first awaking in Dr. Vernon's mansion, and as she contrasted the past and the present, she breathed a sigh of deep, sincere satisfaction. Stratton shortly after re-entered, bearing in her hand a silver salver, containing a costly Dresden equipage. Having sipped her coffee, Ida, remembering Lady Stanhope's injunction, which she felt the more inclined to follow, as she was really weary and exhausted, lay down again, and after some few hours of dreamy reflection, fell asleep. Her woman tranquilly resumed the novel, which her mistress' awaking had interrupted. A hand gently drawing aside her curtains, at length aroused her, and opening her eyes, she beheld Lady Stanhope standing beside her.

"How do you feel to-day, my love?" said her Ladyship, drawing a chair near, and seating herself. "I am charmed to see you sleep so well."

"I believe I have slept well," returned Ida, somewhat confused, for at the instant the silvery chimes of the French time-piece rung out the hour of three.

"So much the better; you will be more prepared to meet exertion when the time comes. Stratton, leave the room, but first unclose one of the curtains. It will not incommode you, Ida! And now," continued the lady, noticing her companion's glance directed towards her rich carriage dress, "I have been out, and I leave you to divine on what mission."

"I can scarcely judge. Perhaps calling on some favorite and very dear friend."

"Oh, no! my dear creature. I do not value my friends so deeply, as to overcome my fatigue sufficiently to visit them the very day after a tiresome journey, for the sole purpose of refreshing myself with their society. It would require a greater motive than that for the sacrifice. To be brief, it was your own fair self sent me abroad to-day."

"How! I?" returned Ida, in surprise.

"Yes! In the first place, I have been at Tilton's, and ordered you half a dozen splendid dresses, besides capes, bonnets, &c. This, I assure you, was no slight task. I then called on one or two of my bosom friends, the most inveterate gossips in the city, not to interchange protestations of

friendship, but to inform them that I had just returned from Elm Grove, with my young relation, Miss Beresford, a creature of surpassing grace and loveliness, who I knew would create no small sensation in our circle during the present season. You know, my dear, that of course I exaggerated, but if I did not praise you, who would? You cannot picture to yourself what excitement my pleasant intelligence created. Speculating mammas, clever dowagers, are in a state of the greatest agitation, fearing justly that a dangerous rival has appeared on the stage: a rival the more dangerous, as she is produced under my auspices, for you must know that I enjoy great celebrity for match-making talents."

This was uttered with a very satisfied air, as if her Ladyship felt, and prided herself on her laurels. Without noticing Ida's peculiar smile, she rapidly continued:

"I shall have a host here to-morrow, less for the pleasure of seeing myself, than to gratify their laudable curiosity, by ascertaining whether my tale of yesterday was strictly true. Well would your every look and motion be scrutinized and canvassed."

"I care not to encounter the trial," said Ida, haughtily.

"But you will not be put to the test. You must keep your room to-morrow, and the greater part of the succeeding day; fatigue of course the plea. I have two reasons for this. I wish you to be thoroughly, perfectly recovered from the effects of your journey, which has somewhat injured your complexion, and I do not desire to subject you to the kind observation of our friends, till you make your first appearance, which you shall do with all the *éclat* your rank and beauty demand."

"And when will that be?" eagerly asked Ida.

"The night after to-morrow, at her Grace of Hamilton's Ball. You must look your loveliest, Ida, for this is the ordeal which is to decide your reputation. You will be either '*La Reine du Bal*,' or nobody; and now, dearest, farewell! I shall be too much occupied, I fear, to visit you again to-day, or even to-morrow. But you can amuse yourself with reading. There is a well-chosen library in your boudoir," and gracefully pressing Ida's forehead, she left the apartment. Stratton immediately entered and assisted Ida to dress.

The task completed, the latter passed into her boudoir, and flinging herself indolently on one of the luxurious divans, applied herself leisurely to examining the apartment. It was in keeping with the gorgeous splendour of the whole house. The rick silken hangings, of a pale salmon hue,

the soft ottomans and couches, the glowing Turkey carpet, on which the foot-step returned no sound. These, with the invaluable paintings decorating the walls, the alabaster statues, fully occupied the gazer's attention for some few minutes.

"And this splendid chamber, these luxuries, are all destined for my use," she inwardly exclaimed. "I am mistress here!"

Had Lucy seen her at that moment, she might have justly trembled for her return to the humble roof she had left. After a time the handsome book-case attracted her notice, and she arose to examine it. The elegant binding and costly plates of the volumes, were their only claims to the title of well chosen, for beyond the works of Moore, Hemans, Byron, and a few other of the first English poets, the rest of the collection consisted solely of silly novels and insipid poems. Not one historical work was there; not one volume containing the slightest matter, either useful or improving. Such were now to be Ida Beresford's constant, her only studies. What could be expected from such a course? Carelessly taking down one of the newest, she returned to her seat and read till bed-time.

Stratton's first announcement the next day, was, that the mantua-maker was waiting in the ante-room. Ida hastily rose, and submitted, with somewhat more than her usual patience, to the tedious operation of fitting on and cutting out. The rest of the morning was pleasantly spent in examining the innumerable articles purchased by Lady Stanhope, the preceding day. French flowers, gloves, blondes, feathers, were all in turn rigidly examined and pronounced faultless. But this could not last for ever, and Ida had again to have recourse to the novel. She passed this day as she had done the previous one, and having concluded her book, retired to rest in a very ill temper, having first angrily chided her maid for her awkwardness in undoing her hair. The latter received the reproof with admirable composure, contenting herself with raising her eyes in silent deprecation of her unreasonable impatience, for being a tolerable physiognomist, the first glance at her young mistress's countenance had told her, to use her own expressive words, "That she was a perfect Tartar."

(To be continued)

MANUEL.

TRANSLATED FROM TIMON'S "LIVRE DES ORATEURS."

BY W. P. C.

THE French empire revolved around Napoleon as the circumference around its axis. He alone directed its armies upon the field of battle. He alone within his closet had the making and the breaking of leagues and treaties. He alone issued instructions to the provincial governors. He was the only public political commentator. He alone spoke through his commissioners in the mute assemblies of the Legislature and the Senate. So that it may be said there was not in the whole empire a general, a diplomatist, a governor, a statesman or an orator, except Napoleon.

Thus it happened that when the *Tribune* regained its liberty, and the obstacles to eloquence were removed, the parliamentary orators came forward irresolutely, and like men unused to debate. In their actions they were constrained, and when they strove to speak, their utterance was feeble and indistinct.

Manuel appeared.

Manuel had a tall person, a pale and melancholy countenance, an accent provincial yet sonorous, and an extreme simplicity of manners.

He untied rather than cut the most Gordian difficulties. He moved with a matchless dexterity around every proposition. He examined it, he felt of it, he probed it in every part, in its loins and in its entrails, that he might discover whatever it contained; and of all this he rendered to the Assembly an account in which nothing was omitted and nothing exaggerated. He did not break out in cries and furious gestures like those apoplectic rhetoricians who sweat and pant beneath their pretences, and who are constantly exciting apprehension lest their lungs may be disgorge, and they belch forth blood at every word. He was a man of elevated judgment, honest and undissimulating, always master of himself, brilliant and easy in his language, skilled in the art of unfolding, continuing, and concluding his subject. Such qualities as these gained for him the good opinions of the Chamber of Representatives.

We need not suppose that when political tempests lour, a very vehement orator is always the one to obtain a great ascendancy over the assembly he addresses; for generally, he urges the adoption of the most strenuous measures, and

if he pleases energetic characters, he equally terrifies the timid, who are on all occasions the most numerous. When these latter fancy they observe in the gloom swords drawn above their heads, snares spread beneath their feet, dark treachery ready to enshroud them, they turn towards the candid speaker in whom they may repose confidence and belief. When they tremble through fear, they love to obtain safety in the protection of unwavering and tranquil spirits. When their judgment proves at fault on difficult questions, they love to hear them satisfactorily explained by another. This did Manuel do.

When he observed, after the abdication of Napoleon, that the executive authority was still undecided for whom it should declare itself; that civil war threatened to break out during the foreign; that the Chamber of Representatives was itself divided, and that, hurried on by contrary winds, every man steered his course at random, some favoring the Bourbons, others the Republic, some the Duke of Orleans, and others still inclined towards the son of the Emperor—Manuel invoked the good will of the soldiery, the preservation of the country, and the nature of the constitution itself, in behalf of Napoleon II.

With enthusiasm did the assembly greet this proposal; they felt themselves indebted to him who had freed them from an embarrassing perplexity, and restored that unity that is, in times of crisis, above all things indispensable to a legislative body.

Manuel was appointed to draw up a constitution—a dangerous commission, an office of trust, a political testament, which, in the name of the moribund Chamber, he committed to writing for the benefit of posterity. Nobly did he persevere in its discussion amidst the balls and missiles that were whizzing in his ear. He summoned the citizens to arms, even when all was lost, and the Prussian artillery already thundered on the bridge of Jena. Manuel, calm and intrepid, recited from the rostrum these words of Mirabeau:

"We will not depart hence except at the point of the bayonet."

Manuel was the most considerable, nay, almost the *only* orator of the Chamber of Representatives.

The confidence of that body had placed him at the head of the government during the minority of Napoleon II.

He entered the Chambers of the Restoration, preceded by a colossal renown. Ordinarily, so great a reputation does not long sustain itself, and disgust follows closely upon excessive fondness. Besides, Manuel was inwardly weakened by a cruel disease that afterwards bore him to his grave, and under the oppression of pain, his fine faculties lost somewhat of their original brilliancy and force.

During the "hundred days," a liberal and moderate supporter of the ministry, Manuel became, after the restoration, a tribune of the opposition. Here he was servicable to his party from the qualities of his character and talent. More opinionative than hasty, he held out to the end against the attacks of his adversaries. With more strength of judgment than declamatory vehemence, he took part in every dispute, and with a celerity not inconsistent with precision, set in opposition to his opponents every argument of their own. No matter how entirely finished the discussion might appear, he was sure to open it again on some pretence, and renew the contest with an extraordinary subtilty of logic, and fluency of speech.

Manuel was the most remarkable extemporaneous speaker of the *côté gauche*. His diction was wholly parliamentary, not burthened with useless ornaments, yet not incorrect, neither hurried nor yet sluggish. He was perhaps rather lengthy, somewhat diffuse, though never obscure, but retracing his steps and repeating his propositions after the manner of all who speak with extreme facility.

Sometimes on financial matters he delivered his opinion in writing. His premeditated orations are neatly composed, but lack in expanded views, profoundness of thought, and in brilliancy. Manuel, like most *extempore* speakers, rapidly appropriated to himself the ideas of others, and reproduced them by an arrangement at once skillful and discreet. But he was neither administrator nor philosopher, neither financier nor economist. After his expulsion, instructed and enriched by severe studies, in the seclusion of exile, he reappeared with the treasures of science upon the stage of legislation.

Two men had drawn upon themselves the strongly expressed hatred of two adverse parties. De Serre, after his abjuration, had incurred that of the *côté gauche*; Manuel had always possessed that of the *côté droite*.

At that time these two parties were in a state of flagrant hostility with each other. The emi-

gration party and the revolution party, the aristocracy and the democracy, the equality men and the prerogative men, ranged themselves in the house, face to face, and bearing towards each other an inextinguishable animosity, every session was wholly occupied with subtle and interminable dissertations on factions and divisions, and every man, while he pretended to respect the intentions of his adversaries, in his heart most decidedly detested them.

At this later period the truth may be spoken regarding these factions. It is, that both were equally engaged in acting a farce. The Royalists would have had a king without a charter, and the Liberals a charter without a king. Beyond this there was neither truth nor sincerity in those parliamentary debates; all besides consisted of casualities, embellishments and verbosity. At length, after fifteen years of scenes more or less intricate, both actors and spectators grew weary with waiting so long, and the *dénouement* was forced to be discovered. The Ordinance constituting the "king without the charter," and the "charter without the king," was the Revolution of July.

Cunningly did Manuel entwine himself around this charter, as a serpent winds about a tree which yet retains its verdure—the semblance of life—while the trunk is dead. He pressed upon it with his folds; he twisted it round; he would even have extracted what it did not contain.

At present these constant appeals to propriety, together with interminable speeches on the evident meaning and the doubtful meaning of the charter; these incriminations of constitutional high-treason; these efforts of metaphysical refinement, would weary listeners.

But then a representative government had but newly sprung into existence, and a general curiosity was excited to know if really there was anything at the bottom of it at all.

Those ministers who love to enjoy the realities of power are ever eager to attain them. With these Manuel waged a war of delay. At the beginning of every debate he hindered them by his attacks, and at the conclusion by his resuming subjects already disposed of. He would lay before the president amendments suggested by the occasion, and under pretence of explaining them, would take up the general subject, on the ground of which he would continue to enlarge. Beaten in the first amendment, he fortified himself again in the second. He appeared in a hundred forms, now advancing, now retreating, like a skillful general, defending each position step by step, and when he saw himself nearly captured, escaping from the enemy like powder from the pan.

Elections, the press, the state of the finances, penal laws, petitions,—there was not a single doctrine of liberty or economy that he did not maintain; not a dispute of the *côté gauche* in which he did not assume a part. Manuel was the most judicious of his party. He never allowed himself to be misled through imagination nor arcused by enthusiasm—another defect in the character. He weighed things most exactly, and possessed a vision so extensive and so clear as to enable him to foresee and proclaim that a revolution would spring from the fourteenth article of the charter.

He had also a lively predilection in favor of the working classes, and perhaps to that secret sympathy which binds the multitude to their protector, may be attributed the affectionate remembrance in which his name is held among them. The torch of democracy cast its rays from time to time upon his path, and assisted by its glimmering light, he glanced at almost every question that was likely to be agitated at a future period.

The party opposed to Manuel heard him with manifest impatience. They heaped upon him contempt and injury. Now they shrugged their shoulders, and now they turned their backs upon him. Sometimes they murmured so loudly as to drown his voice, and sometimes came down upon him from every bench with rage, and followed him even to the foot of the rostrum with the most biting sarcasms, and the most outrageous epithets. Manuel, unmoved amidst these furious outbreaks, preserved the serenity of his countenance and the placidity of his spirit. He received the shock without being staggered by it, folded his arms, and awaited silence to resume his discourse.

He was a man of calm intrepidity, and a warm and patriotic heart—possessing manners the most courteous, united with a disposition the most agreeable, an integrity of principle wholly unaffected, a command over his ambition, and a humility truly extraordinary.

I will say no more upon the subject of his moral qualities. He was the friend of Lafitte and of Dupont de l'Eure; this is praise enough.

There is more exercise of imagination than one would suppose among all political parties. They are anxious to live and establish themselves. They alter history, they adapt it to their tastes and the gratification of their passions. In fancy they impose on some one of the illustrious dead the part of advocating their opinions, even when that very person would not have done so

himself, nay, even when such opinions could not then have had an existence, much less a name. In this manner do the republicans now wish to shew that under the Restoration, Manuel was their servant. The sophists of the Tuilleries pretend that, at this day, he would approve of their course. These are too simple illusions. Manuel had, as millions of the French at this moment have, republican affections rather than republican convictions. Bold in acting a contrary part, he, however, openly avowed his preference of Napoleon II. to the Republic. His language was:

“Republicans are heads, not matured by experience.”

And again he says, “that the principle of republicanism has been able to deceive some exalted minds, but is not consistent with a nation's greatness, in the present actual state of society.”

Again, that “the throne is the safeguard of liberty,” and still further: “liberty is inseparable from the throne.”

Besides, he declared himself for the royal prerogative, for the institution of the two houses, for an hereditary peerage, for the payment of the clergy, for the practical securities of public officers.

Yet, for all this, Manuel did not belong to the Cabal of the Palais; and when, on one occasion, it was tried to make use of his popularity to assist a certain person, Manuel, beset by importunities, exclaimed: “Speak not to me of that man!”

It is a very prevalent opinion, that, had Manuel lived longer, he would have directed the movers of the revolution of July; that he would have pointed out the shoals on which too hasty steersmen wrecked the ship of state; and that he would have rendered it impossible for authority to overleap its shores and submerge liberty.

Finally, noble deeds exceed in importance the wisest counsels, and the most elegant dissertations. No; all Manuel's warnings could not have hindered the destiny of things from being accomplished, and as to his words, they will pass away; they are already gone! But so long as political courage, a hundred times rarer than warlike, shall be esteemed among us, the name of Manuel shall live in the memory of the French.

It was the year 1825; all at once, the patience of the *côté droite* burst itself. That party had already been disturbed, when Manuel, giving a loose to the overfulness of his heart, expressed his hatred towards the Bourbons. From that instant, his name was enregistred on the tables of the proscribed. With attentive air and upraised

hand, his enemies, lurking around the *tribune*, watched and waited for the utterance of each word. The storm was hanging over his head.

Scarcely had Manuel, in a new oration, commenced an indirect and concealed apology for the Convention, before Monsieur De la Bourdonnaie rose hastily from his seat, and demanded, for the insult, the expulsion of the deputy of Vendée.

The House punished Manuel for having lauded the Convention, and yet the House itself imitated that Convention. It forfeited its own opinions—a fault: it abused its power—a baseness: it struck a political blow which cast aside both parliamentary and kingly privileges, at the very moment, too, when these might have been advantageously united; it violated the inviolability of the tribuneship, and shrouded, in the condemnation of a single sentence, the whole parliamentary career of Manuel.

The strangest thing in this strange proceeding was, to see the aristocratic deputies arrogating the right of representing France, and speaking in her name. Poor France! They all pretend to speak for thee—those of former days, and those of the present. How long then ere thou shalt silence them, and assert thy right of speaking for thyself?

Manuel's distinguished character exhibited no degeneracy during these debates. Throughout, he bore a calm exterior, that irritated his feeble and violent persecutors; he defended himself with an eloquent simplicity. These words have been recorded:

"I tell you that I can recognize in no one here, the right to accuse me or judge my conduct; but yet I seek for judges here, and find only accusers. I expect not an act of justice; it is to an act of revenge on your part that I resign myself. I profess respect for the authorities, but more than them do I respect the law that gave them being, and I attribute their power at this moment to their contempt of that law. They usurp privileges with which it has never invested them.

"In such a state of things, I know not whether submission might not be prudent; but I do know, that when resistance is a right, it becomes a duty.

"When I entered this House, I did so through the suffrages of those who possessed the power to send me here, and I shall leave it only when I am forced to do so by the violent measures of such as would assume the right of expelling me; and if this my resolution involves me in the highest peril, I console myself with the reflection that the field of liberty hath oftentimes been fertilized by heroic blood."

Manuel kept his word.

He maintained his claims to the end, yielding to nothing but to violence. He was seized in his seat by a *gendarme*, and hurried from the midst of his indignant friends.

That same throng of people, that afterwards, when swelled by a greater throng, paid the last tribute to his memory, in the celebration of his funeral rites, accompanied the democratic tribune to his home.

But when the crowd had dispersed, solitude and silencespread themselves around the illustrious orator. Then did the electoral colleges have the baseness not to re-elect him, nor even exert themselves in his favor. So little national spirit exists in France! So many patriotic services were rewarded only by ungrateful remembrances! Thus speedily was quenched such high renown!

Yet, strange reverse of fortune! this distinguished citizen, when he left the Chamber of Deputies, ignominiously expelled for having referred to the Convention, guarded like a criminal by two *gendarmes*, suspected little that one day the king he hated, expelled in his turn, would himself embark for the land of exile; that the son of a *conventionnel* would assume the throne and bed of his master; that those deputies who had proscribed a deputy in the name of the electors, should be themselves proscribed by those same electors, and excluded from the temple of the laws; and that, on the front of another temple, dedicated by a grateful country to its distinguished men, the chisel of the immortal David would represent, immediately facing the figure of Napoleon, the emblem of war-like courage, that of Manuel, the emblem of the civil.*

Manuel supported his banishment with dignity, though not without some sadness, yet without the slightest regret for his tribuneship.

"You are a man of letters," said the orator to Benjamin Constant; "you have your pen,—but what have I remaining?"

There remained to him his funeral obsequies, and the testimony of the Pantheon.

EXTREMES RECONCILED.

No! no! For those of woman born
Not so unlike the die is cast;
For, after all our vaunt and scorn,
How very small the odds at last!

Him, raised to fortune's utmost top,
With him beneath her feet compare;
And one has nothing more to hope,
The other nothing more to fear.

* The representation of Manuel, in a standing posture, seen in the Pantheon, is from the hand of David.

PRESENTIMENT.*

BY M. A. S.

THE day was already far advanced when Eleanor awoke next morning, and having made a hasty toilet she descended to the breakfast-room. Notwithstanding what had passed on the previous evening, she had some strong misgivings as to the reception she should meet from Mary; but she had scarcely entered the room when the latter who had been seated alone at one of the windows, accosted her in cordial accents:

"Oh! good morning, Eleanor!—I am pleased to find you looking so much better to-day. I would not permit any one to awake you earlier, as had been proposed, knowing that a good sound sleep is more refreshing than aught else. Arthur is gone to join a hunting party, so I gave him an early breakfast, and now you and I shall have our meal *tête-à-tête*."

"Dear Miss Newburk! how very kind you are—oh! could you read my heart at this moment."

"Oh! I know what I should find there, *ma chère*," rejoined Mary, laughingly, "I should doubtless find gratitude in large characters, together with a strong expression of surprise, and an intense desire to know what has caused the change so visible in me. Say, have I not guessed aright?"

"There is no denying the fact," replied Eleanor, gradually catching the other's easy manner—"you have just divined what I would not have ventured to express. Candor compels me to say that you do not appear to me the same Miss Newburk who left the room so abruptly yesterday evening. Since you have chosen to notice the matter, may I hope to have my curiosity gratified?—You will not deem the feeling a reprehensible one, since it is inherent in our feminine nature from the very first years of the world."

"True, Eleanor! and to prove to you that I can forgive your curiosity in this case, I shall, as far as possible, explain away all that now seems mysterious to you. But first let us despatch our breakfast." A smile appeared on Eleanor's countenance as she glanced at the time-piece, and Mary laughed as she exclaimed—"you see I am not quite so strict in exacting punctuality as I have been. It is now half-past ten—so, *allons*." It was a scene of quiet comfort, that breakfast-room—the table in the midst, with its snowy

cover and plain, yet elegant, breakfast-service—the bright fire beaming cheerfully in the brass grate—the radiant sunshine streaming in through the clustering woodbine and eglantine by which the two large windows were shaded—all was peace without and within. The two occupants of the room were each revelling in recovered liberty, for each had just shaken off the iron bondage of cold distrust, and each was drawn towards the other, and ready to make all and every revelation that might interest the hearer. For many a long day and year did one of the parties recall with sorrowing heart that calm morning scene, and mourn that it could never again be renewed—when the light of renovated hope, that had then shone so brightly, was buried with those she loved, and her heart was cheerless as the night of the tomb.

Breakfast over, the ladies adjourned to the sitting-room, and each having taken up her work, Mary spoke—"I am now about to commence, Eleanor, a recital to which I look forward with dread. To me it can only be productive of pain, as it will renew the memory of feelings, which it has been the business of years to destroy. It will remind me of friendships long since broken up, and of cold, heartless deceit, from those whom I had deemed all but perfect. And yet I do not shrink from the attempt, for the time has arrived when justice requires that I should make you acquainted with the causes which have produced effects which to you appear inexplicable. My own character, in fine, demands that I should explain the motives by which I have been actuated. Now, when the cloud has passed away, which so long obscured my mental vision, and that I can view my late conduct by the clear light of reason, it appears altogether unjustifiable, so that I much fear even the best explanation I can give will fail to exculpate me in your eyes—yet for Arthur's sake—for your sake—nay, even for my own I must decide on encountering this trial—I must open the long closed gates of memory, and return to the days of my youth, that I may bring hence the information which you desire." She paused for a few moments, and sat with eyes fixed in deep thought,

as though arranging her ideas in order to communicate them. At length she drew forth from her pocket a letter which she handed to Eleanor; "Read that," she said, in a low voice—"last night when I quitted you so abruptly, that letter fell in my way—strange that it should have lain so long unnoticed!—and yet I found it in a corner of my *escritoire*, where one would think I could not have so long overlooked it. How it came there I cannot imagine. Read there the first portion of my tale, for I propose, after the manner of some novel writers, to commence it in the middle."

Eleanor, before she opened the letter, looked at the superscription—it was addressed to Arthur Newburk, Esq., and had a foreign post-mark. With trembling fingers Eleanor unfolded this fateful epistle. The hand was evidently that of a gentleman, being large and bold, and a glance at the signature increased Eleanor's trepidation, for it was that of Horatio Campbell. The letter was dated from Lisbon, and its characters were fresh, though several years had elapsed since they were penned. It ran as follows:

"DEAR NEWBURK,

"Amid all the tumult and the clangor of noisy warfare, memory still makes herself heard, and ever her 'still small voice' 'recounts the deeds of the days of other years,' and in recalling the pleasant scenes of boyhood and youth brings you before my mind, for with you were passed my happiest days. Years have gone by since we met—to me they have been productive of many changes—and yet my friendship for you still retains even more than its pristine fervor. But, Arthur! I much fear that you will doubt the truth of this assertion—you will even deem me a mean dissembler, and will ask 'Is this the language of him who has so injured me—of him who has knowingly and deliberately torn from me that which I held dearest on earth—of him, in short, who has outraged one justly dear to me?—Go, vile hypocrite! you are not the Campbell I once loved!' such are the terms in which I hear you apostrophize me, and yet, Arthur, I am innocent of the crimes of which I well know you believe me guilty, and heaven is my witness that I am still in heart and soul the self-same Horatio Campbell whom your boyhood loved. Years may have made me 'a sadder and a wiser man,' but certainly not more guilty, nor less worthy of your love. You will ask how this can be, and I will meet your inquiry half way. Now that death stares me in the face, (as we are just about to open a fresh campaign,) I cannot longer permit you to believe me capable of treachery so vile, and will, therefore, acquaint you with facts which will, I am sure, harrow up

your soul even as they did mine; for what can be more painful than to find hollow deceit and grovelling selfishness where you had placed your whole affection? Oh! is it not agony to find the love of years misplaced, and to be obliged to tear from your heart the idol to which it had so long paid all its homage? Yet this, Arthur, this is your case and mine. Need I say that I allude to Margaret Morton—she whom we both loved, and whom both believed pure and innocent as her face was fair. And yet she was false, Arthur, false as hell! This is, I know, a startling assertion, but I can unhappily prove it true. You must recollect the evening when you found us conversing in the arbor—angry enough you seemed at the time, but little did you imagine the nature of our conversation. On that occasion she told me, in confidence, that your sister had long loved me in secret, but that now, when she had lost all hopes of obtaining my love, she had become furious, "and," added the fair deceiver, in a meek tone, "I have unluckily been fixed upon by her as a fit subject whereon to play off her revengeful malice; so that my life is made miserable by her mean jealousy, and I cannot longer endure it." She then proceeded to relate several instances wherein your sister had testified unkind feelings towards her, all of which I have since found utterly false. At that time, however, I would as soon have suspected an angel of attempting to mislead me, and thus I, under the influence of her wiles, learned to look upon your sister with coldness, and even treated her with marked distrust. Oh, Arthur! when I think of our last interview—when I recall to mind the tearful face of Mary, as I saw it last, and when I feel that those tears were drawn forth by my unkindness, the recollection is almost maddening. Dear, estimable Mary! friend of my youth! never may I again hear your voice speak gentle counsel as it was wont of old—I feel that we shall never meet again; then, Arthur! I would beg that you will forget my errors—of crimes I have never been guilty; and Mary, too—dear, injured Mary! you will I know forgive me when the grave shall have closed on the mortal remains of him whom you once honored with the title of friend."

Such was the letter; and when Eleanor, having come to the conclusion, raised her eyes to Mary's face, she saw that the tears were streaming from her eyes, and that she looked pale and sorrowful. At this moment a visitor was announced, and the ladies were obliged to repress all traces of emotion and smooth their discomposed features into calmness.

Neither Mary nor Eleanor felt disposed to welcome the intruder—the former having taken

infinite pains to brace up her mind for a much-dreaded communication, had no wish that it should be deferred, while the latter, whose whole soul was wrapped up in the expected recital, could scarcely conceal her chagrin and disappointment. She still had Campbell's letter in her hand, and desirous to gain time for overcoming her emotion, she made it a pretext for retiring to the further end of the room, leaving Mary to receive the visitor. The name announced was that of a stranger—it was *Mrs. Kenrick*; and the woman, as she entered, cast a timid look from one to the other, as though she dreaded the reception she should meet. She was evidently a person in the lower classes of life, yet neat and tidy in her appearance, while her good natured countenance carried its own recommendation. She made a low courtesy to each lady, and then paused, as though waiting to be addressed.

"Pray be seated," said Miss Newburk, who appeared somewhat surprised.

"I see you think this a great liberty, madam," observed the visitor, as she took a seat near the door—"and well you may, for you never set eyes on me before. And you'll be more surprised still, when I tell you that I have come all the way from Dublin to spake to you—that is, if so be that you are Miss Mary Newburk."

"Indeed?" inquired Mary; "and may I ask, as I am the person you have named, what motive can have induced *Mrs. Kenrick* to take so long a journey, to visit one whom she acknowledges she has never before seen?"

"I'll tell you that, ma'am, in a few words," replied the woman, respectfully; "but first I'll deliver my letter, an' then you'll have a guess of my business here this day."

So saying, she drew forth a letter which had been carefully covered with sundry envelopes of brown paper, in order to preserve its original purity of hue, and having handed it to Miss Newburk, she calmly awaited the result.

"Ha!" thought Eleanor, "more letters!—can this have any relation to the subject which this good woman interrupted?"

A moment and her attention was called to Mary, for the latter had no sooner glanced at the address of the letter than she fell back in her chair, pale and trembling, while the letter fell from her powerless hands. Eleanor hastened to her assistance.

"Dear sister! what is the matter?—How pale you look!—shall I go and seek some strengthening cordial?"

"No, no, Eleanor! kind Eleanor! it is unnecessary to do so, as I do not feel at all faint—I am only surprised—astonished! But will you

have the kindness to ring for some one to take this person, and give her some refreshments?"

Eleanor obeyed, and when the servant appeared, *Mrs. Kenrick*, with many thanks for Miss Newburk's kindness, was conducted from the room. When she was gone, Mary sat upright in her chair and turned to Eleanor, with a faint attempt at a smile.

"Now that we are alone, my dear! I have only to tell you (in order to account for its effect on me,) that this epistle, yet unopened, comes from Margaret Morton. Oh, Eleanor! could you but know how I loved that false girl,—how much anguish I have suffered during the few hours that her perfidy has been known to me,—you would not wonder at my being so affected. Yesterday morning that letter would have been pressed to my lips, as the dear and cherished proof of her continued affection; now I can scarcely bear to look upon it—do break the seal, dear Eleanor, for my hand trembles so that I cannot."

"Have you remarked that the seal is black, Mary?"

"No, really!" exclaimed Mary, "I had overlooked that circumstance in my agitation. Whose death has she to announce to me?—Oh! surely not Horatio's?" and, overcome by the latter idea, she covered her face with her hands, as though to shut out a vision so horrid.

"Shall I read the letter?" asked Eleanor.

A faint "Yes" from Mary encouraged her to proceed, and though her own voice was broken and tremulous, she went on; there was neither date nor place mentioned.

"Though I am quite certain that this letter will be treated with contempt, and that the writer is unworthy even of pity, yet I will write. I ask for nothing—hope for nothing—but I must let Mary Newburk know that Margaret Morton has reached the lowest depths of misery. You may laugh out at this—I expect that you will, too—for have I not been to you as the snake in the fable, who, when half dead from cold, was restored to life and warmth by the pitying care of the good man, and, in requital thereof, stung his children to death—such has been my conduct to you. So you may well laugh at my utter ruin. Neither do I seek to excite your compassion by acquainting you with my unhappy condition, but methinks it will give me a sort of relief to communicate my soul-harrowing remorse and bitter grief to one who knew and loved me when I was young and comparatively innocent. Strange relief! you may well exclaim, 'for you, who have never departed from the narrow path of virtue—who have ever acted according to the dictates of con-

science—cannot enter into the feelings of one who has so long lived in utter forgetfulness of all that is good and holy—of one whose course downwards has been gradual, but sure, until she has, as I have said, reached the very abyss. Nor have I much hope for eternity! How can I, who have given up my youth to the service of Satan, now dare to raise my thoughts to Heaven, or look for the enjoyment of that heavenly kingdom ‘prepared for those who love *Him* and keep His commandments?’ No, no! nor peace nor rest on earth or in heaven can Margaret Morton hope for. But as my time here is drawing to a close, I must hasten to tell you, in as few words as may be, that is if you know it not already, that she whom you once believed pure as an angel, was even in those young days stained with many sins—foremost in which was deceit—dark, deliberate treachery! You may believe me when I say, that of all my numerous accomplishments, dissimulation was the one on which I most prided myself. Though one of the most artful of human beings, I was enabled to maintain an appearance of unaffected simplicity, which imposed on all my acquaintance. Of this fact you must be well aware, for during the years of our intimacy, you never had the slightest suspicion that I was other than the affectionate and artless being to whom you, in our very school-days, vowed everlasting friendship. Trust me, even now I can scarcely forbear laughing at the deceit I practised upon you, who were wont to pique yourself on your superior penetration. Ah! I feel the pangs of death even now—my hand trembles—let me then hasten to tell you that it was I who sowed distrust and dissension between you and Horatio. If I ever truly loved, that love was for Arthur, but I could not tamely behold you bearing away the prize of Campbell’s favor, so I set myself to give him a wrong estimate of your character, and so artfully did I work out my scheme, that I appeared to him to be only actuated by friendship for both parties. Having once succeeded in turning his affection from you, it was comparatively easy to fix it on myself. Whether he really and truly loved me I cannot now say—the fact is, I have reason to believe, that he was merely dazzled by my syren charms, and that his heart never ceased to retain a tender remembrance of you, to whom his earliest love was given. However that might be, I had attained my object—I had conquered—and was happy. As for Arthur, I could never entirely deceive him—and yet I loved him—oh! how I did love him!—I believe he never revealed to any one—not even yourself—his opinion of me, and for this generosity I now thank him—now that life is for me at an end. True, he saw me not as

I really was—he deemed me vain and frivolous, but never suspected me of perfidy or wilful deceit. And yet, I sometimes think that he loved me with all my faults—*then*, the thought sent a rush of joy to my heart—*now* it produces only bitter regret, for if I had succeeded in winning his affection—if I had been his wife—oh, Mary! how far, far different might have been my fate. But I must finish—death is approaching—I already feel his iron grasp strong upon me. I have no time for vain retrospections. Let me then tell you that my sudden departure from Ballyhaise Castle, was owing to a conversation which I had had with Arthur on the previous night. He then assured me that unless my character underwent a thorough change, (which he deemed impossible,) he could never think of me as a wife. He begged of me to withdraw quietly from the castle, lest in the event of my remaining, his father should insist on our marriage, as in that case, he said, he would be compelled to explain the nature of his objections. As a friend, Margaret,” he added, “I shall ever remember you, but by no nearer tie than that of friendship can we ever be united. Forgive this frankness, and let us be indeed friends.’ So far from forgiving him, I left him with a heart full of revenge, but fearing lest he should be tempted to disclose his sentiments with regard to me, and being well assured that whatever love he once had for me was completely extinguished, I next morning took a French leave, as you must remember. My career since then has been one of mingled wickedness and folly. Horatio was not slow in discovering my real character, and the consequence was, that when I addressed to him a letter full of affection, and entreating him to visit me in Dublin, he returned my letter without a word of comment. Poor fellow! I have never seen him since, and I have the additional pain of knowing that his happiness also I destroyed, for I am sure he loved you, Mary!—Well! he lived not long to deplore his disappointment; but what is death to one virtuous and honorable, and true, like him? To me it is full of horrors—oh, agony!—unutterable torments!—how shall I face that God whom I have so often and so deliberately insulted by my crimes!—Oh, Mary! pity—no, no, do not pity me! I only ask you to forget that you ever knew me—let my memory go down to oblivion, and be no trace left to speak of

“MARGARET MORTON.”

So great was Eleanor’s agitation that she could scarcely conclude this most afflicting letter; when she did, however, she looked at Mary, and saw her motionless, with clasped hands, and eyes

raised in mute supplication, while her face was pale as death. At length she spoke:

"He is dead, then! Horatio is no more, and poor wretched Margaret, guilty, depraved, abandoned, as you were, I cannot but lament your fate! Alas! alas! can these horrible tidings be indeed true?"

And in wild, uncontrollable emotion, she arose, and paced the room with hurried and unequal pace. Eleanor waited until the first burst of her grief was past, and then approaching her with noiseless footsteps, she laid her hand on her arm:

"Remember, dear sister! that affliction is sent us from on high; doth not our heavenly Father chastise those whom he loves? let us, then, subdue our stubborn nature, and, bowing in submission to His divine will, affectionately kiss the rod which chastises us. Remember that you are a Christian!"

"You are right, dear Eleanor," returned Mary, as she tenderly embraced her. "And I thank you for reminding me of my duty. I will henceforth endeavour to bear my sorrows as a Christian woman should."

At this moment a servant entered with a message from Mrs. Kenrick, requesting to know whether she might be permitted to take her leave, as she was anxious to return home to her family as soon as possible. The desired permission being given, Mrs. Kenrick once more made her appearance.

"Before you go, Mrs. Kenrick," said Mary, "I wish to ask how you became acquainted with the unhappy writer of this letter."

"Well, ma'am, since you do put the question to me, I'll jist tell you, though I had as lief not, becase I hope the poor creature is now out of pain, for all that she was unfortunate, an' we ought to try an' cover the faults of the dead, an' let them rest in pace; but since you want to know, ma'am, how it was, why I'll tell you. As I was comin' home from market one Saturday evenin', about three months ago, what should I see but a poor shiverin' creature sittin' on the steps of a door in Dawson street, (if you know where that is, ma'am); well, she was leanin' against the iron railin' an' looked very pale an' sickly; myself was grieved to the heart to see her there, for she looked like one that had seen better days, and so I went up to her an' ax'd her had she no place to go to. She looked at me without sayin' a word, an' I began to think the poor woman was out of her mind, but when I ax'd her the same question over again, she burst out cryin'!"

"'Not a spot in the wide world have I whereon to lay my head!'"

"'Well,' says I to her, 'if that's the way with you, why, come with me in God's name, whatever you are; my place is but poor, but sure it's better than the street, so come.' The poor creature tried to get up, but she was so wake, that she was near fallin' again, only I catch'd her. Well then I made her lean on my arm, an' we walk'd very slowly to my poor house. God help me! it is a *very* poor house; an' dear me! I'm sure the lady thought it mighty strange to be in such a little, weeny bit of a house; but I made her as comfortable as I could, an' the childhre did everything they could for her. (I have three small childhre, you see, ma'm, an' I'm a poor widow woman into the bargain.) The poor soul tried to take everything in good part, for she was mighty quiet and humble like. You'd never think, to look at her then, that she was one so unfortunate, but she was, for all that. Well, ma'am, myself used to wonder, and wonder, at what could have brought her to sich a condition, but as she never spoke about it herself, why, I could'nt bring myself to ask her. At last, about five weeks after she came to my little place, she took mighty bad entirely, an' from the first, she gave herself up. It was a great trouble to me that I wasn't able to pay a docther to come to her, but when I said that to her, she got quite angry like, an' called out in her fine English—for she could spake jist as well as any counsellor, ma'am. [Here Mary, *malgré* her sorrow, could not refrain from smiling, which, however, Mrs. Kenrick was far too much engrossed by her narrative to notice.] I couldn't say it as she said it, ma'am, but she ax'd me what would I send for a docther for? or what value was her life to any one? She said she was only a burthen to society, (ay! them's the words she used,) and that if I knew what she was, I'd be glad to get shot of her. Well, myself was frightened at the way she got on, an' when she seen that, she grew quiet again, an' she tould me to sit down beside her; so I did, an' she says: 'Mrs. Kenrick, you're the only friend I have, and now, as I am near dyin', I'll not deceive you any longer,' and then she ups and tells me that she had once been a great lady, an' had plenty of friends and plenty of money, but that the evil spirit got into her, and she deceived her friends, and blackened them to each other, till she set them all a quarrellin', an' then, when they began to find out what she was, she went off to London; but, ma'am, I'd only make you ashamed if I tould you the kind of a life she led there for as good as six or eight years; an' at last, the poor unfortunate creature was turned out upon the world, without

a penny in her pocket. She begged her way back to Dublin, and had been there only a few days when I chanced to meet with her. 'Now,' says she, 'Mrs. Kenrick, would you wish to preserve my life after hearing such a tale? Is it not better let me die?' Well, sure enough, I couldn't tell what to say; but, at any rate, what she had told me didn't prevent me from doin' everything for her as usual. But she wasn't long a trouble to me, for one night, about a week ago, I heard her callin' out for me. Well, I went to her in a hurry, and found her quite pale and deathly-lookin', and her voice was weak as an infant's. 'I'm dying, Mrs. Kenrick,' says she, 'but before I lave this world, there's one request I have to make, an' I hope you'll grant it.' 'What is it?' says I; 'for, if it's in my power, God sees, I'm ready an' willin' to do it.' 'Well,' says she, 'there's a letter here under my pillow, seal'd an' all, an' when I'm gone, you must go with it where it's addressed to; it won't do to send it by post, for I've a particular reason,' says she. Well, myself found it hard to undertake to do it, for she told me I'd have to go as good as fifty miles, and I had nobody to lave with the childhre; but she said she couldn't rest in the other world unless I'd promise, and at last, I bethought of a cousin o'mine, that was then out of place, (one Biddy Callaghan), an' that she'd stay with the childhre, and so I consented. 'Well now,' says she, 'as you're so good, an' as I have no means of payin' you for your trouble, jist take this, and when you go to Miss Newburk, give it into her own hands, and tell her to keep that, not for my sake, but for that of them that it once belonged to, and I think,' says she, 'Mrs. Kenrick, that she'll give you what'll bear your expenses.' Well, these were nearly the last words she spoke, for she died about an hour after. I wanted to bring her either a priest or a minister, but, ochone! she wouldn't have either; she said her sins were too great to be pardoned,—an' so she died! Oh! ma'am, dear! such a death! May the Lord, in his mercy, save every Christian from dyin' as she did!"

And as the worthy woman thus spoke, her tearful eyes attested the sincerity of her sorrow.

Eleanor looked at Mary; she was pale, and though she evidently sought to disguise her feelings, still did every feature express the deep emotions of her soul.

"Do let me see what *she* gave you, good Mrs. Kenrick," she at length said. After much searching through various small parcels and diminutive tin boxes, the precious deposit was at last produced, and handed to Mary. What was there in that plain gold locket that could change the hue of

Mary's pale face into bright crimson? At the first glance, it was only a simple locket, with little pretension to either beauty or value; but, on looking more closely, one might perceive that it enclosed a small curl of jet black hair. One moment's gaze sufficed to suffuse Mary's eyes with tears, and suddenly turning to where Eleanor stood, she said, in a low tone:

"Have the kindness, Eleanor! to give the woman ten pounds, and take her away as soon as may be!"

Eleanor at once obeyed, and with many a grateful acknowledgment, and fervent prayer for the welfare of both ladies, the good woman took her departure from Ballyhaise Castle.

When Eleanor re-entered the parlor, she found Mary by the window, looking almost as composed as usual. The locket had disappeared, and though Eleanor noted the circumstance, she was far too delicate to make any allusion to it.

"What an interruption to my narrative, Eleanor!" observed Mary, as Eleanor resumed her seat near her,—“when I commenced to relate a history in which Margaret Morton bore so prominent a part, little dreamed I that death had already cancelled her errors. Though I propose continuing my recital, I will, with your leave, make it as brief as possible,—I love not to enlarge on the faults and failings of those on whom the tomb has closed—nay, though to her who is now no more, I may ascribe almost all the sorrow I have ever known; yet I could now almost forget the wrong she did me, and remember only how much I once loved her. Poor Margaret! “she added, musingly, “poor, misguided creature! I did, indeed, love you as a sister!” After some minutes given to reflection, she again spoke. “It would seem to me, Eleanor! that those two letters which you have read, throw sufficient light upon the years of my intimacy with Margaret Morton?” Eleanor bowed assent. “I shall then take up the thread of my narrative at the time when Margaret's departure (then so mysterious) led me to accuse my brother of having treated her unkindly—having been the *confidants* of her passion for him—a passion which I verily believed reciprocal—blinded, moreover, by the unhappy girl's art, to the fact of her coquetting with Campbell, I could only suppose that Arthur had formed some new attachment, and that he, well knowing how anxious we all were for his marriage with Margaret, and fearing my father's displeasure, had thrown himself on her generosity, which had induced her to withdraw herself from our inquiries. Under the influence of my newly-awakened indignation, I taxed Arthur with the fact, and hesitated not to charge him with

fickleness, nay, more, with actual unkindness and ingratitude. Arthur heard me in silence—never did he insinuate, either by word or look, that he considered Margaret unworthy of his love. One word of explanation would have served to exculpate himself, and yet that word was never spoken by him. Now that I can appreciate the motives by which he was actuated, I cannot sufficiently admire the delicate and consistent generosity displayed by him throughout the entire affair. But now comes the most painful part of my story, the secret cause of my unkindness towards yourself—I would find the task still more painful were I not aware that you must already begin to understand what must have appeared so unaccountable, so that my explanation now dwindles to a trifle. You must ere this have guessed that my coldness proceeded exclusively from my bitter disappointment as regarded Margaret. To see her the wife of my brother, had been, for years, the chosen wish of my heart—before that one darling desire, even that of my own happiness became comparatively slight. Believing her the pattern of every virtue, I deemed that she alone could make my brother truly happy. I knew that my father and mother were equally anxious that the union should take place. What then must have been my regret and disappointment when this long cherished project was rendered impracticable, by what I termed my brother's fatuity? Within a few years we followed both our parents to the grave, and were thus left to console each other for the loss of all we had loved. We were drawn, by affliction, more closely together, but yet that fatal remembrance threw its shadow over our affection, and in my regret for the loss of Margaret's society, I insensibly began to look somewhat coldly on Arthur, whom I believed the cause of this lamented deprivation. Heaven knows, I have frequently given to that dear brother, much cause to doubt my affection, and yet he never complained—never hinted that I accused him unjustly. His marriage with yourself, as you may well believe, gave the finishing stroke to what I termed his offences, inasmuch that I could not bring myself to behave even tolerably civil to you. I knew you had brought my brother a large fortune—I was informed, even by friends of mine, in Dublin, whose testimony was, of course, impartial, that your character was fair as your person, and that you were much beloved by all those with whom you associated. I knew besides, and above all, that Arthur loved you as he had never loved Margaret; but yet my jaundiced imagination could only regard you as the successful rival—the supplanter of my still dear and still lamented friend.

It is some weeks since I became aware of the fact that you were likely to give an increase to our now contracted family circle. This, indeed, staggered my jealous resentment. Ardently desiring to see my father's name continued, I hailed the prospect thus opening upon us, with much inward satisfaction; but yet—yet—in short, the feelings of years were not all at once effaced, and though considerably softened towards you, I still went on, to all outward appearance, the same cold, severe being, you had so long known me. Imagine, then, my astonishment, when on leaving the room so abruptly, yesterday evening, I found in my *escritoire* that letter of Campbell's to Arthur, which you have already seen!"

"Strange," observed Eleanor, "that you have so long overlooked that same letter, where it lay—there is some mystery about that, too—is there not?"

"Why, yes," returned Mary. "It is altogether unaccountable. It is addressed to Arthur, and from its date, must have been some years lying somewhere. How, then, has it found its way into my possession, for I most certainly never saw it before last night?"

"I can answer the question, I trust to your satisfaction," replied the clear, musical voice of Arthur, who had entered behind, unperceived by the ladies—the attention of both being so completely engrossed by the subject in hand. Both started, and perhaps there was but little gladness on the countenance of either. The fact was, they were both disagreeably surprised by his overhearing their conversation."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Arthur, "you can, neither of you, afford me even one word of welcome, and yet my coming is most opportune, seeing that I alone can throw light upon certain portions of Mary's story, which now rest in mystery. Who can explain so well as I the secret of the letter, for I, myself, placed it where you found it, Mary, in order to dispel some part of the illusion which had so long obscured your mental vision. So long as I alone suffered from your tender remembrance of your lost friend, I could patiently endure, but when I found that my gentle Eleanor was also rendered miserable on the same account, I thought it full time to put an end to your fond repining—being of opinion that I ought not to sacrifice the happiness of one so justly beloved for the purpose of screening the errors of one who is utterly unworthy of consideration. Oh! fool—fool—idiot that I was—how could I ever have been so infatuated as to love one so base!—This—this it is which has embittered my inmost soul, and filled it with shame and regret,—would that I could wipe from the too-faithful tablet of

memory that one hateful recollection!" and he struck his hand violently against his forehead, as though to punish himself for what he now so bitterly lamented. Eleanor arose, and taking his hand in silence, pressed it tenderly to her heart.

"Arthur, I now know all, and I acquit you of all blame—neither must you thus accuse yourself—young and inexperienced as you were, you would have been more than man to have escaped *Scot-free* from her fascinations—and Arthur!" she added, while her voice was insensibly lowered and subdued, you must cease to speak of Margaret Morton, since you cannot speak of her with praise—for she is now numbered with the dead. Let us then cover her faults with the mantle of charity, and when we think of her let it be with pity!"

"How mean you, Eleanor?—Mary, what have you heard?—Is she, then, dead?"

"Alas! it is even so, my brother!" replied Mary, with tearful eyes—"she is, indeed, no more, and you must pardon me these tears. I cannot, now, take her crimes into account—I can only remember her, as I once and earliest knew her."

"Dear, dear Mary!" exclaimed Arthur warmly, those tears are worthy of your high and noble nature. Would that I could imitate such exalted generosity—but unfortunately I cannot—in vain do I try to lament the fate of that unhappy girl. No! not even death—the great effacer of all—can erase from my mind the remembrance of her crimes. I know the amount of misery—ay! misery—she has caused to those I most love—nay, Mary! do not look so surprised. Surely you cannot suppose me ignorant of what concerned the happiness of those so dear—it were now vain to conceal that Horatio loved you—can I then ever forgive her who blighted my fondest hope—that of seeing you the wife of one so every way worthy of you? But for her, he might be now living, and you, my best Mary! might be his happy wife. No! ask me not to forgive her!" and his whole frame trembled with passion. Mary eagerly caught at one part of his remarks, for the purpose of creating a diversion in his mind.

"So, he is dead, too, Arthur!—how long have you known this?"

"Alas! my sister!" and Arthur, as he spoke, approached his sister and pressed her hand in tender sympathy, "it is now five years since I learned from a newspaper report that my early friend had fallen on the field of *honor*—not of *fame*," he added, with some bitterness; "for the subaltern there is no record in the book of fame, unless, indeed, he has displayed more than Spartan heroism, or performed some more than Herculean

exploit. Yes, Mary! he died far from those who loved him. Talavera's blood-stained field was his death-bed! His fate would have been to me a mystery had I not chanced to see his name—our Horatio's name—amongst the officers killed in that memorable engagement."

Mary was silent—no word escaped her lips, but as Eleanor looked upon her, she saw that those lips were colourless and moving in earnest prayer, while from her half-closed eye-lids trickled the heavy tear. Sorrow was impressed so legibly on every feature, that Eleanor could not restrain her own tears.

"Alas!" she mentally exclaimed, "how could I have so mistaken her character? Poor Mary! I wonder not that your demeanor is sometimes cold and reserved—how can you ever assume cheerfulness, you whose fondest hopes have been so early and so cruelly blighted!"

She was aroused from her reverie by the voice of Mary.

"Then he fell at Talavera, you say?" Poor Mary! she dared not trust her voice to say more.

"Yes, Mary! that noble, generous heart, gave up its last sigh on a foreign soil—he who so loved the few to whom he attached himself—he whose soul was the seat of every finer feeling, had not one friend near to close his eyes in death!"

The picture was too much for Mary, and evidently unwilling to exhibit the full extent of her grief, she made a hasty retreat. Arthur looked after her as she quitted the room.

"Poor, dear Mary! how severely has your affectionate heart been tried!"

He looked up—Eleanor was standing leaning against the mantel-piece, and her tearful eyes attested the deep interest she took in Mary's sorrow.

"Eleanor, my love!" and as he thus spoke, he approached and encircled her slight form with his arm, "you must not give way to melancholy; now of all times, I wish you to exert your good sense. Business of an urgent nature calls me to town this week, and as I may be several days absent, you must endeavour to support Mary's spirits as well as your own. Will you promise, dear one! that you will not dwell, during my absence, on any train of thought that may produce dejection?"

Eleanor heeded not the latter question.

"Why, Arthur!" she exclaimed, surprised and alarmed, she knew not wherefore; "what business can you have just now in Dublin? Surely a letter will answer all the purpose of a visit from you?"

"Nay, Eleanor! I can assure you that I regard the journey (short though it be,) with anything

but pleasant anticipation, seeing that you cannot accompany me to town; but my presence is absolutely necessary, as that suit which has, you know, been spun out through years and years, is drawing to an issue, at least so my man of law informs me in a letter which I this day received from him."

"Well, I suppose it must be so!" said Eleanor, with a heavy sigh, "but when do you think of setting out?"

"To-morrow; Mr. Nelson apprises me that the trial comes on on Saturday, (and it is now Thursday,)—I have, therefore, no time to lose. Do go, my dear, and announce the matter to Mary!"

With slow and reluctant step Eleanor proceeded on her mission. Having knocked gently at the door of Mary's room, she was desired to come in, and found Mary seated before a table covered with papers; as Eleanor's eye glanced over it, she observed the locket sent by the unhappy Margaret Morton. It was evident that Mary had been giving full vent to her pent-up emotions, for her eyes were still red and swollen, and her voice, when she spoke, was broken and tremulous.

"I fear, my dear sister! that my coming just now is anything but opportune—if so you have but to tell me, and—*presto*—I will vanish!"

Eleanor spoke in a gay tone, though her heart was, in truth, but ill at ease—alas! how often are we reminded that

"The cheek may be tinged with a warm, sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while."

Mary looked up with a melancholy smile, (if we may use an expression so paradoxical in its nature.)

"Nay, dear Eleanor! your presence is far from being unwelcome. Perhaps it is better that the course of my reflections should be interrupted—alike vain and idle is it to indulge in sad recollections—could years of bitter anguish suffice to bring back even one moment of the past, then might we at times give way to grief; but as the past and its joys can never be recalled, we should not gratuitously conjure up the memory of its sorrows. And now," she continued, as with an effort worthy of her strong mind, she shook off her dejection, "now 'Richard is himself again!' so what is your will, most sweet Eleanor? for I see by your speaking countenance that your visit is not without an object."

"Neither is it—I come to tell you that Arthur sets out for Dublin early tomorrow—that suit of Hammond's (so long looked on as interminable) comes on on Saturday, and Mr. Nelson has ear-

nestly requested him to be in attendance on that day."

"Well, my dear! I am aware of the importance of his presence at the trial, and as I suppose his absence will be but a few days, why we must only endeavour to pass them as pleasantly as we possibly can—let us go down." Without heeding the latter invitation, Eleanor quietly seated herself.

"Tell me, Mary! what is your opinion with regard to presentiments?—do you believe that coming calamity is ever shadowed forth to our souls?" And she fixed a keen glance on Mary's face.

"I know not, Eleanor!" replied Mary musingly—"it may be that, as Campbell says, 'coming events cast their shadows before.'—And yet, how can we reconcile the fact with the tender mercy of our heavenly Father?—would He, think you, permit the order of nature to be thus disturbed for the sole purpose of making us prematurely unhappy, by showing forth to us, sorrows and tribulations yet to come? That is the point to be considered—and yet—how many instances have we on record of persons who were, beforehand, fully impressed with the dread of that which really subsequently occurred, though at the time seemingly all but impossible? I would, on the whole, be very unwilling to deny, that presentiments are, sometimes, but sad anticipations."

"Enough, Mary!—too much—too much!" she murmured in a lower voice—"I now attend you—Arthur, I suppose, awaits our coming."

Next morning, the family were all awake, and stirring with the lark, for Arthur proposed starting at seven o'clock. When they sat down to their early breakfast, there was a gloom over our little party, for which the occasion was far from being commensurate.

There is no manner of doubt that the state of the atmosphere has the greatest influence over the human mind, and as Eleanor looked out upon the grey, sombre clouds, that hung in heavy masses above, and then upon the dull and fading scene which lay beneath in the sere colouring of late autumn, she almost persuaded herself that the oppression on her heart was in a great measure owing to the heaviness of the atmosphere, and the gloomy aspect of earth and sky. This thought served, in some sort, to re-assure her—anything was better than the fearful presentiment which had so long crushed her inmost soul. Mary appeared absent and thoughtful, while even Arthur himself, usually the life and soul of all around, displayed but little of his wonted hila-

riety, and even that little seemed forced and unnatural.

"After all," exclaimed Eleanor, at length, "I am not alone in my dejection—nay, I really believe a casual observer would pronounce me the gayest of the trio upon the present occasion." And she smiled as she spoke, but her smile was faint and cheerless as is the sunbeam when struggling through a wintry cloud. Arthur looked up, their eyes met for a moment, and the smile faded from Eleanor's face—the tear rushed unbidden to her eye, and she turned away to conceal a weakness of which she was ashamed. The pause which followed Eleanor's remark, was broken by the voice of the servant, who came to announce that the carriage was in waiting. Arthur started from his *rénervie*."

"Very well, Robinson! I shall be ready in a few minutes."

"Arthur!" exclaimed Eleanor suddenly, "will you permit Mary and I to accompany you to the end of the avenue?"

"Most willingly!" he returned, evidently pleased to put off the parting even a few minutes longer. "Robinson!" he said to the servant—"tell Andrews to drive round the back way, and await my coming at the end of the front avenue."

The man bowed and withdrew. The ladies then retired and speedily returned equipped for walking; as they entered, Arthur was struck by the unusual paleness of Eleanor's countenance.

"Why, I solemnly declare, Eleanor mine! you look older than Mary, by half a dozen years—how silly you are in giving way to those melancholy fancies which are actually undermining health and strength and all!" Another wintry smile gleamed on Eleanor's face as she took his offered arm.

"Never mind, Arthur! never mind my looks! a few months and all will be right! Come along, Mary!"

The latter obeyed, but Eleanor's words, though spoken in jest, somehow or other impressed themselves on her mind, to be afterwards recalled and furnished with sad meanings!

As Arthur walked down the avenue with Mary and Eleanor leaning on either arm, he vainly sought to rally even a portion of his natural gaiety. A strange feeling of awe—a kind of gloomy sadness, seemed to take possession of every faculty.

"Can it be," he mentally exclaimed, "that I, too, am attacked by those presentiments which I have so often ridiculed when described by Eleanor? Away! ye idle and unreal apprehen-

sions! ye shall not conquer me!" And again he strove bravely to shake off his tormentors—vain and fruitless effort! Every passing moment served but to increase his despondency, and even the presence of those he so much loved, became irksome. They had nearly reached the gate when all three came to a stand beneath the shelter of a group of ancient sycamores.

"Here then, let us part!" exclaimed Arthur, with nervous haste; "Good bye, Mary dear! God bless you till I return!"

Mary pressed him fondly to her heart.

"Adieu! my dearest brother! thank Heaven your absence will not be long."

Arthur then turned to Eleanor, and was shocked to behold her leaning against the trunk of a tree, as though unable to stand; her face was blanched and haggard; her lips pale and colorless, yet not one tear wet her eye-lid; her eyes were fixed upon him, and her hands were clasped together in an attitude of supplication.

"Good God, Eleanor! what is the matter? why do you look so wildly?" and he stood a moment as if spell-bound, without venturing to approach her. His voice seemed to dispel Eleanor's trance—all at once her features relaxed—a torrent of tears burst forth, and she flung herself into his arms.

"Arthur! do not go—I beseech—I entreat you—do not go!"

"Impossible, Eleanor! I cannot stay, as you well know."

"Then, Arthur! my Arthur! we shall never meet again! This separation is indeed our last!" and she clung to his bosom with despairing fondness. At this moment the groom appeared.

"Mary, my sister! for God's sake, try to console my poor Eleanor! To your tenderness I bequeath my heart's best treasure; be a mother to her, then, should we, indeed, meet no more on earth!" and with these words, he imprinted one long kiss upon the cold lips of Eleanor, and placing her almost inanimate form in Mary's arms, without daring to take another look, he sprang into the carriage and bade the coachman drive on.

(To be continued.)

THE YOUNGER BROTHER.*

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF THE FRONDE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ELIE BERTHET.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PALAIS ROYAL.

On the morning after the arrival in Paris of the Baron de Croissi and his brother, the great Gallery of the Palais Royal was crowded with a throng of courtiers, in attendance for the *levée* of the Queen Regent, Anne of Austria.

The Court, in this time of trouble and civil faction, bore not that brilliant and animated aspect which it assumed, some years later, under the sumptuous Louis XIV. The presence of a few females, however, gave to the scene an air approaching gaiety. Amongst those who had assembled to pay their duty to the Queen, might be remarked the Duchess de Chevreuse—a proud and haughty woman, whose appearance was that of a superannuated coquette—and her daughter, a lively, pretty and petulant personage, who was reported to have much influence over the mind of the Coadjutor. Near the large gilded door which opened into the apartments of the Queen, were grouped the maids of honour, waiting till their turn of duty should call them to attend their mistress. Some officers of the guards, in brilliant uniforms, and young *Abbés*, perfumed with musk and ambergris, were engaged with them in lively conversation; while the pages, who passed and repassed in their bright liveries, laughed gaily at the lively anecdotes which they whispered in each other's ears, regarding some of the fair ornaments of the Court.

On the morning of which we speak, the courtiers seemed to have something more stirring to drive away the usual dulness of the scene, than the sonnets of Benserade or Voiture—their ordinary resource; nothing was spoken of but the attack on the Queen's carriage on the preceding evening, an event which was related in a thousand various modes. Amidst the elegant groupe of the maids of honour, there was one person who might have given the details of the riot on the Pont-Neuf better, perhaps, than any one else; it was the young Countess de Montglat.

She appeared in all the richness of dress which the nature of her service near the Queen's person demanded; her hair and neck sparkled with jewels, but her pale and fatigued features contrasted strongly with her brilliant toilet; her eyes were red from the tears shed during a sleepless night, of which she had not been able entirely to efface the traces. It was in vain that some of the idlers had made enquiries relative to the events which formed the general subject of conversation; she replied only in monosyllables and somewhat impatiently, as if she had a secret repugnance to expose to the malicious interpretations of the Court, the particulars of an adventure which so nearly concerned herself.

The Duchess de Chevreuse, her former patroness, in the expectation of being more fortunate, advanced towards her with a slow and stately step, and addressed a few words to her with a smiling air of intimate confidence. The young lady, on seeing her so near, could not repress an involuntary gesture of alarm, and replied with an agitated voice.

"Do not ask me, madame! I have already answered too many of your questions—you have been my ruin."

The haughty Duchess shrugged her shoulders, and cast on the Countess a disdainful glance.

"Little ingrate!" she muttered; "but be as discreet as you will! There is yet time—I shall find out the whole truth."

She then turned her back on Elizabeth, and resumed her place in the circle, with the same slow majestic pace.

The young maid of honour was at length left to herself, and the surrounding courtiers were content with directing their remarks significantly at her, though all unheeded by their object. While thus employed, the door of the royal apartments opened, and a handsome young page of twelve or thirteen, of smart and saucy air, entered the gallery. The courtiers thronged around him, thinking him the bearer of some message, of which each wished to be the first to penetrate the secret; but the boy, pushing his

* Continued from page 85.

way through them, approached Elizabeth and made a profound salute, affecting the grave and ceremonious motions of a finished courtier. The young Countess thus roused from her reverie, returned the salute of the page with a forced smile.

"Well! what is it, Monsieur de Bussi?" she asked: "have you any order to transmit to me from her majesty?"

"Ah! true!" returned the page, who now seemed to recollect his mission; "your bright eyes had dazzled me, fair Countess! I came to announce that the Queen desires to see you immediately."

Elizabeth hurried to the door of the private apartments, regardless of the efforts of the page to seize her hand, in order to conduct her thither, that he might show off his gallantry before the assembled court.

CHAPTER X.

ANNE OF AUSTRIA.

THE QUEEN REGENT was alone in a vast chamber, the wainscots of which were covered with gilding and carving, after the fashion of the times. She was occupied in reading some despatches which had just been received, and the contents of which, to judge from her knit brows and hands convulsively clasped, were not of the most agreeable nature. Several times she nervously crushed the papers in her hand, with every token of a passion which she thought unwitnessed. These symptoms were not of a nature to re-assure the timid girl on her entrance; but her uneasiness changed to terror, when the Queen, yielding to her irritation, cast the despatches angrily from her, saying, as she did so, with repressed emotion.

"The insolent! to dare thus to brave me! Well, since it must be so, he or I shall perish!"

When these mysterious words had escaped her, she raised her eyes, and perceived before her Elizabeth de Montglat, who must have heard them distinctly. Her first emotion was one of violent anger.

"Who is it," she asked imperiously, "that dares thus to spy my actions?"

"Madame!" replied the young lady, trembling with agitation; "I am here in obedience to the orders of your majesty."

But the Queen had already recognized her, and interrupted her in a kind tone:

"Ah! 'tis thou, dear Elizabeth! True! I sent for thee to have a few minutes' conversation. Come, draw near! I wish thee to answer a few questions."

The Countess advanced towards the railing that surrounded the royal seat, and making a low inclination, waited for the Queen to speak; but she was still too far off, and Anne made a sign that she should enter within the balustrade.

"Come, sit down!" she said familiarly, pointing to one of those *tabourets*, or low stools, which certain great ladies of the court had alone the right of occupying in her presence; "sit thee down, my little one, and let us converse like good friends."

Elizabeth, habituated by her daily functions to the rigours of etiquette, hesitated to obey, and the Queen added impatiently:

"Be seated, little fool! we are alone here, and I have much to ask of thee."

The young Countess timidly obeyed, and waited, with folded hands, till the Queen should resume. Anne of Austria for an instant examined her maid of honour with an absent air; and then said, in that familiar and affectionate tone she had assumed with the Countess:

"Listen, Montglat! I have every confidence in thee, for I have ever found thee wise, discreet and faithful. My other maids only think of observing my actions, in order to relate them to their lovers, who communicate them again to the Frondists and my other enemies. If any one else had heard the words which have but now escaped me, I would have been very uneasy, from the groundless suppositions that would doubtless have been built on them:—but, as for thee, having no gallant, I can trust to thee."

The head of the young girl fell, and a burning blush overspread her cheeks.

"When I spoke of thy having no lover," resumed the Queen with a smile, "I forgot that Norman Cadet, who is to render us certain services, of which we more than ever now feel the value. Come, sweeting, let not what I have said trouble thee; if the young man be such as he has been described to us, and succeed in the enterprise committed to him, neither he nor thou will accuse me of ingratitude. However," she continued in a graver tone, "let us pass that for the present. I sent for thee, my child, to hear from thee the details of your yesterday's adventure. Monsieur d'Hocquincourt was so exasperated at seeing these scoundrels so insult persons of quality, and outrage the royal authority, that this morning he remembers nothing of it distinctly. These two poor girls, who were with thee, had entirely lost their wits; thou alone canst tell me all that passed, and if the suspicions I have conceived were not well founded. Speak frankly! Did not those who arrested you on the Pont Neuf, wear the *isabelle scarf*—

were they not the partisans of the Prince of Condé?"

"Madame!" replied Elizabeth, modestly, but firmly, "I would deem myself wanting in that respect I owe to your majesty, and to the truth, if I permitted your suspicions to fall on those who have not deserved them. It is true that I saw people in the isabelle scarf amid the crowd round the chariot, but I can confidently assert that not one of them took part in the attack made upon us."

"Thou art deceived!" said the Queen, with agitation; "I tell thee that thou alone art of that opinion, and that all the accounts I have received of this affair, represent the Prince as the mover of this shameful attempt. Yes!" she repeated, striking the ground with her foot; "it is he who has raised this riot, thinking that I myself was among the ladies who had gone to celebrate the feast of St. Alexis, at the Carmelites; it is from him that spring all those outrages with which the nobility, the parliament and the people, strive to overwhelm me; it is he who, if I leave him alone, will ruin the state, and despatch me to Breuil, to rejoin the poor Cardinal!"

She paused, and when she had calmed down a little, the young Countess resumed:

"Your majesty, I trust, will pardon me if I do not share your opinion, without, at least, telling all that I know. It pertains not to me to judge of the wrongs with which your majesty reproaches the Prince of Condé; but I can assert, that, in this affair, I have seen nothing which could attach to him the blame of its origin. As a proof of this, Madame! the cavalier who rescued us, himself wore the isabelle scarf."

"Do you not see that this was but a piece of acting?" cried the Queen, quickly. "This was all concerted among the leaders of the riot; they could not leave you to be massacred by the people. The adventure must have come to some termination, and one of these gentlemen came forward as your champion, to turn aside suspicion, and give himself, throughout Paris, the airs of a hero of romance."

"It is within my knowledge, if your majesty will excuse my boldness, that this supposition is incorrect. I am certain," she continued, lowering her voice and blushing, "that the gentleman before whom I unmasked, from whom I demanded succour, and who threw himself so boldly into the midst of the crowd to our assistance, could have received no instructions from the Prince or any of his partisans."

"You know him then, mademoiselle?"

"I do, Madame! and to this circumstance, doubtless, is owing the rash adventure of which

the unfortunate young man is perhaps the victim; they say that after our escape, he was massacred by the people, and his body thrown into the Seine!"

Sobs, which she vainly endeavored to repress, checked the voice of the young girl, and she covered her eyes with her handkerchief to conceal her tears.

"Massacred!" repeated the Queen; "comfort yourself, little fool; I have certain intelligence that no blood was shed in this affair. He, of whom you speak, was saved by the Coadjutor; but no one knows what has since become of him."

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed Elizabeth, clasping her hands, with a mingled expression of hope and joy.

"But who is the adventurer?" pursued the Queen. "It is most singular that he should thus appear at the very moment for your rescue, and immediately thereafter vanish like vision."

"Madame!" replied the Countess, "if I do not deceive myself, your majesty will not be long in receiving tidings of that gentleman."

"I! what mean you, Elizabeth?"

"Has your majesty forgotten that bold and devoted young man, of whom Monsieur de Croissi spoke to you, and whom he went to bring hither from the country?"

"Can it be? What? That cavalier, who yesterday saved you from the rebel populace, is he that same Cadet—"

"Who has come hither to die for the service of your majesty!" murmured the young lady, in a voice choked with sobs.

The mother of Louis XIV. regarded her with an irritated air, and asked haughtily:

"Whence arises this display of grief, Countess?" Then, in a softer tone, and with a half smile, she continued: "Ah! now I recollect; thou approvest not the project by which we hope to save the state, since it exposed to some danger that youth for whom thou hast taken a fancy; it was not my fault that thou wert admitted to our confidence in this matter, but Croissi insisted he required thine aid. Beware, Montglat, beware! the secret you bear is of the utmost moment, and, should we be betrayed—"

"Madame!" replied Elizabeth, as the Queen here paused; "you know that I obeyed the request of the Baron de Croissi, and that he infamously deceived me as to the nature of this enterprise. It was I who wrote to that youth to trust himself to this man—his mortal enemy! It was I who brought him to Paris, where perhaps he may soon have to atone with his life for a rash and desperate attempt:—and yet, Madame,

if you but knew how I love him! If you but knew what sacrifices I have made for your majesty, and what floods of tears they have already cost me!"

Her voice became almost inaudible, and covering her face with her hands, she burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

CHAPTER XI.

RESPIRE.

ANNE OF AUSTRIA appeared touched by the affliction of the maiden.

"Come, Elizabeth, be comforted!" she said kindly; "if the attempt succeed not, and the young man be compromised, rest assured that we will not abandon him to the vengeance of our enemies. I promise thee that, in one mode or other, we shall recompense his zeal and thine own."

"Madame!" murmured the young Countess, with evident effort; "would it not be better to choose for this mission, one more capable than he is of fulfilling it? I have already told your majesty that Fabian—I mean this young cavalier—has passed all his life hitherto in the country, that he is frank and simple in his manners and ideas—"

"Which means, I suppose, somewhat clownish," interrupted the Queen Regent, in a slightly disdainful accent, "but that is precisely what we want, my dear Countess! Croissi, who fixed on him for this enterprise, and who, I believe, is in some way related to him, has given us just such a character of the youth. We do not require a Bayard, but simply a resolute and obedient young man, who lets himself be guided, without much caring whither."

"I trust—I firmly believe that this young man is not such as his unworthy brother has represented him!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Montglat, with energy.

"His brother!" repeated Anne of Austria in astonishment; "is this youth the brother of the Baron de Croissi?"

"He is, indeed, Madame!—as Abel was the brother of Cain."

"In that case," said the Queen, after a pause, but more as if communing with herself, than addressing her companion; "in that case we are certain of Croissi's fidelity. The treason which he was guilty towards Condé, rendered me suspicious of his doing the like to us; but now I can rely upon him. Yesterday's adventure proves certainly that he has not deceived me with regard to the courage of his brother; and I am delighted

to find the youngster display such zeal in my service. Depend upon it, Montglat, he shall be rewarded for it."

"Madame!" replied poor Elizabeth, almost in despair; "be pleased again to reflect, I beseech you, on the frightful fate to which you probably condemn a simple and loyal gentleman, who must choose between the formidable anger of your majesty, or the perpetration of a crime."

"Mademoiselle de Montglat!"

"Yes, Madame, of a crime!" repeated Elizabeth, undeterred by the threatening looks of the Queen. "Alas! I am now aware of all the truth—Monsieur de Croissi repeated it in my presence. And if Fabian de Croissi now refuse to take part in an action which cannot but appear to him dishonorable, he will despise me—me who have urged him to it—and his contempt will be a more severe fate than death. Should he accept, it will be my turn to despise *him*, and, even were he to succeed, I would refuse without hesitation his proffered hand."

"Enough, enough, Mademoiselle!" fretfully exclaimed the Queen, rising from her seat. "You forget that you have yourself consented to further as much as you could, a project which has been contrived by my most faithful councillors."

"Oh! pardon me, Madame!" cried Elizabeth, falling on her knees before Anne of Austria; "I did not then know all that was required of this unhappy young man. It is only lately that I have discovered into what an abyss he is about to fall, and I have experienced the deepest anguish at having led him into an enterprise where he may lose both life and honour. Oh, Madame! give him but a mission in which he may nobly and honourably shed his blood in your behalf, and I pledge myself that no difficulty shall hinder, no danger deter him. Have pity on him, Madame, have pity on him and on me!"

The Queen Regent was imperious and self-willed, but the despair of the young Countess de Montglat, as she thus lay at her feet—her eyes bathed in tears, and the deepest affliction displayed in her countenance—sincerely affected her. Her features assumed a softer expression, and taking the hands of Elizabeth in her own, she raised her up, saying affectionately:

"Thou lovest him, sweeting? And thinkest thou that I have never loved—that I have not also been forced to sacrifice my affections to the pitiless tyranny of necessity? Thou lovest him—thou art fortunate that thou mayest love! I can but hate; but I hate, as thou lovest, with energy, with passion, and I long that my hate should glut itself, as thou dost that thy love should triumph. Still, Elizabeth!" she continued, more

calmly, "I consent that the young man, for whom thou hast pleaded so hard, should take no part in this enterprise, provided that some one be immediately found to supply his place, and provided, above all, that Monsieur de Croissi have not imparted to him the secret; for, remember this, Montglat, should he already have knowledge of the affair in which he was to be employed, he must prosecute it to the close, or renounce his liberty for ever."

As she said this, she bowed as if to dismiss her maid of honour, and a few paces removed from her, with an air of fatigue and discontent.

"Thanks, Madame! thanks even for the feeble hope your majesty has permitted!" exclaimed Elizabeth warmly. "But now, where can I find Monsieur Fabian de Croissi?"

"That is your own affair," said the Queen, coldly. "It is now the hour of the grand reception; go, Mademoiselle, you may run over Paris in search of your paladin. We give you permission to absent yourself for the rest of the day."

Then, with a return of affection which was natural to her capricious character, she held out her hand to the young girl, who kissed it respectfully and murmured some words expressive of her gratitude.

"Now go," resumed Anne, with another gesture of dismissal; "not a word of all this to any one, and say to Madame de Chevreuse, as you pass, that I wish to see her for a moment previous to the public reception. Yet stay!" she added; "the Duchess will be sure to question thee; tell Roche-du-Maine to give her my message."

Elizabeth departed with all the rapidity which etiquette permitted, forgetting, in her haste, one of the three reverences required by the usual ceremonial. She had just despatched one of the serving-women, from the adjoining apartment, with the message for Mademoiselle Roche-du-Maine, when she felt her robe gently twitched, and turning round, perceived the page who had conducted her to the Queen's apartment. The boy led her with an air of mystery into the recess of a window.

"Well, what is it now, Monsieur de Bussi?" she asked impatiently; "duty calls me elsewhere, and I have no time for conversation."

"Listen, fair Montglat!" replied the page archly; "if you promise me a kiss, you shall have something which may perhaps please you."

"I repeat that time presses, Monsieur de Bussi, and—"

"Why then," said De Bussi, with a merry glance; "the letter must wait, even were it from your lover. If I thought so—"

Elizabeth reddened at this chance supposition of the boy.

"A letter! where is it—who brought it?" she exclaimed.

"Here it is, in my scrip—you shall have it when you pay for it. It was brought by a singular looking lackey—he wears a black robe, and is most horribly ugly. He was conversing with a scullion, when I went towards the refectory a few minutes ago, to see if the pantler had by chance left the cakes unguarded; they called to me, and the gentleman in black would, right or wrong, force the letter into my pocket. I had a great mind to let the fellow feel the flat of my sword, (isn't it a handsome one, mademoiselle?) but as soon as I saw the letter was for you, whose cavalier I glory in being, I willingly took charge of it."

"But the letter!" cried Elizabeth; "where is the letter?"

"Behold it, fair Countess!"

She cast a glance on the address, and uttered an exclamation of joy as she recognised the writing of Fabian.

"And this man—the bearer of the letter—where is he?" she eagerly exclaimed.

"Down below, in the passage leading to the kitchen."

With a gesture, at once, of thanks and leave-taking to the page, Elizabeth darted towards the private staircase that led towards the kitchen story.

"You have forgot my kiss, Montglat!" exclaimed young De Bussi, running after her.

But Elizabeth had already disappeared, and, as she hurriedly traced the complicated labyrinth of the apartments of the Palais Royal, she murmured joyfully:

"I shall soon see him—all is not yet lost!"

(To be continued.)

LOVE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

OH LOVE! how fondly, tenderly enshrined
In human hearts, how with our being twined
Immortal principle, in mercy given,
The brightest mirror of the Joys of heaven.
Child of Eternity's unclouded clime,
Too fair for earth, too infinite for time:
A seraph watching o'er Death's sullen shroud,
A sunbeam streaming through a stormy cloud;
An Angel hovering o'er the path of life,
But sought in vain amidst thy cares and strife;
Claimed by the many—known but to the few
Who keep thy great Original in view;
Who, void of passion's dross, beheld in thee
A glorious attribute of Deity!

MOTHERWELL'S GRAVE.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

" When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

" When the great winds, through leafless forests rushing,
Sad music make;
When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,
Like full hearts break,
Will there then one, whose heart despair is crushing,
Mourn for my sake?"

MOTHERWELL.

In the number of the LITERARY GARLAND for August, of last year, in quoting the stanzas of which the above form the commencement,* we took occasion to remark on the shamefully neglected state of that spot where rest the remains of the departed poet.

His grave, in the Necropolis of Glasgow, is unmarked by the simplest head-stone; and unless some remedy be applied, the stranger who may visit that "City of the Dead," some years hence, will search in vain for the spot where lies all that was mortal of William Motherwell. Even now, the task were a difficult one; and such it was found by William Kennedy, a poet of kindred genius, when, on his return to Scotland from a sojourn in a foreign land, he sought the "narrow dwelling" of his brother bard. The feelings aroused in Kennedy's mind, at this wanton neglect of a name which Scotland might justly place at the head of her modern minor poets, found expression in the following lines:—

Place we a stone at his head and his feet;
Sprinkle his sward with the small flowers sweet;
Piously hallow the Poet's retreat!
Ever approvingly,
Ever most lovingly,
Turned he to nature, a worshipping meet.

Harm not the thorn which grows at his head;
Odorous honours its blossoms will shed,
Grateful to him—early summoned—who sped
Hence, not unwillingly—
For he felt thrillingly—
To rest his poor heart 'mong the low-lying dead.

Dearer to him than the deep Minster bell,
Winds of sad cadence, at midnight, will swell,
Vocal with sorrows he knoweth too well,
Who—for the early day—
Plaining this roundelay,
Might his own fate from a brother's foretell.

Worldly ones, treading this terrace of graves,
Grudge not the minstrel the little he craves,
When o'er the snow-mound the winter-blast raves—
Tears—which devotedly,
Though all unnotedly,
Flow from their spring, in the soul's silent caves.

Dreamers of noble thoughts, raise him a shrine,
Graced with the beauty which glows in his line;
Strew with pale flowrets, when pensive moons shine,
His grassy covering,
Where spirits hovering,
Chant, for his requiem, music divine.

Not as a record he lacketh a stone!—
Pay a light debt to the singer we've known—
Proof that our love for his name hath not flown,
With the frame perishing—
That we are cherishing
Feelings akin to our lost Poet's own.

These beautiful stanzas appeared in several Scottish newspapers towards the close of the past year, but we are not aware that they have had the effect of rousing his former friends and fellow citizens of Glasgow, to obviate the charge of ingratitude, by doing due honour to his resting place.

The subject, however, has excited the attention of some of the admirers of Motherwell's poetry on this side of the Atlantic. A subscription has been opened in this city, towards erecting a

monument over his grave, for which purpose contributions are also being made at Quebec and New York. We would willingly add our humble efforts towards the furtherance of this scheme, and we trust that among our readers we number a few who may wish to add their contributions to those already collected. We have permission to state that subscriptions, in aid of the proposed monument, will be received by our publishers, or by Messrs. Armour & Ramsay.

It is to be hoped that the scheme thus set on foot will be successful, and that, if the fellow-citizens of the deceased poet be not shamed by this movement into a tardy act of justice to his memory, enough will be done to show the future visitor of the Glasgow Necropolis that the fame of Motherwell extended far beyond his native land, and that the Trans-Atlantic admirers of his genius have taken care to provide against what, with prophetic soul, he had himself anticipated:

I am not sad, though sadness seem
At times to cloud my brow;
I cherished once a foolish dream—
Thank Heaven, 'tis not so now.
Truth's sunshine broke,
And I awoke
To feel 'twas right to bow
To Fate's decree, and this my doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

I grieve not, though a tear may fill
This glazed and vacant eye;
Old thoughts will rise, do what we will,
But soon again they die;
An idle gush,
And all is hush,
The fount is soon run dry;
And cheerily now I meet my doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

I am not mad, although I see
Things of no better mould
Than I myself am, greedily
In Fame's bright page enrolled,
That they may tell
The story well,
What shines may not be gold.
No, no! content I court my doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

The luck is theirs—the loss is mine,
And yet no loss at all;
The mighty ones of eldest time,
I ask where they did fall?
Tell me the one
Who e'er could shun
Touch with Oblivion's pall?
All bear with me an equal doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

Brave temple and huge pyramid,
Hill sepulchred by art,
The barrow acre-vast, where hid
Moulders some Nimrod's heart;

Each monstrous birth
Cumbers old earth,
But acts a voiceless part,
Resolving all to mine own doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

Tradition with her palsied hand,
And purblind History may
Grope and guess well that in this land
Some great one lived his day;
And what is this,
Blind hit or miss,
But labour thrown away,
For counterparts to mine own doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb?

That Nameless Tomb of which he sung is now the meed of Motherwell. Oh! that the stigma which such a fact casts on his compatriots may be soon effaced!

THE COMING EARTHQUAKE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

"Hark! heard ye not a sound?"
Aye, 'tis the sullen roar
Of billows breaking on the distant shore.
"Hush—'tis beneath the ground,
That hollow rending shock
Makes the tall mountains reel,
The solid earth doth like a drunkard reel,
Pale nature holds her breath,
Her tribes are mute as death,
In silent dread, the coming doom they feel."

Ah! God have mercy!—Hark! those dismal cries—
Man knows his danger now,
And veils in dust his brow,
Beneath the yawning earth, above the lurid skies.
Mortal! behold the toil and boast of years,
In one brief moment to oblivion hurl'd;
So shall it be, when this vain guilty world
Of woe, and sad necessity and tears,
Sinks at the awful mandate of its Lord,
As erst it rose to being at his word.

TO FANCY.

BRAUTIOUS wand'rer, playful, and wild,
Imagination's lovely child;
Delighting in those scenes to stray,
Where hope and pleasure led the way.

Full oft thy prattle doth beguile
Deep-musing Wisdom of a smile;
E'en Truth admires thy visions gay,
Charm'd with the sportive little fay.

'Tis thou can'st strew each path with flow'rs,
With fabled tales enchant the hours,
Paint Chloe kind, and soothe the desire;
Or, in the strains of Poesy,
Attune the artless minstrelsy,
And wake the Muse's slumbering lyre.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

"Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, when pure and good.
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

No. XI.

THE CANADIAN CHRISTIAN OFFERING.

BY ERASMUS OLDSTYLE.

It is no less a source of gratification to ourselves than it must be of pleasure to our readers, to observe that the occasions are becoming more frequent upon which we are called upon to review publications of a purely colonial origin, for it is an indication that science is endeavouring to awake from her repose, and that public taste is consequently passing through an ordeal of refinement and purification.

Our own Magazine is not only still in existence, but thanks to public patronage, is likely to live on, for we find that writers, as well as readers, are multiplying in number. The "Maple Leaf" of our sister city is now in the second year of its growth, and its early promise is not only sustained, but strengthened, if we may judge by its richer foliage, and more exquisite coloring.

We have now another publication, which, we hope, may also be regarded in the light of an annual, for we trust that the learned and zealous Editor may be encouraged by the reception extended to his "Offering," to renew his efforts at a future period.

The Canadian Christian Offering, is made up of contributions from various individuals, who, though divided by distance, have united to carry out the pious purposes of the reverend incumbent of Streetsville Church.

The Lord Bishop of Montreal has found leisure, in the midst of the varied duties of his extended diocese, to sweep the lyre, and, in the language of sacred song, to chronicle the musings of his mind. Who can read the impressive "lines written with a pen from an eagle's wing," without feeling that Heaven itself appears to have a fixed locality, for our thoughts become purified in their aspirings, and whilst living amid excitement and change, our hopes can nevertheless

"Pierce where change shall be no more."

And who can read the still more beautiful "lines written during a snow storm in Lower

Canada," without being impressed with the opinion, that to the inspiration of a poet, and the humility of a Christian, the good Prelate has superadded the character of an earnest, sincere, and uncompromising church-man. We regret that our space will not allow us to afford our readers more than an extract from this exquisite piece:—

TURN, turn, good Lord, Thy children,
That they may all be one,
Ev'n as, O Holy Father,
Thou and Thy blessed Son :
—When shall we see the leopard
Lie gently by the kid,
And with the bear to pasture
The fearless kine be bid ?

Full many a stone of stumbling
Must from our paths be hurled;
Full many a fault be weeded
From this misjudging world;
Full many a speck be purg-ed
From things we love and prize;
Full many a schism repented,
Ere that blest sun shall rise.

Far hence the hollow seeming
Of unity and love,
Which leaves to choice of fancy
TRUTHS GIVEN FROM GOD ABOVE :
Far hence their pliant baseness,
Whom from their standard sways,
Poor meed of fashion's favour,
Or breath of mortal praise.

The gems of truth to barter,
We purchase peace too dear;
Pure faith and ancient order
Must still be guarded here :
All, all we love, we pray for,
All holy zeal commend;
But for the rule delivered
Of old we must contend.

O come, O come, blest kingdom,
O Saviour, bid it speed;
One Spirit, one rite baptismal,
One hope be ours, one creed !
'Tis then the cross,—blest ensign,—
One way we all shall wave;
Nor more with dissonant trumpets
Proclaim its power to save.

In seemly strength and order
 Shall march our conquering band:
 And Christ shall win the Paynim
 With followers hand in hand.
 Till God shed wide His glory,
 Earth's utmost verge to sweep,
 Ev'n as the rolling waters
 O'erspread the boundless deep.

The Reverend Dr. Mackie has also enriched this little work with several very beautiful contributions.

There are, however, many contributions from anonymous sources, of great merit,—one on the "Night-Blowing Cereus," reminds us of Moore, and is certainly worthy of an exalted place in the list of his beautiful melodies. The gems and jewels recall some of the scenes of his Lalla Rookh, and transport us for a while into the society of the cynical Fadladeen.

But its oriental associations carry with them higher and holier and purer thoughts than those which the songs of the Poet of Ireland are apt to inspire. They transport us to the East, to visit at midnight the plains of Bethlehem, there to prostrate ourselves before the humble birth-place of HIM whose advent was indicated by a Star, but from whose agony the moon and stars withdrew their light, and upon whose death the sun refused to shine. The darkness did not detract from the glory of the Redeemer any more than it destroys the beauty of the "Night-Blowing Cereus."

A mantle of leaves
 Had enshrouded the rose,
 And slumber had hidden
 The tints of the bower;
 When, lo! in the midst
 Of this dewy repose,
 As I wander'd, I came
 To a night-blowing flower.

All others, their robes
 And their odours forsaking,
 Undistinguished were sleeping
 In slumber profound;
 But this, this alone,
 In its beauty was waking,
 And breathing its soul-filling
 Sweetness around.

'Twas a glorious flower!
 It's corolla of white,
 As pearls of Arabia
 'Mid jewels of gold,
 And lonely and fair,
 Through the shades of the night,
 It beamed with a softness
 I loved to behold.

And, methought, as I look'd,
 What an emblem is this,
 Thus blooming afar
 From the land of its birth,

Of Him, whose own land
 Is a region of bliss,
 Though He grew as a plant
 In this garden of earth.

'Twas thus, while the world
 All around Him was dim,
 That He shone with love's purest
 And holiest ray:
 'Twas thus, in the garden
 So honour'd by Him,
 That night, through His fragrance,
 Was richer than day,

Like the flowers, His disciples,
 At midnight were sleeping,
 And deep were their slumbers,
 Unconscious of care;
 While He, in the blood
 Of His agony, weeping,
 To His Father was breathing
 The sweetness of prayer.

There is another piece entitled "The Lost Infant," which in seasons like these, when many parents are called to part with their darlings, is peculiarly fitting and appropriate.

Mourn not for thee! Though selfish love,
 That watch'd the blossom from its birth
 Would woo it from its home above,
 To pine again on cold, dark Earth:
 Tho' sorrow chill the stricken heart,
 Tho' tears bedim the quivering eye,
 Bright Faith hath told how blest thou art,
 Since death hath sung thy lullaby!

Mourn not for thee! What spell is ours,
 To lure thee to our arms once more—
 The fall of leaves—the blight of flowers—
 Earth's changeless tale told coldly o'er?
 Dare mortals for their Darling ask
 A purer, happier lot than thine—
 E'en as they think—ah, trying task!
 How bright the now closed eyes could shine?

Mourn not for thee! God's holy son
 Plucks flowers like thee with Him to bide:
 Thine everlasting haven's won,
 Ere Life's wild sea of storms was tried.
 Sleep soft. Beside thy sinless tomb
 Our hearts their faltering pray'r may tell—
 The love that watch'd thy dawning bloom
 O'er its lost darling sighs—Farewell!

Of what frail materials are we Christians made! how little of faith, how little of hope, find a lodgment in our hearts! How little are we influenced by the first features of the Christian's creed, for even while avowing our belief in the resurrection of the body and the immortality of the soul, we nevertheless bury our dead in hopeless grief, as though our inextinguishable love found no comfort from the promise of a renewed embrace,—as though the objects of our care and prayers would be enfolded in our arms no more. In the grave we may indeed bury the mortal and the dear familiar form, but the affections by which it

was animated still rest and live with us, aye! and will live till the arrival of that period when the fair body in which they were enshrined shall lovingly fall into our arms once more.

Oh! why should we bewail the dead,
Why sorrow o'er their narrow bed?
Have they not sought the happy shore
Where human cares oppress no more?
Bewail them not, more bless'd than we,
From human care and suff'ring free,
Their parted spirits rest in peace,
In the bright land where sorrows cease.

Although we have made some very exquisite extracts, we can assure our readers that those which remain are equally beautiful "The Poor Man's Church," by Mr. Thompson, may, and doubtless will, awaken very sorrowful emotions in the minds of some of our fellow Christians whose lot in life has been cast far away from the music of the Church-going Bell, far away from the place where prayer is accustomed to be made, far away from the accredited Minister of the Most High who is commissioned to baptize their babes, to instruct their youth, to solace their old age, and to bury their dead. Then it is that mere worldly comforts cease to satisfy—then it is that their minds revert to other times, and it may be, another land; and then it is that even in this land of plenty they find an "aching void" which surrounding comforts fail to satisfy, a void which the grave itself cannot close. In connexion with these remarks we refer our readers to the touching scenes in an "Emigrant's Funeral."

In looking through the list of contributors we observe that the names are chiefly of those gentlemen who have recently distinguished themselves at the University of King's College—and that therefore the many beautiful pieces which enrich this little volume have been written during moments snatched from severer study.

It is, we conceive, one of the hopeful omens in our disquieting time, to find so many young men of earnest and sincere hearts who are ready and desirous of consecrating their lives and labors to the glory of God and the good of man. It is indeed a source of thankfulness and gratification to find there are those who desire to slake their thirst at another fountain than that at which the children of avarice so vainly endeavor to quench their craving appetite. That there are those who, though moving amidst the active crowd around them, yet find their sweetest converse with the dead, and who, in humble emulation of the departed, hope, when their dwelling shall be with the children of the past, to live anew by means of their works and writings, in the hearts and affections of a distant posterity. That there are those who observing the dishonesty of public

men, avoid the perilous path upon which, in the strife of faction, high principle has become a byword, simple truth an incumbrance. That there are those who are content to remain in comparative obscurity rather than encounter the sunshine and glare, in which, it may be, their virtue might wither, and their self-respect perish. That there are those who are content to labor for Christ in the vineyard which HE hath planted, in order that they may live with HIM in the dwellings which HE has prepared for those who love and serve HIM.

We can say no more than that this little volume is very prettily got up; that the price is only 2s. 6d., and that the profits are to be applied towards the liquidation of the debt incurred in the erection of Streetsville Church.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

NO. V.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

THE BIEGEG CITY.*

The summer sun went down upon the walls
Of that devoted city, and flung back
A gorgeous flood of light o'er spire and tower;
And long the west in her blue depths retained,
The rosy brightness of his parting smile.
Those golden tints, all softened and subdued,
Blent with the mellow twilight; and the moon
Walked forth in beauty, pouring her calm beams
O'er plain and mountain, silv'ring the blue waves
That gently rippled o'er their rocky bed.
A thousand gems were sparkling on the earth,
Myriads of stars were burning in the skies,
The birds still warbled in their leafy bowers,
The hum of insects floated through the air;
In mingled harmony arose on high,
Nature's rich anthem ere she sank to rest.

Alas! that man's stern spirit ere should mar
A scene so pure, so exquisite as this.
Yes! there be eyes that joy not in the beams
Of that unclouded moon—to whom this hour
Of tranquil beauty is a mockery
Of their deep anguish; and they only feel
That misery is theirs, with all her train
Of direst evils, heart-consuming cares.
Those walls are girt by fierce and hostile bands,
Of stern relentless men, who hope to bow
By famine, thirst and pestilence, that sweeps
Her daily thousands to one common tomb—
The gallant hearts, that true to their high trust,
Defend those towers, and back upon their foes,
Hurl the defiance of their black despair.

The lingering rescue comes not—and this night
Will be their last of freedom—for the morn
Sees them surrender to the vaunting foe.
A stern and moody sorrow fills the heart
Of those devoted champions. They have fought

* Marseilles. See Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

And bled, and suffered in a sacred cause—
 All that men could do, they have done and dared,
 And all in vain! Their valor cannot save
 The hearth and altar from the spoiler's hand—
 And worse, far worse, the helpless forms that cling
 To them for succour, in this direful hour
 Of nature's weakness and her agony.

And, oh! what ghastly scenes of misery,
 Are acting now within you leagured walls—
 For forty hours no hand has broken bread;
 No lip has quenched its thirst. The horrid plague
 No longer stalks in darkness, but mows down
 Its uncomplaining victims in broad day.
 Death has no terrors to the famished wretch,
 Who, tortured with the burning, quenchless drought,
 That withers up his vitals, prays to die.

O'er yon pale stricken girl, her lover bends
 Like her own shadow; in his wasted arms
 Feebly supporting the fond hope of years;
 And sees it fading in his very grasp,
 Forever from him.

See! she sinks—she dies—
 The slender thread is severed, and he stands
 Alone in this dark world. The form he loved
 So lately rich in beauty, health and youth,
 Is dust and ashes. Yet he blesses God,
 Yea! from his inmost heart, that she is gone.
 His life he would have held a thing of naught,
 Could he have given it in exchange for hers.
 But she has perished in the common doom,
 And the firm heart that for her cherished sake,
 Battled so bravely with a hideous fate
 Is broken now—and with a bitter groan
 He sinks beside her to the silent earth;
 Hiding his death-hued features in the locks
 Of her dark glossy hair, and in an ear
 Cold as the flint which forms their bridal bed,
 Breathes forth his soul in vows of endless love.
 But, oh! their fate is bliss, compared with hers,
 The youthful watcher, by the fevered couch
 Of her sore wounded lord. For drink he calls,
 In frantic accents, begs one little drop
 Of blessed water, to assuage the thirst
 That withers with its fiery, scorching breath,
 His reeling brain, and dries the streams of life.
 Fast on his couch her gushing tears descend,
 Her cold hand lingers on his throbbing brow;
 She smoothes his pillow, and kneels down to pray
 That God may grant the boon she'd die to give.
 Ah! cruel war! Dark demon of despair—
 Begot of evil passions, in the hell
 That sin has made, the wicked human heart—
 Relentless desolator of the world,
 When will thy empire cease? and mankind learn
 The lesson taught them by the Merciful,
 The Prince of Peace, who bade his servant sheathe
 The murderous weapon, drawn in self-defence—
 "Who takes the sword, shall perish by the sword!"

There is a group in yonder lonely tower,
 That sears the eyes that gaze upon its woe.
 Behold a mother, beautiful and fair,
 In life's meridian glory—at her knee
 Stands a pale, famished boy—who all day long
 Has asked for bread, in accents of despair,
 And she has none to give! With tearful eyes
 And woeful smile, of mocking madness born,
 She shews him, where, unconfined on the ground,
 A slender girl lies sleeping at her feet;
 A pure pale lily crushed beneath the storm—

For never more shall rosy morn lift up
 The snowy lids that shroud those deep blue eyes.
 "Let me die, too," exclaims the famished child,
 And flings his wasted arms about her neck;
 "In heaven there's bread—the bread of life—and streams
 Of living water—here we die with thirst!
 Oh, mother! mother! let us go to God!"
 The feeble voice has ceased. The mother raised
 The drooping head, and gazed upon his face;
 The boy was dead—and yet she shed no tear—
 She had lived on for him—but he was gone—
 Life was not worth a struggle. The last link
 Was broken now—and she who dreaded death,
 Lest it should tear her from those helpless ones,
 Serene and smiling, now lay down to die.

Night wears apace. No ray of hope has sprung
 Through the despair of that appalling night—
 The day is dawning which confirms their woe—
 The sun is rising which beholds them slaves;
 A dusky cloud is rising in the east,
 And the besieged have strained their eyes to mark
 Its rapid progress. Hark! there is a sound
 Rolling towards them.

'Tis the rising blast
 Sweeping the summer foliage. 'Tis the tread
 Of horses' hoofs. It is the aid of God!
 Each voice, as if by inspiration fired,
 Caught up the cry, "It is the aid of God!"
 The long expected rescue is at hand;
 The foe retires—the gates are opened wide,
 The long imprisoned, rush exulting forth
 To life and freedom; and the dead have found,
 From the deliverer's hand, a peaceful grave.

The above beautiful poem, with another from
 the same pen, which also appears in this number,
 has been some time in our possession, but was
 accidentally mislaid; in consequence of which its
 publication has been delayed until the present
 time.—[Ed. L. G.]

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

A STEED! a steed of matchlesse speed,
 A sword of metal keene!
 All else to noble heartes is drosse,
 All else on earth is meane.
 The neighinge of the war-horse prowde,
 The rowlinge of the drum,
 The clangor of the trumpet lowde,
 Be soundes from heaven that come;
 And, O! the thundering presse of knights
 When as their war-cries swell,
 May tole from heaven an angel brighte,
 And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte! then mounte, brave gallants, all,
 And don your helmes amaine:
 Deathe's couriers, Fame and Honor, call
 Us to the field againe.
 No shrewish teares shall fill our eye
 When the sword-hilt's in our hand,—
 Heart whole we'll part, and no whit sighs
 For the fayrest of the land!
 Let piping swaine, and craven wight,
 Thus weepe and puling crye,
 Our business is like men to fight,
 And hero-like to die!

SCRAPS FROM MY NOTE BOOK.*

"While History's muse the memorial was keeping,
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves.

MOORE.

HISTORY.

History divides itself into—

Sacred History;
Profano History;
Ancient History;
Modern History.

Sacred History dates from the creation of the world to the birth of Christ; treats particularly of the works of God, and gives a historical description of His favoured people.

Its authority rests upon the Old and New Testaments; the Old Testament being, viz:—

Genesis, which describes the creation.
Exodus, which gives the going out of Egypt.
Leviticus, which gives the Priests' Law.
Numbers, or Mustering of the People.
Deuteronomy, or Repetition of the Law.

Book of Joshua, written by himself, giving the history of his time.

Book of Judges, giving the names and history of the Judges.

Book of Ruth, attributed to Samuel, is a private history.

Four Books of Kings, giving the history of Israel during 600 years.

Two Books of Paralipomena, or Chronicles, or Things Omitted.

Two Books of Esdras, giving the history during and after the Captivity.

Four Books of Tobit,* Judith,* Esther and Job, are private histories.

Psalms, 150 in number, the greater part of them written by David.

Proverbs, Ecclesiastes or Preacher, Canticle of Canticles, or Songs of Solomon.

Wisdom* and Ecclesiasticus.*

The Prophets, sixteen in number—four of whom are called Greater from the importance of their writings, viz:—Isaiah, Jeremiah with his Secretary Baruch, Ezekiel and Daniel; and twelve of whom are called Lesser, viz:—Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Zephaniah, Micah, Nahum, Habakuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah and Malachi.

Two Books of Maccabees.* They close the Sacred History, 130 years before Christ.

N. B.—The Books marked (*) are not admitted as canonical by the Protestant Church:

And the New Testament being—

The four Evangelists, viz: St. Mathew, St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John.

The Acts of the Apostles;

14 Epistles of St. Paul;

1 Epistle of St. James;

2 Epistles of St. Peter;

3 Epistles of St. John;

1 Epistle of St. Jude; and

The Apocalypse, or Revelations of St. John;

The ancient version of which is the Septuagint

in Greek; the other is the Latin one called the Vulgate, translated by St. Jerome, and confined to the Catholic Church. The four Polyglots or Bibles in the several languages, are those by Ximenes, 1515, by Plantin, 1572, by Le Jay, 1645, and by Walton, 1657.

Profane History dates from the Flood, or seventeen centuries later than Sacred History. It includes twenty-three centuries, while Sacred History includes forty centuries; and rests its authority on the traditions of nations, their monuments, their fables and their histories. It divides itself into three Epochs, viz:

Uncertain Times;
Fabulous or Heroical Times; and
Historical Times;

According to the degree of truth which they present, and to the measure of confidence which they inspire.

Ancient History comprises the period previous to the advent of our Saviour, and comprehends 4004 years. Modern History takes an account of the years since Jesus Christ, and comprehends, at the present time, upwards of eighteen centuries.

Asia—all that vast and varied region, lying along the east from the Mediterranean, to Behring's Straits, washed on either side by the Northern, the Indian and Pacific Oceans, and dotted with so many ancient nations—is the grand division of the globe, with which history opens.

Of the world, however, before the Flood, there is none other memorial than Genesis, to shew what were the virtues and the vices of mankind, or to tell of the degree of refinement the human mind had reached in morality and politics—and in the cultivation of the arts and sciences—for arts and sciences there must have been among the race of Cain, who settled eastward of the ruined Eden—Eden, that heaven-illuminated spot, to which the Angels loved to come and linger, to bask in the glory of the young sun; and wherein the desolate stillness of Earth was first broken by the endearing name of Woman.

Tubalcain, Cain's descendant in the sixth degree, was an artificer in every work of brass and iron, while the sons of Jabel, brother of Tubalcain, cultivated the harp and the organ—

* Continued from page 44.

Gen. iv., 21. 22. This was in the time of Noah, a descendant of Seth, in the eighth degree, when the races of Cain and Seth began to intermarry, and by their irreligious connexion to bring upon both races that terrible curse which fell upon every living thing, and which "heaved an ocean" on all, save the elect of the Ark.

In the eighteenth century of time, about the one hundred and fifteenth year of the world, reckoning from the flood—Nimrod, son of Chus, grandson of Cham, and great grandson of Noah, being "a stout hunter before the Lord," Gen. 10., first gained a sovereign ascendancy over the minds of men.

His race being scattered by the hand of God, from Babel, with the followers whom he had collected about him, he drew the lines of Babylon round the basement of that first monument of human vanity; those same lines upon which the famed Semiramis, greatest of heroines and most ill-fated woman, not long after reared the seventh of the world's wonders.

He subdued the surrounding country, until then the land of Shinar, after which he directed his arms northward into the adjoining territory of Assur, (from whom the name Assyria is derived,) who was the son of Shem, and grandson of Noah, and having annexed it to Babylon, marked out therein the city of Nineveh upon the west bank of the graceful Tigris, in honor of his son, Ninus, after whom it has been named.

And further, history speaks not of Nimrod—except that Ninus, his grateful son and successor, caused his memory to be deified under the godship of the famous Babylonian Baal or Belus.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century, when a spirit of enquiry had begun to prevail throughout the western parts of Europe, in matters of faith and science, an intrepid mariner of Geneva, well skilled in his profession, conceived the idea, that the eastern parts of the world stretched so far towards Europe, that they might be reached in a moderate space of time by sailing westward.

He laid his views before the government of his country, and urged his anxious suit for the encouragement necessary to their prosecution. But the Senate of Geneva, being a profoundly grave Assembly, was not at all likely to entertain a proposition so visionary and wild as the present, coming too, as it did, from so unimportant an individual as Christopher Columbus.

And the discovery of America was retarded for a time. That mind, however, which, whether it was from a divine appointment, or its own great workings, or both, which had risen to the

dignity of a conception so pre-eminently grand, was not to be controlled by the constituted wisdom of Geneva, though it did happen to be veiled under an humble character; and so, accordingly, on an auspicious morning, the 3d of August, 1492, as the sun rose proudly from the ocean, gilding the vine-robed hills of Spain, and shooting his ominous ray hitherward across the deep, a little fleet was seen to put out from Salos on the southern Coast of Spain, and to bear boldly outward for the West.

Having reached unknown latitudes, against the murmurs of his crew, and the phosphoric surge which dashed in anger round his bark, for many a gloomy, stormy night, did Columbus stand unmoved, with his undaunted eye hopefully fixed upon the western horizon, till on the seventy-seventh morning after he had quitted the shores of Europe, the visioned land appeared; and soon did he devoutly land to plant the crucifix, and the banner of Isabella upon the genial shore of Guanahani, from that time known as St. Isabella, or St. Salvador. And then were the accents of christianity first poured to Heaven from the New World, in grateful, joyous thanksgiving, in presence of the amiable wondering Indian, who there regarded Columbus and his crew, as children of the Sun, in consequence of the phenomenon which the winged appearance of their ships, and their dreadful voice, accompanied with lightning and smoke, presented to the minds of the innocent Aborigines.

Having visited Cuba and other Islands, conversed with the native Caciques, and planted a little colony of thirty-eight men, in the kingdom of Guacanahari, Columbus returned to Europe, bringing with him a few of the naked, long haired children of St. Salvador, and sundry specimens of animal and vegetable life, unknown to the Old World. Now was it, that, clad in the light of the New World, its immortal discoverer bore to the Old such glories as none other had yet attained, to cast at the feet of her, who, when others only ridiculed his project, stripped her royal person of its dazzling adornments, to second his romantic ambition: To tell her, that in the perfumed breeze of the sunniest clime, of a land which lined the far west from pole to pole—the land of Rollo, of Montezuma, and of the Indian, did her own loved banner of Castile and Leon, which floated triumphant over the crescent,—upon the grave of the Moor,—wave in peace above the crucifix. In fine—to cheer mankind; but alas! to pine in poverty under the envy and neglect of that unworthy people, whose name he had rendered immortal as America.

GALOP.

BY F. WOOLCOTT.

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

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 D major (indicated by two sharps) and 2/4 time. The music begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The first measure of the treble staff contains a quarter note D4, followed by eighth notes E4, F4, and G4. The bass staff begins with a whole note chord of D4 and F4. The piece continues with a rhythmic pattern of eighth and quarter notes in the treble, and chords in the bass.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef, and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major and 2/4 time. The treble staff continues the melodic line with eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff features chords and rests. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots in both staves.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef, and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major and 2/4 time. The treble staff continues the melodic line with eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff features chords and rests. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots in both staves.



YOU MAY BLAME IF YOU WILL.

BY THE STRANGER.

You may blame, if you will, I'll but love him the more,
Too long has this heart been afflicted and sore,
To banish now from me, and leave to repine,
The heart which still gives me its feelings divine.

You ask me to join you in censure severe,
Must I frown then on virtue, and cease to revere
Those charms of the soul, which their Maker pourtray,
When they grace not the *great* in ostensive array.

Oh! be not thus cruel, to bid me prepare,
By unwilling rejection, my lone heart's despair,
For never, oh never! this bosom can rest,
Till hushed by the pulse of my own lover's breast.

YES, STILL I'LL BE CONSTANT.

BY THE STRANGER.

Yes, still I'll be constant, and ever will cherish
The love now awaken'd by thee in this heart,
For oh! to forget thee!—I sooner should perish,
My own, my adored one! all lone as thou art.

'Mid the gay scenes of life, still absent I wander,
Their beauties have nothing engaging to me,
As that bird which complains by the gentle Scamander,
Is my soul in its darkness and tears without thee.

Alas! to be constant, I need but to follow
The bent of that virtue which pours from thine eyes,
Which chastens the feeling, and always doth hallow,
As it throws its effulgence in bliss on my sighs.

OUR TABLE.

SCENES IN A SOLDIER'S LIFE, BY J. H. WILTON,
LATE 23RD ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.*

THIS interesting work is a plain, simple, narrative of the events that occurred during the late War in India, or, at least, of such of them as came within the observation of the author; and we cannot but do him the justice to say that he certainly looked about with his eyes open; he has evidently been a keen and an acute observer.

Hence the interest of the work is materially increased by the minute detail into which he enters, as it were upon the spot, of innumerable incidents; many of them of a surprising and startling character, which would nevertheless be looked for in vain in a more elaborate history.

The feeding, for a week, of thirty-five thousand camels and elephants with ripe grapes—an officer on horseback leaping down a precipice eighty feet deep without injury, with many other adventures and circumstances of a similar nature, are of this description. These are scattered, too, so plentifully over the whole work as to give it a zest which nothing else could have afforded.

We certainly love the marvellous, and we have been so much accustomed, even from our very infancy, to look for a little sprinkling of it, in everything we have read concerning the East, that we should hardly have considered the work complete without it.

The most interesting circumstance in the whole work is, without doubt, the rescue of lady Sale and her fellow prisoners from the hands of the Afghans.

The narrative contains many other incidents of a character very different from those we have adverted to, which, although less wonderful, and less likely to excite our purest sympathies, are not yet the less useful. We allude here to such as tend to develop the character and elucidate the manners and habits of a people so little known, and of whom, in connection with the disasters of our armies in the East, we have lately heard so much.

The "Scenes" are laid, we must not omit to mention, in Scinde, Beeloochistan, and Afghanistan, amid the military operations in those countries during 1839 and the four succeeding years.

THE SNOW DROP.

THE last number of the first volume of this excellent monthly is before us. During the year now ended we have read the numbers, as they appeared, with very great pleasure indeed, albeit,

* Montreal:—R. & C. Chalmers.

it is not intended for the "Children of larger growth," among whom for many years we have been numbered. The Snow Drop is what it purports to be, a publication suited for the young, and from every page of its three hundred and ninety-two, they may gather valuable instruction, while in the full enjoyment of most delightful and interesting reading. The Editors,—one of them known most favorably to the readers of the Garland since its commencement, as "E. L. C.," and her sister, Mrs. Cheney,—have fulfilled their task in a spirit of gentleness and kindness, and with a thorough and perfect knowledge of the minds and feelings of youth, which are rarely equalled, and when allied with talent such as theirs, can scarcely fail to be of immense and lasting benefit, as well as of present pleasure, to all who avail themselves of their monthly offering.

The culture of the heart—of the home affections and fire-side sympathies of those who will soon become the men and women of Canada, is one of the leading features of the work. There is in it no attempt to force the mind into premature growth, at the expense of the heart and feelings. In this, to our thinking, it is far superior to anything of the kind that has come before us, and for this as well as for many other reasons, we think it eminently worthy of attention and support.

NOW AND THEN—BY SAMUEL WARREN, F. R. S.,
AUTHOR OF THE DIARY OF A LATE LONDON
PHYSICIAN.

We have to thank Mr. McCoy for this tale, which we have read with intense interest. It is the best of the season. We will advert to it more fully in our next.

THE SKILFUL HOUSEWIFE'S GUIDE.*

We recommend this excellent little Manual of Cookery to all our fair readers:—to the skilful, for it is expressly dedicated to them—to the unskilful, (if any such there be,) as a study of its contents will soon render the designation inappropriate.

They will find recipes for everything—from simple "Bouilli" to superb "Mock Turtle"—from "Scotch Haggis" to "Hindustanee Cutlets"—from "Potato Fritters" to "Plum Pudding"—from "Barley Gruel" to "Mulled Wine"—from "Pork Jelly" to "Syrup of Cream."

With this little work, (and a good supply of the necessary material,) it will be their own fault if their husbands, or fathers, or brothers, ever get crusty at the "mahogany."

* Montreal:—Armour & Ramsay.