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EVA HUNTING'DON.

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE good advice which Mr. Arlingford had given to Eva, the sentiments of hope and patience with which he had inspired her, and more perhaps than anything else, the certainty she now possessed of being able frequently to see him, and of ever meeting with sympathy and encouragement at his hands, soon restored her natural cheerfulness, whilst it extinguished, at the same time, every spark of the morbid, bitter sensitiveness, which had so suddenly, so fiercely, sprung to life in her heart. One morning, on entering her room unexpectedly, she found her maid decking the apartment with flowers, which she selected from a heap of costly exotics beside her. The sight of the blossoms recalled the remembrance of the handsome unknown, on whom she had not bestowed a second thought, from the period of Mr. Arlingford's return, and to disguise the sudden conscious blush that suffused her cheek, she rapidly approached the book case, and took down from it the volumes she required for her approaching French lesson. Influenced by a sudden suspicion, however, that her maid had disobeyed her injunctions, by again receiving flowers from the stranger, she abruptly enquired:

"Where she had procured them!"

"From—from the handsome young gentleman, miss."

"From him! Did I not forbid your doing so—why have you disobeyed me!"

"Beg pardon, miss; but indeed I have in no ways disobeyed you. You told me I was on no account to receive any flowers the young gentlemen sent to you, but you said nothing against my taking anything he gave to myself."

"What! He brings you *bouquets*, then!" rejoined her mistress, with a satirical smile; the first, perhaps, that had ever yet curled her bright lip. Sefton, after a pause of seemingly great embarrassment, replied:

"No, not exactly—I mean—Oh! I am afraid to tell you, Miss Eva, for you will inform Mrs. Wentworth, and then I will get into great trouble."

"You need not fear; I promise to be silent, at least this time, so explain yourself quickly."

"Well, Miss Eva, the very day you had reprimanded me about receiving the last nosegay, I went down to the avenue at the usual hour, and found the gentleman there. On my telling him what you had said, he seemed very sorry, and blamed me greatly for having disobeyed his injunctions, by mentioning him in any way to you. He then promised me half a sovereign, if I would come there again the next day, to tell him how you were. I did, and nearly every day since, he has called to ask about you, almost compelling me to swear that I would never breathe a word of it to you again; and never going away without giving me half a sovereign or a crown. Yesterday, I had been gathering flowers in the garden, such as they were, to fill your vases, and when I had done, knowing that it was about his hour of calling,

•Continued from page 118.

I hurried as I was, the nosegay in my hand, to the end of the avenue. He asked me 'who it was for?' I said 'for my mistress, who was passionately fond of flowers.' Then again, he blamed me for having prevented him, by my indiscreet talkativeness, from enjoying the satisfaction of contributing to your pleasure in that respect. He also asked me, 'if he brought some choice blossoms, would it be possible for me to mingle them with others, so that you would not discover the imposition?' I said, 'yes,' and he came this morning himself with these, not wishing, as he said, 'to send his servant, lest it should in any way compromise you.'

Compromise! the word startled Eva, and she commanded her to take the flowers away instantly—to keep them or destroy them, as she liked, but never to attempt, on any account, to introduce any more into her apartment.

Greatly incensed, the attendant caught up the floral treasures and darted out of the room, dropping half of them on the way. One, a superb Provence rose, fell almost at Eva's feet, and as the door closed upon her maid, she raised it, exclaiming:

"Surely, surely, I may keep this. 'Tis too beautiful to destroy, and besides, the giver at least deserves that much at my hands."

She placed the rose in a vase, looked long at it, and then murmured with a sigh:

"Oh! how I should like to know him!"

Shortly after, Mr. Arlingford's voice was heard in the hall, and Eva quickly descended to meet him; but neither his presence nor the difficulties of the French lecture, could drive entirely from her thoughts the remembrance of the flowers, nor of their interesting and handsome donor. Her companion at once perceived her pre-occupation, but he made no comment at the moment, and they proceeded with the task, of which Eva acquitted herself rather indifferently. Mr. Arlingford often devoted a half hour to conversation, at the end of the lesson, and those moments of quiet intercourse were among the happiest of Eva's existence. At her urgent request, he had recounted to her almost every incident he could remember—of his boyhood and that of his brother Florestan; and she had listened and questioned till she was as familiar with their history as himself. That day, however, when he closed the volume, Eva had no eager question to propose, no childish remark to offer, and after a brief silence, he exclaimed:

"You seem unusually pre-occupied to-day, Eva. Would it be unfair to ask what you are thinking of?"

The question dyed Eva's face with crimson, and she half hesitatingly, half smilingly rejoined:

"Oh! I would not tell you for the world. You would think me so vain, so foolish!"

"'Tis a secret, then, my little friend? I thought you had none."

"Well, I have but this one, and I would not wish for another, for I am annoyed and embarrassed enough as it is."

"A sure remedy, Eva, would be to disclose it. It would not trouble you then."

"Ah! but I have not courage to do that. True, I have promised never to conceal anything from you; but I know you will free me from my promise in this case."

"Certainly, had Eva, I would not be so unreasonable as to seek to force your confidence; but do, like a good, sweet child, reveal it, if 'tis of any importance, to your governess or to lady Huntingdon."

"Why, Mr. Arlingford!" rejoined his companion, in tones of earnest surprise. "Do you imagine, for one moment, that I would reveal any secret I possessed, to mamma or Mrs. Wentworth, in preference to yourself? On the contrary, I would tell you many things that I would not, that I dare not, breathe to them."

"Many thanks for the assurance, Eva. 'Tis most flattering, if I can only put implicit faith in it."

"Ah! I see, Mr. Arlingford, that you doubt me. Well, I will convince you at once, by revealing to you this, my first, my only secret; even though you will laugh at me—even though you will deem me vain and foolish."

With a heightened colour and many an embarrassed pause, Eva faithfully recounted the episode of the handsome unknown, up to the flowers he had sent that morning, and then, she abruptly paused. Mr. Arlingford's countenance, which had become somewhat grave during the relation, cleared again, and he smilingly exclaimed:

"Is that all, Eva! Have you omitted nothing?"

"Yes, one circumstance," and the colour mantled to her very brow as she spoke. "It is," she added, with a desperate effort; "it is, that I was foolish enough to preserve one of his flowers, and—and to wish very much to meet him again."

Her companion, despite his efforts, could not repress his smiles, and he laughingly exclaimed:

"Well, my little friend, I grant you full and free absolution for that, as well as the rest. The admirable candour with which you have told your story, would alone have atoned for faults of double, treble the extent. But, you do not know the name of this mysterious personage, who puzzles you so deeply with his flowers and devotion?"

"No, but I could describe him to you. He is handsome, oh! very handsome," and Eva commenced describing, with great eloquence, his dark wavy hair and faultless figure. "Ah! you are laughing at me," she exclaimed, pausing suddenly, as she perceived a very ominous smile stealing over her listener's features.

"No, Eva dear, I am not laughing at you, but at the idea of the Quixotic enterprise it would be, to undertake to seek out any single individual on the strength of the colour of his hair or eyes. However, should I meet in my travels, with any one answering to the description you have given me of this Apollo, I shall enquire his name and inform you of it, as well as of any other particulars I can gather concerning him."

"Thank you, Mr. Arlingford. Oh! you cannot imagine how happy I feel, now that I have told you all. I wonder how I could have ever thought of disguising it from you, which, part of the time, I was foolish enough to contemplate. Now, I can talk to you about it—tell you if he sends me any more flowers—ask your advice—but will you give me frankly first, your opinion of him!"

He looked earnestly at her a moment, and then smilingly rejoined:

"I do not know, Eva, but perhaps he has been smitten by your pretty face."

"Oh! Mr. Arlingford, you are mocking me!" was the reproachful reply.

"Nay, Eva, I am not; and now tell me, with your customary sweet candour, has the same idea never yet presented itself to your own thoughts?"

If ever Eva blushed, it was then, and at length she rejoined, in a voice almost inaudible:

"Yes, it lately did, and I was rejoiced to think, that however beautiful and superior mamma might be, there was yet one individual who could see more attractions in myself than in her. And now, Mr. Arlingford, what do you think of me?"

"Think of you, Eva! Why, that you are a good, gentle child. A little inclined, perhaps, to attach too much importance to trifles, to view things through a romantic medium, but nobly sincere and docile. I have only to add, that your conduct throughout the whole affair, has been admirable. Pursue the same course. Prohibit your maid from talking at all about this stranger—reject his flowers—listen to no messages from him, and above all, Eva," and he meaningly smiled, "put no more of his white roses in water. Nay, do not blush so deeply. I know you only wanted to study a lesson in botany. Such a one as your unknown friend doubtless derived from the rejected flower, which he gathered with such commendable zeal."

Eva replied by neither word nor smile, for Mr. Arlingford's raillery, on a subject which her own imagination had already magnified in a most disproportionate degree, sounded greatly like a mockery or reproach. Her companion instantly saw that she was hurt, and he kindly exclaimed:

"Nay, my dear child, I was but jesting; but I will not speak so lightly again, since it pains you."

Eva had no time to reply, for she heard her mother's step in the hall, and with one eloquent glance of gratitude, one friendly pressure of his hand, she was gone.

"How can such a being be the daughter of such a woman?" he murmured. "And yet 'tis easily accounted for. She was brought up miles away—far from her evil influence and example. Brought up in innocence and simplicity, by a sensible and superior woman, one suited in every respect for the charge imposed on her. Oh! how little the Huntingdons know how to prize the inestimable treasure that God has given them! May they learn her worth, ere it be too late! But here comes the tender, affectionate mother, herself—the fitting type of many of her class. Difficult as the task is at present, I must be doubly agreeable, for I have a point to gain. Eva must accompany her ladyship, be the latter willing or unwilling, to London. This handsome unknown, as she romantically styles him, renders that necessary."

CHAPTER IX.

Four weeks after the conversation related above, Eva was seated alone in a small, but elegantly furnished dressing-room, in — Square, London, endeavoring to beguile the monotony of a rainy day, by a still more monotonous work, selected for her perusal by Mrs. Wentworth. We will see from this, that Mr. Arlingford had carried his point with lady Huntingdon, and her daughter had accompanied her to town, though sorely it must be confessed, against the wishes of both parties. What rendered the prospect of a winter's seclusion in London doubly unendurable to Eva, was the knowledge that Mr. Arlingford would not visit the metropolis that season; however, his advice and encouragement reconciled her at length in some degree to her lot; and though she wept passionately at parting, declared she could never be happy till they returned again to Huntingdon Hall, she succeeded in disguising her feelings from her parents and governess, and thus escaped the taunts and rebukes a knowledge of them would have drawn down upon her. On the arrival of the Huntingdons at their town residence, Eva and

Mrs. Wentworth were immediately installed in their apartments, which were situated at the back of the mansion, commanding anything but a wide or entertaining prospect. As lady Huntingdon, however, coldly remarked: "It was just as well, for Miss Huntingdon would have the less to distract her thoughts from her studies." Thus, though Eva had been but three short days in town, already it seemed to her as if a full weary month had passed over her head. Here were no ample grounds, no varied, pleasant walks, as at Huntingdon Hall. Restricted, the greater part of the time, to the upper range of apartments, hearing—knowing nothing of the gaiety and festivity going on around her, save from the number of equipages constantly stopping before the door, and the lateness of the hour at which lord and lady Huntingdon returned to their home, a more rigorous and insupportable seclusion could scarcely have been imagined. Had Mrs. Wentworth been any other character, than the frigid, taciturn being she was, Eva might yet have been happy. A little kindness and affection was all that her gentle and loving nature required; but Mrs. Wentworth, according to her mode of thinking, was under no obligations to shew her either. She had entered into no contract to amuse or caress her pupil; she had only undertaken to instruct her, and Eva was thus left, friendless and hopeless, entirely to herself.

About a week after her arrival, she was sitting alone in her room, looking sadly from the window, thinking of Mr. Arlingford, of Cumberland, when Sefton entered to say, "that Mrs. Wentworth wished her to prepare for an airing in the carriage." She received the intimation without a single feeling of pleasure, for the influence of the sad thoughts that had engrossed her previously, still lingered around her. Her toilette completed, she immediately hurried down, and without a word took her seat beside her taciturn companion, who only interrupted the silence once, by exclaiming, "this is the Park," as the carriage entered that fashionable resort. Eva glanced listlessly around, and then returned to her former reflections. The sound of merry voices approaching caused her to look up, and she perceived an elegant carriage containing two or three ladies, apparently of the first rank, approaching. One of the ladies was very young and pretty, and by her side rode a gentleman, whose gay *empressment*, as he bent towards her, replying to her animated remarks, seemed to betoken a very good understanding between the two parties. But who can describe Eva's overpowering astonishment to discover in the handsome cavalier, her unknown friend, the

giver of the flowers! Entirely engrossed by his fair companion, his eyes were still fixed on her face when the Huntingdon carriage approached. Just then, however, he looked up, and his glance fell on its occupants. The violent start of recognition, the quick, eager glance, though it was but momentary, at once revealed to Eva that he knew and remembered her well. The event entirely diverted her thoughts from their former sad channel, softening the feeling of oppressive, bitter loneliness, that had haunted her from the moment of her arrival in London, but yet, it brought with it a new anxiety. "Would he think of her now, as much as he had done at Huntingdon Hall? Was he not too much engrossed by the handsome and high-born lady to whom he had been paying such flattering attention, to bestow even a second thought on one so neglected and obscure as Eva Huntingdon?" It might be, and even were it so, it was yet pleasant, to have met a friendly, familiar face, and her heart whispered that her home would not now appear so dull, her days so monotonous, as they had previously done. With something like a shade of regret, she heard Mrs. Wentworth give orders for their return, but she made no comment whatever. As the carriage drove up to the mansion, they perceived a gentleman leaning carelessly against one of the pillars, and amusing himself by swearing at a servant who was stroking down a fiery horse at some few paces distant. The stranger, whom Eva had never seen before, seemed about twenty-three years of age, tall, but awkward in air and figure, and with features, which, notwithstanding their regularity, were exceedingly commonplace in point of expression. His dress, too, though fashionable in material and shape, was adjusted with a slovenly carelessness, bespeaking an utter want of taste in the wearer. Though the carriage drew up almost at his very feet, he made no movement to assist its occupants to alight, and after a careless, curious glance at Eva, turned to his servant and continued his instructions, though in a somewhat moderated strain. Eva had scarcely thrown off her carriage dress when a messenger from lady Huntingdon demanded her presence in the drawing-room. The summons was a most unusual one, and with a double share of trepidation, Eva obeyed; one moment fearing, the next hoping, her mother would be alone; her doubts were decided, by hearing, as she approached the drawing-room door, the languid tones of the latter, in conversation with some stranger. On entering, lady Huntingdon briefly exclaimed, glancing at her companion:

"Miss Huntingdon, Sir George Leland. Believe me, Sir George, nothing short of the friendly regard we entertain for you, and the great anxiety you have expressed to become personally acquainted with my daughter, would have induced me to depart from the rigid rule I have hitherto enforced, that she should be introduced to no strangers during her sojourn this season in London."

In Sir George, Eva recognized the gallant young gentleman, whom she had perceived a moment before in the porch, and the opinion she had formed of him then, was not altered by his subsequent conduct. With a slight bow to the new comer, he turned to his hostess, exclaiming:

"She looks a little like 'Gustus.—Does she not?"

"I see no resemblance whatever," was the icy reply. "Augustus has dark hair and eyes—Miss Huntingdon is a decided blonde."

"Blonde or not," persisted Sir George, "the style of feature is the same."

Lady Huntingdon's pencilled brows contracted, but she betrayed no further signs of displeasure.

"Of course she sings and plays?" he asked after another pause.

"Miss Huntingdon neither sings nor plays," rejoined her ladyship, laying particular stress on her daughter's title.

"No! Why I thought that all young ladies now-a-days, both sang and played. She is quite a rarity."

"I fear, Miss Huntingdon finds your remarks rather personal, Sir George," rejoined lady Huntingdon, in a tone whose haughtiness there was no misinterpreting. Sir George glanced curiously at Eva's crimsoning face, and muttering something about "unintentional offence," sprang from his seat and walked towards the window. After studying the prospect from it for some time, he turned again to lady Huntingdon, and addressed his conversation exclusively to her, bestowing no more notice or attention on Eva than if she were a statue. Keenly did the latter feel this neglect, accustomed as she was to the high-bred politeness of Mr. Arlingford, who kind and attentive at all times, was, if possible, doubly courteous in her mother's presence. Comparisons most unfavourable to Sir George, did she mentally institute between them, and equally did he suffer when placed in the balance with her other friend, the gay and chivalrous unknown. After a tedious half hour, the Baronet took his leave, and lady Huntingdon turning to her companion, languidly inquired:

"If she admired Sir George?"

"No," murmured Eva.

"Well, neither do I, but be polite to him—he is your father's ward. You had better return to your studies now. They must never on any account be neglected."

Eva willingly obeyed, breathing a secret wish that her first interview with Sir George might be also her last. With a satisfaction very different to the listlessness with which she had listened to the intimation a few days previous, Eva received Mrs. Wentworth's next mandate to prepare for a drive, nor was her satisfaction undiminished when she heard the orders given, "to the Park," though she had no expectation of meeting the stranger there again. She was agreeably disappointed, however, for almost the first individual on whom her glance rested was the latter, and the instant he perceived the carriage, he turned out of his former path and advanced slowly towards them. How tumultuously did her heart suddenly beat, how rapidly did her colour vary, as a second glance towards him, revealed to her, placed conspicuously on his breast, a faded yellow flower—the flower she had cast away, and which he had kept and cherished till then. One moment their eyes met. His were full of eager joy, of respectful devotion, hers spoke ——— consciousness!—consciousness, plainly revealed, too, in her varying colour, in the nervous precipitation with which she instantly averted her glance. The stranger gazed after the carriage till it was nearly out of sight, and then with a smiling lip pursued his path. His end was gained. Eva knew, recognized him, and already a secret understanding, an understanding of which no one was cognizant, which no one could chide, was established between them. The remainder of the drive passed to Eva with the rapidity of lightning, so cheerful, so confusedly happy, were her thoughts; and even her own apartment, the apartment whose dullness she had so often reprobated, seemed bright and pleasant on her entrance. To add the climax to her happiness, the first object that met her view on approaching her table was a letter, the address of which she instantly recognized as the handwriting of Mr. Arlingford.

"Oh! this is too much happiness! she murmured, pressing it to her lips. "Remembered, befriended by both. Surely, I am too blessed, too fortunate!"

With joyful impatience she broke the seal, and more than once did she pause to dash from her eyes the glittering tears that constantly gushed to them. The letter was no elaborate masterpiece of eloquence, intended merely by the writer to display his epistolary talents, but written with

a view to encourage and improve, such as a father would have written to a beloved child, and its end was fully gained, for its perusal strengthened Eva in the good resolves she had formed, and reconciled her more entirely with her lot. The only remark lady Huntingdon made on the letter, which her daughter took the first opportunity of shewing her, was, "that Mr. Arlingford must be either the most benevolent, or the most eccentric man in existence, to waste his time writing to a school girl."

Eva's life now was anything but monotonous. Frequent letters from Mr. Arlingford on the one hand, and as frequent meetings with the unknown on the other, effectually dispelled the feeling of isolation, of perfect abandonment, which had marked the first days of her sojourn in London. True, no word of conversation, no communication by writing or speech, had as yet passed between the stranger and herself, but the unwearied perseverance with which he continued to haunt the places where he had once met her, the satisfaction, the joy, his countenance ever expressed on her approach, betokened that his romantic interest was as deep as ever. Several times Eva had encountered him with ladies, and more than once with the aristocratic beauty to whom he had been paying such court the first time they had met him after their arrival in London, but the eagerness with which he at all times turned from them to her, the ill-dissembled impatience with which he listened to their remarks at such a time, and above all, the expression of deep, softened interest, that ever replaced, as he looked upon her, his usual expression of careless gaiety, was proof convincing that she held a prominent place in his memory, if not his heart. That he should interest Eva, engross her thoughts in return, was not a thing to be wondered at, and the drive in the park, during which she was ever sure of meeting him, for he was always there, evidently awaiting her, was now looked forward to each day with an impatience of whose extent she was herself unconscious. Notwithstanding his evident anxiety to obtain a nearer acquaintance than the slight one already established between them, he made no attempt at renewing his former offerings of flowers which had given her such annoyance. Neither bouquet nor message persecuted her, and this reserve and delicacy, whilst it tended to throw Eva off her guard, raised him many degrees higher in her estimation. Frequently, constantly, did the recollection of him mingle with her studies, her day dreams, and often Eva wished with a sigh that she could know him better, that the friendship and kindness his looks

had heretofore expressed, might be shewn henceforth in words as well.

Her wishes were nearer their fulfilment than she imagined, and were accomplished through the medium of an individual she would never have dreamed of as being likely to further them. This was Sir George Leland. Though a constant guest at the house, owing to the position in which he stood to the owner, and the partiality of the latter, who perhaps had his own reasons for the apparent preference, Eva but rarely saw him. Two or three times, in passing to the Library, she had encountered him in the passage, but a low, careless almost to rudeness, was the only mark of attention he had deigned to bestow upon her. Once only, had she again met him in her mother's presence, and then, he had acted precisely as he had done during the first interview, neither addressing word nor remark to her, beyond a few ill chosen, embarrassing questions. His indifference was more than returned by its object, and the sound of Sir George's voice in the hall, or on the lawn, would send Eva round by a circuit of double length, or detain her a close prisoner in her room for hours. Notwithstanding her anxieties and stratagems, however, she could not always avoid him, and one evening as she and her governess were returning from a short walk, they encountered Sir George sauntering along by himself. With a careless nod, he passed on, and this time, to Eva's double relief, for another figure, whose graceful elegance her eye now too quickly recognized, her heart welcomed, was advancing full towards them. The stranger caught the mark of recognition that passed between the ladies and Sir George, and instantly approaching the latter, he accosted him in a friendly manner. He seemed to be entreating some favour, for the baronet once or twice impatiently shook his head, but finally, as if vanquished by his importunities, placed his arm in his, and retraced his steps. Another moment they were beside Mrs. Wentworth and her pupil, and ere either of the two could recover from her astonishment, Sir George "had begged permission to introduce his friend, Mr. Chester Rockingham."

With a stateliness whose frigidty seemed to extend itself to the very atmosphere around her, Mrs. Wentworth drew herself up, and the scarcely perceptible bow with which she replied to the new comer's courteous salute, and the stern, questioning glance she fixed on Sir George, immediately warned the latter that he had done something either very foolish, or very reprehensible. Eva was actually trembling with agitation, but most fortunately for her, Mrs. Wentworth and Sir

George were both too much engrossed by their own peculiar feelings to bestow any attention on her, whilst Mr. Rockingham, after one rapid, lightning glance, turned his attention completely to Mrs. Wentworth. Sir George, feeling rather awkward, beat an immediate retreat, but his companion, unmoved by Mrs. Wentworth's increasing stiffness and alarming abruptness of speech, continued to walk by her side, addressing himself exclusively to her, and affecting all the while not to perceive her evident distaste to his advances. As soon as Eva had recovered in some degree from her confusion, she turned her eyes and thoughts to scrutinize the stranger. Form and features bore the test well; the latter were, if possible, more faultless on closer view; the voice, too, which she now heard for the first time, was clear and highly cultivated, and yet Eva was somewhat disappointed. It was not that she was prejudiced by the indifference he displayed towards herself, though that both surprised and pained her, but there seemed a resemblance between his ideas and those of Mrs. Wentworth, a sympathy of tastes and feelings that dissatisfied her beyond measure. It never occurred to Eva that all this was merely assumed by Mr. Rockingham, for the purpose of ingratiating himself with her governess and so well did he succeed, that the latter, influenced at length either by that circumstance or by the charms of a manner peculiarly fascinating, relaxed a little from her previous frigidity, and if she did not encourage his advances, at least suffered them with tolerable patience. During the course of conversation, Mr. Rockingham mentioned, "that he had been at college with a Mr. Edward Wentworth, who was now a cadet in India, and with whom he had been united in the strictest, the warmest friendship, the result of a perfect similarity of tastes and pursuits."

The Mr. Wentworth in question proved to be a nephew of the lady with whom he was conversing, and Mrs. Wentworth, who, notwithstanding her general coldness of character, had ever cherished a strong, sincere affection for her young relative, was not proof against the pleasure of hearing his noble character and splendid talents eulogized, his resemblance to herself in voice and feature expatiated on, and whilst she listened to fifty traits of his boyish days, all breathing a lofty, exalted spirit, her thoughts involuntarily softened towards him who so generously, so unselfishly, recounted them. On arriving at the mansion, Mr. Rockingham, with his most winning smile, expressed a wish, "that they might soon meet again, and that she might then have some tidings to give him of his dear and absent friend."

And Mrs. Wentworth, if she did not exactly reciprocate the wish, at least listened to it without any of the indignation or repelling stateliness it would, under other circumstances, have most certainly evoked. Then, turning for the first time to Eva, he took her reluctant hand, exclaiming:

"And you too, Miss Huntingdon, I hope I shall have the honour of meeting you again."

The words were cold themselves and coldly spoken, yet the earnest, eloquent glance that accompanied them, spoke volumes of homage and devotion. Eva, however, was not sufficiently enthusiastic to regard this tardy sign of remembrance as sufficient atonement for his previous neglect, and without a reply, she coldly turned away. Rockingham looked eagerly, imploringly at her, approached still nearer, but then, as if struck by some sudden thought, turned again to Mrs. Wentworth, and after enjoining her repeatedly, "to remember him in the kindest manner to her nephew, when she should next write," took his leave. Mrs. Wentworth passed no comment upon the stranger, beyond exclaiming, half aloud:

"A sensible, clever young man. Just such a one as I would wish poor Edward to select for a friend!"

Eva, all that evening, was unusually silent, and her governess attributing it to the fatigue resulting from their walk, took no note of it, leaving her pupil to the luxury of undisturbed reflection. Her reverie, however, was not as bright and happy as might have been anticipated. True, her eager wishes were at length fulfilled. She had been introduced, spoken to the handsome and interesting being who had so long haunted her footsteps, waiting with so unalterable and invincible a patience, for an opportunity such as the unforeseen and favorable occurrence that had at length led to their meeting, and yet how little had he profited of that very meeting; how unsatisfactory, how mortifying, had it proved! What had become of the friendship and interest his previous conduct had given such unequivocal tokens of! Were they all idle pretensions, or had her own inexperienced imagination magnified the tokens of mere curiosity or politeness into kindlier feelings. The more Eva reflected the more disappointed did she become, and with a long drawn sigh, she turned for refuge from her thoughts to her studies, still feeling, however, that notwithstanding Rockingham's indifference, her own feelings of deep, deep disappointment, she would not for any thing have recalled their meeting—recalled the brief moment of introduction, that had invested him with the privilege of addressing her,

without her being constrained to repulse his advances by a coldness or haughtiness she was far from feeling. Some days afterwards, Mrs. Wentworth and her pupil set out on a long drive into the country, and a short time after they had quitted the immediate precincts of the city, a horseman riding at a rapid rate, overtook them. It was Chester Rockingham, and with a graceful bow, he reined in his horse beside the carriage. Eva, after returning his profound salutation, looked in another direction, and Mrs. Wentworth was scarcely more propitious; but the new comer had joined them rich in a charm that was sure to win him smiles and politeness at least from the latter, and in an easy though deferential tone, he exclaimed:

"You cannot imagine, my dear madam, how rejoiced I am at this unexpected meeting. It is, indeed, fortunate for both. This," and he drew a journal from his bosom, "contains important news relating to the movements of our army in India; news, which, of course, concerns our dear Edward. Knowing your anxiety regarding him, I was on the point of calling at Lord Huntingdon's, though personally unacquainted with his lordship, to leave this paper, which has just arrived by the Overland Mail."

Mrs. Wentworth thanked him with a smile such as rarely irradiated her passionless face, and taking it from him, she murmured an apology to her companions, and entered eagerly on its perusal. Mr. Rockingham, after assuring himself that she was engrossed with her journal, bent towards Eva, on whose side he had with singular forethought reined up his horse, and exclaimed in a low tone:

"Do you not wonder at my courage in approaching you again, Miss Huntingdon, notwithstanding Mrs. Wentworth's chilling words, and your still more discouraging looks?"

"Your accusation is one I am totally unconscious of having merited, Mr. Rockingham," rejoined Eva, with a quiet calmness which was not without a certain blending of dignity.

"If looks may be interpreted as indications of secret thoughts and feelings, I am still correct, and still unfortunate; but I fear you may have misjudged the conduct I was compelled to adopt during our first meeting. And yet, I was but practising a lesson that you, yourself, Miss Huntingdon, must learn, and the sooner perhaps the better for your own happiness—the lesson of suiting ourselves to circumstances, of adapting our conversation, our ideas, to the narrow prejudices of persons with whom we have not the faintest sympathy. The task is no easy one, and still more difficult is that of hiding under a mask

of cold indifference, our warmest and deepest feelings, and yet they must both be acquired. Will you pardon me, Miss Huntingdon?" and he glanced, as he spoke, at Mrs. Wentworth, whose mind was far away in the toils and troubles of India, too much engrossed in following the course of her young relative to attend to her companions. "Will you pardon me if I tell you that our last meeting proved you were not as good an actor as myself."

"But before censuring my acting, Mr. Rockingham, you should first tell me what part I had to act," was the childish, straight-forward reply.

"You are right, Miss Huntingdon, you are right," rejoined her companion in accents which betrayed a certain degree of bitterness. "Yes, you, unlike myself, had no necessity for struggling to conceal deep, impassioned feelings, that almost mocked control, for affecting a cold indifference that you, but too truly felt. What! still unconscious! Do you understand me now?" As he spoke, he threw back the light cloak he wore, and there, next to his heart, lay Eva's withered flower. That voiceless appeal was more eloquent than the most impassioned pleading, and Eva's calmness and self-possession fled before it. Her face suffered with tell-tale crimson, her eyes averted, she sat motionless, incapable of framing a reply; whilst her companion, with a tenderness of tone and manner, such as she had never yet witnessed in another, bent still lower, and whispered in a voice audible only to herself: "You have seen the treasure, the talisman, that has consoled me through the long weary months that have elapsed from the moment I first saw you to the blissful period of our last meeting, when I obtained the long sought, the eagerly coveted privilege, of personally addressing you. Yes, Miss Huntingdon, you have seen my talisman, but oh! you have not seen, nor can you imagine, the deep, the reverential devotion with which it has been cherished—cherished too, without a thought, an expectation, of your ever knowing it. Blame me not then, hereafter, for the indifference or neglect which circumstances may render it necessary for me to affect—the remembrance of the changeless tenderness with which this simple flower has been cherished, will alone tell you that my heart and thoughts are wholly yours. Do not chide me for this confession, nor yet deem me presumptuous, for remember, I have asked, I have hoped for nothing."

He paused, but still Eva made no reply, and fearing Mrs. Wentworth's attention might be drawn to her overwhelming confusion, he turned the conversation into an indifferent channel. At

length, Mrs. Wentworth having concluded her lecture, returned the journal to its owner, and truly grateful for his attention, shewed no signs of dissatisfaction at his retaining his post beside the carriage. During the remainder of the drive, he continued as before, to address his conversation almost exclusively to herself, and neither look nor word betrayed any remembrance of the presence of their young companion. Accustomed, herself, to regard Eva in the light of a mere child, with tastes, ideas, thoughts, exclusively centred in her books and flowers, this inattention did not surprise, whilst it totally reassured her. Really enjoying the conversation of her companion, who possessed a tolerably, extensive knowledge of India, owing to the circumstance of his having an elder brother there, who held a considerable rank in the army, and with whom he was in constant correspondence. Mrs. Wentworth obtained from him a clearer knowledge than she had yet possessed, of the customs and condition of the country in which her beloved Edward was struggling for wealth and honours. The amount of interest the subject possessed for Chester Rockingham may be easily imagined; but he heroically suppressed his yawns, and Mrs. Wentworth was fully convinced that the topic on which he conversed with such brilliant eloquence and ease, was as full of charms for him as for herself. At length they reached home, and Rockingham, anticipating the domestic, sprang from his horse, and with his usual courtesy, assisted Mrs. Wentworth to alight. Eva's turn came next, and he whispered as he handed her out:

"You must be convinced, now, Miss Huntingdon, that my part is a difficult one to act, yet, oh! I have been more than repaid to-day for all; and till our next meeting, my talisman will whisper hope and patience."

Eva did not reply, even by a glance; but the expression of her countenance, as she turned away, told the keenly observant Rockingham that her silence was not prompted by either indignation or annoyance. If ever Eva was favored with rose coloured reveries, that day at least they were accorded her, and the gift of a splendid *bouquet*, the following morning, which had been given to her maid, with the simple message: "For Miss Huntingdon," did not tend to dispel them.

For some weeks after she saw no more of her new friend, owing to the caprice of Mrs. Wentworth, who always ordered the servant to take a route quite opposite to the one in which they had encountered him, but then the daily offering of flowers, which were regularly presented her by Sefton, without either comment or question, and

which she no longer thought herself bound to reject, proved that she was not forgotten. One drop of bitterness, however, mingled in the cup of Eva's satisfaction, and this arose from Mr. Arlingford's silence. Twice had she written to him, awaiting in vain a reply; and when at length it did arrive, it did not render her as happy as she had anticipated. It was much shorter than usual, and there was a sort of constraint about it, an indescribable shadowy something which Eva could neither analyse nor describe, and yet, which rendered her anxious and unhappy. Mrs. Wentworth, to whom she shewed it, her mother having declined the trouble of perusing any beyond the first, insisted "that it was all fancy on Miss Huntingdon's part—that the epistle in question was as satisfactory as any of the former ones;" but Eva's heart, more than her judgment, told her that it was otherwise. Perceiving from her pupil's anxious looks that she was still unconvinced, Mrs. Wentworth put an end to all further discussion or conjectures on a subject which she considered childish and trivial, by coldly saying: "That Miss Huntingdon might very possibly be correct in her suppositions, and if such were the case, the simple secret of it was, that Mr. Arlingford was commencing to tire of the correspondence."

With this sad solution Eva was fain to rest content, and the bitter tears, the painful regrets it cost her, fully counterbalanced the satisfaction that Chester Rockingham's unchanging and fervent devotion afforded. Of the latter, who had already brightened so strangely her monotonous London life, she had as yet said nothing in her epistles to Mr. Arlingford. Actual forgetfulness had at first been the chief cause of the omission, but after her second meeting with him, whom she could no longer designate as the unknown, she had fully resolved to acquaint Mr. Arlingford with all the particulars. The reception of his last epistle, however, filled her with a timidity, a dread of his displeasure, which she had never known before—which all her efforts failed in overcoming, and her corresponding answer, though long and explicit on other topics, contained no mention whatever of Chester Rockingham, the point perhaps of all others nearest to her heart.

CHAPTER X.

ABOUT a week afterwards, Eva was awakened unusually early one morning by a sudden confusion and uproar through the house, the sound of loud voices, the barking of dogs; but after a while all subsided and quiet was restored. The disturbance was explained some hours later by the

author of it in person, her brother himself, whom she met in the Hall, on the way to his mother's dressing room.

"Halloa! Eva," he exclaimed, seizing her hand in a rough though not unfriendly grasp. "What! you too, wintering in London! I scarcely expected this. Who on earth coaxed or persuaded my mother into a step so repugnant to all her tastes and opinions!"

"Mr. Arlingford, I believe," was the hesitating reply.

"What! Is Mr. Arlingford your champion too! I declare he is quite a family benefactor; but *à-propos* of this same common friend, do you know that he is coming to town shortly?"

"Coming to town!" echoed Eva; the expression of her countenance contending between joy and incredulity.

"Yes, actually coming, but only for a few days, to arrange some matters with his London agent, preparatory to starting."

"Starting! for where?" was the agitated inquiry.

"Ireland, Wales, in fact I can't remember. I know he told me all about it at the hotel where we encountered each other, but I was so occupied at the time admiring a splendid wolf-dog he had with him, that I paid but little attention to himself or what he was saying. But, tell me, how long have you been domesticated here, and above all, how do you like London?"

"Very little. I go out but seldom, and never see any one."

"Oh! another of our lady mother's high-flown crochets! Living like a hermitess in a city, with old Wentworth for a confessor. Your penance is severe enough, too severe according to my view. How can you stand it! Why don't you rebel!"

"Rebel, and against my mother!" replied Eva, shaking her head with a melancholy smile. "You counsel an impossibility."

"No impossibility about it. The only obstacle lies in your own ridiculous pliancy of character, your want of common spirit. Witness myself, for example. Surely, docility and filial submission are none of my characteristics, and yet, how well I get on. Father grumbles, but pays my debts; mother lectures, but coaxes and supplies me with pocket money."

"Ah! but my mother loves you," was the sad reply.

"Mere humbug! No love about the matter at all, but I half frighten her into it. If you do not believe me give my system at least a chance. Put it once to the proof, and if it fails, I'll give you a dozen of the best champagne. The very

next unreasonable demand my mother makes of you, resist stoutly. Tell her you'll be hanged if you'll submit to such tyranny, and threaten her with any awful consequences that may occur to you at the moment, the more dreadful the better."

"Upon my word, Mr. Huntingdon, you are tutoring your sister well!" exclaimed a clear and firm voice, and the next moment lady Huntingdon threw open her dressing room door, and confronted the two. Eva shrank back, trembling like a leaf, but her brother, as if to illustrate the doctrines he had just been inculcating, sneeringly rejoined, as he turned full towards the new comer.

"And, since when, may I ask, has the elegant and refined lady Huntingdon turned eavesdropper?"

"You do me gross injustice, you pre-umptuous boy," she retorted, an angry red flush staining her colourless cheek. "Your own unmeasured tones, and your close proximity to my apartment, precluded the necessity of my stooping to a baseness of which I have never yet been guilty. And even, were it otherwise, let me tell you, Mr. Huntingdon, that the privilege of listening to, and observing the conduct of a pair of ungrateful, unworthy children, is a privilege I not only arrogate to myself but look on as a positive duty."

"A privilege or duty, your ladyship is perfectly welcome to, and one which you could gratify equally by consulting myself on those topics about which you entertained doubts or misgivings; for, believe me, you should hear all my opinions, heterodox as they might be, delivered with perfect and unblushing candour. However, I suppose, the meeting being now over, the conspirators may disperse. Eva, old Wisdom will probably be waiting for you, so you had better be off or you will be getting a lecture in that quarter too."

Eva, thankful for the opportunity of escaping thus purposely given her by her brother, glanced timidly at her mother, as she made her exit by a near door, but not before the latter had exclaimed in a severe tone:

"Yes, and as the first lesson you will have to acquire, you will do well to remember, Miss Huntingdon, for the future, that one who listens to an improper conversation, is almost equally guilty with him who holds it."

"Bravo! mother mine! That was a capital hit, touching up both parties at once; and now shall it be peace or war between us! Shall I follow you to your room, or barricade myself up in my own, breathing undying enmity and vengeance?"

Lady Huntingdon's haughty features relaxed into something like a smile, as she rejoined:

"Well, peace I suppose, as you are yet only

a novelty among us; but really and truly, Augustus, your conduct with regard to your sister is very inconsiderate, to use the mildest term that can be employed. You know not the danger of infusing such ideas and principles into the mind of an inexperienced girl of sixteen."

"Oh! never mind the principles, mother, republican as they may be, you'll take good care that they will never make any stand against your authority. How is father?"

"As well as usual, but you have not told me yet, my child, how you are yourself? The hurried glimpse I had of you this morning did not permit of my asking you either that or any thing else."

"Well, commence your catechism now, mother, I am ready to answer it," and he threw himself as he spoke on the luxurious *fautuil* reserved for lady Huntingdon's especial use. The latter, however, paused a moment and then approaching a table drew her writing desk towards her, exclaiming: "Excuse me one moment, dear Augustus, till I write a note of apology to the Danvilles. Their weekly *soirée* comes off to-night, but, of course, I would not think of going, and you here, unless indeed, you were not too much fatigued to accompany us."

"Oh! as for me, I am completely done up, but do not let that interfere with your going. Remember, I am here for the season, so we will certainly see enough of each other." Disregarding his injunction, lady Huntingdon sat down to her desk; whilst her son endeavoured to beguile the time by carving his initials on the rosewood back of a couch near him. Soon wearying of that employment, he whistled a few moments with great energy, and then threw himself back on his seat with a prolonged yawn. When lady Huntingdon, having concluded her task, glanced towards him, his eyes were bent on the ground, whilst an expression of unusual, of almost anxious thought, rested on his handsome features.

"Augustus, what are you pondering on?" she smilingly enquired. "Is the subject as agreeable as 'tis engrossing?" He slightly started, but soon rejoined with a laugh that sounded somewhat constrained: "I was just endeavouring to calculate which will mount to the highest number, my debts of honour, or the *soirées* I will be invited to in the course of the winter.

The jest instantly shadowed his companion's face with anxiety, and she exclaimed:

"I hope to heaven you have been committing no fresh follies—contracting no fresh debts!"

Young Huntingdon, however, was apparently too much engrossed in examining the design of the damask covering of the couch to heed the re-

mark. Again lady Huntingdon repeated her question, adding with irritable fretfulness:

"As it is, matters are as bad as they can be; and I have information to impart, that will not tend to make them better."

"Well, give us it then, at once, be it good or bad."

"But, you have not answered my question yet, Augustus."

"Mercy on us, how you do worry one, mother! No. Will that do you?"

The raised, excited tone in which he spoke, deterred his mother from pursuing the subject farther, and she exclaimed with a sigh, "You remember, we had calculated on being able to discharge your debt to Mr. Arlingford, through your sister Eva's means; but I find we were mistaken. As far as she is concerned, there is not the slightest difficulty; but that hypocritical, bigoted woman that brought her up, insulting your father and myself in her very grave, has left the legacy she bequeathed her, so securely, so entirely placed under the control of a couple of executors, perfect strangers to our family, that it is impossible for me to obtain even a farthing of it, beyond the sum allowed for her own private expenses. What do you think of that? Is it not too bad?"

"I do not know, mother. Perhaps, 'tis just as well," was the careless reply. "Though I am anything but scrupulous or fastidious, the idea of robbing that little simple, innocent Eva, in so cold-blooded a manner, has annoyed me more than any other piece of rascality I have ever yet been guilty of. Were it father, I would not have the slightest compunction, looking on him as I do, in the light of my natural friend or foe, whichever you will."

"'Tis easy for you to profess and preach generosity," rejoined his companion peevishly, "for neither your debts, their number, nor the mode of payment, ever costs you one moment's uneasy reflexion. 'Tis I, I alone, on whom the whole burden falls; but you never remember, you never think of that."

"I would remember and think of it twice as often, if you would not be always taunting me with it," he muttered, turning impatiently from her. "No wonder, I should hate coming down here, no wonder I should insist upon a separate establishment, which I must, and will have next year, for my appearance is ever the signal for the commencement of a series of tiresome recriminations and admonitions, that sicken and worry me to death."

Lady Huntingdon was too deeply hurt to make

any reply, beyond the hot tears that despite her efforts gushed to her eyes. 'Twas an evidence of weakness, the cold impassible woman of fashion rarely gave, and her son, really touched by it, and regretting his hastiness, added in a gentle tone :

"Well, mother, do not mind what I have said—I did not mean it; but the truth is I am tired to death, and talking of my debts and difficulties at such a time, is enough to drive me out of my senses. Let us leave the aggravating subject, then, and talk of anything else you like. On every other topic I will give you all the information you can desire."

Lady Huntingdon's heart rarely if ever permitted her to reject the olive branch, when her wayward child chose to proffer it, and after a moment's pause, during which she recovered, though with considerable effort, her self-possession, she rejoined in her usual affectionate tones :

"Well, in that case, Augustus, tell me what particular spell detained you so much longer in the country this year than usual?"

"What spell detained me? Why, really mother, I hardly know," was the somewhat embarrassed reply. "In the first place, Middlemore kept me a full fortnight longer than I had intended, and then, those Lawtons, influenced, it may have been, by very generous, but to me most troublesome hospitality, would not hear of my leaving till we had mutually bored each other to death."

"Ah! *à-propos* of the Lawtons, Augustus, do you know that they are here?"

"So much the worse, then, for me; I must repay them for their civility in the country, by playing the gallant to them now in town. Have you called on them yet?"

"Certainly, my dear child, I did not lose an hour in doing so. How wonderfully lady Mary is improved; I speak not only of her personal appearance, but of her manners. They are so high-bred, so polished. She seemed charmed to hear that you were expected so soon."

"Then you might have hinted to her ladyship that the feeling is anything but reciprocal. You need not look so incredulously in my face, mother. If you are a good physiognomist, you will read there, that I admire but few women, and lady Mary least of all. A haughty artificial being, with nothing frank or natural about her."

"And yet, Augustus, I have heard it hinted two or three times, that you were quite *empressé* in that quarter."

"*Empressé!* What do you understand by that? Singing duets, when you are openly requested by the lady to do so, escorting her on pleasure par-

ties, walks, into which you are fairly forced, paying compliments which are all but put into your mouth. No, I neither like lady Helen, lady Harriet nor lady Mary; and what is more, never could like them."

"After all, my dear child, perhaps 'tis just as well; for though they have high connexions and an unexceptionable position, they are actually pennyless. No, Augustus, your countless debts, your reckless extravagant habits, render it absolutely necessary that you should wed an heiress."

"Well, if that is the only hope your ladyship has to hold out to me, 'tis certainly a forlorn one," was the laughing rejoinder. "No, no, my present difficulties, bad as they are, must be doubled, troubled, ere they will be able to drive me to so desperate an alternative."

"Nonsense, Augustus, do not talk so childishly. Remember, your father has all but sworn that he will not pay another farthing for you. You have contracted liabilities on all sides, besides being the debtor of Mr. Arlingford to an immense amount."

"There, mother, you go driving at those debts! Will you ever leave me or them alone?"

"Well, well, my dear boy, I am only alluding to them as a secondary matter, merely to illustrate the truth of what I was saying about your wedding an heiress."

"But where are those heiresses, I would like to know. Your ladyship speaks as if they were some article of merchandize to be obtained for the mere asking."

"Why, there is your own cousin, Madeline Cleveland."

"Yes, but my own cousin, Madeline Cleveland, would not have me. She seems determined to obtain a coronet at least in exchange for her fortune."

"Well, there is the rival heiress, Sir John Murray's stylish and shewy daughter."

"Yes, but I would not have her. In short, mother, you need not be wasting either your time or talents in matrimonial essays on me, for when Augustus Huntingdon changes the life with which he is perfectly contented at present, notwithstanding his debts and his duns, it will be to please himself and none else."

"If such is the case," rejoined his companion rather coldly, "I will say no more, but I trust your anti-matrimonial prejudices will not interfere with the general deference, the polish of tone and manner, you owe society."

"Oh! not at all, mother mine. Believe me, your dutiful son feels as solicitous as yourself, about retaining the laurels, his powers of fascina-

tion have won for him in fashionable life; but there, his condescension stops. Remember the motto I have adopted, instead of our hideous family Griflins, with their stupid protestations of inviolable constancy and valour, is: 'My smile for the many, my heart for none.'

"For none! Are you sure of that Augustus?" asked his companion in a jesting tone.

It may have been the shade of the crimson curtain falling suddenly on him as he changed his position, certain it is his cheek gained a deeper glow as she spoke, but with the graceful playfulness that rendered him so universal a favorite in society, but which he so seldom deigned to exhibit in his own home, he rejoined, as he raised lady Huntingdon's delicate hand to his lips:

"For none, save you, mother. Its hopes and affections are yours alone."

That speech, uttered as it was in idle affectation of sentiment, amply repaid lady Huntingdon for weeks of neglect, and when her son, with an assurance of his speedy return, left the apartment, she murmured to herself, with a sigh of intense happiness, "that she was indeed, a thrice blessed mother!"

(To be continued.)

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

THE CALABRIAN WOMAN'S SONG.

I.

WHEN I sat, at twelve years, in the vineyard's
cool shade,
Where the flowery citron, and sweet orange
spread,
And the soft breath of Spring kissed my forehead,
and played
With the clustering curls, that adorned my
young head;
A voice to me whispered, so sweetly and kind,
That a thrill of wild pleasure through all my
frame ran;
It was not the clock, nor the bell, nor the wind,
Nor the voice of a woman, of child, or of man.

But 'twas thou! it was thou! O my angel divine!
It was thy loving heart which then whispered to
mine!

II.

And when later I 'woke, to feel Love's magic
spell,
And repose, with my love, 'neath the tall
sycamore:

And when his warm kiss, as he bade me fare-
well,

Thrilled the depths of my being as never before,
Then the same wondrous voice, in my bosom I
heard;

And how sweet were the songs, which it sang
there to me;

But 'twas not my lover's step, nor his sweet
parting word,

Nor the echo of lovers, who sung by the sea.

It was thou! it was thou! O my angel divine!
It was thy tender heart that responded to mine!

III.

When a mother, yet youthful, I saw round me
meet

All the gifts that high heaven had vouchsafed
to me;

My dear husband, my friends, and those treasures—
so sweet—

Which played 'mong the flowers, or reposed on
my knee;

Then again in my heart, that mysterious word
Sang softly of joys scarcely dreamed of before;

It was nor the zephyr, nor song of the bird,
Nor the voice of the fishers who toiled on the
shores.

But 'twas thou! it was thou! O my angel divine!
It was thy gentle heart that sang softly to mine!

IV.

Now, alas! I am aged, and broken, and weak,
And my once jetty ringlets are scattered and
grey;

All the beauty of youth has forsaken my cheek,
And I live but to weep, and to suffer and pray;

Yet e'en in my heart that strange voice doth
resound;

It soothes my sad soul with its wonderful song;
But 'tis not the same that in youth made me
bound,

Nor the loved voice of him I've lamented so long.

It is thou! O my guardian! my angel divine!
It is thy tender heart which now sorrows like
mine!

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.*

BY MISS M. HUNGERFORD.

WITH the deepest emotions of joy did Francis d'Auvergne find himself once more in his native land; but many long long leagues intervened between him and his home; and still suffering from the effect of the trials they had endured, they set out towards Avignon. Having hired a boat and two stout oarsmen, they proceeded as far as the navigation of the gentle river, at the mouth of which Bayonne is situated, would permit, and then continued their route by land. Francis, eager and impetuous, bounded onward over the sunny plains of Gascony; but Malcolm restrained him, and urged him to pursue the even tenor of the way in which he pursued his onward journey. Francis smiled.

"Ah!" he said; "but you are not going home, nor does the safety of the object dearest to your heart depend upon your speed!"

"No; but perhaps the safety of a sister, an only sister, dearer perhaps to my heart than aught you, who are blest with three sisters, can ever know! But tell me truly, were Isabella McDonald and your own fair sister placed in the same jeopardy, to the rescue of which would you first hasten?"

Francis paused; at length looking into the face of Malcolm, he said:

"Isabella, I think; yes, Isabella! she is dearer to my heart than even Antoinette d'Auvergne! Malcolm, should it not be so?"

"I do not know, as I am still enough the brother to prefer a sister's to all other love, and perhaps the soldier is not enough excluded from my heart to give the lady-love entire possession! But it may be, that the smiles of your bright-eyed sister, may complete the victory which, during my month at Avignon, she nearly won, and kindred ties be laid low before the shrine of the god of love."

"Methinks poor Antoinette, does she seek to win your love, has engaged in no light task; for although a year has nearly gone by since I transferred her to you, you seem still heart free. Ah me! but I fear it will be long ere you know the joys of domestic bliss!"

"And I would ask, my noble friend, what are your own prospects of domestic bliss, that you

thus bestow the burden of your fears on me? You have often assured me that I may win your gentle sister, and my vanity prompted me to believe it. Now, while I certainly prefer her to all other maidens, and would not scruple to lay my laurels at her feet, and offer her the tribute of an honest heart, and would, were she in danger, hazard my own life to serve her; yet if, on our arrival at Avignon, I should find her the bride of another, it would not cost me a sigh, scarcely a regret; and well do I believe it would not pale the roses on her cheeks, did we never meet again; still I believe our happiness would, were we united, be as perfect as if I had encountered danger and toil for her sake, and she had discarded numerous lovers for mine; and much as you seem to look scornfully on my coming lot, yet would I rather my lady-love were safe beneath her father's towers, than have before me the arduous task of searching for a lost fair one through the wilds of Germany!"

The words of Malcolm had touched a tender chord in the breast of Francis; it served to show that his search might probably be useless, and that domestic bliss might never smile upon him, and he almost envied the stoical philosophy of his friend, and began to suspect that too deep affection might not be always productive of happiness. But he smiled at the remarks of Malcolm, whom he had before believed not very susceptible of the tender passion; but he maintained his argument in favor of fervent devotion to the object of his attachment; and thus they wiled away their time, as they pursued their onward way toward the plains of Avignon. After a weary journey of many days, the proud towers of Avignon's ducal palace burst upon their view, and very joyous were they, that a day of rest was before them. They approached it, and right hospitable was the reception given by the parents to their son, and the sisters gladly sprang to the arms of the long absent brother, while the deep flush of crimson, which rushed to the cheek of the fair Antoinette, told that the friend of her brother was not yet forgotten. Great was the sympathy of the parents for the sufferings of their son, and many were the schemes devised and abandoned,

for the rescue of the fair Isabella, and several days thus passed away. At length it was agreed that the two friends, disguised as wandering minstrels, should proceed to Lindendorf, and endeavor, while ranging in its neighbourhood, to learn the locality of the lady Isabella. Their disguises were obtained, and all things were in readiness for their departure, when, on the very day before they set out, as they were taking a short equestrian excursion, Malcolm was thrown from his horse, and severely injured by the fall. He was borne to the castle, and after a few hours anxious watching over him, he awoke to consciousness; and with joy sincere, they found that he might yet recover from the effects of his misfortune.

Francis, too eager to resume the search for his Isabella, to await the recovery of Malcolm, determined to proceed alone to Lindendorf; and the next day he set out, leaving the luckless Malcolm to the tender care of the lovely Antoinette, and the other inhabitants of Avignon.

Francis went forward on his way, and after a toilsome journey, found himself once more in the vicinity of Lindendorf. How did his heart beat with warm emotion as it once more burst upon his view; when he reflected that probably beneath its towers, held in vile captivity, was she to whom he had plighted his heart's young love; but how was he, friendless and alone, with none to aid him, here in the midst of enemies who would combine against him, perhaps sacrifice his life for his temerity, to effect her rescue. For several days he wandered in the vicinity of the castle, well suspecting his assumed character; but yet he had learned nothing of Isabella, when one evening, as he was listlessly passing a small grove, two men rushed forth, and seizing him, threw him to the ground, and tightly bound his hands, and then raising him, the smaller of the two threw off the mask that concealed his features. Francis discovered, what he had before much feared, that he was in the hands of Gustavus de Lindendorf. Francis stood in the presence of his enemy erect and calm; but the shade of deepening twilight concealed the corpse-like paleness of his face. Gustavus placed his face close to that of his rival and laughed exultingly, as he exclaimed:

"Welcome, thrice welcome to Lindendorf! but you have long delayed your coming! Methought thy love for my fair Isabella, would have sooner lured thee hither! But permit me to conduct you to the castle; I would keep thee no longer from its hospitalities! Why, man, it was but a shallow artifice to pretend to disbelieve that Isabella was at Lindendorf; but my fair sister was not deceived, she saw the whole, and sent me warning

of thy coming, that I might be well prepared to receive my illustrious guest; so, noble sir, permit me to conduct thee to my home, and much I grieve that it is not more worthy of thee!"

Seizing his victim by one arm, while the vicious Otho, the agent of his master's will, caught the other; they dragged their struggling captive forward, despite his resistance, until they reached the subterranean passage connected with the prison-house; this they entered, and traversed its dark and winding way, until they reached the strong iron door, which led to the small open space before the eastern wall of the castle. This was carefully locked, and then Gustavus turning to his luckless rival with a gravity of manner, more trying to the mind than the most cruel mockery, remarked:

"You see that I am resolved you shall enjoy your visit in security! Nought shall disturb your repose, it shall be both quiet and long! Come! my noble guest, permit me to conduct you to your apartments!"

"Cease your brutal exultation!" cried Francis, vehemently, "if I am in your power, let that suffice you. Use that power as it may please you, either to condemn me to hopeless captivity in your gloomy castle, where thousands, perhaps, have dragged out a wretched life, or died by the murderous hands of the lords of Lindendorf, or let now your sword put an end to your fears of him, who, despite your efforts, gained from you the love of Isabella McDonald! But know that you will never gain her love! you may, by brutal cruelty, compel her to yield to you her hand; but her pure, her priceless love, will still be mine, although I may lie cold in death—cut off by the hand of him, who called himself once my friend, but by the mean spirit of rivalry, is transformed into a foe! Lead on, proud victor, I await your bidding!"

"Come, then, and honours which were never yet conferred on a guest at Lindendorf, shall be thine; for its lord shall attend thee, and the hireling menial shall approach thee not, save this, my trusty Otho!" and again taking the arm of Francis, he led him into the castle,—unresisting where resistance was in vain,—he passed up a narrow staircase, and then stood in a long and gloomy hall. On one side was the solid wall of that side of the prison-house department of the castle; on the other was a range of apartments, the closed and bolted doors of which seemed to proclaim them the wretched captive's home; and at the farthest end of that long cheerless passage, ascended another staircase, towards which Gustavus led his unhappy victim. Francis drew back as they approached it, but Gustavus drew his arm

more closely through his own, and led him onward. They ascended it, and passing down a narrow way between two rows of closed apartments, Gustavus pointed to a door, and bade Otho open it. Drawing forth a large bundle of strong keys, the worthy menial proceeded to obey his lord, and with a creaking noise, which grated harshly on the ears of him so soon to be its inmate, the door swung back, and revealed the interior of the gloomy apartment.

"Come!" cried Gustavus, "this goodly chamber will henceforth be thine, your future home, and much I hope it will be suited to your mind! Others, noble as yourself, have occupied it before, and none dare question the hospitality of Lindendorf!"

They entered it; a small low bed, which seemed not for many years to have had an occupant, stood in one corner, a rough table and a stool, completed its furniture; and one small window, grated with bars of iron, admitted air and light, although the light but served to relieve the gloom of the cheerless room. Upon the naked walls, the cobwebs and mould of ages, hung in masses, the floor was thickly covered with dust, and all was sad and desolate.

"Well, dear friend!" cried Gustavus, laying his hand on the shoulder of Francis, "what think you of your future abode? is it not sufficiently gorgeous for even the future duke of Avignon? suits it not the favoured lover of Isabella McDonald, of whose love you boasted but now? But would you know where is the beautiful maid, whose heart you think so surely your own? Come thou hither," and he led him to the small window, through which the moonbeams were gently streaming, and pointing to the summit of a distant mountain, said: "Look at that mountain height; beyond it lies a quiet dell; there stands a lovely little cot, my own favorite resort, and there is now, not yours, but my Isabella; for the heart you once thought all your own, I have lured from thee! and her once fancied love for you, has passed away like a summer dream! and I shall soon be the happy husband of her whom you thought all your own; and when the bridal triumph bursts upon your ear, and all Lindendorf rejoices in the happiness of its future lord, then will you know that Isabella is lost to you forever; and now, if you are lonely, you may solace yourself by gazing on the mountain, which looks down on the abode of my Isabella! and now, farewell, and may a happy night await thee!"

He cut the bonds asunder, which bound the hands of his captive, and, followed by Otho, left the room. Francis stood irresolute on the spot

where they had left him. He heard the key turn harshly in the rusted lock; he heard the receding footsteps, until they died away in the distance, and then he threw himself on the hard bench, and dark were the thoughts that came rushing o'er his mind. Not one ray of hope now dawned upon him; no chance of deliverance was before him; full well he knew the strength of his prison—the utter folly of each thought of escape. He remembered that on his former visit to Lindendorf, he had noted the strength of the wall, that encircled the eastern part of the castle; he thought of the ponderous door that secured the aperture of the subterranean passage; of the strong door, which led into the building itself; then of the well secured entrance to his own apartment; and more than all these, to him, was the relentless, the implacable nature of his jailor, a barrier against every hope of liberty. But that he was doomed to end his days in dreary solitude and hopeless imprisonment, appeared but too probable, or at least until Gustavus had secured the hand of Isabella. The thought was maddening, and he cursed in the bitterness of his heart, the cruelty of Gustavus, in not at once ending a life which must be prolonged but in the depths of wretchedness. He did not even think of escape, he knew its uselessness, and despair threw its toils around him. In his agony of heart he arose, and paced the floor of his prison, a prison far more dreadful to him than the loathsome dungeon from which the hand of the fair Theora had delivered him. His thoughts went back to all he had suffered from the Norwegian bondage, and gladly would he have been now their captive, with nought before him but a bloody death, to escape from the power of Gustavus de Lindendorf. Then came the fear that Malcolm would follow him to Germany, on his recovery from the effects of his fall, and thus fall into the same snare; and his heart throbbled almost to breaking, when he thought of the sorrow of those fond friends who would mourn, but never know their fate.

Suddenly he paused before his little window, and looked out on the landscape, now shrouded in the gentle moonlight. The window was of just sufficient height to allow him to gaze forth with ease, and his eye was fixed on the lofty summit of the distant mountain, which Gustavus had said, towered above the abode of Isabella. Not one thought of doubting the words of Gustavus, came over his mind; he had known him too well for that! and long and anxiously his eye rested on the spot near which his dearest treasure lay.

"Could I but burst this detested thralldom, my adored one!" he cried, "how soon would I once

more clasp thee to my heart! how soon would I bear thee from the power of Gustavus de Lindendorf! But no! it cannot be! a captive to him who bore thee from thy home, thy kindred, and from my fervent love, must I drag out a wretched life, and possess not even the hope, that in the dungeons of the Orkneys, sometimes cheered me, that thou wert safe beneath the towers of Glenelvin! Isabella, Isabella, why did we ever meet? was it that we might learn to love, and thus be doomed to misery, the misery of this dreadful separation? But now I can look forth, and know that my eye rests on the landmark, which notes thy dwelling place! and Gustavus shall win thy hand; then well I know that the same roof, detested though it be, will form our home, until the weary chords of life give way, and death, the friend of the wretched, shall set the captive free!"

No sleep that night came like a welcome guest to the couch of the unhappy Francis d'Auvergne; hour after hour he paced the narrow limits of his prison, or stood gazing on the mountain summit, directing his anguished vision to the spot where rested his now lost Isabella; and the rising dawn brought to him no joy, for it only served to show the utter hopelessness of every effort to escape from his captivity.

The morning was considerably advanced, when the silence was broken by the sound of approaching footsteps; the strong bolts were drawn back; the door unlocked, and slightly opened, and the hand of Otho placed within the room his morning meal, and then the door was again closed, and firmly secured as before.

Francis felt no dread of poison conveyed in the fare provided for him, and he partook of the substantial breakfast. He felt refreshed and invigorated, and when his repast was finished, sat down with much more tranquillity of mind than he had ever again hoped to feel. As the shadows of evening closed in, refreshments were again brought in by Otho; and thus passed the first lone day of his imprisonment at Lindendorf. Day after day passed slowly in unvaried routine; no event occurred to mark even the most trivial change. At morn and eve invariably, did Otho appear to bring his food, and if Francis addressed him, he turned away in silence, and left him to his dreary solitude, and in this manner his life flowed on in one unbroken monotonous tide.

(To be continued.)

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF AN EARLY FRIEND,
Who visited the South in the vain hope of restoration to health.

Thou art gone where sorrow comes not!
Passed the dark and dreaded stream,
Where the radiant spirit wakens,
From life's brief and troubled dream.

Sister! daughter! friend! we would not
Call thee back to earthly pain,—
But the tender ties that bound us,—
Oh! we weep their broken chain.

Sharer of youth's brightest pleasures,
Friend of life's maturer years,
Loved alike in joy and sadness,
True in sunshine and in tears;

Link'd with memory's dearest treasures,
Garnered in her holiest cell,—
While the pulse of life is beating,
There shall thy dear image dwell.

Far from hearts that fondly loved thee,
Cherished scenes and household ties,
 wooing health where balmior breezes
Wake 'neath fairer, calmer skies,—

Thou in hope still, still confiding
Sought afar life's healing balm,
Yet thy Father's will abiding,
Sank to rest, resigned and calm,

Death the silver chord hath loosened,
Burst the bonds of earthly love;
Yet the eye of faith discerns thee
In the spirit land above.

There the broken links of friendship
Form anew a golden chain;
There love's drooping, withered flowrets,
In new beauty bloom again.

Friend beloved! oh, may we meet thee
When life's shadowy course is o'er,
Where the spirit pure and holy,
Sin shall know, nor suffering more.

Hallowed be the turf that wraps thee
In thy last and dreamless sleep,
Memories fond, like guardian angels,
Ever there, shall vigil keep.

Dear thou wert, and mourned, how deeply!
Deeper far than words can tell!
Till the grave yields up its treasure,
Sister! daughter! friend! farewell.

H. V. O.

THE QUEEN'S OAK.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

"THE Queen's Oak, which was the scene of more than one interview between the beautiful Elizabeth, (Woodville,) and the enamoured Edward (IV.) stands in the direct track of communication between Grafton Castle and Whittlebury Forest; it now rears its hollow trunk, a venerable witness of one of the most romantic facts that history records."—*Miss Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England.*

SCENE.—*The Forest of Whittlebury—An ancient oak of immense size, beneath which stands Elizabeth Woodville with two lovely boys, one of whom sits at her feet, playing with the acorns which strew the turf, while the elder clings to her dress, looking inquiringly into her face.*

ELIZABETH (*gazing earnestly through the trees.*)
Why comes he not?

'Tis past the hour of noon,
And the fierce sun, e'en through these leafy boughs,
Finds cunning entrance, with'ring with his rays,
Intensely hot, the timid forest flower
That loves the shade, and at his burning touch
Shrinks panting to the earth—moves not a leaf,—
Flushed into silence are the wild bird's notes.
Save when beneath her leafy covert, one
In low soft voice calls her more distant mate,
Who murmurs in return a liquid sound,
Brief, but most musical, and with quick slight
Ruffles the sleeping leaves to gain her side.
Are ye not weary, sweet ones? weary and faint
For your accustomed meal? waiting, I trow,
Is Cicely, and marvelling, her darlings,
With their truant mother, come not back
Before the dial points the hour of noon.

RICHARD.

Let us begone, dear mother;—thou didst say
Thou wouldst be home to taste the noble buck
Count Oswald slew!

ELIZABETH.

Good troth, did I, my sweet—
But patience yet awhile, for yonder winds
Now near, now far, the swift and echoing chase,
Sweeping at will through the old forest glades
With horn and hound, and shouts of merry men,
As if to mock my hopes.

RICHARD.

Ah! mother dear,
I would I had a steed—that famous steed
My father rode, when he led on the charge

'Gainst the pale rose in proud St. Alban's field,
And would for Lancaster——

ELIZABETH (*speaking hurriedly, and looking around her in alarm.*)

Hush, boy! I pray,—

These leaves have ears, and whisper to the winds
Our lightest words, which, babblers as they are,
Will bear them hence, and breathe into his ear
Who wears the White Rose on his regal crest,
And holds your fate, dear precious ones, and mine,
At his command.

RICHARD.

And if he doth—yet mother sweet,
Again I wish, I had that gallant steed
My father rode, that I might mount his back
And spur him on, to where king Edward rides
Amid his huntsmen bold—and though they
laughed

And jeered my puny form, I would look brave,
Nor cower beneath their gaze—but to the king
Thy message bear, and bring him to thy side.

ELIZABETH (*caressing him.*)

God bless my boy! he hath his father's heart,
Beating with pulse as high at valorous word,
And melting ever at the sound of wo,
Like a soft girl's—safe 'neath that silken doublet
Let it lie for long years yet. But well I know
When time has shed its down on that red lip,
And nerved with manhood's strength that childish
arm,

Thou wilt stand forth a champion brave, my son,
For all whom death has reft of earthly stay,—
For all whom human wrong to suffering dooms.

RICHARD.

Dear mother, yes—that will I ever do,
And then we'll live again in our fair home,
And none shall drive us thence—and thou wilt
smile,
As thou wert wont to do, nor look so sad,
As if thy heart would break for Bradgate's halls,
And our dear father slain.

ELIZABETH (*sadly.*)

Ah, my sweet boy!

How many memories, to rend my heart,
Thy words awake—e'en while their tender tones,
My loving one, shed balm delicious
On its bleeding wounds.

But list! a sound

Stirs the still air, and now it breaks—a chorus
Full and deep of horn and hound! and on they
come,

Rushing with headlong speed in the wild chase,
Through brake and briar—crashing the forest
boughs,

And mad with haste, leaping o'er hedge and
ditch!

A merry sport, my boys, for merry hearts,
But ours have deeper thoughts to press them
down,

Mine hath, at least—who, homeless, desolate,
Lack e'en a shelter for the orphaned ones
Who bide with me life's fierce, unpyting storms,
Beating relentless on their tender heads,
With none on earth to shield.

THOMAS (*the younger boy springs suddenly from
the ground clapping his hands as he exclaims.*)

Oh, mother, look!

A huntsman comes! all white his steed with foam,
And see, his hunting spear,—'tis red with blood!

RICHARD.

Ha! he hath slain the deer!—it is the king—
I know him by his crest.

ELIZABETH.

It is, my boys,

The royal Edward,—let us stand aside,
And wait his coming. Give me each a hand
And ye shall plead for me and for yourselves,
Poor fatherless ones,—who have, alas, no sire,
To advocate your cause.

*She retreats close to the broad trunk of the oak,
and with her children on each side of her, awaits
the approach of the king. He slowly advances,
leading his horse, and peering earnestly through
the branches of the tree to discern the figures
waiting beneath it. As he comes nearer, she
moves a few steps forward, standing with a sup-
plicating look before him, as he raises the droop-
ing branches and confronts her.*

EDWARD (*in an animated tone as he gazes upon
her.*)

Whom have we here!

Angels of grace! what white-robed messenger
Hath left your courts with infant cherubs
In her smiling train, to bring glad tidings
Once more unto man! Speak, if of heaven,—

Or soft! the radiant smile of the fair Woodville,
Now we recognize, and haste to ask
What guerdon she would crave of England's lord!

ELIZABETH.

A humble one, your Grace, and yet if granted,—
Most rich to me, and to these orphan babes,
Will be the boon.

EDWARD.

And, lady,—Edward answers in those words
Writ in the holy record, which perchance
Thou may'st have read,—though thou should'st
ask of me

Half of my kingdom's treasure, it is thine.

ELIZABETH.

Thanks, sire,—an act of justice I but urge,—
And that,—if fame of royal Edward's rule
Essays the truth, I shall not urge in vain.

EDWARD.

Fairest, say on,—unto so soft a pleader
Will we not, by act or word of ours,
Gainsay fame's fair report.

ELIZABETH.

Permitted thus,

Boldly, most gracious liege, my suit I name—
Praying that it may please thee to restore
To these fair boys, the old baronial halls,
Where first they saw Heaven's light—their heri-
tage

And birthright,—where their sire,——
She pauses abruptly and in emotion.

EDWARD (*slightly frowning.*)

'Tis well to pause

Ere thou dost name a traitor to my ear.
Madam, I promised much—but gave no pledge,
To heap reward on treason, which erewhile
Was rank in this our realm. Say, is it right,
My hand should yield those forfeit manors back
To his posterity, who drew his sword
Against our righteous cause, and with his blood
Watered the roots of the Lancastrian Rose,
That it should redder grow, and so eclipse
The fairer beauty of York's stainless flower!

ELIZABETH (*proudly.*)

I plead no traitor's cause,—for he, my lord,
Whom thou dost brand as such, was a true knight,
Loyal and steadfast to a holy King,—
Firm in defence of a most hapless Queen,—
The noblest, bravest that e'er wore a crown.
For their just rights, and those of their young heir,
He bravely fell—my only solace this,—
That he proved true—true even unto death,
To those he served.

EDWARD (*aside*.)

(A fearless tongue she hath
For lips so soft! But I will humble her.)
Lady, thou art o'er bold for one, who hath
So dear a cause at heart. Thinkest thou the boast
Of fealty and love, shewn by thy lord
To Lancaster's proud house, should win for thee
A guerdon from our hands?

ELIZABETH.

I ask no guerdon—
Justice alone, so may it please your Grace
For these dear boys, I crave,—orphans they are,
And stripped of their inheritance, by those,
Who to my lord bore deadly malice,
E'en for the exercise of that same virtue,
Themselves affect to prize—loyal adherence
To a cause deemed just; and love unflinching
To the anointed king, before whose sway
His infant knees bowed down.

EDWARD (*sternly*.)

And these fair boys,
For whom thy eloquent speech so sweet distills—
Would'st thou with their restored inheritance,
Bestow on them the loyal spirit too,
Which led their father to his bloody death?

ELIZABETH.

Certes, your Grace; it is a plant should thrive
In each young breast where truth and courage
dwell—

And so my sons shall write it on their hearts,
And it shall be to them, as to their sire,
The watch-word of their lives.

EDWARD (*angrily*.)

Beshrew me, madam,
Treason such as this should not pass unrebuked,
Were these boys men, and thou, their father,
Uttered such rank words to our very beard.

ELIZABETH (*angrily*.)

Pardon, my liege,—of loyalty, not treason,
Were my words,—and for these innocent ones,—
They know no prince, or king, save him, who sways
The sceptre of this realm. Kneel, darlings, kneel,
And yield obedience to our sovereign lord.

(*To her children.*)EDWARD (*smiling as he raises the boys.*)

Nay, lady fair, in this our sylvan chase
We hold no court—but ever are well pleased
Our loving leiges all, wherever met,
With courtesy to greet. Pardon, that we
Construed so ill thy words,—deeming to us
Dialoyalty they bore,—but now with joy
Exceeding, we rejoice, that thou, so long
In fortune wedded to the Lancastrian house,
Wilt nurture in thy heart our own White Rose,
As thou dost wear its snowy purity
Upon thy brow.

ELIZABETH.

Unto thy regal sway,
I render, sire, faith and obedience due;
Yet blame me not, that in my heart of hearts
Duty and love still undivored, survive
The wreck of all their greatness, to whom first
The loyal homage of my childish heart,
I learned to yield—whose every joy, that heart
Has warmly shared, and suffered in their woes,
With pangs as keen, as those which for its own,
With deadly shafts, transfixed and pierced it
through.

EDWARD.

Madam, forsooth, thou art most plain of speech,
Borrowing so little of the courtier art,
That wot'st not for its grace, none would mistrust
Thou hadst been bred in courts. Yet, we forgive
Thy loyalty, to our discrowned cousin,
So thou wilt pledge thyself to train these boys
In true and loyal duty to ourself.

ELIZABETH.

Thanks, gracious sire,—towards this wished for
end

I will fulfil, right trustfully my part,—
And the more zealously, that thou hast laid
My lady mother under bonds to thee
For the so liberal dowry granted her
At thy behest, when in sore straits, after
The recent wars.

EDWARD.

And if such trivial service,
Lady, weigh with thee, are there no other
Acts thou canst recall, to stir up memories
Which shall win for me, in thy soft breast,
Some touch of kindly thought, to render sweet,
A subject's duty, yielded now perforce
At the stern bidding of necessity?

ELIZABETH.

Not so your Grace;—as England's crowned king
I bow before thee,—thus, in token true
Of willing homage, shewing fealty

(*Bends her knee before him.*)

To thee my sovereign lord. 'Tis freely given,
Not bought by any act which thou hast done
For me or mine, though many such there be,
Which have there record here.

(*Placing her hand upon her heart.*)

EDWARD.

Nay, name them not;—
If freely lavished, or like golden coin
Proffered in payment just, thy loyal faith,
Not as my due I take, but thankfully,
As one, who nought expecting, still the more
Prizes the generous gift; deeming himself

Beyond all price enriched by the rare jewel
Cast into his hand. Not on his regal crown,
But in his heart, does Edward, fairest one,
Set the pure gem thou givest,—more happy far,
Thus to have won thy true and loyal faith,
Than to have conquered kingdoms by his sword.

ELIZABETH.

Your Grace doth far o'er estimate the worth
Of my poor loyalty. Such as it is,
Tis freely thine, and not the less sincere
That still my heart, to him who *was* my king,
Now pining in durance, is leal and true,—
Or that my love follows in her sad exile,
Royal Margaret, my late gracious mistress,
And her princely son.

EDWARD.

We will content us,

Lady fair and bright, with the small moiety
Of thy duteous faith, it pleaseth thee to give;—
Trusting by fair desert, to win ere long
The coveted meed, not of thy duty only,
But thy love.

ELIZABETH.

Sire, 'tis already thine;

Such as a subject to her monarch owes,
I gladly yield.

EDWARD.

'Tis won too lightly,

And contents me not,—nought will content me
Lady, but to live, shrined in thy young heart's
(*Passionately.*)
Depths,—a worshipped image cherished fondly
there,
To stir each gentle pulse to throbs of bliss.

ELIZABETH (*colouring and offended.*)

Surely king Edward strangely doth forget
His high estate, and mine, so low, alas!
So desolate,—that thus in this lone wood,
With these poor children clinging to my knees,
And none to aid, he breathes such burning words
On my cold ear. Remember, sire,——

EDWARD (*impetuously interrupting her.*)

Remember! yes!

Think'st thou I e'er forget that summer day,
When in Queen Margaret's court I saw thee first,
A peerless bud, amid the blooming band,
Who crowned with daisies, Anjou's emblem flower,
Clustered around their lion-hearted Queen,
So bravely beautiful. Silent they stood,—
But none save thee, fairest, where all were fair,
Mine eye espied, save for a moment's glance.
But thou, fair Woodville, from that very hour
My heart enthralled. Lady, thou knew'st it well!
But fate dis severed us—for thou wert linked
To Lancaster's dark fortunes, wedding one

Who by his valor, long that cause upheld,
And fell defending it.

Me, adverse winds

Tossed from thee—yet not far,—for as the eye,
Though distant, still beholds the golden gleam
Of the bright star which best in heaven it loves,
So through war's clouds, and faction's troubled
mists,

Still, still I watched thee, moving calm as peace,
Tranquil as faith, all beautiful as love,
Amid the din. I saw thee lost to me,—
Blessing another with those matchless charms
I coveted above my kingly state.

But then again, crowned with a cypress wreath,
All pale and sad, a mourner for the dead,
I saw thee stand,—and, shall I it confess!
Joy, rosy joy, was busy at my heart,
For then——

ELIZABETH (*hurriedly interrupting him.*)

Enough! Your Grace.

EDWARD.

Nay, not enough!

And yet, thou know'st the rest—boots it it to say
How I have watched thee—followed—worshipped
thee!

Yet never sued till now. Thou wert the bride
Of one, who at the root of my White Rose
Aimed deadly strokes, and well nigh severed it
From its fair stem—and yet for thy sweet sake
I all forgave, stilling the angry cry
Which in my ear forever shouted, "Vengeance!"
And for thee, ay, all for thee, fair lady,
I have seeming been, both blind and deaf
To the dark treachery of Beaufort's line,—
Thy haughty lady mother, the chief traitor
Of them all—heaping on her, instead
Of iron bracelets, and a carcanet
Of linked steel, forged in a fiery heat,—
Meet ornaments for her most rich desert,—
The godly lands of Grafton's princely manor,
And a fair dower of gold.

ELIZABETH.

Thou hast been, sire,
Gracious and generous, in its utmost need,
To our poor house, nor have thy bounties yet
Been lavished on ungrateful hearts.

EDWARD.

I know it well;

But wound no more mine ear with words so cold;
Like ice they fall upon my burning heart,
Failing with all their freezing power, to quench
The lava heat of its consuming fires.
Thou did'st erewhile prefer to me a suit,
And it is thine, so thou wilt smile on me,
And reign henceforth the mistress of my life.

ELIZABETH.

And on no other terms shall Bradgate's halls,
My children's fair inheritance, be theirs!
If so, then it is lost,—homeless we are,
Homeless we will remain. The heart's affections,
Sire, cannot be bought, though all the manors
Of this fair broad land against such treasure
In the balance lay.

My children, come;

Let us go hence—since we have sued in vain
For rights withheld, we must henceforth abide
Poor pensioners, upon your grandame's bounty,
Till comes the hour, when in young manhood
strong,

Ye shall go forth to win the home denied.

*(She takes her children by the hand, and with a
slight obeisance to the king, turns to depart, but
impetuously throwing himself before her, he pre-
vents her purpose.)*

EDWARD.

Wilt thou go thus? Nay, lady, tarry yet,
Nor e'er depart with such a look of hate
On thy pure brow. Is it such foul offence
For kings to sue, that thou should'st angered be
At one soft word? For by my hallidom,
I speak a verity, when I do swear
I love thee with more strength than I can hate,—
And that is swearing much, as they could tell
Who have beheld my vengeance spend its force
Upon my foes—the mountain avalanche
Which headlong sweeps, engulfing all in ruin
Is less terrible to meet. Nor sought I
To make purchase of thy love, but proffered
Bradgate as a pledge, no more, that it was mine.

ELIZABETH.

I pray thee, sire, permit me to go hence,
The lengthening shadows, show, noon is o'erpast,—
And since my suit proves vain, I must away.
Soon will repentance follow on thy words,
Nor would I longer stay to hear thee speak,
What should be left unsaid.

EDWARD.

What can'st thou mean?

How hath thy suit proved vain; and what, I pray
Hath my tongue uttered, thus to wring rebuke
From thy fair lips? That which thou asked is
thine—

Thy children's birthright,—that familiar home,
Where first their infant voices learned to lip
Their sweet young mother's name.

Would'st thou aught else?

I'll make no terms with thee, but freely give
E'en as I promised, half my kingdom's wealth
At thy request.

ELIZABETH.

I thank thee, gracious king,—
Yet cannot *speak* my thanks; too deep they lie
For human words to reach.

EDWARD.

I ask no thanks,—

Only that richer boon for which I've sued,—
Thy precious love. Wilt thou deny me that?
Thou hast bewitched me, lady—men do say
Thou hold'st thy lineage from a sorceress—
Or rather from a beauteous water-nymph,
The fairy, Melusina, who deep down
Beneath the rushing waters of the Rhine,
In a fair crystal palace holds her court,—
There crowned with lilies white she weaves the
spells
Which render potent all her elfin race,
And teach her fair descendants how to witch
The hearts from out men's breasts.

ELIZABETH (*smiling*.)

A legend wild

Of the old house of Luxemburg, my liege,
And by its enemies full often used
To brand it with the crime of sorcery.

EDWARD.

It matters not—sorceress or woman, lady,
Thou hast won, by aid of magic art,
Or else by rarer and more potent charms,
My heart's warm homage; and I proffer thee
A life's devotion, and a queen's high state.

ELIZABETH.

Remember, sire, that I the daughter am,
Ay, and the widowed wife, of noble knights,
Sworn foemen to thy house, but champions firm
Of the Red Rose.

EDWARD.

I know it, and forgive

All, for thy sake—as, fairest, I would do
Darker offences, so thou wert to be
The bright peace-offering, 'twixt me and my foes.

ELIZABETH.

But all will say, thou mat'st unworthily,—
That England's king should choose a maiden
bride,
And one more richly dowered.

EDWARD.

Ay, that may be;

And I could find, perchance, one rich in lands,
One dowered with countless hoards of yellow gold,
And decked like some sultana of the East,
With gems of price. Yet these were poor, indeed,
To nature's wealth—to the soul's beauty,
Glancing through an eye as morning soft,
And lustrous as the star that lights the eve,

To lips—to cheeks—but vain are words to name,
 Charms that defy all language to describe.
 Nor will we wanton with the eloquent blush
 Of that pure cheek, though it delights our eye
 To watch its sweet mutations come and go.
 But, yet, we would be answered—gentle one,
 Can we not tempt thee by ambition's lure,
 To share our heart and throne?

ELIZABETH.

My liege, ambition,
 Which once stirred in me, is voiceless now.
 I have a lesson learned of earth's vain hopes
 And empty promises, that bids me set
 My best affections high, where storm comes not,
 And never change mars the full beauty
 Of life's radiant scene.

EDWARD.

And hast thou, then,
 Divorced thyself from all enchantments here,
 To hold communion with an unseen world?

ELIZABETH.

Not so, your Grace; strong ties still bind me
 earthward,
 And still must, while these young helpless beings
 Claim my care. But when that tenderest chord,
 Which to this lower earth enchained my heart,
 By death was rent, I then with tearful gaze,
 Following the upward flight of my lost friend,
 Caught through the partings of my sorrow's cloud,
 A light unearthly from that blessed shore,
 Whither his footsteps sped—a light, whose
 splendor
 Streaming on my soul with rays divine,
 Dispelled its darkness, and from deep despair,
 Kindled that joy, born of a heavenly hope,
 And to my inner sense, the mystery strange
 Of this brief life revealed—for then I learned,
 That only as the soul from its sad teachings
 Garners immortal treasures to itself,
 Fadeless possessions, which ne'er cankerous moth,
 Nor slow corroding rust can e'er consume,
 As worms the body must,—will it arise
 From its clay prison-house to heavenly joys,
 To endless progress in all knowledge—bliss—
 Perfection—ay, on to full fruition—
 Of such blessedness, as dream of earth,
 Ne'er pictured to the thought.

EDWARD (*gazing passionately at her.*)

Most sweet enthusiast!
 Earth yet claims thy thought, though Heaven a
 dwelling
 For thy purity, 'mid sister angels,
 Fitter far may be. Yet, need I tell thee,
 That e'en heaven itself, to those who best endure
 Earth's pains and penalties, will brighter be,

And well we know, who wear a monarch's crown,
 That in its circlet lurk more ills to conquer,
 Sharper thorns to wound the aching brow,
 Than line the sackcloth robe of holy eremite
 Who one long act of penance renders life.
 Wilt thou not win thyself a higher place
 In that bright heaven, tow'rd which with upward
 aim,

I too aspire, by lending thy sweet aid
 To my endeavor!—cheering thus my path,—
 Oft hard beset, with toils the slave knows not,—
 With thy dear presence! coveted full long,
 And now besought with earnest, heart-full love.

ELIZABETH.

My liege, thou dost too highly honor one
 Unworthy such high place in thy esteem,
 One on whom fortune,——

EDWARD (*interrupting her.*)

Fairest, thy pardon,—
 But we cannot hear from thy sweet lips,
 (A rosy casket garnering bright pearls,
 One word of self-abasement. Trust me, sweet,
 I'll take no nay from thee, but pray thee ponder
 The hint I've briefly spoke 'neath these green
 boughs,—
 A godly trysting place this royal oak,
 For royal is it, and in memory sweet,
 Of this auspicious hour, it shall henceforth,
 Baptized by us, be called the fair QUEEN'S OAK—
 A right fair name; since 'neath its summer crown
 Of foliage green, we for our realm and heart
 A queen have wooed; and with the coming morn,
 In seemlier guise than this rough-hunting suit,
 Will seek her presence bright, in Grafton's
 bowers.

There, as we trust, to win her soft consent
 To our fond choice. Till then, sweet one, adieu!
 I could not leave thee—no—not yet—not yet—
 But that I hear the huntsmen's near approach,
 And only for thy sake I say, farewell,—
 Soon, soon to meet again.

*The horn winds—huntmen seen through the
 trees—Elizabeth retreats with timid haste lead-
 ing her children, and Edward looking after her
 a moment, mounts his horse and plunges into
 the greenwood to meet the approaching train.*

FROM THE GREEK.

HAIL, universal Mother! Lightly rest,
 On that dead form,
 Which, when with life invested, ne'er oppress'd
 Its fellow worm.

THE ST. GEORGE.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

It stood in the artist's study: all Florence came to look at it; all examined it with curiosity; all admired it with eagerness; all pronounced it the *capo d'opera* of Donatello. The whole town were in raptures; and lovely ladies, as they bent from their carriages to answer the salutes of dukes and princes, instead of the commonplace frivolities of fashion, said, "Have you seen the new statue by Donatello?"

Is there an art like that of sculpture? Painting is a brilliant illusion—a lovely cheat. Sculpture, while it represents a reality, is itself a reality. The pencil pours its fervid hues upon perishable canvasses, and they fade with the passing air; but the chisel works in eternal marble, and strikes out a creation, immortal as the globe, and beautiful as the soul.

"I told thee, Donatello," said Lorenzo, "thou wouldst excel all thy rivals."

"Fling by thy chisel now," cried another, "thou canst add nothing to that."

"I shall cease, hereafter, my devotion to the antique," cried a third.

"The power of Phidias!" exclaimed one.

"The execution of Praxiteles!" said another.

"You will draw votaries from the Venus," whispered a soft Italian girl, as she turned her melting eyes on the old man.

"The Apollo will hereafter bend his bow unheeded," cried an artist, whom many thought the best of his day.

Among the crowds that flocked to the studio of Donatello, was a youth who had given some promise of excellence. Many said, that, with intense study, he might one day make his name be heard beyond the Alps, and some went so far as to hint, that in time he might tread close on the heels, even of Donatello himself; but these were sanguine and great friends of the young man; besides they spoke at random. They called this student Michael Angelo.

He had stood a long time, regarding it with fixed eyes and folded arms. He walked from one position to another; measured it with his keen glances, from head to foot; regarded it before, behind, and studied his profiles from various points. The venerable Donatello saw him, and awaited his long and absorbed examination with the flattered pride of an artist, and the affectionate indulgence of a father. At length, Michael Angelo stopped once more before it, inhaled a long breath, and broke the profound silence. "It wants only one thing," muttered the gifted boy.

"Tell me," cried the successful artist, what it

wants. This is the first censure which my Saint George has elicited. Can I improve! Can I alter? Is it in the modelling or the marble? Tell me?"

But the critic had disappeared.

Donatello knew the mighty genius of Michael Angelo. He had beheld the flashes of the sacred fire, and watched the development of the "God within him." "*Diavolo!*" cried the old man; "Michael Angelo gone to Rome? and not a word of advice about my statue. The scapegrace! but I shall see him again, or, by the mass, I will follow him to the eternal city. His opinion is worth that of all the world. But *one* thing?" He looked at it again—he listened to the murmurs of applause which it drew from all who beheld it—a placid smile settled on his face—"But *one* thing! what *can* it be?"

Years rolled by. Michael Angelo remained at Rome, or made excursions to other places, but had not yet returned to Florence. Wherever he had been, men regarded him as a comet—something fiery—terrible—tremendous—sublime. His fame spread over the globe. What his chisel touched it hallowed. He spurned the dull clay, and struck his vast and intensely-brilliant conceptions at once from the marble. Michael Angelo was a name to worship—a spell in the arts—an honor to Italy—to the world. What he praised, lived—what he condemned, perished.

As Donatello grew old, his anxiety grew more powerful to know what the inspired eyes of the wonderful Buonarrotti had detected in his great statue.

At length the immortal Florentine turned his steps to his native republic, and as he reached the summit of the hill which rises on the side of *Porta Romana*, he beheld the magnificent and glorious dome, and the slender *Campanile* shining in the soft golden radiance of the setting sun, with the broad topped tower of the Pallazzo Vecchio lifted in the yellow light, even as to-day it stands.

Ah, death! can no worth ward thee. Must the inspired artist's eyes be dark, his hand motionless, his heart still, and his inventive brain as dull as the clay he models? Yes, Donatello lies stretched on his last couch, and the light of life is passing from his eyes. Yet, even in that awful hour, his thoughts ran on the wishes of his past years, and he sent for Buonarrotti.

His friend came instantly.

"I am going, Michael. My chisel is idle? My vision is dim; but I feel thy hand, noble boy, and I hear thy kind breast sob. I glory in thy renown. I predicted it, and I bless my Creator that I have lived to see it; but before I sink into the tomb, I charge thee, on thy friendship, answer my question truly."

"As I am a man, I will."

"Then tell me without equivocation, what it is that my Saint George wants?"

"*The gift of speech,*" was the reply.

A gleam of sunshine fell across the old man's face. The smile lingered on his lips long after he lay cold as the marble upon which he had so often stamped the conceptions of his genius.

The statue remains—the admiration of posterity; and adorns the exterior of the *Chiesa d'Or San Michele in Florence*.

THE CONDEMNED.

BY H. V. C.

In the summer of 1836, I was returning to my New England home, from a long journey in the Far West, which was at that time what California now is—the El Dorado of speculators. But I was not seeking a fortune there; health was my only object. I travelled leisurely on horseback, though I sometimes accepted the convenience of a steamboat, and my natural desire to reach my family, was held in check by the daily benefit received from continual exercise and change of air.

Surrounded by the glorious scenery of the Alleghenics, solitude could never weary me; there were voices in the gushing streams, and companionship in every form of life that sported existence in the sunlight and the shade. When I entered on the rural districts of Pennsylvania, the fertility, industry, and good husbandry manifested, made me in love not only with nature, but with my species, while the scattered villages, which peeped out from a mountain's side, the more ambitious towns sweeping to a river's edge, and numerous factories, taming the Naiades of a stream to turn their ponderous wheels, all reminded me that the descendants of the Quaker colony had taken "Excelsior" for their watch word, and were ready to vie with the sons of the Puritans, in the great march of improvement.

The heat of a July morning began to be oppressive; my weary steed, by indubitable tokens, suggested his opinion that a stable and refreshment would be welcome, and in truth I was myself looking anxiously for some friendly house of shelter, for we had travelled many miles since breakfast, and the country, though beautiful, was very lonely. I took from my pocket a road book to consult, as we toiled slowly up a long steep hill, and was still poring over it when we reached the summit, when my sagacious companion, with a loud snort, gave such a sudden impetus to his speed, as nearly threw me from the saddle. Raising my eye from the book, it fell on a quiet little village, just at the foot of the hill,—one of those sweet spots which burst so charmingly on the wayfarer's vision, like the magic of a fairy tale. There it lay, embedded in green hills, which seemed to shut out a care-worn world from its peaceful dwellings; it was surrounded by young orchards

of peach and apple, and past it rushed a clear, brawling stream, tumbling madly over a dam, and turning the wheels of a saw mill.

My horse pricked up his ears, and giving him the rein, he dashed over a rustic bridge, and in a full gallop, brought me to the door of the village inn. Consigning him to an ostler's charge, who stood with some half-dozen men and boys lounging on the stoup, I entered the traveller's parlor, and most inviting it looked from its perfect neatness—the nicely sanded floor, the snowy curtains shading the small windows, and the old furniture so well preserved and polished with daily care. There seemed to be no sound in the house, save the monotonous ticking of a tall clock which stood in a corner, the dial of which was embellished with a ship, that moved on the bright blue waves, with every vibration of the pendulum. The hour hand pointed to eleven, and being too early for dinner, I ordered some slight refreshment, and passed a half-hour looking over a country newspaper which lay on the table, while my horse enjoyed his oats and a short repose.

It was eight miles to the next town, where I proposed to rest till the heat of the day was past. It was the county town of C—, my host informed me. The name awakened pleasant memories, for it recalled to my mind an intimate college friend, named Morley, with whom I had enjoyed many happy hours, in the happy years of college life, and who, some twenty years before, had entered the ministry, and been ordained over a church in C—. For some years after leaving college, we usually met at the annual commencements and on other public occasions; but our residences were far apart, and we found few opportunities of continuing a personal intercourse. For a long time we exchanged frequent letters, then they became far and farther apart, and at last all direct communication ceased. But he always held a high place in my regard, and as my good fortune had brought me near his residence, I resolved to plead the privilege of an old friend, and claim the hospitality of his house.

As I approached the town, I was surprised to find the population of the whole country abroad, as if on some merry-making occasion. I hastily ran over in my mind a list of all the holidays

which were considered canonical by our grave ancestors, and by them transmitted to their posterity, and as it was neither a Thanksgiving nor Election day, nor Independence, nor even a Fast, I was somewhat puzzled to imagine what occasion could call abroad such numbers of grave working people in the middle of a working day. All the vehicles which man's ingenuity could have invented, since the days of William Penn, seemed to be put in requisition. Old lumbering carts and Jersey waggons, one horse chaises and more ambitious carryalls, and bachelors' sulkeys, which for once admitted a partner, all came in constant succession pouring out of the town, and all filled with men, women and children, of every grade in society, in full glee, as if they had thrown their cares aside and taken the day for enjoyment. There were besides these, numbers on horseback and on foot, many, I am sorry to record, inebriated and staggering at that early hour, and from the brutal expression of their faces and their coarse laugh, it was evident that rude gossip and ribald jests were passing freely amongst them. Mingling with this motley crowd were strolling musicians, with their hurdy-gurdies and hand organs, and wretched monkeys, tricked out to please a vulgar populace, cruel boys with poor little caged birds held up for sale, and squirrels tortured on their revolving wheels, with all the countless hangers on who follow a crowd, whether in the highways of the country or the streets of a city. One thing surprised me; it was an entire absence of the drab coat and broad brim, in a district which numbers so many Quakers with its population.

I entered the town, which seemed not less alive than the country had been. But it was the settling down of a crowd; the restless elements were apparently subsiding; a few scattered groups might be seen talking together, a few noisy boys were driving their hoops or playing ball; but the greater number were listlessly returning to their dwellings, and the streets resuming their quietude. Some half-dozen school girls, with their sun bonnets thrown back, almost stopped to stare at me, and as I love a cheerful young face, I checked my horse and said to the eldest:

"Pray, my little miss, what is going on among you, that every body is turning into the streets to-day?"

"Please sir," she answered with a low courtesy, "it's Mary Ellis' hanging day, and the school ma'm has let us all out to see her; every body has gone too."

I was literally struck dumb with astonishment. I looked at the girl,—that young, impressible creature, were her moral sensibilities already

deadened, that she could have looked unmoved on such an appalling sight? Something like this trembled on my tongue, and my thoughts were perhaps divined, for the whole troop scampered off like so many wild little spirits, and I pursued my way burdened with troubled thoughts. All the beautiful visions which had beguiled my solitary travel were over-shadowed. The hope of regenerating society,—on what could it rest? Where could the moral reformer cast his seed, if even the pure heart of childhood was thus early sown with tares? If parents and teachers could permit their children to witness a sight at which the angels might weep,—the extremity of a human creature's degradation,—if they could expose them in their innocence to the depraving influences of such a scene, and show, by their example, that it was an occasion of excitement,—not to say of pleasure,—how could those children grow up more humane, more sensitive to suffering, more benevolent and kindly disposed than their early instructors?

While revolving thoughts like these, I reached the door of my friend's house. I could not mistake it; there was an air of comfort and refinement about the simple dwelling, that marked it out as the fold of the good shepherd. There was the white paling and the green enclosure so smoothly shorn, a few graceful shrubs and flower beds, tastefully disposed and kept with nicest care. Two or three venerable elms drooped their protecting branches over the roof, shading the little porch, which was covered with clematis, while the sweet white rose, carefully trained, almost hid the windows, and as I alighted, I saw bright young faces peeping through the leaves, to catch a glimpse of the coming stranger.

My friend received me with the utmost cordiality. My horse was ordered to the stable, my portmanteau sent to the spare bed-room, and myself at once installed as a privileged guest in the family. Time had dealt kindly with my friend; the pliant features of youth were set in a firmer mould, and his form was more robust and manly; but the same benevolent expression lighted up his face, and the same intellectual expression beamed in his eyes, but more elevated and refined, as each step in life had led his devout and earnest mind into nearer communion with the spiritual and unseen.

Mrs. Morley was a gentle and attractive woman, lovely she seemed to me in her matronly grace and dignity, surrounded by her blooming family, and peculiarly fitted to share the duties, and brighten the home of a Christian pastor. The well ordered dinner was a luxurious repast to me; my long

ride since breakfast had given me a keen appetite, and the miscellaneous fare of inns and steamboats for many weeks, heightened the relish of a comfortable family meal. There had been no bustle and no extra preparation since my arrival—the cold joint left from yesterday, with bacon and fresh eggs, and abundance of fine vegetables, left nothing to be desired; there were no conventional forms observed, but neatness and entire simplicity seemed to preside at my friend's truly hospitable board. Cheerful conversation enlivened the dinner hour, in which the younger members of the family bore a modest part. In the course of some remarks, I alluded to my brief conversation with the little girl, and was about to make further enquiries, but the subject cast such a shade over every countenance, that I at once changed it. Mr. Morley, in particular, seemed so deeply moved, that it appeared to me some unusual circumstances must have been connected with the tragic story.

After dinner, my friend led the way to his study, a cheerful room, and well furnished with standard books, though, as he remarked with a sigh, it was not within the means of a country clergyman to purchase a moiety of the valuable books which were daily enriching the literary world. And I smiled as I reminded him that he had, even in very early life, a sort of monomania for becoming the owner of every rare and useful book that issued from the press.

"My desires are more humble now," he replied, cheerfully; "but here are two arm chairs for us, and it is a rare pleasure to see one of them filled by a college class-mate. Here, too, are cigars, if you have not left off your old habit of smoking; they are of the best quality, and were sent me by a kind parishioner, who is an amateur in these things."

Hours passed away unheeded as we thus sat together; our youthful days, our college experiences, rose up freshly before us, and themes which we had discussed years before with intense interest were resumed, as if scarcely a day had intervened. My friend was a philanthropist, in the broadest sense of the word; earnest, self-sacrificing, and hopeful of humanity. He was also calm and dispassionate in judgment, firm in purpose, and ready to sustain the right "through good report and evil report," holding himself amenable only to God and his own conscience. Our conversation turned chiefly on various social evils—on the sufferings of the poorer classes, and the existing penal laws.

"These subjects have long weighed seriously on my mind," said Mr. Morley, "and suggested many remedies which I fear the world will be

slow to act upon. This very day my heart has been wrung with anguish, in witnessing what is called the legal punishment of a fellow creature's offence. Oh! what an awful responsibility rests on those who are invested with the power of life and death! Could mortal man see the heart as God alone sees it—had he power to scan the motives and weigh the actions of another human heart, or could he know the force of circumstances which impelled to sin—the sharp temptations, often perhaps resisted and struggled against,—how lenient would be his judgment of an erring brother;—conscious of his own frailty, with what humility would the sentence of another's condemnation be pronounced!"

"These are questions of great moment," I replied, "and the simple fact that they are taken up and discussed freely by all classes, is a significant sign of the times. Laws, as well as customs, grow obsolete, and lose their efficacy when no longer adapted to the advancing state of society. The feudal baron of the dark ages, held an unquestioned right to hang his captive or his serf at his own castle gate; later civilisation looked back with horror on the barbarous deed, and the next advance which gave an accused criminal the benefit of a jury trial, was, without doubt, a great moral triumph. But still how recklessly was human life cast away—judicially extinguished! The forging of a pound note or the stealing of a sheep, condemned a man to death, even if the poor culprit was urged to desperation by the cries of a starving family. In our own country, murder alone is now subject to the death penalty, and public sentiment is still advancing. All laws which have not the reformation of the criminal for their object, must pass away with the semi-barbarous spirit that framed them; and the old Jewish code which demanded "blood for blood," will inevitably yield to that Christian creed of love, which delights to reclaim, not to inflict vengeance."

"My thoughts have of late been painfully engrossed by this subject," said Mr. Morley, "and a case of intense interest has occurred within my own sphere of duty, which may serve as a practical illustration of our remarks. Mary Ellis, a young girl scarcely eighteen years of age, was, about two months since, arrested and brought to trial on a charge of murdering her own infant child. She lived about twenty miles distant, and as the criminal term was coming on in this place, she was brought up here and lodged in the county jail. Such a startling crime, committed by so young a person, it may be supposed produced a powerful sensation. The whole country rang with it; and,

as if the simple truth was not sufficiently revolting, absurd fictions were invented and circulated in the newspapers, and thus her case was prejudged, and the public became her accusers, even before the trial came on. Her likeness, so called—a wretched wood cut—was exhibited in many of the public prints, and the publishers, at the expense of moral integrity, reaped a harvest from their mean subservience to popular credulity.

I was absent from home at that time, and returned two days after the trial was over. The jury had brought in a verdict of "guilty," and the unfortunate young woman was placed in the cell of the condemned. During her trial it was said, she seemed like one stunned by an appalling blow, only when asked with the usual formality, "Guilty, or not guilty," she clasped her hands and fervently replied, "Not guilty of that dreadful crime." Her words excited a murmur of disapprobation among the crowd; she was looked upon as an accomplished hypocrite; one hardened in guilt. Her counsel were perhaps the only persons present, who had a shadow of faith in her innocence; they pleaded her cause eloquently, but in vain.

"My own impressions were perhaps somewhat biassed by the general opinion; and with profound pity for the criminal I accepted the painful duty which in such cases devolves on a minister of Christ, of preparing her mind for the awful event which awaited her. I had formed some idea of a reckless and masculine woman, as we always in fancy mould the features of a person whom we have not seen, according to the character imputed to them; her youth was forgotten in the magnitude of her crime. I was therefore taken by surprise when I entered the dimly lighted cell, and saw before me a frail, almost child-like form, shrinking, humbled to the very dust in the bitterness of her shame and self-condemnation. Her face still bore the traces of uncommon beauty, but long weeks of illness, close confinement and agony of mind, had given it such a wretched, care-worn expression, that it was painful to look upon her. During our first interviews she remained in such a state of hopeless, despairing sorrow, that all words seemed cast away upon her; no motive which I could urge had power to arrest her thoughts, or draw them from her own wretchedness. The Bible was often in her hand, and I found its sacred words had been familiar to her childhood, but in the vanities of a careless youth it was cast aside, and its life-giving truths now rose up only to condemn.

"I traced the workings of her mind with intense interest. The fear of death, a violent, ignominious

death, sometimes rose up in frightful array before her, and seemed almost to paralyse her faculties. But far deeper than this lay a feeling of deep shame and self-reproach, an agonizing consciousness of lost purity and innocence, a fearful dread of that holy Being whom she had forgotten and offended. I read to her from that blessed volume which can pour heavenly light into the darkest cell, and the still darker recesses of an erring human soul. I prayed beside her with that earnestness and importunity which faith in God and in humanity inspires, and like the patriarch of old, wrestled with the angel of supplication till a blessing was obtained.

"The heart of the poor girl responded to the voice of Christian sympathy; out of the depths of humiliation she cast a heaven-ward glance, and the discordant elements which had marred her better nature were resolved in the clear, searching light of truth. I could not doubt that a sincere, humble penitence, had taken root in her heart, and with trembling hope I watched the dawn of a regenerated, spiritual life. If any thing could have increased the interest I felt in this unfortunate girl, it was the narration of her own simple story, which she told me with many tears, and with a truthfulness and sincerity which no art could have assumed. The principal facts had been elicited at her trial; all the external life had then been bared to the public gaze, but the inner life, with its struggles and temptations, could be known to herself and God alone. Her relation was often interrupted by her own emotions and my questionings; but I will give you the substance of it in my own words as briefly as possible.

"Her father, she said, died in her infancy; he was a poor man and left nothing but his good name, but her mother had youth and industrious habits, and in the country place where they lived found it easy to provide for herself and her only child. Poor Mary shed tears when she spoke of her mother's devoted love, the care she took of her in childhood, and the good instructions she endeavored to impress upon her mind. She was sent regularly to the district school till she reached her twelfth year, when her mother fell ill, and in a few months died of a lingering decline. Mary was then left destitute and alone; there was but one person in the world on whom she had any claim. This was a younger sister of her mother, now her only relative, but she was at service, and had nothing but kind words to give her orphan niece. Aunt Ellen, however, came and took her away, the good people with whom she lived offering to give the child a home till she

could find another place. It was in the inn of a country town, and Ellen had lived there rather as a companion than a servant for nearly two years. Mary soon became a favorite in the family; she was quick, active and obliging, and rendered herself too useful to be regarded as a burthen.

"In the course of a few weeks Mary was transported to a new scene. A gentleman of Philadelphia with his family stopped at the inn, as they were travelling through that part of the country, and the lady being indisposed they were detained there several days. It was Mary's office to wait upon the strangers, and her cheerful, modest manner, pleased them so much, that they desired to take her home with them to fill the place of child's maid in the nursery. Mary, who was naturally of a gay, volatile disposition, was delighted with the idea, and at once expressed her willingness to go. Aunt Ellen viewed the matter more seriously; she loved her little niece tenderly, and it was hard to part from her; but unwilling to keep her from so good a situation, she checked the sadness of her heart, and thus they parted.

"Two or three years passed away, and Mary still remained in the family of Mr. R. To outward appearance her worldly circumstances were improved, but what was the inward progress! The family were very kind to her, she said; but they were a fashionable family, engrossed by the world, and utterly regardless of all religious observances. The head nurse contrived to keep her pretty constantly employed, and generally threw off a good part of her own duties upon her; and as she was fond of books, one of her chief pleasures consisted in reading to the younger children, to amuse and keep them quiet. She was also required to dress smartly, and walk out with them every day; on Sunday afternoons in particular it was an invariable practice. Thus she was first led to disregard the sanctity of that day, and the habit of attending church, which she had till then sacredly observed, became gradually neglected, her conscience pleading in excuse that it was her duty to obey the wishes of those whom she served.

"The latent vanity of the poor girl was without doubt fostered on those occasions; for she was constantly receiving presents which enabled her to dress far more gaily than became her situation, and among the idle loungers of a city, her extreme prettiness could not fail to attract observation. Such a position is perilous to any young woman, not fortified by strong religious principles; and well would it be for those individuals

and for society, if their just claim to moral protection and unselfish counsel were more generally recognized, particularly by the mistress whom they serve, and who is, in a manner responsible for their well-being. She seems to have possessed a native refinement which always kept her from mingling in the revels, or forming intimacies with the common servants; and indeed her conversation and language shewed that she had been carefully trained in childhood, and afterwards made every means of improvement available. She was allowed access to books of all kinds, for her intelligence profited the children; she was devotedly attached to them, and at that place very happy in her service. But the Bible, her mother's only bequest, was less frequently opened as years passed on, and vain and worldly thoughts came to occupy her mind; and her eyes more seldom rested on the few lines of affectionate counsel which her mother's hand had penned, for they seemed to accuse her of unfaithfulness and folly. Often she made new resolutions of amendment, but the snares of frivolity overcame her better purpose.

"But a new leaf in the history of Mary's life was now turned. The family with whom she had lived four years in perfect harmony were about leaving Philadelphia, and intending to pass two or three years in travelling. The children had outgrown the nursery, and an accomplished governess was provided for them; so Mary's services were no longer required. The change was a great trial to her; but Mrs. R. kindly cared for her interest and comfort, and the warm recommendation of her late mistress procured her the situation of nursery governess in the family of Mrs. Conway, the widow of a wealthy merchant. This family was a perfect contrast to the one she had just left. Mrs. Conway was a haughty woman, proud of her wealth and the influence it gave her, severe, exacting,—and contracted in all her views. Every thing about the house wore an air of cold formality; no one seemed ever moved by a cordial spirit of good-will and loving-kindness.

"Mary entered on her duties with an earnest desire to fulfil them faithfully; but she met with no sympathy, and her best endeavors received barely a cold approval. Miss Harris, the eldest daughter by a first marriage, was remarkably plain, and from Mary's first entrance into the house she seemed to take a decided dislike to her. There were also two little girls of seven and eight, fretful, unamiable children, whom Mary could seldom please, and found it difficult to instruct. They had little regard for truth, and in

all cases of dissatisfaction constantly appealed to their mother, who always decided in their favor, without any enquiry into the merits of the case, and Mary thus found it impossible to exert any proper influence or authority over them. She became discouraged, distrustful of her own abilities, and at times indignant when she found her actions misconstrued, and all attempts to give satisfaction, unavailing. She was several times on the point of seeking another situation, but Mrs. Conway always threw obstacles in the way, and had evidently no desire to part with her. She was probably well satisfied on the whole, but her unamiable nature always took pleasure in finding fault with those whom a subordinate situation placed within her power, and though Mary had naturally a good temper, it was severely tried in her present situation, and her spirit rose up against repeated injustice and oppression.

"A year passed away, and an important change was about to take place in Mrs. Conway's family. Miss Harris, though peculiarly unattractive in mind and person, was mistress of a large fortune, and of course was not destitute of admirers. Among these she selected Mr. Ross, a fashionable young man, whose mercenary views were sufficiently obvious to the world in general, though he artfully veiled them from the object of his attention; and he prevailed on her to name an early day for their marriage. But the few weeks of preparation were disturbed by constant petty quarrels, for Miss Harris was morbidly sensitive to her own personal defects, and could not bear to hear him speak in praise of any other. Even Mary's humble station did not exempt her from this baleful envy; and as he had once ventured to speak in praise of her, and sometimes amused himself with the children in their play-room, the most unfounded jealousy took possession of her breast.

"One unfortunate evening Mrs. Conway and her daughter were visiting at a friend's house where Mr. Ross was expected to join them. Mary had just seen the children in bed, and was sitting at work in the little play room, happy in the relief of solitude, when she was surprised by his unexpected entrance. He carelessly inquired for Miss Harris and her mother, and being reminded of his engagement, protested he had forgotten it and must hurry after them. Still, however, he remained and endeavored to draw her into conversation, but she was silent and reserved, uncomfortable she scarce knew why, and at last rose to leave the room. At that moment steps were heard in the adjoining passage, then Miss Harris' voice rose in fretful tones, and directly she and her mother entered the room together.

"Mr. Ross rose in apparent confusion, and stammered forth some excuse for being found there; but his presence spoke volumes to her jealous mind, and his assurance that he had called in by mere accident, failed to avert the torrent of indignation which was poured upon them both. Mary waited in silence for the storm to pass over, believing she could vindicate herself from any suspicion of being accessory to his visit; but the anger of both mother and daughter was perfectly uncontrollable. Without doubt, they both at that moment, believed the meeting was concerted, and wounded pride and mortified vanity stifled every feeling of justice and decorum. Miss Harris, it appeared, was indisposed, and probably the absence of her lover annoyed her, and awakened some vague suspicion which induced her to return home at that early hour.

"The surprise and indignation which Mary felt, at the accusations heaped upon her, were perfectly natural, and for a long time she combatted them respectfully and with a sincere desire to make herself understood and believed. Perhaps she would have succeeded, for there is a power in simple truth which few can resist, and her tears also, flowing from deeply wounded sensibility, pleaded powerfully in her behalf. But Mr. Ross took up her defence strenuously, thus involving himself in her disgrace, and assuming the part of one injured by the suspicions levelled against her. Whatever were his motives, his interference only widened the breach; Miss Harris' words were stifled by a burst of hysteric tears, but Mrs. Conway, always passionate and vindictive, ordered Mary to quit the room, and prepare to leave the house instantly.

"'Oh, sir,' said the unhappy girl, at this part of her sad narrative, if she had spoken to me but one word of Christian kindness, had she expressed a feeling of friendly interest, or even a hope that I was not deceiving her, my heart would have softened, and I should never have become the guilty thing you now behold me!

"But that word was never spoken; there was no sign of relenting, nor a glance of sympathy. Mary's heart rose in rebellion, and anger such as she had never felt before, burned within her. Without a word of remonstrance, she left the room, and prepared to obey the cruel order. She stopped not to reflect on her dependent and solitary condition, nor heeded the message of Mrs. Conway, who sent to tell her "she could remain till morning if she chose, but she had no occasion to speak with her again, as her wages should be sent to her room." Her heart was suddenly cold and stubborn; she hastily collected her things

together, and without a plan or purpose, descended to the street door. Among her few acquaintances in that wide city, she could think of only one who would be likely to receive her at that hour, or who would probably give credit to her story. This was the nurse who had lived with her at Mrs. R's; Mary had always found her a faithful friend, and often loved to run in and pass an hour in the neat room, where she had domesticated herself; for she had never entered service again, but earned a good livelihood by her needle, and occasionally nursing the sick.

"A servant boy called a cab, at Mary's request, which was waiting at the door, and giving directions to the driver, she entered it with a full heart, and drove from the house which had so long given her shelter. It was a long way she had to go, threading narrow streets to reach an obscure part of the city; and she had time to review the occurrences of the past hour, and to reflect on the change it had produced in her feelings and circumstances. Bitterly did she begin to realize that anger was a rash adviser, and that whatever were her provocations, it was her duty to bear them patiently, and wait for time to vindicate her innocence. Had she waited till morning, Mrs. Conway might perhaps have listened to reason, and they could at least have parted on friendly terms. Now she had made a bitter enemy, and with a cold shudder she reflected that her character was at stake, and that she had lost the opportunity of redeeming it.

"The cab stopped at Mrs. Morse's humble door, and the man deposited her trunk on the step, took his fare, and departed. She knocked at the door, —twice—thrice—and no movement was heard within, nor was there any light visible. Presently a window above was opened, and some one looked out and asked who was there, and what was wanted. In answer to Mary's inquiries, she was told that Mrs. Morse had left home that morning for the country—had gone to take care of a sick lady, and no one could tell when she would return. The window closed, and the house was again silent. Poor Mary's heart utterly failed her. Where could she turn her steps,—where seek a shelter! The evening was far advanced, and a sensation of fearful loneliness came over her, as she stood before the closed door and looked up and down the narrow street, so desolate in the pale moonlight, with not a living creature moving. Never before had she felt utterly alone—without a friendly shelter, or a human heart to care for her! She shrank from her own shadow which lay so motionless on the pavement, and the startling fear that some watchman in his rounds might

pass that way, and perhaps insist on placing her in a shelter with the vagrants of the night, prompted her to instant action. Her first impulse was to return to Mrs. Conway; but was it certain that she would be received there? and pride suggested the mortification of a refusal.

"These thoughts and hasty plans formed and rejected, passed rapidly through her mind, though the moments which they occupied, seemed like ages to her. But the rattling of the cab which brought her had scarcely died away in the distance, when another was heard approaching from the same direction. She vainly endeavored to screen herself as it came near, for she could observe a person looking out from it, and it became evident that her figure attracted his attention. It drew up to the place where she stood, and with a sensation of relief, she recognized Mr. Ross. He had followed her steps, without doubt for purposes of his own; but in her confused state of mind there seemed nothing remarkable in the occurrence.

"A few words explained her disappointment, and with perfect respect, he offered to conduct her to any place she would name. She mentioned Mrs. Conway, but he assured her it was vain to think of returning there; he well knew her determined temper, and was confident she would abide by the resolution she had expressed, never to receive her again. Mary was embarrassed and ashamed to confess her friendless situation. Mr. Ross was well aware of it, however; but he pleaded the untimely hour as a reason for not disturbing her friends, and mentioned the home of a respectable female, a seamstress, whom he often employed, and who was in the habit of sitting late at her needle. "He had rendered her some small services," he said, "and she would be glad to receive any one to oblige him."

"Poor Mary, with unsuspecting trust in his good faith, and having no other resource, in an evil hour, accepted his protection, and became an inmate of the house he recommended. It was a small house, comfortably furnished, and a middle-aged woman, constantly occupied, seemed the only occupant. Days passed away, and Mary still remained there; still unsuspecting of evil design, and observing nothing which could alarm her prudence, she earnestly desired to obtain another situation, and Mr. Ross promised to interest his female friends in finding one for her. But he always complained of disappointment, and with apparent reluctance gave her to understand that Mrs. Conway had misrepresented her character, and no lady would take her when the circumstances of her dismissal became known. She

went out sometimes herself to seek a place; but always found that reference to her late mistress was required, and this only involved her in fresh difficulty, and subjected her to unjust suspicion. Heavily this new misfortune fell upon her spirits, — the undeserved loss of reputation, her only worldly treasure. She at last gave up all idea of seeking other service, and resolved to return to her early home as soon as her aunt Ellen was married and settled at house-keeping, an event which was shortly expected to take place.

In the meantime Ross became more devoted in his attentions to her, and she felt grateful for what she regarded as his benevolent kindness. He professed to have broken entirely with the Conway's and assured her that Miss Harris had discarded him since that eventful night, when he had given such offence for her sake. He declared he had never loved her, but was foolishly attracted by her fortune; but that he now found that wealth was not happiness, and in making another choice he should consult his heart alone. In fine, without committing himself by any promise, he artfully ministered to Mary's vanity, and made her believe that she had won his affection, and that he was ready to marry her at any sacrifice.

"And thus, ere long, was repeated the sad tale, old at the world's history, of man's guile, and woman's abused credulity.

"A few weeks only passed away, when Ross became weary of the toy he had perhaps too lightly won, and by degrees his character was displayed in all its selfish and revolting baseness. With indignation she learned that his engagement to Miss Harris had never been broken off, that his self-interest had led him to dissemble, and thus heal the breach between them, and their marriage was to take place at the time first appointed. She awoke from the brief, deceitful dream of vanity and ambition, to a full consciousness of the sin and degradation which overwhelmed her. She looked back with loathing, and before her, all was hopeless and despairing. But fallen as she was, there remained a regenerating principle, a germ of her purer nature, which redeemed her from utter perversion. Firmly she struggled against despair, against temptation to further crime. She left the house into which she had been so artfully betrayed, and found shelter for a few days with Mrs. Morse, who knew only that she had left Mrs. Conway, and asked no farther questions. Her aunt Ellen had written directly after her marriage, entreating her to come and share their simple and happy home. The thought of returning to the scene of her childish innocence, was at first insupportably painful; but she so yearned for sym-

pathy and confidence, her heart was so burdened with its heavy secret, that she resolved to return to her earliest friend, to confess all her sin and sorrow, and ask her counsel and support. Well had it been for her, had she possessed the moral courage to carry her resolution into effect.

"It was on a cold autumnal day that Mary left the city which had been to her the scene of so much painful experience. Two days of journeying brought her to the pretty village of M. and on the sunny door steps of her own cheerful house, Ellen and her good husband came out to meet and welcome her. What a change to Mary was that happy, loving home, with its affectionate, kind-hearted inmates. But no change could bring back, at will, the glow of health to her cheek, or the peace of innocence to her heart. The loving, grateful spirit of Ellen, open as day in its purity and truthfulness, seemed ever a silent reproach to her; and while conscious that she was herself not what she seemed, and that she was loved for virtues which were but a semblance, she could not find courage to unveil her true character, and forfeit the affection now so warmly given. Every day the task of disclosure became more difficult, and the secret locked up in her own heart, corroded her life and embittered every thought. By degrees, however, she became less sensitive; the soothing influences of a calm and quiet life, brought returning health and cheerfulness, and it was not till many weeks had passed, and a new subject of interest awakened new emotions, that doubts again disturbed her, and the question was renewed which she had so long sought to leave unanswered.

"William Lee, a younger brother of Ellen's husband, was a frequent inmate of the house, and it was soon evident that he was becoming warmly attached to Mary. He was brought up on his father's farm; but with decided talent, and tastes which elevated him above his humble sphere, he had made a determined effort to obtain the object of his ambition, a good education, and was then ranked among the best scholars of a neighbouring college. He was high-principled and full of generous enthusiasm, and for the first time Mary felt the influence of a pure and disinterested attachment. Nothing could have given greater pleasure to Ellen and her husband than the engagement which soon followed; and for a few weeks Mary seemed to give herself up to the enjoyment of her new found happiness. Still there were times when her conscience lifted up its voice, and its rebukes were loud and fearful. A dark cloud seemed to hang over the future, and the thought that she was deceiving the confidence

of a generous heart, that if her own were open to him, he would despise and renounce her, weighed like an incubus upon her soul. Again her cheek became pale and her step languid, but the moral courage which should have prompted her to speak the truth at whatever cost, was still wanting. Alas! this defect was the source of all her misfortunes.

William, like many young men of his class, found it necessary to pass the long college vacations in teaching school, thus earning enough to meet the expenses of his own education. In a few weeks he was to leave for a distant part of the country where he had engaged to teach through the winter months. It was with an ominous feeling of depression that he looked forward to his first separation from Mary. But before he quitted home, her hour of retribution had arrived. For some time a vague fear had taken possession of her mind, gradually slapping itself into certainty, and at length she could no longer doubt the fearful truth, that the consequences of her past sin were visited upon her, and that before long she would become a mother. The desperation of her mind seemed to give her calmness; her secret was still guarded, but she resolved that when William left her she would write a full confession; she could not look at him and speak the humiliating word, but he should be no longer deceived. When the moment of parting came, her feelings were uncontrollable, and he carried with him a painful remembrance of the bitter sadness with which she accused herself of being unworthy his affection, and the solemn belief that they should never meet again.

The winter passed on, and Mary's failing health and dejected spirits greatly alarmed her friends, but no suspicion of the cause ever entered their minds. She could never summon resolution to open her heart to William; she endeavoured to write cheerfully, but his anxious love detected the struggle in her mind. The term of his school engagement at last closed, and he wrote that in another week he should leave for home. The intelligence reached Mary from his own hand, a letter full of hope and fond anticipation. When she read it a mortal paleness overspread her face, and with difficulty she reached her own apartment. A deadly sickness oppressed her; and with the instinct of maternity she knew that the moment of disclosure was near at hand. With a determined will, but a trembling hand, she sat down and wrote to William that long deferred confession of frailty and folly, which if sooner made would have unburthened her conscience of a heavy load, though it could not have restored

her forfeited happiness. She wrote also a few lines to Ellen, entreating her forgiveness, and bidding her a last farewell, in the firm persuasion that she should never behold the light of another day.

Ellen awoke early in the morning, and the first sound that met her ear, was the wailing of a new born infant. She rushed into Mary's room from whence it proceeded, and there was disclosed the fearful enigma of the poor girls' suffering and change. Alone in the silence of night, without any human aid or support, she had given her infant birth, and survived the dreadful crisis. The wildness of insanity was in her eye, and her hand was on the child which lay beside her; its little face was swollen and of a livid hue. Ellen's piercing cry brought all the household to the room: but it fell unheeded on Mary's ear; she had fallen into a deep swoon, and all efforts to revive her were for a long time unavailing. The unfortunate child was dead; that cry which startled Ellen, was probably its first and last. The evidence on the trial, went to prove that it was destroyed by the mother's hand, and the secrecy with which she had guarded her situation and the total neglect of all preparation for the expected little one was sufficient, in the opinion of the jury to criminate her as a premeditated murderess. But her own relation, to my mind, bears the mark of simple truth, and seems too natural to be doubted. The horror of her situation, she said, had almost frenzied her, and the voice of her child struck her as a strange unearthly sound; her senses reeled, she could recal an instinctive effort to grasp it, and the whole scene became void, lost in her insensibility. Probably its frail life was extinguished from the mere want of immediate care; if the unfortunate mother hastened its death, by her convulsive grasp, the act was involuntary, and in her state of mind she was not responsible. She shuddered at the bare idea, and declared that no suffering or shame could lead her to meditate such a deed, even had she believed it was possible to conceal it. She was so fully persuaded that she should not survive the birth of the child, and that it would perish with her, that the thought of making any preparation for it, scarcely occurred to her.

The dreadful intelligence reached William, as he was hastening home, full of happy anticipation; he turned from the scene which he had not resolution to meet, and has since been a wanderer on the face of the earth. Mary remained long trembling in the balance between life and death, and to Ellen, who watched her with kindest care, it seemed that death would be a merciful release.

As soon as she had sufficiently recovered she was committed for trial, and removed to the county jail in this place. The result of the trial you already know; the evidence was entirely circumstantial, as no positive proof could be adduced in such a case, and the sad belief rests heavy on many minds that this unfortunate girl has added another victim to the long list of those who have been unjustly condemned to death. Few criminal cases in this State have ever excited so wide an interest, and there was a humane effort made by many individuals to procure a pardon, but without effect.

"Mary met her fate with the firmness of a Christian martyr, and an elevation of spirit which raised her far above the humiliating circumstances which attended it. The last weeks of her life were rendered beautiful by her patient submission, cheerful gratitude, and truly Christian faith. Death had no terrors, and life no charms, remaining, yet would she have gladly accepted life with its penitence and trials so that she might use it in a truer spirit and with a higher purpose. Yesterday her last earthly wish was gratified; she received a long, kind letter from William, full of forgiveness and Christian consolation. From that moment every thought was given to heaven."

The conclusion of my friend's touching story, was followed by a long silence, and I left him to his own thoughts, while I took a solitary stroll in the little garden. We soon after met at the tea-table, and in the cheerful family group, our sad impressions were soon tinged with a more lively hue. The next morning I took leave of my kind friends, and proceeded on my homeward journey. We have never met since then, but I hear occasionally from Mr. Morley. He is still engaged in good works, and the pure philanthropy of his early life is ever constantly suggesting some amelioration for the sufferers of his fellow creatures.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

I was once travelling up the Ottawa River, in Lower Canada, on my way to see the picturesque Falls of the Rideau, when stopping at a place called Buckingham, I fell in with one of the most extraordinary characters that I have ever seen or read of.

It was a man, who was the very *beau ideal* of masculine beauty. He was about twenty-five years of age, six feet in height, and of proportions that would match the finest models of the antique. His hair of deep auburn, with a slight tendency to curl, more effectually set off the healthy and

delicate tint of features, which might almost be called feminine, in their exquisite expression of noble and generous sentiments. His dress, when I first saw him, was plain and unostentatious, but fitted with nice skill to his elegant form. His manners were easy and composed, and his *tout ensemble* carried that dignity, which, at first sight, commands respect.

This man was by profession an itinerant blacksmith! At six o'clock every morning, he placed himself at his forge to manufacture axes, and left off work punctually at three, after having done nearly double the ordinary day's work of other master workmen. I am told, that from six to six, he once, upon a wager, turned out with apparent ease, the work of three ordinary men.

When at work, with his throat and breast laid bare, and his shirt sleeves rolled up above the elbows, exhibiting the iron muscles of an herculean arm, with which he tossed, about the heavy hammer, as if it were a mere child's toy, he appeared the very perfection of manly grace and conscious superiority. After completing his day's work at three o'clock, and renewing the outward man, he was at leisure for social enjoyment, and appeared in dress and manners, what he was really in character, a GENTLEMAN.

Although not liberally educated, he had cultivated a taste for reading, and had considerable skill in music.

He pursued his profession as it were *en amateur*, without considering it at all derogatory to his respectability.

This man was an extraordinary instance of the natural dignity of human nature, and was a withering rebuke to all those who, in their perverted views of social rank, fancy that a man's profession or occupation constitute his title to respect.

"'Tis manners makes the man,
And want of them, the fellow."

If feelings like his could be more generally diffused among those who labor for subsistence, how much envy, uncharitableness and irritation, would be removed from social life, and how much might be gained for human happiness?

On mentioning the above to a friend, he told me that being once in Hamilton, U. C., he noticed a tall, gentlemanly man, pass along the street, whom he took to be an Englishman, and being struck by his appearance, enquired who it was, when, to his utter amazement, he was informed that it was a blacksmith, who worked in a neighboring shop!

This was no doubt the same AXE MAKER.

E. C.

SKETCHES OF BOSTON AUTHORS.

BY HENRY GILEN.

NO. I.

—
EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.
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*Essays and Reviews, 2 vols., N. Y., Appleton & Co.
1848.*

If any visitor to Boston will take the trouble to go into the Exchange News Room, let him look into a small office on the left hand, as he enters, and he will observe a head scarcely appearing above the door, bent down in study or composition. That head belongs to Edwin P. Whipple, the writer of the book named as the subject of this article—a head that has not many equals in the city where it thinks, or many superiors in the nation. Even physically, it is of imposing magnitude, of a massive form and breadth of brain, which might rest on the shoulders of a Liebnitz or a Luther. Large, and of deep expression; it is the capacious dome over a capacious heart, and filled, as it is, with speculations of noble thought, with visions and colorings of beauty, it is enriched and warmed with most manly and most generous affections.

A rare man is Mr. Whipple, in a rare position. There he sits in that office, surrounded by all the hard worldly passions that journalism can put into type, or that traffic can put into man, musing on high themes, and deciding great questions in the regions of pure thought, or in the realms of many-hued imagination; calling spirits from the vasty deep of intellect or fancy, settling what place they are to hold in the universe, and how they will stand related to duration, to immortality, or to oblivion. But, withal, there is no dreaminess in our musier, and no affectation of absence or abstraction. Ever alive to friendship, to courtesy, to duty, he can lay aside his ideas as he does his pen, to welcome a brother, to discuss politics or talk about the weather. Considering that his brain may have been kindled up with the splendid conceptions of Shelley, with a light almost as splendid as Shelley's own; or that his heart may have been panting with feelings aroused by the intense pages of Byron, we cannot easily conceive of more thorough self-command, more complete

mastery of manner and of mind. Looking at Mr. Whipple thus, in the midst of newspapers and merchants, and understanding in what things his faculties are generally engaged, we have no idea of a more remarkable union of the ideal and the actual, and we like this connection of the thinking with actuality. We are of those who honor men that keep their places in the world of practical realities, and feel that they are on earth for purposes besides writing, however brilliant the writing be. The greatest creators of literature were not *literary*; and what they left the world, and what the world has preserved, were products of a hearty and healthy manliness, trained by experience among their fellows—products of a nurture strengthened in the midst of human sympathies, characters and passions; strengthened in the midst of human beings as they are, in the struggles, the joys, the sorrows of existence, that agitate living brains, and pant in human hearts. Let idealists practise as they may, on the dignity of letters, we have always admired that burly simplicity, that modest grandeur in Scott, which could afford to hold the literary life as secondary to the actual, which left the writer within the covers of the *book*, which confined enchantment to the witchery of types, and never intruded the author, where only the man was wanted. Let those who have no full, hearty, actual life, be literary to their heart's abundant contentment; Anna Sewards, Hayleys, with their "Triumphs of Temper," and Herveys, with their prosings among the tombs. But, for our part, give us the ploughman that turns up the soil and whistles joyous carols on the morning air, and we shall leave stockings dyed in blue to any male or female legs that ache to wear them. We commend Mr. Whipple, then, for his connection with the actual world, with its business and its bustle; and we trust that it is a connection which he will continue to maintain. We trust also, that his connection with the actual world may as surely bring him fortune, as his connection with the ideal one will bring him fame.

We cannot say, "we are nothing if not critical," should we try to be critical, then, indeed, we should be nothing, and especially in the presence

of such criticism as is here before us. We can but utter feelings, and these essays have stirred feelings in us, that no periodical essays have stirred in us for many a long day. We used once, when we were young, to be charmed with aught that touched finely upon literature. A popular name in letters used to stir us like the sound of a trumpet. A passing allusion to a suggestive name, used to strike as flame from heaven on the graves of memory, and presently there arose in a gorgeous resurrection, armies of emotions and imaginings. But, lately, we had foregone our accustomed exercises. Lately, there was no spell in these things to move us. The realities of nature and of fact were gathering fast upon our brain, and time, with gnawing years, was putting his icy hand upon our heart. While heads were maddened about us, and hearts convulsed, and terrible sin and grim oppression trampled over prostrate and bleeding spirits, the most lustrous specimens of literary criticism began to appear to us as solemn trifling. We have sometimes asked ourselves, did Jeffrey ever see a wretched woman with a dying infant, while he was painting his needle-sentences? Did Hazlitt ever see a broken-down English peasant, going to weep out his last days in the workhouse, while he was groaning forth his petulant complaints? Did Macaulay ever see a stalwart man, willing to work, yet dying of hunger, while he was tinging the rarest rhetoric with hues from lightning or the rainbow, on the audacity of Clive, or the despotism of Hastings? But these fine volumes of Whipple, full of heart and full of head, have come with a breath of fervor, to redden the embers that had not only ceased to blaze, but even to sparkle. They have come with a glow of humanity, to make to the tired soul, literary men and literary history, as pleasant as the fullness of a harvest moon, as glowing as the gushing sunlight of a summer's dawn.

This book would be remarkable for any man; it is extraordinary for a young man. Were the quality vastly inferior to what it is, the quantity alone is a moral triumph. What industry, what thought, what perseverance, what temperance, what hope does it not evince! And all this has been done in silence, with no pragmatic prate of labor, with no complainings of fatigue, with no petulance of scholarly vanity, with no one duty of the common life neglected or overlooked. The very bulk of the work, we repeat, is a moral triumph. While some young men were idling with cigars; while many elderly men sipped and supped to indigestible repletion; while fashionable men dressed and danced, and took care of their moustaches, here was an energetic spirit

digging down for wealth of bright and burning thoughts, in the depths of his nature, and with the sweat of his brain. The beauty and the glow of those which he has brought into light, show how rich was the mine, and how profoundly it was worked. Look at the mere contents of these volumes; and they are matters for absolute wonder. You have Macaulay dissected behind his glare, and measured in the full compass of his knowledge. "The Poets of America" are judged in the several varieties of their style and genius. "Talfourd" has justice awarded to the intellectual sweetness and the moral music of his beautiful mind; "*Words*," in a most original article, are indeed proved to be "*things*." The terrific platitude of "James" is courageously and patiently traversed; its desolate barrenness is almost sublimely pictured, yet our essayist does not pass a heath-blossom unnoticed; and when he meets the simplest flower, like poor Mungo Park in the African wilderness, he is delighted by its rareness; he blesses God that an ocean of sand may be cheered by a daisy. The keen wit of Sydney Smith, in which every joke is an argument, and every argument a joke, meets the finished edge of analysis in wit almost as keen. With Webster, our essayist does seem to labor; yet some of his most splendid writing is in the article on that great man and great name. To criticise Webster is like climbing up a mountain, but Whipple is a hardly climber as well as a hardy diver. Such minds as that of Webster are not to be measured by a standard manually applied; they are to be gauged only by the shadows they project, which they project on the living affairs of present men, or on the plain of posterity. With the "Puritans," Mr. Whipple is at once just and solemn. He looks over them lovingly, with a charity which has effloresced out of the granite rocks of Puritanism itself, but which yet seems in strange contrast with the stern, the indomitable, the uncompromising one-sidedness of these same Puritans. To say the open truth, Mr. Whipple is better situated in judging the Puritans, than he would be if the Puritans were judging him. We should rather provoke the caustic scorching of one of his own reviews, than be in his place, with his opinions, before a council of these venerable fathers. In such a position we could only pray for mercy on his soul. It is not pleasant to be roasted, nor much better to be hanged; but Mr. Whipple evinces a boldness in this book of his, that might, in those days of saintly and stern conscience, have subjected the volumes and the man to the fate of martyrs—in one or both of the methods. Wordsworth is a delight to our author; Byron, an

excitement; Shelley, a glory and a joy; Coleridge, a problem; Southey, in poetry, evidently a bore; Moore, a mockery; Campbell, a minstrel; Tennyson, a rhyming Brahmin; Proctor, a fine *heart-singer*; Keats, a consumptive enthusiast; Elliot, a burly, brawny, fire-fed versifier; Miss Barrett, a sphynx; and "Festus" Bailey, a madman. With the old "English Dramatists" he can discourse of quaint and fresh imagination as to the manor born; and with surly South he talks with rare felicity on the wit of the pulpit, and the eloquent fury of enraged polemics. Scarcely half through the list, we are already tired of individual specification; so long, so various, so diverse is the range of topics and of names, of which the writer treats.

We have spoken of Mr. Whipple's fertility as an evidence of his moral power. But this evidence is as apparent in his character as in his capacity. That child-like simplicity which belongs to genius, he has in an eminent degree. Clear and determinate as is his intellect, his heart is warm with the blood of boyhood. Pointed and analytic as his style often is, face to face and hand to hand, he is the most gracious and cordial of companions. Like every man of noble nature, half his heart is womanly; and while his ideas are as lambent as sunbeams upon glaciers, his affections are as hot and fragrant as a field of clover in the summer noontide. When he puts himself on the tribunal of criticism, in the living life of our imperfect world, he is most ample of appreciation and ample of affection. Needing no pardon for himself, much in others he can praise, and much also he can pardon. He is not one that walks in a cloak of darkness, but he goes abroad in the honest and the open light, in the fullness of charity and the quiet consciousness of power. No man can be larger in the bounty of generous praise, no man can be more embracing in the wideness of a catholic appreciation. He has attained an eminence which provokes no envy, and exercises an influence which wins admiration, without moving antagonism. It is rarely that a man excels, without stirring the disposition in his cotemporaries to censure; and of all kinds of success, that in criticism is the most perilous to friend-ship; but to those young men who have kept company with Mr. Whipple along the path of business and of life, he is a brother of their pleasures, and their pride.

The moral-qualities thus evinced in this calm and wonderful industry are still more apparent in the spirit of the productions themselves. No quality of genius fails to meet discernment; but no force of genius blinds the author with delusion. The glittering ribaldries of Moore are scorched with the honest heat of a manly indignation;

while the misanthropy of Byron is now smashed in the tempest of invective, or despised with the laugh of ridicule. Merits exceedingly opposite are sincerely appreciated, and no real merit is lost to the eye or to the pulse of the critic. Sects, creeds, parties, gather no mists to dim his sight, and no frosts to chill his heart. With an imagination as free as that maiden who walked in the pride of her purity, he rambles among authors; and with an intellectual all-sagaciousness, he can describe their several peculiarities. There is a truthfulness which is judicial—an honesty which is stoic in his searchings and his opinions; and though often led away by ardor or exaggeration, you always feel that the critic is not deceived by sophistry nor made vehement by passion, but rather that he is consumed by some idea which has grown into his soul as an affection and a life.

The wide range and variety of power displayed in these essays we should like exceedingly to examine. We would desire to seek the centre of a nature so finely gifted. We would take pleasure in tracing it outward from the fountain of its power, and point to the sources which lavished over the land of creative criticism streams and rivers so abundant in fertility. But this we cannot do with any satisfaction or sufficiency within the limits of a magazine article. At random, we would say that Mr. Whipple had, in a high degree, the power of analysis. To this we would add a marvellous compass of sympathy, conjoined to knowledge, to culture, and to an imagination that subserved all their purposes, and was ready for all their demands. Suppose a case:—Fancy that the spirits of departed great ones thronged around you, and asked you your opinion of them at the bar of immortality! Suppose Johnson said, What think you of me? and Burke, What of me? and Goldsmith, What of me? Suppose Lambé enquiring with his pathetic pen, Where do you place me? and Coleridge, with empyrean talk, Where do you place me? and Burns, with his throbbing temples, What place is mine? and Shelley, with his pale and princely face, said, What of me? and Scott, with his universe about him, and Shakspeare with his, said, What of us? To all such questions our essayist gives reply, and with a most learned and a most earnest spirit.

Seldom have we seen so thorough and so diversified a literary culture, as appears in these remarkable articles. Exactness and enthusiasm we have never before discerned so melted into one another. The finest sagacity of intellect is united with irrepressible impulses of passion; and the hues of a broad autumn-light are at times diffused over speculations as acute as the anatomy

of insects. The indomitable indignation of a lover of liberty is found in connection with a tolerance which cannot damn the worst of kings—and in the midst of whirlwind storms in vindication of private judgment, there are tones for religious authority, which seem to peal like the sweet and solemn organ through the long, dim aisles of olden churches. We should like for our own pleasure to linger with our readers amid the beauty and the power of these pages. We should like to freshen our thought and fancy upon the spiritual exuberance which they afford for both. But pleasure cannot be prolix in the paragraphs of a review. These volumes cannot but make their own way to the hearts and minds of the American people—ay, and of the English too. All who can read with the slightest intelligence will find in their understanding of no less power than fidelity—a memory of enormous grasp, yet of surprising exactitude,—an imagination opulent and choice—which gyrates through earth and heaven and ocean—which never complains and never whines; but which at the same time does not seem to have passed through those waves and waters of deep affliction, that steep the soul in pathos—that give it knowledge of awful sorrows—that does not seem to have passed through the tortures of those who have obtained peace only by agony, or by age, who have trod alone the wine-press of troubles, that have no utterance and that have no name.

The diction of Mr. Whipple is muscular and athletic. It answers to the thought, and is true to the feeling. The sentences are not measured; they are not short or long by any rule, but, just as the moods of mind are quick or far drawn out, so come forth the rapid or the slow strains of his language. Mr. Whipple takes no model, but follows the prompting impulses of his own mind. Sometimes the tones are of broad and choral compass, and sometimes they are of soft and Lydian measure. But, in whatever key or on whatever note, they never fail of music. Diction is a thing inseparable from the very thought, and it is thus not merely in fact but in conception. Thought and diction are as indivisible as the heat and flame; and both combine into the spirit-light of language. Mr. Whipple's diction thus corresponds with his mind; sometimes it is transparent, sometimes it is many coloured, but never is it obscure. Now it is as the rich blushes of the rising sun, luxuriating on flower-covered hills; then it is as the clear blue of noon, when intense beams are softened behind the azure clouds. At one time it is like the silvered moon; at another, it is as the forked lightning, flashing death upon

humbugs, or passing with rapid and luminous streaks across the dark horizon of intellectual difficulties or literary problems.

We might and could mention faults in his style, but the faults are so lost in fascination that we have no power to dwell on them. We do not always agree with his critical judgments or with the reasoning which leads him to them, but we never cease to feel the power and the purity of his full and informing spirit. It is a great thing to have such a spirit near by, and a blessed thing to feel it. If we could dare to particularize the articles which have pleased us most, without giving the "why" or the "wherefore," we should say that on "Wordsworth," that on "Byron," that on "English Critics," that on "Coleridge" as a Philosophical Critic, that on "British Critics," and that on "Prescott's Histories."

Mr. Whipple has great sympathy with genius, and with genius in every form. There seems to be no sphere of literary genius which he has not contemplated, and to which he cannot do justice. We would, however, venture to say, that want of years or want of opportunities have kept him from looking at external nature in its primal simplicity and life. The vital and informing power is in him, and in him richly, which can give the stones a meaning, and the clouds a voice, but as yet he has taken "the compound clay" called man, too much in its concrete shape, and has not sufficiently gathered the whisperings of the air that surround him in mysteries. But still he has developed a rich combination of faculties, which causes us to wonder and admire; an intellect piercing, penetrative, discursive, condensing, comprehending and comprehensive; a perception of excellence multifarious and intense; a discernment of beauty which nothing can betray and nothing can deceive; a consciousness of right and wrong, so pure, so determined, and so direct, that not the most passionate admiration can beguile or blind it; a sensibility so gentle that no indignation, no sarcasm, no satire, can crush down the voice of a holy and human pity.

From no collection of Essays with which we are acquainted could a greater number of brilliant and beautiful passages be extracted; but we have been so charmed along by our general subject, that our quotations must be fewer than we would otherwise desire. How thoroughly the writer understands the history and nature of his art the following will show:

"It is impossible to cast even a careless glance over the literature of the last thirty years, without perceiving the prominent station occupied by

critics, reviewers and essayists. Criticism, in the old days of Monthly Reviews and Gentlemen's Magazines, was quite an humble occupation, and was chiefly monopolized by the "barren rascals" of letters, who scribbled, sinned and starved in attics and cellars; but it has since been almost exalted into a creative art, and numbers among its professors some of the most accomplished writers of the age. Dennis, Rhymers, Winstanley, Theophilus Cibber, Griffiths, and other "eminent hands," as well as the nameless contributors to defunct periodicals and deceased pamphlets, have departed, body and soul, and left not a wreck behind; and their places have been supplied by such men as Coleridge, Carlyle, Macaulay, Lamb, Hazlitt, Jeffrey, Wilson, Gifford, Mackintosh, Sydney Smith, Hallam, Campbell, Talford and Brougham. Indeed, every celebrated writer of the present century, without, it is believed a solitary exception, has dabbled or excelled in criticism. It has been the road to fame and profit, and has commanded both applause and guineas, when the unfortunate objects of it have been blessed with neither. Many of the strongest minds of the age will leave no other record behind them, than critical essays and popular speeches. To those who have made criticism a business, it has led to success in other professions. The *Edinburgh Review*, which took the lead in the establishment of the new order of things, was projected in a lofty attic by two briefless barristers and a titheless parson; the former are now lords, and the latter is a snug prebendary, rejoicing in the reputation of being the divinest wit and wittiest divine of the age. That celebrated journal made reviewing more respectable than authorship. It was started at a time when the degeneracy of literature demanded a radical reform, and a sharp vein of criticism. Its contributors were men who possessed talents and information, and so far held a slight advantage over most of those they reviewed, who did not happen to possess either. Grub Street Quarterly quaked to its foundation, as the Northern comet shot its portentous glare into the dark alleys where bathos and puerility buzzed and hived. The citizens of Brussels, on the night previous to Waterloo, were hardly more terror-struck than the vast array of fated authors who, every three months, waited the appearance of the baleful luminary, and, starting at every sound which betokened its arrival,

"Whispered with white lips, the foe; it comes! it comes!"

Here again is a noble passage on a noble theme; but, indeed, the whole article on Mr. Webster is most masterly:

"The power of Mr. Webster's mind is seen to greatest advantage when employed on questions relating to universal truths in morals, in government and in religion. He then displays a grandeur and elevation of thought, a confidence in the permanence of principle, a freedom from the technicalities of the lawyer and politician, and a ponderous might of expression, which convey a stranger impression of the essential greatness of the man, than his most celebrated triumphs over personal adversaries, and his most overpowering declamation in debate. In these examples, there is a union of calmness and energy, a grave,

severe, determined, almost oracular enunciation of lofty truths, and a trust in the eventual triumph of the eternal principles of justice and equity, before which all the subtle speculation of the sophist, and all the philosophy of the worldling, appear tame and debasing. This grandeur of moral tone, accompanying the most daring exercise of the understanding, and giving to abstractions a power to thrill the blood and kindle the noblest affections—this soaring of the soul above the common maxims which regulate existence, and bringing down wisdom from on high to shame authority into acquiescence, is the more remarkable as coming from a practical statesman, whose life for thirty years has been passed in the turmoil of politics. That a man exposed to such influences should preserve a steady faith in ideas and principles, should rise continually above the question and policy of the hour, should accustom his intellect to the contemplation of eternal truths, must appear as an anomaly to a large majority of politicians. Perhaps, if they would reflect more deeply on the matter, they would discover, that even in political life, more real confidence is reposed in a man of this stability and grasp of intellect, and force of moral principle, than in the cunning trimmer, who shifts his ground with every change of national feeling, who relies for favor on giving a brilliant echo to every shout of the multitude, and keeps faith with nothing but his selfish interest or his ravenous vanity."

The Puritans have often been ridiculed, and as often eulogized: but eulogy on them has never put forth a finer or more solemn strain than this:

"The exercise of private judgment on matters of religion, if it sometimes produces superstition, more often overthrows error. It is that intellectual action among a people, which gives vitality to their worship and creeds. It prevents faith from degenerating into a ceremony, and transfers belief from the lips to the soul. It is almost the only limit to the besotted bigotry, or the smooth indifference, which so often accompanies unquestioned religious dogmas. It is always most active when the established form of religion is most tyrannical or most debased. And it is the school in which true manliness and true godliness of character are nurtured. The faith that has grown up in a man's soul, which he has adopted from his own investigations or his own inward experience, is the faith that sustains men in temptations and in the blaze of the fires of martyrdom. In faith like this, we perceive the heroic element in the character of the Puritans. It is this which endows their history with so many of those consecrations usually considered to belong exclusively to poetry and romance. To a person who sees, through the mere shows of things, the annals of the Puritans are replete with the materials of the heroic. There is no aspect of human nature more sublime, than the spectacle of men daring death, and things worse than death, under the influence of inspiration from on high. Their actions, thus springing from religious principle, and connected by a mysterious link with the invisible realities of another world, impress us with a deeper veneration than we can award to the most tremendous struggles for terrestrial ob-

jects. That is no common heroism, which fears nothing but God's justice, which braves everything for God's favor. That is no common heroism which breasts the flood of popular hatred, which bares its forehead to the thunders of dominant hierarchies, which scorns alike the delusions of worldly pomp and the commands of worldly governments, which is insensible to the jeer of the scoffer and the curse of the bigot, which smites at wickedness girded round with power, which is strong in endurance as well as in action, which marches to battle chanting hymns of devotional rapture, and which looks with an unclouded eye to heaven amid the maddening tortures of the rack. Men who have thus conquered the fear of death, the love of ease, the temptations of the world, who have subdued all the softer passions and all the sensual appetites to the control of one inflexible moral purpose, who have acted through life under the sense that there is a power on earth more authoritative than the decisions of councils, and mightier than kings, are not the men whom worldlings can safely venture to deride, or for whom placid theologians can afford to profess contempt."

With one illustration of our author's vehement manner, we close our extracts. The following passage, from the paper on "The Romance of Rascality," has the heated force of Juvenal:

"The great compensation for all the evil which this kind of literature produces, is found in the fact that it is cheap. The cheapness must be acknowledged. By the progress of science and improvement, the most economical or miserly of beings is enabled to gratify his taste for mental degradation, and his *penchant* for moral ruin, at the extremely low price of ninetence.—Who will not commit suicide when poison is cheap?—What keeps people from blowing out their brains, but the high price of pistols? Formerly, it seems, self-destruction was a luxury to be enjoyed only by the rich, but now it is placed within the means of the humblest. Formerly, blasphemy was held at high rates, and few could indulge in scoffing but the purchaser of Voltaire and D'Holbach; now this elegant recreation of pride can be bought for a penny. That great doctrine of equality, for which certain old gentleman in '76 perilled their honor, lives and fortunes, has, it seems, been imperfectly understood until the present favored age. They fought for an equality in evil as well as good. They poured out their blood, that the people might have perdition and death at low prices. They fought against monopolies in stupidity, blasphemy, immorality, and damnation. Their most resounding declamation thundered against the enormity of allowing the rich precedence in catching at the delectable baits of sin, and not giving the poor man an opportunity of having Satan's hook fast fixed in his own bleeding gills. They wished to elevate the laboring classes, but it was by allowing them a fair competition with the lazy classes, in the great object of getting hanged. The force of this argument for cheap wretchedness and ruin, will depend much on the natural disposition of those to whom it is addressed. Some men, doubtless, have a theory of human life, in which happiness is synonymous with lowness, and a journey on the

road to ruin is considered a performance of the whole duty of man. On such a road it is important to have cheap fares, in order to increase the travel."

THE BROKEN HEART.

MR. CLARE and Mr. Clifford were wealthy farmers, residing near the pleasant town of E—. It was a sweet, romantic spot; a small brook divided the two estates, and its gentle murmur soothed the mind into that state of calm repose, which the inhabitants of a city sigh for in vain. The dwelling of Mr. Clare formed a picturesque appearance, with its profusion of roses and woodbine, trained by the hand of taste, to twine around the lattice. A small grove of trees in front, where the sweet wild flowers grew in rich luxuriance, and the feathered songster breathed his notes of joy and love, cast an air of rural loveliness over the beautiful scene.

They had but one child, a lovely daughter, and on her they lavished all their store of fond affection; in her was centred their every hope, their every joy. And from the period of her sunny childhood, it had been their dearest wish to see her united to Oscar Clifford, the only son of their wealthy neighbour. They gazed with parental pride on the opening beauty of the young Viola, as she bounded through the meadows in quest of the blooming wild flowers, or roved with Oscar by the warbling brook; they listened to her gay, ringing laugh, and fancied care would never touch a heart that beat so lightly.

Alas! they little thought that even then the cloud of sorrow was gathering over that young head, that her sweet young dream of happiness was soon to be broken.

Oscar, the companion of her happy childhood, the sharer of every joy her heart had known, the soother of her slight afflictions, was about to leave his father's home for months, perhaps for years, a wanderer on the world's wide waste.

The evening before his departure, he walked over to Mr. Clare's, to bid farewell to his youth's companion, the young Viola. It was a lovely evening in the glorious month of June; the sun was fast sinking in the western horizon, and its last departing rays rested on a small arbour, where this young confiding couple had seated themselves, to enjoy undisturbed the last evening they might spend together. Oscar's dark eyes were bent in pensive tenderness upon the face of Viola. She raised her eyes, and meeting that deep earnest gaze, she approached him, brushed back the hair from his brow, and in a sweet voice,

lattice. No! her thoughts dwelt not on the beauties of that moonlight scene; her aching eye was fixed on her favourite arbour, and memory had wafted her back to the time when she sat with Oscar in that same arbour, and breathed her first young vow of love. Hour after hour she sat buried in a deep and painful reverie, until wearied nature at last gave way, and she sank into a gentle slumber. She awoke in a burning fever, and in the madness of delirium, first revealed the secret of her long cherished love. She spoke of the inward struggle that had torn her heart; her midnight tears, and called wildly on Oscar to give her back the priceless treasure of a free and happy heart, and restore to her parents their idolized, their only child. All that the distracted parents could do, was done to save her, but in vain. The most skilful hand could not bind up the broken heart, and in one short week from the night of her last meeting with Oscar, her grief-stricken parents followed her remains to the tomb.

Thus perished the once happy and lovely Viola, the victim of a broken heart.

THE SILVER BELL.

BY MRS. HALL, OF PROVIDENCE, U. S.

AN excellent lady lay on her death-bed. Her limbs were benumbed, her voice feeble, and her head heavy, but her warm heart still throbbled with a tender concern for the good of others. There was a young person in whom she was especially interested, because she had been the intimate friend of her own departed daughter; and a parent never forgets to love those whom a dead child has loved. Besides this, the youthful Emily was beloved for her own sake. She was artless and gentle; the lady looked upon her fair face, remembered that it would be difficult for one so young, rich, and beautiful, to escape the power of worldliness in some of its many forms, and prayed for her, as none but the dying, perhaps, can pray.

When she felt that her separation from the body was really approaching, this Christian friend sent for Emily, and said a few kind words of farewell, which melted her into tears. And then she bestowed upon her a parting gift. It was a morocco case, containing, not jewels for the neck and arms, but a little silver bell of the sweetest tone. There was a spring to be touched, and then it sent forth a low, but exquisite sound, dying away in melodious vibrations, that seemed to ask an echo from the heart-strings. At the same time, a silver hand, upon a sort of watch-face beneath the bell, moved forward one division.

There were three hundred and sixty-five divisions.

"Emily," said the departing friend, "I give you no farewell advice, and make but one dying request. Each night before you sleep, give at least five minutes to quiet reflection; then touch this spring, and then, when all is again still, *pray* as your heart may move you. Touch the bell at no other time save in this interval between your evening meditation and your evening prayer. One year from to-night, observe if the hand has traversed the whole circle."

"Dear friend," exclaimed Emily, "I have never since my childhood omitted nightly prayer, and do you think I am in danger of it?"

"God knows your dangers better than I; but I perceive that your interest will soon be drawn powerfully towards the outward, and I would have a link between it and the inward. For one of your temperament, it may be good to have some visible token of spiritual progress; and I know that if you are true to the meaning of my request, and comply with it faithfully, your soul must make some advance in one year."

The friends parted. The faded face of the one was covered from the sight of man; the blooming countenance of the other soon went smiling again along life's daily path. But she forgot not the silver bell, and each night, in the stillness of her solitary chamber, her face covered with her hands, she sat a short season in deep thought, questioning herself of the day that had just passed to return no more, of her own character, her hopes, her dependence on God and her Saviour. Then, with a deep feeling of solemnity, she opened the morocco case, touched the spring, and listened to the sudden voice which sprang forth in response, so sweet that it hardly disturbed the tranquillity of night, into which it soon died away. Then was her soul attuned for prayer, and she felt as if that melodious call had brought a sainted spirit to join in her act of devotion.

Night after night, week after week, passed on. Winter came. Emily went to her first ball. It was very late when she returned, for the moments had flown, she knew not how. She was excited, and yet tired. She took off her sparkling jewels dreamily, for her thoughts were where she had been for hours, and they would not come with her to the dull, lonely chamber. She threw her delicate, snow-white dress upon a chair, slowly inhaled the expiring perfume of her bouquet, wrapped a shawl about her, and yet lingered before she sat down to meditate. It was very, very hard to call back her soul from the splendidly lighted ball-room. In vain she covered her eyes with her

hands. The absent faces and forms of the human creatures, who had been flitting before her eyes, were more real to her than those pure existences whose presence she was wont to feel beside her at this solemn season.

But the girl's conscience was yet pure and strong, and she persevered in the mental struggle till she conquered, till she felt that she could pray with a heart wholly given to the desire of holiness. Then she touched the silver bell, and though strains of a lighter character still rung gayly on her ear, they were hushed instantly, they were overpowered, when that voice of liquid melody came forth. Emily thought it had a cadence of sadness she had never before observed. Was it only contrast with the exhilarating music of the ball-room band?

And now Emily had entered on a new life, the brilliant *débutante* of the season. Her friends congratulated her, because it was the gayest winter, so called, which had been known for some years. The fashionable world seemed wild with the love of pleasure, and excitement in some form was sought and found night after night. And Emily, too, pursued it, and oftentimes thought herself very happy. She loved music, dancing, the theatre, witty conversation, the graceful perorations of *tableaux vivans*, with all their charming planning and bustle of preparation; and on she went, admiring and admired, through a succession of gay visions and triumphs.

And each night found her enduring a severe struggle in the solitude of her own apartment, when she came in with her weary step, and strove to shut the door upon the world.

For a time conscience held her back with a strong hand from the morocco case, till she was sure that she could in solemn sincerity call upon her Father in heaven, and offer him an undivided mind. But, O, it grew so much more difficult! At last, despairingly, she would waken the silver voice, trusting that the thought she could not control would obey that blessed summons. Then the words of prayer would pass through her mind—not rise up from her heart—and with vague, comfortless dissatisfaction she would lay her head upon her pillow, with no consciousness that the blessings of holy ones unseen were falling upon her. And then the enemy would return, as if triumphant over her feeble attempt to baffle his wiles, and lost in idle reveries of vanity and folly, she would sink to sleep.

So it was with her, till even this battle with temptation was more than her failing resolution and enfeebled virtue could sustain. She might not always wear a chaplet without thorns. The gay

life has its vexations as well as the busy one. Sometimes she stood before her mirror with dimmed eyes, and a brow of perplexity; but whether dejected or exulting, she felt that the sources of her emotions were not such as she could call upon her Maker to behold with his holy eyes, or visit with his tender sympathy. At moments, the utter frivolity of her life presented itself to her with such fearfulness, that she almost hoped she was overlooked in God's creation. But this was usually on Sabbath nights, and fewer became such awakenings as the year rolled on.

When nine months had elapsed, she had several times omitted to touch the silver bell. Each time she had pleaded to herself that she was too much exhausted! With what! Too much exhausted with dissipation to think of God, to remember her Saviour!

At last, she even forgot it.

* * * * *

The year had almost expired, when God in his mercy sent upon Emily a sudden and dreadful illness. The cholera messenger came to her. He did not "take her out of the world," but came to "keep her from the evil that was in it."

She recovered. And the first night in which she again found herself in her sleeping-room alone, was the anniversary of that, upon which she had received from a dying Christian friend the long-neglected silver bell.

Again she sat down, with her hands clasped over her face, to meditate, and prepare her mind for solemn communion with God. She felt as if she had almost seen him!

There was no struggle with gay images and worldly thoughts now. She looked upon the circle around which the silver hand should have travelled, and felt the lesson and the reproach with the deepest compunction. It declared that she had been estranged from her Father in heaven, that the love of Christ had not been in her, that she had forgotten the pious dead, and had given her strength and her affections to the world.

Tears of penitence gushed over her cheeks as the unwonted music again broke upon her ear, and it never sounded so sweet. That night the spared trifer vowed a vow with her prayers. Youthful reader, what, think you, was her vow?

If you had found by bitter experience that you had not sufficient strength of character to resist dangerous influences, would you think it wise or right to expose yourself to them voluntarily?

It is one thing to cry out against the theatre and the ball-room. It is another to ask you soberly to examine yourself as to the effect of the recreations, no matter what they may be, in which you indulge, the effect on your soul, your religious habits, the individual spiritual life. If the sound of the silver bell, leading you from calm meditation to true prayer, might not be heard each night in your chamber, what would doom it to silence!

That, whatever it be, is wrong for you.

CORO.

Bellini.

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

Più Vivo.

Dolce.

Piano.

> A piacere. Tempo Pia.

The first system consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a common time signature. It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, some with accents (>) and a dynamic marking of *mf*. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, some with accents (>) and a dynamic marking of *mf*. There are some rests and a small 'x' mark above the final measure of the bass staff.

The second system consists of two staves. The treble staff has a treble clef, two sharps, and common time. It features a series of eighth notes with accents (>) and a dynamic marking of *mf*. There are 'x' marks above some notes. The bass staff has a bass clef, two sharps, and common time. It features a series of eighth notes with accents (>) and a dynamic marking of *mf*. There are 'x' marks above some notes. The word *Cres.* is written below the treble staff. The instruction *8va.....* is written above the final measure of the treble staff.

The third system consists of two staves. The treble staff has a treble clef, two sharps, and common time. It features a series of eighth notes with accents (>) and a dynamic marking of *mf*. The word *For.* is written below the first measure. The bass staff has a bass clef, two sharps, and common time. It features a series of eighth notes with accents (>) and a dynamic marking of *mf*.

The fourth system consists of two staves. The treble staff has a treble clef, two sharps, and common time. It features a series of eighth notes with accents (>) and a dynamic marking of *mf*. The bass staff has a bass clef, two sharps, and common time. It features a series of eighth notes with accents (>) and a dynamic marking of *mf*. There is a 'v' marking above the first measure of the bass staff.

The fifth system consists of two staves. The treble staff has a treble clef, two sharps, and common time. It features a series of eighth notes with accents (>) and a dynamic marking of *mf*. The bass staff has a bass clef, two sharps, and common time. It features a series of eighth notes with accents (>) and a dynamic marking of *mf*. There is a 'v' marking above the first measure of the bass staff. The word *Bis.* is written below the final measure.

First system of musical notation, consisting of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The music features a melodic line in the treble and a supporting bass line in the bass.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece with the same grand staff and key signature as the first system.

Third system of musical notation, featuring a *Dis.* (Dissoluto) section. The notation includes a fermata over the final note of the treble staff. Below the bass staff, there are eight '8' time signature markings, indicating eighth notes.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a *8va* (ottava) section. The treble staff contains a series of sixteenth-note chords, with the *8va* marking indicating they are to be played an octave higher. Below the bass staff, there are ten '8' time signature markings, indicating eighth notes.

OUR TABLE.

LYRICS; BY W. C. BENNETT AND R. W. EMERSON.

It is refreshing in this rhyming age to meet with a pure poetic gem like the following stanzas to the Skylark, written by W. C. Bennett, an English poet whose works have never been given to the public. A small manuscript volume only has been sent to a friend on this side of the Atlantic; from that, the stanzas named above, found their way into the pages of a Miscellany, from whence we extract them.

We have read them ourselves again and again with delight, for they breathe to our ear the very soul of music, uttered in words as simple and glowing as are the notes of the lovely songster they immortalize. The cadence, the language, the measure, are so exquisitely adapted to the subject, that, borne away by the verse, we seem to hear the rapturous strain of the bird itself, as with quivering wing it wheels upward through the golden air, to greet the bright-haired sun with its gushes of entrancing melody. Complete and refreshing is the picture—the gradual dawning of day—the dewy earth—the “bright-belled flowers,”—the songster’s swift upsoaring from its nest of love, with its sudden outburst of rapturous melody, all charm with the truth of reality, in these beautiful stanzas. They are a vivid and graphic painting of the objects they describe, and bring to us all the delicious freshness and beauty of a summer dawn in the green embowered lanes of the country.

But our readers shall judge for themselves of the “thoughts that breathe and words that burn,” which have kindled in us such enthusiastic pleasure:

TO THE SKYLARK.

Quiverer of the golden air,—
Nestled in a golden earth,—
Mate of hours when thrushes pair,
Hedges green, and blooms have birth,—
Up, thou very shout of joy;
Gladness wert thou made to fling
O'er all moods of earth's annoy,—
Up through morning, soar and sing.

Shade by shade hath gloom decreased,
Westward stars and night have gone,
Up, and up the crimsoning east
Slowly mounts the golden dawn;
Up,—thy radiant life was given
Rapture o'er earth to fling;
Morning hushes, hushed in heaven,
Dumb to hear thee soaring sing.

Up,—thy utterance silence robs
Of the extacies of earth,
Dowering sound with all the throbs
Of its madness, of its mirth;
Tranced lies its golden prime,
Dumb with utter joy; O, fling
Listening air, the raptured time,
Quivering gladness, soar and sing!

Up,—no white star hath the west,—
All is morning,—all is day;—
Earth in trembling light is blest,—
Heaven is sunshine,—up, away;
Up,—the primrose lights the lane,—
Up,—the boughs with gladness ring;
Bent are bright-belled flowers again,
Drooped with bees,—O, soar and sing!

Ah, at last thou beat'st the sun,
Leaving low thy nest of love;
Higher,—higher, quivering one,
Shrill'st thou up and up above;
Wheel on wheel the white day through,
Might I thus with ceaseless wing,
Steep on steep of airy blue
Fling me up and soar and sing!

Spurner of the earth's annoy,
Might I thus in heaven be lost!—
Like to thee in gusty joy,
O, might I be tempest-tost!—
O, that the melodious rain
Of thy rapture I might fling
Down, till earth should swoon from pain,—
Joy,—to hear me soaring sing!

Yet, high wisdom by thee taught,
Were thy mighty rapture mine,
While the highest heaven I sought,
Nought of earth would I resign;
Lost in circling light above,
Still my love to earth should fling
All its raptures;—still to love
Caring but to soar and sing!

The lyric of Mr. Emerson, a well-known American writer, bears the same characteristic marks of a genial and nature-loving soul as those which distinguish the verses of Mr. Bennett. It is an address to the “Humble Bee,” and forms a worthy accompaniment to the “Skylark.” It has the same graphic touches of life and nature, and the same felicitous adaptation of language and rhyme to the subject, as those which render that so truthful and beautiful.

Like Mr. Bennett, he too is a close observer, and an intense admirer of nature. Thus, he somewhere in his own choice language expresses his love for her: “Give me health and a day,

and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.
The dawn is my Assyria, the sunset and moon-
rise my Paphos, and unimaginable realm of faerie."
The bird, the insect, flowers, the grass, the con-
stellations of heaven, the forests and hills, are his
familiar friends; portions of his own being it
would seem, with which he holds daily and
spiritual converse, and extracts wisdom from
their every phase.

The lines "To the Humble-Bee" transport us to
the cool depths of a wood, where in the heat of a
sultry noon, we have often watched the "zig-zag"
flight of this golden wanderer—now plunging
deep into the heart of a purple thistle, and now
hanging sated with sweets on the tall spike of the
golden-rod, or perchance, sailing thence

"With his mellow breezy bass,"

sounding in our ears, in a flight as irregular as is
the metre of these charming verses. In confir-
mation of our remarks we present them to our
readers:

TO THE HUMBLE-BEE.

Fine humble-bee! fine humble-bee!
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats, through seas to seek,—
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zig-zag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines,
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Flower bells,
Honeyed cells;—
These the tents
Which he frequents.

Insect lover of the sun
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and moon,
Epicurean of June,
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within ear-shot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze,
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats
Turns the sod to violets,—

Thou in summer solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot mid-summer's patted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone,
Telling of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers,
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found,
Of Sardinian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen
But violets, and bilberry bells,
Maple sap and daffodils,
Clover, catch-fly, adder's tongue
And briar-roses dwelt among,
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breech'd philosopher,
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,—
Thou already slumberest deep,
Wo and want thou canst out-sleep;
Want and wo which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

In conclusion, we have but to say of the short
poems given above, that brief as they are, they
evinced poetic genius of as high order as is ex-
hibited by many more elaborate productions,
and will perhaps fulfil a mission far more impor-
tant; for there are hundreds of hearts that would
not be stirred by the stately march of an epic,
which the sweet and graceful simplicity of these
minor lyrics will refresh and gladden with the
joy of renovated youth. "Such poems," to use
the words of an elegant writer of the present
day, "are indeed like the natural wild flowers of
a country, which rise from no exotic seed, but are
the growth of the spontaneous production of the
soil. They spring up along the way-side of
human life. Rooted in the human heart, the air
and sunshine of every day call them into bloom."

We wish to say one word in favor of the "Snow
Drop," the unpretending little Magazine for chil-
dren, which its Editors are endeavoring to render,
in all respects, useful and interesting to them. It
will now appear in an enlarged size, and embel-
lished with wood-cuts, which will give it new
attractions, and, we trust, attain for it a more
extended patronage. Parents who are desirous
to cultivate a love of reading in their children,
should not refuse to sustain the efforts of those
who are earnestly desirous to promote this object,
and are willing cheerfully to labor for it.