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# THE LITERARY GARLAND.

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## THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

BY R. L. C.

When the last dread scene of Evelyn's mortal existence was closed, Cecilia retired from the chamber of death, to indulge in solitude the deep emotions which she had so long repressed, and which were far too sacred, and too full of anguish, to be exposed to any human eye. And in that hour of bitter sorrow, of bereavement, of agonising regret, and fearful retrospection, she acknowledged in the inmost recesses of her soul, the power and might of the pure religion she professed, to yield support and comfort, such as earth neither gives nor takes away. As humbly she cast herself, with her burden of griefs and cares, at the footstool of the all-merciful Father, she knew by the peace, the trust, the holy and gentle resignation, which, like the silent dew, fell even as balm from heaven upon her crushed and aching heart, that her prayer of faith and love was heard and answered.

Desolate and stricken as she was—wounded in spirit by the broken reed of earthly promise, on which she had leaned, as on a staff of adamant—she felt that nought save the support thus granted could have given her strength, and hope, and consolation, and taught her to endure with the subdued and chastened temper of a smitten child, the deep and sore affliction, which now, in the trust and meekness of her Christian faith, she received but as the discipline of love, severe, indeed, but healthful for her soul, which only through sufferings could be made perfect.

Deeply sad, yet calm and serene as an angel, Cecilia re-appeared in the domestic circle, giving most lovely and touching manifestations during this season of trial, of the enduring tenderness of woman's nature, and of the power, the vitality, the holy joy of the Christian's faith and love. She received also additional support and comfort at this time from the presence and sympathy of her grandmother, who was no sooner informed of Evelyn's death, than, forgetting her own personal infirmities, she repaired immediately to the city. Shocked she was by the change, that since she

last saw her, had taken place in her darling child. She expected, it is true, that the effects of illness and of sorrow would be fearfully apparent in her; but she was not prepared for the ravages which secret and corroding grief had wrought upon her health and spirit, and she reproached herself, that in spite of weakness and of age, she had not earlier left her home to watch over her happiness and comfort.

In her retirement, no rumour had reached Mrs. Howard of Evelyn's reckless and unworthy conduct—Cecilia's letters had been cheerful, even when her heart was breaking with its weight of grief,—for it was to her a source of anxious thought, how she might spare her kind grandmother the pain of knowing that a fatal blight had fallen on her promised joys. Yet in her solicitude to infuse into them the tone of a light and happy heart, there had sometimes been an apparent and over-strained effort, which did not escape the keen perceptions of the anxious grandmother. But if a momentary fear or suspicion arose that all Cecilia's soul dreams had not been realized, it soon passed away again, and she satisfied herself with believing that her dear child was in the possession of happiness, as unclouded, as was consistent with the imperfections of this changeable and uncertain life.

But Mrs. Howard had not been long in town, before she saw that some hidden cause of sorrow, sorer even than that proceeding from her loss, preyed upon the mind of Cecilia—nor was she slow in tracing it to its true source. Gifted with a strong intellect, possessing great knowledge of the world, and familiar with the details of business, she could not be made acquainted with the embarrassed state in which Evelyn had left his affairs, without strongly suspecting something radically wrong in his conduct. This led to enquiry on her part. She had been made to believe that the injury which occasioned his death was accidental. She now demanded of Arthur an unreserved explanation of all that had been so stu-

\* Continued from page 287.

diously concealed from her. Although he would willingly have spared her the pain of knowing the whole dark history of Evelyn's errors and Cecilia's wrongs, yet she peremptorily bade him tell her *all*; and, accustomed from early boyhood to obey her, Arthur gave her a candid exposition of the course which had occasioned so much misery, and finally led to the violent and premature termination of Evelyn's life.

Shocked and indignant was Mrs. Howard as she listened, and bitterly did she reproach herself for having suffered a fatal prepossession to blind her to the glaring defects of Evelyn's character, which, had she seen them with an unbiassed judgment, would have prevented her bestowing, as she did, the precious trust that had been so unworthily and recklessly abused. She forbore, however, to wound Cecilia's feelings, lacerated as they already were, by casting one word of censure or reproach upon the memory of Evelyn—but with true maternal tenderness she essayed by a thousand quiet acts of love, and voiceless sympathy, to pour balm into her bleeding heart, wearing herself a cheerful smile, while she mourned in secret sorrow over the wreck of her beloved child's happiness. Too well she knew, that a nature, so shrinking and sensitive as was Cecilia's, a soul so fraught with purity and tenderness, would not soon, if ever, recover from the shock, which her husband's neglect, and more than all, his utter dereliction of faith, of truth, of every right and noble principle, had inflicted on her heart.

Desirous as soon as possible to remove her from the home, which almost from the hour when she first entered it, had been to her a scene of disappointment and chagrin,—the grave of buried hope and love, rather than the abode of that sweet domestic peace, which would have made to her fond heart an Eden in the desert—Mrs. Howard lost no time in hastening her return to Hazeldell, hoping much that its quiet beauty and the revival of dear and early associations, would produce a soothing and healthful influence on the mind of Cecilia. Grace Cleveland also went with them—the ardent and affectionate girl clung with more than a sister's fondness to her afflicted friend, and voluntarily gave up a pleasant summer tour, for the privilege of being permitted to share her retirement in the country. Secretly she was conscious of the happy and improving influence, constantly, yet quietly, exercised over her mind and heart by the gentle and lovely character of Cecilia. She lost not the native and artless gaiety which betokened a light and buoyant spirit, but she felt her soul touched and subdued by higher thoughts, by a truer appreciation, and a more intense love of the perfect and the

beautiful, and elevated by purer and nobler aspirations, that opened to it sources of knowledge and enjoyment, fresh and exhaustless as the ever-gushing fountain, that even in the arid desert, girdles itself with a living oasis of verdure and of beauty.

Perhaps also, one sentiment, secret, silent, unacknowledged even to herself, had lent its aid to effect this change in Grace—to transform the gay and playful child, into the tender and the conscious woman—to stir the still, untroubled depths of her soul, and wake it to the perception of a new life of higher and more exquisite emotions and enjoyments, than, wrapped in dreamless quiet, and repose, it had yet known, or in thought conceived. If this were so,—then it may be supposed that Grace felt no regret when Arthur Mayburne declared his intention of accompanying the little party to Hazeldell—where, however, he remained only a few days, when, leaving his friends quietly established in their pleasant and comfortable home, he returned to town, as on him devolved the task of arranging Evelyn's confused affairs.

The tranquil and familiar scenes of her earlier days, exerted a visible and soothing influence upon Cecilia's mind and health. It was about the middle of April, but the season, even for that genial climate, was unusually forward and lovely. It was the resurrection of nature from her long and wintry night of death. Every where she was bursting into life and beauty, and the bright waters of the Schuylkill, as they glided on through the lawns and groves of Hazeldell, murmured with a glad voice the rejoicing song of freedom from their icy bondage. How had Cecilia in other days loved to watch their lucid waves reflecting back the soft azure of the heavens, and imaging with mimic life the delicate tracery of every budding spray that fringed their banks with vernal beauty. How had the notes of the wild bird, as in its glad uprising it poured forth its ecstacy in song, awakened a responsive echo in her young and joyous heart—and with what a sense of overpowering rapture had she been wont to inhale the fragrance of the first spring-flower, to watch from day to day the progress of each unfolding leaf, the deepening verdure of the turf, the gay succession of blossoms that gemmed the gardens and the groves—each race more lovely than the last, and each marking with their silken petals, the brief bright periods, as they came and passed away, in the cloudless spring-time of her life.

Now, how changed seemed all that had once filled her with sweet emotion and delight. As she gazed upon the river in its still, yet rapid flow, it imaged to her mind the stream of human life, hastening onward to be swallowed in the

shoreless ocean of eternity. The songs of the wild birds, the perfume and the beauty of the flowers, were like the brief enchantments of earth, passing away in the very moment of enjoyment, leaving their places void and silent to the eye, and to the heart. Mutation, briefness, decay, seemed to her written upon all that the world held of lovely and endearing. Yet even with these sombre shades coloring her thoughts, their hue was far from gloomy. Still, as ever, the beautiful forms of nature spoke to her of their beneficent author, and brought peace and healing to her wounded spirit. She saw in them, it is true, types of human vanity and evanescence,—but to her spiritualized eye, they were also dim, though lovely shadows, of the changeless and the beautiful, which, when the soul feels the weight of its earthly fetters, it longs and pants to behold and to enjoy—looking onward and upward with earnest aspirations that its disenchantment may be nigh.

And her's indeed seemed so—though day by day the rose deepened on her cheek, and her dark eyes grew luminous with intense and restless lustre, giving to her beauty a radiance dazzling and unearthly; yet too well, in this specious brilliancy, her experienced relative read the heralds of that "dread disease," which, as one has eloquently said, "death and life are so strangely blended, that death takes the glow and hue of life, and life the gaunt and grizzly form of death—a disease which medicine never cures, wealth wardens off, nor poverty could boast exemption from—which sometimes moves in giant strides, and sometimes at a tardy, sluggish pace; but, slow or quick, is ever sure and certain!"

Mrs. Howard was heart-stricken at the thought of losing the cherished darling of her affections, and medical men of the first eminence, were summoned from all quarters, to lend their united skill and aid in saving her. But the very nature of their prescriptions declared the hopelessness with which they viewed her case; and yet, strange as it may seem, failed wholly to convince those who had anchored on her their happiness, that there was no longer room for hope. She was so free from pain, so beautiful in her nearly imperceptible decay, so cheerful even when they were sad, that it was hard to believe she must soon pass away like a lovely vision from the earth, and leave void in the dear circle, the place which she now gladdened with her gentle presence.

She only, laboured under no delusion with regard to herself. She knew that her days were numbered,—but this conviction brought no pang to her heart. Death had never been to her a circumstance of dread—she had learned from the teachings of Scripture, the suggestions of reason,

the beautiful analogies of nature, to regard it but as an onward step in the soul's progress—its advance to a higher stage of being—its awakening from darkness, pain and ignorance, to the unclouded glory of its heavenly home. Yet she never spoke directly of this event, as connected with herself. She shrank so sensitively from giving pain to those she loved, that only by incidental remarks she led the way to themes which had a bearing on life's great purposes and ends, and death's important changes on the destiny; and thus sought to render their thoughts familiar with a subject, which, as it possessed no gloom for her, she invested with the hues of her own glad hopes, and which she knew must ere long become an all-engrossing subject of thought and feeling to them.

Arthur's fears regarding Cecilia's danger were perhaps less aroused than those of any who observed her. As the summer opened he became a frequent guest at Hazeldell; sometimes even, when business permitted his absence from town, remaining there for several days in succession. Unaccustomed to note any form of disease, he knew nothing of the fatal symptoms which marked that under which she was laboring; and, deceived by its flattering appearances, particularly by the returning cheerfulness which made her somewhat like her former self, but which owed its origin to thoughts and hopes that belonged not to earth, he cherished the fond belief that health was once more to be hers, and that happiness had not flown from her forever; and these thoughts lent gladness to his heart, and served to nurse, but as yet in secret and in silence, a fond anticipation, that gave to the future light and joy unspeakable.

Cecilia knew she was beloved—she had known it long, and the knowledge gave her inexpressible pain. Yet she had learned it less from any outward manifestation, than by that tact, with which a woman seldom fails to read the pages of a heart, on which her name and image are impressed; and she mourned with many tears, that one so noble as her cousin Arthur, should be forced to feel the bitter pang of unreturned affection. Had she known him better, before the deep and slumbering emotions of her soul were awakened by another, she felt, even now, that he might have stirred them mightily into means of blessing and of joy, to others and herself—even as the angel moved the still waters of Bethesda, so that they shed health and healing on all who sought their influence.

But now it was too late—she was parting slowly from earth; nightly the sweet whispers of heavenly voices came to her in dreams, singing the seraphic strain, "Sister Spirit, come away!" and

she felt that with earthly hopes, and earthly ties, she should soon have nought more to do. But yet with these convictions, the happiness of others ceased not to awaken her interest, and with earnest desire she hoped that Arthur might in time transfer his interest to one, who, unmasked, had given him the fond and full affections of her pure and loving heart. This secret, which the shrinking Grace unconsciously treasured even from herself, Cecilia, by a thousand trivial signs, had long since discovered; and, believing that a purer, brighter, gentler spirit, never animated human clay, nor one more formed for Mayburne's happiness, she strove by many quiet acts to turn his thoughts from herself, and fix them on her young and lovely friend.

And thus, perhaps, not one in that little home circle, lived and thought so much for others, during this brief and anxious summer, as did Cecilia. One would almost have believed she read the hearts of those she loved by an intuitive power, so quickly did she anticipate their wishes, penetrate their fears, and, by her cheerful words, suggest some thought to change them into hope. Day by day her perceptions seemed to grow brighter and clearer; her face wore a more celestial beauty, and her thoughts, her language were pure and melodious as the breathings of an angel; so sweetly serious, and yet so full of tenderness and love, that her fond grandmother, as she watched her meek and slow decay, and listened to her gentle utterance, often said with tears:

"Ah, my child, were it not for this frail and beautiful body in which we behold you, we should feel as if a spirit only dwelt among us."

And so passed on the season—and to Arthur never had one seemed to pass so swiftly before. But as it waned, even he was forced to see that Cecilia's strength waned with it, that her step grew more languid, her breath, after the slightest exertion came quick and labored, and the tones of her voice deepened into the lowest and most touching melody. Yet still, with resolute self-deception, he closed his eyes to the fatal truth, and looked forward with vain hope to the cool and bracing air of autumn, as a certain means of restoring strength and vigor to her exhausted frame. And so he told her, when, one golden day in the beginning of September, he found her sitting alone on a favorite garden-seat, that was placed before a vista, through which were visible in beautiful perspective the quiet river, and the rich landscape, sleeping in the soft and hazy light, which touches with mellowed beauty the glory and the gorgonsness of autumn. She silently shook her head in reply to his suggestion, and then he gently chid her for her want of faith, spoke of the mind's power over the body, and

said how fatally, in many instances, a predetermination to believe in danger, had produced the fatal result, which might have been averted by a resolute desire and purpose to resist it. She heard him to an end, and then with calm seriousness replied,

"Do not think, Arthur, that I can see the ties which still bind me but too strongly to earth, severed without emotion. If it were God's will, I should yet desire life, were it only that I might soothe and sustain the age of her, who, in my orphanage and helplessness, nurtured me with such tenderness. But I cannot mistake the monitions which tell me it must be otherwise. And why should I repine at this? Nature submits in all things to her maker's will—even now, decay and death are written in lines of beauty on the frail and perishing things around us, and yet all return gently and without resistance to the elements of which they were composed."

"And it is a law of their being, Cecilia, that they should do so when their appointed time, for which there is a marked and visible period, arrives—and this without help or remedy, which it would be vain to use, when, as we know, they have fulfilled the purposes of their creation, and, according to immutable laws, must perish. Man, too, has an appointed time to die,—but we know not—unless like yonder ripened wheat, he has reached his utmost maturity, accomplished his span of threescore years and ten, and stands, waiting for the sickle of the great reaper, to gather him to an immortal harvest—when that time has arrived. And therefore are we bound to use all human means to prolong the existence God has given, till the irrevocable fiat has gone forth, and the earth from which we sprang, receives us again in kindness to her all-embracing arms."

"True, dear Arthur—but when all that skill and love can do, have been essayed in vain to bring back health and vigor to the unstrung frame, becomes it not apparent that it is our Father's will to dissolve the frail body, and recall the immortal spirit which He gave, to its higher and happier home in heaven? And should there come gloom and sadness with this thought? Ah, rather let the soul clothe itself in robes of solemn joy and gladness, for the change to glory which awaits it! let it trust in God's goodness, and remain firm, and even in the parting moment, it may resign itself gently as yonder falling leaf, to Him whose love watches the lonely sparrow, and feeds the hungry ravens when they cry."

"Such a soul as yours, Cecilia," said Arthur with emotion, "may plume its wings with joy, for a flight to its native heaven—but, alas, for those whom its departure will leave desolate!—desolate, and mourning for the serene and gentle

light, which no longer shines with its pure and guiding ray upon the darkened path of their lone and weary pilgrimage."

"The light of memory remains to bless us. Arthur, long after those whom we love have ceased to gladden us with their visible presence. They may have departed—yet are they still with us—still in the hearts that have known and loved them, in the homes which they have gladdened by their presence, dwells their fond remembrance. The grave cannot bind in its dark and narrow bounds the free and imperishable spirit; over our thoughts and affections it ever maintains a pure and holy influence, and there are moments when we hold with it a communion so sweet and intimate, that it may almost seem as if the veil which separates it from our mortal sight, has been drawn aside, to restore the loved and mourned again to our embrace."

She spoke with a tender and earnest enthusiasm, that filled her soft eyes with tears, and deepened the hectic flush upon her cheek to a brilliant hue that lent an unearthly radiance to her beauty.

"Can it be," thought Arthur, as he gazed mournfully upon her—"can it be, that with Evelyn her inner life is united in this pure and spiritual communion?—that for him she is fading away like the pale flowers around us, yet rejoicing so to fade, that she may depart from the place which he no longer inhabits?" and with this thought, a momentary chill crept over the glow of his fond and sanguine hopes, and he remained for several minutes lost in sad and silent abstraction. She, too, wrapped in her own pure and elevated emotions, sunk into silence; and when she again spoke, the train of her sweet musings was made apparent by her words.

"Arthur," she said, and the clear low tones of her voice startled him from his brief reverie—"Arthur, when I shall have left you,—"

Hastily, and with agitation which he had not power to subdue, he interrupted her,

"Ah, Cecilia! why pain me by reverting to a period which, God grant, may yet be far, far distant. Believe me, I cannot think, much less speak, of it with composure;" and, turning away from her, he pressed his hands forcibly upon his moistened eyes.

"It is to spare, not give you pain, that I speak of it, dear Arthur. I would, for your own sake, that you should familiarise your mind to an event that cannot be avoided: which every day renders surer and nearer; and which I would that all who love me should meet with that calmness, which is worthy of our Christian faith and hope."

"Cecilia, I cannot passively resign my mind to the dread thought of your perpetual absence—to

the necessity of living on, unsolaced by your friendship, uncheered through the long dark future by the smile of kind affection, which, like a ray of heaven's own light, has ever beamed with peace and joy upon my troubled heart."

"Arthur, this is unlike yourself—unlike the firm faith, the submissive trust, the patient endurance, which, in my darkest hour, your teachings enjoined upon my heart—and which, had I not obeyed, I should indeed have wanted strength to persevere in the arduous path of duty."

"I merit your reproof, Cecilia; yet, oh! pity and forgive me, that in this moment of overwhelming sorrow, I neglect the counsel which I gave in my presumption to another. But I have clung so fondly to hope, refusing to believe

That aught so dear and beautiful could fade,

that now the truth which you so solemnly unveil, makes weak my boasted strength, and writes vanity and falsehood on all my noblest purposes and resolves. Oh, that I had sooner trained my soul by the teachings of your meek and quiet submission, to know the worst, and yield itself, un murmuringly, as I see you do, to the wisdom that is higher than ours."

"Do so now, dear cousin, and you will find peace, resignation,—even joy, in my departure. For Arthur, though, as I have said, I have still much to live for, yet earth never can be to me the scene of hope and brightness that it has been, and I would that all whom I love should think of my absence with no greater sadness, than if I had sailed for some far-off island of perennial beauty, whither in a few short months or years, perhaps, they shall come, to share with me for ever, its blessings and delights."

"But these years of waiting and of longing, dear Cecilia—in what sorrow and what gloom must they be shrouded to our hearts!" said Arthur in a tone of sad and tender pathos.

"Not so, Arthur," she replied with one of her own bright and beaming smiles. "Life is full of duties which, if faithfully performed, bring with them their own glad reward. Then, too, there is ever joyous hope in the future for those who are true to themselves, since Time, the great healer, while he reconciles us to the changes of our mortal destiny, is still bearing us onward towards the goal of the soul's highest trust and aspiration—its awakening to a spiritual life—its reunion with those who have passed before it through the dark portal that separates the transient and the visible, from the unseen and the eternal."

Arthur remained silent for a minute, oppressed by the certainty, now for the first time forced upon him, that soon those tones of sweetest mel-

ody, that glance of beaming love and triumph, must be hushed, and quenched forever, in the darkness of the grave. Then came the thought of his perished hopes, and of his heart's deep loneliness when her place on earth should be left unfilled and desolate; and, with a bursting sigh, and in a voice of subdued yet touching anguish, he murmured, as though unconsciously:

"It is a fearful thing to love what death may touch."

"It would be so indeed, dear Arthur," said Cecilia gently, "did this brief life bound the term of our existence. But when we remember that the soul is here only in its infancy—that this is the dawn of its eternal being—that here its knowledge is ignorance, its power weakness—its conceptions vague, its aspirations low and feeble, and that its faculties are destined to endless development and progression in another and a higher state of existence, can we refuse to believe that the pure thoughts, and holy affections, which on earth have constituted its happiness are not to endure with it forever?—to acquire might and strength with its expanding energies, and be to it, even in the midst of heaven's effulgent glories, as ministering angels of joy, and purity, and blessedness?"

"Such, thanks be to God, is our glorious faith," said Arthur, raised by her calm and lofty trust, above the selfish sorrow which, for a brief time, he had suffered to absorb him. "Such," he added with a beaming look, "the power which plucks from death its sting, and robs the grave of its terrors, giving us the victory through our Saviour Jesus Christ, over sin and death.

"Then wherefore should we, who have faith in this sublime hope of immortality, shroud our hearts in gloom, and our persons in the garments of mourning, when they whom we love pass through that portal, which some, with cheerful trust, have rightly named 'the gate of life?' We no longer behold them, it is true—yet may they still be near us. 'Nay, it is possible,' says one\* whose lips were touched us with a coal from heaven, 'that the distance of heaven lies wholly in the veil of flesh which we now want power to penetrate. A new eye, a new sense might show the spiritual world encompassing us on every side. 'Unseen, yet around us' how beautiful the thought!"

"Beautiful indeed, Cecilia! beautiful the idea that we need only a purified vision to behold the glorious forms of the beatified, who even as we speak surround us with the splendor of their brightness."

"It is at least an innocent belief, and has a

\*Channing.

chastening and consoling power, for those especially, who mourn. How far it is from truth we know not—for as yet the laws of the bright spirit-land have never been revealed to us,—but surely, if ever mind of mortal man had glimpses of its glory, it was his from whence emanated this pure and blessed thought."

"It is full of comfort, and therefore I will cherish it, Cecilia,—and cherish with it the memory of this hour fraught with sad, yet gentle thoughts, which if they breathed of sorrow, brought also on their wings the healing balm of an inspiring and immortal hope."

"If we have faith to behold it, dear Arthur, we shall ever see a 'silver lining' to the darkest cloud that overshadows us; now especially has it been visible to me, when heavy thoughts of my dear grandmamma's lonely and desolate age, filled my heart with sorrow, and infused its bitterest ingredient into the cup that was given me to drink. I knew indeed that your kind care and love, my cousin, would never fail her, but I felt that she needed one to fill my place, one loving and tender heart to minister to her comfort, and wait and watch beside her while the last sands of life ebbed quietly away. More and more terrible became to me each day, the thought of leaving her alone, and earnestly for her sake, I asked for longer life, when suddenly I saw the

—sable cloud  
Turn forth her silver lining on the night;

and one was raised up to be to her a daughter, in whose gentle care and affection, her age will find both solace and support."

"Can you mean that Grace will give up the gay companions, and recreations suitable to her age, dear Cecilia, to devote herself to an infirm and secluded invalid?" asked Arthur in a tone of surprise.

"Even so, Arthur. She has voluntarily declared this to be her wish and purpose, for greatly has the discipline of the last sad year changed and subdued her character and views," said Cecilia with a sigh. "Yet her bondage will not endure over long, for not many months, I think, will my dear grandmamma survive me. Even now, sorrow is undermining her little remaining strength, and her step totters more with feebleness than age. But it is a comfort to see with what trust she leans upon our sweet Grace, and how the dear girl ministers to her every wish, and fills, as though it were her natural sphere of duty, the place in her presence and her affections, which has so long been allotted solely to me."

"And I have been blind to this amiable conduct on the part of Grace," said Arthur in a voice of

self-reproach. "I shamo indeed to say so—proof as it is, of a goodness which demands my earnest gratitude and reverence. But, Cecilia, all my interest has been absorbed by you—all my thoughts have been yours—and—dare I say it—you have been the inspirer of every hope that has brightened for me the pathway of the future."

His voice trembled as he spoke, nor was Cecilia less agitated—but anxious to avoid a direct reply; lest it should lend to confessions even more embarrassing, and which, with instinctive dread, she shrink from hearing uttered, she said in a tone as quiet as she could command:

"You have lost much gratification, Arthur, in having failed, with your usual just and generous appreciation of goodness, to note the beautiful conduct of Grace since we have been at Hazel-dell—nor only here, but through the months of previous trial, whose harsh, but salutary discipline, was not endured by her in vain. I would indeed, Arthur," continued Cecilia, anxious to awaken in him a deeper interest for her young and gentle friend, "I would that you gave to the lovely character of Grace Cleveland, the study it deserves—believe me, you would find it one of singular beauty, and as pure and fresh as the forest flower that owes its nurture to the caressing airs, the sunshine, and the dews of heaven. Ah, how earnestly, did I believe it would find an echo in your heart, should I give utterance to the fondest wish of mine!"

"Do so, dear Cecilia," said Arthur faintly, for a secret foreboding told him what she was about to say. "There are few requests of yours which I should have the courage to deny—one only, that I can now think of, which it would give me pain to grant."

"Nay, Arthur; far be it from me to extort from you a binding promise—not even, though assured its result would bring you happiness. I wished only—and, perhaps, here too I am wrong—yet, since you give me permission, I cannot forbear to say, that among my latest and fondest hopes, I have cherished this one—that our sweet Grace may not only be a daughter to our venerable relative, but a friend nearer and dearer than a sister to my generous cousin—she is worthy of him, and he of her—for he would find in her the rich elements of as true, as gentle, as elevated a character, as ever unfolded to perfection beneath the fostering care and guidance of a loving and a trusting heart."

"Ah, Cecilia!" exclaimed Arthur with irrepressible emotion; "is not my very soul bare to your gaze, that you must wound me by the vain request to lavish on another, affections which are no longer mine to give!"

"Forgive me, dearest Arthur," said Cecilia

with a pale and quivering lip, "I would not for the wealth of worlds inflict on you a moment's pain, and I ask only, since you have no other sentiment to give, that you bestow at least a friend's, a brother's interest and affection, on the lovely girl, who has not been slow to recognize and render homage to your virtues—such homage as the heart of a pure and tender woman yields to the impersonation of the bright ideal, which she has long shrined in the innermost recesses of her soul."

"I will be to her all you would have me be," said Arthur, his cheek blanched by the painful surprise and agitation occasioned by the knowledge now conveyed by him;—"yes, all—all in name—in care—in kindness—but ask no more of me, Cecilia, for the heart long consecrated by your image, never,—no never—can permit another to usurp its place."

"Be to her whatever your feelings, your inclinations prompt you to become, Arthur, and I ask no more. I have done wrong, perhaps, in betraying a secret, which the modest lip of Grace never breathed to any human ear, and which she would weep tears of bitter mortification, should she know that even I had read. But it was because I sought your happiness, and her's also, which is scarcely less dear to me, that I have been thus unreserved, since I believe you both formed to confer on each other, true and lasting felicity."

"When I can forget the past, Cecilia, I may perchance look forward to giving and receiving happiness," said Arthur, sadly; "but, till then, I could but fling back from the cold, impassive surface of my heart, the richest affections which another might lavish upon it."

"Nay, Arthur, I would that the pure and tender sentiment which unites us should exert a softening and a healthful influence upon your soul. Let it endure forever, but let it bring forth fruits of peace, or it is perverted to unworthy uses. With the autumn flowers I shall have passed away, but my memory will still dwell with you, and when the thoughts it brings to you of me, shall become chastened and mellowed into a quiet and sacred joy, your heart, it may be, will unfold again to the influences of sweet and tender emotions, and you will find, as I humbly hope, in that only paradise of earth, a happy home, the realization of your fairest day-dreams, the peace, the confidence, the cloudless love, which all seek and sigh for, but which few attain—striving as they do, to draw from broken cisterns that hold no water, the sparkling stream which is to gladden with perennial verdure, the weary pathway of existence."

"This is too fair a picture to be realized, Ce-



cellia. Once, have hopes which had their birth almost with the dawn of reason, which grew with my mind's growth, and were strengthened and matured with ripening manhood, been cruelly cut down, when the bright promise of beauty and perfection was upon them—and now the voice of happiness is dying away among the echoes of the past—and henceforth the stern dictates of duty must be my only stimulus—their faithful performance my consolation and reward. Say, therefore, Cecilia, if it were fair and generous in me, to link the warm and fresh affections of another to my cold and blighted heart, which no second spring will ever more gladden with its verdure?"

"Yes, Arthur—even thus, let that gentle girl come to you with her ministry of love, and new life and beauty will clothe the barren soil of your heart, and streams of healing freshness gush forth from its exhausted surface. Seared indeed must it be, to resist the balmy influence, which, like dew upon the parched and arid earth, descends from the exhaustless fountain of a woman's loving soul, upon the dear and cherished object of its choice. Such a mind as yours, my cousin, cannot always feed upon a morbid sorrow,—it must have action, progress, self-discipline; and these cannot fail to restore it to the healthful tone which for a time it may have lost, through momentary forgetfulness of its high destination, and neglect of the exhaustless resources, and boundless energies and capacities, which the God of all goodness has bestowed upon it. Do you remember, Arthur, the beautiful passage which occurred in the course of our yesterday's reading, from the pen of him whose words of pathos and consolation, we have already quoted?"

"Yes, perfectly, Cecilia—it was this, for it impressed itself deeply on my memory: 'To the mind, the present is comparatively nothing. Its great sources of happiness are memory and hope. It has power over the past, not only the power of recalling it, but of turning to good all its experience, its errors and sufferings, as well as its successes. It has power over the future, not only the power of anticipating it, but of bringing the present to bear upon it, and of sowing for it the seed of a golden harvest.'"

"Such as you, I trust, are destined to reap, dear Arthur, when from the sorrows and trials of the past shall spring the blessed fruits of peace and joy unspeakable."

"So may it be, Cecilia—so my heart tells me it would be, though bowed down by the sorest evils of humanity, were I still to journey onward by your side—still to be strengthened by the gentle wisdom of your counsel, to be raised above pain and suffering by the bright example of your

cheerful and confiding faith. And yet to feel that we must part.—what anguish in the thought! Forgive me, dearest, most beloved Cecilia; forgive me that I thus disturb your tranquil heart, by words of passion and of sorrow that breathe but of the earth. I will not pain you by speaking again of hopes destroyed, of joyous dreams that gladdened the future with their radiance, quenched now in utter darkness. You are passing on from glory to glory, but while you yet abide with us, suffer me to live alone for you. Speak to me no more of another, for none, while blessed with your sweet and serene presence, can share with you, the thoughts and deep emotions of my soul."

Never before had Arthur spoken with such earnest and impassioned utterance, or with such explicitness, upon the subject of his love—and though Cecilia knew that he had long cherished for her the most tender and absorbing sentiments, she could not listen to the outpouring of his affection, without excessive agitation. On that very spot, scarcely a twelvemonth before, Evelyn had first spoken to her of his hopes, in language so graceful and eloquent, and with a fervor so earnest and so captivating, that she felt his accents sink "like the bee's liquid honey" into the inmost recesses of her soul, and she yielded to his sweet persuasiveness the willing tribute of her faith and her affections. Ill-omened indeed had been the compact of that hour,—and now again, words of the same import recalled with painful acuteness, not only the rapture, but the sufferings of the past, and forced her secretly to acknowledge, how different might have been her present situation, and her recent experience, had he who now addressed her, been the first to awaken to consciousness the tenderest and sweetest emotions of her nature. Subdued by this thought, and by the thronging recollections, which, aided by the associations of the scene, it summoned to her mind, Cecilia was for a few moments unable to reply, or even to withdraw from Arthur's impassioned clasp, the thin and trembling hand, which he pressed with fervour to his lips. Soon, however, by a strong effort, she conquered her emotion, and, in low and faltering accents, said:

"Arthur, let us love as they love in that world where no light falls upon the heart's pure hopes—where the flowers of our affection, when you too shall have passed the dark river on whose brink I stand, shall expand, in an atmosphere of light and purity, into perfect and perennial beauty. But, oh! if indeed happiness is dear to you, my cousin, seek not to link my soul again to earth, by ties too strong, perhaps, for its weak purpose to dissolve." And, as she spoke, she raised her dewy and imploring eyes to his; with a look of sweet and holy serenity that should

have diffused through his soul the heavenly peace of hers.

But his heart was almost bursting with its mortal agony; and, leaning his aching brow upon the hand which she still permitted him to hold, he murmured forth, in the low and broken tones of bitter sorrow, his passionate thoughts, embodying them in the touching words of one, who knew with such matchless beauty and pathos, to clothe the deepest feelings of the soul in the thrilling language of poetry :

“Oh! that there should be

Things, which we love with such deep tenderness,  
But through that love, to learn how much of we  
Dwells in one hour like this!”

Cecilia silently wiped away the tear that stole unbidden down her cheek, and, with a gentle pressure of his hand, turned from him, for Grace Cleveland, at this moment, emerged from a shaded alley, and came slowly towards the place where they sat. She was paler than usual, and her eyes bore traces of recent weeping, for she had just risen from a long and sad conversation with Mrs. Howard, of which Cecilia had been the theme, and her heart was filled with sorrow for herself, and for the dear and venerable friend, whom she loved with the tenderest affection. A vivid blush diffused itself over her face when she saw Arthur, for she had thought to find Cecilia alone; while he, forcibly suppressing the emotion, to which he had a moment before abandoned himself, rose and advanced to meet her.

“I have been for some minutes in search of you, dear Cecilia,” said Grace, as she approached her; “the air is growing damp and cool, and your grandmamma is very uneasy at your staying out so long. See, too, you have suffered your shawl to fall back, and then you look so weary! How I wish I had come for you sooner!” and she cast a half reproachful glance at Arthur, which, as he rightly supposed, was intended to reprove him for forgetting, in his own selfish enjoyment, the comfort and safety of one so dear to them all.

“Yes, I deserve your severest censure, Grace,” he said, as drawing the shawl, with tender care, around Cecilia, he gave her his arm, and turned with her towards the house; “I should have remembered how fragile she is—how susceptible to weariness—how liable to receive injury from the sudden changes incident to this season; but I acknowledge, with shame, that I was alive only to a sense of my own enjoyment, and now I shall not soon forgive myself, should she suffer through my selfish folly.”

“It is so easy to forget all save our own happiness, in Cecilia’s society, Mr. Mayburne, that we must not refuse you absolution for a fault,

which, under such circumstances, may be viewed as venial—promising only that no ill-consequences shall accrue from it,” said Grace, in a tone of cheerfulness, that vainly essayed to hide the deep sadness which oppressed her heart.

“Nay, my very wise and cautious Grace,” said Cecilia, smiling, “why should not I, at least share the blame of this imprudent act, if such you choose to name it; for, in very truth, I, no more than Arthur, have noted the flight of time, since we first sat us down on that quiet garden seat, though the swift shadows on the face of the old sun-dial might have told us both how fast it sped. And it is only now,” she added, with a slight shudder, “that I have felt the slightest chill.”

Arthur was uneasy that even now she should be sensible to the change which had, within a few minutes, taken place in the atmosphere; and with stern, yet secret self-aidings, he hurried on as fast as her strength would permit her to walk, warned by her quickened respiration, and by the death-like paleness of her cheek, that a state of exhaustion was succeeding the animation and excitement which had sustained her during the earlier hours of the morning. And so indeed it proved; and the remainder of the day she passed almost in silence on the sofa. Yet still a serene and gentle smile, the emanation of a peaceful and a loving soul, beamed upon her face, and, though its pure light was like a ray of heavenly hope and comfort, it failed to still the murmurs of those hearts, that felt as if with her departure, darkness was to fall upon their joys.

Grace marked with pain the sad and anxious brow of Mrs. Howard, and she saw too that Arthur’s mind was more than commonly oppressed, asking an unwonted effort to restore it to its natural calm and happy equilibrium. Neither was she herself untouched by deep and tender sorrow; but, with a disinterested thoughtfulness, which showed the result of Cecilia’s example on her heart, she strove to invoke the presence of that cheerfulness which she knew her friend loved, as most in harmony with the breathings of a meek and hopeful spirit. And therefore, with an animation, which to Arthur seemed ill-timed, and which he was half inclined, in his morbid sadness, to reprove, she bade Julia stir the fire into a brighter blaze, that as the wind grew cold without, they might the more enjoy the gentle warmth within—she drew her richest embroidered screen between Mrs. Howard’s cushioned arm-chair and the fire, and coaxed Dido to nestle in her usual soft place, at the feet of her ancient mistress. On the little Chinese table, which stood beside Cecilia, she placed a glass of choice and fragrant hot-house flowers:

and, when she found nothing more to claim her attention, she leaned over her friend, and, under pretence of arranging the shawl that was folded around her, tenderly kissed her, and then, turning to her embroidery, affected to be engrossed by it, though, in reality, she stooped towards the work, only to hide the starting tear which would no longer be repressed.

But neither did the tear, nor those little acts of love, which Grace, from the purest and most unselfish motives, had so quietly performed, escape the notice of Cecilia. Arthur saw and understood them also; and, as he marked that lacid tear fall like a sparkling gem, upon the bright-hued silks that lay upon the frame, it reproved him for his hazy censure, and offered ample atonement for aught which, in his moment of excessive and unhealthy feeling, he had deemed the result of frivolity. His eye, soft and sympathizing in its expression, was fixed earnestly upon her, when Grace turned suddenly around, and as she encountered that glance of more than usual interest and intensity, a beautiful blush suffused both brow and cheek, and again she bent over her work, till the ringlets of her long fair hair fell like a shadowing veil around her lovely face.

Arthur sighed deeply as he turned slowly away, and, taking up a book, he went on, at Cecilia's request, with a poem of Wordsworth's, which he had commenced reading aloud on the preceding morning. And this day was the picture of many days that witnessed the patient and gentle decline of Cecilia, and the anxious watching, the tender ministries of love, which faintly told the affection and the anguish of those few devoted friends, who, in the quiet of that calm season, amid the fading beauty of Hazeldell, saw their loved one droop and die, silently and meekly, as the pale autumnal flowers which bowed before the blast, and lay withered and blighted on the earth. Even to the last she walked abroad amid the scenes she loved—on the open piazza, or, when the weather would permit, through the sunny paths of the garden, breathing forth words of love, the outpourings of a soul that glowed with the fervent faith, the triumphant hope of one, to whose spiritual sight was already revealed glorious glimpses of the infinite and the eternal.

They to whom she spoke felt their hearts burn within them as they listened; and to their eyes, even, it then seemed, as if the curtain which veiled from sight the unseen world, was drawn aside, permitting its unimagined splendours to stream in upon their souls. And when they saw her glorified form vanishing from them, amidst the harmonies and beatified joys of Heaven, scarcely would they, so fraught had their hearts become with her calm truth, so strong in her all-

conquering faith, so elate with joy that she had gained that blessed haven of eternal rest,—scarcely would they have held her back to earth, even had such power been granted them to use.

The day on which she left them, she had conversed much, and in a tone of such cheerfulness, that one who had not watched the progress of her fatal disorder, might have believed its crisis past, and that health was once more giving a glad promise of return. She spoke with interest of her childish and youthful days, and even with tears expressed to her grandmother the grateful sense she cherished of her tender and protecting love. She alluded also to many little plans of benevolence which she had left incomplete, and especially commended to the care of Arthur, and of Grace, while she remained at Hazeldell, a school for the children of the humbler classes, which she had established, and for several years supported at her own expense.

As the day drew to a close, and the sun was seen through a bay-window, setting in unusual splendour, she looked towards it with a smile, that seemed an emanation of its own glory, and expressed a wish to go upon the piazza, and gaze, it might be for the last time, on its decline. Fearing for her the evening air, they would have dissuaded her from her purpose, but she gently insisted that they must not deny her wish, and immediately both Grace and Arthur assisted her to rise, and supported her towards the door. She moved thus, half across the room, when her step faltered—her countenance changed—and as Mrs. Howard, who was anxiously observing her, came hastily forward, Cecilia threw her arms towards her, and fell with them around her neck.

"Dearest grandmamma, do not weep for me; we shall soon be reunited, where partings are unknown," she softly murmured, as, tenderly kissing her weeping relative, she laid her head in childlike love upon the faithful bosom where it had so often nestled in its helplessness. "Grace, Arthur, dear friends, kiss me once again, for I am leaving you; but mourn not that I depart—I go to the Friend and Saviour whom we love, who has redeemed us from sin and from death—to His Father, and to our father, in whose presence, I trust through Him, to find rest and joy for ever more."

She sunk down in the arms that were almost powerless to sustain her, as with an effort she uttered these words, and with an upward glance of holy joy, and the low murmur of prayer upon her lips, she closed her eyes, and, with a gentle sigh, her pure spirit left its lovely tenement, and ascended to its native skies. Mrs. Howard resigned the lifeless form of her beloved child to Arthur, when its celestial inmate had departed,

and turned away to mingle her tears with those of Grace. He received the cold clay of her he had so truly loved upon his bosom; and, as he laid that beautiful head back upon the pillow, whence it had so recently arisen in life, he sank upon his knees beside it, and, with eyes dimmed by fast gathering tears, he gazed long and silently upon the tender beauty of that face, on whose lineaments even in death the light of the pure and heavenly spirit seemed lovingly to linger.

And, as he gazed, many thoughts thronged upon his soul—thoughts that ever fill it in that hour, when Death lays his mysterious touch upon the form which has been the light and joy of our hearts. How we long then to penetrate the dread secrets of the invisible—to pass the “slight impalpable bound” that severs being from death, and know and share the destiny of the departed. One thought haunted him—was that love, which would have blessed his life, had she been granted to his prayers—was it still an unquenchable emotion of her pure and enfranchised spirit? Yes, it must be so—it was a deathless sentiment, and he drew comfort from the thought that even in Heaven it lived with her—aye, even there, but “purified from dust!”

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Days and weeks passed on in sad unvarying succession, at Hazeldell, after the death of Cecilia. Her pure and gentle influence still pervaded the home of her early love; but her visible presence no longer dwelt there, and the painful void left by her absence, rendered it impossible for Arthur to find there the peace and submission, which, in accordance with her spirit, he earnestly desired to make his own. Instead thereof, a deep melancholy brooded on his mind, and so materially affected his health, that Dr. Thornley, desirous to remove him from scenes that fed his disorder, recommended him to pass the winter in a warmer and more congenial climate. Most willingly he availed himself of any plea to escape from his native shores, and, bidding adieu to his grandmother, who, soothed by the companionship and affection of Grace, had settled down to the customary routine of her tranquil life,—he sailed for Italy, in which country he purposed to remain till the ensuing spring.

Grace received his farewell with a sadness she could ill conceal. But had she known the silent homage he rendered to her virtues, the reverence with which he regarded her efforts after excellence, the gratitude with which her devotion to his aged and bereaved relative inspired him, she would have felt that she had already won a dear reward for her well-doing, and, in many subse-

quent moments of sadness, would have looked forward with the fond hope of meeting his approving smile when he returned. One circumstance there was, which, when he left her, filled her young heart with glad surprise, though it was merely a request, as Mrs. Howard seldom wrote, that she would permit him to maintain a regular correspondence with her.

How could she refuse? Joyfully indeed she acceded to his wish; and thus, during the many months of his absence, he had an opportunity to mark the gradual unfolding of her mind into a loveliness that soon furnished him with a delightful study, and touched and interested him more than he was himself aware of. It was the constant aim of Grace to form herself upon the model of Cecilia's character, and insensibly she learned to cultivate the same spirit, and to be actuated by the same elevated motives and principles, which she had thought so worthy of imitation in her friend. Nor was Arthur slow to detect the constantly increasing similarity between the mind of Grace, as developed to him in her sweet and unstudied letters, and that of her's whom he had loved with a devotion and a fervor, which he felt he could never again bestow upon another.

And so the winter passed away, but still saddened by the remembrance of the past, Arthur prolonged his stay in Europe, travelling with a restless desire of change, from place to place, till the summer also had well nigh drawn to a close, when a letter from Grace, written in a tone of unusual pensiveness, and alluding with much feeling to Mrs. Howard's evidently declining health, aroused him to the unworthiness of the morbid feeling in which he had so long and selfishly indulged, and determined him instantly to return home. To resolve, was in most cases to act, with him, and the next vessel which sailed from Leghorn, conveyed the long absent wanderer to his native shores.

Immediately on his landing, he repaired to Hazeldell, where he arrived to find his grandmother in the last stages of life's decay, given over by her physicians, and passively awaiting the moment of her final release from earth. But as if the sight of one she so loved, restored the vital functions of her heart, she revived and lingered on for many days after his return. Grace was still with her, a ministering spirit of love and consolation, and when Arthur again beheld her, he was struck with the change which had been effected during his absence, not only in her person, which had ripened into fuller and more matured beauty, but likewise in her manner, and her conversation, the former of which was replete with sweet and gentle dignity, the latter with

sensibility and thought, which lent to both a charm he had never marked in them before.

Though totally unlike Cecilia in appearance, there was something in her voice, in her modes of expression, in the delicacy of her mind, and the imperturbable sweetness of her temper, that brought his lost and loved one constantly before him. There was also a strong bond of sympathy between them in their mutual affection for her,—and the conversation which they daily held of her, brought them into close communion of interest and thought. And thus while sharing with Grace, during the short remainder of Mrs. Howard's life, the care and attentions which she rendered her, he learned to find a pleasure in her presence and society, which lent a brighter aspect to his life, and enabled him to look into the future without a shudder at the gloom, in which, to his diseased eye, it had so long been shrouded.

Just twelve months from the day on which Cecilia died, Arthur saw his last earthly relative laid in the family vault beside her. Mrs. Howard's course of virtue and of usefulness was finished here, and in that blessed hope which lifts the trusting soul above the terrors of death, she peacefully departed to her rest. Arthur mourned for her sincerely—she had been a mother to him through his life, and her memory was embalmed, with that of his cherished Cecilia, in his heart. Grace also felt most sensibly her loss—and pure was the consolation she derived from the thought, that she had sustained and cheered her solitary age, ministered to her with a child's unflinching love, and so fulfilled her promise to Cecilia, and in some slight measure repaid the benefits, which she owed to the gentle teachings and example of her friend.

Her task of love and duty ended at Hazeldell, Grace left it to return once more, a welcome guest, to the bosom of her own happy home—changed indeed from the gay and thoughtless child who quitted it, to the elevated and disciplined woman, conscious of the high powers and boundless energies which lay folded up within her, asking a life of moral training and endeavour, to develop but the germ, which was destined to expand through ages of unlimited existence and progression.

Hazeldell was left to the care of servants, for Arthur too spent the winter in town; but with the spring, the halls of the venerable mansion were thrown open to welcome back those who had but temporarily deserted them, and thither Arthur led Grace as his bride, and installed her mistress over the fair inheritance, which, as the last survivor of his family, had descended solely to him. Grace had given her whole heart, with its first warm and fresh affections, to her husband, and though she received in return the true and

tender love of his, she knew that its deepest and most passionate emotions had been awakened by another—that still the cherished image “of his soul's fond love” was set apart, and hallowed by the tender devotion of a sentiment, too pure for earth, and yet too fond for heaven. Yet so entirely had she fixed on him her every hope of earthly happiness, that she was content even to be loved for Cecilia's sake, relying with sanguine hope on the fond belief, that ere long she should be dearest to him for her own.

Still her generous appreciation of the beautiful and the lovely in her departed friend's character, forbade her to regard with any jealous emotion, the tender homage which Arthur paid to her memory. She was stimulated by it the more earnestly to emulate the virtues, which had so deeply touched his heart, and to cherish all that reminded her of them. And to both, were the scenes among which they dwelt touched with dear and sacred remembrances of her, and sweet associations derived from the past, invested with interest, felt only by their hearts, every feature of the landscape that spread in beauty around them. Her gentle spirit seemed to haunt the home, which its pure and blessed influence still pervaded,—her image was a visible presence there—her name a household word of power and love; and even the tie which bound their two hearts in one, they felt to be holier, because its completion had fulfilled her latest and most earnest wish.

And is it not thus, that ever, and to all, comes the blessed influence of the “holy dead”? chastening, elevating, invigorating the soul, and strengthening it to press on in the steps of the departed, towards the goal of victory; which they have won—making light, by the remembrance of their love and their trials, the woes of earth—filling the heart with pure and softening emotions, with lofty aspirations, and ardent desires for a closer communion with Him, in whose blissful presence the spirits of our loved ones dwell.

“The beautiful! the beautiful!  
All silently they stand  
Within the chambers of the soul  
A fair and shadowy band,  
And from out those chambers now and then  
This cheerful voice is given—  
“Oh faint not, while ye walk below,  
Ye dwell with us in heaven!”

#### ORIGINAL THINKERS.

There are very few original thinkers in the world, or ever have been; the greatest part of those who are called philosophers, have adopted the opinions of some who went before them, and so having chosen their respective guides, they maintain with zeal what they have thus imbibed.

# RANDOM THOUGHTS.

No. IV.

CARLYLE.

I HAVE just finished Thomas Carlyle's last book, entitled, "Past and Present," and it has so filled my mind, that I must try to give my impressions of it. My admiration of this book is disinterested, for I am not of those who make Carlyle the god of their idolatry; yet, I trust, I am not insensible to the merits of so original a thinker, and so profound a critic. I have read all his productions—many of them with unmingled delight—and none of them, without appreciation of his extraordinary powers. To make allusion only to a few:—His biography of Schiller; his comments on the life and writings of Richter; his analysis of Goëthe, are so fraught themselves with inventive genius, as to be creations rather than criticisms, such as almost place the writer on a level with the great authors whom he reviews. With these I need hardly specify his most pathetic and eloquent Essay on Burns—a genuine and manly estimate of a most genuine and most manly poet. A position of Carlyle's own is, that to judge truly of faults, you must have entered fully into the excellence of your author, and this position he has nobly himself exemplified in his estimate of big-hearted Burns, the bard that "walked the mountain side in glory and in joy." But Carlyle has peculiarities which no admiration can render pleasing to me. If some will call me conventional for such repugnance, I cannot help it. So it is in me, and I only shew my improvement by Carlyle's lessons, by honest expression. It seems to me that Carlyle defies sheer force, and that he is intolerant, not merely to pretension, but to weakness. His views of man often appear to me exceedingly limited, and so also his ideas of good and evil. With most eloquent eulogies on genuineness, he does not much respect individual independence. The genuineness that he approves is one which makes impression by some strong peculiarity; one which can maintain its right by power. Other than this he does not praise; nay, on humble men, who do the best they can in common ways, he pours out most scalding sarcasm, and most bitter ridicule. Carlyle would have the lower minds not merely subjects, but worshippers, and heroes should be their gods. To this worship I never can bend: I admire great souls, but I will not forsake my own—in my adoration I would

gain aspire directly to the Creator of great souls. From a great many points in Carlyle's philosophy I sincerely dissent—but, within limits; desire to be a learner from Carlyle's teaching. That he is a man of a vigorous and earnest mind, I believe; that he is a man of a tranquil and catholic one, I doubt. His later style is not to be praised; enough, if it be borne: and nothing can more evince the value which is set on Carlyle's thoughts than the endurance of his style. It is not English, and I know not what else it is. His terms, singly, to be sure, are Anglo-Saxon; but to what dialect his sentences belong let philosophers determine. But still, let no one turn away from his odd and grotesque expression: let no one on this account cast aside a book of Carlyle's, or he will throw away a husk which contains a very precious kernel. I have mastered his vocabulary, and find a wisdom in his words which would repay twenty times the labour. These exceptions are made in perfectly cordial temper; and now I will proceed to tell you all I can in a short space about the work I have already mentioned. As a literary composition, it has Carlyle's power and his defects; but its aim is directly practical, and its tone is impressively serious.

It is divided into four books. The first is entitled the "Proem." It is a picture of English society in its present ominous condition, and is the deepest voice of advice and warning, which has come forth from the groaning heart of that sick and struggling country. There is a prophetic-like depth in its tone of complaint, and a prophet-like energy in its indignant denunciation; withal, it has modulations of sweetness and pity.

Book the second, is designated, "The Ancient Monk." It resuscitates a fragment of the middle ages, with that picturesque vitality in which Carlyle has no equal and no rival. This book is founded on an old MS., some time since discovered in England by the "Camden Society," containing a memoir of one Samson, abbot of the Monastery of St. Edmundsbury in the twelfth century. Edmund was a generous Saxon Englishman, who, beloved by his people, and murdered by the Danes, became a saint. Three centuries after his death, his shrine was hung with riches, and a monastery existed under his patronage, with one of the broadest estates in the nation. Car-

lyle, in an eloquent character of St. Edmund, draws a beautiful picture of a good landlord. A certain indolent abbot, Hugo, not averse to prayer, but very much to work, gets the estate of the community into a sad embarrassment; but happily Abbot Hugo took into his head to make a pilgrimage to Canterbury—and, more happily, Abbot Hugo died on the way. A certain stout-souled monk, Samson, a man after Carlyle's own heart, is elected abbot; and, fortunately, a certain minute observer, Jocelin, wrote a chronicle. This Jocelin is also beloved of Carlyle, and, in his endearment he calls him *Bozzy*—that is in a small way—for a Boswell is very gracious in the eyes of Carlyle, when there is a Dr. Johnson behind him. Abbot Samson sets to work like a man; reforms with radical energy—clears the house of drones—clears the estates of debts, and clears the vicinity of Jews. Abbot Samson has manifold occupations; he is governor, steward, judge, priest, and legislator; but Abbot Samson is equal to them all. Abbot Samson has troubles with his monks, which he subdues by a wise and gentle courage; and that courage does not blench even in contest with the dauntless *Cœur de Lion*. The abbot had a wealthy ward, whom the king would marry otherwise than the abbot deemed to be for her good. The king, by letter, requests that Abbot Samson will give her as he directs. Abbot Samson replies, with deep humility, that she is already given. New letters from Richard, of severer tenor, were answered with new humilities, with gifts and entreaties; with no promise of obedience. Richard's ire is kindled; messengers arrive at St. Edmundsbury, with emphatic messages to obey or tremble. Abbot Samson, wisely silent as to the king's threats, makes answer: "The king may send, if he will, and seize the ward: force and power, he has to do his pleasure, and abolish the whole abbey: I never can be bent to wish this that he seeks, nor shall it by me be ever done; for there is danger lest such things be made a precedent of, to the prejudice of my successors. *Videat Altessemsus*. Let the Most High look on it. Whatsoever things shall befall, I shall patiently endure. Richard swore tornado oaths, worse than our army in Flanders; to be revenged on that proud priest. But, in the end, he discovered that the priest was right, and forgave him; and even loved him." The chronicle breaks off abruptly, and Carlyle closes the book with a fine chapter on the rise and progress of art and literature.

Then comes Book the third, on "The Modern Worker." In this we have the philosophy of modern England—and the philosophy is as grand as the subject. This is somewhat different from Jack-a-dandy Lester's, and his bottled pop and

small beer declamations on the "Glorious and the Shame of England." Carlyle does not conceal the shame of the age, but denounces it with a thunder voice; its atheism—its manimism—its dilettantism—its pretensions—its quakeries—its cant—its want of high and noble soul—its selfishness—its vain and idle aristocracies—its devouring monopolies—its naked and starving toilsomeness—its pleasure-seeking and pleasure-loving lords. The topics here simply indicated are rung out in Carlyle's huge diction, as if on the booming of St. Paul's great bell. But he gives the glory as well as the shame. He notes the force of principle and of purpose that lies in the silent depths of English character, and the evidence it leaves in the world—not in speech, but deeds—not in theories, but things. "The English," he says, "are a dumb people. They can do great acts, but not describe them. Like the old Romans, and some few others, their epic is written on the earth's surface: England her mark! It is complained that they have no artists; only Shakspeare, indeed; but for Raphael, only a Reynolds; for Mozart, nothing but a Mr. Bishop; not a picture, nor a song. And yet they did produce one Shakspeare. Consider how the element of Shakspearean melody does lie imprisoned in their nature; reduced to unfold itself in mere cotton mills, constitutional government, and such like; all the more interesting when it does become visible, as even in such unexpected shapes it succeeds in doing!" \* \*

Again: "Of all nations in the world at present, we English are the stupidest in speech and wisest in action. As good as a dumb nation, I say, who cannot speak, and have never yet spoken—spite of the Shaksperes and Miltons, who show the possibilities that are. O Mr. Bull, I look into that sultry face of thine with a mixture of pity and laughter, yet also with wonder and veneration. Thou complainest not, my illustrious friend, and yet I believe the heart of thee is full of sorrow, of unspoken sadness, seriousness—profound melancholy, (as some have said), the basis of thy being. Unconsciously, for thou speakest of nothing, this great universe is great to thee. Not by levity of floating, but by stubborn force of swimming, shalt thou make thy way. The fates sing of thee that thou shalt many times be thought an ass and a dull ox, and shalt, with a godlike indifference, believe it. My friend, and it is all untrue: nothing falsier in point of fact! Thou art of those great ones, whose greatness the small passers-by do not discern. Thy very stupidity is wiser than their wisdom. A grand *vis inertiae* is in thee; how many grand qualities unknown to small men. Nature alone knows thee—acknowledges the bulk and strength of

thee: thy epic, unsung in words, is written in huge characters on the face of this planet—sea moles, cotton trades, rail-ways, fleets and cities, Indian empires, Americans, New Hollands—legible throughout the solar system."

Carlyle enlarges, with soul-stirring exultation, on the glory of labour, on the blessedness of work. "Blessed," he says, "is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it." And here is a grand picture of what work can do: "And again, hast thou valued patience, courage, perseverance, openness to light, readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better the next time? All these, all virtues—in wrestling with the dim brute powers of Fate, in ordering of the fellows in such wrestle, there, and elsewhere not at all, that wilt continually learn. Set down a brave Sir Christopher in the middle of black ruined stoneheaps—of foolish, unarchitectural bishops—red-tape officials—idle Nell-Gwin Defenders of the Faith—and see whether he will ever raise a St. Paul's Cathedral out of all that, yea or no? Rough, rude contradictors, are all things and persons, from mutinous masons, and Irish hoshien, up to idle Nell-Gwin Defenders, to blustering red-tape officials—foolish, unarchitectural bishops. All these things and persons are there, not for Sir Christopher's sake and his cathedrals; they are there for their own sake mainly! Christopher will have to conquer and constrain all these—if he be able. All these are against him. Equitable Nature herself, who carries on her mathematics and architectories, not on the face of her, but deep in the hidden heart of her. Nature herself is but partially for him; will be wholly against him, if he constrains her not! His very money, where is it to come from? The pious munificence of England lies far-scattered, distant, unable to speak, and say 'I am here'—must be spoken to, before it can speak. Pious munificence, and all help, is so silent, invisible, like the gods; impediments, contradictions manifold are so loud and near! O, brave Sir Christopher, trust thou in those, notwithstanding, and front all these; understand all these, by valiant patience, noble effort, insight, by man's strength, vanquish and compel all these—and, on the whole, strike down victoriously the last topstone of that Paul's edifice; thy monument for centuries; the stamp 'Great Man' impressed very legibly on Portland-stone there!"

The afflictive evils that cry in England for remedy are again and again referred to in all the chapters of this impressive section of the work, and warning repeated upon warning to apply the remedy, and to apply it directly.

The nature of the remedy in the author's mind

is more clearly indicated in the fourth and last book, which he names the "Horoscope." First, the Corn Laws must go. That is now not a conjecture, but a certainty; not a prophecy, but a fact. Supposing the Corn Laws abolished, and the nation ensared on a course of prosperity, that possibly might continue for twenty years. At the close of that period, if nothing else be done in the mean time, the miseries which now oppress the millions, would be found again with aggravated malignity. To avert this terrible result, what must be done, that the future, not only be safe, but progressive? The whole people must be educated. That is the radical amelioration, the basis of every other improvement. Systematic emigration must be established: This will relieve the labor-market at home, and extend the consuming-market abroad. Labor needs in some way a better organization, and the results of labor, a more equitable distribution. And withal, higher sentiments must govern every class of society—not the Utilitarian—but one of more faith, and more idealty. The wisest must rule; industry must have dignity: the relations of life must have more elements of performance: both the landed and the gifted must recognize the sacredness of their trusts and be faithful to them. These things being accomplished, England will be renovated for a new race of glory; if neglected, England's days are numbered. But the author is full of hope; he believes that the moral strength of England will come resistlessly to the task, and that his country will vindicate her might in this hour of fierce trial. Having an earnest hope in himself, he breathes it into others, and in this lyric-like strain he closes the work: "Unstained by wasteful deformities, by wasted tears and hearts' blood of men, or any defacement of the pit, noble, fruitful labour, growing ever nobler, will come forth,—the grand sole miracle of man; whereby man has risen from the low places of this earth, very literally into divine heavens. Ploughers, Spinners, Builders, Prophets, Poets, Kings, Brindleys and Goethes, Odins and Ark-rights, all martyrs and noble men, and gods are of one grand host; immeasurable, marching ever forward since the beginning of the world. The enormous, all-conquering, flame-crowned host; noble every soldier in it; sacred and alone noble. Let him who is not of it hide himself; let him trouble for himself. Stars at every button cannot make him noble; sheaves of Bath-garters, nor bushels of Georges; nor any other contrivance, but manfully enlisting in it, valiantly taking place and step in it. O Heavens, will he not bethink himself? he too is so needed in the Host! it were so blessed, thrice blessed, for himself, and for us all! In hope of the last, Partridge and some



Duke of Weimer, among our English Dukes, we will be patient yet awhile.

The future hides in it  
Good hap and sorrow;  
We press still thorow;  
Naught that abides in it  
Daunting us.—Onward."

The several topics of this work, in name, seem very distinct and separate from each other, but in spirit they have a vital connection with each other, and form a complete unity in the whole. No period in the life of a nation is independent, no period stands by itself and alone; every period reproduces history—and is modified by influences which history carries onward. Thus, to understand the present complex nature of English society, we must trace how many elements have entered into its formation—and how these elements have been combined and developed in the progress of events. Not the least important elements in the constitution of English civilization—as of European civilization generally—were the feudal and the ecclesiastical. The Baron and the Monk for some centuries gave the law, and shared dominion. Their persons may have disappeared from our modern forms, but the spirit of the Past never entirely dies; nor is that of Baron and of Monk extinct even in an age of cotton mills. To understand, therefore, even an age of cotton mills, in a country where the Baron and the Monk had lived, we must not exclude them from our consideration, or else, we shall have but an imperfect estimate. Carlyle, therefore, with that sagacious insight, which distinguishes his genius, passes in review before us, *The Ancient Monk*, to prepare us for *The Modern Worker*. The civilization of chivalry and church had not departed even externally from England, before the civilization of manufactures and commerce had attained no mean degree of power. Now, that arms are sinking beneath tools, and the breeches behind the Ledger-Book, there is yet the result of a social condition in which heterogeneous principles have been at work, that have never coalesced with the disorder and disense, which are the inevitable consequences of such a state. But the crisis is come; and now the problem is to get through it—to avoid a fatal termination and to start anew with increased and recovered health. The difficulty is, to reconcile interests without destroying them: to lose nothing which may be a means of true elevation; to harmonise all the social elements into unity and strength. Two points, however, press with dire necessity, and whatever else be thought of in later speculation, these must be attended to *instantly*. First, the people must be fed; secondly, they must be taught; and these things can brook no delay. Much may

be done, if men will think seriously; much may be done by earnest purpose; by friendly combination, by honest compromise; and there is one hope in a tendency which is growing either from increase of principle, or the pressure of the times; and that is, men incline less to faction and more to truth—and hope the clouds will pass and leave all fertility behind them; and if England is never again to be merrie, let her at least be prosperous.

## EARTH.

BY E. J. D.

Favoured of Heaven! Oh, love-encircled Earth!—  
Clothed with light, and crown'd with stately wood;  
Well might high angels sing thy glorious birth,  
And Deity Himself pronounce thee "good."

Well might pure spirits wander through thy bowers,  
And while thy scenes of beauty overwhelm,  
Forget a while the sweet unending flowers,  
That blossom in their own eternal realm.

Well may man's breast beat with triumphal joy—  
Well may his foot tread proud thy fragrant sod—  
Well may his heart forget Sh's dark alloy,  
And wish such scenes eternal as his God.

Oh, beautiful Earth! with hill and gentle dale,  
And mighty mountains, and wild waterfalls—  
Thy solemn forests, and thy quiet vales,  
And the blue sky hung lovingly o'er all—

Must they all perish? are they doomed to fade?  
Flushed by all sounds of human joy or mirth;  
Nature, a scene of blackened ashes laid!  
Is this thy doom? Alas! my mother Earth!

Calm thee, my soul—in God's all-loving eye,  
Each thing is dear—a sparrow is of worth;  
Pour forth thy grateful incense to the sky,  
Eternal, lovely, renovated Earth!

## THE MOUNTAIN AIR.

BY MRS. MOORE.

Rave not to me of your sparkling wine,  
Bid not for me the goblet shine,  
My soul is athirst for a draft more rare,  
A gush of the free, fresh mountain air.

It wafts on its current the rich perfume,  
Of the purple heath and the honied broom;  
The golden furze and the hawthorn fair,  
Shed all their sweets to the mountain air.

It plays round the bark and the mossy stone,  
Where the violet droops like a nun alone;  
Shrouding her eyes from the noontide glare,  
Yet breathing her soul to the mountain air.

It gives to my spirits a tone of mirth,  
I bound with joy o'er the new dressed earth,  
When spring has scattered her jewels there,  
And laden with balm the mountain air.

From Nature's fountain my nectar flows—  
'Tis the essence of each sweet bud that blows;  
Then come—and with me the banquet share,  
Let us quaff together the mountain air.

## "IT IS OVER IN A MOMENT."

"A moment! one moment, what an effect it produces upon years! Virtue, crime, glory, shame, we, enquire, rest upon moments! Death itself is but a moment, yet eternity is its successor."

"My dear Ellen, you are too severe on Amelia; she is only a child, and you cannot expect perfection from her," said Mr. Walton, as the door closed upon the retreating form of their eldest daughter. "Besides, she is really amiable, and is rarely in a passion. I acknowledge when she does get angry she is violent enough, but it is all over in a moment. At eight years old, I assure you, one does not find blameless children."

"But you forget, my dear husband, that in the angry moment of which you speak, the happiness, nay, the life of others, may be destroyed. We cannot, if we would, continue much longer to excuse Amelia's delinquencies, on the score of childhood; and, unless this passion be conquered soon, it will be her curse during life. It was but yesterday my hand, interposed between herself and little Charlie, was all that saved the child from a blow, the effects of which, you see, are still perceptible," exhibiting, as she spoke, a spot on her delicate hand.

"Goodness, Ellen! why did you not tell me this at the time?"

"Because, my dear, I reproved Amelia myself for it; and her affectionate heart was sufficiently punished by seeing me suffer."

Just then the subject of their conversation rushed into the room, her exquisitely chiselled features lighted up by a glow of benevolence, and her fair hair floating upon her shoulders, like a shower of golden light playing around her face, and her apron half-filled with hyacinths and violets.

"Mamma, papa, here is a poor woman—can Mrs. Burton give me some meat and bread for her and her babe? Mamma, quick! she is so hungry!"

"The elements of a fine woman are there," murmured the delighted father.

"And must not be spoiled by foolish indulgence," replied the wise step-mother, as she followed the lively child, to investigate the cause of distress, which had called forth her kindly feelings.

It was morning, and the cheerful sun was gleaming through the rose-coloured curtains, which draped the windows of a superb parlour in

—square. The paintings, sculpture, the piano, harp, music books, beside the numberless arrangements always found in the abode of taste, betokened a female hand; and interested one at once in its occupants. Near where the door into a conservatory stood invitingly open, filling the air with fragrance, sat in a recess a young lady of about nineteen. A desk was before her, and paper, partly covered, told that she had been writing; but the pearl-handled pen had fallen from her grasp, and, lost in reverie, she scarcely heeded the entrance of a servant, who placed before her a packet, saying, apologetically:

"It was brought last night, Miss Amelia, but I forgot to do—"

"Forgot, James! you *always* forget, I think."

"My poor mother died last night, Miss Amelia, and I was called away to see her, just as Mr. Churchill's servant brought this."

He was interrupted this time, not by the impetuous passion of his young mistress, but by the tears which at once filled those fine eyes; and, knowing from past experience, that sorrow was the only excuse needed, the man withdrew.

Amelia Walton opened the packet. It contained a very beautiful copy of the Sacred Scriptures; after admiring which, and devouring the accompanying note, she touched a concealed spring of her desk, and drew forth a miniature. It was of a young man. The features were plain, except a pair of large, full, meekly-beaming, hazel eyes, which spoke of soul, and the lofty forehead, which revealed intellect. Our heroine gazed not long, however, ere its original entered, and, advancing to meet him, she exclaimed:

"Dear Edward, I knew of your coming only at this moment; and it is a kind Providence that aunt and uncle have gone to G—"

The fine open countenance of her auditor was darkened like the shadow the cloud flings upon the sunny landscape; and as he led her to her seat, and placed himself on an ottoman by her side, he said:

"You have at once brought before me the immediate cause of my petition for a long tête-à-tête. You know that I have long and faithfully loved you; and I do believe that my heart's best affection is more than repaid by you. Our religious

views harmonize—our sympathies and tastes are one. You have given me that word, which nothing can make me doubt, that you will be mine. My circumstances are such as to warrant our immediate union. Nay more, your mother's consent has been most cordially conveyed to us—my own sisters are waiting to clasp you to their hearts—and yet you beg for delay. I do not, could not doubt your love—I trust you wholly; but I cannot understand your reasons. I might bear it better; but you know, Amelia, your worldly, fashionable uncle and aunt do not care to see me here; and, while they have unhesitatingly declared to your mamma's enquiries, that my strictness, or, as they term it, my 'methodism,' is their only objection to me, yet their coldness and formal politeness sufficiently shew their disrelish of my attentions. Why then do you desire a postponement?"

"I really do not know, Edward, *why*; but I am happy enough as I am—why should I wish to change my name? I see *you* every day. Were we separated the case would be different."

"Dear Amelia, do you love to see me humble myself to be a visitor at a house where I am unwelcome?"

"Oh, no, dearest! my very blood boils when that horrid George Kilby treats you with so much *sauy-froid*. I told aunt Mary only yesterday that I would never speak to him again—no, never—unless he altered his manner towards you. Does he think *that* the way to win my love?"

"Now, my precious one, if you are really thus averse to my coming in contact with such superciliousness, oh! why not name the day for our union? I will have my house in readiness by the very first of July; and the white lilies will shed their fragrance and display their beauty to grace your bridal. Why not name an early day in July? I have often heard you say your wedding should take place in that month."

"Yes, but not next July, Eddy."

"And you wish me, then, to wait *another* year? You leave here in October, at the farthest, and then nine months of loneliness are before me. Do not, I beg of you, thus trifle with my happiness. It is all in your hands."

But we need not pursue the long conversation which ensued. No reason could Amelia Walton possibly give for her decision, and, as she herself said afterwards, no reason existed. Her benevolence had gone to sleep, and a determination to have her own way seemed to reign in its stead. She persisted in her refusal, however, at the same time expressing her strong attachment to her lover. At length, at the end of an hour, Edward rose to his feet, and exclaimed with

energy, though with much of his characteristic gentleness:

"Well, Amelia, *next July, or never!*"

"*Never! then never!*" exclaimed his auditor, with a flashing eye.

The large eyes of the young man filled with tears, as he exclaimed:

"Farewell, then, Amelia—*farewell for ever!*" And she was alone.

For one hour, Amelia Walton was sustained by the energy of her passion; for two days more she thought he would return. He had often forgiven her ebullitions of anger—his mildness had borne with her petulance—would it not be so now? Could he forget all their youthful love—in each case their first? No, Edward Churchill had forgotten nothing—and severe was the struggle in his own mind; but his father had been a man of violent passions, and the misery caused by his want of control had been so deeply felt by the family, that young Churchill had, from his early boyhood, dreaded a residence with a passionate person.

Who can describe the depths of wretchedness which for months weighed down the spirit of Amelia, and bowed her to the very dust? She sought her home. Her birds, her flowers were there; but all was changed. She resumed her wonted employments; but the spirit that had given them zest had flown; and when, at the end of two years, she read in the newspapers the marriage of Edward Churchill, to one whom she knew to be every thing any man could wish in a wife, her agony was in truth intense:

"It is a bitter thing to feel

The heart's enchantment o'er;

But 'tis more bitter still to find

It can be charmed no more!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Our readers must pass over years that have glided by, and allow us to introduce them to an apartment, where were seated two sisters and mothers. In Mrs. Campbell, the elder, they will probably recognize the Amelia Walton of former days. Sadness and sorrow have done their work, and the polished brow bears lines wrought by anguish of spirit. But there is somewhat of quiet happiness in her look; and had one listened, through the long, quiet day, to those outpourings, which can take place *only* between sisters, he would have found that, though the scars remained deep and permanent in the heart, her marriage had not been one of *interest* merely. "Love's young dream" had been disturbed by the hurricane that had swept over the path, and long did desolation and barrenness mark the track; but time and religion had caused the verdure to spring up, and cover even the stemless stumps,

and screen the scams caused by the destroyer. A "first love" is all-powerful; but the heart does sometimes know a *second*. The former has more of passion—the latter of repose.

The sky had during the day been unusually clear; but now a dark muttering cloud was seen to rise rapidly, and, as it neared the zenith, the vivid flash, the quick, sharp report, and the high wind, portended a tempest of no ordinary power.

"Dear Amelia, how you tremble!" said Mrs. Ellwood to her sister. "I did not know you were afraid of thunder."

"Nor am I," replied Mrs. Campbell. "Do you forget, Ellen, that our husbands are exposed to this fearful tempest. They were to leave the island on their return at four o'clock, and just now they must be half way home."

"God protect them!" exclaimed the agitated woman, as the lightning illuminated the apartment, and a volley of Heaven's artillery seemed to jar the very foundations of the house. Her child was laid down in its cradle, and again clasped convulsively to her bosom. Aston it was cast upon the bed, and its mother resumed her hurried walk across the floor, repeating:

"Oh, Ellen, think of those mountain waves—that little boat, —"

"My sister, calm yourself," murmured Ellen; "He who holds the waves in the hollow of His hand can protect, guide, and preserve those we love. All will be ordered wisely; and this agitation, while it cannot benefit George, will seriously injure you and your baby. See, he is calling you to take him," she added, as the little fellow crowed out his delight at the brilliant lightning.

Mrs. Ellwood's words produced no effect. At length it was found necessary to force the excited woman to swallow some medicine, which for a short time quieted her.

The rain descended in torrents—the wind swept by, lashing the beautiful bay into foaming surges, which broke upon the beach with a tremendous noise. Yet was this outward storm quite equalled by the uncontrollable excitement within doors.

"Would to God, Ellen, papa had married your mother three years earlier—I might have been as calm as you. Oh! I have prayed for grace to subdue myself—why am I not heard?"

"Dear Amelia, you have been heard, and your usual course is not broken, as formerly, by fits of temper. It is only at times these excitements return."

"Yes, Ellen, I owe much to grace; but had I begun earlier how much more successful I might have been."

But there was no more time for words. A tree near the house was struck by the electric

fluid, and shivered to splinters, and the wretched mother's agony was fearfully enhanced. The firmest spirit might well be awed, and even tremble at the display of Divine power, and Mrs. Ellwood was not unmoved. Still she was mistress of herself, and her calmness communicated itself to her babe, whose sweet smile betokened its composure.

The winds were at last hushed—a sun burst forth with redoubled power and splendour, and his beams were flung back from every diamond drop that studded herb, tree, and flower. The waves were not quiet; but over their tops might now be seen dancing a little bark, bearing two who hastened to all they loved. Why are they waited for on the wet sand? Why hurried to the house. They enter the lately happy dwelling, and find extended on the bed of death the wife and mother. A blood vessel had broken, and the vital spark was extinguished. The uncontrollable excitement was "over in a moment;" but it had carried with it life—had caused the wreck of a household's happiness—had left a widowed spirit to mourn over a helpless, motherless babe!

Z.

April, 1843.

## THE BLACKBIRD'S PETITION TO A YOUNG SPORTSMAN.

BY J. B. P.

Ou, spare me, thou, whose still unerring aim  
Hath scattered death my kindred tribes among;  
'Twill cast no darkening shadow o'er thy name,  
To spare with pitying hand the "child of song."

Mute is my once glad voice—its tones are hushed,  
Amid the terrors of impending doom;  
And sad my sinking heart, for hope is crushed,  
And every joy is darkened into gloom.

Ev'n when the summer flowers their odours fling,  
In balmy fragrance on the passing air,  
I dare not rest on earth my wearied wing,  
In fear that thou, alas! may'st linger there.

Oh, bid me live, and aid oft at early morn,  
With fearless wing, I'll con thy dwelling near;  
And, perching gaily on some verdant thorn,  
I'll pour my grateful song upon thine ear.

Oh, bid me live, and still at evening's close  
My voice shall mingle with the fading light;  
The lowly strain may soothe thee to repose,  
Or gild the changeful visions of the night.

In after life, thou too, perchance, may'st rove  
Where death and danger may encompass thee;  
Oh! then protected by the Powers above,  
Be thine the mercy thou accord'st to me.

I dare not plead—be anxious as I may—  
I dare not plead, for aill the feathered throng;  
But yet in pity hearken to my lay,  
And spare, oh, spare, the trembling "child of song."

## THE PROMISE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

She did not kneel beside his dying bed,  
 Now soothe his spirit in that mortal strife,  
 When the dark phantom hovering o'er his head,  
 For ever cut the mystic threads of life :  
 And wild the tears of kindred grief were shed,  
 When hope expired, and woe alone was rife ;  
 She was not there to mark, with streaming eyes,  
 Death triumph o'er life's parting agonies :

Far off is she—within her father's hall,  
 Between them heaves the ever-restless main ;  
 Alone—she sees the evening shadow's fall,  
 And dreams perchance they soon shall meet again ;  
 While twilight spreads around her misty pall,  
 And the moon glistens in the drops of rain,  
 That hang in diamond festoons from each spray—  
 The bright memorials of a stormy day.

But o'er that pensive brow a shadow steals,  
 The voice of song is hushed—her lute is still—  
 In the deep throbbing of her heart she feels  
 A solemn warning of approaching ill.  
 A sudden start, that mental pang reveals,  
 And large bright tears her eyes unbidden fill :  
 She glances round her with a boding fear,  
 As though the spirits of the dead were near.

Nay, maiden!—wherefore dost thou scream and rise ?  
 'Tis but the shadow of yon open door :  
 What meets the gaze of those expanded eyes ?  
 'Tis but the moonbeams sleeping on the floor,  
 Stealing from yon high window's splend'id dyes,  
 To paint with mimic hues the marble o'er ;  
 Thou dost but dream—and fancy o'er thee flings  
 The solemn influence of unearthly things.

That awful promise made in happier years—  
 What now recalls it to thy heaving breast ?  
 Bind up those floating tresses—dry the tears  
 That mar thy beauty : from their silent rest  
 The dead return not!—these are idle fears,  
 Oh, from the starry mansions of the bless'd,  
 What soul, released from mortal guilt and pain,  
 Would stoop to visit this sad earth again.

Thy spirit owns the deep mysterious power  
 Of silence, night, and solitude combined ;  
 Yon glorious heavens recall the lonely hour,  
 When on Francesco's manly breast reclined,  
 Ye talked of spectres in the haunted tower—  
 Of their strange influence on the human mind ;  
 And, in defiance of all mortal dread,  
 Challenged the wandering spirit of the dead.

The summons was unanswered—through the gloom,  
 No ghostly apparition floated by ;  
 Silence was there—the silence of the tomb—  
 Unbroken by the wind's prophetic sigh ;  
 And there ye fondly swore that when the doom  
 That mortals dread and shrink from—death—was nigh,  
 The soul first ransom'd should appear to prove  
 Its essence as immortal as its love.

Years have passed on—and as some startling dream  
 That thrills the sleeper's soul with strange affright,  
 Its terrors fading with the morning's beam—  
 As softer slumbers bless'd returning light :

So doth that awful vow in distance seem  
 A dim unhallow'd vision of the night :  
 And she has banished from her soul till now,  
 The dark memorial of that fatal vow.

But now the mystic veil is drawn aside—  
 No earthly form arrests her glazing eye ;  
 She asks not where—nor how her lover died—  
 Her hands are clenched in mortal agony,  
 As the dread future, that she erst defied,  
 In shadowy grandeur slowly flitted by—  
 Fear laid her hand on Reason's sacred throne,  
 And chill'd the fountain of her heart to stone.

The morn awoke—but Catharina slept—  
 The sun came forth, and Nature's anthems rose ;  
 But those sweet eyes, that oft with joy had wept  
 To mark his rising, shall no more unclose :  
 Oh, that young heart no jubilee hath kept ;  
 Its joys and griefs are hushed in deep repose ;  
 The spirit from that fair domain has fled,  
 And tears and silence gather round the dead.

## FLOWERS AND FRUITS OF AUSTRALIA.

MANY fruits grow and flourish in these colonies which can be reared in England only when they are housed, when means are taken to temper the keenness of the winter's blast, and when the temperature of the air is increased by artificial contrivances. It is a matter of doubt, however, whether anything is gained by the inhabitants of New Holland in this particular; for many fruits which are admirably adapted to the temperature and moist climate of Great Britain, either do not come to perfection, or will not grow at all, in the dry, hot atmosphere of New Holland. \* \* \* The Englishman will be in danger of forming a highly favourable opinion of the capabilities of that country for the growth of fruit, where the orange and the grape flourish and yield abundantly in the open air; but it will do him no harm to remember, that if the Australian colonists gain the orange and the grape, they loose the apple, the currant, the gooseberry, and that most delicious of all fruits, the strawberry. As it is with fruits, so it is with flowers. The native flowers are many of them exceedingly beautiful, and the geranium is almost a weed; but still very many of the sweetest and most beautiful English flowers will not grow in the climate of New Holland. The native flowers are, with very few exceptions perfectly inodorous, and they gladden the eye with their grateful presence but for a short period. The dreary wastes of New Holland are relieved by the varied tints of the native flowers in the spring time only. \* \* \* With all the charm of form, the Australian flowers must yield to the delicious fragrance and simple colouring of the flowers of the charming hedgerows of "merry England."—*Burdett's New Holland.*

## THE NEIGHBOURS :

A TALE OF EVERY DAY LIFE—BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

THE light literature of the present day has been so highly wrought and extravagant; the dark pictures of an Ainsworth; the dreamy weavings of the German school; the glowing and unnatural novels of a Bulwer, whose highly coloured pages, are but the reflection of life as seen through an intense egotism, have been so popular, that we almost feared the love of the true and natural was extinguished, and that in this age of general excitement, when ultraism has tinged every thing with its exaggerated light, the simplicity of truth and nature, would be looked upon as tame, insipid, devoid of interest. But the enthusiasm with which Mary Howitt's translation of "The Neighbours" has been received, vindicates human nature, and proves that the sublimity of truth, will tower with Alpine grandeur above the pigmy mole-hills of a distorted imagination. Not even the beautiful creations of Dickens, full of the very spirit of humanity as they are, have touched so deeply the well springs of feeling, or aroused the intense interest which has been excited by this simple picture of Swedish life. He has marred his works by much of caricature, and they are full of descriptions of classes of persons with whom we on this side of the Atlantic are unacquainted, and can find no parallel, and though he holds with a master hand, the key to our smiles and tears, and calls them forth at will, as he pictures the sufferings of a little Nell, or with graphic hand brings before us the lean and emaciated form of poor Smeke, or bids us quail "the rosy" with poetic Dick, or philosophize with Pickwick, we feel the incidents he portrays are not likely to occur to us. We do not doubt the existence of his creations. Poor Oliver, and the happy child-like idiot, are as much living beings to us, as if we were walking in daily companionship with them; but true pictures as they are, they call forth very different feelings from the "tableaux vivants," which Frederika Bremer has grouped for us in her beautiful fiction. Fiction indeed seems an inappropiate name for what bears upon almost every page the stamp of truth and nature. In some things she has passed, perhaps, the bounds of our own every day experience, and yet who has not known, that the romance of real life far exceeds in wildness, awe and improbability, the imaginings of the most fantastic brain?

In reading "The Neighbours," we feel, that though such things have not happened to us, they were very likely to take place, among the scenes, and with the persons the author describes. She has, by the charm of her fancy, filled this prosaic life with deep beauty, and breathed an almost poetic inspiration into the homely details of domestic economy, and the daily intercourse of the friendly circle. She has pictured with loving hand, the charm, which true affection can trace around the simplest fireside, which makes sunshine to gild the darkest cloud which hovers over our worldly fortune; and with true practical wisdom she teaches us, that with this jewel in the heart, the trials of life lose their sting, and become only the means of increased happiness and enjoyment. There is a high tone of moral feeling in the work, which dignifies it into something more than the mere amusement of the hour; a quietness, and just thought, which soothes the mind, and leaves a healthful impression, and more vigorous activity; one rises from its perusal with more noble and true conceptions of the value of the little things, which, in the aggregate, form the great sum of human enjoyment.

We have been heretofore so unfamiliar with the literature of Sweden, and, of course, its customs and observances, that the Translator, in presenting this tale to us, has the advantage of novelty. With the exception of one or two of Tegner's poems, and the dreary mysticism of Swedenburgh, we are totally ignorant of the rich treasures of intellect and learning, which Mary Howitt, and other writers, tell us have been accumulating for the last two centuries in Sweden, and which have been enthusiastically received over the continent, particularly in Germany; and we cannot but hope this specimen will arouse a new interest, and induce our scholars to look into, and give us translations, of the literature of the land of Gustavus Vasa, and Charles the Twelfth.

Frederika Bremer, the lady to whom we are indebted for this work, which Mrs. Howitt has given us in an English dress, is a native of Stockholm, whose leisure it appears, from the Translator's prefatory remarks, has been employed in the composition of several of these works, illustrating the domestic manners of her own people.

She seems to be an accomplished woman, well read in English and German literature; and her style, though of course appearing to some disadvantage through the medium of a translation, is spirited and chaste, with much of beautiful and poetic imagery. The work is highly dramatic, though written in letters, a mode of composition which usually mars the harmony, particularly when the person writing is a prominent actor, and cannot be supposed to enter into the minds, and read the secret thoughts of the other personages; but our author has ingeniously overcome this difficulty by the introduction of a "Stranger Lady," who being "au fait" with all the characters; and being gifted with the clairvoyant power of seeing into their minds, supplies the links which would otherwise necessarily be wanting.

The opening letter is a sweet description of a bride's welcome to her home, and her impressions with regard to her husband, which she transfers to the reader; and we from the first moment feel, that notwithstanding the ungraceful "nom de guerre" which she gives him, her "Bear" is such an one as we could willingly trust with the happiness of our daughters or sisters. His sound sense and unaffected goodness, win our esteem; and yet we tremble at first, lest her affection, which she represents as of the very calm and calculating kind, will not be sufficient to make her a happy wife, and we dread lest the peculiarities which she describes, as belonging to her "Bear," his grimaces, silence, and smoking propensities, should dim the brightness of the chain, which binds them together; but we soon lose this fear, as day by day his fine character develops itself, and she learns to lean upon him with all the trusting affection of a loving wife. His consideration for his Franziska is shewn in the manner in which he presents her to his mother, that dreaded ordeal from which a true woman shrinks with instinctive dread:

All was to me like a dream, out of which I was suddenly awoke by his saying, with a peculiar accent, "Here lives Ma chère mère," and at the same moment the carriage drove into a court-yard, and drew up at the door of a large, handsome, stone house.

"What, must we alight here?" I asked.

"Yes, my love," was his reply.

This was to me by no means an agreeable surprise; I would much rather have gone on to my own house; much rather have made some preparation for this first meeting with my husband's step-mother, of whom I stood in great awe from the anecdotes I had heard of her, and the respect which her step-son had for her. This visit seemed to me quite mal-à-propos, but my husband had his own ideas, and as I glanced at him I saw that it was no time for opposition.

It was Sunday, and as the carriage drew up I heard the sound of a violin.

"Aha!" said Lars Anders, for such is my husband's

Christian name, "so much the better!" and he leaped heavily from the carriage, and helped me out also. There was no time to think about boxes or packages; he took my hand and led me up the steps, along the entrance hall, and drew me toward the door, whence proceeded the sounds of music and dancing.

"Only see," thought I, "how is it possible for me to dance in this costume?"

O, if I could only have gone in somewhere, just to wipe the dust from my face and my bonnet, where at the very least I could have just seen myself in a looking-glass! But impossible! Bear led me by the arm, insisting that I looked most charmingly, and beseeching me to make a looking-glass of his eyes. I was obliged to be so very uncourteous as to reply that they were quite too small for the purpose; on which account he declared they were only the brighter, and then opened the door of the ball-room.

"Now," exclaimed I, in a kind of lively despair, "if you take me to a ball, you Bear, I'll make you dance with me."

"With a world of pleasure!" cried he, and in the same moment we two stood in the hall, when my terror was considerably abated by finding that the great room contained merely a number of cleanly dressed servants, men and women, who leapt about lustily with one another, and who were so occupied with their dancing as scarcely to perceive us. Lars Anders led me to the upper end of the room, where I saw sitting upon a high seat, a very tall and strong-built gentlewoman, who was playing with remarkable fervor upon a violin, and beating time to her music with great power. Upon her head was a tall and extraordinary cap, which I may as well call a helmet, because this idea came into my head at the first glance, and after all I can find no better name for it. This was the Generalin (wife of the General) Mansfield, stepmother of my husband, Ma chère mère, of whom I had heard so much.

She turned instantly her large dark, brown eyes upon us, ceased playing, laid down her violin, and arose with a proud bearing, but with, at the same time, a happy and open countenance. I trembled a little, made a deep courtesy, and kissed her hand; in return she kissed my forehead, and for a moment looked on me so keenly as compelled me to cast down my eyes; whereupon she kissed me most cordially upon mouth and forehead, and embraced me as warmly as her stepson. And now came his turn; he kissed her hand most reverentially, but she presented her cheek; they regarded each other with the most friendly expression of countenance, she saying in a loud, manly voice the moment afterward: "You are welcome, my dear friends; it is very handsome of you to come here to me before you have been to your own house; I thank you for it. I might, it is true, have received you better, if I could have made preparations; but at all events, this I know, that 'a welcome is the best dish.' I hope, my friends, that you will remain over the evening with me."

My husband excused us, saying that we wished to reach home soon; that I was fatigued with the journey; but that we could not pass Carlsfors without paying our respects to Ma chère mère.

"Nay, good, good!" said she, apparently satisfied, "we will soon have more talk within, but first I must speak a few words with these people here. Listen, good friends, and Ma chère mère struck the back of the violin with the bow till a general silence prevailed through the hall. "My children," continued she in a solemn tone, "I have something to say to you—the hangman! wilt thou not be quiet there below—I have to tell you that my beloved son Lars Anders Werner takes home

his wife, this Franziska Burén whom you see standing by his side. Marriages are determined in heaven, my children, and we will now pray heaven to bless its work in the persons of this couple. This evening we will drink together a skål to their well-being. So now, you can dance, my children! Olof, come here and play thy very best."

While a murmur of exultation and good wishes ran through the assembly, Ma chère mère took me by the hand and led me, together with my husband, into another room, into which she ordered punch and glasses to be brought; then placing both her elbows firmly upon the table, and supporting her chin on her closed fists, she looked at me with a gaze rather dark than friendly. Lars Anders, who saw that this review was rather embarrassing to me, began to speak of the harvest, and other country affairs; Ma chère mère, however, sighed several times so deeply, that her sighs rather resembled groans, and then, as it were constraining herself, answered to his observations.

"The punch comes, and then filling the glass, she said, with earnestness of tone and countenance, "Son, and son's wife, your health!"

After this she became more friendly, and said in a jesting tone, which by the bye suited her extremely well, "Lars Anders, I suppose we must not say 'you have bought the calf in the sack.' Your wife does not look amiss, and she has 'a pair of eyes fit to buy fish with.' She is little, very little, one must confess, but little and bold often push the great ones aside."

I laughed, Ma chère mère did the same, and I began to talk and act quite at my ease. We talked for some time very merrily together, and I related several little travelling adventures, which appeared to amuse her. In an hour's time we rose to take our leave, and Ma chère mère said, with a most friendly smile, "However agreeable it is to me to see you, I will not detain you this evening. I can very well understand how the 'at home' draws you. Remain at home over to-morrow, if you will, but the day after come and eat your dinner with me; for the rest, you very well know that you will at all times be welcome. Now fill your glasses, and come and drink with the people. Trouble man may keep to himself, but pleasure he must enjoy in company."

We followed Ma chère mère, who led me as herald into the dancing-room; they were all standing as we entered with filled glasses, and she spoke something after this manner: "One must never triumph before one is over the brook; but if people sail in the ship of matrimony with prudence and in the fear of God, there is a proverb which says, 'well begun is half won,' and therefore, my friends, we will drink a skål to the new-married couple whom you see before you, and wish not only for them, but for those who come after them, that they may for ever have a place in the garden of the Lord!"

"Skål! skål!" resounded on all sides. Lars Anders and I drank, and then went round and shook hands with so many people that my head was quite dizzy.

All this over, we prepared for our departure, and then came Ma chère mère to me on the steps with a packet, or rather a bundle in her hand, saying in the most friendly manner, "Take these real cutlets with you, children, for breakfast to-morrow morning. In awhile you will fatten and eat your own veal; but daughter-in-law, don't forget one thing, let me have my napkin back again! Nay, you shall not carry it, dear child, you have quite enough to do with your bag (purse) and your cloak. Lars Anders must carry the real cutlets;" and then, as if he were a little boy still, she gave him the bundle and showed him how he must carry it, all which he did as she

bade him, and still her last words were "don't forget now, that I have my napkin back?"

I glanced full of amazement at my husband, but he only smiled and helped me into the carriage. After all I was quite satisfied to have made the acquaintance of Ma chère mère in so impromptu a manner, for I felt that if it had been more solemn and premeditated, her bearing and her scrutiny would perhaps have had more effect upon me.

Such is our first graphic introduction to Ma chère mère, whose unique character, notwithstanding its peculiarities, commands our respect, and who, in spite of her imperious and lofty disposition, carries our deepest sympathies with her, through all the changes she meets with; we are sad with her sadness; we are thrilled with her joy; and when her hour of darkness comes upon her, and she is shut out from the light of this beautiful world, when with saddened heart she resigns the keys of her power, into other hands, and sits her down calm and tranquil, with the sunshine of peace, which for years had been a stranger to her heart, brightening her inner life, we feel we could seat ourselves at her feet, and devote our lives to her comfort. But this interview has not interested every one as it did us. Many have inclined to lay aside the book with the real cutlets, with which the careful house-keeper armed the young bride, deeming it not the province of the novel writer to bring before us so much of the substantial part of our own every day existence; but to us it was a beautiful homelike trait, giving a bond of sympathy with all the parties, since it proved that unlike the heroes and heroines of fashionable novels, the actors in this little drama lived not on the unsubstantial food of sentiment and romance, deriving their plumpness and beauty from the airy cuisine of love and hope, but that, like rational beings, they partook of the bounties which our Father has provided for all His children.

The first breakfast over, and the cutlets well relished, we soon become interested in the daily routine of the young house-keeper; we walk with her in her garden, drink the delicious milk of her "sleek and reflective cows;" we gaze with her upon the wood covered heights, the crystal lake, the green "Svano," with its lofty oak, which all conspire, to her heart full of happiness, to produce a scene of paradisaical beauty. She soon draws us, too, from her own sweet home enjoyments, to pay the visits of ceremony to her husband's friends. And our author excels in the playful touches of character which she gives in the description of her Neighbors. The untamed nature of the *Stolmarks*, the effect of their education showing itself in course and unmannered jokes, and the perfect reign of misrule throughout the house, is admirably contrasted, by the stiff and



artificial propriety of the Von P's, who move and speak by rule and measure, and chill us by their formal etiquette.

The unaffected goodness and the innocent peculiarities of the Maiden Hausgiebel, are piquant and interesting, and we love to walk in pleasant commune with her good uncle, the staunch friend of the Generalin, Lagmon Hök. But none of the Neighbours charm us like the good old Patriarchs and their lovely Serena. We must linger awhile on the description of them at Franziska's first visit:

I come from a better world; I have been in the kingdom of heaven! Do you wish to hear how it looks there?

There was a patriarch and a wife; and only to see that ancient, venerable couple, made the heart rejoice. Tranquilly was upon their brows, cheerful wisdom on their lips, and in their glance one read love and peace. A band of angels surrounded them: some little children; others blooming maidens, of whom one particularly fixed my attention, because she so perfectly answered my idea of a seraph: not because all the other angels surrounded her, not because she was so beautiful—for she was not beautiful—but because she looked so pure and loving, and because she seemed to be there for the happiness of all.

Now she was with the patriarchs, and mutual love beamed from glance and gesture; then she lifted angel-children in her arms, and kissed and embraced them; and then she spoke joyous, graceful words with the angel-maidens. She was a kind, heavenly being, whose happiness seemed to consist in love. She gave a sign, and nectar and delicious fruits were carried around, while she herself took care that the children had as much as their little hands could grasp.

The beauty of innocence seemed throned upon her white and graceful forehead, which affected me as if by the sight of a heavenly vision; the expression of her beautiful blue eyes was clear and holy, and had that quiet bashfulness, that candor, which delights us in children. I never saw a glance which expressed so much inward goodness, which spoke so plainly that her whole world was pure blessedness. The light brown hair was of wonderful beauty and brightness, and the skin white and transparent; in short, I never saw a form so much resembling a beautiful soul, nor a manner which so much reminded me of music.

What could convey a more exquisite portraiture of the beauty of Serena's character, than this last idea, what more expressly bring before us the reflection of a pure soul, made in its creator's image, and shining forth through mortal vestments of such passing loveliness. Like music: like the divine harmony which shadows forth the highest aspirations of the deepest affections. In touching contrast to Serena's grace and youth appear the old Patriarchs, a delightful delineation of such an age as a well improved and religious youth must yield; and they are a wise and improving subject of contemplation, as standing hand in hand by their own grave, they seem held back from it by the derotation of their grandchild. We are sometimes tempted to chide the old man for

his almost selfish usurpation of Serena, his forgetfulness of her fatigue; and yet, was it not nature? The description of the golden nuptials, the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of the Swedish John Anderson, and his faithful wife, is very interesting. It was a new ceremony to us, who have so few of these observances, and so little to cast a poetic hue over the decline of life; the restless roving youth of our young men and maidens seldom produce a life worthy of being so commemorated.

#### THE GOLDEN MARRIAGE.

If you wish to learn the true value of marriage, if you wish to see what this union may be for two human hearts, and for life, then observe not the wedded ones in their honeymoon, nor by the cradle of their first child; not at a time when novelty and hope yet throw a morning glory over the young and new-born world of home; but survey them rather in the remote years of manhood, when they have proved the world and each other; when they have conquered many an error and many a temptation, in order to become only the more united to each other; when labours and cares are theirs; when under the burden of the day, as well as in hours of repose, they support one another, and find that they are sufficient for each other. Or survey them still further in life; see them arrived at that period when the world, with all its changes and agitations, rolls far away from them; when every object around them becomes ever dimmer to them; when their house is still, when they are solitary, but yet stand there hand in hand, and each reads in the other's eyes only love; when they, with the same memories and the same hopes, stand on the boundaries of another life, into which they are prepared to enter: of all the desires of this being retaining only the one, that they may die on the same day—yes, then behold them! And on that account turn now to the Patriarchs, and to the Golden Marriage. ✕

There is indeed something worth celebrating, though: I, as I awoke in the morning. The sun appeared to be of the same opinion for it shone on the snow-covered roof of the aged pair. I availed myself of the morning hour, wrapped myself in my cloak, kissed Bear, and trudged forth to carry my congratulations to the old people, and to see if I could in anything be helpful to Serena. The aged pair sat in the ante-room, clad in festal garb, each in their own easy chair. Two snuffboxes, hymn-book, and a large nosegay of fresh flowers, lay on the table. The sun shone in through snow-white curtains. It was cheerful and peaceful in the room, and the Patriarch appeared in the sunny light as if surrounded by a glory. With emotion I pronounced my congratulation, and was embraced by them as by a father and mother.

"A lovely day, Madame Werner!" said the old gentleman, as he looked toward the window.

"Yes, beautiful indeed!" I answered, "so beautiful that the angels of God must rejoice in it. It is the feast of love and truth on the earth."

The two old people smiled, and reached each other a hand. There arose a great commotion in the hall. It was the troop of children and children's children, who all in holiday garb and with joyous looks streamed in to bring their wishes of happiness to their venerable parents. It was charming to see these groups of lovely children cling round the old people, like young saplings round the aged stems. It was charming to see the little

rosy mouths turned up to kiss, the little arms stretching to embrace them, and to hear the clamor of loving words and exulting voices.

At six o'clock in the evening, Bear and his little wife strolled arm in arm to the wedding-house. In the street in which it lay, light burned against light; one window was lit up after another; cressets burned at the corners of the street; and presently the street was bright as day, and a great number of people wandered with glad countenances up and down in the still, mild, winter evening. The city was illuminated in honor of its Patriarchs; the house of the Dahls itself had a sombre look in comparison with the others, but the light was within.

By eight o'clock all the guests were assembled. They had drunk tea, eaten ice, and so on, and now fell at once a great silence. The two old people seated themselves in two easy chairs, which stood near each other in the middle of the saloon, on a richly embroidered mat. Their children and children's children gathered in a half circle round them. A clergyman of noble presence stepped forward, and pronounced an oration on the beauty and holiness of marriage. He concluded with a reference to the life of the venerable pair; which was a better sermon on the excellence of marriage, for life, and for the human heart, than his speech itself. What he said was true and touching. There was not a dry eye in the whole company.

In following out this exquisite and pathetic sketch of the Patriarchs, we have dropped the thread of Franziska's narrative, and we must now return with her to the development of her plot, which, though not very complicated, is happily arranged. The dark cloud is seen hovering over Carlsvors; and the bride's first visit to Ramma, on her return from some of her wedding visits, betrays to her that there is one of those family secrets connected with *Ma chère mère*, on the unfolding of which will turn the romance of the story, and speculation begins to busy itself with the solution of the mystery. The dark stranger who has purchased the magnificent estate, and the tones of whose organ vibrate through the woods, and thrill all listening hearts, begins to take a prominent part. The character of Bruno is the only one in the book with which we should be inclined to find fault. It is too Byronic—too much belonging to that satanic school, with whose disciples it has pleased the writers of the day to people their imaginary worlds. There may be some whose traits resemble Bruno's, but we trust they are few; for one such nature poisons the whole moral atmosphere about him; and the mere reading, and dwelling upon such a character, seems to lessen the nice sense of moral rectitude, and dim the perceptions of the really great and noble; for his generosity and grace throw a dazzling charm over him, which, like the prophets' veil, hides the hideous deformity, which, seen uncovered, would shock and disgust us. Bruno's passionate and dread nature little accords with

the harmony of the scenes that surround him, and the placid beings with whom he is brought into such close contact. His brow is too deeply marked with the fearful past, for us to feel any trust in him, and the development of his fierce character only makes us shrink the more from him:

Bruno was like the climate under the line. A stream of fire went through his soul, and under its influence lay all his feelings. Hence now this dead quiet, and then again this raging tempest, with its devastating power; hence also this luxury of feeling, life and love, which sometimes burst forth so mightily, and like the rapid vegetation of a lava-scoured soil, and like love itself, buries in its breast all traces of violence and offence. And thus it happened, that in the beauty of the evening, galling over the quiet waters to the little island, where goodness and peace had now made their home, Bruno gathered a tempest in his bosom, and felt burning sensations pass through his soul like jagged lightnings. A secret wrath against somewhat, an infinite desire after something, a fever, a torment, glowed fiercely in his bosom. There are words which can annihilate, flames which can make blessed—he stands on the margin of the little island, like the spirit of a volcano.

What a picture is here conjured up: the very demon of unrest seems to have robed himself in Bruno's form, and to have descended among the peaceful shades of Carlsvors and Rosenvik, to blust, with hot and envious breath, the quiet happiness of the loving circle. But even with him there is one redeeming trait—the intense love of his mother. The yearning of his heart for her forgiveness throws a softening hue over the feverish glare of his restless nature; and as we read the impress of his own feelings towards her, our sympathies are strongly awakened:

And then as my eyes closed themselves, and living images began to shape themselves into my dreams, then drew near—then every, every evening one form stood by my bedside, and kind hands carefully drew off me the covering which I had negligently thrown about; a warm, caressing breath then passed over my cheeks: I knew, well who was near me, it was—my mother! O how every fibre of my soul thrills and palpitates at this adored yet terrible name—my mother! She was a handsome and noble lady, and I was proud to name myself her son. Sometimes I have suddenly thrown off the covering which she had so carefully laid over me, and with one spring fallen on her breast, embraced and kissed her, as I never kissed any beloved one—and she clasped me in her arms—that, that was love! Sometimes too I lay still, pretending to sleep, and then I have seen her fall on her knees by my couch, and pray—pray for me! How have those prayers been answered!

Why was Cain's brow stamped by heaven with eternal unrest? *He was cursed by his mother!* I know how Cain felt. I also was cursed by my mother, and am without rest in the world. And now, I desire, I will, that upon that brow wherewith she laid so heavy a curse, she will again lay her hand, remove the curse, and place a blessing in its stead! Oh, then will its burning fire be cooled. Might I only bend my head to that breast which first gave me nourishment—might I see forgiveness in that stern glance; might I yet once more press those lips in

love which once cursed me! Oh, I thirst, I burn, I languish after this happiness!

Do you know a high, holy, sweet, fearful name—a name which breaks forth in the struggle between life and death; a name which God himself, loving and suffering as a man, pronounced? This name I will address in my soul to her who cast me off. Mother! oh, mother! mother! my mother! wilt thou acknowledge thy guilty son—wilt thou forgive him? I scarcely dare to hope it! Yet she should do it—she was not guiltless. Severity against severity—bitterness against bitterness, it could not succeed! But would she out by affection—would she only forgive? I pour out prayers at her feet!

As the book proceeds, and the heart-sorrow of *Ma chère mère* is touchingly depicted, while her stern and unforgetting nature stands out in bold relief, the interest becomes intense; and as the child, the idol of her early years, and the cursed of her maturer life, becomes revealed in the unknown stranger, the excitement reaches its height, and the reader fears to pause, lest the reunion of such a mother and such a son should never by any circumstance be brought about. Indeed it becomes so highly exciting that it has the effect of rendering the close of the book insipid. Such highly wrought interest cannot be supported through the whole work; but had the author delayed the reconciliation till she had more fully brought out the various characters, we think the whole would have been better sustained. We have read few scenes more thrilling than the reconciliation of the mother and son, and it is brought about more easily and naturally than one would have expected from the stern determination of the unforgetting parent:

With convulsive hands *Ma chère mère* endeavored to recover the reins, which had fallen. I screamed "Help! help!" with all the force of my desperation. Then sprung some one before the horses and seized the reins. I saw the horses rear: saw some one struggling with them—by the glare of the now incessant lightning I recognized Bruno. I saw him thrown down by the horses; it seemed to me that they went over his body; more I saw not, for I lost my consciousness.

When I came to myself again, I found myself in *Ma chère mère's* arms. I saw her pale countenance over me; its expression of anguish and tenderness I shall never forget. "God be praised! she recovers!" said *Ma chère mère*, and impressed a motherly kiss on my forehead. A lofty rotunda arched itself above us, lighted by a lamp from above. A tall and very dark woman, whom I had never before seen, stood near me, and handed me a strong cordial. My senses were confused, and I could not recall into my memory what had just now occurred; but in this darkness of thought and of vision, I sought for Bruno. In the gloomiest corner of the chamber stood—was it the bloody spectre which my terrified imagination had evoked? or was it an actual human shape? My eyes fixed themselves inquiringly upon it; it came forward—it was Bruno! But, gracious heavens! what a spectacle! Blood streamed from his brow and down upon his naked breast, his clothes were torn to rags, his cheeks were deadly pale; wild disquiet burned in his eyes; in the strong contracted eyebrows lightning seemed to conceal themselves, and

desperate determination pressed the lips together. He approached us. At a hint from him, that strange woman withdrew, and we three were left alone. I tore myself from *Ma chère mère's* arms, and sat up on the sofa. My whole consciousness was come back: my whole soul was vehemently on the stretch, and with the most indescribable anxiety I observed both mother and son, who now stood face to face. Their looks seemed to pierce through each other. *Ma chère mère* seemed to be smitten with the wildest amazement; and stepped a little backward. Bruno stepped a step forward, and said slowly, and as with a benumbed tongue, "You are rescued. God be praised! And for me now only remains to die, or to win forgiveness! My mother! my mother!" exclaimed he at once, as if an angel had loosened tongue and feeling, while with a heart-rending expression he sank down and embraced her knees. "My mother, wilt thou not pardon? Wilt thou not bless thy son? Take the curse from my brow. Mother! I have suffered much. I have wandered about without peace: I am destitute of peace yet; peace can never be mine while I am thrust from thy bosom. I have suffered much; I have repented; I can and will atone. But then you must pardon, you must bless me, mother. Mother, take away the curse! Lay a blessing on my head. Mother, will you not stanch the blood which flows on your account? See, mother!" and Bruno raised his clotted locks, through which deep and streaming wounds were visible. "See, mother, if thou wilt not lay thy hand here in blessing, I swear, by God, that this blood-stream shall never cease till my life has welled out; with it, and has sunk me to the grave, on which alone thou wilt lay thy forgiveness. There, there first shall I find peace. Oh mother! was an error in young and wild years then so unpardonable? Cannot a later life of virtue and of love make atonement? Mother! cast me not off. Let the voice of thy son penetrate to thy heart. Bestow on me forgiveness, full forgiveness!"

Overcome by my feelings, I threw myself on my knees by Bruno, and cried, "Pardon! Pardon!"

What during this time passed in *Ma chère mère's* heart, I know not. It seemed to be a contest of life and death: She moved not; with a fixed, and immovable gaze she looked down at the kneeling one, and convulsive twitches passed over her pale lips. But as his voice ceased, she lifted her hand and pressed it strongly against her heart. "My son! Oh! —" said she with a hollow voice. She sighed deeply; her countenance became yellow, her eyes closed, she reeled, and would have fallen to the ground, if Bruno had not sprung up, and caught her in his arms.

He stood a moment stiff, his mother pressed to his bosom, and gazed on her countenance over which death had shed his awful peace. "Is it thus," said he, in a quiet distraction, "is it thus then that we are reconciled, mocht? Thus thou restest on the bosom of thy son, and he on thine? Thou art pale, my mother, but peaceful, and lookest kind—kind as God's propitiation. It was not thus that I saw thee the last time; but the hour of wrath is over—is it not so, my mother? The grave has opened itself, and we go down there reconciled, and heart to heart; one in my last hour, as we were one at my first sigh!" And he kissed her pale lips and cheeks with passionate tenderness.

"Bruno! Bruno!" I exclaimed imploringly, and, weeping, seized his arm. "Bruno, you will kill your mother and yourself, when you go on in this manner. Come, we will lay her on a bed. We must endeavour to recall her to consciousness; we must bind your wounds."

Bruno made no answer, but took his mother in his arms, and carried her into another room, where he laid

her softly down upon a bed. "Hagar!" he called; and that tall, dark woman immediately stepped in. She threw herself at his feet; weeping kissed his hand; and addressed him passionately and imploringly in a language which I did not understand. He thrust her sternly from him; and I understood that he commanded her to exert herself for *Ma chère mère*. She obeyed with sobs and tears. I saw that Bruno staggered, and supported himself against the wall. I went to him.

"Bruno," said I, "for your mother's sake, think of yourself. You must allow your wounds to be bound up."

He seized a light sofa and drew it forward, so that it stood just opposite the bed on which his mother lay, and threw himself upon it. His head lay opposite to hers, and he fixed his eyes upon her. Hagar and I came between them. In broken Swedish, and in great agitation of mind, Hagar said to me: "Bind, bind up his wounds, or he dies!"

I folded a cloth, dipped in cold water, and said to Bruno: "For your mother's sake, let me bind your wounds as well as I can, or you will bleed to death." I was proceeding, but he held my hand back, and said, with a tone whose activity strongly reminded me of his mother—"It cannot be done. She has not yet forgiven me—not yet blessed me. My blood shall not till then be staunch! I have sworn to it."

To persuade Bruno was not to be expected; I therefore directed all my attention to *Ma chère mère*. But for a long time all my endeavours to restore her to consciousness were in vain. It was a moment of unspeakable agony. I feared that actually mother and son would follow one another to the grave.

"If we could but get her bled," said I.

"That can be done," replied Hagar, and ran out.

Nearly in the same instant *Ma chère mère* opened her eyes, and fixed them sharply on me. "Where is he?" demanded she, eagerly: "I have not dreamed!"

"He is here," I answered; "he is near; he is bleeding to death while he awaits the blessing of his mother."

"Where is he?" demanded she again.

I stood near her pillow—I stood between mother and son; and, instead of answering her question, I drew myself back, and their eyes met each other. A beam of heavenly light, of ineffable love, kindled in them; and in it melted their souls into one. She raised herself with energy, and stretched out her hand with the warmest expression of maternal feeling, while she said—"My son, come hither: I will bless thee!"

He stood up. The tall, gigantic man staggered like a child, and sunk on his knees by the bed of his mother. She laid her hands on his bloody head, and said, with a strong voice and deep solemnity: "I take away the curse which I once laid on the head of my son. I bestow on him my full forgiveness. May the man atone for the error of the youth. Let the past be as if it never had been. I acknowledge that I owe my life to my son; and I pray God Almighty to bless thee, my son Bruno Mansfeld, as I bless thee now. Amen!" With that she opened her arms; he clasped his round her; bosom was pressed to bosom, lip to lip; they held one another in a long and close embrace. Every breath seemed to be full of reconciliation, of love, and happiness. Fifteen years of bitter pangs were in this moment recompensed and forgotten. I stood near them; and wept for joy and thankfulness.

Hagar's return interrupted this moment of pure transport. Bruno again kissed with deep love the hand of his mother, then arose, and cried out joyfully: "Now bind my wounds! Stop the blood! I have my mother's blessing!"

After the fever of excitement, which this scene brings to its climax, the book becomes tame. The common every day events, the denouement of the love of the calm Serena, and the impetuous Bruno, even with the episode of Hagar, (which we could not but wish had been omitted, since it adds nothing to the interest, and is one of those dark pictures which no light illumines), cannot support the flagging zest. On the mother and son depend the strong romance of the book. Its nature and truth are exemplified in the minor personages, who both act and think, just as we or our friends should do. Franziska's sweet and nice character, the lovely frankness with which she opens to us every page of her mind, not concealing or glossing over the little weaknesses of her nature, render her irresistibly attractive, and far more interesting than the never-erring Serena, who, pure as she is, wins not our strong sympathies at first, and at the last loses them entirely, from her union with Bruno, whose fearful and blood-stained life should at least have made her pause ere she committed her happiness to his keeping. We do not like the morale of her easy forgiveness; a longer ordeal was necessary to prove that the unquiet spirit was exorcised, and that the dove of peace and hope had nestled in that arresting heart.

But the close of the book, though marred by these faults, has many beautiful scenes and passages. The sweet serenity with which Lars Anders and his little wife bear their change of fortune, and banishment from Rosenvik, contain lessons of practical wisdom, and touches of true feeling, which, in these times of change and disappointment, are not without deep value; and, though we do not approve of concealment between a husband and wife, we cannot but enter with real pleasure into Franziska's ruse for making the "housekeeping go on so well, and so little of the money in the box diminish." With a warm hand we have welcomed this book, and with a grateful heart, we thank Mary Howitt for the gem she has given us; and if its success in her own native land has been at all equivalent to that, which it has found here, we trust ere long we shall be gratified by another of the series, which Frederika Bremer has given to her country.

T. D. F.

## FLOWERS.

Flowers are like fond hearts—for they,  
When beauty shall have passed away,  
Breathe the same fragrance to the air,  
As when the bloom was lingering there:  
So hearts, though by unkindness broken,  
Will still retain some cherished token.

Montreal, June, 1843.

## CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

THE strange vicissitudes of fate to which men of mighty genius are, by the will of the Supreme Being, obliged patiently to submit, are strongly exemplified in the life of one of the most extraordinary characters the world has seen. Christopher Columbus, treated at one time as a dreaming visionary, at another period as an enlightened philosopher, was overwhelmed with caresses and honours by his sovereign as a conqueror and discoverer, and was also loaded with fetters, and remained a disregarded courtier.—a lasting monument of the injustice and forgetfulness of monarchs. He was born in Genoa, about the year 1445, and at the age of fourteen first went to sea. About 1470 he settled in Lisbon, and there married the daughter of an Italian, Pastorella, to whom he was indebted for much knowledge on nautical subjects. During his residence at the island of Porto Santa, which his father-in-law had colonized and governed, the first ideas crossed his mind which led to the great maritime discovery which astonished the civilized world. He was gradually led to entertain the opinion, and with enthusiastic zeal to arrive at the truth, that it was practicable to cross the Atlantic and hoped to reach the eastern shores of Asia. The treatment he experienced at the hands of John the Second of Portugal, led him to make, through the medium of his brother, an application to Henry the Seventh of England, and, neglected by him, he went to the Spanish court, where, after seven years of alternate hope and despair, he was at length favourably heard. Isabella of Spain listened to the warm pleadings in his favour of the Friar Marchena; struck with the boldness and apparent truth of what she had heard, she persuaded Ferdinand to patronise the project; and when Columbus, almost hopeless of success, least expected it, he found himself admiral of the land he was to discover, and was enabled to sail with three vessels and one hundred and twenty men wheresoever his judgment might dictate. The difficulties he had to encounter against the apprehensions, the obstinacy, and the ignorance of his followers, have been faithfully narrated by both Spanish and English historians; the calm patience, the unwearying determination he evinced, are detailed by them with the admiration they deserved.

His triumph was complete; the object of his golden dreams was more than realised; a new world was thrown open to his anxious view. Those who lately had been overwhelmed with despair thronged around him, as he planted the holy cross at Guanahani or San Salvador. His success was beyond his utmost expectations, and he prepared to return to Spain with the proud

trophies of the truth of his views. After encountering fearful storms, he landed at the port from which he had sailed, after an absence of seven months. He proceeded to the court at Barcelona, where his reception from Ferdinand and Isabella was that of a conqueror. A second voyage was undertaken, and a third; but dissensions arose amongst his followers,—he was superseded, and sent back in chains to the country he had enriched. His splendid career was checked; and although Ferdinand disclaimed all knowledge of the conduct of those who had placed him in fetters, still he was kept seeking redress fruitlessly; and although he was again employed, a series of misfortunes and disasters occurred to him, which embittered his existence; his enthusiasm, however, still burst forth, neither to be repressed by the neglect of princes, nor to be daunted by the malicious conduct of his followers. At Valladolid, on the 20th of May, 1506, his life was terminated, after a series of sorrows increased by pain and by poverty. The monarch who had denied him living the honours he had deserved, mocked his remains by a splendid and pompous funeral. The nobleness of his mien, the grandeur of his views, the charms of his conversation, impressed men of judgment with admiration of his character; but his humble dress, his want of academic distinction, and the lowness of his birth, did not fail to produce upon the generality a bad impression; and his aspirations and his enthusiasm were listened to with silence and carelessness.

## PRINCIPLE AND SENTIMENT CONTRASTED.

SENTIMENT and principle are often mistaken for each other, though, in fact, they widely differ. Sentiment is the virtue of ideas, and principle the virtue of action. Sentiment has its seat in the head; principle in the heart. Sentiment suggests fine harangues and subtle distinctions; principle conceives just notions, and performs good actions in consequence of them. Sentiment refines away the simplicity of truth and the plainness of piety; and, as Voltaire, that celebrated wit, has remarked of his no less celebrated cotemporary Rousseau, "gives us virtue in words, and vice in deeds." Sentiment may be called the Athenian, who knew what was right, and principle the Lacedaemonian, who practised it.—*Dr. Blair.*

## YOUTH AND AGE.

THOUGH every old man has been young, and every young one hopes to be old, there seems to be a most unnatural misunderstanding between those two stages of life. This unhappy want of commerce arises from the insolent arrogance or exultation in youth, and the irrational dependence or self-pity in age.—*Steele.*

# MARCO VISCONTI:\*

A STORY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY—TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF TOMMASO GROSSI,

BY HUGOMONT.

## CHAPTER XVI.

ISSUING from Milan by the postern of Algiso, where the Ponte Beatrice now stands, Lupo proceeded towards the monastery of St. Simplician, beside which the lists were erected, and which was situated beyond the outskirts of the city. Pressing his way through the crowd of men, women and children who were thronging to the spectacle, he was soon amidst a group who stood regarding a row of shields hung up at the entrance of the chapel.† With a glance of pride towards one of those—that of Ottorino—which was quartered argent and gules, with a viper charged on a scutcheon in the centre, he passed through into an open space that stood between the monastery and the lists.

The busy and ever-changing throng that filled this place, and the confused mixture of sounds that rose from it, gave it all the aspect of a fair; and such in reality it might be called. In one part grooms and horse-dealers were displaying for sale, battle-chargers and steeds for the tourney; in another two enclosures were filled respectively with dealers in hounds and hawks; the cries of the animals mingling with the loudly-expressed phrases in which their qualities were vaunted by their owners.

"A couple of blood-hounds from Tartary!" cried one, "of the true breed brought into France by St. Louis. Who'll buy? who'll buy?"

"Who wants fleet and high-bred dogs, warranted never to run mad?" exclaimed another.

"Peregrine falcons, tiercel gentles and eyas muskets, from England, Almain and Norway!" proclaimed a third.

"Here is a splendid falcon!" was the cry of another, "trained to seize hares—to attack wolves and wild boars!"

Towards the right of the list was the armourers' stand, a sort of encampment of tents of all forms and colours, within which were displayed, corselets, shields, greaves, cuishes, helmets, gauntlets, lances and swords—everything, in short,

pertaining to the equipment of knight or man-at arms. Each booth had over it the name of the armourer who occupied it, and was further distinguished by some appropriate device, to attract the buyers who flocked from all quarters, particularly on occasions of jousts or tournaments, to furnish themselves with arms of the fine Milan make, then the most celebrated in Europe.

Throughout the plain various knots and groups were gathered round the usual points of attraction in such scenes. Here a minstrel was heard accompanying his voice with mandoline or lute; there a mountebank was disposing of relics and charms against fever, and expatiating on the wonderful virtues of the herbs of St. Paul or of St. Apollonia; in one quarter a jester moved the laughter of those around him; in another, troops of trained dogs and apes were dancing to the sound of pipe and tabor. Every where rose tents and booths of entertainment, and others where games of chance eased the unwary of their ducats; against these last, statutes, both civic and ecclesiastical, had been enacted, but were seldom strictly enforced.

Lupo wound his way through this busy scene towards the tents of the armourers, and paused before one over the entrance of which was inscribed the name of Giacomolo Birago.

"How wags the world with thee, Giacomolo?" he said to the owner of the booth, a stout and jovial looking man, who, leaning his elbows on the bar that closed the entrance, was gazing indolently forth.

"Well, very well, friend Lupo, I thank the saints!" replied the armourer; "considering the season of the year and the stand I have procured here, I am well satisfied with what I have done this morning."

"Amidst thine other business," said the squire, "I trust thou hast kept in mind to send that cuirass to my lord Ottorino?"

"I took it to him myself a couple of hours ago, and tried it on. As 'tis my own workman-

\* Continued from page 271.

† It was the custom to expose on the walls of some church or cloister near the lists, the shields of the intending combatants, that they might be the more easily recognised afterwards, amidst the dust and hurry of the conflict. If any dame or damsel had aught of which to

accuse any of these knights—if any charge at all derogatory to his honour could be brought forward, the simple touching of his shield during this public exhibition, brought the matter at once before the judges of the tourney; who, if the charge were a grave one and satisfactorily avouched, at once excluded him from the lists.

ship I must say nought about it, but were it any other's I would swear 'tis the best fitted and most elegantly finished harness I have ever seen. As I have said, it becomes me not to speak of it, but any armourer in Milan might be proud to stamp his name on it."

"Prithee, master," said an old man, enveloped in a loose brown robe, with the hood drawn over his face, who now advanced, "can'st thou let me have a fine-tempered morion with gorge and rivetted visor?"

"That kind with the front all of one piece, and only opening behind?"

"Exactly."

"'Tis an old-fashioned article of which I keep none. Your morion now is made with a handsome visor to raise and lower in proper knightly guise; if that will answer, I have plenty of them. Look here!" he added, as he turned towards the interior of the booth.

"No, no!" returned the other; "disturb not thyself, my master; I must have one of the form I have said; where thinkest thou I might find one?"

"Try the third or fourth booth from this—Canst thou read?"

"Not a word know I," replied the enquirer.

"No matter!" resumed the armourer, "thou canst not go wrong; ask for Ambrose Corno, and any one will point him out. He keeps all these antiquities, and if he has it not, thou must e'en make shift without it."

"What kind of helmet is this?" asked Lupo of Birago, after the stranger had thanked him and departed.

"It is a kind," returned he, "which was formerly in use, and which are still occasionally worn by any one wishing to remain unknown during a tournament, since, being all of one piece, there is no danger of the visor being raised and discovering the countenance of the combatant."

"I understand now," exclaimed the squire. "But tell me, Birago, has the Vicar Imperial yet arrived in the field?"

"Not yet," was the reply, "and while waiting for him they are practising at the quintain over there."

"His courtesy, methinks, shows something scant."

The armourer replied with an expressive shrug of the shoulders, then in a lowered tone he resumed—

"I can tell thee, Lupo, it brings him little good will. Ah!" he added with a sigh, "had it been Marco instead!"

"Ay!" returned Lupo, in a similar tone, "had it been he indeed!"

"Why did he leave this?" resumed Birago

after a pause. "Here—here is where he ought to have been. All are in his favour. As for our own craft, all, from the Provost himself to the youngest apprentice, would go through fire for him; and there are ten thousand of us in Milan!"

"And the soldiery too!" exclaimed the squire exultingly, "and the nobles! and the merchants! Raise the standard of the serpent and all would flock round it."

"Huzza! here comes our friend again;" interrupted the armourer, as the stranger in the brown robe advanced to them with a morion in his hand. "Hast thou sped on thy mission, comrade?"

"I thank thee, yes!" returned the man addressed, holding out the helmet to him. "I found it where I was directed by thee."

"It is of English make," said Birago, when he had examined it minutely without and within. "In how much did he mulet thee for it?"

"Nay, guess it thyself."

"Eight silver ambroses?"

"More than that."

"An imperial livre?"

"More still."

"Nay then, it goes beyond my guessing. How much?"

"I paid him two golden florins."

"Two golden florins," muttered the armourer, "what a robber! Surely," added he, as he returned the helmet, "he who can spend two florins on this mass of old iron, must have gold in bushels to spare?"

The stranger utterly disregarded this quiet hint, and his only answer to the more direct question of Lupo: "For whom is it intended?" was to place his finger on his lips with an impressive gesture as he withdrew with his purchase.

"It is for some one who wishes to present himself unknown at to-morrow's joust," said the armourer, as they watched him disappear amidst the crowd.

"Had I time to do so," returned Lupo, "I should like to trace him home. But my lord, no doubt, expects me ere this, and so, friend, I bid thee good-den!"

"The saints be with thee!" answered Birago, with a friendly wave of the hand, as the squire left him and pursued his way towards the lists.

These were formed by a line of scaffolding of various heights, on the side next the city, and by a simple barrier on the opposite side, which reached nearly to the confines of the neighbouring wood. The seats erected on the scaffolding were adorned with tapestry, embroidered sendal, and cloths of gold and silver; they were already filled with gentle dames and damsels and noble car-

valiers, and presented to the eye of Lupo, as he entered within the lists, a mass of fluttering robes, waving plumes, glittering arms and jewels. A large balcony, destined for the Vicar Imperial, was supported in the middle of the line on richly ornamented pillars, and was decked with hangings of white silk, embroidered in gold. Above it floated two standards, the upper bearing the black eagle of the Emperor, the lower, the serpent of the Visconti.

At one end of the large space in the centre of the lists, was placed on a wooden post the half-length figure of a mailed warrior, with a shield on his left arm, and a large and heavy lance in his right. Against this quintain\*, as it was called, every one with a steel at his command, and with vanity or confidence enough for this public exhibition, was now running full tilt, each in his turn. The lances used had all been examined by the judges of the list, and were of the same length and thickness; whoever broke the greater number and dealt the deftest blow, was adjudged the victor. Running at the quintain was then, and for some centuries after, exceedingly popular, not only for the excitement and amusement it afforded, but as presenting an excellent school of arms for young aspirants after the honours of chivalry, teaching them to strike fair between the four limbs, as the phrase went; that is to say, on the breast or head of their opponent, the only strokes that were held good and loyal. When not struck, however, fairly in the centre, the figure, by means of concealed springs and counter weights, revolved violently on a pivot beneath, and fortunate was the inexperienced striker if his steel carried him swiftly enough onwards to escape the sweep of the massive lance.

Lupo entering the tent before which the pennon of Ottorino was planted, and presenting himself to his master, proceeded to get matters in readiness for the tourney:—and it was not till he had fitted on the new cuirass, furnished by Birago, examined minutely every piece of armour, and inspected the steeds with all their caparisons, that he left the tent and entered a large pavilion which was allotted to the squires of the combatants. Whilst he stood at the entrance, watching with the others, the various adventures at the quintain, a man advanced towards them from a crowd at the other end of the lists, clad from head to foot half in red and half in yellow, so that when seen from the right side his garments seemed all of the one colour; when viewed from the left, of the other; a row of silver bells running down the division added to the strangeness

of his attire, and, with another row round his peaked bonnet, jingled at every step.

"Ah! Tremacoldo!" exclaimed Lupo, as this figure drew near and he recognised in him the minstrel-jester who had blessed the arms before the combat at Bellano.

"Lupo—is it not?" returned he; "it glads me to see thee, friend! I have come to see if I can be accommodated with a steed and a breast-plate, to take a race at the Saracen there; wilt thou so far oblige me?"

"Thou run at the quintain!" answered the squire; "take good heed at what thou dost; 'tis a very different thing from chaunting a vivalay. See'st thou not that heavy lance-staff in the Saracen's grasp; beware of it, Tremacoldo!"

"I know it all," replied the jester, "I run for a wager with Arnaldo Vitale; he conquered me in singing love-songs, and I immediately challenged him to the quintain."

"But knowest thou not, madcap! that Arnaldo Vitale, though a minstrel, is an esquire, trained to arms, and one of the best joustors in Lombardy?"

"I do; but thou, on the other hand, knowest not the terms of our compact. If he does not sliver his lance in a full and fair stroke, he loses; should he manage this even, if I succeed in touching the Saracen without being touched by him in return, still he loses."

"Then the terms are not equal," exclaimed Lupo.

"I may be a little crack-brained or so," rejoined the jester; "but not so much so as to contend with Vitale on equal terms."

"And art thou not ashamed—"

"Ashamed! of what? Of gaining a fine steed so easily?"

"And what pledge dost thou place against Vitale's steed?"

"I pledge him the remains of that chain of gold thy lord Ottorino gave me at Bellano; the rest has already melted away."

"St. Nicholas guard thy chain and thy shoulders too! for they have need of it. Well, have thine own way, my horse is at thy service—but for one course only, remember!"

"Surely! for one only."

"Come within then and thou shalt have the breast-plate."

Fitting on a light corslet with a lance-rest attached to the breast, Lupo mounted the jester on his own steed and placed a short lance in his hands.

"The attendants will give thee a proper lance, meantime I will show with this how to hold thyself. Fix the butt in the rest here and keep the head pointed straight forward; now keep thy knees tight and bend over the saddle-bow, so

\*Or sometimes Saracen, from the Moorish garb in which it is represented.



that the shield dismount thee not—further yet—so—so! Strike out thine arm—more—aye, that will do! Keep thus—take good aim and commend thyself to the saints!”

“Thanks, good Lapo,” answered the minstrel, “with thine instructions and mine own natural ingenuity, there is no fear of me.”

“But the spurs, Tremacoldo! I had forgotten them.”

“In good sooth—I am better without them; a curb would be of more use to me,” was the reply of Tremacoldo, as he departed at a trot towards the centre of the lists.

A herald, making the round of the barricade, now announced the challenge between Arnaldo Vitale and Tremacoldo, and the terms on which it stood; both parties were well-known, and the unusual challenge excited universal attention.

The pledges being entrusted to the marshals of the field, two attendants dressed in bearskins, and imitating the pace and action of that animal, approached the competitors and presented a lance to each. But while the jester was stretching out his hand to receive his own, his horse, terrified at the strange uncouth appearance of the attendant, reared and reared with ears erect and wide-spread nostrils; while his rider only saved himself from a sudden descent, by dropping the reins and clinging to saddle and mane with the agility of an ape. Well was it for him that the heels which he dug into the animal's side were not furnished with spurs; and well was it too, that Lapo had by this time drawn near, and seizing the neglected reins, calmed down the excited animal, calling him by his name, soothing and caressing him.

When the laughter of the spectators had somewhat abated, a herald advanced and announced the name of “Arnaldo Vitale.” The troubadour, who appeared in a light corset of blue steel and with silver spurs, the distinctive mark of esquires, took his station at the end of the course, and giving spurs to his horse, at a trumpet signal, ran full tilt against the Saracen, striking it fair in the middle of the shield with such force that the heavy block rocked again, while the lance was shattered into an hundred pieces. Two lances had been already that day broken on the quintain; but this was the first that had struck on the *bracen*, or point of iron that projected in the centre of the shield. Loud was the applause that greeted this master-stroke, as the troubadour checked his steed, and rode slowly back to his former station.

“Tremacoldo! Tremacoldo! now for Tremacoldo!” was the cry that now rose from the multitude.

“Here I am!” he replied, “ready and willing. Fear not that I will fail you.”

“Come, Tremacoldo!” said Lapo, who stood beside him, “set lance in rest, and turn thy steed to the end of the course, to give him full career.”

But it formed no part of the jester's plan to trust himself in so headlong and desperate a career. In place of fixing the lance in the rest, he placed the butt under his arm, and urged his steed direct towards the figure, jolting awkwardly about in the saddle, till he came within reach, when he made a hasty thrust with his lance. The weapon did not reach the Saracen, but, catching the mantle in which it was clad, the ponderous machine wheeled rapidly round, and the heavy lance-staff swept the air in a circuit that brought it little above the horse's back. All expected to see the jester cast heavily to the ground; but immediately on giving the thrust he had flung away both lance and reins, and, bending his body close to that of the horse, clung with his arms round its neck, so that the staff, passing a few inches above his head, only caught the peak of his bonnet, and flung it as far as the surrounding barricade. Gradually raising his head, with a look of successful cunning, he caught the reins of his steed, and, checking his career, brought him back in front of the Saracen, amid shouts of merriment from the spectators.

“Ah, renegade!” he addressed it, with an insulting air, “thought'st thou to catch Tremacoldo in that way? (No, no! dog of a Moor! none of thy stupid tricks to me. Aye, well may'st thou stare at me with these goggle eyes of thine, thou infidel besby!”

“Tremacoldo!” said one of the marshals, riding up to him, “by the terms of the challenge thou hast lost thy gage.”

“How? Lost! The staff never touched me.”

“There lies thy bonnet to witness against thee!” resumed the judge.

“What matters that to me? My bonnet is, like myself, somewhat of a buffoon; and should it have a mind to try a leap on the sand, am I to suffer for it?”

The judge was about to reply, but was interrupted by Arnaldo Vitale, who joined them at the instant.

“Tremacoldo is right!” said he, proud of the praises he had received; “we spoke of persons, not of bonnets. Take the steed, friend! 'Tis thine; thou hast won it fairly.”

This trait of courtesy was received with shouts of applause; which were redoubled when the prize of the quintain—a sword with silver hilt—was assigned by the judges to the troubadour.

## CHAPTER XVII.

By this time the Vicar Imperial drew near, accompanied by his uncles Luchino and Giovanni, and followed by a numerous and splendid retinue. As he entered the lists some shouts were heard of "*Viva Azo! viva il Vicario!* Long live the Lord of Milan!" but these were faint and spiritless and were drowned in a subdued murmur, amidst which were even heard some cries of "*Viva Marco!*"

"Aye! 'tis well for us," whispered Luchino in the ear of his nephew, "that we have him out of the way."

The Vicar Imperial was clad in a long and rich robe of flowered damask, closed in front with a row of gold buttons; a band of ermine of about three finger-breaths was bound round his forehead, from which rose a bonnet of black taffeta spangled with silver stars. Gentle and affable by nature, Azo counted on gaining the affections of the populace, which he knew to be alienated from him, by courtesy and display. Entering the balcony he answered warmly the few signs of reverence which met his eye, while the marshals of the field proceeded to clear the lists for the tourney. When all was ready, the king-at-arms, with his train of heralds and pursuivants, made the round of the lists on horseback, halting at the middle of each side to recite the following proclamation.

"Last ye! list ye, all present! to the proclamation of the Magnificent Lord Azo, Vicar of His Most Serene Highness Louis, Emperor of the Romans. Let no one dare to enter the lists during the tourney to favour or disavour any combatant by sign or word or deed; on pain of forfeiting horse and armour, if he who contraveneth this be a knight—of losing his ear, if he be artisan or vassal—his hand, if a bondsman—his head, if an outlaw or infamous person."

The six judges of the lists now took their seats near the Vicar's balcony, clothed in long silken robes, while over them waved a standard quartered argent and gules. The eyes of all were turned in breathless attention to one or other of the two large pavilions which occupied each end of the lists; that on the right of the Vicar Imperial displaying a banner of deep scarlet, that on the left, of pure white. A flourish of trumpets was heard, and from the two pavilions at one end, issued twelve knights on horseback with white surcoats over their armour, and snowy plumes waving in their crests, followed by as many squires clad in forest green; while from the other extremity appeared an equal number of knights and squires—these with red surcoats and plumes—those clad in yellow livery. Both parties advanced towards each other, the white knights led

by Ottorino Visconti, the red by Brante Sacramoro, a young cavalier of Milan, till, meeting in front of the grand balcony, they faced towards it and saluted the Vicar Imperial by lowering the lances which they had hitherto held erect. Each cavalier bore on his shield his colours—or, heraldically speaking, his *tinctures*—displayed in waves and stripes and chequers and various figures, surmounted by the crest of his house, besides his own proper cognizance; so that they might be easily distinguished amidst the heat of the *mêlée*. Each also wore a riband in some conspicuous place—streaming from the helm or attached to the lance as a bannerol; these were, or at least purported to be, favours bestowed on them by some loving and beloved one, for in these palmy days of chivalry, a knight might as well commence his career without steel or lance or sword, as without some fair one to be the star of his affections, the object of his hopes.

After saluting the Vicar, the two parties, which had been ranged in single file opposite his balcony, separated and drew up, each in front of their own pavilions, till, at a trumpet signal, they commenced the round of the lists from right to left. The steeds, moving at a gentle pace—though the tossing of heads and champing of bits showed their impatience at being thus restrained—gave the assembly sufficient time to admire the spectacle. Helmets and shields and corslets, of gold or silver or polished steel, glanced brightly in the sunbeams; plume, pennon, and bannerol waved proudly in the air; and even the steeds themselves seemed conscious of the gorgeous trappings in which they were arrayed.

Giacomolo Birgo, the armourer, having left his booth to the care of a journeyman, had proceeded to the lists, where his good dame was awaiting him near the pavilion of the white party, guarded by half-a-dozen of his apprentices, who kept off the throng and reserved a place for their master.

"Look ye there, lad!" said he to one of them, pointing to the cuirass of Ottorino, when he had placed himself comfortably, "there is workmanship for thee! Fits it not like a glove and sits it not as easy too?"

Ere the youth could make a fitting reply, the cavalcade commenced its march, and his wife began to ask him of the various cavaliers who composed it.

"See there, Giacomolo! that knight—the third from the front—is he blind that he keeps one eye thus covered with a band? How can he venture on feats of arms thus injured?"

"He can see as well with both eyes, as either thou or I, my good dame! 'Tis Bronzin Cimico, whose story I have often heard and will tell it

thee. It seemeth that his heart was taken captive by a noble lady of the Lampugnano family, but she would have nought to say to him, and to relieve herself of his addresses, declared she could never listen to such a poor simpleton as he, whose name had never been heard of beyond the walls of Milan. She may have spoken in somewhat courtlier phrase, but 'twas to this effect. Well! he was quite down-hearted for some days, but one morning as she was walking in her garden, he advanced to her, and dropping on one knee before her, took her hand and shut one of his eyelids with it, making at the same time a solemn vow never to see the light of day through that eye till he had unhorsed three opponents in open lists, and never to appear before her, saving with his two eyes open, that is, until he had completed his vow."

"What a rash and foolish oath!" exclaimed the dame. "But did he really keep it?"

"Thou see'st him there, and 'tis now some three years ago since this happened. Not a tourney takes place within his reach but he is at it, asks with small success. He has been unhorsed times without number: once he dislocated his shoulder; another time he returned home with a broken arm; a third with two ribs crushed in; but, nothing daunted, as soon as he could wield a lance he was at work again. On two several occasions, indeed, he managed to unhorse his opponent; and, should he succeed in doing so today, for the third time, he may present himself with honour before his lady fair, who cannot but receive him with favour."

By this time the white band had reached the other end of the lists, and the red party was now opposite the place where the armourer stood. Saeramoro, who preceded them, mounted on a coal-black steed, was of tall and powerful frame, and showed through his open visor a dark, bronzed face, lighted up by a pair of fiery eyes; and the fierce expression thus lent was enhanced by a deep scar that ran from his right cheek across the lips down to the chin.

"There is one of the first lances of Milan," said Birago, as he pointed him out; "he has fought in the armies of France, Almain, and Palesine. See with what a careless air he rides on, as if he despised this child's play."

"He looks bold enough," replied she; "but the chief of the white party has a face that pleases me better."

"Yes, they are both brave and successful knights—both have their armour furnished by me."

"And what are these two?" asked the dame, after a short pause. "These, I mean, with their shields all of one colour, and without any device?"

"These," replied her husband, "are young knights who have not yet passed a year since their novicehood expired, and have performed no exploits worthy of record by the heralds. But hush! they are about to commence."

The two squadrons having taken up their original positions, a trumpet gave the first signal, and the combatants all closed their visors; at the second, they placed their lances in rest; and when it pealed forth for the third time, they spurred their horses to the encounter, with loud shouts of "St. Ambrose for Ottorino!" "St. George for Saeramoro!" They met with a shock in the centre, and even the most experienced eye found it difficult to follow their individual movements, amid the confusion that ensued. Lances were shivered, knights were hurled from their saddles, and chargers dashed through the midst of the throng, with banging bridle and flowing mane, whilst a cloud of dust gradually rose and enveloped the combatants, from the midst of which issued shouts of rage, of exultation, of encouragement, and of command. Grooms were seen running from the tents, to catch the steeds that were running loose—squires, to assist their dismounted masters to the saddle—attendants, to carry out of the lists some unfortunate knight who lay senseless. After the first encounter, the lance was thrown aside, and the sword drawn, called *marra*, or mattock, from its blunt edge, rebated point, and weighty mass. The marshals and their assistants stood by the side of the lists, to observe that the combat was conducted in all respects according to rule, with the heralds beside them, who ceased not to utter inspiring and encouraging phrases, such as—"Brave knights! noble cavaliers! remember whose sons ye are, and betray them not!" whilst cries and shouts of applause resounded from without the lists.

The combat continued with varying fortune for about an hour; but at length the white squadron seemed to be completely worsted; four of them had been carried to their tents, seriously wounded, and the rest, hard-pressed by their adversaries, had given way nearly to the extremity of the lists. The Vicar, judging their cause hopeless, and willing to spare further bloodshed, was just about to give the signal for cessation, when Ottorino, calling to mind the message that morning sent him by Bentrice, was stung with shame and rage. Casting his shield over his right shoulder, and lifting his sword overhead with both hands, he spurred his horse against the leader of the red knights, to whom their success had been principally owing.

"Have at thee, Saeramoro!" he shouted. "Look to thy laurels!"

The cavalier thus threatened raised his large

buckler above his head with one arm, while with the other he made a thrust at his assailant, but his sword point glanced harmlessly from the hard and polished cuirass. Ottorino, seeing his adversary thus defended from his intended blow, changed his mode of attack, and, whirling his heavy blade round in the air, made a side sweep at his opponent's head; the weapon struck full on the right side of the helmet beneath his guard, and the red champion was hurled heavily to the ground, whence he was carried to his tent by the pursuivants, with his jaw-bone broken, and completely senseless.

"Saint Ambrose! Saint Ambrose!" shouted the victorious cavalier, in animating tones.

"Saint Ambrose for Ottorino!" was the answering cry of his followers, as with renewed energy they threw themselves upon their opponents, pressing them back in their turn, while their leader, ever in the van, poured down a shower of resistless blows. The tide of battle was instantly changed; two others of the red squadron were swept from their horses, whilst those who still remained, without any chief round whom to rally, were driven hither and thither throughout the lists, making a feeble and vain defence. The Vicar Imperial saw that further resistance on their part was altogether useless, and, giving a signal with his hand, a trumpet sounded, and the conflict was at an end.

Whilst the spectators saluted the victorious knights by shouts of applause, clapping of hands, waving of scarfs, and tossing up of bonnets, seven or eight heralds, marshals, and pursuivants, were seen to spur towards one of the red knights, and beat him out of the lists with the staves of their lances, a punishment inflicted, according to the laws of the tourney, on any cavalier who continued the combat after the signal had sounded.

All the competitors who were able to support themselves on foot or on horseback now presented themselves before the gallery of the judges, where their names were announced one by one by a herald; and, by the testimony of the officials, all were proclaimed to have borne themselves as good and loyal cavaliers, saving two: one of the white squadron, who was charged with having wounded an opponent on the thigh with his lance—a disloyal and unknighly blow; and one of the red party, who was accused of having struck his adversary's horse. But as for the first, he was cleared on the attestation of the wounded knight himself, who declared that the point of the lance had struck fairly on his shield, although, glancing off, it had wounded him on the leg, without any evil design on the part of the accused knight: the second was also absolved, on the declaration of one of the marshals,

that the accident was occasioned by the steed of his adversary rearing while he was in the act of discharging a blow, and thus intercepting it.

The names of those who lay wounded in the tents—*ten in number*—were then proclaimed, and each was adjudged to have borne him right well and bravely.

The mishap of one of these wounded knights was so singular, and the consequences so illustrative of chivalric punctilio, that we think it right to present them to the reader. This was Bronzin Caimico, the hero of the bandaged eye, who, in the very first encounter, had the misfortune to receive through the bars of his visor a lance's point, which, entering his uncovered eye, extinguished its light for ever. Blind and helpless, he was extricated from the throng, and conducted to the pavilion, where his wound was dressed, stoutly refusing, however, to allow the hand to be removed from his remaining eye, until he had received the opinion of the judges, as to whether he was justified in doing so, not having yet vanquished three opponents, according to his vow. Puzzled by the intricacy of the case, they refused to give any decision, and the matter was referred to the various Courts of Love, which were held throughout Europe. Covering and uncovering, each had its champions, and the disputation grew fierce and warm. They cited the Roman laws and those of Moses, Latin and Provençal authors, prophets and romancists, philosophers and troubadours; examples were quoted from the histories of the Seven Sons of Hamon, of Amadis de Gaul, of Giron the Courteous, and of all the famous Paladins of France and England. The decisions given in these primary courts disagreeing with each other, the case was brought formally before the Plenary Court of Love in Provence, where, after a long and learned discussion, sentence was finally pronounced in favour of the eye of Caimico—that is, that it might be uncovered; and Sir Bronzin, who had remained in total darkness during the three years that these disputations lasted, withdrew the band, and again saw the light of day. Returning to his former mode of life, after several defeats he was at length fortunate enough to unhorse a third opponent, and immediately hastened, on the wings of love, to Verona, the abode of his mistress, to lay his trophies at her feet, and claim the reward of his devotion. But ah! for the gratitude of the sex! The fair damsel—whose distaste the loss of his eye had by no means lessened—received him with cold disdain; and when he claimed her hand, as the meed of his fulfilled vow, replied in haughty accents:

"Remember the terms of thy vow, and abide by them! Hence! and appear not in my pre-

sence till thou canst present thyself with both eyes open!"

But let us return to the lists from this episode.

The white knights were proclaimed victors, amidst the plaudits of the multitude; and the prize—a milk-white steed, richly barbed, together with a casque and shield of silver—was adjudged by the voices of the judges and officials, and of the noble dames and damsels present, to their leader, Ottorino Visconti.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

The news of the tourney was brought in the evening to the palace of the Count del Balzo by the advocate, Lorenzo Garbagnate. Beatrice, who was reclining on a couch, not yet recovered from the excitement of the previous evening, listened with eagerness to his narration of the events of the day; and when she heard that, when the trumpet proclaimed him victor, he had been observed to kiss reverently an azure riband that was attached to his sword-hilt, as if thanking his lady for the courage with which her favour had inspired him, her heart swelled with affectionate pride, and she gently murmured to herself—"He is mine! he is mine!" The mind of the count himself had been too much perturbed by his interview with Marco to allow his presence at the tournament; but the hint of Garbagnate, that his intimacy with Marco would make his absence observed by Azo with suspicion, determined him to present himself at the joust of the following day.

He accordingly appeared on the field next day betimes, accompanied by his daughter and sister, and took his place in the balcony adjoining the vice regal seat. When the Vicar Imperial and his uncles appeared, he was the first to welcome them, and, although scarce receiving notice from them, was the last to finish his salutations; then reseating himself, in the full conviction that his obsequiousness had driven all suspicion from their minds.

The jousting commenced. Many knights presented themselves to touch—now one, now another, of the shields that were suspended from the spears fixed in the ground near the pavilions of the challengers. Many encounters took place, but there was no signal display of dexterity; some made a false attempt, breaking the lance across the body of their adversary; the steeds of some swerved to one side or the other; two lances, and no more, were fairly splintered. The shield of Ottorino remained untouched, no one being bold enough to oppose him, after the prowess he had displayed in the previous day's tourney.

The spectacle had in this manner lasted two

hours, and matters were proceeding in so common-place a style, that the spectators became wearied and disgusted; a murmur arose, which increased to groans, and finally broke out into a shout of anger against the cavaliers, who had so little complaisance as not to break one another's bones for their amusement. Such is ever the populace—in ordinary times quiet, gentle, and easily managed; but disappoint them in their amusements, and they are no longer lambs, but bears.

To soothe the tumult, the heralds came forward, and proclaimed that the jousting would now cease, and give place to the *bigorda*;<sup>\*</sup> but whilst they were about to pronounce the form of words which put an end to the tilting, the shrill blast of a trumpet was heard to issue from the adjoining wood. The spectators received this signal of a new combatant with applause; and, after a few moments of silence, there entered into the lists a tall, strong-built cavalier, mounted on an Apulian steed, black as the raven's wing, all save a star-shaped mark on his forehead. The visor of the new-comer was closed, and his armour was of pure burnished steel, without colour, without badge, without device of any kind. A shield, plain and polished like the rest of his armour, hung at his saddle-bow, a sign that he wished to maintain his incognito; but a squire followed him with another buckler, which bore the arms of his master, but was concealed by a covering of silk, in stripes of fawn and black, colours denoting sadness, despondency, and despair. The cavalier remained at the extremity of the lists, while the shield-bearer advanced towards the tent of the judges; at the upper end, and delivered to them his burden. These officials had cognisance of the title of any knight to appear in the lists, and it was therefore necessary that they should inspect his coat of arms as displayed on his shield; but they were bound by an oath not to reveal the name of any one who might wish to remain unknown. The anxious expectation of the spectators was not long taxed, for the judges immediately issued from the tent, and attaching the shield, again enveloped in its covering, to the point of a spear which was stuck in the ground, slightly bent the knee before it, whilst a herald proclaimed aloud: "The lists are open to the cavalier!"

The stranger, on admission being thus granted him, proceeded at a gentle pace along the arena, till he reached the tent of the challengers, when, reining up his steed opposite the shield of Otto-

<sup>\*</sup> Or jilke—a favourite spectacle of the times, which consisted in the attack and defence of a wooden fortification by men-at-arms.

rino, instead of merely touching it with his lance, as was usually done, he hurled it to the ground; then picking it up on his lance's point, again hung it on the spear, but this time reversed. This was the greatest indignity which one knight could offer to another, and imported a combat to the utterance. A whispering murmur spread among the crowd that had been silent witnesses of these acts and well understood their meaning. Some endeavoured to divine who the stranger knight was, and what could be the reason of his mortal hatred; the old men declared that the Vicar Imperial would never allow the combat to take place in such circumstances—the young maintained that he could not oppose it. Many trembled for the safety of Ottorino; others, who likewise favoured him, rejoiced in it as an opening for a new triumph; some, envious of his glory, were in secret ecstasy at the new danger that threatened him, and hoped to see him cast down from the height which gave so much umbrage to their pride; while the great mass of the assembly, equally unaffected by regard or aversion, sat themselves to enjoy the coming spectacle as some amends for the vexatious tedium of the former display.

"Come, my love," said the Countess Susama to her niece, who sat with lips compressed and pallid cheek, gazing intently on the challenger; "this is no place for thee. Let us hence!"

"Leave me," she faintly murmured, "I will remain."

"But knowest thou not," continued her aunt, "what knight is challenged?"

"Yes," she replied, "I know it—'tis Ottorino."

"But the arms—the challenge—"

"The arms are pointed and sharpened—the challenge is to the death," she said, in tones that gathered firmness from despair, "I know it all, and will remain to witness the event."

By this time Ottorino had issued from his tent fully armed from head to foot; and, advancing to the charger which was held by Lupo, laid one hand on the saddle-bow, and, despite the heavy weight of his harness, sprung lightly from the ground, and with one bound seated himself firmly in the saddle, amidst the plaudits of the multitude. The judges of the field then took two sharp-pointed lances, with shafts of strong and heavy oak, bound with rings of silver, and balanced with iron at the butt, and having after a minute examination, declared them equal in length, weight, quality and strength, they presented one to the challenger and the other to the challenged. The two competitors then proceeded, as was customary, to make the circuit of the lists abreast, close by the palisades, each followed by his squire.

The stranger, still closed up in his armour, managed with an easy and careless air his powerful steed, which, excited by the bursts of applause around, bounded from side to side, spurning the sand in the air, fuming and chafing at the bit, till the foam flew from his lips at every toss of his head, while the rider kept himself firm and upright in the saddle, with confident security and simple grace. Lupo, as he rode behind, observed with admiration, not unmixed with apprehension for his master, his bold and easy carriage, his well-knit frame and powerful limbs. As he ran over his recollections he noticed that the visor of his helmet was closely rivetted, and recognised it as the same that had been purchased on the previous day by the squire of the brown robe.

Ottorino was mounted on a fine chesnut Andalusian jennet, not fierce and formidable like the steed of his opponent, but active, sagacious and obedient to the hand, the voice, the sign—one might almost have imagined to the thoughts of his master. The young knight managed him with much skill, making him show off amid his paces, active caprioles and graceful curvets, so that his passage round the lists seemed but some festal display—the preparation for a triumphal procession rather than a mortal combat.

When they arrived opposite the balcony in which the Count del Balzo was seated, Ottorino bent his head in salutation, but the Count scarce acknowledged the courtesy. Even Beatrice only replied with a timid and momentary glance, which immediately, as if caught by some powerful fascination, was fixed on the stranger knight, almost without the power of withdrawal. As the long, sharp and glittering head of his lance caught her eye, she seemed to feel its cold point enter her heart, and continued to look intently at it, as if the very intensity of her gaze could have melted and rendered it harmless. It might be that this fixed look attracted the attention of the stranger, or it might be from some other cause, but, although he had not previously turned his head to one side or the other, he now made a gentle inclination towards the spot where she sat.

The circuit of the lists being completed, the two competitors were arranged on the field "with equal division of earth and sun," as the phrase went; that is, they were placed opposite each other, care being taken that both should be equally distant from the centre of the lists, and that the rays of the sun should not strike more to the disadvantage of one than the other. The immense concourse that thronged the balconies, or were crowded upon waggons and benches, and rude platforms, and in the further distance upon the trees of the neighbouring wood, upon the roofs of the few houses around, and upon every

little eminence that commanded a view of the lists, looked on these preparations in silence; each heart beat quick with envy or impatience, with fear or courage. The signal of assault was about to be given, when an unforeseen chance threw the whole multitude into confusion, and went near to overthrow the tottering power of Azo.

Lupo, who stood behind his master Ottorino, deceived by an accidental movement of the Vicar's hand, thought the signal was given for the trumpet to sound the onset, and cried in a loud tone, which in the prevailing silence was heard far and wide—"Viva Marco Visconti!" This was the usual war-cri of his lord, who as soon as he heard it, raised high his gauntleted hand and repeated the shout of "Viva Marco Visconti!" but neither he nor his opponent made any forward movement, as the trumpet had not yet sounded. But the crowd of spectators, most of whom secretly favored the pretensions of Marco to the lordship of Milan, deemed this cry the signal of some conspiracy on his behalf, and a call to rise against the Vicar Imperial. In a moment the shout was taken up and cordially repeated by thousands of voices from all sides; many were seen to shift round the handles of their swords and loosen their daggers in the sheath; there was a general movement in all quarters, while small knots and bands were gathering together here and there; all were looking around for some chief to lead them on—some banner round which to rally. Had Marco at this moment presented himself to the people, his success would have been certain; the few guards of the Vicar remained terror-struck beside his pavilion, and for a time Azo, as well as his uncles Luchino and Giovanni, gave themselves up for lost.

During the greatest turmoil, when the cries were highest and most furious, the unknown knight, who had never moved from his position, raised his hand to his morion, and attempted to raise his visor, seemingly forgetful that it was close rivetted. However, it was but a hasty and involuntary movement, for the cavalier immediately lowered his arm, and, resting his hand on the hilt of his sword, remained motionless, observing the stormy scene through the bars of his basinet.

In the meantime, the heralds, marshals, and pursuivants, ran through the lists, endeavouring to calm the tumult; and by their exertions the people were induced to resume their places. The bold youngsters, whose hands itched for a fight—the timid, who wished to side with what seemed the majority—and the inquisitive, who formed the greater part of the crowd, and had made by far the greatest noise, all slowly drew back to their former positions, some trembling, some

laughing and talking, and many enquiring—"What had been the matter?"

Peace and quietness having thus been restored, the signal trumpet at length sounded, and the two combatants dashed forward, their lances couched and their heads bent down behind their shields, so as to protect their faces up to the eyes. The stranger, whose aim it was to win the first course by a stroke of dexterity, in place of urging on his horse, and giving him free rein, kept him at a restrained gallop, and on nearing his adversary presented his buckler slantingly towards him. Ottorino rushed furiously on, and his lance, striking on the stranger's advanced shield, glanced harmlessly off the polished steel; while his opponent, fixing his regards on the azure riband presented him by Beatrice, which he that day wore as a shoulder knot, caught it on the point of his lance, and now, giving spurs to his steed, bore it off streaming in the air. A stroke so unexpected and so masterly was completely undervalued by the spectators, who considered it merely a chance hit, and some even cried out that a false attein had been made.

The two cavaliers dashed on till each had reached the point from which his adversary had just started, then, wheeling round, made another charge with more headlong fury. This time the stranger came on at full speed, compressing with his knees the sides of his steed, till the animal snorted and gasped for breath. They met half way with a fierce shock. Ottorino broke his lance fairly in the centre of his adversary's shield, but without shaking his seat; while the spear of the other caught the bars of the young noble's visor, and buried him a full lance's length from his horse, which, as soon as it felt the saddle empty, arrested its course, and, turning round its head, waited for its master to remount.

But the vanquished knight lay extended on the ground, without a sign of life. Lupo hastily ran to his assistance, and, opening his visor, found the blood gushing from his mouth, his nostrils, and his ears—with such force had he been dashed to the ground. Two officers of the lists now joined the squire, and, unlashing the cavalier, bore him in their arms to his tent, his limbs dangling nerveless down, and his head hanging backwards, with the flowing locks bedabbled with gore. After a few minutes of anxious suspense, a herald issued from the tent, and called aloud—"The knight still lives!"

During this scene, poor Beatrice had remained fixed in all the calmness of despair; but, on hearing this last announcement, the revulsion of feeling completely overcame her: she sank fainting from her seat, and was carried home still senseless.

The conqueror, on reaching the end of the lists, had turned round, and, checking his steed, stood motionless as a statue, save that he followed with his head every motion of the assistants, till they bore the wounded man within the tent, when he kept his gaze steadfastly fixed on the entrance. After the herald's proclamation, raising his hand to heaven, he displayed signs of great joy at the announcement, as if success had deprived him of all hostile feeling; then, casting away his lance, he put spurs to his horse, and, galloping out of the lists, soon disappeared in the wood from which he had at first issued. His squire, taking the covered shield from the spear to which it had been suspended, followed him at full speed.

When the lance of the unknown knight was picked up, it was found to be broken at the point. Most of the bystanders held that this had been done in the first encounter; but one of the pursuivants maintained that the stranger, near whom he was standing, when his opponent uttered the shout of "*Viva Marco Visconti!*" had turned to the palisade beside him, and, inserting the iron head of his spear between two of the planks, had broken it off through the middle. All, however, were of accord that had the lance remained whole, instead of merely catching the bars of the helmet, it must have passed through the visor of Ottorino, and pierced him to the brain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### TURKISH TALE.

I HAVE already alluded to the aqueduct along the road-side on entering Amasia, and which Fontanier mistook for the watercourse mentioned by Strabo. The turks of Amasia have a tradition respecting its origin, which is no bad specimen of their talents and ingenuity in this way. The story goes, that there once dwelt in this neighbourhood a rich and powerful young man of the name of Fer-hat, who was in love with a beautiful damsel of Amasia. He offered her marriage; which she accepted, on condition that he supplied her native town with water from a distant valley, and performed all the work himself. Undismayed at the magnitude of the undertaking, he immediately set to work, and, to judge from the result, must have laboured hard for many a year. At length, one day he met an old woman, who, with true Turkish inquisitiveness, asked him what he was about. Fer-hat told her the story of his love, and that he hoped soon to have completed his task; whereupon she replied, that he might cease from his useless labour, as the maiden, who met by this time have passed her seventieth year, was dead. On hearing this, he gave up his undertaking; and soon dying of a broken heart, was buried with the lady of his love on the summit of a neighbouring mountain.

#### A SONG.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

'Twas night—and not a single gleam  
Of light was on the misty stream;  
The moon was sleeping—not a star  
Broke through the dark and hazy sky;  
When urged by fate to wander far,  
I bade thee, love, a long good bye,  
With pallid lips and faltering breath,  
You whispered—"This is worse than death—  
Far worse than death!"

Our sighs confessed all language weak,  
To image grief no words could speak;  
And since I pressed that trembling hand,  
My bark hath rode a stormy sea—  
Mine eyes beheld a foreign strand,  
Where all was changed, but love and thee;  
But still, along the desert track,  
Hope, smiling, spake thy welcome back—  
Thy welcome back.

I've thought on thee, till feelings deep  
O'erpowered my soul too much to weep;  
And when the evening's mellow light  
Was softly blending earth with sky,  
I've mused upon the starless night,  
I bade thee, love, a long good bye;  
But through the gloom a sunbeam stole,  
That chased the darkness from my soul—  
From my soul.

I press again thy gentle hand,  
I tread once more my native land:  
The rosy light of morn is thrown  
On vale and hill—but round thy brow,  
I see the wreath of love alone,  
I only hear thy whispered vow—  
That neither time nor space shall sever,  
Thy faithful heart from mine, for ever—  
For ever!

#### FLATTERERS BUT.

MANY anecdotes were current at Smyrna respecting Hussein Bey, the Governor, who had the character of being the most notorious and rapacious money-maker in the empire. Some of his expedients are worth recording as instances of Turkish manners. He possesses a large house and garden, near Bourmubut, which produces excellent fruit, and in which two years ago he had a most abundant crop of cherries. Anxious to sell them to advantage, he sent for the principal fruiterers to value them; who were all equally desirous of propitiating the Governor by praising his fruit. They vied with each other in estimating the quantity with the quality, and ended by congratulating Hussein Bey on his good fortune and success. But they did not know whom they had to deal with; for no sooner had he got them to declare unanimously that his cherries were worth some highly preposterous sum, than he nailed them to their bargain, and declared they should not leave his house until they had bought his fruit at the price they had named. Remonstrance was useless, and they were compelled to pay the penalty of their flattery.



# THE TRAITOR.

BY K. O. H.

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"No! by all that is sacred I cannot bear with such an insult. I who have served the Emperor with an unswerving loyalty during these last five years of continual warfare—I who have stood to him in an hour of most imminent danger, on the field of Cyrrhus, when the powerful squire of our brave and warlike enemy, Abou Obeidah, the same who is now at our gates, would in another instant have drank his heart's blood, had not mine arm been as soon raised to ward off the murderous blow, which, by the bye, had well nigh cost me the loss of a most valuable limb; for see, here lies the proof," and, uncovering his muscular arm, the young soldier exposed to view, the scar that remained of a long and deep sabre-cut; "But," added he as he readjusted the sleeve, "neither is this all of my services; have I not followed him into Africa? and there, in the hour of danger and defeat, when others dropped off and abandoned him, did not I remain constantly attached to his person? And for these, what have I received? Nought but neglect and forgetfulness; but were that all! No! the rest has yet to come; know, then, that this day—oh that I should have such a withering insult to record—this day, in the face of the whole army—this man, this Constant, a base born adventurer, was raised above me to the command of our division; and will it be said that the son of the noble Maerianus tamely submitted? No, never! by the blood of my fathers, it never shall!"

"But," interposed a soft, and a tender voice, "what can you do, my own Cyzicus? At such a time when the city is besieged, surely the brave and warlike Cyzicus will not, cannot deface the memory of his recent exploits by withdrawing himself from the scene of danger, for the unworthy objection, that he would not be commanded by one to whom fickle fortune had denied the boast of a noble lineage; and for this reason he would refuse the aid of his powerful arm, at the moment that his country the most required it.—Ah no! my friend; I fear me you are concealing some more powerful and latent motive, for 'twas not your wont to be so fastidious about births and noble ancestry."

At these words the brows of the young warrior became contracted, and his whole countenance betrayed more uneasiness than he would willingly have evinced; but by a masterly effort, he quickly composed himself, and gently approaching his

lovely companion, he thus addressed her; the while that he kept gazing steadfastly, as if he would read her thoughts upon her cheek:

"My deeply, dearly-beloved Syllea! How long and how ardent has been my attachment for you, my bright gazelle, no words can adequately express. With you, sweet one, this world were a wide expanse, void, totally void of all those interests, which to other men make life a thing so precious, so desirable." He continued: "I pray thee to attend carefully to what I would say." And here, dropping his voice to a half audible whisper, he added: "Our brave, and till now almost invincible enemy, Abou Obeidah, will begin his attack on the city it is supposed tomorrow, as our spies inform us that he is only waiting for a small reinforcement, which is to arrive to him this night; now our men are wasted by fatigue, pestilence, and famine, and my position has enabled me to make observations, which dispose me to fear, nay, even to be almost convinced, that ere the going down of tomorrow's sun, we shall be in the hands of our cruel enemies. And then," he exclaimed, shading his eyes with his hands, "what a frightful and heart-breaking scene my imagination beholds. The gentle, the terrified Syllea, in the hour of her danger, and perhaps destruction, calling on the name of Cyzicus, of her beloved Cyzicus, for safety and protection. When, alas! he, in the gory arms of death, shall be unmindful and unconscious of the appeal."

Cyzicus here paused, waiting to note what effect his words had made on Syllea. He dared not expose to her even the slightest glimmering of the truth; but the fact was

"His soul had felt the curse of gold."

Cyzicus was the son of a distinguished man, which distinction he had not only deserved for his high rank, but also for his virtues. Unhappily for the son, the father died, and he was entrusted to the care of an uncle, a man whose favourite maxim was that self should be the great object of all our actions. What marvel then, that the nephew should have imbibed the same principles? In his boasted services to the emperor, there lay some truth; but also his ambitious heart had looked for great rewards. As these were not forthcoming, so soon as he would have wished, and stung to the quick by the preference so lately shown to another, he would

have been glad of an opportunity of showing his resentment. It was at such a moment, while under the influence of angered feeling, on recalling to his mind these circumstances, that a slave entered, and, with a low obeisance, said that a man requested to see him. This man was a trusty messenger from Abou Obeidah, who, disguised as one of Cyzicus' own followers, had gained easy access to the young chief. He came with the offer of an immense sum of gold, and a high post of command in the Mohammedan army, if the young Christian, for these, would desert his country, and forsake his religion. Abou Obeidah had been made aware of his discontent, through spies; and he knew there was information, concerning the plans of the besieged, of considerable importance, with which Cyzicus was well acquainted, and which, if known to the Mohammedan, would ensure him an easy victory.

The honour of the young chief was not proof against these offers. "After all," thought he, "what is there in the empty form of religion, if the heart doth not consent? and, as for the city, it will fall, as well with my support as without it." So with these consoling reflections he consented; but at the same time he determined within his own mind that Syllea should be a partner to his flight. With this intention he had sought her, and then attempted to move her womanly fears, the better to make her consent to the line of conduct he intended to pursue. But he had not made a true estimate of her character; for, though the fair maiden appeared so meek and gentle, there slumbered in her breast the spirit of her forefathers, and no earthly motive could have induced her to act a part contrary to that which she thought pure and honourable. Judging of her lover's sentiments by her own, she had not even dreamed that any disloyal feeling had entered his breast; she was, therefore, at a great loss to account for his present conduct; and, on hearing his concluding words, an involuntary shudder seized her whole frame; but, quickly recovering the self-possession worthy the descendant of a long line of brave warriors, she said, casting on the ground her dark lustrous eyes, whilst a slight blush mantled a face of surpassing beauty, but whose features wore the impress of a mind of masculine energy and firmness of resolve:

"Cyzicus, if thou hast loved, and loved well as thou sayest, methinks thy love hath not proved altogether vain and futile; but what has this to do now with the welfare of our country, which is at present the only feeling that should occupy the breast of every Damascene, and more particularly that of the son of the noble and patriotic Macerianus? If, as you say, fortuna seems to

favour the infidel army, can our soldiers forget that that same God who delivered His chosen people, the Jews, full many a time out of the hands of their enemies, is as powerful to do the same again? And are not we Christians His chosen people?"

At these words Cyzicus felt a pang of remorse, knowing how soon he was to become a traitor and an apostate; but his selfish inclination soon predominated, and the remembrance of the glittering bribe had taken too strong a hold on his fancy to allow of his indulging any thoughts of repentance. He did not yet despair of winning Syllea to his purposes, for he knew how much she loved him. Syllea loved Cyzicus with all the affection of a pure and generous nature, because she fancied she saw in the son of Macerianus all the noble qualities of head and heart that that great man had possessed. She had heard the young chief speak loudly in the praise of virtue, and from this she imagined he practised what he so much esteemed; but, ah! Syllea only knew the outer man. To her last words he answered:

"Sweet one, such opinions will do very well in theory; but what reason have we to expect that the Almighty will work a miracle in our favour? And, believe me, dearest, nothing else can deliver us from our present danger."

At these words the hitherto passive maiden rose impatiently from her seat, and, casting a penetrating glance upon her lover, while she drew a few steps backwards, said:

"In good faith, I know thee not! Surely this cannot be that Cyzicus, whom men have called 'the brave,' who now evinces as many fears as would become a woman! Methinks some strange phantasy has gotten possession of his brain, that the prospect of a battle should make him foresee naught but defeat and death. 'Twas not his wont to grow pale at the thought of danger!"

It was now time for the young chief to strike a blow. He answered:

"You wrong me, beloved Syllea; death never had terrors for Cyzicus! and if his soul hath known the power of fear, 'twas but for Syllea—the thought that she may fall into the hands of a rude soldiery is maddening. Ah, Syllea! thou best beloved, I would guard you from every danger;" and, casting himself on his knees, he cried: "Come, sweet one, fly with me; I know of a retreat for the present, and when it will be safe, we may gain the shores of a happier clime, where our lives will be a continued sunshine of love and happiness."

On hearing this the astonished Syllea, drawing herself up to her full height, and casting a look

of scorn and indignation on the recumbent form of her lover, said :

"And did'st thou think the daughter of Aridæus could be guilty of rewarding such cowardice as thine must be? Oh, God! is this the man she has loved! No! never! were I capable of such baseness, every breeze of wind and every rustling leaf would sound to my conscience-stricken ears, as so many groans from the departed spirit of my father, reproaching his daughter with the dishonour of his name."

Cyzicus would fain have interposed, but the maiden's beautiful features assumed that expression, for which her father received the surname of "Aridæus the Stern." She added:

"Henceforth, sir, we meet no more; by me you are already forgotten. I would not waste one single thought on that man, who would desert his country, under any pretence whatever, in the moment of its greatest danger. Go!" added the proud girl, as her lovely mouth assumed the expression of the most ineffable contempt, "go, fly to this safe retreat; perhaps whilst the noble, the high-born Cyzicus is cowering in some corner of it, his heart will tell him that the base-born Constant, whom he esteems so lightly, is bravely defending the post that that young chieftain, through basest cowardice, has deserted. But, 'tis enough, words are idle."

She instantly left the apartment, with so majestic and commanding a mien, that Cyzicus had not ventured to detain her. He now plainly saw, that if such were Syllea's unconquerable objections to these proposals, what they would be were she fully aware of the naked truth. Why, he naturally thought, she would then detest what she now only despises. With reflections such as these the young chieftain gained his quarters, and found the Mahomedan, who had been with some impatience awaiting his return. With a respectful demeanor he approached the Damascene, and, in a suppressed tone of voice, lest he should be overheard, made him aware that all was in readiness for their escape. Upon which Cyzicus, taking a few rapid steps across his apartment, suddenly addressed the infidel:

"Go back," said he, "to thy master: I cannot accept his offer; I retract the conditions I made."

"But," interrupted the Arabian, "you have part of the gold, which, of course, you will return."

"Ah! yes, true; I had well nigh forgotten."

Here he missed a short time. That he loved Syllea could not be denied: but 'twas a love that partook of his general character of selfishness. She was wealthy; of higher station than himself, being nearly allied to the Roman emperors of the East; add to this, she was surpass-

ingly beautiful; and then she had preferred him over so many princely rivals: this was not a prize to lose. But his pride, wounded by the neglect of his services; the certainty that the city could not resist the besiegers, the offers of the Mahomedan general, who was overrunning and conquering the country around; all these also had their effect on this cold and calculating mind.

"But if," said he at last, tired with his own reflections, "the Mahomedans conquer the city, the Damascenes will be slain on every side; then Syllea, by fair means or not fair ones, what matters, must be mine. Her gentle nature will soon get the uppermost again; and, with some little care, I will make her forget that there ever arose subject of estrangement between us." Approaching the Arabian, he said: "Art sure the road is safe; no danger of being surprised?"

"None," was the laconic reply.

"Then lead on; I follow."

And Syllea, the proud Syllea! let us follow her into the solitude of her own apartment, and there, do we find no longer the daughter of Aridæus the Stern, but the gentle, the all-loving Syllea; there, reclining on a couch, she gave vent to her womanly nature in a flood of bitter tears. She wept not for her lover as he would now appear—"a Coward!" but she wept for the youthful warrior of the field of Cyrrhuta; she but remembered the young Chieftain, who had been surnamed "The Brave;" and alas! these reflections were quickly broken when the thought occurred to her, that now he must be branded as a base coward. Tortured by the painful reflection, the poor maiden became exhausted, and sunk into a restless sleep, during which the brain left her not much rest, for it had been too much disturbed during her waking moments. She was, or rather fancied she was, on an eminence at a short distance from the city, where she could overlook the various movements of the contending parties. There was Cyzicus in his glittering armour, with his shield and lance, rushing headlong into the thickest of the fight; and then she would feel her heart beat, and her temples throb with a strange delight in beholding the bravery of her warrior lover; but suddenly the scene would change, and all was darkness and solitude; the city was deserted, and she was the only remaining creature in it. Again, another picture was before her eyes. She was in a strange place, one she had never before seen; there was a great crowd of people, Cyzicus was there, but he was cold and distant—then in her sleep, the maiden saw the war raging at its highest, the Damascenes were cut down on every side, though they were fighting with their wonted bravery; they were

finally overpowered by numbers, and the infidels were forcing their way into the city, over the mangled bodies of the Damascenes; then the fair dreamer was straining her eager gaze on every side, to see if she could catch a glimpse of her lover, among those of her countrymen who yet remained, when oh! God! she suddenly espied him by the side of Abou Obeidah, using his arms against his brethren, the Christians. At this moment the terror-struck dreamer, uttered a piercing cry of horror with which she started from her slumbers, and oh! how glad to find it had all been but a dream. Suddenly, sounds assailed her waking ears, which were not to be mistaken. They were the din and uproar of battle, the clashing of arms, and at short intervals might be heard the cries of the wounded and dying. Syllea immediately rushed to the easement, and there beheld her gallant countrymen, headed by their brave Governor, the warlike Thomas, defending, with streams of blood, the innumerable breaches already made by the enemy. There the courageous maiden stood, a witness to all the horrors and bloodshed, of such a conflict, no wise appalled by them, for whatever might have been her feelings at any other time, at this moment there was one absorbing thought which filled her mind; and, with a feverish anxiety, the unfortunate Syllea was straining her eyes on every side, endeavouring to catch a glimpse of Cyziceus. But no where could she behold him. Yet so confident was she in the influence she believed she exercised over him, that she entertained hopes that he had perhaps been the foremost in the battle; therefore, as he was no where to be seen, the idea struck her, that perhaps he was among the wounded, or dying. She should never more behold the playmate of her childhood, and the dearly loved of maturer years. The thought caused her so much anguish, that, overcome with weakness, she again cast herself on that couch, on which she had passed such a restless night, and there remained scarcely conscious of the passing events.

One half hour had scarcely elapsed when the victorious Abou Obeidah was master of the city, notwithstanding the gallant conduct of its governor, and the brave and courageous resistance of the citizens, who were at last under the necessity of capitulating on the following terms: Those of the Damascenes who wished to depart from the city, were at liberty to do so, and to take as many of their effects with them, as they could carry; those who remained were allowed to retain their lands, houses, and seven churches, tributary to the Khalifs. A great number departed, and among this number was the gallant Thomas with his ward, the fair Syllea, who, being an orphan and allied to the Governor, had been left under his

protection. But the ill-fated refugees were not deemed to be thus left long unmolested, for when the traitor Cyziceus rushed to Syllea's home and found that the "bird had flown," the unwelcome truth immediately flashed on his mind. Urged by disappointment, despair, and perhaps remorse, he flew to the Mohammedan General, and by artful insinuations and well fabricated falsehoods, Abou Obeidah was persuaded to send in pursuit of them. Khalid at the head of four thousand horse, overtook them at a short distance and the unfortunate Damascenes, all save one, fell a prey to the Arabian scimitar. And this one was the beautiful, the unfortunate Syllea, who recognised her lost Cyziceus, at the moment that a rude hand laid her noble guardian prostrate in death at her feet. She would have rushed into his arms, but suddenly she drew back as if stung by a scorpion. Ah, poor Syllea! she had recognized her lover, her Cyziceus, whom she had thought slain in defending his country. But did her eyes not deceive her? Oh no, no! too plainly did she see the Mohammedan badge. The deceiver immediately, and with some trepidation, whispered that 'twas but a disguise to save her life. But by one glance the majestic girl silenced his yet unspoken falsehoods—in an instant her powerful mind had comprehended the baseness of the man, who now stood before her. Casting a hurried glance on either side, and seeing nought but the mangled bodies of her countrymen, her beloved kinsman stretched all gory and disfigured at her feet—he who had been the idol of her affections, a traitor to his country and a renegade to his faith. What else was there left to her but, *adieu*? Placing her fairy hand under her robe, she quickly withdrew a small dagger, and at the moment that the perfidious Cyziceus made another effort to embrace her, she plunged the weapon into her breast, and expired on the lifeless remains of the gallant Thomas.

How abandoned is that heart which bulges the tear of innocence, and is the cause—the fatal cause—of overwhelming the spotless soul, and plunging the yet untaunted mind into a sea of sorrow and repentance! Though born to protect the fair, does not man act the part of a demon—first alluring by his temptations, and then triumphing in his victory? When villain gets the ascendancy, it seldom leaves the wretch till it has thoroughly polluted him.—*Sterne's Letters.*

VANITY is one thing—pride is another. We cannot have too little of the one, or too much of the other, provided only it be based on a proper foundation, and exhibited on proper occasions.

## COTTRELL'S RECOLLECTIONS OF SIBERIA.

## CROSSING A FROZEN LAKE.

THE passage in sledges on the ice is agreeable and rapid: the point where it is crossed is not quite sixty versis, which is sometimes performed in two hours and a half; and the view of the surrounding mountains is imposing and majestic. There are occasionally small fissures in the ice, and particularly in the spring, when the season approaches for its dissolution, which must be formidable to an unhabited traveller; but as the horses and their drivers are thoroughly practised in getting over them, there is no real danger. When the crack is small, the horses jump over them without stopping; when they are large, planks are laid across so as to form a bridge, which is made and unmade in an instant, the planks being carried for the purpose, and dragged behind the sledge. If the fissures are too large even for this, a bridge is made of large blocks of ice, which they cut off on the side of the opening, and the driver, with a sort of leaping-pole, jumps over the chasm. He then fastens on other similar blocks from the opposite side. The bridge is clearly none of the most secure; but the horses are unharnessed and passed over first, and then the carriage is pulled over as rapidly as possible by ropes. Sometimes it occurs that a horse, going at full speed, is all of a sudden *enfoncé* in the ice, which, instead of cracking, has become soft and porous; the driver in that case jumps on his back with great quickness, crawls over him, disengages him in an instant from the sledge, and as he is blown, pulls him out by main force before he has time to struggle and sink deeper in the icy bog. In order to blow him more effectually he throws a slip-knot round his neck, and draws it as tight as possible, so as to deprive him of the little breath he had remaining. Having jugged him out, he harnesses again as quick as lightning; and the whole operation does not take more time than it does to relate the manner of extricating him.

## STATE-EDUCATION BY RUSSIA.

There is another military school for Cossacks only, and the boys are destined for a different career in some respects from the others. We may safely defy any country in the world to produce an establishment in any way superior to this; our only doubt is if it is not too good for those who are brought up in it, considering what their future destination is likely to be. It consists of sixty boys who are noble, and a hundred and twenty common Cossacks. The building is handsome; the dormitories most comfortable, far more so than Long Chamber at Eton; and their din-

ners, of which we have partaken, excellent. The boys are taught drawing, algebra, languages, history, and fortification: the first class, who were all under seventeen years of age, studied principally the Oriental languages, and are intended for interpreters and agents in the East. We were told by General Schraamm, who has the superintendance of the school, that most of those who composed the first class understood Mongolian, Arabic, and Persian, and have also native youths to teach them the patois of the Normanlic tribes. We saw boys of twelve years of age go through their French lesson; which they pronounced and wrote from dictation with great fluency and accuracy. Several of the specimens of their drawings which we brought away, show great talent; and, as we before said, our only doubt is, if they have not too many comforts, and are not educated a little above their sphere.

## SIBERIAN CELLARS.

AT Yakutsk the inhabitants have cellars in all their houses, made in the frozen ground, precisely as we make ice-houses in this country. In summer, when the heat is as excessive as the cold is in winter, they place all their fresh provisions, such as milk, meat, and fish, in these cellars, where every thing becomes frozen in two hours. They likewise construct their graves in this manner, excepting that they make large fires above and burn the holes in the ground. In these they might easily keep their deceased friends, without going through the process of embalming them, in a perfect state of preservation for any length of time. Should this ever be done, it may afford new subjects of conjecture, after a lapse of a thousand years, perhaps as interesting then as the Egyptian discoveries now are to us.

## SIBERIAN RIFLES.

The common rifle barrels are made at Tobolsk, are very heavy, and have a very small bore. The grooves are round instead of perpendicular, and the ball, which is cut instead of cast, is forced in and the edges rounded off in ramming down. The lock is large and awkward-looking, the springs on the outside, that of the cock clumsy and not tempered; the whole machine works so slowly, that you may see the trigger stop and move on again during the progress of the cock towards the pan. The charge does not contain fifty grains of powder. In the event of a spring breaking, the *chasseur* readily replaces it by one of wood, generally of larch, which answers his purpose equally well, and he is thus independent of the gunmaker. With all these imperfections they rarely or never miss, and always hit an animal whose fur is precious, through the muzzle.

# SWEET ISLE OF THE WEST.

WRITTEN BY F. BENSCH, ESQ.

COMPOSED BY MRS. MILLER.

ANDANTE  
EXPRESSIVO.

*mf*

*cres*

*cres* *dim*

Fare - well to thee, E - rit, my own be - lov'd Isle, Where Truth, Love and Vir - tue in

*p*

all seasons smile: When - e'er I may wan - der, The land I love best is my

own be - lov'd In - LAND Bright Isle of the West: Thy val - leys are fer - tle as

*eres* *p*

val - leys can be, A gar - den of beauty, wall'd round by the sea; As tho

fav'r - ite of Heav'n, Thou art sure - ly caress'd, And the dar - ling of Nature, Fair

Isle of the West. The dar - ling of Nature, Fair Isle of the West.

*mf* *mf*

*f* *cres* *dim.*

The clouds that hang o'er thee shall soon disappear,  
 And bright eyes shall welcome an advent so dear;  
 While brave sons defend thee, with true hearts possess'd;  
 All lands shall befriend thee, Sweet Isle of the West:  
 When death shall draw near me, as sure he will come,  
 I'll smile at the summons that beckons me home,  
 If at last from my cares and my troubles I rest,  
 In repose on thy bosom, dear Isle of the West!

In repose on thy bosom, Sweet Isle of the West:



## PARTING OF JEANIE DEANS WITH REUBEN BUTLER.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

AMONG the beautiful creations of the mighty "Wizard of the North," there are none, perhaps, which has taken a greater hold upon the fancy and the heart, than the humble heroine of St. Leonard's, the gentle Jeannie Deans. The engraving presented in this number of the Garland represents her parting with Reuben Butler, previous to her pilgrimage to London, to see for her sister's life. We shall attempt no description of it, save that afforded by the great author, and which may be gathered from the following extract:—

"Reuben," said Jeannie, "I am bound on a long journey—I am gamin to Lunnon to ask Edlie's life of the King and of the Queen."

"Jeannie! you are surely not yourself," answered Butler, in the utmost surprise; "you go to London—you address the King and the Queen!"

"And what for no, Reuben!" said Jeannie, with all the composed simplicity of her character: "his but speaking to a mortal man and woman when a' is done. And their hearts munn be made of flesh and blood like other folk's, and Edlie's story would melt them were they stane."

Butler shook his head. "O, Jeannie, this is entirely a wild dream. You can never see them but through some great lord's intercession, and I think it is scarcely possible even then."

"Weel, but maybe I can get that too," said Jeannie, "with a little helping from you."

"From me, Jeannie! this is the wildest imagination of all."

"Ay, but it is not, Reuben. Havena I heard you say that your grandfather (that my father never likes to hear about) did some gude lang syne to the forbear of this MacCullum More, when he was Lord of Lorn?"

"He did so," said Butler eagerly, "and I can prove it, I will write to the Duke of Argyle—report speaks him a good, kindly man, as he is known for a brave soldier and true patriot. I will conjure him to stand between your sister and this cruel fate. There is but a poor chance of success, but we will try all means."

"We must try all means," replied Jeannie, "but writing wunna do it—a letter canna look, and pray, and beg, and beseech, as the human voice can do to the human heart. A letter's like the music that the ladies have for their spinets—naething but black screeas compared to the same tune played or sung. It's word of mouth munn do it, or naething, Reuben."

"You are right," said Reuben, "and I will hope that Heaven has suggested to your kind heart and firm courage the only possible means of saving the life of this unfortunate girl. But, Jeannie, you must not take this most perilous journey alone; I have an interest in you, and I will not agree that my Jeannie throws herself away. You must even, in the present circumstances, give me a right to protect you, and I will go with you myself on this journey, and assist you to do your duty by your family."

"Alas, Reuben!" said Jeannie in her turn, "this must

not be; a pardon will not gie my sister her fair fame again, or make me a bride fitting for an honest man and a usefu' minister. Wna wad I mind what he said in the pulpit, that had to wife the sister of a woman that was condemned for sle-wickedness?"

"But, Jeannie," pleaded her lover, "I do not believe, and I cannot believe, that Edlie has done this deed."

"Heaven forbid you for saying sae, Reuben!" answered Jeannie; "but she munn bear the blame o't, after all." \* \* \*

But, Jeannie, consider your word and pledged faith to me; and would ye undertake such a journey without a man; to protect you—and who should that protector be but your husband?"

"You are kind and good Reuben, and wad tak me wi' a' my shame, I doubtna. But ye canna but own that this is no time to marry, or be in other in marriage. No, if that sith ever be, it munn be in another and a better season. And, dear Reuben, ye speak of protecting me on my journey. Alas! who will protect and take care of you?—your very limbs tremble with standing for ten minutes on the floor; how could you undertake a journey as far as Lunnon?"

"But I am strong—I am well," continued Butler, sinking in his seat totally exhausted, "at least I shall be quite well to-morrow."

"Ye see, and ye ken, ye munn just let me depart," said Jeannie, after a pause; and then taking his extended hand, and gazing kindly in his face, she added, "It's e'en a grief the mair to me to see you in this way. But ye munn keep up your heart for Jeannie's sake; for if she is na your wife, she will never be the wife of living man. And now gie me the paper for MacCullum More, and bid God speed me on my way."

There was something of romance in Jeannie's venturesome resolution; yet, on consideration, as it seemed impossible to alter it by persuasion, or to give her assistance but by advice, Butler, after some farther debate, put into her hands the paper she desired, which, with the muster-roll in which it was folded up, were the sole memorials of the stout and enthusiastic Bible Butler, his grandfather. While Butler sought this document, Jeannie had time to take up his pocket Bible. "I have marked a scripture," she said as she again laid it down, with your Kylevine pen, that will be useful to us bairn. \* \* \* And O, Reuben, the poor lassie in yon dungeon!—but I needna bid your kind heart—gie her what comfort ye can as soon as they will let ye see her—tell her—but I munnna speak mair about her, for I munnna take leave o' ye wi' the mair fit my ce, for that wadna be canny.—God bless ye, Reuben!"

To avoid so ill an omen, she left the room hastily, while her features yet retained the mournful and affectionate smile which she had compelled them to wear, in order to support Butler's spirits.

\* \* \* Butler flew to the Bible, the last book which Jeannie had touched. To his extreme surprise, a paper, containing two or three pieces of gold, dropped from the book. With a black-lead pencil, she had marked the sixteenth and twenty-fifth verses of the thirty-seventh Psalm,—*"A little that a righteous man hath, is better than the riches of the wicked."*—"I have been young and am now old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."