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EVA HUNTINGDON. *

BY E. K. M.

CHAPTER XX.

About a week after her first visit, Eva's phaeton again drew up one beautiful afternoon before Honeysuckle Cottage. The door was opened by a smart looking girl of fourteen—Mrs. Huntingdon's only attendant,—and on Eva's inquiring for her mistress, she pointed mysteriously to the drawing-room, and then disappeared down a flight of steep stairs. Eva hesitated a moment, and finally entered; but she paused on the threshold, for her sister-in-law was lying on the sofa, her face entirely shrouded by her long luxuriant curls. The sudden suspicion that flashed across her was confirmed as Mrs. Huntingdon raised her head and revealed her countenance, pale and disfigured with tears. With a startled exclamation she sprang to her feet, and, crimson with shame and confusion, stood motionless, unable to accost or welcome her guest. The latter, however, instantly approached her, and kindly inquired, "if anything had happened to grieve her?"

"Nothing, nothing. Oh! my dear Miss Huntingdon, I am unpardonably foolish"; but Eva gently insisted, and at length drew from the young wife a sobbing confession "that she was utterly miserable, and that her husband was very cross and unreasonable." Her grief, however, soon yielded to the soothing words of her companion, and after a while she took her seat beside her, tolerably calm and composed.

"Yes, my dear young lady," she exclaimed, "since you are so kind and good as to take an interest in the affairs of one so humble as myself, I will disguise nothing from you. Well, this morn-

ing, as you know, the weather was very fine, and after talking a whole lot of nonsense about fresh breezes and bright sunshine, Augustus told me to prepare for a walk through the woods with him. Now, I leave it to yourself, Miss Huntingdon, whether any one woman, married or single, with a house to attend to, and none to assist her save a stupid, giddy, workhouse girl of fourteen, can leave it to take morning rambles. To put such an idea entirely out of the question, I had yesterday morning gathered fruit for preserving, so I entreated him to dispense with my company for this time. He insisted, so I then quietly said, I would not, nor could not, for that my household duties must be attended to, before idle, useless walks. Upon this he flew into a violent passion, saying all sorts of cruel things about his having been a fool to change his single condition, and that in marrying me, he had sought a companion, not a cook. Indeed, he said so much, that I could not help telling him, 'he should have wedded a titled lady, then, and not a poor country curate's daughter, and that it would have been happier for us both, had he done so.' Oh! my dear Miss Huntingdon, had you heard the dreadful way he swore! It shocked me, doubly, because I had often heard my poor dear papa, who is now in his grave, affirm that none but reprobates and godless people ever swear. This, I felt it my duty to tell him, and instead of its producing any good effect, he only turned cruelly on poor papa's memory, calling him an old credulous simpleton, and saying that no greater proof of his folly could be required than the ridiculous manner in which he

*Continued from page 346.

had brought me up. Think of that, Miss Huntingdon, though he knew perfectly well, that papa's parishioners had presented him, as I have already told you, with a solid silver snuff box, with the words, 'An Humble Token of Respect and Esteem,' &c., inscribed in italics on the lid. When I heard his memory so cruelly outraged, I burst out crying, saying, 'that if poor papa were alive, he would not dare to insult and abuse me thus.' This made him perfectly wild, and after declaring 'I was a confounded little fool, enough to drive a man mad,' he dashed out through the window, overturning in his angry haste my work-table, and breaking the little glass figure of an angel which my godfather, good Dr. Hickman, had presented to me on my fifteenth birthday, when I was happy Carry Hamilton. He has never been in since, and I have been left all alone to reflect on his cruel conduct, and compare it with poor papa's patient gentleness. Indeed, my dear Miss Huntingdon, I have cried more to-day than I ever did in my whole life, with the exception of the terrible period that first beheld me an orphan."

"Nay," rejoined Eva, soothingly, "you must not let so very a trifle render you thus wretched. You have youth, health, your husband's love, and all this is but a passing cloud. Augustus is generous and warm-hearted, though he is somewhat impetuous, and for his sake, for your own, you must bear with his little imperfections."

"Well, my dear Miss Huntingdon, if you advise it, I shall endeavor to do so, though it will be a difficult task, for I was never brought up to such a thing. My poor papa was always very indulgent—in fact, every one said (though falsely) that he spoiled me, and a harsh word or rebuke never once escaped his lips. Mr. Huntingdon, too, used to make such protestations before marriage of unceasing love and tenderness, swearing that he would die rather than give me a moment's pain, and a whole lot of fine nonsense besides, which I was fool enough to firmly believe, though I now know it was all deception and falsehood. Indeed, if he goes on in this way, he will soon break my heart, for I have neither sister, parent, nor friend to console me when he is unkind, or to cheer me during the long tedious days he leaves me here alone, whilst he is wandering through the woods with his dog and gun, like Nimrod, or else, sitting half a day on the banks of a muddy stream, catching nothing,—which he calls 'glorious sport.'"

"But have you not a friend, a sister, in me?" was Eva's gentle enquiry.

"I have, assuredly, my dear young lady, and I

know not how to express my gratitude for your kindness in permitting me to call you such, but I cannot expect you will often condescend to leave your splendid home (how Eva sighed as she spoke!) to come to my poor cottage, where you will have no amusement beyond listening to my complaints, and my husband's foolish jests. Forgive me, but I must say, I see no great prospect of future happiness in store for me. Perhaps, had papa been less ambitious, and myself less foolishly credulous, I should have been in a more suitable and doubtless far happier sphere now. Yes, indeed, Miss Huntingdon, though my husband treats me with such contempt, and though you may scarcely credit me, I had many admirers before I ever saw Mr. Huntingdon."

"And who was the favored one?" asked her auditor with a suppressed smile.

"Well, I favored none in particular, but papa rather encouraged the attentions of Mr. William Moore, the parish clerk,—a very worthy and respectable individual, whom papa had known from childhood, and who possessed a very handsome stone cottage and garden of his own."

"Then, he really did not successfully rival my brother in your affections?" enquired Eva, more and more amused.

"Oh, no! never for a moment," was the perfectly serious rejoinder. "Mr. Moore was rather a dull sort of person and very plain, whilst Mr. Huntingdon was handsome, lively, elegant in dress and manners, and besides, well, highly,—in short, to be frank with you, I thought it would be the summit of earthly felicity and dignity, to get into a grand and noble family, such as he belonged to. Papa had always told me, that nature intended me for such a destiny, maintaining that my delicately small hands and feet were proof positive of the fact. I cannot say, though, that the fulfilment of my ardent dreams has answered my expectations. I have lost all my old friends and joys, and have gained no new ones."

She sighed deeply as she spoke, and Eva, feeling the sad truth of her remark, feeling for the lonely isolation of her position, kindly rejoined—

"But, Mrs. Huntingdon, all this will last but for a time. Happier, brighter days will come."

"Oh, no, my dear young lady. So far as my husband's family are concerned, no member of it, with the exception of yourself, will ever notice or acknowledge me in any way; and inexpressible as is the happiness your kindness and countenance affords me, I know, of course, it will not long be mine. You will soon be changing your state in life, wedding some high Lord, or Earl, who will take you away to his own home; and

oh! how earnestly, how fervently do I pray, that your choice may be a happy one. Ah! my dear Miss Huntingdon, do not deem me presumptuous if I implore you to beware of rashness or inconsiderate haste in so important a step. Of all the follies a silly girl can be guilty of, I think a hasty, and, as in my case, an unequal marriage, is certainly the worst."

"The devil you do, madam! A pity you did not always think so!" exclaimed young Huntingdon, as he sprang through the low window. "A pleasant confession for a husband to hear as he approaches his own door."

Mrs. Huntingdon started and changed colour, but the new comer, without bestowing any farther notice on her, threw himself full length on the sofa, carelessly exclaiming as he turned towards his sister—

"Well, Eva, taking your first lesson in matrimonial bliss. What think you now of that infamous species of domestic monster, familiarly known under the title of husband?"

"That he is very good in general, only a little unreasonable now and then," returned Eva, with a smile, justly thinking it was better to treat the matter lightly.

"Unreasonable! Unhappy you should say, miserable, accursed. Well, well, there is no help for it!" and casting his eyes to the ceiling, he commenced singing some snatch of a comic song, of which the concluding line of each verse, "What a fool I was to marry," was perfectly audible to his listeners.

The deepening color of his wife, the occasional gleams that flashed out from beneath her eyelashes, betrayed that she took the sentiment in a very personal light, and Eva, dreading a further display of hostilities, hastened to divert the storm, by inquiring, as she turned over a volume of poems on the table near her, "If her sister-in-law were fond of reading?"

"About as fond as she is of morning walks," exclaimed her husband, with a satirical curl of his lip.

Mrs. Huntingdon, without appearing to notice the interruption, replied in the negative, adding, that she thought it morally impossible for any woman who attended to her household duties to have any time to spare for books.

"Time to spare, or not," he retorted, "Twould be better for her to give an occasional hour to them. She would then be suited for a companion and comfort to her partner, as well as a house-keeper or cook."

This last thrust was too much for the young wife's patience, and forgetting even the restraint

which Eva's presence imposed on her, she turned to the latter, exclaiming, with uplifted hands and eyes—

"Only hear him, Miss Huntingdon, only hear him! And yet, before our marriage, whenever he saw me with a book in my hand (a thing which I may as well frankly confess, was ever taken up at poor dear papa's instigation, he always repeating, that the aristocracy were literary), Mr. Huntingdon used to make me throw it aside, telling me he hated learning and literary women, and declaring that, once that I became clever, no matter how much he loved me previously, I would then be unendurable to him."

Eva, to whom neither the words nor the sentiments were new, smiled significantly, and her brother, interpreting aright the expression of her countenance, amused, too, by his wife's childish frankness, rejoined with a confused though merry laugh—

"Well, Carry, I believe you have the best of it there, I certainly did say so, and more than that, I one day threw into the fire, when your back was turned, a very learned treatise on Theology, with which you had been adding your poor little brains for some days previous."

Mrs. Huntingdon's pretty lips pouted more sullenly than ever, and she angrily rejoined—

"Yes, sir, you do well to taunt and ridicule me now, but your strain was different before marriage. Then, I was your life, your treasure, your sweet, artless Carry, and now I am only a confounded simpleton, an incorrigible little fool."

"And what else are you?" he rejoined, *sotto voce*. "Ah! I beg ten thousand pardons, my dear Mrs. Huntingdon, I did not mean to say it. An unlucky truth that forced its way, despite all efforts to restrain it."

"Hush! Augustus!" said Eva, hastening to anticipate the angry retort that already flashed in her sister-in-law's bright eyes. "I fear you are as incorrigibly provoking as ever. You are really too bad! My dear Mrs. Huntingdon, will you tell me the secret of the luxuriant beauty to which your honeysuckles have attained?"

"She waters them with the tears wrung from her by domestic misery," rejoined her husband, who seemed to find great mental delight in keeping up a running commentary of epigram and satire on everything that was said; "you may judge how they thrive, with such plentiful and constant showers; but as they do not want any more at present, we may as well make up friends; so come, Carry, we will all take a turn in the garden. 'Twill restore our equanimity, which seems somewhat ruffled just now."

"I will do no such thing, Mr. Huntingdon," was the decided reply. "Such a request after your conduct during the whole of this day, is but heaping insult on insult."

"So be it, lady mine! Eva, would you like to see the gardens and the exterior of Honeysuckle Cottage, so that you may judge if they correspond with the sunshine and harmony within?"

Eva, who saw that the patience of her young sister-in-law was fairly at an end, declined, alleging, "that it was time for her to return." This, her brother, after glancing at his watch, positively interdicted, asserting "that she had yet a full half hour to remain," and Eva, who knew that he was correct, had no alternative but to submit. Fully alive to the awkwardness of her position, at a total loss for conversation, she at length took up a pretty shell from the stand beside her, making some remark on its delicate, roseate hue.

"Yes," rejoined her hostess, "'tis handsome, but I do not prize it alone for its beauty. 'Tis the gift of an early and a dear friend."

"Probably of my *ci-devant* rival, the elegant and irresistible Mr. Moore," interrupted her husband, with a mischievous smile.

"Mr. Huntingdon, will you ever have done insulting me?" passionately retorted his wife, bursting into a paroxysm of tears. "I wish to Heavens I had married poor Moore! he would not have worried and outraged my feelings as you are daily and hourly doing."

Eva would have felt more for the speaker, had her tears been entirely those of grief; but there was a passionate inflection in the tones of her voice, a childish anger in the beating of her small foot on the ground, that told there was as much temper there as wounded feeling; and she really felt relieved when her sister-in-law swept from the room in a perfect hurricane of sobs and tears.

"Well, Eva!" exclaimed the young husband, with a bitterness which he neither strove to conceal or subdue, "what think you of the prize for which I have incurred the anger and resentment of my family, the mockery of the world, poverty and its endless trials; the prize for which I have alienated all my early friends and companions, and forfeited my place in the sphere I was born, brought up in. Tell me, Eva, when you think of all this, and recall what you have seen and heard to-day, can you yet look me in the face, and tell me that I am not a lost, miserable wretch?"

"Augustus, my dear brother, to be sincere with you, there are faults on both sides. Your wife is young, very young, and you must not expect perfection."

"Aye! there it is. When I married Carry

Hamilton, I thought I had chosen a gentle, loving woman; I find too late, to my sorrow, that I have wedded a silly, wayward child. 'Twas a fearful error; equally fearful was that of my taking ignorance for artlessness, shallowness for simplicity. Eva, Eva, my good girl, let my sad fate serve as a warning to yourself, and do not mar your destiny, as I have madly, rashly, marred mine!"

"Oh! in mercy do not talk thus!" hurriedly rejoined his companion. "You do not, you cannot mean it. Speaking as you now are, under the influence of angry and excited feelings, you say things in which your heart and judgment have no share. Even if your wife has her little imperfections, her moments of waywardness, think, Augustus dear, are you entirely irreproachable? Her senior by several years, older and more experienced than herself, you should bear with and counsel, not irritate her continually with provoking jests and taunts."

"But remember, Eva, how honorably I have acted towards her. It is not one young fellow out of fifty who would have had either the principle or the courage to make her his wife."

"I grant you all that, but would you ever have forgiven yourself, would you ever have known a moment's happiness, had you acted otherwise?"

"Well, I dare say not, Eva; for she was such a confiding, innocent little creature, that the very extent of her simplicity, proved her strongest weapon. Besides, too, I really loved her. Her artlessness, her timidity, though the latter quality has entirely disappeared, by-the-bye, presented such a refreshing contrast to the false, hackneyed smiles of the husband-hunting belles of London. Her very ignorance, too, had its charm, wearied, heart-sick as I was of the eternal accomplishments, the literary and learned twaddle, that half of the women, nowadays, think it a duty to bore a man with. Why, Eva, after leaving some aristocratic dwelling, with its dull stale grandeur, this simple little cottage used to seem to me a perfect Eden. Oh! many a delightful evening have I spent here, talking with the good old curate about field-sports, fishing, &c., all of which he had been passionately fond of in his youth, whilst Carry used to sit at her simple work, (not that confounded worsted work so fashionable amongst our ladies) her long curls, half shading the bright face at which I so often glanced, and whose glowing, animated expression, told she was no uninterested listener to our conversation. And every now and then, when surprised by some mirthful anecdote out of her usual sweet, timid seriousness, how the childish, silvery accents of her merry laugh, used to thrill my very heart with pleasure. Before either of us

know, or even suspected it, she had rendered herself necessary to my happiness, whilst I, as I too well knew, had become part of hers. Still, the aristocratic prejudices of my boyhood, my mother's hopes and plans, the world's opinion, might have had much weight against my boyish love, but when I returned in disgust from that London which I had sought as the Lethe in which to forget my ill-judged predilection, and found Carry pale and heart-broken from fretting during my absence, when her father made me swear on his death-bed, to ensure the happiness of his poor orphan child, all this world united would never have made me break that vow. Three weeks after she had lost her only protector, in despite of her own wishes and prayers for a farther delay,—prayers which shewed the extent of the deep unbounded confidence she reposed in me, Carry became my wife. Say what you will, she owes me a deep debt of gratitude for all I have sacrificed for her sake. 'Tis unmanly, perhaps, of me, to complain to you thus, but really, Eva, she sometimes tries my patience beyond human endurance. Her silly, childish reproaches for every hour I spend from her side, her floods of wayward tears, ever ready on the shortest notice, her perpetually recurring and provoking comparisons between my cruelty and the goodness of her poor dear papa, and still better, that of Mr. Moore. Only fancy, my little sister, Augustus Huntingdon, the favorite of the London circles, placed for a moment in contrast with a parish clerk, an ignorant, ill looking country rustic, and told by the wife he had raised from obscurity to a dignity undreamed of by the most aspiring visionary that ever bore her name, that she regretted she had not wedded the aforesaid rustic instead. On my life, the first time I heard her say it, I felt mad enough to shoot myself, but a moment's reflection showed the thing in so exquisitely ludicrous a light, that I only laughed. Oh! had my mother but heard her, I verily believe she would have annihilated her on the spot.

"You smile, and no wonder, but seriously, I have endured more from Carry in the space of one week, and that too in patience and kindness, than I have borne from all belonging to me since my earliest infancy. Why, my mother, at the very time she was sacrificing her own luxuries and comforts to pay off my reckless debts, would she have ventured on one of the irritating assaults with which my wife daily favours me, than she would have faced a regiment of dragoons."

"Well, my dear Augustus, your forbearance speaks volumes for your manly generosity; but

if you examine strictly and impartially into the truth, you will find many extenuating circumstances in favour of poor Mrs. Huntingdon, many little faults in yourself. In the first place, the childish fretfulness you so bitterly condemn, is caused in a great measure by the very position in which you, yourself, have placed her. As simple Miss Hamilton, she was free and happy, surrounded by warm sincere friends, admirers too, even though they were humble. As Mrs. Huntingdon, she is a lonely isolated creature, an object of contempt and aversion to her husband's family, with no solace, no hope, save in the love of that husband, who at least, if he has sacrificed much for her, has, at the same time placed an eternal and impassable barrier between herself and the simple joys, the true-hearted friends of her early youth."

"By Jupiter! Eva, you are right, and I love you twice as well for showing me with such gentle unflinching candour, both sides of the question. 'Tis a light in which I never saw it before. Yes, after all, 'tis no wonder poor Carry should pout a little when I return home, after having left her a whole live-long day to herself. Were she a reader, a musician, anything that would afford her a resource in herself against solitude and *ennui*, it would be different. Oh! how joyfully would I surround, bury her in books, the bluest and most scientific that could be read or written, if I thought it would ensure me a smiling face on my return at evening, or a free permission to spend my day as I liked, without being troubled with the unpleasant remembrance that, by doing so, I was also breaking my wife's heart. To prove to you the influence of your counsels, I will go at once and coax her into good humour."

The task, however, was not quite as easy as might have been expected, considering the almost irresistible fascinations of the pleader, and the youth and volatility of Mrs. Huntingdon, and a considerable time elapsed ere the new married pair re-entered the drawing-room. When they did so, though Carry leaned familiarly on her husband's arm, though his merry jests called occasional smiles to her lip, Eva could easily perceive that the offended dignity of the young wife was not yet entirely propitiated.

Another hour passed swiftly, peacefully enough, and then the visitor rose to go. Mrs. Huntingdon, with all her early respectful earnestness, thanked her for her visit, pressing her to repeat it soon, but she did not accompany her out under the porch, and her sister-in-law could see from the occasional involuntary quivering of her lips, and the unsteadiness of her tones, that the termination

of her tearful paroxism was only deferred till after her departure. Eva found her pretty jennet impatiently pawing the earth, and Augustus soothingly patted the restless animal, calling it by name. She instantly raised her ears, joyfully arching her neck, and betraying in every possible manner that she recognized him. The circumstance seemed to awaken some deeply painful thought or reminiscence in the young man's breast, and he hurriedly turned away. Lightly raising his sister into the vehicle, he affectionately kissed her, and then re-entered the house. He did not wait, as on a former occasion, to wave her a joyous farewell, to watch her till she was out of sight, and Eva acknowledged to herself, with a long drawn sigh, "that there were ample grounds for fear on the score of her brother's domestic happiness."

CHAPTER XXI.

EMBOLDENED by the success which had attended her two first attempts, Eva soon set out again to visit her friends. Her young sister-in-law's delight on seeing her, was unbounded, and the eagerness with which she assisted in divesting her of her carriage attire, the warm, though deferential hospitality with which she pressed fruits and refreshments upon her, proved not only her lively sense of the dignity conferred upon her, but also the sincere affection she had already contracted towards her high-born, though gentle relative.

"How eagerly I have counted every day, since your last visit, dear Miss Huntingdon!" she exclaimed, as she took her place beside the latter on the humble little sofa. "The time has seemed so long and wearisome; but to-day, I had a presentiment that you would come, and in the anticipation of that happy event, I almost forgot my other little troubles."

Eva smilingly thanked her for the kind assurance, at the same time inquiring for her brother.

Mrs. Huntingdon's brow instantly clouded, and in a tone of ill-dissembled peevishness, she rejoined:

"Indeed, it would be difficult to say where he is. He went out before breakfast and has never returned since."

"Before breakfast!" was the wondering reply,

"Why he must have been greatly hurried."

The young wife deeply coloured and hesitatingly replied:

"It was not exactly that." She had simply ventured on a few remonstrances concerning her limited amount of pin-money, intimating that she wanted an immediate supply. Mr. Huntingdon

had retorted in a most provoking and unbecoming manner, and after cruelly reproaching her, left the house, saying, "he would seek elsewhere the comfort denied him at home."

Eva suspecting her sister-in-law's version of the affair was not strictly impartial, gently hinted at the necessity of displaying patience for the failings of others who frequently suffered as much from our imperfections as we did from theirs. Mrs. Huntingdon, however, was strong in her own ideal excellence, and she insisted so ingeniously, yet respectfully, on her husband's provocations, and her own trials and inexhaustible patience, that her guest at length yielded the point and directed the conversation into another channel.

The long shadows of sunset were stealing through the little apartment, brightening its simple furniture and modest adornments, when Augustus Huntingdon returned to his home. As the sound of his rapid footsteps grated on the gravel walk leading up to the cottage, the brow of his young wife, which a moment previous had been radiant with smiles, became instantly overcast by a look of sullen peevishness. Strangely opposed was the quiet seriousness of manner with which he entered the drawing-room, to his usual turbulent gaiety; and after briefly but affectionately saluting his sister, he turned to her companion, and enquired "if dinner were over yet."

Her eyes studiously fixed in another direction, Mrs. Huntingdon replied in the affirmative.

The young man looked at her a moment, evidently expecting her to rise, but she made no movement, and he then approached an inner door and called loudly to the servant. The summons was unanswered, (the latter probably being absent,) and Mrs. Huntingdon feeling herself more imperatively called upon, rose, and soon placed before her husband, a meal, which, despite the sullenness with which it was served, was yet choice and delicate enough. Notwithstanding that, however, and his own seeming hungry impatience, he ate but little, and after a few moments, pushed away his chair and flung himself on the sofa.

His sister involuntarily sympathizing with the wearied sadness his handsome features so plainly expressed, kindly exclaimed:

"You look fatigued, Augustus dear."

"Yes, Eva, wearied both in body and mind."

"I am sure I do not know what he has done to weary himself so much," interrupted his wife sarcastically. "Snipe-shooting and fishing, are generally regarded as pastimes."

"But how do you know, Carry, that I have been engaged in either?" asked the young man with an

indefinable expression that filled his sister's heart with vague and unaccountable uneasiness. Mrs. Huntingdon, however, entirely absorbed in her own wrongs, real or imaginary, perceived it not, and with the same child-like querulousness of tone and manner, she rejoined :

"How do I know! Why, what else, do you ever do? Most other men have some employment, some shadow of an excuse for leaving their wives all day long, but you seem a happy exception to the rule. Like the lilies spoken of in the Scriptures, you neither toil nor spin."

At the conclusion of this daring and ill-judged speech, Eva, with a cheek pale as marble, glanced towards her brother, trembling lest his impetuous nature would instantly and harshly resent it, but to her unspeakable astonishment he rejoined with the most perfect calmness :

"Well, have patience a little while, lady mine, and I may yet try my fortune at something new. There are other pursuits and amusements in the world besides snipe-shooting. How are they at home, Eva? Is mother better?"

"Yes, a little."

"Well, I am happy to hear it. Have you had any visitors at the Hall lately?"

"None. We have been entirely alone for the last few months."

"Why, you are about as dull at the Hall then, as we are at the Cottage."

"There was a time you found the Cottage anything but dull, Mr. Huntingdon," exclaimed his wife, with a tearful but angry glance.

"Well whatever I may have once found it," he rejoined with a yawn, "all I know is, that now 'tis dull, unequivocally, confoundedly dull."

"Yes, and of course your wife is confoundedly dull too. Well, since you are so candid, I deem it a duty to follow your example, and I will frankly tell you, Augustus, that I would rather ten thousand times, be now the wife of humble William Moore, than the honourable Mrs. Augustus Huntingdon."

A sudden, scarlet flush suffused young Huntingdon's aristocratic features, and he half started from his seat, whilst his dark eyes glittered with passion, but the next moment all exterior tokens of emotion had passed away, and he coldly, carelessly rejoined :

"Pray, Carry, do not make such a deuced fool of yourself."

The very calmness of his tones, so full of quiet scorn, the slight curl that elevated his handsome lip, exasperated his wife more than the bitterest rebuff could have done, and in a voice faltering as

much with anger as with wounded feeling she rejoined :

"Thank you, for the admonition, Mr. Huntingdon. I know I am but a fool, an ignorant, uneducated, country simpleton, but you should have remembered that ere you married me, and chosen a higher and more gifted woman than Carry Hamilton, for your wife. It would have been more merciful than to wed me, and systematically break my heart as you are doing now. Have patience, though, a while, for the task will neither be as long or as difficult as you seem to dread. A year or two will probably see you rid both of Honey-suckle Cottage and its mistress, and then, freed from all further connection with that low, plebeian circle, into which you so rashly stepped, you will be at liberty to return to the great world you remember with such unceasing regret."

She rapidly left the room as she spoke, but the sound of the passionate hysterical sobs she had with such difficulty heretofore restrained, were distinctly audible as she hurried away.

"Well, Eva, do you not wonder at my philosophy?" asked young Huntingdon with a smile of inexpressible bitterness. "It has been severely tried of late, yet strange, it seems to grow firmer with every additional shock. As the fetters that bind me are irrevocable, I have no remedy but to wear them in silence."

"My own dear brother, do not talk thus," rejoined his sister in a tone of sorrowful affection. "I do not deny that Carry has her faults,—who is without them, but you would not sever, even if you had the power, the holy bond that has made you one through life, made your joys and sorrows a common lot. Carry is the same young, innocent being, for whom you willingly braved, a few months since, your family's anger and the world's opinion, the same, who returning love for love, trust for trust, joyfully listened to the promises you made her before the altar, and you cannot have forgotten so soon all you vowed her then."

"If Carry were but like you, my good, gentle sister," rejoined the young man as he pressed her hand in his, "If Carry were but like you, I could never do that, but you know not the fearful disparity there is between you and her, you know not how that disparity daily and hourly forces itself on me, notwithstanding my unceasing struggles to close my eyes to it. Carry is young and pretty, like yourself, but yet, how strangely, how fearfully, inferior in every other respect. I allude not even to her deficiency of education, of mental cultivation, for that is but the just retribution of my former, worse than silly prejudice against enlightened or talented women. No I only look

at her in regard to her other qualities, contrast her fretful waywardness with your gentleness, her matter-of-fact, wearisome egotism with your lovely exquisite refinement of thought and feeling. 'Twas such as you Eva, that I sought, though in my choice I erred so widely. Dreading, disliking my mother's overbearing haughtiness of character, despising the art, and hypocrisy of such women as Lord Lawton's daughter, I was resolved that she whom I would choose for my partner in life, should at least be free from the faults I so bitterly condemned in them. Chance threw me with Carry Hamilton. Young and inexperienced, recklessly hasty in every action of my life, I at once decided she was the *one* I sought, the loving artless being I had looked for in vain among the women of my own sphere, and I married her, knowing as little of her real character as she probably did of mine. Since then, I have completed the lesson my thoughtless impatience prevented me acquiring earlier. I have learned that her simplicity is but shallow ignorance, her inexperience, childish obstinacy, and that she is no more qualified to guide or counsel me through the difficulties of life, than she would be to lead the way in the courts and castles which should be the proper sphere of Augustus Huntingdon's wife. Nay, Eva, do not interrupt me. Already I know what those imploring eyes would say, but listen to me, first, and then plead for Carry if you can. My long habits of reckless extravagance had plunged me two years ago into difficulties from which I have never been able to entirely extricate myself,—whilst I was unmarried, my mother either out of love to myself or to her future titled daughter-in-law whoever she might be, always brought her purse and her counsels to my aid, but my marriage put an end to all that. I, however, never anticipated such a result. I fancied that, after a few weeks coldness, a few severe lessons, my wife would be received at Huntingdon Hall and my own embarrassments settled as heretofore. Their conduct since has shewed the fallacy of my expectations and proved to me, that I have no resources, no hopes save in myself. Well Eva, notwithstanding the cheerlessness of my prospects, notwithstanding the dreams of poverty, shame and misery, that have haunted me for the last few weeks, I might and would be happy if the wife for whom I have sacrificed so much, were but the being I had fancied. Instead of that, however, instead of sharing and soothing the anxious cares, which at length, though most unwillingly I poured into her ear, she replied to my tale but by childish murmurs against the unhappiness of her fate, by maddening insinuations that I exaggerat-

ed, heightened my difficulties, in order to evade her unceasing and wearisome importunities for money. This morning she goaded me beyond all endurance, and though at the time, I bore her provocations with a patience that surprised even myself, the fruits will yet be forthcoming. She has already taught me to find my home wearisome, she will soon teach me to hate it.

"My dear Augustus, are you not too severe? Carry's faults are numerous, but at the worst they are only trivial."

"Trivial or not, Eva, I tell you they are driving us both to perdition, as fast as they can. They are the cause of my yielding to a temptation that a cheerful, happy home would have rendered impotent—a temptation that will bring others equally formidable in its train—that of re-visiting London, the scene of my former follies and extravagances, and the home of the thoughtless, reckless companions I had solemnly abjured on my marriage."

"Visiting London!" repeated his sister, turning very pale. "Visiting London, and leaving your young, isolated wife here, without a companion, a friend!"

"Cannot help it, Eva, 'tis all her own fault. She may pout and sulk then *ad libitum*, if 'twill be any comfort to her. Against this temptation I have struggled long and manfully. The first month of my marriage I received a pressing invitation to join young Danville at his country seat. Notwithstanding the many inducements held out in such a visit, the glorious sport, the few but chosen spirits included in his social circle—notwithstanding the insipidity and mawkish dullness of my own home,—I declined, for the very mention of leaving her, drowned Carry in tears. All similar invitations, and they were numerous enough, I un murmuringly refused, whilst my wife atoned, or at least endeavoured to atone, for the sacrifices I thus made her. Now, however, that useless reproaches and importunities worry me in the morning, and sulks and frowns await my return at night, I will make no further scruple, and seek elsewhere the peace and pleasure denied me at home. Last week I had a letter from my old friend, Middlemore. He is going down to London, and promises me every luxury and comfort in his bachelor residence, in Portland Place, if I will but accompany him. The temptation is irresistible. A lively, agreeable friend in exchange for a sulky, disagreeable wife."

"Augustus, my dear Augustus! you could not be guilty of an act of such cruelty, such folly!" exclaimed his sister, imploringly. "You do not surely wish to break your wife's heart!"

"By no means. I never contemplated such a

consummation; but still, as she has sowed, so she must reap."

"Ah! 'tis not for us, frail mortals, to judge each other," was the gentle reply. "If Carry is not perfectly irreproachable in her character of wife, are you entirely so in that of husband--were you so in that of son?"

"You are rather candid, my little sister, and yet, the harshest truths are endurable when told in your sweet way. Yes, I was most faulty as a son, ungrateful, undutiful, unloving, and crowning a life of reckless disobedience, by an act of daring, and what is worse, irreparable folly. Oh! if bitter, gnawing remorse could atone for a moment's madness, that last wild act of mine would be amply expiated now. Nay, look not so sadly reproachful, sister. Can I recall the home, the friends, the station, I have lost, and then look on the selfish, shallow minded girl for whom all these were yielded up, without cursing in the bitterness of my heart, my own madness. To give you, at once, Eva, a true insight into my real feelings, I swear to you, that I would give up title, wealth and country, to see myself free and unfettered again."

"Alas! that it has come to this!" murmured his companion, tears springing to her eyes. "How sinfully reprehensible must such sentiments appear in the sight of that God before whose altar you and your wife vowed mutual and eternal love. In marrying without the consent or knowledge of your parents--in marrying a girl too young and inexperienced to know the duties and responsibilities of her new position, and with whose characters and tastes you were but imperfectly acquainted--you committed an act of almost unpardonable folly, and yet, how light would it be when compared with the crime of violating the holy covenant you entered into then, of embittering the existence, nay, breaking the heart of the young and helpless being who has no friend, no hope in the wide world, save yourself. Surely, surely, you have not learned to hate her yet?"

"Heaven forbid! Not for worlds would I see her sick or suffering; not for worlds would I harm her even by a wish, but the fond, passionate love I once felt for her has entirely, irrevocably passed away. As to her being friendless, Eva, let me tell you 'tis her surest and most effectual shield, for had she living or wealthy friends, she might have been sent back to them in some of my moody fits and ere this, and at all events, I would not have deemed it then, as now, a duty to bear patiently with her endless provocations and ridiculous waywardness. But you must not fancy, because I contemplate leaving her for a few weeks, that I

intend anything like an eternal or lengthened separation. Far from it, and my temporary absence will do us both good. She will be more reasonable and unselfish on my return, whilst I shall be wonderfully fortified by a few weeks gaiety for the sickening monotony and small annoyances of Honeysuckle Cottage. Do you not agree with me, sister?" but the latter's only reply was to fling her arms round his neck in a paroxysm of tears.

"My own dear brother," she at length sobbed, "I implore, I entreat you, for your own sake and poor Carry's, to abandon your thoughtless project. Is your wife not sufficiently friendless and isolated already? are your own vows of amendment and reform so firmly matured that you can risk their truth, by returning to the society and scenes that first taught you to err? Ah! Augustus, cast yourself not wilfully into the way of temptation. Remember, that you have now new duties, and responsibilities that you had not then, that you have the happiness and welfare of another being, bound to you by the holiest of ties, to provide for."

"Why, Eva, remind me so eloquently of all my troubles!" asked the young man with a faint smile.

"Troubles! call them not so, Augustus, for they may yet become to you sources of joy and happiness. Years and experience will remove the defects of Carry's character, whilst it will soften the thoughtless impetuosity of your own, and all the perfect happiness which the early dreams of your acquaintance with Miss Hamilton portrayed will yet be yours."

"You almost make a convert of me," murmured her companion, pressing her to him. "May your visions be fulfilled! but do not take it as a token of incredulity, my gentle prophetess, if I still persist in my intention of leaving to-morrow for London. 'Tis not pleasure, or even matrimonial retaliation that calls me to it, so much as business, business of pressing importance. Ah! that reproachful glance, that unbelieving shake of the head, speak too plainly of incredulity to be mistaken, but, Eva, on my word and honour! I speak the truth. I see still you do not believe me, and as I must convince you at any cost, I will conceal nothing. Well, poverty, actual downright poverty stares me in the face, and I have no resource save averting an immediate trouble, by ensuring one still more overwhelming, though more distant. I am going down to London, to see the usurious old Jew who has already done more mischief to the Huntingdon estates than years of retrenchment and economy could repair. My last remaining claim will be swallowed up by the exorbitant rate

of interest at which he will dole out to me the couple of hundreds that will ensure us against starvation for a time, and enable me to evade Carry's wearisome reproaches. Indeed, poor thing, had I a guinea in my possession she would not have sued in vain. I never yet refused it to a friend, far less would I do so to her."

"Then, you shall not refuse it to her any longer, Augustus dear, nor need you go to London either," interrupted his sister, her soft cheek glowing with happy emotion. "I trust I have enough, for all the liberal allowance made to me by my guardians since my first arrival here, is almost untouched, for my expenses are but trifling, and that I can place immediately, unquestioned and unsuspected at your disposal. By writing myself to one of my guardians, good Doctor Ormond, who has known me from infancy, I can also command at once a couple of hundreds."

"Eva, you are a dear good girl," rejoined her brother, his tones despite his efforts, faltering as he spoke. "Generous as you are gentle; and though it may seem both selfish and unjust of me, I will yet avail myself of your generosity. Truly, I have no alternative save the desperate and ruinous one I have mentioned; yet, before concluding, Eva, I must tell you that though I accept it as a loan, months, years may elapse ere fortune will enable me to repay it."

"What of that, dear Augustus? Is it not as a gift I offer it? Surely, I am more than repaid by your kind compliance with my wishes, in abandoning your intended visit to London. Oh! I would give ten times the sum, all that I possess in this world, to ensure your happiness and that of Mrs. Huntingdon."

"And you are taking a sure and effectual means to accomplish it. Sister, your gentle counsels and influence, your still more eloquent example, must and will bear fruit. Yes, already have they done so, and the indulgent forbearance I have extended to Carry's failings, instead of being derived from the dogged stoicism to which I falsely attributed it, is entirely the result of the gentle yet noble frankness with which you spoke to me of my own duties and responsibilities, my remissness in performing them, and my many faults towards Carry. True, my own perversity had well nigh proved the strongest, and but for you, Eva, I would, to-morrow, have been on my way to London, which would most probably have been also my way to ruin. At the time I promised her dying father to make her my wife, I also vowed to abjure my besetting sin, gambling, and since my marriage I have faithfully kept that promise. This morning and yesterday, however,

when smarting under her unjust and perverse re-
 criminations, I arranged with my own conscience, that her conduct entirely freed me from my engagement, and that my reunion with Middlemore, would be a return to the ruinous pleasure from which I had so long refrained, and which I fondly strove to persuade myself might be the means of building up anew my shattered fortunes. You, my gentle, self-sacrificing sister, have saved me, and saved also the poor young creature, so entirely, so totally dependant on me. Ah! advise her as you have advised me, continue to instil into her mind, by word as well as example, the gentleness and forbearance of which you are yourself so perfect a model, and there may yet be hope in store; there may yet arise for us a happiness that will amply atone to me for all I have lost, and realize the roscate dreams that filled poor Carry's imagination when she wedded the heir of all the Huntingdons."

Perhaps the happiest moment of Eva's whole existence was that in which she placed in her brother's hand, some days after, the sum which, notwithstanding its seeming insignificance to him who had once lavished thousands in idle folly, was yet, she felt, the salvation of his earthly, as well as spiritual happiness. More frequent than ever were her visits to the Cottage after this, and ever was she welcome, ever did her presence bring sunshine potent enough to dispel the clouds that so often threatened the happiness of its inmates.

With Augustus, her influence each day became more powerful. Insensibly, almost unconsciously, he yielded to the magical spell of that sweet, timid nature, that, strong in its very shrinking humility, won, by gentleness, what no other power could have obtained. The change so gradually yet surely taking place in the young man's character, was really admirable. Resigning without a murmur the luxuries which had once been essential almost to his existence, he parted with his well-beloved hunter, his faithful dogs, declining unhesitatingly all the invitations of his former thoughtless associates. The childish provocations and petulance of his wife, he bore with singular and noble forbearance, subduing, for her sake, the impetuous sallies of the reckless, satirical gaiety, which had once formed the prominent characteristic of his nature. True, there were times when his patience failed, when his good resolves were forgotten, times when his old temptations came upon him, too mighty almost to be resisted, but his better angel, his gentle-hearted sister, was ever at his side to whisper encouragement and hope, to win him by prayers and counsels to re-

main in the good path he had chosen, the path she herself had led him to.

With Mrs. Huntingdon, strange as it may appear, she was less fortunate. True, the latter had already profited wonderfully in some points by her intercourse with her sister-in-law. Her manners, her language, had entirely lost the commonplace, matter-of-fact shallowness, that characterized them before, insensibly acquiring much of the exquisite refinement, the polished, gentle grace, that distinguished Eva in everything. Even her young sister-in-law's literary tastes she had in a great measure adopted, and, undeterred by anything like false pride, she eagerly sought from her, the knowledge and assistance which was so willingly given. But there, however, Eva's success ended. Of the higher and holier duties of which she spoke,—the necessity of forbearance towards her husband, and endeavoring to render his home happy, of supporting the little trials of life with cheerful fortitude, Mrs. Huntingdon, though she listened in respectful silence, occasionally even coinciding in what was said, too plainly proved by her actions, that she thought her reasoning more eloquent than just, a thing to be admired, perhaps, in theory, but never reduced to practice.

One afternoon, as Eva was about stepping into her little carriage, ostensibly for a country drive, in reality to pay a stolen visit to Honeysuckle Cottage, Sefton hurried up to say, "that Lady Huntingdon requested a seat in her daughter's phaeton for that day."

Eva, of course, instantly assented, but the unusual request filled her with strange uneasiness. Had Lady Huntingdon heard of her intimacy at the Cottage, or had she remarked her long and frequent absences, and determined on investigating the cause? With trembling anxiety she awaited her mother's arrival, but the customary cold calmness of her ladyship's countenance, and her briefly explained reason, "that she had troubled her daughter for a seat in her vehicle, as her own carriage was out of order," completely dispelled her fears.

For a time Eva struggled against the iron spell that Lady Huntingdon's presence ever cast around her, venturing on occasional timid remarks on the beauty of the country through which they were passing, but her mother's thoughts just then were with her renegade son, recalling a happy drive she had taken some years before beneath those very trees, with him, young, handsome and ardent at her side, lending by his presence an additional charm to the beauty of sky and earth, and it was not wonderful that her replies were even more

cold and brief than usual. Through many a shady walk and pleasant lawn they journeyed on in silence, when a sudden exclamation from Eva, on whose head a large drop of rain had just fallen, awoke her companion from her moody reverie.

Glancing towards the sky, they saw with alarm that it afforded every presage of an impending thunder storm, whilst the heavy drops of rain that already commenced to patter rapidly down, gave immediate confirmation of their fears.

"What on earth shall we do?" exclaimed Lady Huntingdon, impatiently. Let us drive on to that little white cottage among the trees. We can surely obtain shelter there."

Well might Eva change colour; well might she eagerly, though falteringly declare, "that it was better to return at once to Huntingdon Hall." The abode designated was Honeysuckle Cottage, her brother's home. Surprised at her apparently foolish proposition, her companion, without deigning a reply, ordered the servant to drive up to the cottage immediately.

The man obeyed, and poor Eva, feeling that all hopes of escape were now effectually cut off, endeavoured to prepare herself for the worst as best she might, but her pallid cheek and restless, anxious look, betrayed that her fears by far exceeded either her courage or her self-reliance.

(To be continued.)

Among the thousands of sonnets in the English language, there is hardly a score of good ones. Here is one of the score. It is entitled "Providence," and is from the pen of Leigh Hunt, who, though an American born, is an English subject:

Just as a mother with sweet, pious face,
 Yearns towards her little children from her seat,
 Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,
 Takes this upon her knees, that at her feet;
 And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretences,
 She learns their feelings and their various will,
 To this a look, to that a word dispenses,
 And whether stern or smiling, loves them still;
 So Providence to us, high, infinite,
 Makes our necessities his watchful task,
 Harkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants,
 And even if it denies what seems our right,
 Either denies because 'twould have us ask,
 Or seems but to deny, or, in denying, grants.

"Experience," says Coleridge, "is like the stern-lights of a ship, revealing dangers only after we have passed through them, and shining on bars and breakers after we have become imperilled among them."

THE GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS.

TRANSLATED AND SLIGHTLY ABRIDGED, FROM ENGEL'S "PHILOSOPH FÜR DIE WELT."

THE following translation may not be without its use, if it teach this lesson, that though Christianity, like all other truth, can bear the closest scrutiny, still some mental qualities are required in the examiner, which, if absent, will lead him not towards truth, but away from it, into the abyss of error and ruin.

Put the name of any ably written and profound Infidel work in the place of the "Système de la Nature," and the moral is the same.

HERR VON WILLWITZ was one of the most amiable young noblemen in Livonia. Devoting himself to his studies with as much industry as talent, he became, also, an exceedingly well educated man. Still he failed in getting employment in the civic service of the state, and, accordingly, in part from discouragement, and in part from desire to recommend himself to his superiors, he resolved to enter the Russian navy, and joined the fleet which was about to sail for the Archipelago.

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Illness and the advice of his physician, compelled him, however, soon to return to his estate in Livonia. Here he became acquainted with the Baron von B——, whose castle was only a few miles distant from his own. A mutual craving for society soon made the two country gentlemen much more intimate than they would ever have become had they lived in a city.

On a certain occasion, when Willwitz came in upon the Baron unexpectedly, the latter hastening to greet his friend, laid down a book which he had just been reading. "Anything new?" asked Willwitz.

"New or old as you may please to style it, To me, indeed, it is new; but to such a great reader as you, probably old." As Willwitz was about to take it, the Baron, with rather a comical look, snatched it away, and inquired with much self-complacency "what book he thought it was."

"O, some romance, Baron, I'll wager."

"You think so because I am the reader. But this time, Mr. Wiseman, you are at fault. Guess again."

"A book of travels, then." And again Willwitz made an eager movement to seize it, "or perhaps, indeed,—and yet, it cannot be; no one would expect to find it with you."

"Why not? what is it that no one would expect to find with me? You musn't think that you are the only thinking man in all Livonia."

"That would be singularly impudent. Am I not in your company?"

"You are quizzing me; I understand it. Still one may become what he is not now, and I have always thought I was in a fair way of becoming something. Philosophy! my friend, philosophy!"—(while with a triumphant air he held out the book)—"And that, too, not of the superficial order, but the very deepest metaphysics."

"What! I should be very sorry to find it so, Baron. I should be afraid that it would portend an early death." He took it up, and was not a little surprised when he found it to be the famous "Système de la Nature."

"Is it possible! You reading a work like this!"

"You are acquainted with it, then."

"I read it while coming from Leghorn. An Englishman lent it to me while I was ill."

"Well, you found it a really excellent work, didn't you?"

Excellent! A book resting on such principles as that, excellent!"

"I mean as respects style, execution?"

"Of what consequence is the execution, Baron! A poison, because it pleases the palate, is none the less poison—the greater the reason why people should be warned against it. How in the world did you come across this book?"

"Do you ask how! In a very natural way."

.... Fie! Willwitz, fie! You talk like a parson, and represent the whole matter like a parson. These good gentlemen take the first taste; and then, when we poor folks belonging to the laity want a taste too, then we are sent to hell. Why not read! Haven't you read it?"

"Good Baron, between you and I, there is some difference. If I had never read dry German metaphysics, I confess I should be a little afraid of these eloquent Frenchmen. Tell me how it came into your head—you, who have such a horror of all hard study, so little taste for deep thinking—you, who are so entirely lacking in the various knowledge that such a book presupposes in its readers; how did it come into your head?"

"Well, to tell the truth, one when he is in company with you gentlemen, sits like a dunce; one must once in a while say something."

"Say something, Baron? So far as anything that this book contains, that might furnish you with a theme for conversation, you had better content yourself with being a listener. And then, too, alas! people talk so rarely upon such subjects."

"Very well, then one must turn the conversation that way."

"In order to give one's-self importance. Isn't it so?"

"Well, yes. You talk as if I ran over so much risk in all this. I see none. One amuses himself, one reads, one reflects afterwards."

"When one can, my good Baron—and when one can not do so accurately, then one becomes uncertain, lets himself be carried away; gives his assent, loses faith in God, his peace of mind, perhaps his virtue—and all that is a trifle, is it?"

* * * * *

"Fudge! Suppose for the moment that I did become an atheist—what of it? In that case I would send for my priest, who would confute me out of the Bible, and I should become again a Christian."

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Here, their talk was interrupted by the entrance of the waiter with wine, &c.

"Dearest friend," began again the Baron, "tell me a story like what you have already narrated—about attacking the enemy—about whirlpools—about fire-spouting mountains—something that makes one tremble. There is nothing in the world that I like to hear about so well as that."

"That proves that you have a heart, Baron." He smiled, "But, in fact, I might have told you a little more. You have probably heard of the Island of Antiparos?"

Upon the Baron's disclaiming any very intimate acquaintance with the Grotto, Willwitz went on to describe, at some length, that wonderful creation of nature. The Baron listened to every word which fell from his lips, with all the intense interest with which, in his childhood, he may have drank in the ghost stories related by his nurse.

"Our path became more and more shelving. At last we came to dark a cavern, through which we could not pass, except in a stooping posture, and by the light of torches. Prepare yourself, now, to hear of a very dangerous enterprise, which I look upon as being far from creditable to me; on the contrary, of which I am quite ashamed. I never look back upon it without a shudder."

The good Baron was more than ready to listen.

He sat with open mouth, and already felt the sensation of fright in his very hair.

"We had made fast at the entrance a cord, by the help of which we let ourselves down into the first cavern, which was certainly frightful enough. But this was nothing to the second one, into which, half lying down, we were obliged to crawl slowly. A man with nerves a very little weaker than mine, would have become dizzy and sick at the bare thought of the fathomless depths which lay at my left, on the very brink of which I was obliged to pass."

The Baron held his hand before his eyes.

"And what think you, my friend? Actually upon the very edge—slippery as glass—of this abyss, and thus extremely dangerous, we placed a ladder, upon which we climbed up a perfectly perpendicular rock, with, I confess, some little anxiety and heart-beating, as you may well suppose."

The Baron sprang to his feet—but immediately sat down again.

"What is the matter with you, Baron?"

"Nothing—Willwitz—nothing—only my weak head. I really felt as if I myself had fallen off. Go on."

"I climbed up, and with now apparently less risk, farther on; and now I believed myself almost safe, when I came to the most perilous point of all; and unless my guide had called out, I should certainly have broken my neck."

Here the Baron held his breath—and all the muscles of his face were in full play.

"We found here a ladder that was so old and rotten that it would have been broken the first moment that a foot rested upon it. We therefore availed ourselves of a new one, which we had brought with us for that purpose. Then we were obliged to trust ourselves again, hanging by a new rope, and after we had slid ourselves along for a season, now upon our stomachs, and now upon our backs, at last, to my great satisfaction, I saw myself in the grotto, to reach which, I had risked so much."

"At last! Now God be thanked. And what did you find in the grotto?"

"As for that, why, it was very pretty."

"But, what was there worth taking away with you?"

"How you speak. Absolutely nothing."

"Absolutely nothing!" (with a tone of astonishment)

"And did you come back safe?"

"I must have; otherwise I should hardly be drinking here, your Burgundy."

"Ah! that's true, that's true. But suppose, now, you had fallen off—what, then?"

"I should then have sent for a surgeon."

"Yes! one who would have crept down on all fours to you. Probably the surgeons of Antiparos are extra skilful. But suppose you had broken your neck—what then? Oh, what an abyss!"

Willwitz smiled. "The danger was, nevertheless, greater coming back than it was going. One had to be cautious, indeed! More than once, I slipped upon the smooth, rock-floor; and that where it was most perilous. And yet all this was nothing in comparison with what happened to us while we were on the ladder. You remember about the ladder which we set up against the perpendicular rock. It was here that—"

The Baron had a new attack of vertigo. With lips pressed close together, and holding his breath, he shrank back like one about to jump down from a great height.

"Here, to my great horror, one of the rounds broke, and what was worse, when I had not got a firm hold upon the upper one."

"O God!" screamed out the Baron, while he seized his friend convulsively by the arm, as if to prevent him from falling.

Willwitz smiled, and then added, "I am above ground, my friend."

The Baron sprang up in a way that made the glasses dance, and in his joy almost knocked over the table.

"Are you, are you really, above ground—again on the firm ground? Now God be thanked! (warmly embracing him.) O, always stay above ground. The deuce take all subterranean pits! Stay here, friend. Keep above ground!"

"Your joy makes you quite loveable in my eyes."

"Yes, by heaven, Baron, I love you—I love you like my own life. And do you know that out of pure friendship I feel quite angry with you, because you went into that accursed grotto—a hole where there was everything to be lost, and nothing gained. What devil put it into your head?"

"Curiosity! Baron, curiosity! We live in the world in order that we may look about us!"

"But not at the cost of *danger*. Otherwise, look about you as much as you please."

"Still, it gives one consideration, and argues a brave spirit. What's the need of talking! In fine, one gratifies his curiosity, goes down, sees the grotto for a few moments, and then—"

"Breaks his neck! and that's the end of it!"

"So then, Baron, if you had been with me, you would hardly have left me to my fate?"

"I leave you? I'd have pulled you up by the hair." He stood up, and gave him his hand.

"Yes, by heaven! Willwitz, if I had had to have a fight with you to do it, I would have pulled you out by the hair."

"Indeed! then you make me feel ashamed that I let you show towards me more true friendship than I have exhibited towards you. You said you had a weak head, did you not?"

"That's a fact, Baron. What of it?"

"You have turns of vertigo?"

"Now and then. They remind me of my youthful indiscretions."

"Well and good. You said, even if I had to have a fight with you, Baron." He got up—a step backward—and—the "*Système de la Nature*" lay in the fire!

The Baron was so astonished that he lost, for a moment, his presence of mind. At last, he made a snatch into the flame—but it was too late, the book was already half consumed.

"Sir!" he exclaimed, after a short silence, and with great indignation, "did a good spirit, or did the devil impel you to this?"

"The spirit of friendship, Baron, is a good spirit. Just now, you showed yourself anxious for my preservation. It is my duty to be equally so for yours."

"But what do you mean? You, in that cursed grotto, might have broken your neck—while I—"

"Something far worse than that might have happened to *you*. You might have learned to doubt in God and Providence; and to take from a virtue, which at the best is weak, all power of constancy, you might have lost all ground for comfort in time of misfortune and death; in short, all which is of most worth and moment to a rational and perishable creature like man. All this, Baron, I call worse than breaking one's neck."

"You are raving! I lose all this!"

"You *might*. You have complained of your weak head, and of occasional dizziness. Let me tell you that for such a head as that, the '*Système de la Nature*' is not intended. It requires firm nerves, and an unflinching gaze into the depths. He who has not these, will not be likely to come back. There is great similarity between the two cases, Baron. In my grotto there was nothing, as you have remarked, to be gained, and everything to be lost. So, in the speculations of this book, there is for *you* nothing to be gained, and everything to be lost; and so, too, to carry on further the comparison, you think no physician would

creep on his hands and knees down to me, to help me. How would it be with your priest? The worthy man—he would recommend your unhappy soul to God—lift up a cross before the abyss, and go as he came.

The Baron looked thoughtfully, and serious. . . Herr von Willwitz put out his hand, with all the warmth of friendship: "You know I love you."

"My friend!" and the tears stood in the Baron's eyes.

"Then listen to me. You have just implored of me, with the noblest warmth, never to go down again into a cavern. Here is my hand, I never will. But now comes my turn. Now, let me implore you never again to meddle with books which cast down from their throne God and Providence. Remain in the clear daylight of common sense, instead of losing yourself in those dim shadows. Instead of hanging by a rotten cord over an abyss, keep on the firm, safe ground of feeling and consciousness.

The Baron embraced his friend, and promised him to do so.

THE DISCIPLES CALLED.

The noon had passed, and gently toward the west Declined the sun. Soft, fleecy clouds, tinted With rainbow hues, followed his downward path, Their wavy outlines pencilled on the blue Of the clear sky, in forms of matchless grace, By the great Artist's hand.

Delicious airs

Spring freshly up, while in the deepening shade Of clustered trees, and thick o'er-mantling vines Where coolness dwelt, birds, brilliant as the climate Of their own Orient, poured in liquid strains Their joyous songs. Set free from toil, there stood The patient ox; and from the limpid stream, Mid whose cool waters they the fragrant cud Through noon's hot hours had chewed, the milky kine

Slowly emerged, pressing with careless hoof The verdant sward, to crop their flowery food. Bright in the slanting rays of the red sun Shone roof, and pinnacle, and lofty dome Of stately cities, clustered on the shore And fair Bethsaida, glittered in his beams, Each temple's polished shafts, and sculptured walls Bespangled with gold, flung like a parting smile From his refulgent orb.

And gently swelled, Touched by that mellow light with dolphin hues, The dark, full waters of the heaving sea, While o'er its glowing waves the land-breeze swept, Its cool delicious breath laden with sweets, Spicy and rare, pilfered from dropping balm, And odorous nard, and from the delicate cups Of those bright golden lillies, which outvied (So said *His* blessed lips, who drew instruction From the humblest herb in nature's realm), The pomp of Solomon's most gorgeous robes.

On those calm waves, and near the shelving shore, Two humble barks, their white sails closely furled, At anchor lay—while at the curved prow Sat the "hard-handed fishermen," who plied Their daily calling on that glassy sea, Now, for the morrow's use, their broken nets Mending with care.

But at their humble toil As thus they sat, those fishers of the deep, In their rude bark, close moored beneath a rock Rifted and high, where the wild olive grew In clusters thick, thoughts which were naught akin To sordid gain, were stirring quick and rife In each full breast,—thoughts which free utterance found

Ere-long in words—for they had wondering gazed Upon the spotless One—the Son of God, Whose voice of love and hand of healing power Such marvels wrought,—had, at his word, beheld The sightless eyeball raised with joy to gaze On heaven's blue arch,—had heard the dumb break forth

In songs of praise, and seen life's kindling glow Re-light the glance, re-tinge again the cheek Which death had chilled,—amazed and wondering Had they silent gazed on the poor cripple Who, with strength endued, unfelt before, Cast from his hand the crutch so long his stay, And with a bounding step, rejoicing leaped, Eager, with childhood's rapture, to explore The paths his childhood loved.

Humble the lives

Of those poor fishermen, unlearned their minds In worldly wisdom or in lettered lore,— Yet in their souls, that spark of the divine By God bestowed, was kindled into flame By their high theme, as marvelling they talked Of all the wondrous acts daily performed By him they deemed the Jewish peasant's son,— Told of his meekness, and the love divine With which he pardoned e'en his bitterest foes, Till, as they talked, his spirit warmed their hearts, And purified from the low dross of earth Their heaven-aspiring thoughts.

Sudden there fell
 Across the burnished wave a darkening shade—
 They felt a holy presence in their souls,
 When lo! the Master on the rocky shore
 Stood in their sight. Gently the light wind raised
 The parted hair from his majestic brow,
 That brow on which benign compassion sat,
 And love unbounded—love which only he,
 The Saviour of mankind, for our frail race
 Could know, and manifest. Therefore he came,
 A messenger divine, to reconcile
 Us, wandering children, by his holy life,
 And by his death (of his great mission's truth
 The sign and seal), unto his God and ours—
 His Father and our own.

For a brief space,
 In silence stood he in the twilight dim,
 Silent and calm,—yet full of majesty
 That would have hushed their trembling hearts
 with awe,
 But for the tender pity of his glance,
 Which melted them to love. His prescience read
 What thoughts were in their souls; and as they
 stood
 In act to cast their nets into the sea,
 His voice of more than earthly sweetness broke
 In accents low, but with persuasive tones,
 Upon their ear.

"Come, follow me," he said,
 "And ye shall soon become fishers of men,"—
 They heard, and straight obeyed—forsook their
 nets—
 Severed all earthly ties, and followed him,
 Their Master and their Lord.

Blessed disciples!
 Self-denying men! who for the gospel
 Of the kingdom, left pleasure and gain,
 Home's quiet joys, and the dear friends of youth,—
 All, all that clung close as the twining clasp
 Of the green vine around your hearts, to brave
 Reproach and shame, and fearless look on death,
 For "him the world knew not."

Yet we, alas!
 From whom no sacrifice like yours is asked,
 Are we not loth to follow in that path
 Where Jesus led! We covet sensual joys,—
 Thirst for some draught from broken cisterns
 drawn,

Nor love to sit in meek submission down
 Low at his feet, and from the fountain pure,
 Unscaled by his dear love, quaff full and free
 The healing waters of eternal life;
 Henceforth be ours, that cloudless faith, that love
 Ardent and deep, which, 'mid the insulting scorn,

The cruel wrongs of those he came to save,
 Bore him unflinching on in his high course;
 Be ours his spirit,—may we him obey
 In heart and life,—and as he meekly lowed,
 E'en in the hour of death's deep agony,
 Unto his Father's will, so let our souls
 In sorrow's darkest night, trust in His love
 Which never fails nor faints,—and may our lips,
 Though earthly hopes lie dead, say with meek
 faith,
 "Thy will, oh God, be done!"

E. L. C.

SOME LITERARY RELICS.

"Rosamond's Bower, his (Thomas Crofton Croker) residence at this period, has many literary associations connected with its pleasant memories. Maria Edgeworth, Lucy Aikin, Moore, Rogers, Sidney Smith, Barham ('Ingoldsby,') Hook, 'Father Prout,' and doubtless very many more kindred spirits, have all sat and communed beneath the beautiful weeping ash that we so well remember to have breakfasted under in the pretty garden, 'one bowery morning,' as it was called; and many were the quaint records which we saw, and then noted, of the visits of such guests. One chair bore the Herrick-like inscription of,—

"Here Maria Edgeworth sat,
 And did pat
 A cat,
 Who did purr
 Unto her.
 What is there to make a stir
 About that!

"27th DECEMBER, 1843."

Another chair, on which the name of Moore had been deeply cut,

"This is to tell o' days
 When, on this cathedra,
 He of the Melodies
 Solemnly sat, agraph."

There, too, was Thomson's table, which had been brought from the Dove Coffee-House, at Hammer-smith, inscribed,

"HERE THOMSON SANG THE SEASONS AND THEIR
 CHANGE."

"Here Thomson sung—the phrase I quote
 Menneth that here that poet wrote
 About the Seasons—'Spring' and 'Autumn'
 And here he drank the change they brought him."

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.*

BY MISS M. HUNGERFORD.

"I am the eldest son of the Count della Gorda, one of the most powerful of the nobles of Sicily. One brother, with a lovely sister, shared with me our parents' love, and our house was one where smiled the purest domestic joy, and basking in its beams, not even the voice of glory could lure me from it. Not so my brother,—a youth some three years younger than myself,—for at the early age of eighteen years, he left the home of his childhood, to gain a name in eastern lands, and although we mourned his absence, we rejoiced at the reports which at times were borne to us, of his valor on the battle-field. A few months only had elapsed after the departure of my brother, when my sister returned from the convent at which she had been educated, but she came not alone. The orphan daughter of an officer of distinction, who had fallen covered with glory on the field of battle, was her companion. The death of the father, whose only wealth was honor, had left her to the cold charity of her relatives, with no inheritance but her matchless beauty. And thus it was that, when my sister, who had formed a strong friendship for the lone orphan, invited her to accompany her home, and pay a long visit at the country-seat of the count, she found no difficulty in gaining her request. She came; and not many days had passed, until I felt the spell that her charms were casting over me, and as days passed by, my every joy, my very being, seemed wrapt up in the beautiful Olivia. And Olivia shrank not from the devotion I offered at her shrine, but listened with apparent delight to the burning words of love I whispered in her ear, as we wandered through the groves and shaded walks of my father's wide domain. Yes, those were happy hours, and, maddening as is the thought that they have fled forever, their memory still comes fraught with sweet delight. Every other feeling of my soul seemed absorbed in deep and burning love for its idol, and when she was present, I forgot all else beside. But why dwell longer on those hours of bliss,—hours gone, gone forever! Suffice it, she became my wife.

"A year of the purest happiness which the heart can know, passed by, and then my brother returned from the Holy Land. Nearly three years had gone by since he left his home, a more youth, of

slight and graceful form, a handsome face, from which the soft and gentle expression of boyhood had not passed away. He came a noble, majestic man, whose gallant bearing attracted every eye. The soldier boy had brought honor to his house and name, by many a valiant deed, but I had remained at home in inglorious ease, and although I was proud of the fame he had acquired, I often sighed that I had not, like him, won a wreath of honor to entwine around my name. His return was caused by a severe wound, which threatened to prove dangerous, but from the effects of which he speedily recovered under the gentle care of a mother and sister, who, during his absence, had cherished his remembrance with the deepest love, and in a few weeks he was fully restored to health.

"But not many months had passed after his return, ere a deeper source of envy than the laurels he had won, forced itself upon me. I strove long, and painfully, against the horrid conviction, but in vain,—I could not be mistaken! The sparkling eye, and flushed cheek of my Olivia, whenever my brother approached her, could not be misunderstood! My brother was supplanting me in her affection! The thought was madness, but yet I could not reproach her, and I resolved to remove her from his presence! but when I proposed to her to accompany me to pay a visit to the fair shores of Italy, she utterly refused to comply, alleging that she was too happy in our home to wish to seek for pleasure elsewhere! Too well could I divine the cause of her refusal, but still I dared not speak to her of doubts, which were about to blast forever our domestic bliss. By redoubled tenderness I sought to win her back, and many would have pronounced me the object of her purest love; but the eye of affection could not be deceived. I saw that her fondest caress was cold and heartless, unlike its warmth in former days, and I was wretched. A shade of anxious care seemed gathering over my parents, and I felt assured that the fatal secret was not confined to my own bosom.

"One morning I was called from my home with the expectation of being absent several days. I urged Olivia to accompany me, but she refused under the plea of ill health, although her blooming

*Continued from page 362.

check denied the assertion; and much as I regretted it, I was obliged to leave her. I cannot speak of the anguish which rent my soul, as I saw the distance gradually increasing between me and my home. I would not if I could, for even now it is too painful to be recalled. Enough, that I knew that the wife I adored, had learned to love another, and that he might now pour his tale of guilty love into her ear, nor fear that I would know the horrid truth. But why dwell longer on my misery! suffice it that the period of my absence was shortened two days, and I hastened to my house, a gloomy foreboding of coming evil pressing heavily upon my mind. I reached at length the domain of my father, and giving my horse to my servant, I determined to approach the house on foot. I walked onward and entered a grove where I had often strayed with my Olivia. The peaceful scene was in sad contrast to the storm of misery within my bosom, and every object spoke of former joys. Unconsciously I approached a little arbor, the place where first I whispered to Olivia words of love, the spot where she first murmured to me, in faltering accents, that her heart was mine! Suddenly I paused;—for the murmur of voices reached my ear;—and judge of my emotion, when I beheld the form of my beautiful Olivia, clasped to the heart of my brother! Yes, I beheld this,—yes, more; I heard him breathe to her a tale of ardent love, while in the same sweet tones which in that very arbor had thrilled my heart with bliss, she vowed to give to him her whole store of affection, to love but him alone. I could bear no more; but drawing my sword I rushed upon them, and the next moment, both lay at my feet in the fearful agony of death.

“I knew no more, until I found myself stretched upon a bed, in my own chamber, too feeble to move a limb, or even give utterance to one single word; but by degrees I regained my strength, and I learned that when my servant arrived, and told of my having sought the house on foot, some uneasiness was felt that I had not yet arrived, and after some time, finding that I came not, search was made for me, and I was found lying apparently lifeless beside my victims, and bathed in the blood which had flowed from their fatal wounds. Many days had passed, the guilty pair were mouldering in their last abode, and the officers of justice demanded their victim. I was given up, and conveyed to one of the apartments allotted to criminals in a strong tower in the neighboring town, there to await the hour of my execution. But on the night which preceded the fatal day, six of my servants who, guilty though

I was, still loved me well, succeeded in setting me free! They conveyed me with the utmost haste to a boat, and on the following morning we reached the shores of Italy. In that hour of recovered freedom, of rescue from a death of shame, I took a solemn vow, that for me the eye of beauty should sparkle henceforth in vain,—that woman should be the object of my deepest hate, my never-ceasing, my undying aversion; and most faithfully have I kept my vow.

“With my faithful followers, I traversed the most unfrequented parts of Italy, until I found myself beyond its confines. I had as yet no fixed resolve respecting the future, I was reckless of my fate; nor greatly cared what it might be; I had learned to feel the deepest hate for my fellow-men, and wished to rid myself of their sight forever. I reached at length these mountains, when worn out and toilworn, I found myself unable to proceed, and here I remained for some time, watched over with the utmost care by my faithful attendants. Here we were discovered by a band of robbers, who offered no alternative but to join them, or fall beneath their swords; I was in fit mood to accede to their proposal, and we were conducted to their stronghold; and thus the son of a powerful Silician noble, became a robber. Six years have passed since then, and I am now the bandit chief, but never for a moment have I regretted my vow, for never have I looked upon the female face or form but with aversion and disgust! And now, now that I have recounted events, which wring my soul with agony, dost thou absolve me from the charge which thou broughtest against me, of tearing from thee a toy, from which I would shrink in horror!”

“Yes, most fully! And I would pray you to forgive the want of confidence in thee, which could lead me for a moment to doubt thee! but one thing more,—how knowest thou the ruffian hands that committed the deed!”

“Several of my men were out in different directions, and two of them saw the party that captured the lady; they followed them, until they approached the cottage, saw them after a time return, bearing the lady, and determined to learn their purpose, they followed at a distance. Soon were they joined by others, and they moved onward, until they reached the Rhine, when, launching their boats which had been carefully concealed, they heard one who seemed to be the leader, exclaim, ‘Now for Mount Jura!’ and ere long they were landed on the other side! My brave men sought their companions, and some two or three days after, returned to our home! What think you, is not my knowledge well gained?”

"Alas! but too well! but tell me is there no hope? can I not devise some means to wrest her from them?"

"Come with me to the cavern, for much you need rest, and we will see what can be done for thee!"

Gustavus arose, and followed Rodolphe toward the cavern, nor was it long ere they reached the rude home of the bandit chief. The day was far spent, and several of the robbers were assembled there when they entered, listening to a merry song to which our minstrels were treating them, for Francis had learned the propriety of affecting cheerful submission to his fate, and now he shared with Malcolm the love of the ruffian band. "We are in good time!" cried Rodolphe, addressing his guest, "I forgot to mention to you, that since we met, I have added to my household two jolly minstrels, who enliven many a gloomy hour!"

The eye of Gustavus turned toward the minstrels, who had both started to their feet on beholding him, and the three stood gazing on each other, Gustavus and Francis pale with emotion, while Malcolm looked upon him for a moment with calm indifference, and then exclaimed, "By our holy lady, but it is our good master, the young lord of Lindendorf!"

"Yes!" cried Gustavus in a voice of triumph, for his two most deadly foes were now within his power, "yes it is Gustavus of Lindendorf, guided by the hand of heaven to detect you, for know you not Rodolphe!" he exclaimed turning to the bandit chief, "that those whom you are thus kindly entertaining, are beneath the minstrel's peaceful garb, spies sent out to discover, if possible, the passes to your mountain abode, that they may guide your enemies hither! I learned all this, and because I sought with my faithful servant to intercept one of them, while in the neighborhood of Lindendorf, I received from him the blow that had nearly proved fatal to my life!"

"Liar, base liar!" cried Francis, springing toward him, "thou shalt unsay thy words!" but the powerful arm of Rodolphe held him back, while at a word from him, Malcolm was also seized, by the incensed robbers. It was in vain that they attempted to be heard, to tell their story; to the jealous mind of Rodolphe, the falsehood of Gustavus seemed but too probable, and the unhappy prisoners read their fate in his dark frown and flashing eye, while the features of Gustavus glowed with fierce triumph.

"Now shalt thou die a death which would bring shame to a dog, nor is there hope of mercy!" cried the captain, as he threw the luckless Francis to

the earth, and placed his foot upon his breast, "aye and thy fellow, shall share thy fate! said I not that as living men, you should not leave us? aye and die thou shalt, and by the most dreadful death, the lingering death of starvation! Away with them to the cavern of death! know ye why 'tis so called? because none that enter it, have ever left it! there you will find the decaying forms of others who have incurred my anger, and then wilt thou have time to arrange thy plans of bringing my foes to my retreat, for some few days will pass by, ere want can do its work!"

Francis, and Malcolm were dragged forth by the strong arms of the ruffian band, followed by Rodolphe and Gustavus, to see that the order was punctually obeyed. Francis spoke not; horror seemed to chill his every faculty, but Malcolm by a strong effort subdued his emotion, and while his heart beat painfully, he was apparently as calmly indifferent as if a dreadful doom awaited him not; for he resolved that Gustavus should not triumph in his distress. They led them onward for some distance from the cavern, and then commenced to ascend a rugged steep, on the side of which stood a thicket almost impenetrable. Into this thicket they plunged, and after proceeding a short distance paused, while several of the men by united efforts at length succeeded in moving a large stone, when a small aperture, before which was a strong door, grated with iron, appeared. The strong stench as of animal bodies in a state of putrefaction, caused the men to recoil as they opened this door, but Rodolphe, addressing his captives bade them enter the dark and horrid place.

"Nay good robber!" cried Malcolm, "but that is what we will not do in peace, unless thou wilt send the worse than robber by thy side to bear us company!"

"Do my bidding!" cried the bandit in a voice of thunder, "Or this good sword shall send thy coward soul to the realms of eternal darkness!"

"Well even then will I triumph, for I will have withstood thy command, nor stooped like a coward wretch, who would barter for a few hours of life, to yield obedience to a murderous robber!"

"Sayest thou this of me?" cried Rodolphe, pale with rage, for murder was a word that grated harshly on his ear, "I could smite thee to the earth, had I not resolved that a more dreadful fate should be thine! Yes thou shalt enter that loathsome place, there wilt thou find the mouldering forms of others who have dared to brave my anger, there shalt thou linger a prey to pining want, until nature sinks beneath thy load of misery, and thou shalt die, and now my merry men, do your duty!"

The men approached to obey the order of their chief, and though they struggled hard to free themselves from their merciless foes, Francis and Malcolm were overpowered by superior numbers, and thrust into the loathsome den. The entrance was secured, too firmly for them to cherish even a hope of removing the barrier which shut them within a living tomb; the banditti retired, and they were left alone with the former victims of the robber chief. Francis sunk down on the hard floor of the cavern, and burying his face in his hands, gave way to the strong emotions which wrung his soul. It seemed to him that endurance had reached its climax, and he only wished for the boon of death, to end his sufferings, and yet he shuddered when he remembered that it must now be near. Every thing else, even his love for Isabella was forgotten, in the horror which he felt of his situation; yes he even forgot that another shared his fate, until his ear caught the sound of a falling body, followed by an exclamation of impatience, and the dreadful stench which pervaded the cavern was at the same moment increased to an almost insufferable degree. "Malcolm!" he cried, "Malcolm, where art thou? and what has happened? tell me quickly!"

"Well!" answered the voice of his friend from another part of the cavern, "I thought while thou wert playing the child, and weeping over our hopeless adventure, I would reconnoitre a little, and see what the chances were of either undermining the mountain, and setting ourselves free, or finding a snug corner to house in, but unluckily I tumbled over some poor wretch who for want of Christian burial, is lying in my path, and I fell to the ground; but although I did not much relish the brotherly embrace I gave my new acquaintance, yet I have now regained my feet, but I regret to say that thus far my researches are rather unsatisfactory!"

"And you will probably continue to find them so!—what hope alas! remains for us now? Are we not immured in this sepulchre of the former victims of the robber Rodolphe? and do not the decaying forms around us preclude the faintest hope? No! from this place we will go forth no more, and why not at once resign each hope, and in humility await our coming fate?"

"Avant, with such ghostly council! Why, desperate as the case now seems, I have not the most distant thought of regarding this place as my future home! Why man, I have a gentle lady-love, who, doubtless, long ere now, hath chided my long tarrying; and, in truth, I would much like to feel the gentle influence of her beaming smiles, nor for the world would I have spo-

ken of this weakness, but that you have announced your intention of playing the hermit in this pleasant cell, and, consequently, cannot betray me!"

Francis was silent. He could not comprehend the firmness of mind, or rather, the determined disregard of circumstances, which characterized his friend. Long and intimately as he had known him, he felt that he was a stranger to the giant power of his mind, and he could not but look forward to the time, which he felt would now of necessity soon arrive, when nature must sink beneath the pressure of wasting want; and much he wondered if Malcolm would retain his firmness, even to the last. But his reverie was broken by Malcolm, who exclaimed:

"Now, was there ever so graceless a fellow as this Rodolphe? Why, the creature has kept our harps to himself, while I will venture to say, not one of his ruffian band could personate the minstrel! but for want of other employ, I will even sing you a song!" And at the next moment, the cavern resounded with thrilling notes.

And what were the feelings of the young Scotsman, as while his voice gave utterance to the merry air, his mind fixed on the dreadful fate of himself and his friend. Perhaps the thoughts of the despairing Francis were not more bitter than his own. He, the son of affluence, with a name, to which he added the hero's honors, and life with all its enticing pleasures just opened before him, to be cut off, he felt, was dreadful indeed! And then he thought of all the anguish of his parents, as they mourned his uncertain fate, and perhaps, went down in their brokenheartedness to their graves. Nor was his promised bride, the lovely Antoinette d'Auvergne, forgotten in this dread hour. He saw the beautiful fabric of domestic happiness, which, despite his pretended indifference to the power of love he had formed, even during his first visit to Avignon, dashed to the ground, and he feared that his beautiful Antoinette might suffer deeply for his sake. But to cheer the despairing heart of Francis, who sank down beneath the dreadful blow, he, with a giant effort put down his own anguish, and pretended to indulge a hope that they might yet be free and happy. Had it not been for him, Francis had returned to France, after he learned that Isabella had been borne away from the mountain cottage, and he felt that to sacrifice his feelings, to cheer his hapless friend, was but a slight return for having led him on to ruin. Of Isabella, he hardly dared to think, for now, no hope of her restoration to home and happiness remained. 'Twas true, Gustavus

might rescue her from her present captor, but yet, he felt that he had rather she would pine and die in the wild abode of the bandit, than again fall into his power. Yes, Malcolm, with all his seeming recklessness, was deeply, kindly alive to the miseries of his fate, and although his song was gay and cheerful, his heart was swelling with a load of wretchedness, few hearts have ever known, which very few can ever know. Suddenly his voice was hushed, for a strange phenomenon had caught his sight, and seizing the arm of Francis, he pointed to a distant part of the cavern, where glowed two brilliant lights, which appeared like small round balls of fire. The terrified Francis buried his face in his hands to shut out the vision, but the gaze of Malcolm was rivetted on the place, and after the lapse of a few moments, the lights disappeared, and then were seen again at a small distance from the place where they first appeared. Malcolm fancied he heard a slight rustling sound at the moment, and a new thought darted through his mind. Perhaps it was some beast come to banquet on the dead, and if so, it must have some passage from the cavern to the world without. Springing to his feet, he darted forward, and at the next moment was at the place from which the light proceeded. He was right, but the terrified animal darted away but not so quickly as to elude the grasp of the determined Malcolm, who still retained his hold until the creature entered a hole at one corner of the cave, and by a vigorous effort escaped from its captor. Malcolm stooped to follow, but the place was too small to admit him, nor dared he leave it, lest it might not again be found.

Francis had called after him as he left his side, but in his eagerness he answered not, but now he called his friend to follow him, announcing the discovery he had made. Francis obeyed, for although he saw no advantage likely to result from the discovery, he had learned to submit to the will of Malcolm, and guided by his voice, he at last succeeded in reaching his side.

"Well," he said, as he sunk on the ground beside his friend, "will you inform me what is your purpose now?"

"Why merely to enlarge the pathway of our strange friend, and endeavor to make my way to a place more to my fancy than this is, for the beast must, methinks, sometimes visit the world above, and in order to do so, he must have a pathway!"

"But may not his pathway lead through his den and might he not question our right of journey through his home, and dispute our passage?"

"Any way I have a mind to intrude myself on his hospitality! for if he is so unkindly disposed,

he should not have sought our acquaintance by his late visit, so set to work man, and aid me in enlarging this opening!"

Francis although he saw but little to hope from his toil, did as Malcolm desired him, but they soon found that their progress was but slow, and Malcolm exclaimed! "Now if we only had something to work with, how the work would speed! I wonder if a stick, or sharp stone might not be found! Aye! a bone of some former luckless wight! there must be many scattered about this den! Hasten and search, or remain here to mark the place while I search myself.

Francis who trembled in dread at every motion lest he might like Malcolm stumble over a decaying corpse, preferred to remain, and Malcolm commenced his search, and after some considerable time in which he again came in contact with a skeleton of which but little now remained, he succeeded, and returned triumphant. Francis shuddered as he took the bone which had once formed a portion of a human being in his hand, but life and liberty were at stake, and he plied his labor almost as assiduously as did his hardy friend. Soon the loosened earth, and small stones became an impediment, but this was easily removed within the cave, and for many hours they continued to work without cessation or rest. They had now penetrated to some distance, for the earth was soft and easily removed, and life with all its sweet enjoyments depended on their efforts.

At last, too weary to prosecute their work longer, they determined to indulge themselves in a short rest, and Francis was soon wrapt in sleep. Not so Malcolm;—his mind was too fully set on the hope of liberty which was now strong within his breast, and he sat supporting the head of Francis which he had raised from the damp ground, determined that the quiet slumber of his friend should not be disturbed. Some time had passed away, when his ear caught a slight sound, and turning his head, the glaring eyes of the beast again met his gaze. But the monster retreated again on finding his course obstructed, and Malcolm gleaned hope from the little incident, for he felt assured that he was still pursuing the way by which it had entered the cavern. For more than an hour did Francis slumber on, and when he awoke, he felt renewed strength to assist at the labor on which so much depended. Ere long a cooling breeze, very different from the confined damp and chilly air of the cavern, became perceptible, and they knew that some change awaited them. But what was their surprise, when not long after, they found they had reached a wide open space, and on attempting to leave the nar-

row passage, Malcolm, who was before his friend, fell forward, and was plunged into a stream of water. Fortunately, it was but a few feet in depth, and he soon regained his feet and assisted Francis to follow. It was a stream flowing beneath the earth, and they felt assured that they might trace it to its termination. With renewed ardor they began to descend the stream, by walking in the water, which was so cold that their limbs were soon so benumbed that it was with the utmost difficulty they could proceed. The passage was low and they were obliged to stoop considerably to follow it, which much increased their difficulty; but still they struggled onward for life and liberty were at stake.

"I can go no further," at length exclaimed Francis, in a feeble voice, as he sank against the rocky side of the gloomy place. Malcolm threw his arm around him to aid his progress, but Francis refused to accept the offered aid. "Nay, nay!" he cried, "save thyself, and leave me to my fate! better that one were saved to bear the tale of our sufferings to our homes, than that both should perish."

"We live or die together!" was the firm reply, and Francis, supported by the arm of his friend, again moved onward. Soon the way became so contracted, that they could move forward only with the greatest difficulty, but through the opening they thought they could perceive a gleam of light. Was their purpose almost accomplished? At last the passage became so narrow that one only could move at once, and that, by crawling on their hands and feet with their bodies immersed in the chilling water of the mountain stream, but soon their toil was repaid, for the subterranean rill burst forth, and, descending many feet down the side of the mountain, mingled its waters with a small river, which went rushing onward with impetuous haste amid the rocks which bounded its channel.

With the greatest difficulty they at length succeeded in leaving their watery passage without being precipitated into the stream below; but this was at last effected, and, drenched with wet, benumbed with cold, and almost overcome with fatigue, they seated themselves on the trunk of a fallen tree, that the warm rays of the summer sun might dry their dripping garments, and infuse new life into their exhausted frames, ere they commenced the long and toilsome journey which lay before them, ere they could reach the noble home of Francis of Avignon, and take measures for the rescue of the Lady Isabella.

WHEN the Lady Isabella was torn from the humble residence in the mountain cottage, she doubted not that she had again fallen into the hands of the followers of the heartless wretch who tore her from her home, and deep and dreadful was the anguish of her heart when she thought that again must she be in that monster's power. Her cries, her tears, and her struggles, were all in vain, and she was borne onward by her fierce captors, over rugged mountain eminences, through dark and gloomy vales, through tangled brushwood, and mountain streams, until they reached the limits of the mountains, and the fine open country between the mountains and the Rhine was spread out before them. Carefully concealing themselves in an almost impenetrable thicket, they announced their resolve to remain until joined by other members of the band, who had dispersed in different directions, and who had named this as the place of rendezvous. Their treatment of Isabella had been as kind as their circumstances would admit; far different from what she had experienced when in the power of the ruffian Otho; and now, a rude arbor was formed from the boughs of trees for her alone, and although she was strictly guarded, not one of the band ever intruded upon her, except to bring her food or offer her their services, if she had any wish it was in their power to gratify. Isabella could not but feel their kindness, but yet she was truly wretched. No hope of ever seeing her home again, now remained, unless Gustavus de Lindendorf might by some chance learn her fate, and generously rescue her once more. But this was in truth but a slender hope; nor did she wish to owe still further obligation to one whom she felt she could never reward. As she sat revolving in her mind her hapless destiny, regardless of the conversation of her captors, which was carried on outside her tent, a word caught her ear that in a moment rivetted her attention.

"Now if we could command fifty of our brave fellows!" exclaimed one of the men, "would it not be a glorious enterprise to make a descent on the stronghold of the old baron of Lindendorf! in truth 'twould be a deed of mercy to break up that refuge of barbarism and cruelty, for fearful are the tales that are told of the bloody deeds of the Lords of Lindendorf! Why we, the terrible banditti of southeastern France, are truly merciful compared with them, for gain, and not the love of cruelty, inspires our actions! And although the present lord is of milder mood, his son is said to be a true branch of the family tree,

so in mercy to the hapless tenantry, it would be well, now we are so near, to demolish the castle, and by bearing away its treasures, save mankind from the oppressions of the future lord!"

"If our numbers were sufficient you mean," replied one of his comrades; "but if we had intended such adventure, our starting post should have been from that little cot among the mountains, for that is in its immediate neighborhood, only a few hours walk away. Aye! often have I passed it, for my home was among the dependants of the lords of Lindendorf; but I incurred the anger of the young Gustavus, then a mere stripling youth, because I refused to aid him in a deed of guilt, and to escape his vengeance I fled, else might I have fallen by his hand, for he had sworn my death!"

A new light darted over the mind of Isabella. If the words of the bandit were true, it was evident that the conduct of Gustavus was less generous than she had believed it. Why had he told her that his home, the castle of Lindendorf, was far, far away? Why, if it were so near, had not he who had shared the hospitality of Glenelvin, conducted her thither, instead of leaving her within that humble cottage with no companions to cheer her solitude but an uncultivated old woman, and her simple son? It was evident that Gustavus had been actuated by some deep design, from which a generous mind would shrink, in thus retaining her in his power, and if he would do this would he scruple to tear her from her home? She started as that thought arose, and strove to banish it as ungenerous and unkind, but many things seemed to confirm her in this conjecture. The sudden appearance of Gustavus at the very moment relief was so much needed, that, too, in a dismal wild of mountain woodland—the ease with which he had accomplished her rescue from the hands of the four determined men—and then the remembrance that he had proceeded at once to the cottage, nor found the slightest difficulty in tracing the way, even in the darkness of the night; and then if she was borne away at the instigation of Gustavus the greatest mystery of her abduction was explained, for she could never comprehend why a bandit chief from the wilds of Germany, had visited the coast of Scotland. Every circumstance tended to confirm her suspicion, that to Gustavus de Lindendorf, to whom she had felt that she owed a debt of gratitude, she was in truth indebted for all the miseries she had endured, and dreadful as was the alternative, she was truly grateful that she had escaped his power.

It was two days before the whole party had

assembled at the place of rendezvous, and during that time Isabella had endeavored to awaken the pity of the banditti, by relating to them her story, and imploring them to send her to her far-off home, promising that a goodly price should be their reward, for well she knew that no wealth was so dear to Glenelvin's Earl as his darling child. But this, without the commands of their chief, they dared not do; still they bade her hope that her wish would be complied with, and trembling with apprehension, but still happier than she had been since she left her father's hall, she awaited the moment when they should set forward toward the residence of the robber chief, by whose means she hoped to be restored to her home. Then came the fear that he would not listen to her tale of sorrow, but retain her in captivity, for if the cherished friend of her brothers was deaf to her entreaties, what had she to hope from a murderous robber.

At length the whole party had assembled, and they prepared to set forward on their route. At an hour after night-fall they left the place of concealment, and in silence proceeded in the direction of the Rhine. They moved onward as fast as it was possible for them to do, encumbered as they were with the booty they had taken and their fair prize; but yet they reached the river before the dawn of day, and without loss of time they entered their boats which were concealed amid a thicket on the bank, and were soon launched upon the noble stream. Beating against the current, they proceeded up the stream until the dawn of day, when they landed and lay concealed until the coming of night. Again they entered their boats, and throughout the entire night they pursued their route with unremitting toil, and from a few words spoken by one of them, Isabella became aware that they feared the pursuit of the German soldiery who had been apprised that the banditti were abroad. Just as the second morning dawned they drew to the land, where almost from the river's side arose dark and frowning mountains, and Isabella shuddered as she thought that she must, with her fearful guides, traverse their dark defiles; but there was no alternative, and taking the offered arm of one of the men, she set forward on her toilsome journey. The way was rugged and difficult, and ere they had proceeded far, the lady Isabella seemed sinking with fatigue.

"This will not do!" exclaimed her conductor, in a rough, but kindly voice; "the lady can never endure the toil of the tedious journey yet before us!"

Although Isabella remonstrated, and declared

her ability to walk, yet the men at once set about constructing a litter for her conveyance, and on this she was borne onward with the utmost care by four of the strongest of the band. She thought how different was the conduct of these men from that of the ruffians from whom Gustavus had rescued her, and whom she now believed had been the creatures of his will, employed to bear her from her home, and she felt truly grateful that she was rescued from his power, even though her rescuers were a band of robbers.

Throughout the day they pursued their way, and as the darkness of the night drew on, they sought for a place of rest. Here every measure in their power was taken to ensure the comfort of their charge, and weary and exhausted, the lady Isabella threw herself on the rude couch prepared for her, and with the utmost confidence in the fidelity of her guards, she slept long and sweetly. The sun was shining brightly when she awoke on the following morning, and all things were in readiness for the continuance of their route, but with true humanity of soul they had forbore to disturb the tranquil slumber of the gentle girl, so dependant on them for the small degree of support which her wretched lot might know; but when she awoke, they kindly urged her to partake of some refreshment, and then again set forward on their toilsome journey, amid the rough, wild and romantic scenery of Mount Jura.

Throughout the day they continued to pursue their way, but as night came on, now they halted not, but still advanced amid the thickening darkness. They had not, however, proceeded far, ere they were challenged by a rough voice; a password was given, and the stranger hailed them as returning friends. A few hurried questions were asked, and answered, and leaving the trusty sentinel to his solitary guard, they again moved onward. But now a solemn stillness pervaded the little phalanx, broken only by whispered murmurs, and Isabella knew that they had received intelligence of an unpleasant nature, but what it might be, she was wholly at a loss to know. Another, and another guard was passed, and then they began to descend a deep ravine, but although to the eye, this looked almost impassible, yet the practised feet of the fearless banditti went boldly and firmly on, nor tarried in their way until they reached the bottom. Here for a moment they held a whispered consultation, and then began more cautiously to ascend. They had climbed up about one half of the height of the frowning eminences, when again they paused, one of the party pressed his hand against the side of a huge rock; a door

opened beneath his touch and they entered the aperture. The place was brilliantly lighted up, the passage neatly arched, and the stone floor was smoothly polished. They here encountered some of their comrades, with whom they held a hurried consultation, and then one of the band, taking Isabella by the hand conducted her along the passage for a short distance, and opening the door, they entered a neat and comfortable chamber, elegantly fitted up, and presenting an inviting aspect to the weary and toilworn girl. "Here," said the conductor, as he trimmed the large silver lamp that stood upon a small table, "here for the present you must remain. The females of the band shall attend your every wish, and although they may want the courtly polish of refinement, they have feeling hearts! with them at times should you desire it, you may roam the mountain side, and if you have a want you have but to name it, to have it gratified!" "Then give to me my freedom!" she cried, "restore me to my father's home, and my warmest thanks shall be thine!" "Nay lady, that is beyond our power! without the mandate of our chief, we dare not give to thee thy liberty! thy future fate depends on his will alone!"

"Then lead me to him even now, that I may know my destiny! for I can but ill endure this torturing uncertainty!"

"Even this must be denied thee! for he is lying dangerously wounded, and deprived of reason, in his own apartment, and until he regains his reason, your fate must remain undecided! Nor could we if we would, now restore thee to thy friends, for our enemies are abroad, and we dare not go forth from our mountain fortress, until the soldiers, who now guard the mountain passes are withdrawn; and fairest lady much as we might wish to serve thee, our own safety must be our first care! but rest thee now in peace, secure in the honor of our hardy band! and now lady farewell! I go to send thee a more gentle attendant!"

He left the apartment, and Isabella sunk into a seat exclaiming: "The honor of a bandit power, good heaven is it to this that I at last am come! my safety depending on murderous robbers! but yet they have, since they tore me from my cottage home, been kind to me! Nay even in that there was much of kindness, for did they not rescue me from the power of a more heartless ruffian than the most ferocious of this robber band! yes I owe them much, and I will resign myself to the stern necessity of awaiting the recovery of their chief, I have much to hope, for

the leader cannot be destitute of that compassion which reigns so abundantly among his followers!"

Her soliloquy was interrupted by the opening of the door, and two females entered the apartment. Both were young and lovely, tastefully, and even elegantly dressed, and Isabella as she contrasted her own humble attire with the becoming costumes of her attendants, felt the glow of shame and confusion spread itself over her fair face. With graceful ease they advanced, and desired to know in what manner they might best serve her, but she assured them that she only needed rest. They, however, persuaded her to partake of some refreshments, and then with a kind good night, left her to the rest she needed.

Though thoughts were busy in various forms, it was not long ere she sunk into a soft and gentle sleep, from which she awoke not, until the following morning. A cool refreshing breeze stole into her apartment, and upon examination she found a small window which admitted the pure mountain air, but thickly shaded by a clump of shrubs, to secure it from the prying eye of curiosity it afforded but a faint gleam of light. She sat down beside the window to inhale the balmy air, and felt that she was not quite shut out from the world, as she looked around the apartment. Here were luxuries which since she left her father's home she had not known; she felt that here she might enjoy many comforts but naught of happiness. Home with all its fond endearments came crowding vividly into her thoughts. Oh! would she ever again behold the cherished scenes, of Glenelvin! ever again be pressed to a father's heart in a fond caress! ever feel the warm kiss of a mother on her cheek! ever share again the joys of her many brothers! and dearest thought of all, should she ever again listen to the words of affection, whispered by the idol of her heart,—Francis d'Auvergne. Her reverie was broken by the gentle opening of the door, and one of the females whom she had seen the preceding evening entered. She inquired after the welfare of her guest and then left her, but soon returned, bringing to Isabella a plentiful, and delicious repast. Isabella, anxious to learn what had brought one apparently so well fitted to grace the highest circles of fashionable life, to the degraded state in which she beheld her, determined to enter into conversation with her, and yet she knew not how to do so, lest she might touch a tender chord in the heart of her companion. At length she inquired after the other female who had waited upon her the preceding evening.

"She is sleeping now!" replied the girl. "She

spent the night beside the couch of a sufferer, and now is taking the rest of which her anxious vigil deprived her!"

"Your chief is now ill!" remarked Isabella. "I would ask is he dangerously so?"

A tear sprang to the dark eye of the girl, it was driven back to the source from whence it came, but her voice was slightly tremulous as she answered: "Yes! we dare not even hope that he may live!"

"Indeed!" continued Isabella: "I must regret his illness, for my liberty and safe return to the home of my childhood, depended on his will, and I had dared to hope that his humanity would restore to me the happiness of which I have been so long deprived!"

"From his humanity all who trust to him, may hope! the captain of this robber band is not willfully a villain, and time was when there beat not a more generous heart. Deprived of our parents at an early age, he well performed the brother's part, and when the injustice of the monarch took from us the wealth which had been our forefather's, and sought unjustly to take my brother's life, he fled for safety, and in his wanderings fell into the hands of the outlaws of these mountains, he sent a messenger to acquaint us with his fate, we left the fashionable throng in which we moved, and privately sought our brother's refuge! we since have shared his joys, and sorrows, and never have we regretted our choice. How did the heart of the gentle Isabella warm with affection toward her young companion, as she listened to this artless tale of a sister's pure unchanging love! They had sacrificed much to which the youthful heart fondly clings, exalted rank, the pride of a family long honorably known, the pleasures so dear to youth, and perhaps still more tender feelings, to share the degraded lot of an only brother, and by the gentle influence of their own sweet characters, hold in check the stern ferocity which, as a bandit chief inured to deeds of horror, would soon characterize his own. From that hour, Annette and Blanche, the two fair sisters of the robber captain, were regarded by her with sincere affection, and their hearts soon clung to their young companion with the purest friendship. All the time that was not devoted to their suffering brother was spent with her, and each day revealed to her some new charm, some trait of character to admire and love. She saw that their amiable sweetness held in check the rude beings that surrounded them, and she felt that to this was she indebted for the kindness they had manifested to her, during the toilsome journey from Lindendorf. In the persons of the sisters of

their chief, they had learned to respect the female character, and where she had expected the grossest violence, she had met only with kindness.

By the aid of her new friends, Isabella was enabled to lay aside the humble garment which had been provided for her by the mistress of the cottage, and appear in robes more suited to the daughter of a noble house; she now also often wandered with them amid the wild scenery of the mountain, and gathered the wild flowers that bloomed in rich luxuriance on its rugged sides. Despite her anxiety respecting the future, she enjoyed more of happiness than she had known since she was torn from her home, or than she had thought she could know until home with its sweet delights again had smiled upon her. Several weeks passed away;—St. Maury, though slowly recovering was still too feeble to leave his bed, but sorrow had departed from the heart of his sisters and the cloud of care no longer rested upon the dark brows of the band. Long they had remained inactive, and they now looked forward with joy, to the time when their gallant chief, again would lead them to new adventures.

It was a lovely evening.—Isabella and Blanche had just returned from a long ramble, and were twining a wreath of wild flowers amid their flowing ringlets, when Annette entered the apartment. She playfully assisted them; and when the simple arrangement was completed, she drew the arm of Isabella through her own, and, followed by Blanche, led her from the apartment. They passed along the subterranean gallery for a short distance, and then entered a large and noble apartment. Isabella started back, for by the dim shadowy light of one small lamp, she discovered that she was in the presence of the robber chief, but Annette led her gently onward until they reached the side of the couch on which he reclined, and then, in a few words, informed him, who was her companion. St. Maury extended his hand, and in a feeble voice, bade her welcome to his mountain home.

The eyes of Isabella were fixed on the face of the sufferer; wasted as he was by suffering, his countenance yet exhibited traces of much youthful beauty, and, with feelings of mingled pity and dread, she took his offered hand. He made some inquiries respecting the means by which she became the inmate of his home, by which she was convinced that he had been kept in ignorance of her being there. She briefly answered his inquiries, spoke of the kindness which she had experienced, not only from his sisters, but from the men, and expressed her hope that his generosity would restore her to her home.

"And do you think that willingly I would resign so fair a prize?" he asked, as he fixed his dark eyes upon her, until she shrank from their piercing glance; "but leave me now, for I am ill, and feel fatigued fast stealing o'er me!"

Isabella and Blanche retired, leaving Annette to administer to the wants of her suffering brother. They reached the apartment of the former, and Isabella, pale with emotion, threw herself on her couch, and burst into tears. The words of St. Maury seemed to her the death-knell of her only hope, so long had she been the victim of hope deferred, and now it seemed to her that her doom was sealed. Blanche flew to her side and passing her arm gently around her, inquired the cause of her grief, and strove to soothe it.

"Dearest Blanche," cried Isabella, "Must I then resign all hopes of ever leaving this dreadful place? of ever again beholding my own loved home, my parents and the brothers who love me well? Oh! can I, must I resign the cherished hope of beholding them once more?"

"And why, dear lady, do you thus despair? how has your meeting with my brother thus distressed you? Believe me, he is generous and humane, and from him you have naught to fear!"

"But when I named to him my wish to return to my home, did he not refuse to grant it?"

"Nay, he said he 'would not willingly resign so fair a prize!'

"And what man that ever beheld the beautiful lady Isabella, would not say that? but I repeat it, from his generosity you have much to hope, and both my sister and myself, much as we should regret your loss, would join to plead your cause, and from St. Maury we have never asked a boon in vain!"

Isabella pressed her cheeks to the lips of her companion, in token of the gratitude she could not speak, and the bright vision of hope again regained its empire in her heart.

Several days passed by, and Isabella saw no more of St. Maury, but from his sisters she learned that he was slowly regaining his health; and she looked forward to the time with hope and fear, when she again might throw herself upon his mercy, and solicit his aid in being restored to her home. At length the dreaded, hoped-for hour arrived. Annette entered her chamber, and in tones of affection and kindness, informed her that St. Maury desired her presence. Isabella arose to accompany her, but overcome by her emotion, she sunk again to her seat. The crisis had arrived on which her future all depended, and her fortitude for a moment gave way, and she felt unable to meet it. With many words of kind endearment,

Annette sought to cheer her, and at length succeeded.

Annette gently led her forward to the apartment of the wounded chief, and opening a door, conducted her to a seat, and then withdrew. St. Maury was sitting supported by cushions, his face still deadly pale, and his whole appearance attesting how much of suffering he had endured. He bowed respectfully, and a pensive smile played over his face; but for some moments he spoke not, but sat as if awaiting what his fair visitant might say. But the remembrance that the being in whose presence she sat, held in his hands her future destiny, chained the tongue of Isabella; she felt a trembling dread of his decision.

"Lady!" the bandit at length exclaimed, "tis said that you were torn vilely from your home and native land, by one less merciful than even an outlawed bandit! from his power my men wrested you, and conveyed you hither! Say, would you be restored to him who held you in captivity?"

"Not for the wealth of worlds!" she cried. "Sooner, far sooner, would I welcome the most horrid death! rather would I remain, immured for life, amid these mountain wilds, than become again the captive of Gustavus de Lindendorf!"

A bright smile played over the pale face of the bandit, as he asked, "And why, fair lady, might you not learn to love even these mountain wilds? is happiness and joy confined to lordly halls, and courts of monarchs? or do they not smile on the lowly as well as great? Say, lady, couldst thou not learn to love our rude, our humble home?"

"No!" she timidly replied, "my heart would ever languish for my own loved home, my parents, my brothers, and my native land, until nature sink beneath its load of misery, and in the welcome embrace of death, I might find a release from sorrow!"

"And what fair maiden, should I grant to you your liberty, would be my reward?"

"You have but to name it, and you will find, that Glenelvin's Earl, counts as his greatest wealth, his long-lost child!"

"Then would I ask, the kindly remembrance of his lovely daughter, as of more value than all her father's gold, and in the moments of happiness that await you, think that to St. Maury, the robber captain, you owe somewhat of your joy!"

"Kind, generous man! think not that I shall cease to cherish with warm esteem, one to whom I owe so much. No, not one hour of my future life, shall pass unmarked by thoughts of thee, and in my prayers to heaven will I implore its

power, to shield you from the dangers which hover o'er your path!"

"Then have I nought to fear!" replied St. Maury, "for if aught could propitiate the favor of heaven 'twould be the prayers of such as thee! but thy father's home is far away; and something of danger hovers over the heads of the followers of the blood-thirsty St. Maury, and though they would hazard their lives in thy service, or rush to death in obedience to their chief, yet would I fear to send them so far away, least evil might befall them! But when all others of those who once called themselves my friends, deserted me, one only remained faithful. He, a powerful noble, and distant relative, remained true, and sought to save me from my coming fate, but in vain. But by his former generosity dare I confide in him, even now, and to him will I send my lovely captive; and from him you may hope for the accomplishment of your dearest wish. Confide in him, fair lady, for he is the very soul of honor, and as he would wish his own fair daughter restored to him, were she torn basely from her noble home, so will he restore thee to the halls of thy father!"

Isabella retired to her apartment, overcome by the tide of joyous emotions which came rushing o'er her. Home, and all its endearments, again burst upon her fancy, and she felt the blissful certainty that for her they might smile as in days gone by. And then came fears that all she loved might not now cheer the paternal hearth; but she determined to banish care from her heart, nor let the vagaries of imagination damp the joy of the present moment. She thought long of the noble generosity of St. Maury, so different from what she might expect from the fierce leader of a robber band; but by the hand of woman, the soul of St. Maury had been wounded not. Handsome in person, nobly descended, and ranking high among the noblest of the land, he had been the especial favorite of the gentle throng, and when the rude hand of adversity was laid heavily upon him, and flight alone had saved him from an ignominious death, woman had deeply mourned his fall, and had even ventured to plead his cause, and two, the dearest of all to his heart, had followed him to his retreat, and lived but for his happiness. To him the female name was a sacred sound, and although feelings of stern, bitter hate, dwelt in his heart, against his fellow men, woman had never suffered by him. And when the hopeless Isabella asked his compassion, and expressed her wish to be restored to her home, every feeling of his heart prompted him to comply with her desire; and yet it was no easy task; and often had he perplexed his mind, to divine the means by which

her restoration might be accomplished, until the memory of one in whom he knew he could trust, arose before him, and he resolved to send her thither.

St. Maury remained for some time lost in a reverie after Isabella left him. It was no very pleasant tide of thought which dwelt within his mind; and the anxious troubled shade which rested upon him, told that joy was no inmate of his heart. "How beautiful, how very, very beautiful she is;" he at length exclaimed, "I almost regret my promise to send her from me! But these are idle thoughts! had I known her in happier days, when a noble name was mine, when I might have offered titled honors for her acceptance, then how happy, perchance, might have been my lot! but what have I to do with thoughts of happiness? no I have but to follow the doubtful path I have chosen, until a hand like that which dealt the fearful blow, from which even now I suffer, shall make more sure his deadly work, and send me in all my guilt into the presence of my God; or perhaps, I may yet be dragged to the halls of justice to die by my country's violated laws! but when the awful moment comes, as come it will, the thought that to me she owes her happiness, will be a brilliant ray of light amid the darkness of my destiny!

(To be continued.)

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

II.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns what'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

III.

Week out, week in, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the old Kirk chimes
When the evening sun is low.

IV.

And children coming home from school,
Look in at the opened door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

V.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

VI.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear from out his eyes.

VII.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes:
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted—something done.
Has earned a night's repose.

VIII.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of Life,
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

NEAR THEE.

I would be with thee—near thee, ever near thee,
Watching thee ever, as the Angels are—
Still seeking with my spirit power to cheer thee,
And thou to see me but as some bright star—
Knowing me not, but yet oft times perceiving,
That when thou gazest I still brighter grow,
Beaming and trembling, like some bosom heaving
With all it knows, yet would not have thee
know.

I would be with thee—fond, yet silent ever,
Nor break the spell in which my soul is bound;
Mirror'd within thee, as within a river;
A flower upon thy breast, and thou the ground!
That when I die, and unto earth return'd,
Our natures never more might parted be,
Within thy being, all mine own inured—
Life, bloom, and beauty, all absorbed in thee.

THE ABBOT OF LA TRAPPE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. KIMBURY.

"Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth; but actions are its epoch: mine
Have made my days and nights imperishable,
Endless, and all alike, as sands upon the shore,
Innumerable atoms; and one desert,
Barren and cold on which the wild waves break,
But nothing rests, save carcasses and wrecks,
Rocks, and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness."

MANFRED.

ONE of the most brilliant ornaments of the splendid and profligate court of Louis the Fourteenth, was the young Abbé de Rancé. Originally destined to the career of arms, the death of an elder brother, which left vacant several rich benefices, produced a sudden change in his prospects, and at the early age of ten years, Armand de Rancé, received the tonsure. Those intellectual tastes, for which he was already remarkable, seemed to fit him in a peculiar manner for an ecclesiastical life, and he devoted himself to his studies with a zeal which promised unbounded success to the aspirant for fame. His early acquaintance with the classics was so great, that he published an edition of Anacreon when only twelve years old; and his progress in various other branches of polite learning was so remarkable as to obtain for him the notice and protection of Anne of Austria. Devoting himself more especially, however, to the study of the Scriptures, and of the Fathers of the Church, he passed through the various grades of clerical education with the most distinguished success, and, when permitted to become a public preacher, soon placed himself in the first rank by his learning and his eloquence. Young, handsome, and highly gifted, he became one of the most popular persons about the court, and hundreds who had forgotten to listen to the dictates of virtue in their own consciences, flocked to hear them from the beautiful lips of the young Abbé de Rancé.

Enviably as it might appear, his position was, in fact, one of extreme danger. Endowed with strong passions, those universal concomitants of great talents, possessing a nature extremely susceptible, and a heart overflowing with warm affections—gifted, also, with a person of the noblest beauty, and a voice of the most winning sweet-

ness, he was exposed to temptations which might easily have overcome a spirit far more ascetic than that of the young ecclesiastic. To heighten the perils of his career, his father died ere he attained his twenty-fifth year, and Armand de Rancé found himself not only free from control, but also in possession of a large estate. It was at that period of his life, when pleasure intruded itself within a heart formerly devoted to wisdom,—that he first began to feel the weight of his sacred vows. His thirst for fame had been slaked in the stream of court favor, and the allurements of society now offered themselves to him at the moment when his heart turned in weakness from the empty honors which he had achieved. But the morals of the time were not such as to compel him to the practice of much penance and self-denial. His holy office was but a slight barrier to his passions, and however the cowl might conceal, it certainly did not prevent their indulgence. Living in the daily observation of the most flagitious scenes, and surrounded by those whose rank only served to emblazon their vices, the Abbé de Rancé soon became as well known for his reckless dissipation as for his talents, and while he still continued to utter the most eloquent exhortations from the pulpit, his daily conduct evinced how little effect the lessons of virtue had produced on his own heart. Passionately devoted to the chase, he would frequently spend several hours in hunting, and then, travelling with all speed some ten or fifteen leagues, to reach the spot where his duties called him, he would sustain a disputation in the Sorbonne, or deliver a sermon to the people with as much tranquillity as if he had just issued from his closet. His fine powers of conversation rendered him so desirable a companion, that he was constantly engaged in some wild frolic, and,

listening only to the dictates of his unbridled passions, he was ever foremost in scenes of riot and excess.

Among the beautiful women who composed the brilliant circle of Versailles, the Duchess of Montbazon was pre-eminent in loveliness. Her dazzling complexion, so rare a charm in the native of a sunny clime, her splendid eyes, her fine hair, her superb figure, the symmetry of her delicate hands and feet, were claims to admiration not likely to be overlooked in so voluptuous a society, and Adèle de Montbazon had listened to the voice of adulation, until its music had become wearisome to her ear. Moving in the gayest round of fashion, breathing an atmosphere of enjoyment, and surrounded by all that a mere votary of pleasure could desire, she had already begun to feel the satiety which ever waits upon indulgence, when she accidentally encountered, at a masque, the gifted Abbé de Rancé. The charms of his brilliant wit, and the musical tones in which he uttered those sparkling *bon mots* which form the zest of conversation, attracted her attention before she was aware of the personal beauty hidden beneath his mask and domino. Pleased with the mystery of the affair, the romance of Armand's nature was awakened, and he determined to win her heart by the magic of intellect alone, ere he discovered to her the features of her unknown admirer. They met frequently at the many entertainments of the court, but by avoiding her near presence, in general society, he managed to preserve his incognito; and it was not until passion had asserted full mastery over the hearts of both, that Madame de Montbazon discovered her secret lover in the person of the handsome and gifted Abbé. It was to both a dream, such as had never before visited their waking thoughts; it was a first and passionate love, for, however inconstant each might once have seemed, other attachments were but the semblance, while this was the reality of affection. Tainted as they were, by evil contact, the voluptuous priest, and the court beauty were, for the first time, sensible of disinterested love, and henceforth the character of both seemed to lose the selfishness which had once been their most striking trait. Yet their love was a crime, and however their guilt might be palliated to the eyes of the world by the licentiousness that prevailed around them, in the sight of Heaven, the sin was too dark and deadly to escape its reward. But the heart of the lover was of far different mould from that of his volatile mistress. There was a wealth of tenderness in his bosom of which she never dreamed: his capacity for loving exceeded hers in a tenfold degree, and all the

powers of his noble nature, all the energies of his gifted mind, were concentrated upon this affection. Her dazzling beauty, her bewitching gentleness, her fond blandishments, had completely captivated his senses, and the treasures of his gifted intellect were flung like grains of incense on the shrine of her loveliness. But the fire that burned before the idol, was an unhallowed flame—the smoke of the incense ascended not up to Heaven, and the punishment which ever awaits the deeds of ill, did not spare the denizen of courtly splendor.

As one of the charms of their intercourse was the mystery in which it was involved, the Duchess de Montbazon had given her lover a private key which admitted him by a secret staircase to her dressing-room; and thus they were accustomed to meet without the cognizance of the lady's most confidential domestics. Months had passed without awakening either from their delirium of passion, when, at length, business compelled De Rancé to leave Paris, and summoning a degree of resolution of which he was scarcely capable, he repaired to their usual trysting-place to bid her farewell. The lady had just returned from a ball at the Tuilleries, where the lovers had met each other with the careless glance and frivolous words, which served to hide their secret from the eye of prying curiosity. Throwing off her velvet robe, heavy with its embroidery of seed pearls, and loosing her beautiful tresses from the cumbrous head-gear prescribed by the fashion of the times, Madame de Montbazon dismissed her attendants, and awaited the visit of her lover. Never had she looked more enchanting than on that evening. A wrapping-gown of dark flowered silk, displayed the beauty of a form usually encased in the stiff hoop; while her dark tresses fell upon her fair brow and bosom in all the unadorned loveliness of simple nature. Such was the creature who sprang with joy to greet the coming step of the young Abbé, and who lay, weeping upon his bosom, when the hour of parting came. Again and again he bade her farewell—again and again he pressed her to his beating heart, and, as he kissed her fair round cheek, he dared to breathe a sacrilegious prayer that Heaven would watch over the object of his guilty love.

Two short weeks only had elapsed, when the Abbé de Rancé, impatient of his exile, unexpectedly returned to Paris. It was late in the evening when he reached his hotel, and, as he summoned his valet to assist at his toilet, he anticipated the joyful surprise which his sudden return would afford his beautiful mistress. Wrapping his manteau about him, and slouching his hat close

over his eyes, he hurried to the abode of the Duchess of Montbazon, and reached the private portal just at the hour of twelve. Noiselessly making his way up the narrow stairs, he approached the secret door, and paused to listen ere he ventured to unclose it. But all was still, and his heart beat high as he imagined his beautiful Adèle lying in peaceful slumber so near him. Pausing one moment to quiet his excited feelings, he cautiously unclosed the door, and the next instant stood in the midst of the apartment. Good Heavens! what a scene presented itself! Stretched on a bier, attired in the vestments of the grave, lay the body of the Duchess, while on a table near, with the features distorted by the most loathsome of all diseases, lay the *several head* of her whom he had left in the bloom of youth and health and beauty! Tall tapers, placed at each extremity of the bier, shed a ghastly glare upon this dreadful spectacle; and uttering a smothered cry of horror, the wretched man fell senseless beside the dead. His mistress had died of small-pox after an illness of only six hours, and amid the confusion and dread which always attended this frightful malady, her remains were so little respected, that the coffin having been too short, the surgeons had severed her head from her body!

When he recovered his consciousness, the Abbé de Rancé found himself still alone with the frightful images of death. In a paroxysm of incipient madness, he rushed from the apartment, and at daybreak was found lying senseless at the door of his own hotel. When the attendants, who should have watched the Duchess, entered the room, they found the private door unclosed, and a manteau, which was recognized as belonging to the Abbé de Rancé, together with a glove, stamped with his family arms, lying beside the bier. Death had betrayed the secret of their loves, and ere the disfigured remains of the beautiful Adèle were deposited in the tomb, the whole court rang with the tale of horror.

This is no wild and unprobable fiction, gentle reader. Such was the fate, as recorded in the annals of the time, of one of the chief ornaments of a court, and such the revolting barbarity which characterized the obsequies of youth and beauty and rank, in the age of Louis the Fourteenth.

Months passed away ere the Abbé de Rancé recovered from the terrible shock. Madness would have been almost mercy compared to the pangs of grief, the stings of remorse, and the fearful recollections which haunted him day and night. The image of Madamo de Montbazon leaning on his bosom, her arms entwined about his neck, her eyes beaming unutterable tenderness into his, was

frightfully blended with the remembrance of the bloodstained head, the loathsome features, the glazed and half open eyes which had so lately met his view; and often were his attendants aroused at deep midnight by the wild shrieks which told of the horror such visions awakened in the suffering penitent. But time wrought its usual work of peace in the heart. Armand de Rancé rose from the bed of sickness stricken in spirit, desolate in heart, but resolved to expiate the sin for which he had suffered. With a calmness that seemed almost unnatural, and even led to the suspicion that the taint of insanity still lingered about him, he set himself to the task of reforming his mode of life. Dismissing his retinue of servants, he sold all his plate, jewels, and rich furniture, and distributed their price among the poor. All luxury was banished from his table, and denying himself even the most innocent recreation, he spent his whole time in prayer, and the study of the sacred writings. Neither the railleries of his friends, nor the jeers of the gay world could deter him from the course he had now marked out for himself. He sold all his estates, and relinquished all his rich benefices, reserving only the Abbey of La Trappe, which he obtained permission from the king to hold, not as a church gift, but simply as an Abbot, subject to the same laws that governed the brotherhood. To this humble retreat he retired in the year 1662, bidding adieu for ever to a world in which he had sinned and suffered so much.

His first care, after opening the duties of the abbey, was to reform the abuses which had crept into the fraternity, through the relaxed discipline of his predecessors; but finding many of the monks unwilling to conform to his severe regulations, he permitted such as were refractory, to retire into other houses, and commenced his new system with such only as were equally zealous with himself. At first he forbade the use of wine and fish, prescribed manual labor, and enjoined unbroken silence; but in later years, he materially increased the austerities of the order. Prayer, reading the sacred authors, and severe labor, divided every moment of their time. Every species of recreation, even that of study, was prohibited, and the fathers were forbidden to speak to each other, or even to disclose their countenances one to another. So great was the isolation of each individual, that a monk might live for years with the most cherished friend of his youth—might eat from the same board, and kneel at the same altar, yet never learn his identity, 'till death had sealed the bodily eye and lips for ever. The Abbot alone, together with a few lay brethren, were obliged to retain the

privilege of speech for purposes of business, but it was only exercised in cases of absolute necessity. The hospitality, however, which had originally been enjoined by the founder of the order, still characterized La Trappe; and amid the silent, solitary, self-denying beings, who glided like ghosts about the noiseless corridors, the spirit of benevolence was ever present. But the health of the melancholy Abbot sunk under the severe penances to which he subjected himself; and even the Pope, unwilling to lose so zealous a son of the church, advised him to relax the severe discipline of his monastery. Inflexible in his purpose, he listened to the advice of none, and having partially regained his health, the only relaxation he allowed himself, was the substitution of *intellectual*, in the place of *manual* labor.

Years rolled on, and amid the destruction of armies, and the convulsion of empires, the name of De Rancé had faded from the remembrance of those whom he had left behind him in the busy world. Absorbed in the desire of reforming the abuses of monastic life, and the wish to expiate, by daily penance, the sins of his youth, the Abbot of La Trappe continued to divide his time between writing treatises for the religious world, and practising the most rigid austerities. All knowledge of political affairs was prohibited in the Abbey, and even the stranger who shared their hospitality, was desired to withhold all tidings of the external world from the inmates of the living tomb. Even the Abbot knew little of the changes which society was undergoing at that momentous period, and, if the convulsion, which shook to its very foundation one of the mightiest nations upon earth, when the consecrated head of majesty fell beneath the blow of the headsman, was felt within the sullen walls of La Trappe, it was but as a blow inflicted on a palsied and scarce sentient body.

On the evening of a mild November day, in the year 1690, a stranger, of sad deportment and careworn mien, attended by a few domestics, claimed the well known hospitality of La Trappe. As he alighted, the Abbot prostrated himself at his feet—an act of humiliation which he always performed to a visitant—and then led the way to the chapel. After the usual religious ceremonies, a supper of roots, eggs, and vegetables, was placed before him, and he was conducted to his straw pallet by the lowly Abbot. With the dawn of day, the stranger was astir, and applied himself to the severe duties of the place, with the most fervent devotion. The abbot knew not, and cared not for his name or station; it was enough for him that he was a stranger and a man of sorrow. But even the holy father was moved to tears when he

learned that the grief-stricken man, who knelt so humbly to implore his benediction, was an exiled monarch, the misguided, the bigoted, but unfortunate James the Second of England.

The king's visit seemed to awaken a faint glimmer of early recollection in the breast of the Abbot of La Trappe. The things of the world—the stirring scenes of cities and courts—the dreams of ambition—the realities of destiny, once more aroused his long dormant interest, and he listened long and eagerly to the tale of vicissitudes which James could unfold. But he was too consistent not to repent most bitterly of thus yielding to temptation. When the king departed, he condemned himself to additional penances, in order to expiate this violation of his own rules, and allowing himself to think of worldly affairs. The severity of his discipline proved too much for his weakened frame and advanced age. In less than a year afterwards, the grave, which (according to a rule of the order) his own hands had dug, received the remains of him who was once known as the gifted, the ambitious, the voluptuous Armand de Rancé. For *thirty-seven years* had he been buried in this desert of earthly affections, and when, at the age of sixty-five, he laid down the burden of existence, the errors of the youthful priest had long been forgotten in the austerity of the pious Abbot of La Trappe.

Gentle reader, thou hast doubtless listened to many a tale of romantic interest connected with the monks of La Trappe, for the mystery which must envelope men who live together, looking not upon each other's faces, and hearing not each other's speech, must ever make them a favorite subject with imaginary writers. But it may be thou knowest little of the history of the singular fraternity; it may be that thou hast never before heard of him by whose exertions it was transformed from one of the least, to one of the most ascetic orders of monks ever known to exist. I can only tell thee that mine is a true record of the past; and the austerities which now waste the lives of the solitary Trappistes, owe their origin to the melancholy termination of an intrigue of the seventeenth century.

If others sin towards us in one respect, we unjustly infer that they are ready to sin in all.

Unmerited oblivion is but another name for the ignorance of the many of the virtues of the few.

NOTE.—According to Jesse, the house which was the scene of Madame de Montbazou's death, and of the frightful spectacle recorded above, is still standing in Paris. It is No. 14 in the Rue des Fosses St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and is now known as the Hotel Ponthieu.

FORTUNE TELLING.

A TRUE TALE.

BY H. V. C.

THERE is a strange desire in the human mind to anticipate future events. No matter how fortunate one's lot may be, something beyond seems to promise still higher happiness, and restless curiosity longs to pry into the secrets wisely hidden from the view. The present age is not over credulous, and fortune-tellers are becoming obsolete. But the elements of superstition exist in almost every mind, and among the weak and ignorant they often obtain a dangerous influence.

Some thirty or forty years ago, every wandering old crone made pretensions to the "dark art," and always found subjects enough for its exercise among the young people of both sexes, whose anxiety to learn their fate in matrimony, often led them to consult those vagrant oracles. Not only the ignorant and credulous, but persons of the strongest minds, are not unfrequently believers in the supernatural. A singular story, and perfectly reliable, is told of a young lady whose fate in life was decided by one of those revelations of futurity. She has long since passed away from earth; but her children and friends are familiar with the circumstances of her early life, and can confirm all that is related of them.

Sophie Carleton was a truly lovely girl; in mind and person, the most determined fault-finder could scarce detect a blemish. There was an earnest thoughtfulness in her large dark eyes, a sweetness in her somewhat pensive smile, which were irresistibly attractive; and they truly indicated a mind of uncommon strength, and a depth and purity of affection rarely to be met with. The melody of a rich voice was added to her other charms, and it is no wonder that half the young men in the good city of B— had their heads turned, and that they eagerly sought the coterie where she reigned an undisputed belle. Sophie, perhaps, was not more insensible to admiration than the rest of her sex, but it could not satisfy her heart. She had many suitors, from whom she turned with an indifference which surprised their vanity; and her affections were given to one, who, in the eyes of the world, probably appeared the least likely to win that treasure. But Harry Brandon could well appreciate it; and though friends and fortune looked coldly on them, the young lovers were supremely happy.

With a character like that of Sophie Carleton, love was not a dream, but the history of a life. All her trials she bore heroically, and never for an instant did her faith falter, or her love wax cold. Brandon was a foreigner, and at that time foreigners had not found favor in the eyes of our somewhat scrupulous citizens. He had, however, brought respectable credentials, and represented a wealthy commercial house in Bordeaux, which was his native place. With the manners and education of a gentleman, an agreeable person and good address, he united sterling qualities of mind and heart; and to Sophie these were all-sufficient. She cared not for fortune or worldly distinctions; her happiness lay in the priceless wealth of their affection; and with the warm-hearted, generous confidence of youth, both were willing to wait even if years must pass away before circumstances permitted their union.

And truly enough it seemed as if they were destined to live on hope, and even the old dream of "love in a cottage" was not suffered to be realized. Brandon was suddenly recalled to France, in consequence of the failure of the house with which he was connected. Commerce was then suffering under great embarrassments, and France was at the commencement of a fearful revolution. The lovers parted, as those who may never meet again, with tears of bitterest agony, and almost hopeless despondence. Gladly would Sophie then have joined her fate with Brandon, and shared his fortunes, wherever they might lead her. But he was too honorable to accept the generous sacrifice—he would not bear her from the affluence of her home to share the trials of his uncertain lot. He cheered her with words of comfort, with vows of unalterable love; and promised that whenever fortune smiled on him, he would return to her, and then, only death should separate them.

Several months passed away before Sophie received any tidings from her lover. He wrote cheerfully, entreated her to remain firm, and look forward to brighter days. He had left France, which had become a scene of civil strife, and was then residing in Brussels, where he hoped to establish business connections, which would enable him to return to America, and pass the remainder of his days there. Cheering as was this intelligence, it could not still the forebodings of her

heart; and poor Sophie was doomed to pass another anxious year, and in all that time not a single line reached her from her lover.

The quick intelligence which now unites distant continents, was then unthought of; and in ordinary times, months generally intervened before a letter could receive an answer from the other side of the Atlantic. Added to this, there was then the uncertainties and accidents of war, and the frequent capture of vessels bearing despatches to other countries. Sophie made ample allowance for all these considerations, but they did not satisfy her heart. She was placed in a painful position; she had not a friend to consult or advise with, for all opposed her engagement to Brandon, and regarded her continued adherence to him as an act of childish and romantic folly. Other suitors persecuted her with their addresses, and among them was one who had found favor with all her family, but who was to herself an object of positive dislike.

Poor Sophie could not be blamed for her aversion to Mr. Arnold. It was the natural repugnance of a refined, sensitive, and graceful girl, to one as far removed from those qualities as the two antipodes. Arnold was a young clergyman, a favorite of the day; he had a quaint manner, and a sort of popular eloquence which drew crowds to hear him. He was a great stickler for clerical rights, and a notable expounder of the knotty points of theology. His stentorian voice, his imposing but ungainly figure, commanded attention, and he gained a reputation to which his merits by no means entitled him. His love for Sophie amounted almost to idolatry; it is difficult to account for the fascination she so reluctantly exercised over his coarser mind. Constantly repulsed, often with undisguised contempt, he still pursued her; repeatedly rejected, he was never discouraged, and only a most determined will could have overcome obstacles, conciliated friends, and at length distanced all other suitors by his assumption of success.

Time rolled on and still no tidings were received from Brandon. Sophie mourned as for the dead, for she believed that death alone could solve the mystery of his long silence. Her own heart, constant in its sorrowful remembrance, refused to doubt his faith or his affection. Her last letter written to his address at Brussels, had been returned, and a few lines stated that Brandon left for France some months before, from whence he intended to take passage for the United States. No one doubted that he had fallen a victim to the Revolution.

From that moment poor Sophie was a changed

being. Life became indifferent to her, and sorrow and disappointment traced their sad characters on her lovely features. Yet Arnold had sagacity enough to perceive, that in her inmost heart she cherished a secret hope of her lover's return. He knew that while this feeling was indulged, he had no chance of winning her regard, and he therefore set about devising some plan by which he could impress her mind with the certainty that Brandon was no longer living. Accident favored his design. He one day surprised Sophie in earnest conversation with a withered old woman in a red cloak, who enjoyed the unenviable reputation of a fortune-teller, and being already aware, that with all her good sense she had a vein of superstition, he resolved to turn the weakness to his own advantage.

A few days after, Arnold, with the assistance of a female friend, who entered into his plan, invited a few young friends to join them in a rural excursion to some well known place, at a short distance from the city. In the mean time, he had seen the fortune-teller, and given her suitable instructions for the occasion. He told her enough of Sophie's past life to suit his purpose, and dictated exactly to her the information she was to give, and the predictions she must utter. Sophie was of course the guest of most importance in Arnold's arrangements; but with difficulty was she persuaded to join the merry-making, for her heart could not respond to gaiety, and she felt that her sad presence would only check the happiness of others.

In the midst of their rural sports, the party were surprised by the appearance of the old fortune-teller. She came suddenly upon them, with her usual slow step and mysterious manner, her shrivelled form scantily covered by the old red cloak, and a sort of gipsy hat shading her wrinkled features. In one hand she carried a scroll covered with mystic characters, and in the other a kind of wand. There was an involuntary pause as she approached, and her keen grey eyes seemed to search every countenance, but they finally rested on Sophie, who had been sufficiently indicated to her.

"Pretty youths and maidens," she said in a whining voice, "have ye any mind to try my skill? shew me your palms, and I will tell you truly all the past and future."

Something like a superstitious feeling might be observed on every countenance, as each looked from one to the other, and then upon the wily crone; but Arnold directly proposed that all, in turn, should listen to the wisdom of the sybil.

It was a pretty picture for an artist's pencil,

group of young people in their gay city gathered under the shade of ancient trees threw a mass of foliage over the green spot had been chosen for the *fete champêtre*. The party, at that moment, stood arranged in a waltz circle, and the black fiddler, seated on a stone, had just struck up the favorite air, "Moll Pitcher," while a few others, half a dozen, stood in the background, busily opening their baskets of refreshments, and peals of merry laughter, arranged the group on a broad flat rock, covered with snowy moss.

In the midst stood the fortune-teller, in a simple but ragged attire, while her presence attracted general attention, and brought out the expression of their indignation—surprise, curiosity, and incredulity.

Arnold had his own purposes to answer, as he said, but he could not, consistently with his character, himself consult a dealer in "black art." But the female friend who acted as her intermediary, came to his assistance, and determined her intention to learn her fortune, she led the woman apart, and while she submitted to be inspected, and thrice cut the ominous threads, she probably improved the opportunity of her instructions concerning the unsuspecting Sophie.

The revelation of this young lady's future life, was entirely satisfactory, that each one in the group followed her example; and even the young man, though with avowed incredulity, could not resist the temptation to join in the amusement, and hear what the "old sinner" had to say, though, of course, he did not believe a word of it. When Sophie's turn came, the poor girl could not repress her agitation. She had long pondered and mused in the recesses of her own heart, till her imagination, kindled by the tale, and, in the bitterness of hope deferred, was ready to avail herself of any source which would bring light upon her lover's fate. All the

elements of her earnest nature was stirred up, when the sybil looked upon her palm, and as the lines she traced there, the history of her life with startling accuracy, Sophie was startled; a thought of deception never crossed her mind, and she gave involuntary credence to the revelation.

"Your line of life, pretty one," continued the fortune-teller, "has run darkly, and sorrow has been free to visit your young heart; but here is a bright streak of hope—you have mourned long enough for your lover—he is dead—dead many months ago,—but here is one whom you have not liked over-

much, though he has long courted you, and waited patiently for you; and it is written in the book of fate, that you will soon learn to love him, and will marry him and be happy in spite of yourself."

A faintness came over Sophie—an utter prostration of mind and body—she struggled against it—she forced back the tears from her eyes, and assumed a look of calmness; but the arrow had entered her soul, and from that moment she ceased to hope, and never for an instant doubted Brandon's death.

Deeply and truly did Sophie mourn her lover, and most faithfully was his memory cherished in her heart. But his name never again passed her lips. She strove to rise from her selfish sorrow, and return to the duties of life, but the hateful prediction of the fortune-teller clung to her like an evil spell, and she shrunk from a destiny which she seemed nevertheless fated to fulfil. Arnold no longer persecuted her with his attentions, and his forbearance claimed her gratitude. She saw with pain the depth and constancy of his attachment, and that even his coarse nature was softened and refined by its influence. Long had her friends endured her altered mood with kind forbearance, and her sad grief had long cast a shadow on the bright domestic circle. These thoughts began to haunt her with a feeling of self-reproach. The world had ceased to charm her, but she was not cast off from its responsibilities, or left, a blot upon its enjoyments. If she owed a duty to society, and if she could confer happiness on others, by a sacrifice of selfish feeling, was not her course a plain one, and should she hesitate to accept it?

The struggle was long and painful. Few could understand the sacrifices she made; fewer still gave her credit for the noble but mistaken generosity which led her to cast aside all other considerations in an earnest desire to follow the rigid principles of right and duty. And when, a few months later, Sophie, with a blanched cheek, but firm heart, gave her hand to Arnold, and in simple integrity resolved to bury the past, and faithfully perform her marriage vow, the world smiled maliciously, and said: "So much for woman's constancy!"

And was she happy in her new relations? Alas! with the best intentions, poor Sophie had sadly erred. No woman can expect happiness, who, from any motive whatever, marries a man whom she can neither respect nor love, far less, one whom she has looked upon with contempt and aversion. The familiarity of daily intercourse brought out the coarser qualities of Arnold's

mind, and having attained his object, he placed little restraint on his selfishness, while his total want of intellectual grace and refinement exposed her to continual mortification. Sophie long endeavored to conceal his faults, even from herself; but there was an entire want of sympathy between them, for which nothing else could compensate. Indifference on his part, and cold endurance on hers, became the consequence, and added to these, there was a tyrannical and most exacting temper.

Patiently Sophie bore these unexpected trials, for which there seemed no remedy; and it was not till her first-born smiled in her arms, and awakened the pure delight of a mother's love, that she experienced one emotion of happiness, or could look upon the future without a shudder.

One evening as she sat alone in the twilight caressing her little infant, a stranger was announced. She rose to receive him, as he followed close upon the servant, and with a feeling of astonishment, amounting to terror, she met the gaze of Harry Brandon. He made no motion to approach her, but with sorrowful severity he gazed upon her altered face, and seemed to wait returning calmness. The scene which followed may perhaps be imagined—the agony of regret—the bitterness of disappointment—but what words can describe them?

His appearance there may be briefly explained. He had closed his business in Brussels, and taken passage for a port in France, where some affairs called him, and from thence he was to sail for America. But scarcely had they been an hour at sea, when they were attacked by an English privateer and captured. More than a year he had been detained a prisoner, and only lately, when an exchange took place, had he recovered his freedom. In the uncertain chances of war, his letters had been lost, and few from Sophie had ever reached him. Still his confidence in her affection and fidelity had sustained him in every trial, and with scarcely a foreboding of evil, he landed at B—, and hastened to the well-remembered dwelling where he had left her, and still fondly expected to be welcomed!

Their interview was mournful and brief. Harry had come to upbraid her inconstancy, to reproach her for the cruel wrong she had inflicted on his peace. But when he saw her despairing face—when he heard her simple tale, which drew tears of tenderness from his eyes, he withdrew his malediction and forgave her all. They never met again. He left her, a broken-hearted man, and in a few months laid down his sorrows in the grave.

Sophie lived to an old age, ever a sad and sorrowing woman, and never did she cease to mourn

the foolish presumption which had led her to heed the predictions of a fortune-teller, instead of waiting patiently, and with submission, the revealings of that kind Providence which rules all events in wisdom and in love.

WHEN I WAS IN MY PRIME.

BY CAROLINE BOWLES.

I MIND me of a pleasant time,—

A season long ago,—

The pleasantest I've ever known,

Or ever now can know;

Bees, birds, and little tinkling rills

So merrily did chime;

The year was in its sweet Spring-tide,

And I—was in my prime.

I've never heard such music since,

From every bending spray,—

I've never pulled such primroses,

Set thick on bank and brae,—

I've never smelt such violets,—

As, all that pleasant time,

I found by every hawthorn root,

When I was in my prime.

Yon moory down, so black and bare,

Was gorgeous, then, and gay

With gorse and gowan, blossoming,

As none blooms now-a-day:—

The blackbird sings but seldom now,

Up there in the old lime,

When hours, and hours, he used to sing,

When I was in my prime.

Such cutting winds came never then,

To pierce one through and through;

More softly fell the silent shower—

More balmily the dew:

The morning mist and evening haze—

Unlike this cold grey time—

Seemed woven waves of golden air,

When I was in my prime.

And blackberries—so mawkish now—

Were finely flavored then;

And hazel nuts! such clusters thick

I ne'er shall pull again:

Nor strawberries, blushing wild, as rich,

As fruits of sunniest clime;

How *all* is altered for the worse,

Since I was in my prime.

A DREAM.

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream."—BYRON.

I SEEMED to be wandering with friends dear to my heart, amidst the fairest scenes of this fair and beautiful creation. I leaned with happy confidence on *one* whose smile was the light of hope, whose voice was more grateful than the music of gushing fountains to the weary traveller of a desert.

The gorgeous hues of sunset slowly faded from the sky, and the soft twilight of a delicious summer day gradually deepened into the sombre hues of evening. The air was redolent with balmy odors, for even the simplest flower sent up a balmy incense as it folded its silken petals in the dewy repose of night. The wild creeper wove its rich festoons along our narrow path, and the bramble hung out its snowy blossoms, and twined its delicate garlands with the slender branches of the ever-fragrant sweet-briar. The light foliage of the locust blended with the feathery sumach, the deeper green of the ash, and the glossy leaves of the lordly oak; and from out their leafy covert burst forth the vesper song of countless birds who billed their notes of love beside their brooding mates.

Our words were few,—for there is a silent communion which the heart holds with a kindred heart that language cannot express,—a sense of perfect enjoyment too full and deep for utterance. Yet, even then, a trembling fear oppressed me,—a dim foreboding of approaching change, was shadowed in my busy fancy.

We entered on another path. It was enclosed on either side by overhanging rocks, high and rugged, and overgrown with the pine and cedar, and many deciduous trees, then unfolding their young leaves in the sweet freshness of early summer. The arid peaks of the highest rocks were redeemed from barrenness by a silvery moss which spread over them its branching fibres, like a net-work of delicate coral, and every humid spot was bright with mosses soft as velvet, and of the richest hues. The graceful maiden-hair hung out its slender leaves from every broken fissure,—the pale anemone was seen clustered in sunny nooks, and the modest violet raised its soft blue eye to the light of heaven, from each shady recess, and mingled its perfumed breath with the spicy odors distilling from a thousand opening buds and dewy blossoms.

We entered a narrow path, leading by rugged steps to the summit of the rocks, our feet often arrested by tangled drapery of shrubs and creep-

ing plants; and often we paused as some new vista opened, and fresh glimpses of beauty were revealed, shifting at every turn, yet ever harmonious and complete. We sat down on a mossy seat, shadowed by a stately pine that had struck its roots into a crevice of the rock; and there the path abruptly terminated on the verge of a tremendous precipice, from which the eye looked down to such a depth, that the tallest forest trees below appeared like waving reeds. There lay the narrow valley through which we had passed to gain the ascent, and already the shades of evening had gathered thick around it, and the soft dews which rose from its verdant bosom, were charged with the rich offering of its evening perfume.

The cloudless heavens were brilliant with their starry constellations, and, resplendent above all, the evening star shone out amid the fading tints which still lingered in the western sky. A pale light glimmered on the trees which lay in shadow on the eastern horizon, and then the full-orbed moon, slowly rising, bathed them with a flood of silver light, and far down in the woodland depths, each trembling leaf, and every lowly shrub, was shimmering in the pearly lustre. The craggy rocks assumed innumerable fantastic forms as they stood out and caught the shifting light and shade, while the narrow valley still lay slumbering in repose, shadowed by protecting rocks, and canopied by o'er-arching trees.

The scene was changed. Another summer had returned, and again I wandered with the sister and the friend of my heart, among the familiar scenes of early and happy remembrance. It was once more in the fading twilight of a lovely summer day, and the verdure, bloom and fragrance of that delicious season, were scattered in profusion around us. We rested on a grassy bank, and decked ourselves with sweet, early flowers; behind us were the sheltered valley and the frowning rocks we had so often trod with free steps and hearts that knew no care, and before us sparkled a fairy lake, its crystal waters reflecting the last rosy tint of the sun's departed glory. The broad leaves of the water-lily floated on its smooth surface, and innumerable gold fishes, sporting in security, displayed their brilliant hues, as they darted through the transparent element. A few graceful trees drooped to the water's edge, and beyond were lovely fields, terminated by a range of undulating hills, which bounded the prospect, and seemed to shut out the heartless world from this little paradise of love and contentment. The song of the birds was hushed; not a leaf trembled, nor a murmur rose on the still air; star after star

came forth in the pure arch of heaven, and cast their image on the clear water which lay like a mirror beneath them.

Again the scene was changed. I seemed transported to a distant region, far from the scenes I loved, and the friends who were dearer to me than life. I was surrounded by the gay and happy, and immersed in the pleasures of a crowded city. Still the voice of friendship, and the familiar tones of affection sounded in my ear,—I listened to the flatterer with a smile, and mingled with the gayest of the heartless throng. But often, in the midst of mirth, the tear started unbidden to my eye, and surrounded by all that could minister to delight, my thoughts constantly reverted to scenes dear to memory, and to friends far away, who were more precious to me than the homage of a world.

Once more the scene was changed. I was again in the home of my childhood, but where were the dear ones whom I had left there but some brief months before? I wandered *alone* through the narrow valley, hallowed by a thousand remembrances of joy, and visions of youthful hope; the verdure and perfume had fled before the frosts of approaching winter, and the hollow blast of autumn swept mournfully through the leafless trees.

I climbed the highest rocks, now stripped of the beautiful summer drapery which had adorned them; I rested beside the fairy lake,—the scared leaves of autumn floated on its bosom, and the spirit of desolation subjected all nature to its sway.

Yet Spring would again return, and the trees put forth their leaves, and the flowers expand their blossoms, and exhale their sweetness,—but could it restore the friends who had passed away? could it bring back the love which gave light and music to this glorious scene? I awoke. Was it a dream!

Alas! how fleeting are the visions of enjoyment,—how enduring the remembrance of pain and disappointment! Years may pass away; but through all the vicissitudes of life—amidst the storms which must disturb, and the brief sunshine which may sometimes gild it, never will the impression of that sweet vision be effaced from my heart and memory.

C. H.

WHATEVER is highest and holiest is tinged with melancholy. The eye of genius has always a plaintive expression, and its natural language is pathos. A prophet is sadder than other men; and he who was greater than all prophets, was a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief.

ALL THE UNIVERSE IN MOTION.—If, for a moment, we imagine the acuteness of our senses preternaturally heightened to the extreme limits of telescopic vision, and bring together events separated by wide intervals of time, the apparent repose which reigns in space will suddenly vanish, countless stars will be seen moving in groups in various directions; nebulae wandering, condensing are dissolving, like cosnical clouds; the milky way breaking up in parts, and its veil rent asunder. In every point of the celestial vault, we should recognize the dominion of progressive movement, as on the surface of the earth, where vegetation is constantly putting forth its leaves and buds, and unfolding its blossoms. The celebrated Spanish botanist, Cavanilles, first conceived the possibility of "seeing grass grow," by placing the horizontal micrometer wire of a telescope, with a high magnifying power, at one time on the point of the bamboo-shoot, and at another on the rapidly unfolding flowering stem of an American aloe; precisely as the astronomer places the cross wires on a culminating star. Throughout the whole life of physical nature—in the organic as in the sidereal world—existence, preservation, production, and developement, are alike associated with motion as their essential condition.

—*Humboldt's Cosmos.*

A BEAUTIFUL PASSAGE. Lord Morpeth, in one of his addresses to the electors of the West Riding of Yorkshire, England, uttered the following beautiful passage:

"Reference has frequently been made to the reigns of our former female Sovereigns, and indeed every Englishman must fondly look back to the wisdom of Elizabeth and the victories of Anne. But, in shaping the desired career of their fair and young successor, we do not wish that her name should rise above the wrecks of the armada; we do not seek to emblazon her throne with the trophies of such fields as Blenheim, or the yet more transcendent Waterloo. Let her have glories, but such as are not drained from the treasury or dimmed with the blood of her people. Let hers be the glories of peace, of industry, of commerce, and of genius; of justice made more accessible; of education made more universal; of virtue more honored; of religion more beloved; of holding forth the earliest Gospel to light the unawakened nations; the glories that arise from gratitude for benefits conferred; and the blessings of a loyal and chivalrous, because a contented and admiring people."

LINES BY B. SIMMONS.

INSCRIBED TO LADY E. S. WORTLEY, AND SUGGESTED
BY A SKETCH IN THE "KEEPSAKE" FOR 1837.

"I immediately followed Mademoiselle Rose into the chamber, and was introduced to the mother of Napoleon. Madam Lætitia was at that time *eighty-three* years of age, and never did I see a person so advanced in life, with a brow and countenance so beaming with expression and undiminished intelligence; the quietness and brilliancy of her large sparkling eye were most remarkable. She was laid on a snow-white bed in one corner of the room, to which, she told me, she had been confined for three years, having, as long ago as that, had the misfortune to break her leg. The room was completely hung round with pictures, large, full length portraits of her family, which covered every portion of the wall. All those of her sons who had attained to the regal dignity were represented in their royal robes; Napoleon, I believe, in the gorgeous apparel he wore at his coronation. * * * *

She then, seeing us looking earnestly at the magnificent picture of Napoleon, which was hung close to the side of her bed, asked if we did not admire it, gazing, herself, at it proudly and fondly, and saying, 'Cela ressemble beaucoup à l'Empereur; oui, cela lui ressemble beaucoup!' *

After having attentively examined all these interesting pictures, I returned to take my place beside the bed of the venerable lady. I could not help feeling that she must exist, as it were, in a world of dreams, in a world of her own, or rather of memory's creation, with all these splendid shadows around her, that silently but eloquently spoke of the days departed. She then commissioned me to say a thousand affectionate things to Lady D. Stuart, and charged me to tell her that she ardently hoped that she would come and pay her a visit in the ensuing winter: adding, with a tone and manner that I shall never forget, so profound and mournful was the impression it made on me:—'Je vous en prie dites à ma chère Christine que je suis seule ici.'

—*A Visit to Madame Lætitia, mother of Napoleon—KEEPSAKE, 1837.*—[Lady Dudley Stuart is daughter to Lucien Bonaparte, and Lady E. S. Wortley, who visited the old lady, is daughter to the Duke of Rutland, and married to the second son of Lord Wharnclyffe.]

It was the noon of a Roman day that lit with mellow gloom,
Through marble-shafted windows deep, a grandly solemn room,

Where, shadowed o'er with canopy, and pillowed upon down,
An aged woman lay unwatched—like perishing renown.

No crowned one she; though, in the pale and venerable grace
Of her worn cheek and lofty brow, might observation trace—
And in her dark eye's flash—a fire and energy to give
Life unto sons, whose sceptre-swords should vanquish all that live.

Strange looked that lady old, reclined upon her lonely bed
In that vast chamber, echoing not to page or maiden's tread;
And stranger still the gorgeous forms, in portrait, that glanced round,
From the high walls, with cold bright looks more eloquent than sound.

They were her children. Never yet, since with the primal beam,
Fair painting brought on rainbow wings its own immortal dream,
Did one fond mother give such race beneath its smile to glow,
As they who now back on her brow their pictured glories throw.

Her daughters there—the beautiful!—look'd down in dazzling sheen;
One lovelier than the Queen of Love—one crown'd an earthly Queen!
Her sons—the proud—the Paladins! with diadem and plume,
Each leaning on his sceptered arm, made empire of that room.

But, right before her couch's foot, one mightiest picture blazed—
One august form, to which her eyes incessantly were raised;—
A monarch's, too!—and monarch-like, the artist's hand had bound him,
With jewell'd belt, imperial sword, and ermin'd purple round him.

One well might deem from the white flags that o'er him flashed and rolled,
Where the puissant lily laughed and waved its bannered gold,
And from the Lombard's iron crown beneath his hand which lay,
That Charlemagne had burst death's reign, and leaped again to day!

How gleamed that awful countenance, magnificently stern !
 In its dark smile and smiting look, what destiny we learn !
 The laurel simply wreathes that brow, while nations watch its nod,
 As though he scoff'd all pomp below the thunderbolts of God.
 Such was the scene—the noontide hour—which, after many a year,
 Had swept above the memory of his meteor-like career—
 Saw the mother of the mightiest—Napoleon's mother—lie,
 With the living dead around her, with the past before her eye !
 She saw her son—of whom the Seer in Patmos bare record—
 Who broke one seal—one vial poured—wild angel of the Lord !
 She saw him shadow earth beneath the terrors of his face,
 And lived and knew that the hoarse sew-mew wailed o'er his burial-place.

VICTOR HUGO.

The celebrated poet, dramatist, and novelist, is a short man, of apparently thirty-five, although he must be considerably older than he appears. In form he is full, in stature low. His head seems vastly disproportioned to his body. The forehead is immense, and white as snow, although he is not bald. His hair is black, complexion blonde, mouth, nose and chin small, as well as his eyes, which are dark, and overhung by the brow; expression thoughtful and rather sad. His neck is so short, and his shoulders so broad, that he seems to wear his monestrous head, like the Patagonians, between his shoulders. Nevertheless, Hugo has by no means an ugly or uninteresting person. His dress (and one may as well attempt to sketch the outline of a horse without his hide, as to convey the least idea of a man without his dress,) was a dark frock, blue pants and white vest, with collar *à la Byron*. This matter of the collar is a peculiarity in Paris. Everybody wears a standing collar except Hugo and Montalembert, and almost every one but these wears short hair.

Hugo seemed always extremely busy when I was in the Chamber, reading pamphlets, or opening and reading letters, and answering them; and at the same time laughing and chatting, with

great animation and humor, to the numerous members who called at his desk. As a man of genius and letters, Victor Hugo stands in the very first rank in France. As a legislator—as a popular speaker, however, he seems not to have been so entirely successful. How much of this ill success has been owing to that absence of practical ability which men of genius often exhibit in the management or discussion of public affairs, and how much has been owing to that feeling of jealousy so often exhibited by practical men at any infringement of men of letters upon what they deem their prerogatives, is not easily determined. It is, however, very certain that the great poet was by no means successful in his first appearance in the Tribune, and that he has not been there since.

A caricature of Hugo has recently caused some little merriment, as it has collected a crowd at the windows of the print shops. It represents a short, fat little man, with a huge head, sitting in a contemplative attitude, pen in hand, upon a pile of books, lettered Poetry, Romance, Drama, &c. These books rest upon a chest filled with bags, and labelled "Rentex." Hugo is wealthy. Upon this pile of books sits the little man with a big head, his elbow reposing against the towers of Notre Dame, one heel resting on the dome of the French Academy, and the other upon the Theatre Français while on his right is Porte St. Martin. In the back ground are caught glimpses of the most unearthly objects that one would suppose even the imagination of the "Prince of Horrors" could evoke. There are various amusing *pendants* to the piece. For instance, a swarm of little fellows are striving to climb the great poet's legs, and to kiss the soles of his boots. The application of the caricature to Hugo is easy at Paris.

LITERARY VANITY.—There is much knowledge of human nature, as well as keen satire, in the tale which Addison tells of the Atheist, who, bewailing on his death-bed the mischief his works would do after he was gone, quickly repented of his repentance, when his spiritual adviser unhappily sought to alleviate his grief by assuring him that his arguments were so weak, and his writings so little known, that he need not be under any apprehensions. The dying man had still so much of the frailty of an author in him, as to be cut to the heart with these consolations; and, without answering the good man, asked his friends where they had picked up such a blockhead, and whether they thought him a proper person to attend one in his condition.

SIGHT SEEING.

BY H. V. C.

WHAT a universal passion is that of Sight Seeing! The veriest infant stretches out its little arms and crows its note of admiration at some passing pageant, and children most of us remain in this passion for excitement and love of brilliant shows. The policy of all nations has ever been to sanction gala-days and festivals, civil processions and military shows, and thus the common people have been kept amused, and their attention diverted from the subtle game which those in authority played at their own discretion, or for their own selfish ends. The throne has been upheld by pageantry, and *tabooed* by conventionalities; and the people in their vain egotism have identified themselves with its glory, and sheltered by the gilded shadow of royalty, submitted to eat the crumbs, awarded them in return for their hard labor which gave stability to that throne, and encircled it with splendor. Even the plain chair of state that holds republican dignity, must be taken with some civic pomp to please the sovereign people who hold it at their disposal.

In the days of ignorance and barbarism, one could scarcely wonder at such things. The masses were then swayed by outward, tangible forms; they were scarcely permitted to know that they had an inward, independent life, and in their freedom from thought and responsibility turned eagerly to the splendid shows got up as food for their contentment. The ancient Jews, singular in their pure theocracy, but still in the childhood of the world, required the terrors of the law, manifested by external signs and miracles, to quell their murmuring and rebellion; and but for sacrifices and oblations, for the gorgeous ceremonies and imposing ritual of their religion, through which their minds were fixed on the one great idea of a Supreme Being, their worship would have degenerated into materialism, and their sensual minds have bowed down before the idols of the heathen.

The Christian era brought some advance in civilization, but still the common people were doomed to ignorance, and scarcely had the first simple age of Christianity passed away, before man's craft invented new fetters for the intellect, and bound down the conscience to an iron sway. Scarcely had the Roman plough-share levelled the walls of Jerusalem, and razed the last stones of its ancient temple, when a new Church arose,

and a spiritual throne was founded, girt round with outward splendor, which, for ages, held the freedom of mind, and the liberty of states in abeyance to its selfish policy. All the world lay in thick darkness, save where, in a few mountain passes and solitary valleys, a remnant of brave and pious hearts offered up their worship to God in the simplicity of their early faith, and there, as in the Ark of the old Covenant, the pure spirit of religion found a resting place, and was preserved.

All that could exalt the Church in the eyes of the world, of imposing pomp and splendor, was lavishly bestowed upon it. Then were its feast days held with surpassing magnificence—its processions led by high dignitaries robed in gold and purple, cardinals and mitred abbots, and long trains of chanting monks, and ever the ranks were swelled by devotees and superstitious followers. The Church was at the zenith of its glory, but never has man been found so ignorant and besotted, and at no period was Sight Seeing so universal and so eagerly sought after, as in that age of darkness and fanaticism.

We can fancy the gigantic army of crusaders, winding through the heart of Europe, with banners floating and martial music pealing—an incongruous multitude of mail-clad knights and mendicant friars—the flower of chivalry and humble artisans, princes and peasants, and at each advancing step, thousands flocking to the holy standard which was upheld by consecrated hands. All were pressing on with stern enthusiasm to carry fire and sword into a peaceful land, and in God's name to commit deeds of violence at which humanity recoils. With what shouts of applause was that *holy army* followed in its course—what welcome rung from every city—how many eyes gazed upon it with proud and admiring superstition! But beneath the coat of mail and monkish cowl, what passions raged—what lust of power, ambition, cruelty and revenge—all masked by fair profession and burning zeal for the holy cross and sepulchre! And among the tens of thousands who looked on and bade them God speed, how few hearts beat warmly with that human love, that divine compassion, and those self-sacrificing, lowly virtues which are symbolized by that cross and sepulchre! In that imposing display, men were not elevated and made wiser or better, for no generous enthusiasm or lofty aspirations were

ever kindled by the false lights of bigotry and superstition.

No spectacle can be considered grand, unless it represent some great sentiment or idea. If these are puerile or exaggerated, their effect is lost; there must be sympathy between the eye and the mind, or the most imposing show is unsatisfactory. The tournaments of the middle ages—what were they but an expression of fierce animal courage—a love of war for its own sake—a thirst for glory, which drowned all sweet and gentle charities in its selfish gratification. The *preux chevalier*, with his boasted chivalry and loyal devotion to his lady's charms, threw off his brilliant qualities with his cuirass, and in his feudal castle became a cruel lord, a reckless companion, and a domestic tyrant. Domestic virtues, it is true, were then lightly prized; and so long as arms were the standard of excellence, and the daring feats of tilting fields amused the public mind, all thoughts of peace, all regard for humanity were thrown aside, and man's intellect became dwarfed, ignorance flourished, and the world's progress was retarded.

The barbarous bull-fights of Spain, still witnessed with cruel delight, are a true type of that nation's mental imbecility; and in the palmiest days of Rome, the combats of gladiators and wild beasts—the frightful waste of human life to gratify the public eye—the triumphal processions, in which were borne the spoils of war—the trophies of victory, and the vanquished foe in chains—all manifest the lowest moral degradation, scarcely redeemed by a solitary display of humane and generous feeling.

These gorgeous pageants have all passed away; they were the popular expression of a turbulent and semi-barbarous civilization, which no form of social life, in the world's advance, can ever again bring into existence.

Sight Seeing, in these modern days, is reduced to a deplorably narrow compass. Some few years ago, when the world was a battle field, and military glory was in vogue, crowds flocked to see a Review, and the roll of the drum was a challenge to the bump of combativeness. But the world has grown pacific in spite of itself, and philanthropists and utilitarians have nearly vanquished the advocates for false glory. The pulse is no longer stirred by martial strains; the latest "nigger song" is more popular than the patriotic airs of old England; and even in the eyes of "sweet sixteen," a scarlet coat is no longer irresistible. Still, in all the elements of society, there is a manifest admiration of outward show, and there ever will be, till mankind learn to place a true value on externals, and realize that the simple

dignity of humanity rests solely upon inward worth; and as long as there are vacant minds, or an idle and unemployed populace in our streets, there will not be wanting lookers-on, whether a troop of friars appear in holy garb, or His Excellency ventures to take an airing—whether a wedding issues from the portals of a church, or a funeral with unwonted state, passes slowly to the last lowly resting place.

There was, without doubt, a rude magnificence, an earnest enthusiasm, in the grand processions of early times, which redeemed them from total vulgarity, but that is now entirely unknown. Our shows are got up for effect—from party motives—sometimes a political bargain—often mere vanity and narrow egotism. Our national societies savor too little of the true spirit of universal brotherhood. While the representatives of each nation, with an emblematic flower in their button-hole, march under floating banners, and to the sound of martial music, do they feel more in charity with each other, and with the rest of the world, than when meeting in the ordinary walks of life? or are they not rather inclined to appropriate an undue share of patriotism to themselves, and to regard others as scarcely entitled to equal honors and privileges? The outward display is not objectionable, if it truly carries out the principle professed; nay, it may give fresh impulse to the benevolence which we believe is the fundamental idea of all similar societies.

We would not rudely pry into the secrets of Free Masons and Odd Fellows, though sorely puzzled to decypher their hieroglyphics, which might well baffle the skill even of the Grand Masters of Jerusalem and Malta. A little harmless vanity may be excused when a charitable object lies couched beneath it; but the lordly sex who repudiate vanity, and class it altogether as a *noun feminine*, should explain why they throw aside their manliness and trick themselves out in ribbons and aprons, like cooks on a gala day.

These harmless shows, however, are altogether a matter of taste, and as long as men and women seek excitement in external manifestations, and substitute mere amusement for the rational exercise of their mental faculties, so long will gala and fête days, and all occasions of display, ordinary and extraordinary, obtain the popular favor. In the present state of society these evils must be permitted; the populace demands cheap amusement, and vulgar minds in all ranks will give the sanction of their approbation. It is only when Sight-Seeing ministers to the depraved and base passions of our nature that it becomes a positive evil and demands a decided check. Whenever a

reform takes place it must commence in the ranks of intelligence; but while governments continue to celebrate their victories with bonfires and illuminations, and every mark of rejoicing, instead of mourning the desolation and waste of human life, caused by ambition and false principles of honor; and while thousands of well-ordered citizens gaze delighted on military pageants, without reflection on the violation of morality and social right involved in the idleness and perversion of a soldier's life, so long will the true progress of society be retarded, and Christianity fail to perform its mission.

And still more degrading, because unmixed by one redeeming sentiment, and because it shows the utter absence of all right feeling, and the low state of public morals, is the eager curiosity, the strange, unnatural excitement which draws such crowds to witness the execution of a fellow being. Men and women throng around the gallows, and hisping children are brought to lift their young, pure eyes to a spectacle of horror, and to receive their first, indelible knowledge of crime from the struggling agony of a murdered fellow-being! If society is not yet advanced enough to permit the repeal of a sentence written in the dark ages, and if man must still expiate his sin by submitting to judicial murder—for the sake of outraged humanity, the deed should be done in silence and solitude, with no witness but the eye of heaven, and those whom necessity compels to the ungrateful office.

Nothing would more surely indicate the low and malignant passions of a multitude, than the scene of riot and excitement, the fierce exultation, the hardened feeling, the reckless levity, which universally marks a public execution. Surely, if any moral influence is expected from such a sight, if any great lesson is written on that fearful gallows, the effect is neutralized by the disorderly passions there called into exercise, and thus experience has invariably proved the inefficacy of such a mode of punishment. When society shall have reached its proper level, and just principles of Christian benevolence pervade all classes, the eye will be no longer pained with such anomalous sights, and human life, that precious gift of God, will be left at His own sovereign disposal. There are punishments more terrible than the brief pang of death for the most hardened offenders; and if justice is satisfied, why turn a deaf ear to the voice of mercy, which pleads for an opportunity to make repentance sure.

It is, after all, an ungracious task which we have undertaken—that of depreciating the value of outward show. Yet it is not the principle to

which we object, but only the abuse of it. There are occasions when Sight Seeing may become a positive advantage—a means of kindling noble enthusiasm, and of bringing into exercise the most generous and elevated emotions. Every triumph of art should awaken a nation's gratitude—every new discovery in science should be received with acclamation. National interchanges of good will, pacific treaties, the amicable relations which link all governments together, and unite them in the suppression of tyranny and wrong doing, should be hailed with loudest jubilee. And when commerce and art, and skill and labor, bring their united tributes from every quarter of the globe, and meet in one grand festival, where all classes are represented, and the lowliest may bear a part, what military triumph of the old world, or of modern times, can compare with it in grandeur and magnificence?

Individual effort must seek to hasten the time when every triumph shall be one of morality and intelligence, and Sight Seeing will then be regulated by those immutable principles of goodness, beauty and truth, which can alone elevate and refine humanity.

VERONA.

THE very name is replete with associations dear to every English heart, and the place seems like a second home, so blended is it with recollections awakened in early youth by the enchanter, whose magic wand has rendered parts of Italy, never visited before, as familiar to us as household words.

Verona is precisely the place my imagination represented it to be. Its picturesque, its classic ruins, and its gothic buildings give it an aspect so peculiar as to render it a most befitting scene for those dramas by which Shakespeare has immortalized it, and every balcony looks as if formed for some *Juliet* to lean over, proving,

'How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears,'

and every palace, like the dwelling of the loving *Julia* in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* in which she exclaimed to her waiting-woman, *Lucetta*,

O! know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Did'st thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.'

Every street seems to prove the identity of the scenes so often perused with delight, and which no longer appear like the creations of the brain,

but as realities faithfully chronicled. Verona might well be called the city of romance, of that romance which is of every country and of every time, wedded as its name is for evermore, with associations stamped when life was new; and the mind yielded unresistingly to the impressions traced on it by him who so well knew how to reach its inmost recesses.

Who has forgotten the first perusal of *Romeo and Juliet*, when the heart echoed the impassioned vows of the lovers, and sympathized with their sorrows? Though furrows of care and age may have marked the brow, and the bright hopes and illusions of life have long faded, the heart will still give a sigh to the memory of those days when it could melt with pity at a tale of love; and grief for the loss of our departed youth becomes blended with the pensiveness awakened by the associations of what so greatly moved and interested us in that joyous season of our existence.

All this, however weakly expressed, I felt at this place to-night, when gazing from my window I beheld the stately buildings rising amidst tall trees, emblazoned gates through which gardens silvered by the moonbeams were seen, with spires and minarets, looking like carved ivory against the deep blue sky, and heard a serenade, meant probably for some modern *Juliet*. The scene gave rise to the following sonnet, a feeble transcript of the feeling it awakened:—

Now is the hour when music's soft tones steal
O'er the charmed ear, and hushed is every sound
Of busy day, and hearts awake to feel
The ties of love, by which they're bound.
How calm and solemn is the moon-lit street,
With yon tall spires seen 'gainst the sapphire sky,
And fretted domes and minarets that greet,
From the far distance, the enchanted eye,
As bright, tinged with the moon's silver beams,
They rise above the dusky waving trees
And stately palaces. More lovely seems
The scene than aught day shows us. Hark! the breeze
Wafts coral voices, wedding words sweet,
As hearts long parted breathe forth when they meet.

Few places have, I do believe, undergone less change than Verona, and this circumstance adds to the interest it excites. One can imagine that could the gentle *Juliet* revisit earth again, she would have little difficulty in finding the palace of the Capuletti, nearly in the same state as when she was borne from it; and the ghost of *Romeo* might haunt the precincts he so loved to frequent in life without being puzzled about their identity. It is difficult, if not impossible, at least while at Verona, to bring one's-self to think that the story of these lovers is, after all, but a legend, claimed by many countries. I confess it appears to me to

be more true than many of the facts recorded by grave and reverend historians, connected with cities and buildings which still retain proofs of their authenticity. It is the genius of Shakespeare that has accomplished this and every English heart will own it. I feel much less interest about seeing the celebrated amphitheatre here than the tomb of *Juliet*; a confession calculated to draw on me the contemptuous pity of every antiquary in Italy.

LADY BLESSINGTON.

ONLY TRY.

The following anecdote is translated from a French paper:—

"They used to say that every soldier carried in his cartridge-box a marshal's baton; might not one say in these days, that every chorister carries in his windpipe a fortune? Here is one example at least—

"About thirty years ago, in a little city of Italy at Bergamo, by a singular contrast, the company of the opera-house was quite indifferent, while the choristers were excellent. It could scarcely have been otherwise, since the greater part of the choristers have since become distinguished composers. Donizetti, Cruvelli, Leodora, Bianche, Mari, and Dolci, commenced by singing in the choruses at Bergamo.

There was, among others at that epoch, a young man, very poor, very modest, and greatly beloved by his comrades. In Italy the orchestra and the choristers are worse paid than in Greece, if possible. You enter a bootmaker's shop,—the master is the first violin. The apprentices relax themselves after a day's work, by playing the clarionet, the hautboys, or the timbrels in the evening at the theatre. One young man, in order to assist his old mother, united the functions of chorister to the more lucrative employment of journeyman tailor. One day, when he had taken to Nozari's house a pair of pantaloons, that illustrious singer, after looking at him, earnestly said to him very kindly:

"It appears to me, my good fellow, that I have seen you somewhere."

"Quite likely sir, you may have seen me at the theatre, where I took a part in the choruses."

"Have you a good voice?"

"Not remarkably sir, I can with great difficulty reach *sol*."

"Let me see," said Nozari, going to the piano "begin the gamut"

Our chorister obeyed; but when he reached *sol*, he stopped short, out of breath.

"Sound *la*,—come try."

"Sir, I cannot."

"Sound *la*, you fool."

"*La, la, la.*"

"Sound *si*."

"My dear sir, I cannot."

"Sound *si*, I tell you, or I'll——"

"Don't get angry, sir, I'll try:—*la, si, la, si, do.*"

"I told you so," said Nozari, with a voice of triumph, "and now, my good fellow, I will say only one word to you. If you will only study and practise, you will become the first tenor in Italy."

Nozari was right. The poor chorister, who, to gain his bread, had to mend breeches, possesses now a fortune of two millions, and is called *Rubini*.

THE LESSON OF THE LOUVRE.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

It is said that Bonaparte, when in the zenith of his power, walking one day with Denon in the Louvre, and hearing him say that a statue which both admired, was immortal, inquired how long it would last; to which Denon answered, probably a thousand years; he said, "And is this what you call immortal!"

He stood amidst the proudest spoils
That ever warrior won.

Where brightly fell the parting smiles
Of summer's setting sun

Upon his country's Louvre,

Whose glorious solitude

Was shared by one that well might share
A monarch's loftiest mood.

Around him stood the matchless shapes
Of Grecian song and thought,

Whose glory time could ne'er eclipse
By all the change he brought—

The scenes of splendour, love, and power,
Which art or genius' hand

Had given to palace, fane, and tower,
Of East or Western land.

On canvas bright and marble fair
That haughty glance was thrown;

But long it paused in rapture where
One stately statue shone.

"It is immortal!" said the sage:

"Through time, and change, and tears,
That form will last undimmed by age,
A thousand glorious years!"

The gazer turned with kindled eye
And smile of kingly scorn:

"Is this the immortality

To which our hopes were born?

The aim of every restless heart,

On wildest wave and coast?

The patriot's dream, the poet's part;

The sage and warrior's boast!

"Was it for this the nations grew

So great in power and fame?

And earth's unrivalled conquerors, too—

Was it for this they came?

Is this the purchase and reward

Of all the countless cost

Which Hope hath given, which Time hath shared,

Which Life and Love have lost?

"Oh mighty were the deeds of men,

When human faith was strong,

To fling on Fame's bright altar then

The spoils of sword and song.

For some, as saintly sages say,

Have offered there the bliss

And glory of Eternity—

And was it all for this?"

So spake the sun of Gallic fame,

When, o'er his glory's noon,

No dimly-distant shadow came.

Of clouds to burst so soon.

But o'er that crowned and laurelled brow

There pass'd a shade the while,

That dimmed the dark eye's haughty glow,

And quenched the scornful smile.

Perchance his memory wandered back

To Egypt's desert vast,

Across whose sands his conquering track

Its early glory cast.

Where long-forsaken cities rose,

And temples sculptured o'er

With tales and deeds of other days,

Which man might read no more.

Perchance, like him whose minstrel art

His own sad requiem sung,

Some prophet chord in that deep heart

With answering echoes rung

To words that o'er its silence swept

With dark and boding power:

Ah! well if Memory's page had kept

The lesson of that hour!

TURKISH MARCH.

Subject by J. Adams.

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

The musical score is arranged in two systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The first system begins with the dynamic marking *piu.* and includes a first ending bracket over the final two measures. The second system includes a *for.* marking above the final measure of the first staff, which then continues on the second staff. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

TURKISH MARCH.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It begins with a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) and contains a melodic line with various rhythmic values and a trill-like figure. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

The second system continues the piece. The upper staff features a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff includes the instruction *Fine.* followed by *Mezzo.* (mezzo-forte). It also contains a triplet of eighth notes. The key signature remains two flats.

The third system continues the piece. Both the upper and lower staves feature triplet markings over eighth notes. The key signature remains two flats.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The upper staff ends with a double bar line. The lower staff includes the dynamic marking *ff* and the instruction *pia. D. C.* (piano, Da Capo). The key signature remains two flats.

OUR TABLE.

"LETTICE ARNOLD," BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO OLD MEN'S TALES," "EMILIA WYNDHAM," &c.

This beautiful little story originally appeared in *The Ladies Companion*. Transferred from thence to various leading periodicals, it has by this time been read and praised by many thousands. It has recently been published by itself, and in that form may be procured from any of the booksellers.

"LETTICE ARNOLD," brief though it is, has added much to the previously high reputation of its author. We, for our part, admire it exceedingly, and yet it is by no means faultless. Two defects we venture, though with deference, to notice. The plot, simple as it is, is abruptly and imperfectly concluded. The way in which the unfortunate young minister becomes an inmate of the crusty old general's house, is scarcely natural, to say the least. Such things were common in "the olden time," but now they are quite out of date. In a romance of the last century, the wildest exaggerations are excusable; but in a domestic story of the present day, we ought to have the most refined simplicity. Could not some other means have been devised, to bring about the contemplated *dénouement*, besides the one adopted,—that is to say, turning the pale-browed and intellectual St. Leger into a private chaplain, or, in other words, a household clerk? The other fault is still more serious. The style in which the dialogues are carried on, is very often anything but *conversational*,—varying frequently, indeed upon the *oratorical*. We must admit, however, that Mrs. Marsh's writings are, in this respect, superior to those of most other popular Novelists. The sad mistake of "making little fishes talk like whales," is one into which but few have escaped falling. A plain and simple style of conversation, expressing well and clearly what is fresh and vigorous in the mind, is seldom found. In place of this, we have an artificial and elaborate style, built up of tropes and metaphors instead of thoughts, conveying sound instead of sense. Thus if the little book before us seems on this account defective, it must be remembered, that it only takes its tone from the vast multitude of similar productions, and should not, therefore, be too hastily condemned. But "LETTICE ARNOLD"

is no ordinary work. Its faults are very few, its merits very many. We have called it beautiful, and so it is. Throughout, it breathes a pure and holy Christian feeling. Throughout, it manifests a warm and generous sympathy with affliction and distress, a clear and penetrating judgment, and a practical philosophy. To the philanthropic mind, few things present matter more worthy of serious reflection, than the unfortunate condition of the humble classes in great cities. The wretchedness of the sewing-women, as in their destitution they toil on from day to day and night to night, scarcely supporting life itself, while they embroider gay garments for the rich who dwell in splendid mansions and who pass their lives away, regardless of their duties or their destiny, affords a mournful lesson. We trust the graphic pictures that Mrs. Marsh has drawn for us, will not be profitless. Many a heart, no doubt, will swell with emotion at the story of what the sisters suffered in their miserable garret, the one heroically enduring what she could not avert, the other uselessly repining and unhappy. The picture is a truthful one; thousands are, to-day, worse off than were Lettice and Myra—yet among the wealthy, the educated, the professedly generous, how seldom do we find one like their noble benefactress!

The chapter in which is recorded the little history of "Mrs. Fisher," we think the best in the book. It narrates the vicissitudes of the life of one, who had known sorrow, privation, cruelly hard labor, and the loneliness of utter desolation of the heart;—of one who had, moreover, been extremely beautiful, and experienced those innumerable perils to which such a gift exposes an unprotected girl, struggling for her bread, under the cruellest circumstances of oppressive labor.

In one respect, "LETTICE ARNOLD" is like most other novels. In it, the virtuous are rewarded and the vicious punished. The heroine well deserves *her* happiness; Myra perhaps also deserves the obscure lot into which she enters, but still we cannot help regretting that the latter is so summarily and unsatisfactorily disposed of.

In conclusion, we cannot do otherwise than strongly recommend to our readers, a tale from which we have ourselves derived so much instruction and delight.