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A LEGEND OF THE APENNINES.

BY E. L. C.

Continued from our last Number.

"AND so I escaped suspicion; but, fearing that something might hereafter awaken it, I left Naples, and, repairing to Vienna, I entered into the service of the Emperor, who was then waging war with half the kingdoms of Christendom. It boots not to tell thee line by line, the history of the next few years. I had won renown and wealth—but the one was squandered in wild excesses; the other tarnished by acts which it would revolt thee to hear recounted. My career was a swift and fiery one; it might, too, have been glorious, but for the domination of those fearful passions which nature had implanted in my soul, and which had grown into giant strength since I quitted the household of the Duke du Conti. There was no kind hand stretched forth to check them; and the ever maddening thought that I, guiltless of the stain upon my birth, should yet, for a crime of which I was the helpless victim, forfeit a noble name, and station, and estates—and more than all, be forced to endure the coldness and the scorn of the only being on earth with whom I could claim kindred—this—this wrought within me to poison every virtuous purpose and resolve—quicken my jealous pride, rendering more fervid the angry and revengeful passions of my nature, and dragging me ever down from heights I had attained, to grovel at their base, and drown a sense of shame and wrong in the delirium of words, and deeds, and outbursts of passion, that woke a hell around and within me.

"Yet let him thank himself for what I am. I will tell him one day what I owe him—one day, when the time comes to cancel the deep and heavy debt that is his due. But let me hasten with my tale, for that which is to follow most concerns thyself. As I have said, my career was a varied one—alternating with glory and infamy—crime—and some few touches of a nature not yet wholly subdued to baseness. How it might have terminated, I know not, but darkly, I fear, when a circumstance occurred, which at once changed the tenor, not the color of my life. Heated by wine, I one day uttered words of insult touching the honour of a noble lady, whose brother, unknown to myself, sat at the same board with me. Fired with indignation, his first

impulse was to strike me to the earth, but I arose; only in time to lay him prostrate at my feet.

"Those around interfered to prevent the strife; but in the violence of his passion, he taunted me with my base birth, and loaded me with opprobrious epithets. I would have apologized for my offence, and forgiven his assault, but I could not overlook the abuse he lavished upon me, and drawing my sword I made a desperate thrust at his breast; he parried it skilfully, and the next instant I felt his weapon enter my side—the blood gushed forth, my head grew dizzy, and I fell senseless to the earth.

"I had received a terrible wound, and for many weeks I lay powerless upon a bed of pain—pain, however, less of the body than the mind; for, during that interval, the dreary and guilty past was unveiled to my view; and as I retraced its dark and fearful passages, the demon of remorse entered my soul, and filled it with agony beyond the power of words to speak. I recalled the home where my childhood was nurtured, and the gentle voice of her, who had been to me as a mother, seemed again to fall in blessedness upon my soul. An earnest desire to return to it once more, possessed me—only once, to ask her forgiveness, whose affection I had outraged, and then go forth into the world, a chastened and a better being. With returning health the wish grew stronger within me, and I waited only till I could bear the exertion, to set forth upon the journey.

"Five years had passed away, and brought me no tidings from Poli; the last remembrancer which I received came in the shape of a letter from the gentle Duchess, to which I had never replied. It breathed the tenderest affection, and blended expressions of pride, sorrow, and regret, for all that she had heard of good and of debasing in my course, with earnest entreaty, with tender counsel, with kind warning, and such reproof as her woman's heart only could bestow. During my illness, I had deeply accused myself for leaving without grateful acknowledgment, this proof of her unfailing love; and when, upon arriving at Rome, I learned that she, my only friend and benefactress, had died a twelve-

month since, this letter seemed to me like the last testimony of her dying interest and affection: and remorse and grief, such as I had never known before, almost subdued my reason.

"Why, now, should I visit that dwelling which she had gladdened with her presence, and which her death had left desolate and dreary? There was no one left in its stately halls to give me the greeting of a kindly welcome, for the Duke, I knew, reciprocated my feelings of deepest hate, and the young Viola had ever been to me an object of dislike. Her innocent childhood had failed to win me, for I viewed in her the cause which brought blight to many of my fondest hopes, and I had ever repelled her with a harshness, from which, in her childish timidity she shrunk with fear.

"As I had carried away with me no pleasant remembrance of her, I thought of meeting her again with repugnance; but a desire, natural I believe to every heart, to re-visit the haunts of my happy childhood, and weep upon the grave of my benefactress, decided me: and once again, after so long and eventful an absence, I found myself approaching the lordly palace of the Duke, which, to my excited imagination, seemed in its dark and solitary grandeur, to frown at my return. I had left it an unformed youth, full of ardent hopes and aspirations, yet writhing beneath a feeling of wounded pride, of injured right, which I longed for power to avenge. I returned to it in manhood, weary and heart-worn, unsatisfied with all I had attained, humiliated by all I had become—my better feelings wasted, and the baser triumphing over all of noble that was inherent in my soul. And for the sin and the evil that had darkened my life, I cast the blame, whether justly or not, at the door of the haughty relative, who, by his cruel coldness, had made me feel the bitter degradation of my birth, with an oppressive sense that would have crushed me to the dust, but for the proud spirit that rose in rebellion against it.

"The Duke received me with more courtesy than I had anticipated, but without a shadow of warmth; and I, in return, evinced a self-possession and marble coldness, equal to his own. He seemed, however, startled by the change in my person, and I saw him turn one agitated glance towards a portrait of my father that hung in the apartment. I was, in fact, its living counterpart, and I gloried in shewing him that, if my father's blood mingled in my veins with that from an impurer source, it yet betrayed in outward form, no touch of my degeneracy; for, amid the long line of portraits that graced his princely gallery, there could not one be found, that bore more deeply stamped on every lineament the impress of nobility. Time had dealt kindly by him since we parted,—leaving the tall and stately form erect, and the proud step firm, but indurating the stern features, and deepening the lines of

haughty passion, on the bald and lofty brow. He spoke of my career, and expressed satisfaction at all that had brightened it, and although its darkest points had not been revealed to him, he had heard enough to draw down upon me his displeasure and rebuke.

"We were still in earnest colloquy, when a door, opening upon the terrace, was flung back, and with the voice of song upon her lips, and rose buds wreathed in her hair, and clustering upon her bosom, the young Viola bounded in, and cast herself with fond abandonment upon her father's breast. He whispered in her ear, as tenderly he returned her caress, when, blushing, she withdrew from his arms, and turned towards me with an air of mingled timidity and aversion.

"Gulio, dost thou remember thy young play-fellow—or in the years of thy absence, hath she grown beyond thy knowledge?" said the Duke.

"I sprang to her side, for, as if by some miraculous power, the very sight of her beauty had wrought an instant change in every feeling of my soul. With a trembling hand I clasped her small fingers, and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth in the powerless agony with which I strove to address her. Could she be the same—the same being whom I had remembered only as the usurper of my privileges, and looked forward to beholding again without an emotion of joy? I was not prepared to meet the change that had come over her—to see the pale and shrinking child, whom I had quitted with indifference, blossomed into the most glowing and exquisite womanhood, that fancy ever pictured.

"But it is useless to discourse to thee, who hast felt it, of her peerless beauty. I, too, bowed before its might, yielding myself resistlessly to the passion she inspired, compared with which, all that had before agitated and swayed my soul, were but as the passing thunder burst, to the fearful crash of the earthquake that rends the mountains, and shakes the solid globe to its centre. I had purposed only a brief sojourn at the palace; but, day after day passed on, and still I lingered there, unable to depart. The Duke seemed not disturbed at my presence; on the contrary, my striking resemblance, both in manner and appearance, to my father, were often the subject of his pleasurable remark and emotion, and as my feelings towards his daughter were carefully veiled from his observation, he evinced a desire to regard me as one returned after long wanderings, to his home. There was, too, one bond of sympathy between us, in the discourse we held concerning his lamented lady, and this seemed to draw me nearer to him, and place me on my former footing in the household.

"Thus time sped on, and while to outward eyes I wore a look of calm and quiet happiness, volcanic

as I loved, I strove in vain to wake an answering sentiment in the breast of Viola. Cautious and gentle as I was in my approaches, forcing my nature to appear so, she ever shrunk from me with fear, as she was wont to do in childhood, and I was frenzied to perceive, that the impressions, which in those early days, I had written on her soul, were far too deeply graven to be easily effaced. Yet each day I grew more earnest, and less guarded in my suit, till at last, no longer able to control the agony of my soul, I cast myself at her feet, and with passionate utterance, poured forth all its burning love.

"Trembling and pale, she fled from me, and days passed without my again beholding her. Like a maniac, I wandered among her favourite haunts. I loitered in the corridor, hovering around the door of her apartment, watching to behold her, but in vain. They told me she was ill, but I credited not the tale, and losing all self-control, I rushed into the presence of the Duke, and, regardless of consequences, boldly declared my passion, and demanded his sanction and support. He frowned darkly while I spoke, and listened with a haughty coldness, that stung me to the soul. Still he heard me without surprise, for the last few days had revealed to all, the secret which I had before so cautiously guarded; but he affected to believe my intellect disordered, and fearful, doubtless, of driving me to desperation, sought to evade a direct reply to my petition. But I peremptorily demanded it, when, chafed by my imperious manner, he calmly reproved my presumption, and told me that the Lady Viola was plighted to the Prince di Urbino, and that the nuptials were to be solemnized on the day when she attained her sixteenth year.

"I raved at this intelligence—I upbraided him for his former harshness to me—for his injustice towards one, in whose veins flowed the blood of his own race, and accused him of conniving, to debar me from gaining the affections of his daughter, or from attaining that station in the world, to which my father's rank entitled me. He heard my reproaches with indignant scorn, and set before me the baseness of my conduct, in repaying his boundless favours with such deep ingratitude. A foreign officer had been at the palace on the preceding day, from whom he had heard the history of some dark transactions at Vienna, in which I had played a conspicuous part. He repeated to me what he had learned, and I laughed mockingly at the detail,—and when he sternly rebuked my bold depravity, I cast upon him the blame of all my sins—on him, who, without a cause, and without the safeguard of a monitor or a friend, had turned me, in unformed boyhood, guideless upon a wide and wicked world, to become, without aid, the architect of my own character and fortunes.

He was greatly angered at my words, and heaped upon me language I could not endure, commanding

me forthwith to leave his presence, and never more to enter it. But, irritated to madness, I openly defied him, and swore, in despite of him, to win the hand of his daughter; and, thus as I stood bearding him in his own halls, his rage became uncontrollable; and, no doubt, fearing to trust himself longer in my presence, he rose and abruptly left the apartment. I knew well what would ensue, and waited not to be thrust from his door, but with curses on my lips and in my heart, I rushed from the palace, and plunged into the deepest solitude I could find, to brood over my wrongs, and mature some plan for future action.

"I had spies, who brought me daily reports from the palace, where all, apparently, went on as usual, till eight or ten days had elapsed, when I heard that a new guest was an inmate there, who, from the description of his person and retinue, I had no doubt was the betrothed lover of the Lady Viola. Subsequent rumours confirmed my suspicion—preparations, it was even said, were going on for the marriage, and when this was told me I forgot all caution—every consideration of personal safety, vanished before the agonizing dread of losing her for ever, and, resolved to see and judge for myself, I issued from my retreat, and avoiding the palace, entered the gardens by a private and unfrequented gate, that opened by a spring whose secret was familiar to me.

"It was near the hour when the Lady Viola was wont to loiter among its cool walks, and impatiently I counted the minutes till she should appear. I heard gay voices at a distance, and her silvery laugh mingling among them, fell upon my ear, and awakened wild tumults in my soul. Jealousy and rage convulsed it, each instant becoming more deadly and intense, fed by the dark and fearful thoughts that crowded fast upon me. I traversed the intricacies of the garden with impatient step, grinding my teeth and tearing out my hair, with maniac frenzy, when, in this moment of terrible excitement, low voices sounding near me, checked my step, and I paused behind a group of lime-trees, to observe who were approaching.

"The tones became more audible as I listened, and in a moment the folds of a white robe floated in sight—another, and Viola passed before me leaning on the arm of a noble looking stranger. It was the Prince di Urbino, her affianced lover; and when I marked the bright glow which flushed her cheek, as bending down, he poured his love tale in her ear, the fierce passion raging within me leaped forth like the forked and angry lightning from its dark portentous cloud, and, clutching a dagger from my breast, I sprung from my concealment, and stood erect before them.

"Wretch!" I said, addressing the astonished prince; "wretch! she, whom thou art seeking to win, is mine! yield her, or die!"

At the terrible sound of my voice, Viola uttered a faint shriek, and springing from her lover's side, fell senseless to the earth.

"See what thou hast done!" he said, reproachfully. "Begone, madman—begone! or thou wilt tempt me to slay thee!"

As he spoke, he drew his sword, and parried the fierce thrust which I made at him, but I pressed madly on, and, furious that he acted only on the defensive, I plunged my weapon deep into his breast, and with a groan he fell bleeding at my feet. Leaping across his prostrate body, I raised the lifeless Viola in my arms, and fled with her from the spot. But the sound of the mêlée, remote and secluded as was the place of its occurrence, had reached the ears of a solitary gardener, who lost no time in giving the alarm; and before I had sped far with my dearly won prize, voices were ringing wildly in pursuit—steps were close upon mine, and impeded as was my progress by the weight of her I sustained, by the rough paths and the tangled shrubbery, I began to feel that escape was hopeless.

"Yet still I faltered not; more than human strength and power seemed mine, and I was in the act of passing the last barrier of the Duke's estate, when my arms were suddenly seized by two of the foremost of my pursuers, who came noiselessly behind me, and wresting from my embrace the fair form I carried on my breast, they cast fetters around my limbs, and stripping me of every offensive weapon which I bore about my person, they forced me back with them to the palace, and cast me into one of its deepest and most loathsome dungeons.

"There I lay, cursing my fate, and pondering on my future doom, while days, ay, weeks crept on, and no ray of heaven's light, no sound of human speech, save the harsh brief tones of my surly keeper, ever gladdened or relieved my frightful solitude. I will not pause to tell thee the fearful workings of my soul, while I lay buried in that infernal prison-house—its desperate resolves, should freedom ever more be mine—the dark schemes of vengeance I matured, the hate, the rage, the bitterness, that in my lone and powerless captivity, awoke a living hell within my tortured breast.

"Often I scanned, by the feeble ray of my lamp, the dark walls that enclosed me, guiding my hand over their rough surfaces, in the vain hope of discovering some secret outlet from my horrid tomb. Not a crevice, not a loop-hole, was discernible, and one day, after my fruitless scrutiny, I sank down in the sullenness of utter despair on the damp floor, longing for some instrument with which to cut the thread of my existence, when the grating of the rusty key in the lock of my door, roused me to look up, in expectation of beholding the rugged and harsh features of my keeper. In his stead, however, a boy, a very imp of Satan, as he looked, entered with the coarse fare that was granted to

prolong, in wretchedness, the burden of my existence. Illness had seized my usual attendant, and to his son had been deputed for the present, the task of ministering to my necessities.

He wore the seal of early wickedness upon his brow, but he had youth; and if its lovely attributes of pity and of kindness were departed, I still hoped he might not be impregnable to bribery, and drawing from my finger, a costly ring, I offered to make it his, if he would aid me to escape. He hesitated, more from fear than probity, however; for the sparkle of the diamond proved decisive, and at midnight I was free. Dreading to meet the consequences of his treachery, by remaining, the boy fled with me, following my guidance, as I threaded the mazes of a subterranean passage, which I revealed to him, and which, in early youth, it had been my delight to explore.

"In the midst of these wild mountains, which have ever since been my home, we separated—he, with his treasure, to seek some distant mart, where he could advantageously dispose of it; and I, to find safety, as I best might, till pursuit was over, in the silent dens, and dark defiles, whose echoes, the foot of man never awakened with its tread. The boy afterwards came back, conveying me tidings that the Prince di Urbino after long suffering, had died, of the wound I gave him, and he is now one of the firmest, and most trusty of my band.

"It matters not to dwell upon this period of my history—lonely and outcast as I was, I grew enamoured of my forest life. Its wild freedom charmed me; I was unshackled by the conventional forms of society, and amenable to no tribunal for deed or thought. Strange projects fitted through my brain, which I longed for opportunity to carry into action. Circumstances soon favoured my wish. In my mountain wanderings I fell in with a broken band of freebooters, who, having lost their chief, were divided and dispersed, unable to unite in the choice of a leader, and at enmity among themselves. I collected, and made them friends, and gained for myself their confidence, at the same time that, by the mastery of a higher mind, I awed them into submission and obedience. They both feared and loved me, for I surpassed them in skill, in judgment, in generosity, and possessed a courage that quailed not, in the most desperate enterprises.

"In short, I became their chief. I found a fierce joy in the many perils, and wild excitements of my new life; and now I stand girt with a power as arbitrary as that of the most despotic monarch, a power at which monarchs tremble—for we awe them by our deeds, carrying our depredations to the very gates of their capitals; levying contributions on the treasures of nobles, that drain them of their riches, and blanching many a proud cheek with menaces, which fail not, through secret

emissaries, to reach their startled ears. We have numerous strong-holds among the mountains; this, called the Wolf's Keep, is only one of them, and our band is divided into many branches, each formidable in its single strength, but united, terrible beyond belief: and as well might the Pope essay to rout yon glittering host from the heavens, as to exterminate by his arms, or awe into submission by his thunders, the fierce brigands of the Apennines, with Gulio Lorenzani at their head.

"Think'st thou, that in my desperate career, love has ceased to live within my breast? I tell thee, no!—but it is so blended with revenge and hate, that each is by turns, a triumphant and absorbing passion. I long to call the proud Viola mine; but I burn as ardently, to avenge the scorn, the hatred, which, when she fled from my impassioned suit, were written on every lineament of her angelic face. Ay, I could sigh away my life upon her lips, could stoop to kiss the dust that bore the impress of her foot, and yet—yet!"—and terribly his form dilated as he muttered between his closed teeth; "yet, even while she smiled upon my breast, I could strike this blade into her heart, and die content!

"Still, as I have told thee, there are moments, nay, hours, when the remembrance of all I have lost, the purity of soul which I have sullied, the high resolves which I have suffered the whirlwind of fiery passion to destroy, come over me like the desolating blast of the simoon, and bend me in weakness to the earth. It was in one of these moods, caused by long physical derangement, that the wish sprung up within me, to behold again the Lady Viola. It was like a haunting spell, and each hour more strongly possessed me, till one day, under the disguise of a lowly pilgrim, I obtained an entrance to the lordly palace of the Du Conti, and was welcomed by the Duke with kind and reverential courtesy.

"He dreamed not that, beneath the calm sanctity of my exterior, throbbled that fiery heart, upon which he had cast so many words of scorn; nor did'st thou, young man, as I sat with thee that night at the festive board, deem me other than I seemed; but I scanned thee closely, and I saw through thy disguise, although thou could'st not penetrate mine—I read, too, its motive; for when a messenger came from the Lady Viola, praying her father to forgive her absence, thy face was like an unclosed book, revealing to the gazer's eye, the secret thought which, but now, was shut closely up within its folds.

"I, too, was vexed that she appeared not, but I had learned better than thou, the art of self-disguise, and resolving not, when I had so far ventured, to be baffled in my purpose, I had recourse to another artifice, in order to accomplish it. I pretended that I was bound by a vow which obliged me to pass the hours from midnight till dawn, in fervent devotion, beneath the open vault of heaven; and I

begged permission to remain on the balcony which looked toward the east, from whence my weary eyes might catch the first beam of the rising day. It was a simple boon to crave, and freely granted; and thither, when the evening meal was ended, I repaired.

"I knew that the apartments of the Lady Viola, opened from thence, and that it was her wont, in former days, to come forth in the still hush of night, and gaze from it upon the glories of the outspread heavens. And so I watched and waited, in the painful and unaccustomed posture of lowly prayer, for her coming, and I waited not long in vain. I heard her light step approaching—her sigh floated past me on the soft breeze; the flutter of her robe stirred the air around me, and yet I moved not—my very heart seemed pulseless in that moment of deep emotion, and the low music of her voice thrilled through it, before it again bounded with life and passion in my breast.

"She cast herself on her knees near me, and her lips uttered a low and touching prayer, before I ventured to raise my eyes, although conscious of her presence. She ended her petition, and seeing my attention turned towards her,

"'Pardon,' she said, in gentle and entreating accents; 'pardon me, that with earthly thoughts I come to break in upon thy holy communion with heaven. But I heard of thy presence this night, and that thou had'st journeyed from afar, bound on a distant pilgrimage to the tomb of our Redeemer, and I would pray thee to remember in thy orisons before that sacred shrine, one, who died by the hand of violence—and me, the unhappy cause of his untimely fate.'

"Sobs choked her utterance, and, jealous even of the tears that flowed for the dead, I could scarcely restrain my speech to a calmness, that I felt not—and yet I coolly said:

"Be comforted, lady; if thou wert innocent of the sin in 'thought, as well as in deed, thou art already forgiven. But, for the wretched murderer,—hast thou no mercy to ask of heaven, for him?"

"'Ah, yes, and for that too, I seek thee,' she replied, placing in my hand a purse heavy with gold; 'take this, and let its contents purchase masses in the holy city, for the penitence and salvation of the miserable being, whose crime has exiled him from the fellowship of men, and provoked the dreadful anathema of the church upon his head.'

"'Lady, thy wish shall be obeyed,' I said. 'But keep thy gold—it would but burden me in my pilgrimage; and grant me, I pray thee, the name of the unhappy outcast, for whom thy compassion is awakened.'

"She drew nearer to me, and how passionately I struggled to forbear clasping her to my breast, and how wildly throbbled my heart, as, turning her lustrous eyes on mine, she softly said:

“Alas! in my young childhood he dwelt with me as a brother. My father loved him not; but, for my mother’s sake, who cherished him even as her own, was he dear to me; and heavy, heavy is the burden, which his sins cast upon my soul.”

“Perchance, he loved thee, lady, and thy disdain urged him to commit the deed which sunk him to perdition,” I said, with strange cruelty, seeking to torture still more the heart I adored. “Alas! then, if this be so—alas, for thee! Ere thy soul shall be purified from this stain, long and grievous must be its penance, bitter the tears that shall avail to cleanse it, earnest the prayers, that shall win from heaven its pardon!”

“And prayers and penance, vigil and tears, are mine,” she said, in broken tones; “and could they cancel the sin, and with it, the memory of that deed—that hour, I would endure them gladly, ay, with joy!”

“She leaned her pale cheek upon her hand, and tears, which glittered in the bright moon-beams fell fast from her eyes. Willing to probe her yet more deeply:

“This is the sorrow of love, lady, and not of remorse,” I said. “Thou mournest for the poor outcast, and could’st thou recall him, would’st bind thy heart with his, if by so doing thou could’st win him back to virtue.”

“Never shall I forget the shudder that convulsed her frame, as shrinking from me, she vehemently exclaimed:

“What then, dost thou take me for, if thou think’st I would clasp that hand, reeking with the blood of innocence, or link my fate with one, whose soul crouches in slavery to the blind dominion of the darkest and most fearful passions!”

“It was with difficulty I could command myself, and my voice was hoarse with passion, as I said:

“Then thou did’st love his rival, lady—speak! was it not so? For his loss thou art in heaviness; not for the misery, in this world, and another, of one, whom thy disdain has destroyed.”

“No, no, she said, recoiling from my fierce and searching scrutiny. “He was my father’s choice, yet I know not if I ever could have loved him. But there was kindness and gentleness in his bearing, and it was terrible, with the smile upon his lip, and sun-bright hopes glittering in his path, to see him smitten from the earth. He, too, the heir of all that it bestows of gladness, the hope of fond hearts, the possessor of a proud and princely name.”

“I trembled with jealous rage as she spoke—I could not bear that she should lavish tender compassion and regret upon the victim of my revengeful hate. It was like casting oil upon a burning pyre, and with my love, mingled a yet deeper desire to avenge upon her all she had made me suffer.

“The time may come,” I said, in a tone tremu-

lous with excessive passion; “the time may come, lady, when less of harshness shall blend with thy thoughts of the outcast, who, for thy love, hath forfeited the hopes that brightened his manhood. He is of thy race, as thou knowest, and I warn thee, with a voice of prophecy, that even yet, despite thy coldness and thy scorn, thou and he, the sole descendants of the proud Du Contis, may and ought, to link your destinies in one; and so it shall be, widely as at this moment fate casts them asunder.”

“God forbid it!” she gasped; and startled into fearful suspicion by my words and manner, she trembled in every limb, yet stood, gazing with eyes of terror on my face. I shrunk not from her scrutiny, but stretching forth my arms, “Viola!” I passionately ejaculated, and would have clasped her in a fond embrace; but she bounded wildly from me; I felt her in my power, and pursued. She heard my steps, and overcome with terror, fainted and fell prostrate. It was a moment of triumph. There were steps leading from the end of the balcony, to the garden below, from whence escape would be easy to me, who knew all its labyrinths and secret points of egress. The breathless silence of night’s deep and starry noon, reigned around me; no eye saw me, and why should I let go the golden opportunity to gratify my vengeance and my love, by bearing away the prize which with such scorn, had been denied me. The thought conceived, I flew to execute it, and bending down, was in the act of raising her in her arms, when, from behind a projecting buttress, a figure sprang towards me, and—but thou knowest what befell at that encounter, and what guerdon, yet unpaid, I owe thee for thy words of menace and of scorn, and for the threatened blow, which, though it fell not, save upon my spirit, will be long remembered, and with the gratitude it merits.

“Nor even then, would I have left my purpose unfulfilled, for my hand is too well trained, to enforce eternal silence, if need be, to have shrunk at that moment from inflicting on thee, the penalty of thy officiousness. But I saw a light glancing in a distant wing of the palace, and I feared, before I could effect my object and bear away my prize, there would come other intruders, to constrain the freedom of my will, as well as of my person. So, for that time, I left thee to thy poor triumph; imposing on thy weak credulity, with a tale of the lady’s false alarm, when carried away by holy zeal, I chid a trivial fault of which she had spoken, with harsh severity; and I even prayed thee, for the sake of Christian love and charity, to suffer my departure unmolested.

“Intoxicated by the bliss of cradling that dainty form upon thy breast, thou wert gulled by the seeming truth and meekness of my words, and bade me depart. I left thee, with humble words upon my lips, but bitter imprecations in my heart, and passed

out through the passages, by which I had been conducted to the balcony. In one of them hung a portrait of the Lady Viola, and when I came opposite to it, the moonlight, through a distant window, was shining full upon it, revealing the lovely picture, perfect in resemblance, yet strangely bright in contrast to the pale and lifeless form which I had just quitted.

"As I beheld it, a thought occurred to me—a thought, of leaving behind me some memento of my brief visit, which should reveal to the shrinking inmates of the lordly palace, who had been their guest; and, although the act which I purposed, endangered my personal safety, I paused not for fear or caution, but with my dagger, relentlessly cut the canvass from its frame, on the gilded surface of which, with the sharp point of the weapon, I wrote the name of *Giulio Lorenzani du Conti*. Concealing the pilfered treasure beneath the ample folds of my pilgrim's cloak, I then hastened from the spot, and rousing the sleeping porter, who craved my blessing as I passed, I quitted the palace, and soon left far behind me the foes and dangers I had defied.

"And now thou art acquainted with all my history, and thou mayst extract from it such moral as thou canst," said the bandit, with a sardonic laugh, as he closed the detail of reckless crime and passion, to which Annibal had been a reluctant and tortured listener.

"But one more revelation I have yet to make," he added; "and if it aids me in the desire to inflict pain on one, whom I know to be my favoured and successful rival, thou canst not marvel, knowing me as thou now dost, that I forbear to withhold it. I have told thee, *Count de Castro*—Ha! thou art amazed to find thy hidden name familiar to me—but I have told thee, that I knew thee for other than thou seemed. On the night when I sat with thee in my pilgrim's garb, at the table of the Duke, I recognized in thee, the boy whose life I once saved, when guiding his little vessel on the bosom of the Arno, it upset, and but for me he would have perished in its waves. Thou wert then, with thy father on a visit to thine uncle, the Prince del Mariano, and I was in his service."

A dark suspicion crossed the mind of Annibal, and turning fiercely to Manfredi, he exclaimed:

"Thou wilt not say——"

"Aye," interrupted the outlaw, "thou hast guessed aright—I have called him *Del Cossiano*,—it was said, as I have told thee, that he died by his own hand, after having slain the woman who betrayed him. But thou knowest the truth."

"Wretch, that thou art!" said Annibal, bursting with emotion; "were it not that thou didst once save my life——"

"Let not that bar thee from thy vengeance," interrupted Manfredi, in a mocking tone. "I would have done so as soon, ay, sooner, hadst thou been a

dog—thou owest me no thanks for the service, but let that pass; it is an old story, and we have matter of more interest just now upon our minds—I would say, that knowing thee, as I do, for the secret, yet favoured object of the Lady Viola's love, (for thou hast been under my surveillance, ever since the night of our encounter.) I am aware, that whenever the disguise beneath which thou concealest thy true name and rank shall be thrown aside, and thou appearest openly as her suitor, thou wilt not fail to win her father's consent as readily as thou hast her own; therefore, thou canst not suppose, with my prior claim and stronger motives, that I will be generous enough, since thou hast fallen into my power, to release thee, until the plans which I meditate shall be accomplished."

"Why, then, dost thou demand a ransom for my freedom, if it is thy purpose to betray the conditions on which it shall be granted?" exclaimed Annibal, with a quivering lip, and an eye flashing with angry passion.

"Why do I so?" said the bandit, scornfully. "Think'st thou, I would let pass any opportunity, to annoy and harrass one, who is the author of all my wrongs and miseries! No—I will wrest from him the four hundred crowns, and, if they be not promptly rendered, thrice that sum, yet still hold thee in thralldom, till it is my pleasure to open thy prison doors, and set thee free."

"Do so now," said Annibal, "and the ransom I will give thee, shall be princely—more, far more, than thou canst ever dream of asking."

"Dost thou take me for an idiot?" said Manfredi, with a scornful laugh. "I care not for thy gold—what would it avail me? Didst thou bear about with thee a heart, so wronged and crushed as mine is, thou would'st pant only for revenge. It is a sparkling draught, and the cup is at my lips: I taste it even in this brief triumph over thee, though thou hast not wilfully leagued thyself with those who wrought me ill. Content thee, then, for while thy freedom can stand in the way of my purposes, thou dost not win it; till they are accomplished, this chamber is thy prison. Yonder is thy couch—cast thyself upon it, and let sleep refresh thee after this weary detail. Tomorrow thou shalt be amply furnished with the implements of the art thou lovest, nor shalt thou lack food for the body, or the mind, since the old tower boasts scores of moth-eaten volumes, left in it by some monkish hermit of former days. Thou shalt con them over at thy leisure; and for the inspirer of thy brighter moments, such wine as kings quaff shall sparkle in thy cup, and yon picture hang unveiled to smile upon thee in thy loneliness."

"Tell me, only, that thou intendest no ill to the Lady Viola," said Annibal, his fears for her, wrought up to the most intense agony. "Tell me, that she shall be safe from thy vengeance and thy

love, and come what else, I care not; but, oh, leave her unharmed, and I will breathe no murmur, although it be my doom to linger out my life a prisoner within these walls."

"I will tell thee nought,—nought that thou canst ask concerning her or others," said the bandit, sternly; "and if thou carest for thy safety, thou wilt be chary of thy questions. Remember where thou art, and in whose power, and if thou would'st learn why I have bared to thee my heart, it is, that thou may'st know by the depth of its injuries, how great is its provocation to revenge, and how determined the will, which, pausing at no obstacle, presses steadily on to the dread fulfilment of its purpose. Sleep now, for the day will shortly dawn upon us, and thy nature is not yet schooled, like mine, to sustain itself without repose."

He quitted the apartment as he ceased speaking, turning the key on the outside, and Annibal was left alone to his meditations. How terrible they were, may readily be conceived; for Viola, he had every thing to dread, from the revengeful spirit of Manfredi, and the goading thought that he was powerless to defend, or warn her of the threatened danger, almost drove him to distraction. But the great excitement of his mind, subdued at last his physical strength, and he sunk into a restless slumber, too fearfully disturbed with dreams, to bring with it refreshment to his wearied soul and senses.

THE PAUSE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

THERE is a pause in nature, ere the storm
Rushes resistless in its awful might;
There is a softening twilight, ere the morn
Expands her wings of glory into light.

There is a sudden stillness in the heart,
Ere yet the tears of wounded feeling flow;
A speechless expectation, ere the dart
Of sorrow lays our fondest wishes low.

There is a dreamy silence in the mind,
Ere yet it wakes to energy of thought;
A breathless pause of feeling, undefined,
Ere the bright image is from fancy caught.

There is a pause more holy still,
When Faith a brighter hope has given,
And, soaring over earthly ill,
The soul looks up to heaven.

KING AND PEOPLE.

A people may let a king fall, yet still remain a people; but if a king let his people slip from him, he is no longer a king.—*Saville*.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE CONVERT OF ATHENS.

"ALL your arguments will fail to convince me, Timon, that pain is no evil. It is to me the only evil that I can find in the world. Were it not for the aching head and wearied body, what a glorious life this would be: its pleasures would have no alloy, and I could thank the gods for giving me birth,—if, indeed, they had aught to do with it, and I am not the creature of chance."

"Ah! Damocles, you speak feelingly of pain, for last night's festivity has set its seal upon your heavy eye and languid frame, and you regret you cannot indulge as you would in the pleasures vine-crowned Bacchus and his train would shower upon you. But how differently would you reason, did you belong to our calm and temperate sect, to whom pain is no evil, because it is not brought on by physical indulgence, and who find happiness and content in our daily duties."

"Such doctrine may do for you, Timon, with your cool, unimpassioned temperament," replied the youthful Damocles, "but give me the luxuries of our Epicurus."

"Ah!" interrupted Timon, "you call yourselves by the name of Epicurus, but how little of his spirit have you preserved. He was a true philosopher; but your philosophy is only the name for pleasures so refined that they shock not the cultivated taste; but they are pleasures which destroy the intellectual nature, and make you victims of self-indulgence. The great principle of Epicurus was, that happiness was the only good, but to that he added, what his later followers seem to have forgotten, that *good*, or goodness, was the only happiness. Though he surrounded life with luxuries and graces, he never forgot to *do good*, and his garden bore constant witness, in those who thronged around him, that his happiness was in the exercise of benevolence and kindness."

"Tomorrow is the twentieth of the month, the day we devote to our great head," replied Damocles. "Will you go with me to the gardens, where we celebrate his life and death, and you shall there see that we have not quite lost his spirit. His benevolence is shewn in the coin liberally bestowed upon the poor, and the advice and medicine given to the sick, while the intellectual arena is filled by old and young, to dispute with you on any philosophical question. Games, too, will there be to tax the skill of the young, and exercise and strengthen the physical powers, and over all shall be thrown the purple hue of beauty, by the fair hands of our women, who will gather all they can of grace and sweetness,—the many-hued flowers, the rose-lipped shell, the musical cythera, shall all conspire to turn thee, most noble Timon, from thy cold stoicism, and

then shalt thou gladly exchange thy sordid raiment for the costly robe of the Epicurean.*

Timon did not seem inclined to continue the conversation, for a crowd had gathered about them, mostly composed of the followers of Epicurus, who were easily distinguished by their gay air, and gorgeous dress, which was arranged with great regard to becomingness, their long hair entwined with chaplets of the vine and roseleaves, mingled, where birth permitted, with the violet of Athens. Timon and Damocles were good representatives of their several schools; both were eminently handsome; but the fine features of Damocles were marred by a sensual expression, and the heightened colour so unusual in a Greek, which is produced by indulgence in the grosser pleasures. Still, his gay and happy air gave an inexpressible charm to his appearance, which was far more attractive to the young than that of his opponent, who, "severe in youthful beauty," scorned all meretricious arts. No silken robe added grace to his figure—no chaplet crowned his fine head; but one beheld unadorned the classic features of an Antinous, united to the lofty expression which might have well become him whose only fault was being too just and virtuous.

They were standing in the market, an oblong open place, surrounded by columns, which supported an arching roof. It was the great resort of the Athenians, who, in times of peace having but little to occupy them, came up hither to dispute with each other, and to gather the news of the day. Statues of the gods were placed in every part of the building, that its frequenters might have no excuse for neglecting their homage to their deities. There was one among the group that surrounded the young men who attracted the attention of all near him. A glance showed he was a stranger in Athens. His figure was slight and stooping; his eyes small and piercing; but there was a seal of intellect, almost of inspiration, on his brow, a firmness and compression of the lip, which gave an air of nobleness to his otherwise insignificant person. He was gazing with deep sadness upon a statue of the Cyprian goddess, carved in voluptuous beauty, from Parian marble, and crowned and wreathed with the votive offerings of her worshippers. No enthusiasm animated his face as he looked upon his exquisite piece of art; but, turning away from it, he said:

"Ah! men of Athens, wise as ye are, how is it ye can worship blocks of wood and stone?"

His words caught the ear of the listening crowd, who had been clamouring for Timon's reply to Damocles, as they found their greatest pleasure in discussions of philosophical questions. They quickly turned to the new comer, vehemently exclaiming:

"He abuseth our gods: let him answer for it!"

Thus called upon, the speaker, stretching forth his hand, said:

"Men and brethren of Athens! I perceive that ye are altogether given to religious worship!"

He was interrupted by cries of "Take him to the Areopagus! we will there hear all he has to say!" And, almost borne by the eager crowd, Paul of Tarsus, (for it was none other than the inspired Apostle to the Gentiles,) was forced into the Areopagus. It was a magnificent structure on Mars Hill, and received its name from the great tribunal of Athens, whose chief care it was to protect the established institutions from any innovations. Many of the grey-headed men of the city were assembled within its walls, debating upon the laws of their idolized country. They hastened to make enquiry as to the cause of the tumult which brought so many of the citizens to the hall of justice. They were answered, that there was a stranger among them, a setter forth of other gods, and that the people wished to hear what he had to say. Silence was shortly imposed, and Paul was called upon to resume his discourse. Standing in the midst of the breathless multitude, he said:

"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious.* For, as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, 'To the unknown God!' Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you. God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of Heaven and Earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life and breath, and all things. For in him we live and move and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring. Forasmuch, then, as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and men's device. And the times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men every where to repent; because he hath appointed a day in the which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained, whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead."

He was here interrupted and permitted to proceed no farther. They would listen to the history of a new god; but the doctrine of a resurrection of the dead seemed so absurd that they deemed the speaker mad, and the multitude mocked and laughed at him for a vain babbler. But some there were who said, "We will hear thee again of this matter."

No attempt was made to detain Paul; but as he passed out, one only followed him. It was Timon the Stoic, who being of a thoughtful mind, had been much moved by Paul's manner and words. His intellectual nature had long craved a higher aliment than the shallow philosophy and religion of the

* Or, according to able commentators, "ye are greatly addicted to religious worship."

Greeks supplied, and he wished to learn something more of these new doctrines. He drew near to the Apostle, and said, "I would know more of thee. Wilt thou teach me this new faith?"

Paul gladly assented, and Timon, requesting him to follow, led the way to his own house. It was delightfully situated; but even its exterior marked it the abode of a Stoic. No Corinthian or Ionic column supported its portico, but its architecture was of the simplest style, and, on entering, it almost chilled one, from its cold and severe aspect. Statues of Minerva and of Zeno, the founder of the sect, were the only ornaments of the large vestibule, through which Timon led his guest into the garden, whose beauty atoned for the plainness of the mansion. It was filled with flowers and fruits, arranged with exquisite taste,—the trailing arbutus and the graceful dolicos,—indeed all the varieties that the "garden of nature" can boast, except the vine of the grape, that, consecrate to Bacchus, was banished from the Stoic's garden, while it formed the principal ornament of the Epicureans.

In this cool and refreshing spot Paul seated himself. Having partaken of some fruit, which Timon placed before him, he drew from his bosom a roll of the Hebrew Scriptures, and first explained to his young disciple, who listened with a glowing cheek, the Hebrew account of the formation of the world; then he traced the prophecies, and shewed their fulfilment in Jesus' sacred person. He told of his own persecution of the Christians, and of the miracle which closed his eyes to the light of day, while it opened them to the inner light which poured upon his benighted mind.

So clear did the words of truth appear to Timon, that his mind embraced them instantly, and when Paul had finished his discourse, he clasped his knees, and said, "Show me how I too may become a Christian; do with me what thou wilt, but lead me to the Lord Jesus."

Paul, with noble boldness, told him of the sacrifices that must be made, if he would bear the cross of his Master; but these were no discouragement to the young Stoic, whose nature seemingly had undergone a change, and, instead of the cold and indifferent being he had appeared to Damocles and the gaping crowd in the market-place, he had become soul-absorbed by the Divine teachings to which he had listened, and animated with the high and holy enthusiasm which their spirit inspired.

Seeing that the change was indeed in his heart, Paul offered to baptize the young disciple, and water being brought, his consecrating hand was laid upon the noble head of the Greek, who from that time went forth as the disciple of Christ, to preach him crucified; one of the many converts who, won by Paul's noble eloquence, "clave unto him and believed."

Timon soon found he could gather but few

bearers among the luxurious and news-loving Athenians, and therefore, bidding farewell to his native city, he went to Corinth, where he laboured among the converts, till age crept over his healthy frame, and in advanced life he resigned the cross he had so long borne, to receive in its stead the crown of light which has been promised to the true disciples of the Saviour.

T. D. F.

(ORIGINAL.)

LINES TO THE SEA.

BY S. O. H.

Unfathomable Ocean! yield thy dead,
From the first struggling victim that hath slept
On thy impenetrable coral bed—
Whom pond'rous centuries have long time kept
Immersed beneath thy dark infinity—
Thou emblem fearful of Divinity!—

To him, who last amid the billowy strife,
The bitter chalice drank—whose last wild shriek,
Proclaimed the frenzied close of weary life,
And sank in silence ne'er again to break.
Oh, Sea! reveal thy secrets! give thy dead!
That countless lie beneath thy salt waves dread!

Oh! what imagination can conceive,
The rush of thoughts that then the shipwreck'd
seize—
Of home—of children—sisters—wife—that weave
Their concentrated fantasy? to freeze
Each longing hope; and fond affection's gush
For ever in the deep abyss to lush!

The war's-man oft upon thy glassy breast,
Delighted, fearless, ploughs thy bright expanse,
In calm profundity, or sees thee rest,
When on thy waves the fitting moonbeams glance
Their silver show'rs, of soul bewitching light,
The watch to gladden through the lonely night.

Thus to behold thy stillness, who would think
In wrath thy surging waters ever rage,
In Death's cold arms the mariner to sink?
Whose pow'r Jehovah only can assuage.
Many, alas! unthought of and untold,
Among thy victims have their names enroll'd;
But, greedy Sea, thou'lt yet restore thy dead
Who slumb'ring lie upon thy rocky bed.
Montreal, Aug. 13, 1842.

OF DOING INJURIES TO OTHERS.

PROFITIOUS conscience, thou equitable and ready judge, be never absent from me! Tell me, constantly, that I cannot do the least injury to another, without receiving the counter-stroke; that I must necessarily wound myself, when I wound another.
Mercier.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE MISER AND HIS SON.

A TALE.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

Continued from our last number.

CHAPTER VII.

I see no beauty in this wealthy dame ;
'Neath the dark lashes of her downcast eyes,
A weeping spirit lurks. And when she smiles—
'Tis but the sunbeams of an April day
Piercing a watery cloud
"Oh, she is fair !
To me, most beautiful !

"So Colonel Hurdlestone's son and nephew have arrived at the Hall. Reach me down Juliet's portfolio, Dorothy ; I must write the good Colonel a congratulatory note," said Captain Whitmore, to his solemn faced sister.

The Captain was a weather beaten, stout old gentleman, who had seen some hard service during the war, and what with wounds, hard drinking, and the gout, had been forced to relinquish the sea, and anchor for life in the pleasant village of N——, in the neighbourhood of which he held property to a considerable amount. His wife had been dead for some years, and his only daughter, whom he scarcely suffered out of his sight, was educated by her aunt, who professed to be the most accomplished, as she certainly was the most disagreeable woman in the world.

"I think you had better defer your congratulations, Captain Whitmore, until you know what sort of persons these young men are. Mrs. Grunt assured me yesterday, that one of these gentlemen is very wild—quite a profligate."

"Fiddlesticks !" said the jolly Captain, snapping his fingers ; "a gay dashing lad, I suppose, whose hot blood and youthful frolics, old maiden ladies construe into the most awful crimes."

"Old maids, sir ! Pray whom do you mean to insult by that gross appellation ?"

"Gross—I always thought that maiden was a term that implied innocence and purity, whether addressed to the young virgin, or the antiquated spinster," said the Captain, with a knowing glance.

"I hate your vulgar insinuations," said Miss Dorothy, her sharp nose flushing to a deep red ; "but how can one expect politeness from a sea brute ?"

"Ha ! ha ! ha !" shouted the provoking Captain ; "never mind, Dolly ; don't give way to temper, and curl up that bow-sprit of yours, with such a confounded ugly twist, and there may be a chance yet

for you. Let me see—I don't think you are fifty-four yet. My nurse, Betty Holt, was called an old maid for thirty years, and married at last."

"I wonder, brother, that you are not ashamed of naming me, and that low born person in the same breath. As to matrimony, I despise the male sex too much to degrade myself by entering upon it."

"It would have sweetened your temper amazingly," said the Captain, calmly filling his pipe ; "I believe, Dolly, you were never put to the trial."

"How can you, Captain Whitmore, sit there, and traduce your virtuous sister ? You know that I refused at least a dozen good offers."

"Whew ! I never heard a word about that before."

"I always had too much delicacy to reveal secrets," said Miss Dorothea, drawing herself up with great dignity, although she knew that she was uttering a great fib. "You were at sea, sir."

"I suppose," said the Captain, drawing a long whiff from his pipe, "I must have been a great way off, and these things must have happened a long time ago."

"I could marry yet, if I pleased," cried the indignant spinster.

"Indeed ! pray who is the happy man ?"

"Don't think that I mean to subject myself or him, to your vulgar ridicule, Captain Whitmore."

"I wish him luck," said the Captain, turning over the leaves of Juliet's portfolio. "What the deuce does the girl mean ? she has scribbled over all the paper. I hope she don't amuse herself by writing love letters."

"I should take good care to prevent my niece from spending her time in such an improper manner. But, indeed, brother, I wish you would speak to Juliet, (for she does not mind me,) on this subject."

"On what subject—writing love letters ?"

"No, sir ; something almost as bad."

"Well ?"

"She has the folly to write verses."

"Is that all ?"

"All ! Only consider the scandal that it will bring upon me. I shall be called a blue-stocking."

"You ! I thought it was the author to whom persons gave that appellation."

"True, Captain Whitmore ; but as I instruct the

young lady, ill-natured, curious persons, will say that it is I who have taught her to write."

"Well, don't fret yourself, Dolly. It will not spoil your fortune. But Juliet—I am sorry that the child has taken such whimsies into her head. It may hinder her from getting a good husband."

"Fie, Captain Whitmore! is that your only objection, to your daughter acting so foolishly?"

"Be quiet, Dolly, there's a good woman, and let me examine these papers. If there is anything wrong about them I will burn them, and forbid my pretty Julee from writing again—I know the dear girl will mind her old dad. How—what's this. God bless the darling child."

LINES WRITTEN DURING THE ABSENCE OF MY
DEAR FATHER.

Beloved parent!—friend most dear,
I long thy face to see;
The perfect love that casts out fear,
Unites my soul to thee.

I long to hear thy voice once more,
To kiss thy lofty brow;
Thy well known footsteps at the door,
Would make mine eyes o'erflow.

Oh not with sad but grateful tears,
I'd welcome thee again;
Thy voice is music to mine ears,
Thy absence worse than pain.

"Well now, Dolly, is not that pretty! I am sure no one could have the heart to find fault with the dear child for her dutiful love to me. I'll not burn that." And the old tar, with tears in his eyes, slipped the precious document, which testified so strongly of the devoted love of his girl, into his pocket, to be hoarded next his heart, and worn until death bade them part, within the enamelled case which contained the portrait of his Juliet's pretty and amiable mother.

"It's well enough," said Miss Dorothy, in answer to her brother's question. "But I hate such romantic stuff. It could have been written with more propriety in prose. Now, his vanity's pleased with this nonsense, there will be no end to his admiration of Miss Juliet's verses."

This was said in a malicious aside, but it reached the ears of the fond father.

"Now don't be so envious, Dorothy, of that of which you are incapable yourself.

"Me envious—of whom, pray? A whining, half grown chit, who, if she has anything worthy of commendation about her, first received it from me. Captain Whitmore, I am astonished at your impudence."

What answer the Captain would have given to this, I don't know, for his brow clouded up at the disrespectful manner in which aunt Dorothy spoke

of his child, had not that child herself appeared, and all the sunshine of the father's heart burst forth at her presence.

"Dear papa! what are you about?" she cried, flinging her arms round the old veteran's neck, and trying, at the same moment, by a dexterous movement to twitch a paper out of his hand.

"Avast even! my girl! the old Commodore is not to be robbed so easily of his prize."

"Indeed, indeed! you must give it to me," said Juliet, her eyes half full of tears, at finding her secret discovered.

"Indeed, indeed, I shall do no such thing, Miss Julee; so, sit still, whilst the father reads."

"But that—that is not worth reading."

"I dare say you are right, Miss Juliet," said the old maid. "You had better mend your stockings, and mind your embroidery, than waste your time in such useless scribbling."

"It does not take me much time, aunt."

"How do you make it up out of your little head, Julee? I am sure I could sooner board a French man-of-war than tack two rhymes together."

"I don't know, papa," said Juliet, laughing. "It comes into my head when it likes, passing through my brain with the rapidity of lightning; I find it without seeking, and often when I seek it I cannot find it. The thing is a great mystery to myself, but the possession of it makes me very happy."

"Weak minds, I have often heard, are amused with trifles" sneered Aunt Dorothy.

"Then I must be very weak," said Juliet, for I am very easily amused. Dear papa, give me that paper?"

"I want to read it."

"Oh! 'tis silly stuff."

"Let me be the best judge of that; perhaps it contains something that I ought not to see."

"Ah, no! but!" she whispered in his ear; "Aunt Dorothy will sneer so at it."

The old man was too much pleased with his daughter to care for Miss Dorothy. He knew of old, that her bark was much worse than her bite; that she really loved both him and his daughter,— "but that she had a queer way of showing it;" and, unfolding the paper, he read aloud, to the great annoyance of the fair writer, the fragment of a ballad, of which, to do him justice, he understood not one word.

LADY LILIAN.

Alone in her tower, at the midnight hour,
The Lady Lilian sat;
Like a spirit pale
In her silken veil,
She watches the white clouds above her sail;
And the flight of the drowsy bat.

Is love the theme of her waking dream ?
 Her heart is gay and free ;
 She loves the night,
 When the stars shine bright,
 And the moon falls in showers of silver light,
 Through the stately forest tree.

When all around, on the dewy ground,
 The quivering moonbeams stray ;
 And the light and shade,
 By the branches made,
 Give motion and life to the silent glade,
 Like fairy elves at play.

Far o'er the meads, through its fringe of reeds,
 Flashes the slender rill ;
 Like a silver thread,
 By some spirit led,
 From an urn of light, by the moonbeams fed,
 It winds round the sloping hill.

When sleep's soft thrall falls light on all,
 That lady's eyes unclose,
 To all that is fair,
 In earth and air,
 When none are awake her thoughts to share,
 And her spirit discompose.

And music more dear, to her fine tuned ear,
 On the midnight breezes float,
 Than the sounds that ring
 From the minstrel's string,
 When the mighty deeds of some warrior king,
 Inspires each thrilling note.

“So there's a hole in the ballad,” said the Captain, looking up in his daughter's blushing face ;
 “Julee, my dear, what does all this mean ?”

“It would be a difficult matter for Miss Julee to answer,” said Aunt Dorothy.

Farther remarks on either side, were stopped by the announcement of Colonel Hurdlestone, and his son and nephew. Juliet seized the port-folio from her father, and, with one bound, cleared the opposite doorway, and disappeared.

“We have frightened your daughter, Captain Whitmore,” said the Colonel, glancing after the retreating figure of Juliet ; “what made the young lady run away from us ?”

“Oh, I had just found out, that she was guilty of the romantic weakness of writing poetry, and she was afraid of my quizzing her about it before you.”

“If it is a weakness,” said the Colonel, “it must be acknowledged that it is an amiable one. I should like to see a specimen of our fair young friend's writing !”

“Here is one,” said the proud, fond father, giving him the lines addressed to himself ; “I was going to scold her for her folly, but, by Jove ! Colonel, I

could not bring my heart to do it, after reading this.”

The paper went round. It lingered longest in the hand of Anthony Hurdlestone. The lines possessed no particular beauty ; they were but the overflowings of a warm and generous heart, but they were true to nature, and, as he read them, it appeared as if the spirit of the author at that moment blended with his own. “Happy girl,” he thought, “who can thus feel towards, and write of a father ; how I envy you this blessed, holy affection.” He raised his eyes, and rose up in confusion to be presented to Miss Whitmore.

Juliet could scarcely be termed beautiful ; her features were small and regular, but her complexion was pallid, rendered more conspicuously so, by the raven hair, that fell in long silken ringlets down her slender throat, and spread like a dark veil around her elegant bust and shoulders. Her lofty brow was white as marble, and marked by that high look of moral and intellectual power, before which mere physical beauty, shrinks into insignificance. Soft, delicately pencilled eye-brows, gave additional depth and beauty to a pair of the most lovely dark blue eyes, that ever flashed from beneath a jetty fringe. There was an expression of tenderness, almost amounting to sadness, in those sweet eyes ; and when they were timidly raised to meet those of the young Anthony, a light burst upon his heart, which the storms and clouds of after life could never again extinguish.

“Miss Juliet, your father has been giving us a treat,” said the Colonel.

Poor Juliet turned first very red and then very pale, and glanced reproachfully at the old man.

“Nay, Miss Whitmore, you need not be ashamed of that which does you so much credit,” said the Colonel, plying her apparent confusion.

“My dear papa, you should not have betrayed me,” said Juliet, the tears of mortified sensibility floating before her eyes. “Colonel Hurdlestone, you will do me a great favour, by not alluding to this subject again.”

“You, of course, are a great admirer of poetry, Miss Whitmore,” said Godfrey, who had been leisurely surveying the face and figure of the young lady, and who longed for an opportunity of addressing her.

“It is the language in which nature speaks to the heart of the young,” said Juliet, with great simplicity. “Do you think there ever was a young person indifferent to its beauties ?”

“All young people have not your taste and feelings, Miss Whitmore,” replied the young man. “There are some persons, who can walk in a garden, without distinguishing between the flowers and the weeds. Have you read Shakspeare ?”

“It formed the first great epoch in my life, said Juliet, with animation ; “I never shall forget the

happy day, when my fancy first revelled through the fairy isle, and hovered over the scenes in his enchanting Tempest. My aunt was from home, and had left the key in the library door; it was forbidden ground—I ventured in, and snatched at the first book that came to hand. It was the first volume of Shakspeare. Afraid of detection, I stole away into the grove, and seated beneath the shadow of a noble oak, which overhung the stream; I devoured with rapture, the inspired page of the great magician. What a world of wonders it opened to my view! I breathed a new atmosphere, and, transported beyond the common cares and occupations of life, held communion with the glorious spirits of past ages. Since that eventful hour, the language of nature has become to me the language in which creation lifts up its myriad voices to the throne of God."

An enthusiastic country girl of sixteen, would alone have addressed this rapsody to a stranger. A woman with half her talent and moral worth, would have blushed at her imprudence, in betraying the romance of her nature. Juliet was a novice in the ways of the world, and she spoke with the earnestness and simplicity of truth; and though Godfrey smiled in his heart, at her want of tact, there was one near, in whose breast Juliet Whitmore would have found an echo to her own thoughts.

The gentlemen rose to depart, but not before they had promised to dine at the lodge on the following day.

"Two fine young men," said the Captain, turning to his daughter, as the door closed upon his guests; "which of them took thy fancy most, Julee?"

"They are so much alike, I scarcely should know them apart," said Juliet; "I admired his person the most, that most resembled our dear old friend, the Colonel.

"Old, Miss Juliet! "I hope you do not mean to call Colonel Hurdlestone an old man?" said Miss Dorothy, drawing up: "you will be calling me old next!"

"And not far from the truth, if she did," muttered the Captain. "That was the Colonel's nephew, Mr. Anthony Hurdlestone, Julee."

"I am sorry for it—the son of that horrible old man! I saw him once, and took him for a beggar. Is it possible that that elegant young gentleman can be his son?"

"I think the case somewhat doubtful," said Miss Dorothy; "I wonder at Colonel Hurdlestone having the effrontery to introduce that young man as his nephew; nature herself contradicts the assertion."

"Come, Dolly, don't you be censorious; I thought that the Colonel was a great friend of yours!"

"He was—but I am not blind, said Miss Dorothy, with dignity; "I have altered my mind with regard to Colonel Hurdlestone, and would not become his wife, if he were to ask me on his knees."

"I wish he would pop the question," said the Captain; "I'd bet my life on't, that he would not have to ask twice."

"Sir," replied the lady, casting upon her brother a withering glance; "I never mean to marry a widower—an uncle who brings with him nephews so like himself." And so saying, Miss Dorothy swept from the room, leaving her brother convulsed with laughter.

"Miss Whitmore is not so handsome as I expected to find her after the fuss George Braconberry made about her the other night at Wymas," said Godfrey, pulling up his horse, as they rode home, and addressing Anthony. Her figure is delightful—symmetry itself; but her face—she has nothing gay or joyous about her. There is a sad expression in those eyes of hers beautiful though they be, which makes one feel grave in a moment. I wanted to pay her a few compliments, by way of ingratiating myself into her good graces; but hang, me! if I could look her in the face, and do it. A man must possess more confidence than I do, to look into those sweet serious eyes, and attempt to deceive her. I never felt afraid of a woman before."

"I am glad to hear you say so," returned Anthony. "To me she is beautiful—exceedingly beautiful. I would not exchange that noble expression of hers, for the most faultless features and blooming complexion in the world. The dignity of her countenance is but the mirror in which I see reflected the beauty of the soul, as the stars reveal on the bosom of the stream, the Heaven in which they dwell."

"Are you turned poet, too, Master Anthony? Mary Mathews, down at the farm, has a prettier face, or I am no judge of female beauty."

"We all know your *penchant* for Mary Mathews," said Anthony. "But seriously, Godfrey, if you do not mean to marry the poor girl, it is cruel of you to pay her the lover-like attentions you do."

"One must do something Tony, to pass away the time in this dull place. As to marrying the girl, you do not surely take me for a fool?"

"I should be sorry to take you for something worse," said Anthony, gravely; "last night, you went too far, when you took the sweet briar-rose from her bosom, and placed it in your own, and said that you preferred it to all the flowers in the garden; that your highest ambition was to win and wear the wild rose. And the poor girl believed you. Did you not see how she looked down and blushed, and then up in your face, with the tears in her eyes, and a sweet smile upon her severed lips. Surely, my dear cousin, it is wrong to give birth to hopes which you never mean to realize."

A crimson flush passed over the brow of Godfrey.

“Nonsense, Anthony! you take up this matter too seriously; women love flattery, and if we are bound in honor to marry all the women we compliment, the law must be abolished that forbids polygamy.”

“I know one, who would not fail to take advantage of such an act,” said Anthony, laughing; “but these things are really too serious for a joke. I hope poor Mary’s light heart will never be rendered heavy by your gallantry.”

Again the colour flushed the cheek of Godfrey. He looked down, slashed his boot with his riding whip, endeavoured to hum a tune, and finally, telling his cousin that he was in no need of a Mentor, whistled to a favourite spaniel, and, dashing his spurs into his horse, was soon out of sight.

Mary Mathews, the young girl who formed the subject of this conversation, was a strange, eccentric creature; more remarkable for the beauty of her person, and her masculine habits, than for any good qualities she possessed. Her father rented a small farm, the property of Colonel Hurdlestone. Her mother died whilst she was yet a child, and her only brother ran away from following the plough, and went to sea. Mathews was a rude, clownish, matter-of-fact man: he wanted some person to assist him in looking after the farm, and taking care of the stock, and he brought up Mary to fill the place of the son he had lost—early inuring her to bear the vicissitudes of the weather, and to take an active part in those manual labours which were peculiar to his vocation. Mary was a man in every thing but her face and figure, which were exceedingly soft and feminine, and if her complexion had not been a little injured by constant exposure to the atmosphere, she would have been a perfect beauty, and, in spite of these disadvantages, she was considered the *belle* of the village. Alas for Mary! Her masculine employments, and constantly associating with her father’s work-people, had destroyed the woman in her heart. She thought like a man, acted like a man, spoke like a man. The loud voice, and louder laugh, grated harshly on the ear, and appeared unnatural in the highest degree, when issuing from coral lips, whose perfect symmetry might have formed a model for the Venus. Mary knew that she was handsome, and as long as her exterior elicited applause and admiration from the rude clowns who surrounded her, she cared not for those minor graces of voice and manner, which render beauty so truly captivating. In the harvest-field she was always the foremost in the band of reapers, dressed in her tight green stuff boddice, clean white apron, neatly blacked shoes; her beautiful features, shaded by her large coarse straw hat, put knowingly to one side, more fully to display the luxuriant auburn tresses, which waved round her face and neck. In the hay-field you passed her with the rake across her shoulders, and turned in

surprise to look at the fair creature who whistled to her dog, or halloed to the men in the same breath. In the evening you met her bringing home her cows from the marshes, mounted upon her father’s grey riding horse; keeping her seat with as much ease and spirit, although destitute of a side-saddle, as the most accomplished equestrian in St. James’ Park. And when his services were no longer required by our young Amazon, she rubbed down her steed, and turned him adrift with her own hands into the paddock. But to see Mary Mathews to advantage, when the woman triumphed over the coarse rude habits, to which her peculiar education had given birth, was when, surrounded by her weanling calves and cosset lambs, or working in her pretty garden, which skirted the road. There, among her flowers, with her light brown locks waving round her sunny brow, and singing, as blithe as any bird, some rural ditty, or ballad of the days gone by, she looked the simple, unaffected, lovely country girl. The traveller paused at the gate to listen to her song, to watch her at her work, and to beg a flower from her hand. Even the proud, aristocratical country gentleman, as he rode past, doffed his hat, and saluted courteously the young Flora, whose smiling face floated before him during his homeward ride. Uncontrolled by the usages of the world, and totally indifferent to its good or bad opinion, Mary became a law to herself—a solitary, wayward being, who held little intercourse with her own sex, whom she looked upon as her common enemies,—nor was the lonely girl far wrong in her conjectures. With a mind capable of forming and executing the most daring projects, she found no one to share her feelings, or enter into her pursuits, until the sudden return of her long lost brother gave an impetus to all her thoughts and influenced all her actions. The bold, audacious William Mathews, of whom she felt so proud, and loved so fiercely, carried on the double profession of a poacher on shore and a smuggler at sea. Twice Mary had exposed her life to imminent danger to save him from detection, and so strongly was she attached to him, that there was no danger that she would not have undertaken for his sake. Fear was a stranger to her breast, for she had often been known to ride at the dead hour of night, through lonely cross roads, to a distant parish, to bring home her father from some low public house, in which she suspected him to be wasting his substance with a crew of worthless profligates. Twice during the short period of her life, (for at this time she had barely completed her eighteenth year,) she had suffered from temporary fits of insanity, and the neighbours, in speaking of her exploits, always prefaced them with, “Ah, poor thing! There’s something wrong about that girl. There’s no account to be taken for her deeds.”

From a child, Mary had been an object of deep interest to the young Hurdlestons. Residing on

the same estate, she had been a stolen acquaintance and playmate from infancy. She always knew the best pools in the river for fishing—could point out the best covers for game—knew where to find the first bird's nests, and could climb the loftiest forest tree, to obtain the young of the hawk or crow, with more certainty of success than her gay companions. Their sports were dull and spiritless without Mary Mathews. As they advanced towards manhood, they took more notice of her peculiarities, and laughed at her boyish ways; but when she grew up into a beautiful girl, they became more respectful in their turn, and seldom passed her in the grounds without paying her some compliment, such as offering to carry her pail, or catch her horse, or assist her in the hay-field. And this was as often done, to hear the smart answer which pretty Poll would return to their gallant speeches. Godfrey had of late addressed her in less bantering tones; for he had played like the moth around the taper until he had burnt his wings, and was fairly scorched by the flame of love. In spite of the remonstrances of Anthony, he daily spent hours in leaning over her garden-gate, enacting the lover to this rustic Flora. It was to such a scene as this that his cousin had alluded, and to which Godfrey had given such an indefinite answer.

Capricious in his pursuits, Godfrey was not less inconstant in his affections; and the graceful person and pleasing manner of Juliet Whitmore, had made a deeper impression upon his mind than he thought it prudent to avow; nor was he insensible to the advantages which would arise from such an union.

CHAPTER VIII.

Come, tell me something of this wayward girl? Oh! she is changed—and such a woful change! It breaks my heart to think on't. The bright eye, Has lost its fire. The red rose on her cheek Is washed to whiteness by her frequent tears— And with the smile has fled the ruby glow From the twin lips, so tempting and so ripe, They wooed to love with their ambrosial breath, That issuing through those dewy portals, shewed The pearly teeth within, like gems enshrined.

WHAT aileth thee this morning, young daughter, that thou lingerest so long before the mirror, adjusting and re-adjusting the delicately tinted province rose-buds in thy dark flowery tresses? Art thou doubtful of thy charms, or has the calm, bright eye of the young stranger made thee diffident of thy own surpassing loveliness? Those eyes have blinded thy young fancy to aught else around thee. They have haunted thee through the long night. Thou couldst not sleep. Those eyes looked into thy soul. They have kindled within thee the sad and beautiful light of love. Thou no longer livest

for thyself—another image possesses thy heart, and thou hast wonderingly discovered the most beautiful page in the poetry of thy nature.

Yes, love—first love—is a sad and holy thing—a pleasure born out of pain—welcomed with smiles—nourished with tears—and worshipped by the young enthusiast as the only real and abiding good in a world of shadows. Alas for the young heart! Why should it ever awake to find the most perfect of its creations, like the rest, a dream?

And poor Juliet's day dream was banished very abruptly by the harsh voice of Aunt Dorothy.

"Miss Whitmore, the dinner waits for you. Quick! You have been an hour dressing yourself this day. Will you never have done arranging that hair? Now, do pray take out those nasty flowers; they do not become you. They look altogether romantic."

"Ah! you must not rob me of my flowers—God's most precious gift to man!" said Juliet.

"I hate them! They always make a room look in a litter."

"Hate flowers!" exclaimed Juliet, in unaffected surprise. "God's beautiful flowers! I pity your want of taste, my good aunt."

"You may spare your commiseration for those who need it, Miss Whitmore. What! not satisfied yet?" she continued, as Juliet cast another hurried glance at the mirror. "The vanity of girls in our days is disgusting to a woman of sense."

"I look so ill today," said Juliet, "I am ashamed of being seen."

"It is a matter of little consequence," returned her aunt. "I dare say no one will notice how you look. A few years hence, and there would be some excuse for spending so much time before the glass."

The ladies only entered the drawing-room to be led down to the dinner-table. If Juliet was dissatisfied with her appearance, Anthony thought that she looked most beautiful, and was delighted to find himself seated beside her. How gladly would he have improved this opportunity of conversing with her; but the natural shyness of his disposition became doubly distressing when he most wished to surmount it, and with a thousand thoughts in his heart, and words upon his tongue, he remained silent. Juliet was the first to speak.

"You were fishing last night, Mr. Anthony. Were you successful?"

"I am always successful," said Anthony. "But after all, it is a cruel, treacherous sport. Destruction appears to be a principle inherent in our nature. Man shows his tyrannical disposition in finding so great a pleasure in taking away what he cannot restore."

"You are too severe," returned his companion. "I think we are apt to forget, during the excitement of the moment, the cruelty we inflict. I read old Isaac Walton when a child. He made me

mistress of the whole art of angling—it is such a quiet, contemplative amusement. The clear stream—the balmy air—the warbling of happy birds—the hawthorn hedge-rows and flowery banks, by which you are surrounded, make you alive to the most pleasing impressions; and amidst sights and sounds of beauty, you never reflect that you are acting the part of the destroyer. I have given up the gentle craft—but I still think it a strangely fascinating sport.”

“I should be sorry to see you so engaged,” said Anthony. “I never could bear to witness so soft a hand employed in taking away life.”

“You, too, have learnt the art of flattery,” said Juliet, reproachfully. “When will your sex, in speaking to ours, learn to confine themselves to simple truth?”

“When the education of woman is conducted with less art, and they rise superior to the meanness of being pleased with falsehood,” said Anthony. “What I said just now was but the simple truth. I admit that it was said to please, and I should indeed be grieved if I thought that I could possibly have given offence.”

“A very heinous crime, indeed!” said Juliet, laughing, “and deserving a very heavy punishment. What shall it be?”

“Another lecture from those lips,” said Anthony. “Remember, I did not say sweet lips.”

“Worse and worse,” said Juliet. “To complain to a gentleman of flattering is to make him pay a dozen compliments, to atone for the first offence.”

The young people’s *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by Miss Dorothea, who hated to hear any one talk but herself, asking Mr. Anthony, “If it were true that he was studying for the Church?” Upon his replying in the affirmative, she continued: “Your father, Mr. Anthony, is determined to let nothing go out of the family. One would have thought that you could have afforded to have lived like an independent gentleman.”

Anthony coloured deeply, as he replied:

“My choice of a profession, madam, was not so much in accordance with my father’s wishes as my own.”

“Well, I must say that I think it a strange choice for a young man of fortune,” returned the ill-natured old maid.

“I made choice of that mode of life, madam, in which I hoped to be of most use to my fellow-creatures,” returned Anthony, proudly. “The fortune which you allude to may never be mine.”

“Yes, yes; I see you are determined to look out for the main chance,” continued his tormentor.

“But to do you justice, young man, I think nature meant you for a parson.”

This speech was received with a loud laugh from Godfrey, who secretly enjoyed poor Anthony’s mor-

tification, and who had successfully wormed himself into Miss Dorothy’s good graces, by paying her some judicious compliments, in which the graces of her person and her youthful appearance, were not overlooked.

“By the bye, Tony,” he said, “you have received a letter from your father, and never told me one word about it. Was it kind?”

“Better than I expected,” said Anthony. “But why discuss these matters in public?”

“Public! Are we not among friends?” said Godfrey, continuing his indelicate interrogatories. “Did he offer to advance a sufficient sum to settle you in life?”

“No, he did not!” returned Anthony, proudly.

“Astonishing! What excuse can he give for such unreasonable conduct?”

“The old one, I suppose,” said Colonel Hurdlestone—“Poverty!”

“Ha! ha! ha!” roared Godfrey.

“Godfrey Hurdlestone!” said Anthony, with much severity of look and tone; “how can such a melancholy instance of human weakness awaken your mirth?”

“Is it not enough to make one laugh, when an old fellow, rich enough to pay off the national debt, refuses to provide for his son, and suffers him to live upon the bounty of another?”

Anthony felt the oft repeated insult. At such a moment it was almost too much for him to bear; nor did it escape Juliet, as he replied, in a calm, low voice:

“Godfrey, I understand you. You need say no more upon that subject. You know that I am but too painfully alive to the obligation, and you must ungenerously take this opportunity of reminding me of it. It shall one day be repaid.”

He rose to take leave.

“Come, sit down,” said Juliet, in a persuasive tone; I am sure your cousin meant no offence. Delicacy of mind,” she whispered, “is not always an inherent quality; we should pity and forgive those who are destitute of it.”

“I will do anything to please you,” returned Anthony. And Godfrey, pale with anger and disappointment, saw him resume his seat.

“I have provided a little treat for my friends, of strawberries and cream,” continued Juliet; “they are the first of the season, and were presented to me by that strangely interesting girl, Mary Matthews. How I regret that her father’s injudicious method of bringing her up, should so completely have unsexed a girl, whom nature formed to be an ornament to her humble station.”

“Mary is a pretty girl,” said Anthony; “and her failings are the result of the peculiar circumstances in which she has been placed. With such a kind mistress as Miss Whitmore, to counsel her, I feel assured that she might soon be persuaded to

forsake her masculine employments, and feel a relish for more feminine pursuits."

He spoke with much earnestness, until perceiving that Juliet regarded him with a sad and searching glance, the color rushed to his pale cheek, he hesitated, became embarrassed, and finally stopped.

"When I first saw Mary Mathews," said Juliet, "she was very beautiful, and as blithe as a bird. For the last few weeks, a melancholy change has taken place in the poor girl, which grieves me to witness. Her cheek has lost its bloom; her step its elasticity. Her dress is neglected. Her garden, in which she took such delight, is overrun with weeds, and her whole appearance indicates the most poignant grief. When I question her upon the subject, she answers me with tears. Tears, which seem so unnatural for one of her disposition to shed. Perhaps, Mr. Anthony," she continued, with great earnestness, "you can give me some clue to discover the cause of her distress?"

Before Anthony could reply, he was called upon by his uncle, to decide some difficult point in his game at backgammon, and Godfrey, who had been a painful observant listener to the conversation, slipped into his vacant seat, and replied to Miss Whitmore's interrogatories in a careless tone.

"I know very little, Miss Whitmore, of the gossip of the village. The person of the young woman to whom you allude, is not unknown to me; but to her private history I am a perfect stranger. My cousin, Anthony, will be able to give you the information you require, for he takes a deep interest in all that concerns this pretty rustic.

What made poor Juliet's cheek at that moment so very pale? Why did she sigh so deeply, and drop a conversation she had commenced with such an apparent concern for the person who had formed the subject of it. Love may have its joys—but oh! how painfully are they contrasted with its doubts and fears. She had suffered the serpent to coil around her heart, and for the first time felt its venomous sting. Anthony returned to his seat, but he found his fair companion unusually cold and reserved. A few minutes after, she complained of headache, and left the room, to return no more that evening.

That night Juliet wept herself to sleep. "Was it not more than evident," she said to herself, that this poor girl was in love with Anthony Hurdlestone, and could she consent to add another pang to a heart already deeply wounded? No, she would banish him from her thoughts, would never make him the subject of her day dreams again. She wished that she had never seen him—had never heard the rich tones of his mellow voice, or suffered the glance of his dark serious eyes to penetrate to her soul. Ah, Juliet! enjoy while thou can'st, thy troubled slumbers. Thou must yet awake to weep.

Was the object of her dreaming thoughts more happy than herself? Alas, no! insulted by his

cousin and friend, and at war with himself, Anthony could not sleep. Hour after hour, found him pacing his chamber with restless steps, striking his heart against the fetters that bound him, and striving in vain to be free. The very idea that he was the son of the miser—that he must blush for his father wherever his name was named, was not the least of his annoyances.

Was it possible that a girl of Juliet's poetic temperament could love the son of such a man? And as he pressed his hands against his aching brow, he wished that he had been the son of the poorest peasant upon his rich parent's vast estate.

He did not appear at the breakfast table, and when summoned to dinner he was met by Godfrey, the glow of pleasure mantling his richly tinted cheeks.

"Why, Godfrey, my boy," said the Colonel, regarding him with parental pride, "what have you been doing with yourself all the morning?"

"Making love to Miss Whitmore!" said his son; "and upon my word, sir, she is the most charming and accomplished girl in the world. She sings and plays divinely too. Her personal charms I might have withstood; but that voice has taken me by surprise. You know I was always a devout worshipper of sweet sounds. The old Captain has asked me to bring over my flute to accompany his daughter on the piano. I have no doubt that we shall get on delightfully together."

"Well, this is hardly fair, Godfrey. You promised Anthony to start fair, in attempting to win the good graces of the lady, and now you are trying to throw him altogether into the back ground."

"Ah! my dear sir, that was all very well in theory; but I found myself unable to reduce it to practice. I tell you, Anthony, that I am over head and ears in love with Miss Whitmore; and if you wish to die a natural death, you must not attempt to rival me with the lady."

"And what will become of poor Mary?"

Godfrey flashed back upon him an angry glance. "How can you name that peasant in the same breath with Miss Whitmore?"

"I only followed your example. A few days ago, you preferred the simple graces of the country girl to the refined lady."

"My taste is improving, you see," said Godfrey, filling his glass to the brim; "and here, in the sparkling juice of the grape, let all remembrance of my boyish love be drowned."

Anthony sighed, and sunk into a fit of abstraction, while Colonel Hurdlestone joined his son in a bumper to the health of the lady.

In spite of Godfrey's avowal, Anthony could not bring himself to regard Juliet Whitmore with indifference; nor did he consider it any breach of honour, endeavouring to make himself agreeable in her eyes. His attentions, though less marked than

his cousin's, were of a more delicate and tender nature, appealing less to female vanity, and more directly to her heart and understanding, and there were moments when the young lover fancied that he was not an object of indifference. The more he saw of the enthusiastic girl, with all her faults and all her romance, the more strongly he became attached to her. Among her many virtues she possessed the most active benevolence; never hesitating, in what she considered the discharge of her duty, to visit the poorest abodes of want and misery, administering to the comforts of the sick, and watching beside the pillow of the dying: In the performance of these acts of charity, she was greatly encouraged by her worthy father. When aunt Dorothy, in her selfish egotism, raved about her niece, endangering her life, and the lives of these around her, by going to infected houses, the Captain's general answer was, "Let the child alone—a good angel watches over her. God will take care of his own."

"So you said of her mother, Captain Whitmore; yet she lost her life by obstinately persisting in what she was pleased to call her duty."

"If the good ship sunk, whilst endeavouring to save the drowning crew of another," said the poor Captain, wiping the dew from his spectacles, "she went down in a good cause, and a blessing has descended from above upon her child."

One day, when Anthony remonstrated with Juliet on spending so much of her valuable time in visiting the poor, she replied, with her usual frankness:

"This from you, Mr. Anthony, who have devoted yourself to be an instructor of the poor, a friend of the friendless. How can I better employ my time than in striving to alleviate the sorrows of others. I cannot yield more to pleasure without spoiling my heart. It is not that I am averse to innocent amusements, for no person enjoys them more. But were I constantly to gratify my own selfish inclinations, I should soon lose my peace of mind—that dew of the soul which is so soon absorbed in the heated atmosphere of the world."

"If this is what the worldly term enthusiasm?" replied Anthony, "may its blessed inspiration ever continue to influence your actions."

"Enthusiasm!" repeated the girl, "oh that I could convey to you in words, what I feel to be the true definition of that term. It is the eternal struggling of our immortal against our mortal nature, which expands the wings of the soul towards its native heaven. Enthusiasm!—can any thing great or glorious be achieved without it? Can a man become a poet, painter, orator, patriot, warrior or lover, without enthusiasm? Can he become a Christian without it? In man's struggles to obtain fame, enthusiasm is a virtue. In a holy cause alone, it is termed madness. Ah! thou divine author of the

human soul—evermore grant me the inspiration of this immortal spirit."

They were standing together in the balcony. The beams of the summer moon rested upon the upturned brow of the young enthusiast, and filled her eye with holy fire—she looked almost above humanity, and the words of love which had trembled upon her companion's lips, were dismissed from his thoughts as light and vain. She looked too pure to address to her, at such a moment, the wild outpouring of human passion.

Godfrey's flute sounded beneath the balcony. He played one of Juliet's favourite airs. She turned up her eyes upon her lover.

"Is not the musician an enthusiast? Is not the language in which he breathes his soul, the poetry of sound?"

"Then what is love?" said Anthony, trying to detain her hand.

"I dare not attempt to analyze it," said Juliet, blushing deeply. "Beautiful when worshipped at a distance, it becomes too much the necessity of our nature, brought too near. Oh! if it would never bend its wings to earth, and ever speak in the language of music and poetry, this world would be too dark for so heavenly a visitant, and we should long for death, to unclothe the portals of the skies."

"Still, dearest Juliet, much quiet happiness may be realized upon earth."

"But think of its duration—how short—what sorrows are crowded even into the shortest life. To love, and to lose the beloved—how dreadful—my mother! ah, my mother—at her death my heart became a funeral urn, in which all sad and holy remembrances were enshrined. Oh! 'tis a fearful thing to love and lose! Better far to keep one's heart fancy free, than to find it the grave of hope."

"And will you never consent to love, fair Juliet?"

"Can you tell me how to resist its power?" said Juliet, with great simplicity. "We love against our own will—we call reason to our aid, and reason laughs at us. We strive to forget; but memory, like hope, though it cheats us, will not in turn be cheated; one holds the keys of the future, the other unlocks the treasures of the past. When we cease to hope, memory may cease to recal what were once the offsprings of hope. Both accompany us through life, and will I believe survive the grave."

"And will you allow me to entertain a hope—?"

At this moment, the lovers were interrupted by that eternal old pest, as Godfrey very unceremoniously called Miss Dorothea.

"Really, Miss Whitmore, I wonder at you standing out here, in the cold night air without your hat and shawl, and the dew falling so fast. I wish you would learn a little more prudence—it would save me a great deal of trouble."

"Alas!" whispered Juliet, as Anthony led her

back into the drawing-room, "how quickly the vulgarity of common place, banishes the beauty of the ideal."

The intercourse between the two families now became a matter of daily occurrence. Captain Whitmore was delighted with the society of his young friends. "They were fine lads, very fine lads. He did not know which to prefer. Juliet's choice would decide his," for the old man soon discovered that his daughter formed the attraction, which drew the young men so often to the lodge. Perhaps, he preferred Godfrey. He possessed more life and spirit—had more wit—was more amusing. He loved hunting and fishing; played an excellent game at draughts, and sang a good sea song. His face was always arrayed in smiles—his brow never wore the cloud of care, the pensive expression of refined thought, which was so apparent in his cousin. Godfrey made the room glad with his gay joyous laugh—he was the life and soul of the table, the prince of good fellows. A woman must be happy with such a handsome, good-natured husband, and the good old Captain hoped that his dear Julee would be happy with his favourite. Hearts understand hearts better. There existed no sympathy between the heart of Juliet and her volatile lover; the one was all soul; the other, a mere animal, in every sense of the word—living but for animal enjoyment, and unable to comprehend the refined taste and exquisite sensibilities which belong to higher natures. Yet he loved music; had a fine ear, and a fine voice, and exercised both with considerable skill. Here, Juliet met him on equal terms; they played; they sang together, and whilst so employed, and only drinking in sweet sounds, rendered doubly delicious, when accompanied by harmonious words, Juliet forgot the something, she could not tell what, which made her feel an aversion to the handsome musician. One evening, whilst they were standing at the piano together, Godfrey suddenly left off playing a touching little Scotch air, and turning to Juliet, said:

"If my flute, Miss Whitmore, could but speak the language of my heart, how quickly would it breathe into your ear, the tender tale which the musician wants courage to declare."

"Ah!" said Juliet colouring, "such notes would only produce discord. Perfect harmony must exist before we can form an union of sweet sounds. A similarity of mind can alone produce a reciprocity of affection. Godfrey Hurdlestone, we were not formed to love each other."

"Oh! say not so! One so passionately fond of music cannot be insensible to love."

"Let us go to my father," said Juliet; "he is fishing, and the evening air grows cold."

"He would not frown upon my suit."

"Perhaps not, but he would never urge me to encourage a suitor whom I could not love—I am

very young, Mr. Godfrey,—too young to enter into these serious engagements. I esteem you and your cousin, but if you persist in talking to me in this strain, it will destroy our friendship. If you really love me, never speak to me on this subject again."

"I will try and obey you," said Godfrey, not a little humbled and mortified; "but you have imposed upon me a very difficult task."

As Juliet ran forward to meet her father, she felt like a bird escaped out of the snare of the fowler.

"Why, Julee! love, how have you painted your cheeks?" said the old man. "What has Mr. Godfrey been saying to you?"

"Miss Juliet will not listen to any thing that I can say to her," returned Godfrey, gloomily.

"Pshaw!" said the old man; "a lover must look out for squalls; his bark is seldom destined to sail upon a smooth sea—if she will not go ahead against wind and tide, you must try her upon another tack. I wish you success, Mr. Godfrey; a fair breeze and pleasant sailing."

He turned to Juliet, and found her in tears.

CHAPTER IX.

Would that the dewy turf were spread,
O'er this frail form, and aching head;
Then this torn heart, and burning brain,
Would never wake to grief again.

WHEN Anthony entered the study the next morning, he found his cousin traversing the floor in great agitation.

"Anthony," he said, "you are just the person I wanted to see. My father is, I fear, a ruined man." Anthony recoiled some steps back.

"It is but too true. I have been talking to Johnstone, the steward. The account he gives of our affairs is most discouraging. Creditors are clamorous for their money, and there is no money to supply their demands. My father, it seems, has been living beyond his income for years; his estates have been mortgaged to alleviate his present wants, while no thought has been given to the future, by their improvident possessor. Mr. Hayden, the principal mortgagee, threatens to foreclose with my father, if the interest, which has remained unpaid for the last twelvemonth, is not instantly forthcoming. In this desperate exigency I can only think of two expedients, both of which depend entirely upon you."

There was much truth in his statement, but the facts were greatly exaggerated to suit the purpose of the narrator. Anthony had never questioned the state of his uncle's affairs. He had deemed him rich, and this distressing intelligence fell upon him with stunning violence. He begged Godfrey to explain in what manner he could render his uncle any assistance.

"It is not merely of my father I speak—the service is to us both; but it needs some prefacing."

Then, stepping up to the astonished Anthony, he said, in a quick, abrupt voice.

"Do you love Miss Whitmore?"

"Yes—no.—You have taken me so by surprise—I can scarcely tell."

"If your feelings towards her are of such an indefinite character, it will require no great mental struggle to resign them. She is to me an object of passionate regard. A marriage with Miss Whitmore would render me happy, and retrieve the fallen fortunes of my house. Nor do I think, that she would long remain indifferent to my suit, if you were absent. But if you continue to persevere in your attentions, and succeed in winning her affections, I shall be, of all men, the most miserable."

Anthony remained silent, and, after waiting for a considerable time, and receiving no answer, Godfrey grasped his hand, and continued with much vehemence:

"Prove your love to my father, your gratitude for past services, by an act of friendship to his son."

"Godfrey," replied his cousin, "you require of me more than I am able to grant."

"Have you made an offer then, to Miss Whitmore, and has she accepted you?"

"Neither the one nor the other. Have you?"

"I spoke to her on the subject, yesterday."

"Well," said Anthony, turning very pale, "and did she reject your suit?"

"She did not! she talked of her youth, and made some excuse to go to her father, but she showed no indications of displeasure."

"Is that possible?"

"Do you doubt my word, or do you think the miser's heir more likely to win the affections of the child of genius?"

"Alas! poor human nature, if this is true," said Anthony.

"It is true, and, after this statement, can you honorably attempt to offer your addresses to the lady?"

"If you asked me to resign the wealth you prize so highly, Godfrey, I could do it. Nay, even my life itself would be a far less sacrifice than the idea of giving up the only woman I ever loved. Ask any thing of me but that, for, by the God who made me! I cannot do it."

"Then you will compel me to do this," said Godfrey, taking from his breast a loaded pistol, and aiming it at his own head."

"Madman! what would you do?" cried Anthony, striking the weapon out of his hand.

"Prove your gratitude to me and mine," said Godfrey, with a bitter laugh. "Your father is rich; mine is poor, and has been made so by his generosity to others."

That horrid taunt; ah! how it stung his cousin

to the heart. He stood before his tormentor with clenched hands and quivering lips—startled and alarmed at Godfrey's demeanor—doubtful of the truth of his statements—fearing that he was but acting a part,—until he saw the bright cheek of the other turn deadly pale, the tears tremble in his eyes. Then, all the kindness of his uncle—all the love he had cherished for him from his boyish years—all the affection which he had lavished upon his hot-headed companion,—united to subdue the proud spirit of resistance which agitated his breast. He recalled the promise he had made to Algernon, never to forsake his son, and, dreadful as was the sacrifice which Godfrey called upon him to make, the struggle was over—the victory over self already won.

"You shall never say, cousin Godfrey, that Anthony Hurdlestone knowingly destroyed your peace. I love Juliet Whitmore—I believe she loves me—but, for my uncle's sake, I renounce my claim."

Joy brightened up the handsome face of Godfrey. He was not insensible to his cousin's generous self-denial. He embraced him with warmth, and the idea that he had rendered Godfrey happy, partly reconciled the martyr of gratitude to his forlorn situation.

"You spoke of two expedients, which might avert the ruin which threatened my uncle," he said. "Your marriage with Juliet Whitmore rests upon no broader basis than a bare possibility. Name the second."

"In case of the worst, to apply to your father for the loan of two thousand pounds."

Anthony shook his head, and, without thinking a reply to such a wild proposition necessary, took up his hat, and strolled into the park.

He tried to reason himself into the belief, that, in giving up the object of his affections, he had achieved a very great and good action; but there was a painful void in his heart, which all his boasted philosophy failed to fill. Unconsciously he took the path that led to Mary Mathews' cottage. As he drew near the high hawthorn hedge which separated the little garden from the road, his attention was arrested, by some one weeping passionately behind its almost impervious screen. He instantly recognized Mary in the mourner, and, from a conversation that followed, he found that she was not alone.

"I could bear your reproaches," she said to her companion, "if he loved me—but he has ceased to think of me—to care for me. I never loved but him. I gave him all that I had in my power to bestow, and he has left me thus."

"Did he ever promise your marriage?" asked the deep voice of William Mathews.

"Ah! yes, a thousand, thousand times."

Then by ——— he shall keep his word, or my name's not William Mathews.

"Ah! if he did but love me still, I would not care.

The world is nothing to me—it may say what it pleases; I would rather be his mistress than another man's wife. But to be forsaken and trampled upon; to know that another, with half my beauty, and with none of my love, is preferred before me, is more than this proud heart can bear?"

"Does my father know of your situation?"

"No, no, I dare not tell him. Though he transgresses constantly himself, men are so unjust he would never forgive me. I would rather fling myself into that pond," she laughed hysterically, "than he should know anything about it. Sometimes I think, William, that there would be the best place to hide my shame."

"Live girl—live for revenge. Leave your gay paramour to me—I have been the ruin of many a better man."

"I would rather die," returned the girl, "than suffer any injury to befall him. He is my husband in the sight of heaven, and I will cling to him to the last."

"What a cursed fool you are, Mary; I always thought you were above such paltry weakness. When your name is coupled with infamy, and you find yourself an object of contempt to the villain who has betrayed you. I tell you, that you will alter your opinion."

"I know he despises me already, and it is that which makes me feel so bad. When I think of it, there comes over me just such a scorching heat, as used to sear up my brain in the bad fever. The people said I was crazed, but I was not half so mad then as I am now."

"Keep up your spirits, girl—I will compel him to make you his wife."

"What good would that do? You could not make him love me; we should be only more miserable than we are at present. I wish—oh, how I wish I were dead!"

Here the painful conversation was abruptly broken off, by Godfrey's spaniel, who had followed Anthony through the park, springing over the stile, into the garden, and leaping into Mary's lap.

"It is Mr. Hurdlestone's dog!" she said, bending down to return the animal's caresses; "poor Fido! you love me still."

"His villainous master cannot be far off," cried the ruffian Matthews, crossing the stile, and advancing towards Anthony, who, owing to their great personal resemblance, he mistook for his cousin. Conscious of his innocence, Anthony did not attempt to leave the spot, but met the audacious and menacing air of the smuggler, with an expression of calm indifference.

"I would speak a few words with you, sir."

"As many as you please," returned Anthony; "but first, let me inform you, that I am not the person you seek."

"You might as well attempt to cheat the devil,

as to deceive me!" said the ruffian. "You and I have a heavy account to settle together. I know you, too well; and you shall know me better before we part—take that, as an earnest of our further acquaintance."

As he ceased speaking, he struck Anthony a heavy blow with the oaken cudgel he held in his hand. Forced to retaliate, in self-defence, Anthony closed with his gigantic opponent; several blows had been given and received on either side, when the combatants were separated by the interference of a third person. This was no other than Captain Whitmore, who, with his daughter, accidentally rode up to the scene of action.

"Mr Anthony Hurdlestone engaged in such a disgraceful fray! Can I believe the evidence of my senses?"

"Not if you would judge impartially, Captain Whitmore," said Anthony, striving to keep a calm exterior, whilst the most bitter and humiliating feelings agitated his breast. "This man——"

"Was striving to revenge the wrongs done to a sister, by this villain," exclaimed Matthews. "I appeal to you, sir, as a man, a father, and a brave British tar, if you could suffer a sister or a daughter to be trampled upon and betrayed, without resenting the injury?"

"I should scorn myself, could I be guilty of the crimes laid to my charge," returned Anthony; "Miss Whitmore, you must not believe this man's accusation—you and he are both alike deceived."

The answer he obtained to this speech, was an indignant flash from the hitherto dove-like eyes of Juliet Whitmore. She reined back her horse, and turned her face proudly away from the imploring gaze of the now half distracted Anthony.

"I must, I will be heard," he cried, seizing the reins of her horse, and forcibly detaining her to the spot. "I see, Miss Whitmore, that this foul calumny is believed, both by your father and yourself; I demand an explanation, here, upon this very spot. William Mathews! you have accused me of being a villain! the seducer of your sister! I tell you, to your teeth, that your accusation is false. Call hither your sister—let her determine the question—I am innocent—I shrink not from the most rigid investigation of my conduct."

"Do as he bids you, Mr. Mathews," said the Captain. "Call here your sister; I consider myself bound in justice to listen to Mr. Hurdlestone's proposal."

Juliet's eyes involuntarily turned to the garden gate, but her pale cheek flushed to crimson, as it unclosed, and the unfortunate umpire, half led half dragged forward by her brutal brother, presented herself before them. Even Anthony's presence of mind forsook him, as, with a start, he recognized his cousin's victim.

A few weeks had wrought a fearful change in the

blooming and healthful appearance of the poor girl. She looked like a young sapling tree, on whose verdant head had fallen an incurable blight; an utter disregard of the opinions of others was manifested in her squalid appearance, and total neglect of personal neatness. The pride of the girl's heart had vanished with her self-respect, and she stood before the strange group, with a bold front and unbending brow, yet her eye wandered vacantly from face to face, as if perfectly unconscious of the real meaning of the scene. Anthony had appealed to Mary, to vindicate his innocence; but when she came, he was so shocked by her appearance, he was unable to speak.

"Mary!" said her brother, "is not this your seducer?"

Mary gazed upon him sullenly, but returned no answer.

"Speak, Mary," said Anthony, addressing her with a degree of compassionate tenderness. "Did you ever receive wrong or injury from me? Did I ever address you as a lover—betray, or leave you to shame?"

Instead of answering his question in direct terms, the poor girl, who now became conscious of the degraded situation in which she was placed, and subdued by the kindness of his look and manner, sprang towards him, and following the impulse of that reckless disposition which had led to her ruin, seized his hand, and pressing it to her lips, exclaimed:

"Oh, Mr. Hurdlestone! this from you?"

"It is enough," said Juliet, who had witnessed this scene, with an intensity of interest too great to be described, and who turned the head of her horse homeward; "what need have we of further evidence?"

"She is gone!" exclaimed Anthony, clasping his hands together, in an agony of despair; "is gone, and believes me guilty."

Whilst he stood rooted to the spot, Matthews approached, and whispered in his ear:

"Your mean subterfuge has not saved you—we shall meet again."

"I care not how soon," returned Anthony, fiercely. "But why should I be angry with you, man, you have mistaken your quarry,—a matter of little moment to you—but it is death to me."

"Death and hell!" exclaimed the ruffian, who now began to suspect himself in error; "if you are not Godfrey Hurdlestone, you must be his ghost!"

"I am his cousin," said Anthony. "I never wronged either you or yours, but you have done me an injury which you can never repair."

He turned from the spot with a swelling heart, and a brain burning with indignation against his selfish cousin.

"Well, hang me—if that isn't a good joke;" cried the smuggler, bursting into a coarse laugh,

which quickened the steps of his retreating foe; "the devil had some mischief in store, when he made those chaps so much alike. I wou'd not wish my own brother to look so much like me, lest, mayhap, he should murder and steal, and the halter should fall upon my neck instead of his."

CHAP. X.

Oh! human hearts are strangely cast!

Time softens grief and pain,

Like reads that shiver in the blast,

They bend, to rise again.

"Come, Miss Whitmore—you must rouse yourself from this unwomanly grief. It is quite improper for a young female of your rank and fortune, to be shedding tears for the immoral conduct of a worthless young profligate."

"Peace, Dorothy! don't scold the poor child so. You see her heart is nearly broken; it will do her good to weep. Come, my darling, come to your old father's arms; never mind what she says to you."

"Really, Captain Whitmore, if you mean to encourage your daughter's disrespectful conduct to me, the sooner we part the better."

"Dolly, Dolly, have you no feeling for the poor child! Do hold that infernal tongue of yours; it never sounded so harsh and disagreeable to me before. Look up, my Julee, and kiss your old father."

And the poor girl made an effort to raise her head, and look up into her father's face. But the big tears weighed down her eyelids, and she sank back upon his breast, faintly murmuring: "And I thought him so good."

"Yes," said Miss Dorothy, "you never would believe me—you would follow your own head-strong fancy—and now you feel the result of your folly. I often wondered to see you reading, and flirting, and walking, with that silent, down looking young man, while his frank, good natured cousin was treated with contempt. I hope you'll trust to my judgment another time."

"Oh, aunt! spare me these reproaches," said Juliet; "if I have acted imprudently, I am severely punished."

"I am sure the poor child has not been deceived more than I have been," said the Captain. "But the lad's to be pitted—he comes of a bad breed. A little sleep will do you good—tomorrow you will forget it all."

"That poor girl," murmured Juliet, and a shudder ran through her whole frame; "how can I forget her? Her face—her look of unutterable woe haunts me continually. And I—I may have been the cause of her misery. But I will go to bed—my head aches sadly—I long to be alone."

She finally embraced her father, and bade him good night; and, courtesying to aunt Dorothy, for

her heart was too sore to speak to her, she sought the silence and solitude of her own chamber.

Oh! what luxury it was to be alone. To know that no prying eyes looked upon her grief—no harsh voice, with unfeeling common-place, tore open the deep wounds of her aching heart, and bade them bleed afresh.

"Oh, that I could think him innocent," she said; "yet I cannot believe him guilty. He looked, oh! how sad and touching was that look—it spoke of sorrow, but it revealed no trait of remorse. But, then, Mary—would she, by her conduct, have condemned, when she knew him guiltless? Alas! it must be so—and 'tis now a crime to love."

She sank upon her knees, and buried her face in the coverlid of the bed—but no prayer rose to her lips. An utter prostration of spirit was there. Hour after hour still found her upon her knees, yet she could not form a single petition.

An agony of tears, was all her soul could offer. Midnight came. The moon had climbed high in the heavens. The family had retired for the night, when Juliet was aroused from her stupor of misery by a low strain of music beneath her window.

The casement was open—and as she turned her head in that direction, the following words distinctly met her ear.

Ah, dost thou think that I could be
False to myself—and false to thee?
This broken heart, and fevered brain
May never wake to joy again—
Yet conscious innocence has given
A hope, that triumphs o'er despair;
I trust my righteous cause to heaven—
And brace my tortured soul to bear
The worst that can in earth befall,
In losing thee—my life, my all—

The dove of promise to my ark,
The pole star to my wandering bark,
The beautiful, by love enshrined,
And worshipped with such fond excess,
Whose being with my being twined,
And formed one dream of happiness.

Spurn not the crushed and withered flower—
There yet shall dawn a brighter hour;
When ev'ry tear you shed o'er this,
Shall be repaid with tenfold bliss.
Then banish from thy breast forever,
The cold ungenerous thought of ill!
Falsehood awhile our hearts may sever,
But injured worth must triumph still.

It was the voice of Anthony Hurdlestone. How sad were its tones—yet how sweet. Could she now believe him guilty. Realities are stern things, yet Juliet, with all the romance of her nature, was

willing to hope against hope. She longed to go to the window, but feelings of shame and delicacy kept her motionless. And when she at length, gained sufficient courage to reach the casement, the voice was silent—the minstrel gone.

"Surely, surely, she cannot think me guilty!" thought the devoted Anthony, as he tossed from side to side upon his restless bed. "She is too generous to condemn me, without further evidence of my guilt. Yet, why do I cling to a forlorn hope?—stronger minds than hers would believe appearances which speak so loudly against me. But why should I bear this brand of infamy?—I will go to her in the morning and expose the real criminal." This idea, entertained for a moment, was quickly abandoned. "What if he did expose his cousin's guilt—might not Godfrey deny the facts? How could he prove his assertions? And then his ingratitude to the father, would be most conspicuously displayed in thus denouncing the son. No, he would, for Algernon's sake, bear the deep wrong; and leave to Heaven the vindication of his honor. He had made an appeal to her feelings, and although she had given no sign of recognition, she might have heard him; and youth, ever sanguine, hoped for the best. Another plan suggested itself to his disturbed mind. He would inform Godfrey of the miserable situation in which he was placed; and trust to his generosity to exonerate him from the false charge, which Mary, in her waywardness or madness, had fixed upon him. Judging his cousin's mind by his own, he felt that he was secure—that, however painful to Godfrey's self-love, he would never suffer him to be reproached with a crime which had been committed by himself. Confident of success, he rose by the dawn of day, and sought his cousin's apartment. After rapping for several minutes at the door, his summons was answered by Godfrey, in a grumbling tone, between sleeping and waking:

"Who's there?"

"Anthony—I must see you. Do open the door, and let me in—the affair is urgent—I cannot brook delay."

"What the devil do you want at this early hour?" said Godfrey, with a heavy yawn. "Now do be quiet, Tony, and give a man time to pull his eyes open."

Again the door was violently shaken; Godfrey had fallen back into a deep sleep, and Anthony, in his impatience to obtain an audience, made noise enough to have aroused the seven sleepers from their memorable nap. With a desperate effort, Godfrey sprang from the bed, and unlocked the door; but as the morning was chilly, he as quickly retreated to his warm nest, and buried his head under the blankets.

"Godfrey, do rouse yourself, and attend to me; I have something of the greatest consequence to

communicate, the recital of which will grieve you, if you retain any affection for me."

"Could you not wait until after breakfast?" said Godfrey, forcing himself into a sitting posture. "I was out late last night, and drank too much wine; I feel confoundedly stupid, and the uproar that you have been making for the last hour at the door, has given me an awful headache. But what, in God's name, is the matter with you, Anthony? You look like a spectre. Are you ill?—or have you, like me, been too long last night over your cups?"

"Neither—you know I never drink. But indeed, Godfrey, though I possess no bodily ailment, my mind is ill at ease—I am sick at heart, and you—you, cousin, are the cause of my present sufferings."

"Ah, the old love tale! You repent of giving up Juliet, and you want me to release you from your promise. Do not expect me to be such a romantic fool. I never give up an advantage once gained; and am as miserly of opportunities as your father is of his cash. But speak out, Anthony," he continued, at seeing his cousin turn very pale. "I should like to hear what dreadful charge you have to bring into the court of love, against me?"

"You shall hear," returned Anthony, "if I have strength and courage to tell you." Godfrey now assumed a more serious aspect, and, after a long pause, Anthony informed him of the conversation he had overheard between Mary and her brother; and what had subsequently happened. His cousin listened with intense interest, until he came to that part of the narrative, where Mary, in her wandering mood, had confounded him with Anthony, and there—at the very circumstance, which had occasioned his cousin such acute anguish, and when he expected from him the deepest sympathy,—how were his feelings shocked, as, throwing himself back upon his pillow, Godfrey gave way to the most immoderate fit of laughter.

This was too much for the excited state of mind under which Anthony had been labouring for some hours, and, with a stifled groan, he fell across the bed. Godfrey, alarmed in his turn, checked his indecent mirth, and, hastily rising, found his unfortunate cousin in a deep swoon.

Wishing to avoid any further discussion of an unpleasant subject, Godfrey dressed himself as quickly as he could; and, calling his father's valet, consigned the still insensible Anthony to his care, and quitted the house, determined not to return until Anthony had forgotten the first smart, of what he considered would prove an incurable wound.

Instead of being sorry at this unfortunate mistake, he secretly congratulated himself upon his singular good fortune, and laughed at the strange accident that had miraculously transferred the shame of his own guilt to his cousin.

"This will destroy forever what little influence he possessed with Juliet, and will close the Cap-

tain's doors against him. If I do not improve my present advantage, may I die a poor dependent upon the bounty of a Hurdlestone!"

Again he laughed, and strode onward to the lodge, humming a gay tune, and talking and whistling, alternately, to his dog. He found Miss Dorothy and her niece at work, the latter as pale as marble, the tears still lingering in the long dark lashes that veiled her sad and downcast eyes. The Captain was rocking to and fro in his easy chair, smoking his pipe, and glancing first towards his daughter, and then at her starch, prim-looking aunt, with no very complaisant expression.

"By Jove! Dorothy," he exclaimed, "if you continue to torment that poor child with your eternal sermons, I shall be compelled to send you from the house."

"A very fitting return for all my services," whimpered Miss Dorothy; "for all the love and care I have bestowed upon you, and your ungrateful daughter—send me from the house—turn me out of doors—me, at my time of life!" using that for argument sake, which, if addressed to her by another, would have been refuted with indignation. "To send me forth into the world, homeless and friendless, to find a living among strangers. Have you the heart, brother, to address this to me?"

"Well—perhaps I was wrong, Dolly—come, dry up your tears; you do so provoke me with your ill temper, that really I don't know what I say. It's a hard thing for a man's wife to have the command of the ship; but it seems deucedly unnatural for him to be ruled by his sister."

"Was it not enough to make a virtuous woman like me, angry," said Aunt Dorothy, "to hear the girl, whose morals she had fostered with such care, defending that wicked seducer?"

"I did not defend his conduct," said Juliet, with dignity. "If he is guilty, such conduct is indefensible—I only hoped that we had been mistaken."

"Pshaw, girl! you are too credulous," said the Captain. "But see, here is Mr. Godfrey, we may learn the truth of him."

And Godfrey, with an air of the deepest concern, listened to the Captain's indignant recital of the scene he had witnessed in the park; and with his uncle Mark's duplicity, (and Godfrey was a laughing villain, always the most dangerous sinner of the two,) affected to commiserate the folly and weakness of his cousin, in suffering himself to be entangled by an artful girl.

"He is a strange person—a very strange person, I assure you, Captain Whitmore. I have known him from a child, but I don't know what to make of him. His father is a bad man, and it would be strange if he did not inherit some of his propensities."

"Weaknesses of this nature were not among his father's faults," said the Captain; "I must confess

that I liked the lad, and he had, I am told, a highly gifted, and very amiable mother."

"I have heard my father say so," said Godfrey, "but she was his first love,—and love is always blind. I should think very little of the moral worth of a woman, who could desert such a man as my father, to marry a selfish wretch, like Mark Hurdlestone, for his money."

"You are right," said Juliet, casting towards him an approving look; "such a woman was unworthy of your father. Yet, poor Anthony, I had hoped for him better things."

"You think, Mr. Godfrey, there can be no doubt of his guilt?" said Miss Dorothy.

"The girl must know best," returned Godfrey, evading, whilst, at the same moment, he confirmed the question.

"He's an infernal scoundrel then!" said the Captain, throwing down his pipe with a sound that made his daughter start, "and he shall never darken my doors again, and so you may tell him from me!"

"He will think this a severe sentence—but he deserves it," returned Godfrey. "I fear my father will one day repent of having fostered such a viper in his bosom. Yet, strange to say, he always preferred him to his son."

"Perhaps there is a stronger tie between them?" ventured the chaste Miss Dorothy.

"Report says so, Miss Dorothy! But this is a base slander upon the generous nature of my father. He loved Anthony's mother better than he did mine, and he loves her son better than he does me."

"Poor lad!" said the Captain, grasping him warmly by the hand. "You have been unkindly treated among them, and you shall find a father and a friend in me."

Godfrey was a little ashamed of his own duplicity, and would gladly, if possible, have recalled that disgraceful scene; but having so far committed himself, he no longer regarded the consequences, but determined to bear it out with the most hardened effrontery. Whilst Anthony was stretched upon a sick bed, writhing under the most acute mental and bodily pain, Godfrey was enjoying the most flattering demonstrations of regard, which were lavishly bestowed upon him by the inhabitants of the lodge. But the vengeance of heaven never sleeps, and though the stratagems of wicked men may, for a time, prove successful, the end generally proves the truth of the Apostle's awful denunciation—"The wages of sin, is death."

CHAPTER XI.

Art thou a father? Did the generous tide
Of warm parental love, ere fill thy veins,
And bid thee feel an interest in thy kind?
Did, the pulsation of that icy heart,
Quickened and vibrate to some gentle name,
Breathed but in secret at its sacred shrine?

It cannot be—thou lean and haggard wretch!
Thou living satire on the name of man—
Thou, who hast made a God of sordid gold,
And to their idol offered up thy soul!
Oh! how I pity thee, thy wasted years—
Age without comfort—youth without a spring!
To thy dull gaze the earth was never green,
The glorious face of nature wore no smile;
For ever groping, groping in the dust,
Making the object of thy abject search
The grave of all enjoyments.

SHORT was the time allowed to Anthony Hurdlestone to brood over his wrongs. His uncle's affairs had reached a certain crisis, and ruin stared him in the face. Algernon had ever been the most imprudent of men; and, under the fallacious hope of redeeming his fortune, he had taken to the turf. This false step completed what his reckless profusion had already begun. He found himself always on the losing side, but the excitement of gambling had become necessary to his existence. The management of his estates was entrusted entirely to a steward, who, as his master's fortunes declined, was rapidly rising into wealth and consequence. Algernon never troubled himself to examine the real state of his finances, whilst Johnstone furnished him with money to gratify all the whims and wants of the passing moment. The embarrassed state of his property was unknown to his young relatives, who deemed his treasures, like those of the celebrated Abulcasem, inexhaustible. Godfrey, it is true, had latterly received some hints from Johnstone how matters really stood; but his mind was so wholly occupied by Juliet Whitmore, and the unpleasant predicament in which he was placed by his unfortunate intimacy with Mary Mathews, that he had not given the subject a second thought.

The storm, which had been gathering long, at length burst. Algernon was arrested, and his property seized by the sheriff; himself removed upon the limits to the county town of ——. Thither, forgetful of his own sufferings, Anthony followed him, anxious to alleviate with his presence, the deep dejection into which his uncle had fallen, and to offer that heartfelt sympathy, so precious to the wounded pride of the latter. The gay and joyous disposition of Algernon Hurdlestone was unable to bear up against the pressure of misfortune. His mind yielded to the stroke, and he gave himself up to misery. His numerous creditors assailed him on all sides with their fruitless importunities, and in his dire distress he applied to his rich brother, and, humbly for him, entreated a temporary loan of two thousand pounds. This application was, as might have been expected, insultingly rejected on the part of the miser. Rendered desperate by his situation, Algernon made a second attempt, and pleaded the expense he had been at in bringing up his son, and

demanding a moderate remuneration for the same. To this application Mark returned for answer—"That he had not forced his son upon his protection—that Algernon had pleased himself in adopting the boy—that he had warned him of the consequences of taking such an extraordinary step at the time—and that he must now abide by the result. That he had wasted his substance in a foolish and extravagant manner, but that he, Mark, knew better how to take care of his."

"Your father, Tony, is a mean, pitiful scoundrel!" cried the heart-broken Algernon, crushing the unfeeling letter together in his hand, and flinging it with violence from him. "But I deserved to be treated with contempt when I could so far forget myself as to make an application to him! Thirty years ago, and I should have deemed begging my bread from door to door an act of less degradation. But time, Tony, changes us all, and misfortune makes the proudest neck bend beneath the yoke. My spirit is subdued, Anthony,—my heart crushed—my pride gone; I am not what I was, my dear boy. This blow will deprive you of a father—aye, and of one that loved you too. I would rather share the kennel with my dogs than become an inmate of the home that awaits you."

"Home!" sighed the youth. "The wide world is my home. the suffering children of humanity my lawful kinsmen." Seeing his uncle's lip quiver, he took his hand, and affectionately pressed it between his own, while tears, in spite of himself, fell freely from his eyes: "Father of my heart! would I could, in this hour of your adversity, repay you all I owe you. But, cheer up, something may yet be done. He has never seen me as a man. I will go to him—will plead with him—nature may assert her right; the streams of hidden affection, so long pent up in his iron heart, may overflow, and burst asunder these bars of adamant. Uncle, I will go to him this very day, and may God grant me success."

"It is in vain, Anthony; avarice owns no heart, has no natural affections. You may go—but it is only to mortify your pride, agonize your feelings, and harden your kind nature against the whole world."

"It is a trial!" said Anthony. "But I will not spare myself; duty demands the attempt; and, successful or unsuccessful, it shall be made."

He strode towards the door. His uncle again called him back.

"Do not stay long, Anthony; I feel ill and low spirited. Godfrey surely does not know that I am in this accursed place. Perhaps he is ashamed to visit me here. I do not blame him. Poor lad! poor lad! I have ruined his prospects in life by my selfish extravagance; but I never thought it would come to this. If you see him on your way, Tony, tell him."—and here his voice faltered,—
"tell him that his poor old father pines to see him—

that his absence is worse than imprisonment—than death itself. I have many faults—but I have loved him only too well."

This was more than Anthony could bear, and he sprang out of the room.

With a heart overflowing with generous emotions, and deeply sympathising in his kinsman's forlorn situation, he mounted the horse which he had borrowed from a friend in the neighbourhood, and took the road that led to his father's mansion—that father who had abandoned him, while yet a tender boy, to the care of another, and whom he had never met since the memorable hour they had parted.

Oak Hall was situated about thirty miles from N— Park, and it was near sunset when Anthony caught the first glimpse of its picturesque church spire and square towers amongst the trees. With mingled feelings of pride, shame, and bitterness, he passed the venerable mansion of his fathers, and alighted at the door of the sordid hovel, that its miserable possessor had chosen for his home.

The cottage in many places had fallen into decay, and admitted, through countless crevices, the wind and rain. A broken chair, a three-legged stool, and the shattered remains of an old oak table, deficient of one of its supporters, but propped up with bricks, comprised the whole of the furniture of the wretched apartment. The door was ajar, which led into an interior room that served for a dormitory. Two old, soiled mattresses, in which the straw had not been changed for years, thrown carelessly upon the floor, were the sole garniture of this execrable chamber. Anthony glanced around with feelings of uncontrollable disgust, and all his boyish antipathy returned. The harsh words, the still harsher blows, and the bitter curses, he had been wont to receive from the miser, came up in his heart, and, in spite of his better nature, steeled that heart against his ungracious parent. The entrance of Mark Hurdlestone, whose high stern features once seen could never be forgotten, roused Anthony from the train of gloomy recollections, and called back his thoughts to the unpleasant business which brought him there. Mark did not at the first glance recognize his son in the tall, handsome youth before him, and he growled out, "Who are you, sir, and what do you want?"

"Mr. Hurdlestone," said Anthony, respectfully, "I am your son."

The old man sat down in the chair. A dark cloud came over his brow. He knitted his straight, bushy eyebrows, so closely together, that the small fiery dark eye gleamed like a spark from beneath its gloomy pent-house.

"My son—yes, yes, I've heard say that 'tis a wise son that knows his own father. It must be a very wise father, I think, that can know his own son. Certainly, I should never have recognized mine in the gay magpie before me. And what

brought you here? Money; I suppose. Money—the everlasting want, which the extravagant sons of pleasure strive to extort from the provident, who lay up, during the harvest of life, a provision for the winter of age. If such be your errand, young man, your time is wasted here. Anthony Hurdlestone! I have nothing to give!”

“Not even affection, it would appear, to an only son.”

“Affection! I owe you none.”

“In what manner have I forfeited my natural claim upon your heart?”

“By transferring the duty and affection, which you owed to me, to another. Go to him, who has pampered your appetite, and clothed you with soft raiment, and brought you up daintily to lead the idle life of a gentleman. I disown all relationship with such a useless vagabond!”

Anthony’s cheek reddened with indignation. “It was not upon my own account I sought you, sir. From my infancy, I have been a neglected and forsaken child, for whom you never shewed the least parental regard. Hard blows and harder words were the sole marks of fatherly affection which Anthony Hurdlestone ever received at your hands. To hear you curse me, when, starving with cold and hunger, I have solicited a morsel of bread from you—to hear you wish me dead, and to see you watch me with hungry eager eyes, as if in my meagre wasted countenance, you wished to find a prophetic answer, were sights and sounds of common recurrence. Could such conduct as this beget love in your wretched offspring? Yet, God knows,” exclaimed the young man, clasping his hands forcibly together, while tears started into his eyes; “God knows how earnestly I have prayed to love you—to forget and forgive these unnatural injuries, which have cast the shadow of care over the spring of youth, and made the world and all that it contains, a wilderness of woe to my blighted heart.”

The old man regarded him with a sullen scowl; but, whatever were his feelings, (and that he did feel the whole truth of the young man’s passionate appeal, the restless motion of his foot and hand, sufficiently indicated,) he returned no answer; and Anthony, emboldened by despair, and finding a relief in giving vent to the long pent up feelings which for years had corroded his breast, continued:

“I rightly deemed that by you, Mr. Hurdlestone, I should be regarded as an unwelcome visitor. Hateful to the sight of the injurer, is the person of the injured; and I stand before you, a living reproach—an awful witness, both here and hereafter at the throne of God, of what you ought to have been—and what you have neglected to be—a father to me! But let that pass—I am in the hands of One, who is the protector of the innocent, and in his righteous hands I leave my cause. Your brother, sir, who has been a father to me—is in prison—his

heart pressed sore by his painful situation, droops to the grave. I came to see if you, out of your abundance, were willing to save him. Let your old grudge be forgotten—behold him only in the light of a brother—of that brother who shared your cradle—of a friend whom you have deeply injured,—a generous fellow creature fallen, whom you have the power to raise up and restore. Let not the kind protector of your son end his days in a jail, when a small sum, which never could be missed from your immense wealth, would enable him to end his days in peace.”

“A small sum!” responded the Miser, with a bitter laugh. “Let me hear what you consider a small sum? Your uncle has the impudence to demand of me the sum of two thousand pounds—which he considers a small remuneration for bringing up and educating my son, from the age of seven years, to twenty. Anthony Hurdlestone, go back to your employer, and tell him that I never expended that sum in sixty years!”

“You cannot dismiss me with this cruel and insulting message?”

“From me you will obtain no other.”

“Is it possible that a creature made in God’s holy image, can possess such a hard heart? Alas, sir!—I have considered your avarice in the light of a dire disease. In such a light I have pitied and excused it; but now the delusion is over—you are but too sane, and I feel ashamed of my father.” The old man started and clenched his fist—his teeth grated together in his head—he glared upon his son with his small fiery eyes, but remained silent, whilst Anthony, without regarding his anger, continued:—

“It is a hard thing for a son to be compelled to plead with a father in a cause like this! Is there no world beyond ours? Does no fear of the future compel you to act justly? Or are your thoughts so wholly engrossed with the dross on which you have placed all your earthly affections, that you will not, for the love of God, bestow a small portion of that wealth, to save a twin brother from destruction? Oh! listen to me father—listen to me, that I may love and bless you.” He flung himself passionately at the old man’s feet. “Give now, that you may possess treasures hereafter—that you may meet a reconciled brother and wife, in the realms of glory!”

“Fool!” exclaimed the Miser, spurning him from his feet. “In heaven, they are neither married nor given in marriage—your mother and I will never meet again. And, God forbid we should!”

Anthony shuddered. He felt that such a meeting was indeed improbable, as he started from the degrading posture he had assumed, and stood before the old man, with a brow as stern and contracted as his own.

“And now, Anthony Hurdlestone, let me speak a

few words to you—and mark them well! Is it for a boy like you to prescribe rules for his father's conduct? Away from my presence! I will not be insulted in my own house, and assailed by these impertinent importunities. Reflect, young man, upon your present undutiful conduct, and if you ever provoke me by a repetition of it—I will strike your name out of my will, and leave my property to strangers more deserving of it. I hear that you have been studying for the church, under the idea that I will provide for you in that profession—I could do it—I would have done it, and made good a promise I once gave you to that effect; but this meeting has determined me to pursue another plan, and leave you to yourself."

"You are welcome so to do, Mr. Hurdlestone," said Anthony, proudly, turning to depart. "The education which I have received at your injured brother's expense, will place me above want—farewell, and may God judge betwixt us two."

With a heavy heart Anthony returned to S——. He saw a crowd collected round the jail, but forcing his way through them, he was met in the entrance by Godfrey. His cheek was pale, his lip quivered, as he addressed his cousin:

"You are come too late, Anthony. 'Tis all over. My poor father! —"

He turned away, for his heart at that time was not wholly dead to the feelings common to our nature. He could not conclude the sentence. Anthony only too quickly comprehended the meaning of his cousin's agitation. He rushed past him, and entered the room which had been appropriated to his uncle's use. And there he lay upon that mean bed, never again to rise up, or whistle to hawk or hound—the generous, reckless Algernon Hurdlestone. His face wore a placid smile,—his grey hair hung in solemn masses round the open brow, and he looked as if he had really bidden the cares and sorrows of time a long good night, and had fallen into a deep, tranquil sleep. A tall figure stood by the bed, gazing sadly upon the face of the deceased. Anthony saw him not. The arrow was in his heart. The sight of his dead uncle—his best—his dearest—his only friend, had blinded him to aught else upon earth. With a low cry of deep and heart-uttered grief, he flung himself upon the breast of the dead, and wept with all the passionate, uncontrolled anguish which a final separation from the beloved wrings from a devoted woman's heart.

"Poor boy, how dearly he loved him!" remarked some one near him, addressing the person who had first occupied the room when Anthony entered. It was Mr. Grant, the rector, who spoke.

"I hope this sudden bereavement will serve him as a warning to amend his own evil ways," returned his companion, who happened to be no other than Captain Whitmore, as he left the apartment.

Anthony raised his head, his dark eyes flashing

through his tears, as the unmerited reproach, even in a moment like that, stung him to the quick; but he who wished to play the part of a monitor was gone, and the unhappy youth again bowed his head and wept upon the bosom of the dead.

"Anthony, be comforted," said the kind clergyman, taking his young friend's hand. "Your poor uncle has been taken by a merciful God from the evil to come. You know his frank, generous nature; you know his extravagant habits—his self-indulgence. How could such a man struggle with the cares of life, or encounter the cold glances of those he was used to entertain? Think—think a moment, and restrain this passionate grief. Would it be wise, or kind, or Christian-like, to wish him back?"

"You are right, my dear sir; it is all for the best; I know it is. My loss is his gain; but 'tis such a loss—such a dreadful loss—I know not how to bear it with any fortitude."

"I will not attempt to console you with commonplace condolence, Anthony. Nature says, weep—weep freely—but do not regret his departure."

"How did he meet his fate? Dear, kind uncle, was he prepared?"

"Be satisfied. He died of a broken heart—but he died happily. His last words were peace—'God bless my poor Anthony. Tell him I forgive his father—that I die in peace with all the world.' And so he died—and so I believe that he has gone to rest. He had many faults—but they were more the result of unhappy circumstances than of any peculiar evil in his nature. He was kind, benevolent, and merciful. He trusted in the redeeming blood of Christ to wash away his sins, and I doubt not that he has obtained mercy."

There was a pause. Anthony implanted a long pious kiss upon the cold lofty brow of the dead, and murmured, "God bless him!" fervently.

"And now, my young friend, tell me candidly, in what way have you offended Captain Whitmore—a man both wealthy and powerful, who has proved himself such a disinterested friend to your poor uncle and cousin, and who might, if he pleased, be of infinite service to you? Explain to me, if you can, the meaning of his parting words?"

"Not here—not here!" exclaimed Anthony; "by the dead body of the father, how can I, a creature so long dependent upon his bounty, denounce his only son? Captain Whitmore labours under a strong delusion. He has believed a lie—and, poor and friendless as I now am, I am too proud to convince him of his error."

"You are wrong, Anthony. No one should suffer an undeserved stigma to rest upon his character. But I will say no more upon the subject at present. What are you going to do with yourself? Where will you find a home tonight?"

"Here, by the dead—whilst he remains upon

earth, I have no other home—I know Mr. Winthrop, the jailor; he is a kind, benevolent man—he will not deny me an asylum, for a few days.”

“My house is hard by. Remain with me until the funeral is over.”

“There will be no delay, I hope,” said Anthony, turning very pale. “They will not attempt to arrest the body?”

“No, no. Captain Whitmore has generously promised for that. He has satisfied W—— until the estates are all sold. He has acted in a noble manner to your poor uncle and his son.”

“God bless him!” murmured Anthony; “and Godfrey, what has become of him?”

“Captain Whitmore has offered him apartments in his house, until his affairs are settled. Your cousin bore the sudden loss of his father, with uncommon fortitude. It must have been a great shock.”

“That is a sad misapplication of the word,” sighed Anthony. “A want of natural affection and sensibility, the world is too apt to dignify with the name of fortitude. Godfrey had too little respect for his father’s authority whilst living, to mourn for him much when dead.”

“We must not judge him harshly, my young friend,” said the clergyman. “What he is, in a great measure, his father made him. I have known Godfrey from the little petted selfish boy, to the self-willed, extravagant, thoughtless young man—and though I augur very little good from which I do know at his character, much that is prominently evil might have been restrained by proper management; and the amiable qualities, which now lie dormant altogether, have been cherished and cultivated until they became virtues. The loss of fortune will, to him, by leading him to apply the talents which he does possess to useful purposes, be a great gain.”

Anthony shook his head, “Godfrey will never work.”

“Then, my dear sir, he must starve.”

“He will do neither,” said Anthony.

And here the conversation terminated.

(To be continued.)

THE IDEAL PHILOSOPHER.

IF you abstract your own perception of colours, your own sensations of hardness and smoothness, and your own ideas of extension and figure, from the piece of marble, it is evident that you will know nothing at all about the marble; but if all you know about the marble be in your own mind, it follows that what you know about the marble is there too. In this manner you seem to be pushed nearly to the verge of your material world; and, therefore, you had better pause before you break the bubble of the ideal philosophy, lest it be all that is left to save you from utter annihilation.

(ORIGINAL.)

TO MISS E . . . M . . . G

LADY, in those liquid orbs I trace
All that I seek in beauty’s face;
A mind—in beautiful tints revealing
Blended thought and depth of feeling:

And on thy brow true love hath set
His royal seal—it shineth yet,
As brilliant as in youth it shone,
The seal of the High and Holy One!

Undimmed by the spray of the billowy strife,
The ebb and flow of this fitful life,
It gleamed like a star o’er an angry wave,
Or a beacon that peers ’bove an ocean grave—
As the sun casts off his nightly shroud,
So the seal throws back the gathering cloud.

Thus brightly, Oh! will there ever be,
Engraven upon my memory,
The same broad seal that shone on thy brow,
(Oh! that its soft light might shine on me now!)
For its language, though silent, still speaks to me,
That on earth there are souls of sympathy!

Huntingdon County, 1842.

TO DEATH.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.)

METHINKS it were no pain to die
On such an eve, when such a sky
O’er-canopies the west;
To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,
And, like an infant, fall asleep
On earth, my mother’s breast.

There’s peace and welcome in yon sea
Of endless blue tranquillity;

These clouds are living things:
I trace their veins of liquid gold,
I see them solemnly unfold
Their soft and fleecy wings.

No darkness there divides the day
With star-ling dawn and dazzling day,
But gloriously serene
Are the interminable plains;
One fixed, eternal sunset reigns
O’er the wide silent scene.

I cannot doff all human fear.
I know thy greeting is severe,
To this poor shell of clay;
Yet come, Oh, Death! Thy freezing kiss
Emancipates! Thy rest is bliss!
I would I were away!

(ORIGINAL.)

EMMA DARWIN; OR, THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE HEATH," "JUVENILE TRAVELLER," &c. &c.

Continued from our last number.—Conclusion.

MR. MONTAGUE came out, prepared with letters of introduction to many important personages in the new world, who were liberal in their hospitality and civilities, nor were they less bountiful in promises.

A few months' experience, however, convinced him, that, as an Englishman, his clerical profession held out no sunshiny prospects of success. In the first place, it would be necessary that he should be one year a resident in the United States, before he could hold any preferments in the Episcopal Church; the uncertainty, and almost improbability of succeeding, even at the termination of that period, was so great, that he determined to relinquish the idea of remaining in a place to which, in the moments of sorrow and disappointment, he had been allured, under the persuasion that liberal principles there abound; and that, in the exercise of his duties, surrounded by his family, he should sit down, free and happy, and enjoying the rights of humanity. He had not anticipated, in his delusive prospectus, that, because he was not born in the United States, an accumulation of difficulties would rise up to destroy his views, and frustrate his fancied independence! Now, he began to feel, and to acknowledge the greatness and happiness of old England, the only country, he would say, where secure, rational, and perfect liberty is to be found.

Emma felt most acutely her husband's disappointments, yet she suffered not her heart to despond; she knew that their adverse fortune did not arise from any improper conduct in themselves; and that it was her duty patiently to submit to the trials of that lot, to which her Heavenly Father, in his unerring wisdom, had thought proper to appoint her, at the same time, confiding in His bountiful mercy, she exerted every effort to assuage her husband's sorrows, to economize his property, and, by appearing contented herself, taught him to be so too.

Mr. Montague obtained from a friend in England, a letter of recommendation to a Bishop in Canada, by whom he was received with urbanity and kindness, and, after a few interviews, received an appointment to a living in the Upper Province. Now, indeed, the blossoms of Hope began to bud afresh! the cloud of sorrow seemed to have passed away, to be succeeded by the sunshine of happiness and prosperity; but scarcely had they arrived at maturity, when a still more bitter blast nipped them in their growth, and they faded away for ever.

The settlement to which Mr. Montague had been appointed as Episcopal minister, was but in its in-

fancy; the inhabitants were principally emigrants, some of them comparatively wealthy, but the greater proportion in indigent circumstances, so that the church emoluments were very limited—their habitation was a newly erected wooden building, destitute of many of the comforts to which they had hitherto been accustomed; yet, Emma and her husband, nothing daunted in the exercise of their duty, commenced their new career with cheerfulness and gratitude. Their children were blooming with health, and the models of contentment; if ever a sentence of murmur or regret was heard in their dwelling, it came from the lips of poor old Margaret, who, notwithstanding her good resolutions, could not always resist complaint; her lamentations were not for herself, but for her beloved mistress. In spite of her best efforts, her mind would revert to past scenes. She thought of the delightful parsonage—the dwelling of piety and happiness, rendered so perfectly unique and beautiful by the good taste and arrangements of Emma—the image of him, who, in malice, had driven them from such a paradise, presented itself to her imagination in the most odious form, and not even Emma's influence could restrain her from uttering the most bitter expressions of hatred and contempt towards him, although she would often acknowledge afterwards, that she was wrong in so doing.

Mr. Montague continued as undeviating in his clerical duties, as he had ever been. The sick found in him a physician for the soul; the friendless, a protector; and the needy, a benefactor: by his neighbours, rich and poor, he was looked up to as a pattern of excellence. A succession of arduous duties, left him no time for regrets, while Emma was not less profitably and laboriously engaged, in conducting the education of her children, superintending her domestic concerns, and in administering to the necessities of her indigent neighbours.

They had been about five years established in this new little township, which was now rapidly rising to one of comparative importance; and for much of its prosperity it was indebted to the example and influence of the worthy minister, whose sound judgment, and indefatigable industry, had taught them to supply nearly all their necessities by their own exertions. A drunkard, or an idle man, never met in him encouragement or support; consequently, intemperance, with now and then a solitary exception, was banished from the settlement. Extreme poverty, or want of cleanliness, was scarcely known; and what is rather unusual in a small community

unanimity and good fellowship reigned throughout. But happiness, unalloyed, is not designed for man.

Some few emigrating families, lately arrived from Ireland, pitched their tents in the neighbourhood, and unhappily brought with them the seeds of a contagion, which had already commenced its awful devastations in parts of the United States, and in Lower Canada, although it had not reached the terrible crisis, which subsequently hurled thousands to an early tomb!

Mr. Montague soon learned that the new arrivals were involved in the deepest distress—their funds, originally small, had dwindled into nothingness; poverty and sickness had overtaken them, and plunged them into an abyss of misery. An appeal to his feelings was never made in vain; he immediately set about the work of charity, and encountered a scene which excited every feeling of sympathy and commiseration. It is unnecessary to enter into the appalling details, but sufficient to say, that the individuals before him stood in need of assistance, and the hand of benevolence was stretched forth to relieve; but, alas! the contagion under which the poor strangers were suffering, had marked its victim.

The worthy pastor had scarcely quitted the roof of wretchedness, when he felt a pre-disposition to illness, which continued until midnight. Medical assistance had been sent for, but being at a great distance, it did not arrive until too late. The lamp of life was extinct.

Happy was the sudden call to one ever ready to receive the summons.

We have already so fully portrayed the religious resignation of Emma's mind in former trying situations, that we will not attempt a delineation of her conduct on this heart-rending occasion. Her sorrow was silent and unobtrusive, but it was engrained on the deepest recesses of the heart; its excess only known by her Maker and herself. Its influence, however, was making rapid inroads on a constitution naturally delicate, and even those who were constantly with her, did not fail to observe the daily change.

Poor Margaret, who by this time had become very infirm, could not suppress her grief, when weeping by the side of her beloved mistress, she would say in an agony of sorrow, "what, what will become of the dear little children?"

"The orphan's God will never forsake them, my good Margaret; do not add to my sorrow by your tears: remember, that God has promised, and will he not perform? O! 'tis sinful to doubt or to murmur at his dispensations. My prayers and those of their beloved father have been heard, and our dear innocents will be protected.

Although Emma could administer consolation, and feel its sacred influence over her own mind, yet in her solitary hours, when reflecting upon the

almost certainty that her dear children would soon be bereft of every earthly protector, her heart could not contain its grief; tears of uncontrollable anguish would chase each other down her pale cheeks, while the objects of her affectionate solicitude would weep to see their mother weep!

Edwin, for so her boy was named, in disposition and person strongly resembled his father, possessing all those fine traits of character, for which he had been distinguished; while her little Emma was the counterpart of herself.

The buddings of their infant minds had been watched with tenderness and care; the essential points of education attended to with parental solicitude, while the more showy and external accomplishments had not been neglected; indeed, they might be considered to be unusually advanced in their studies.

Edwin, for his tender years, possessed a thoughtfulness and strength of mind, gigantic in its nature, while Emma's affectionate and pliant disposition, governed by extreme love for her brother, led her always to yield to his judgment, which she had been taught to consider superior to her own. He was too just and too generous to make an improper use of her confidence, for he loved her most tenderly, and upon all occasions treated her with the greatest mildness and affection.

The amiable dispositions of her children, in yielding to each other upon all occasions, was a source of much happiness and consolation to their beloved mother in her last hours. She thanked her God, that their young minds had been so well prepared to encounter the trial of an orphan's condition, which, unhappily, at that moment was hovering over their heads. Three months after the death of her husband, poor Emma was entombed within the same grave. Never did the green sod cover heads more truly beloved, or more deeply lamented.

Our readers will remember, that the narrative commenced at the period when the orphans were weeping over the remains of their much loved mother. We have seen how religiously resigned was their conduct on the melancholy occasion—how beautifully did the example they had received in their parents, shine forth in themselves! The melancholy duty of superintending the interment of a last parent, whom he had loved with the most devoted affection, devolved on poor Edwin. His young and tender heart was sorely tried, in witnessing a ceremony, always solemn in its nature, but to him, on this occasion, truly heart rending, and requiring the exertion of more than mental energy to endure; yet, he shrank not from a duty which he knew to be imperative, most fervently imploring God's assistance and support in its performance.

The solemn day of burial arrived; Edwin and his sister were shrouded in the deepest black, their dress in perfect unison with the mourning of their

hearts, and sadly contrasted with the death-like hue of their usually blooming faces. A more interesting scene to the feelings, was never witnessed in Canada, than on the day when Edwin and Emma were seen as chief mourners, following the remains of their sainted mother to her long, long home! They might truly be said to be *chief* mourners, for many present were mourners in a lesser degree; the procession consisted of every worthy inhabitant in the place, and a tearless eye was not seen among the whole. From infirmity and old age, added to excessive grief, poor Margaret had become so enfeebled as not to be able to attend the solemn ceremony, but she had not participated the less in its mournings and sorrows.

As the procession ascended an eminence leading to the church, it was followed by a carriage, containing two gentlemen, who had ordered the coachman to drive slowly, in order not to intrude too closely upon the mournful train; observing that it consisted of an immense number of persons, all of whom appeared to be involved in one general grief, they naturally supposed that the coffin contained some important personage, distinguished by rank, or some extraordinary qualities; they therefore stopped the carriage, and demanded of a poor old man, standing by the road, whose death it was which seemed to be so generally lamented?

As the old man looked up to answer the enquiry, they observed the big round tear rolling down his venerable face, while, for a moment, the rising sob choked the power of utterance; then, wiping the unbidden tear from his eyes, he exclaimed:

"Ah, sir! we have cause enough for tears; our best friend is gone. Her husband, the worthy rector, was summoned first, and she, with a broken heart, has followed soon after, and has left her two dear children, without a friend or relation in the world! But we will never let them want while we have life and blood in our veins. No, sir, we owe them more than we can ever pay—we owe them the happiness, contentment, and prosperity which our little township enjoys, and we will never let their children want!" Here the old man was again unable to suppress his tears: the elder gentleman of the two, moved by the recital, demanded the name of the individual they so deeply mourned. "Montague, sir, was the name of the rector, and a better man never lived."

"Montague, did you say?" continued the gentleman, greatly agitated; "and can you tell me the christian names of the children?"

"The little girl is called Emma," replied the man; "I believe the boy is christened Edwin Darwin. But here they are, poor little dears, their hearts bursting with grief; see how the dear boy supports his sister: oh! 'tis a heart-rending sight."

The old man could say no more, but turned away

to conceal the tears he could not suppress. The coachman was moving off:

"Stop! stop!" vociferated the elder gentleman; "turn the horses' heads, and gently follow the little mourners to their residence." Upon so saying, he threw himself back in the carriage, in a state of extreme excitement and agitation; then, presently addressing his companion, said:

"It doubtless is the daughter of my poor sister, whom we have just seen conveyed to her grave; the boy bears my name, and the girl that of her I so deeply mourn.

We must now remind our readers, that Mrs. Darwin, the mother of Emma, had an only brother, who had long resided in India; as he had not been heard of for many years, his family had concluded that he was dead: but it afterwards appeared that he had written to his sister, and accompanied his letter by some valuable presents. The ship by which they were sent, was unfortunately lost on her passage to England; consequently, the letters never reached their destination. This circumstance was not accounted for to the brother, who became angry at what he imagined to be his sister's ingratitude and neglect, in not answering his letters, and without taking any more trouble on the subject, moved further up the country, and never wrote to his sister again, who, on her part, conceiving that his silence could proceed from no other cause than death, mourned the imagined event with deep sorrow.

The brother accumulated an extensive fortune in India, and not having formed any endearing ties to share it with him, forgot his former displeasure, and resolved to return to England to seek out that sister; if she were living, whom he had so long neglected; but, alas! he found that she had been numbered with the dead, and that the only vestige of her remains, was a beloved daughter, who, by an act of oppression and injustice, had been driven from her native land. Having ascertained that Canada had become her resting place, he spent merely a winter in London, when he set out on a journey of discovery. Unhappily, he had again arrived too late to behold her whom he sought. But "the orphan's God" had sent him to protect her children!

Poor Margaret, in the midst of her affliction, was overjoyed to recognize one, whom she had known in her early days; for Master Edwin, as he then had been called, had the same eyes, nose, and chin, as he had had fifty years ago. His hair, only, was altered, and that, from a bright auburn, had become a pure white; but then her own had undergone nearly the same change, and time had not been less scrupulous in its work of destruction on their teeth, figures, and complexion; yet they each bore sufficient marks of what they once were, to convey the assurance that there could be no mistake. A thousand reminiscences rushed into their memories,

and long and varied were the tales Margaret had to unfold; but her greatest joy was in knowing that the dear children, whom she so fondly loved, had found a protector in one who possessed both means and inclination to become their friend.

Arrangements were now made for the party to return to Europe. While the bustle of packing and preparation was going forward, the two travellers proceeded on their original intended route, to visit the Falls of Niagara. They proposed that Edwin and Emma should become their companions in an excursion so interesting to all travellers in the New World; but the offer, which, at another period, would have been delightful to them, was now affectionately declined. They could not think of leaving their dear Margaret to indulge in grief alone; nor did they feel an inclination to quit a spot so sacred to their feelings, and which contained the relics of those, who, in their lives, had been so truly dear to them. At the setting of every sun, while they remained in the Province, Edwin and Emma might be seen kneeling by the retired graves of their parents, devoutly offering up the pious petitions and grateful acknowledgments to that God, who had so mercifully sent them a protector. An iron fence had been placed around the tomb, and many hours had been devoted by these two affectionate children in transplanting within the paling, the choicest flowers of their little garden, many of which had been watered by their tears. Often were their pious labours watched by the tearful eyes of their neighbours. Among the number might be seen the old man, who had first communicated their tale of woe to the strangers. Upon their leaving the town-ship, Edwin placed in his hands, a sum of money, with a promise to repeat it annually, on condition that he would keep in good order the shrubs and plants that encircled the sepulchre of his parents. The order has been punctually obeyed, and many an eye has filled with tears, as it rested to behold the blossoming flowers, and listened to the history of the parents' grave.

The orphans reached their native land in safety. Every day rendered them more dearly interesting to their kind uncle, with whom they resided. Margaret, by her own wish, returned to her former residence, "the cottage," which had become vacant. Edwin and Emma were unremittingly kind to her, and frequently made her long visits, accompanied by their uncle, who experienced a pleasing solace in occasionally paying tribute to the sacred spot which had been the scene of his sister's trials, and where she now rested.

The young Baronet, soon after his accession to his title and fortune, quitted the army, and pursued a course of dissipation and extravagance, which quickly hurled him on to ruin. In a few short years, gambling, and other vices brought him to the King's Bench, where, in a most melancholy manner,

he terminated his existence. His estates were sold by auction, and purchased by the uncle of Edwin and Emma, who now inhabited the late Sir Lionel's beautiful place at W—, where they were respected and beloved by the whole neighbourhood. The orphans subsequently enjoyed the immense wealth of their uncle, which they consider to be a talent entrusted to their charge, and for which they must ultimately render an account; they prove themselves to be faithful stewards to their trust, which they employ in the way they believe to be most acceptable to their Great Master. Emma's children are now both happily married, and daily prove the advantages they have derived from a religious education, and from the pious example of their excellent parents.

THE SPIRITS' GATHERING.

BY G. W. ROBBINS.

THEY are gathering proudly round me,
The spirits of the brave,
From all earth's fields of glory,
And many a storied wave.
Of every age and nation,
The sons of every clime,
Who've twined the deathless laurel
Around the brow of time.

No banner floats above them,
No warlike shout is there;
They march, as march the stately stars,
Through pathless fields of air.
What charm hath broke the sternness
Of your long and deep repose,
Where the warrior's arm forgot at length
To grapple with his foes?

The war-cloud burst above ye,
Unheeded in its wrath;
The car of triumph rushed along,
Ye dreamed not of its path!
Why bide ye not the spirits' trump?
'Twill shake the earth and sea,
And all the armies of the dead,
Shall hear that *réveillé*.

BENEVOLENCE.

NARROW is that man's soul, which the good of himself, or of his own relations and friends, can fill: but he, who, with a benevolence, warm as the heat of the sun, and diffusive of its light, takes in all mankind, and is sincerely glad to see poverty, whether in friend or foe, relieved, and worth cherished, makes the merit of all the good that is done in the world his own, by the complacency which he takes in seeing or hearing it done.—Anon.

(ORIGINAL.)

A VOYAGE TO THE GULF OF MEXICO.

THE morning of the 4th October, 1841, was a bustling one on Ramsay's wharf, Baltimore. Draymen were hurrying to and fro with their burdens; men of business were there, with invoices of goods to be shipped; idle loungers were present: but, the principal figures of the group were two young men of an appearance sufficiently unromantic, prepared to embark in the good schooner *Seminole*, bound for Mobile. The Captain was expecting the arrival of another passenger, in whom, however, he was happily disappointed. The presence of a police officer explained the reason of his absence. At half past ten, every thing being ready, the anchor was weighed, and we soon stood out of our anchorage. It was the first time of my being on ship-board, with the expectation of a sea voyage. The novelty of all around me, caused my mind to be less fixed upon absent objects; as for my fellow passenger, he was bound for home, and, consequently, no feeling of sadness accompanied his farewell to friends.

Before entering upon the incidents of our travel, I shall introduce the reader to my *compagnons de voyage*. Captain M—— had followed the sea from his earliest youth, and, consequently, was experienced in all nautical matters. As companion, he was sociable, freely imparting the results of his experience in life, cracking many a joke, always giving life and hilarity to the conversation, and never tiring in politeness. As a commander of the vessel, he was stern, exacting from each his proper duty, though never imposing more than sufficient to occupy a sailor's time; allowing no indolence, but satisfied with the best endeavour of each. Well versed in the science of navigation, and having often been over the course he was now pursuing, he never placed the ship in danger,—when a storm arose, he was always ready to make every preparation, necessary for securing safety. As is the case with many a sailor, he went to sea when young, contrary to the wishes of his friends. When they knew him determined to follow the sea for a livelihood, they purchased for him a small craft, in which he navigated the Chesapeake. Fortune favouring him, he had become the owner of several schooners, of one of which he was now in command.

The mate was an excellent man, but, withal, odd. I understood from the Captain, that he had been thwarted in love; this accounted for many little peculiarities, which would otherwise have been mysterious to me. I found him obliging, ready to answer in his own original way, any question propounded, and willing to explain the practical part of navigation, the manner of taking observations, &c.

Mr. F——, my fellow passenger, I very soon discovered to have been somewhat of a traveller in his time, and, unlike many others, he had derived

benefit from his wanderings. His information was extensive, and his knowledge of Southern life, acceptable to one who, like me, proposed to make the South his place of residence.

The sailors numbered four: of them, two were Irishmen, and two Americans. One of the latter was a "regular down Easter, all the way from Maine." His grimaces were laughable, and his awkward mistakes were often a vexation to the mate, in whose watch he was. Though he had come on board as an experienced hand, and received his pay accordingly, he knew about as much of the compass as the man in the moon; in a storm he was of no service at the helm. The other boy, Tom by name, was so lazy that it seemed to be the utmost exertion for him to move; he was in the Captain's watch, and when under his eye, showed some signs of activity, evidently assumed for the occasion. The men were able-bodied, active and experienced sailors, taking interest in what they did, and working with a will. The cook was a Dutchman—consequently he received never ending scoldings, and though wishing to do well, rarely received praise for any exertion. He was a painter by trade, and cook, *pour l'occasion*; he wished to reach Mobile, and shipped in this capacity, either supposing his knowledge of the culinary art to be sufficient for a schooner, or imagining it to be an easy berth. If the latter was his expectation, he was sadly disappointed, for, if any one on board had a dog's life, it was he. However, he did not seem to grow poor upon being scolded, and luckily obtained the assistance of others, adepts in the business of cooking. There were two colored servants, on their way to the South. This leads me to observe, that the passenger, my companion, was a Mississippian, who had been spending the summer months in the southern parts of Maryland, and while there, had purchased six servants: one, an old cook, mother of two children, who were shipped with her for Mobile. There were beside, four other servants, three girls and a boy, for an Alabamian planter. Such were the crew, passengers and all, making nineteen souls; thrown together for three weeks, in a schooner, rated at ninety-five tons.

The sun above was bright, the wind favourable, and with light sails up, we passed rapidly over the Chesapeake. This bay, in pleasant weather, is delightful to those who admire broad water; bordered by forests, with the sight, here and there, of a green island, and then of a jut of land covered with thick bush. I have often been on Lake Champlain, and as often admired the scenes there presented of nature and art, occasionally united; the wildness of the forest in one place, shortly relieved by fairy-like villages; I have visited Lake George, with its classical scenes, and have admired its tiny islands, which appear like stars in the water; but in neither did I observe the grandeur of scenery, which every

where struck me, on the waters of the Chesapeake. The steamboat Baltimore, on its way to Annapolis, passed us shortly after we were under sail, but no feeling yet possessed me to desire absence from the temporary home of my choice. It was with the keenest attention, that, on the morning of the second day, I watched for Cape Henry. We came within sight of the light house on this Cape, twenty-four hours after leaving Baltimore, a passage seldom made so speedily. While passing it, and, until it was out of sight, my eyes were constantly upon it, nor could I refrain from thinking that it might be the last time of my seeing land. When it was no longer in view, I endeavoured to realize my situation, as upon the mighty ocean, away from friends, and bound for a land of strangers. Knowing that signs of sadness should not be betrayed to those who take no interest in the cause of it, I rallied my spirits as best I could.

This day, *Tuesday*, I noticed more particularly the comforts of my home. There was in the cabin, immediately above the cup-board, a small case, dignified with the name of book-case, though its only pretensions to the name consisted in its occasionally holding three books. "Blunt's American Coast Navigator," a "Treatise on Navigation," and the third, a Bible. Of the last, owing to the good care of a pious mother, I was supplied with a copy; of copies of the other two books, I was happily destitute; and though from want of occupation, I occasionally glanced at their contents, yet had I not brought with me a supply of books, the voyage, deducting the few first days, would have been sufficiently dull. Some few newspapers, obtained the morning of sailing, lasted for a season, but, with their two pages or more of advertisement, and a few columns of tolerable reading, they furnished but a sorry pastime. "The New World," happened to be among the papers purchased, and with its continuation of "Charles O'Malley," "Barnaby Rudge," and other excellent tales, it afforded me pleasant reminiscences for several days. The copy in my possession, travelled through all hands, and each consoled himself for breaking off in the middle of a good story, with the hope of purchasing the continuation when arrived. In perusing these, and observing the many peculiarities of life, on ship-board, were the first days of our voyage spent.

In the mean time, we passed Cape Hatteras, twenty-four hours after reaching Cape Henry; on the third day, *Wednesday*, we passed the Gulf stream; and on *Thursday* morning, we had arrived in the neighbourhood of Charleston. Here we were becalmed for the space of twenty-four hours, and got no farther South than the latitude of Savannah, by Monday morning. On *Sunday*, our progress was but nine miles. The day must have been a beautiful one to those on land. It was perfectly calm at sea. The sky was clear—not a cloud was

to be seen; the sea, save for its occasional heaving, was perfectly still. The birds, Mother Carey's brood, flew about us, rested upon the rigging of the ship; some came within a few yards distance, and one lit upon the open palm of my hand, as I was stretching myself lazily on the deck.

The following lines, Barry Cornwall's descriptive of this bird, otherwise named the Petrel, will not, it is hoped, prove unacceptable to the reader:—

"Up and down! Up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam,
The stormy Petrel finds a home,—
A home, if such a place may be,
For her, who lives on the wide, wide sea;
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair,
To warm her young, and teach them spring
At once o'er the waves, on their stormy wing.

O'er the deep! O'er the deep!
Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword fish
sleep,

Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The Petrel telleth her tale in vain,
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Who bringeth him news of storms unheard.
Ah! thus does the prophet of good and ill
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still,
Yet he ne'er falters; so Petrel, spring
Once more o'er the waves, on thy stormy wing."

A Sabbath at sea presents none of the advantages attendant upon its presence on land. Time for serious thought is rarely afforded on ship-board. The joke passes round as on ordinary days, and though the obscene jest be suppressed, noisy hilarity is indulged in—conversation becomes more general by the recess from labour, and tales of the sea, follow one another in rapid succession. The sailor arranges and mends his clothes, makes for himself caps, and with his handy needle, supplies all deficiencies in his wardrobe. Such was the scene presented me, on my first Sabbath at sea. The blacks were listlessly spending their time, in conversation about their present and future prospects. One in particular, a smart looking girl, but slightly dark, spoke with regret of the home she had left, and the oft-repeated promise of her master, that she should never be sold. "She had always been obedient," she said, "and did not know how she had displeased him; she did not so much care if her new master would let her attend meeting once a month." One of the sailors, an Irishman, while making a cap to supply the place of one he had accidentally lost overboard, a few days previous, would occasionally pause to admire the day, and express aloud his thoughts. Said he to me, as I stood leaning upon the side of the vessel—"Mr. M——, this is a dog's life we poor sailors lead.

The landlubber works his six days in the week, and when Sunday comes, he can take a quiet walk out with his *darlint*. But we, poor devils, are confined here from one month's end to another, with no sight of the nice green fields—tugging and pulling, with little thanks for our pains, and when Sunday comes, perhaps to do extra jobs." The cook, strange as it may seem, was employed in poring over a volume of Universal History, learning something of the place to which he was bound. With this work before him, and a bundle of letters from over the water, his time seemed happily employed. The passengers were on deck, conversing with the Captain and mate, and obtaining from each, information relative to the course we were pursuing, the character of the people on the Islands, near which we ran, with all which would tend to enlighten our minds on points familiar to sea-faring men.

During the night, a wind sprang up, which took us along rapidly on our cruise; by ten in the morning it was completely lulled again. It was on this day we overtook a vessel, bound, as we supposed, for the Gulf of Mexico. Unable as we were, to move forward on our course, it was some consolation to have a companion in misery; though we wished the vessel in sight all good fortune, it was some excitement to our minds, to know that there were those near us, who shared like feelings with ourselves; were watching our sails, as we were theirs, and speculating upon our progress, with the same hope which influenced us, that if either were left behind, the other might be the one. Thus we continued, until the middle of the next day, *Tuesday*, our vessel, probably from its superior lightness, gaining upon the other, so that from at first seeing only the topmost sails of the vessel, before separating we had a good view of its different parts, by aid of the telescope.

Many a night, during this week of calm weather, did I spend hours in looking into the sea, admiring the phosphorescent sparkles, which beautified the deep, and almost appeared like stars fallen from the heavens. The onward progress of the vessel seemed literally to plough up pearls; and a child might have attempted to grasp the brilliants. The rising and setting of the sun still claimed my admiration. The time for tea was shortly before sunset. Leaving the Captain and mate to spin their yarns to my fellow-passenger, I usually hastened upon deck to see the setting sun. This is a glorious sight at sea. The twilight, and the gradual rise of the stars, was, however, more consonant with my feelings, as the remembrance of home, with its happy faces, seemed ever to recur with the departure of the day.

As the evening of *Tuesday* approached, the wind freshened; by nine at night, we were going along rapidly on our course. Towards noon on *Wednesday*, we reached Hole in the Wall, so named from a

large opening in a rock, situate at the south eastern extremity of the island of Abaco, belonging to Great Britain, and chiefly occupied by fishermen and "wreckers." This was the first land we saw, after leaving Cape Henry, making eight days from one to the other.

Here, is a light house, with a revolving light, seen once in every minute as far as fifteen miles, at the height of ten feet. The light-house, I understood from the Captain, was built jointly by the Governments of Great Britain and the United States, and the expense of maintaining it is shared equally by each. The channel between Abaco and the Berry islands is frequented by ships of moderate size, bound for the Gulf of Mexico. The larger vessels take a different course. We were delayed off Abaco for twenty-four hours by a calm. When hearing from the Captain of the simplicity of some of the islanders, I almost wished I could be thrown among them for a brief space, to witness their primitive style of living, their freedom from the sophisticated habits of man, their truth-telling countenances, and their piety, unalloyed by any worldly feeling. When passing the Berry islands, I had a fine view of the Governor's residence, on one of the largest of those in sight. From the distance we were, and as seen through the telescope, the house appeared to be built of stone. The situation was a romantic one.

When we left Baltimore, the weather was extremely cold; now overcoats were laid aside, and in their stead, the lightest summer apparel was assumed. The heat of the sun was oppressive, and though, in the beginning of our voyage, we exposed ourselves to its rays, that we might partake of their genial warmth, we were now glad to seek such shade as was offered by the spreading of the sails. Thus far, our progress was slow; during the remainder of our passage, until we were within one hundred and eight miles of Mobile Point, we had but a succession of storms. Many a night did I lay awake till the third watch, wishing that I was again on land, sleeping comfortably in a quiet chamber, away from the bustle of a sea-life.

On *Thursday*, the fourteenth, we started, with a fair breeze for the Great Bahama bank, where we arrived the same evening before dark. Soon after sunset, a storm came on, slight at first, but increasing, until it blew a perfect hurricane, and so continued all night. It was a time of peril to us. The bank is dangerous enough to navigate in the most propitious weather; there is but one track, varying from which a navigator is liable to fall upon the bars which are frequent here in every direction. Though scudding under bare poles, the vessel went at the rate of six knots an hour; a goodly number in the fairest weather, with all sails set. The description of a storm at sea, as given by the hand of Marryat, or Cooper, is sufficiently interesting; the realization of one I found to be a different matter.

Though after a storm there may appear to be many grand conceptions connected with it, yet, at the time of its occurrence, there are too many inconveniences to allow one to think of its poetry. The rolling of the ship, the creaking of the masts, the confinement in the cabin, the shout of command heard above the whistling of the wind, and the sickness of yourself and companions, all serve to present a picture, widely different from the poetical.

The next day, *Friday*, the wind continued to blow a heavy gale, though not so severe an one as the night before. With hardly any canvass up, the ship scudded before the wind, seven knots an hour, and by eight at night, we reached the light house, called Double-headed Shot Keys. During this night, it rained incessantly; the reader can readily imagine how uncomfortable it must have been for the passengers, cooped up, as we were, in a cabin, about as large as a good sized pantry, with all doors and windows closed. We were now within seven hundred miles of Mobile, with the expectation of reaching there in reasonable time. On *Saturday*, we again crossed the Gulf stream, and by four o'clock in the afternoon, came in sight of the shores of Florida. When approaching the coast we could tell our proximity to it, by the greenish tint of the ocean, unlike the deep blue we had been traversing, since entering the Gulf stream off Cape Hatteras. Our approach to land was indicated by flocks of birds, which were making their way from the mainland to Cuba. One of these, a tiny creature, was caught by the helmsman, without injuring a feather on its body. It flew into his hands, without any effort to release itself. At eight the same night, the light at Key West came in view. On *Sunday*, morning about ten, we passed Tortugas, the extreme point of Florida, distant about four hundred miles from Mobile.

This Sabbath was more agreeable than the last, inasmuch as there was a good breeze, carrying us along seven knots and a half an hour, with every prospect of reaching land by *Wednesday*. On the morning of the same day, my attention was called by the helm's-man to a shark, which was reconnoitering at a short distance from the ship. The accounts so common in relation to this animal, made me shudder at the sight of his jaws. Many a time, during the days we were becalmed, I almost felt tempted to bathe in the quiet water, but the bare thought of the shark was sufficient to dispel all such inclinations. *Sunday* night, we experienced another heavy gale, accompanied with rain. It continued until the next morning. Previous to this storm, I thought it in no way difficult to sleep in the berths, but this night my opinion underwent a decided change. It was with the utmost difficulty I could prevent myself from being pitched upon the floor. The next day the Captain observed, that the waves rolled higher the night previous than

he had ever seen them. During *Tuesday*, we had but a repetition of wet weather, occasionally diversified with gales of wind, lasting several hours, *Tuesday* night we came to a full stop for about four hours owing to the gale that was blowing.

All sail was down and the helm lashed, so that we did nothing but drift about the Gulf. Usually, a ship is said to "lay to" in a gale of wind when all sails are carefully furled, with the exception of those that are necessary to enable her to present her head to the sea, in which case she surmounts the surges, instead of being swept by them. On *Wednesday* the waves rolled high, and, with a head wind, we were left to work our way slowly into port, with such speed as caused us all to despond of ever reaching the desired haven.

Though, in the latitude of Abaco, almost every morning flying fish are to be found upon the deck of the ship, in our case it was different. We often saw them skimming over the waves, so near us as to afford a good view of their extended wings. My fellow-passenger was very desirous to obtain one to take with him home, to satisfy the curiosity of friends; in this he was nearly being disappointed. All hope of one of them finding his way on deck was given up, when, on *Thursday* night, one was found jumping about, seemingly not content with his new quarters. The Captain, who was on deck at the time, immediately brought it into the cabin, and though it was in *media nocte*, we willingly got up to examine the curiosity. "It is a beautiful silvery fish, having delicate, gauze-like wings, that appear like enlarged fins, with which he rises from the sea, and skims along with a kind of tremulous vibration, to a distance of thirty or forty yards, when his wings beginning to grow dry, he is compelled to fall into the ocean again." They vary in their size, some measuring twelve or fifteen inches, while others are extremely diminutive; the larger kind are furnished with a pair of extra wings. The one caught by us was of the medium size. On *Friday* night, during the mate's watch, the Captain was called upon deck, to decide whether the light in view was the one at Pensacola, or on Sand Island. Though he had never before been to this part of the Gulf, he knew from description that this must be the Pensacola light. During the remainder of the night we sailed along towards the east, and early on *Saturday* morning, we were boarded by a pilot.

When I went on deck that morning, and saw the coast, stretching as far as the eye could reach, my feelings could not easily be described. The sight was too joyful for utterance. Had we reached land as soon as was expected, without any storm intervening, my feelings would have been different; at least the sense of joy would have been less intense; but my patience was so completely worn out, that, for a day or two previous, I had lain in my berth, thinking over all indescribable things. From the pilot we learned many

particulars, relative to affairs on land, but could not find out, what we most desired to know, the result of the M'Leod case. The captain was particularly anxious on this point, as he feared war might put an end to his hopes of gain, the ensuing winter. The happy termination of this trial, we learned soon after we reached the city. As soon as possible we directed our course up the bay. The wind was a light one, but, by hoisting all sail, we made some advance. By noon, we approached near enough the Point, to have a good view of the two light-houses, one on Mobile Point, the other immediately opposite on Sand Island. Here we were obliged to cast anchor, owing to the ebb of the sea, which set in with such strength as to prevent us, with so slight a wind, to pass up the Point. After dinner, the wind freshened, and the current not being so strong as in the morning, the pilot gave orders to weigh anchor. To the sailors this was welcome news, and they set to work with a will. Upon entering the bay, our attention was called to the many porpoises which in every direction sluggishly rose from the water; black masses, with hardly animation enough to move their bodies. On the same day, a turtle of the largest size made its appearance on our starboard beam. We felt desirous to catch him, but before any effort to do so could be made, he had disappeared.

When fairly in the Bay, the pilot left us, with the assurance that, before we reached Dog river, we would receive another pilot, who would take us up to the city. From him we learned, it would be impossible to reach Mobile that night. This was sad news to me, as I had set my heart upon resting that night in a room, which I might, *pro tempore*, call my own, with no interruption to my thoughts, and where I might calmly prepare for the coming Sabbath. What made the announcement less pleasing, was the knowledge of our proximity to the city—three miles only. As the channel is difficult of navigation, there was no help for it but patience. We rolled into our narrow berths that night, fully expecting it to be for the last time, the pilot having promised to bring us to land before breakfast. Fatally for our hopes, two or three hours before daylight, a head wind sprang up, which compelled us to pass another Sabbath on ship-board. Unable as we were to reach Terra Firma, the sight of it was pleasant to our eyes. The city, as seen from that distance, appeared new; the houses mostly of brick, and the steeples scattered here and there, gave it a cheerful aspect. During *Sunday*, four steamboats, one on its way to New Orleans, another to Blakeley, &c., passed us. The *W. Try* from New Orleans, an iron steamer, high pressure, was to me quite a novelty. Many of the lighter craft, oyster boats, water-boats, &c., mostly manned by Spaniards, sailed near us. On *Sunday evening* (afternoon, as these of the North would have it) a health officer came on board. Coming as we did

from a healthy port, there seemed to be no need of the inspection: but as a matter of form, we were all marshalled before him.

On *Monday* morning, 25th October, the Captain, being extremely desirous to land, after making several ineffectual attempts to move the ship on her course, it was determined to lower the jolly-boat, and carry the passengers ashore. After a long pull, we at length arrived at the wharf, where, after thanking the Captain for the politeness shown us during the voyage, and wishing him all thrift in his plans, we bade him, as I now do the reader—farewell.

B. F. M.

OUR COUNTRY AND OUR HOME.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven, o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's nobler race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend:
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of love and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside-pleasures gambol at her feet.
"Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be
found?"

Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh! thou shalt find, how'er thy footsteps roam,
That *land thy country*, and that *spot thy home*.

GOODNESS.

GOODNESS does not more certainly make men happy, than happiness makes them good. We must distinguish between felicity and prosperity; for prosperity leads often to ambition, and ambition to disappointment; the course is then over, the wheel turns round but once; while the reaction of goodness and happiness is perpetual.—*W. S. Landon.*

HELEN,

BY THE AUTHORESS OF THE "BACKWOODS OF CANADA."

"COLD, calculating girl! is this your faithful love? Has your disinterested, devoted attachment come to this? But such is woman! Weak, vacillating, but too prudent woman! Oh! that I had never known, never trusted, or never loved you—cruel, cruel Helen!" were the bitter exclamations that broke at intervals from the lips of Frank Neville, as, crushing a letter vehemently between his hands, he paced the narrow limits of his apartment, with hasty and passionate strides. "Had she truly loved me she would have sacrificed friends, family, everything, to have remained near me."

Thus argued the devoted but unreasonable lover of Helen Churchill.

From the cradle upwards misfortune had attended Frank Neville in his progress through life. Early left an orphan, with a scanty provision not sufficient for his maintenance without the continual exertion of his talents, he often found himself slighted and looked down upon by those who possessed neither his attractions of mind nor person. The world was almost to him a solitude till he became acquainted with Helen. She was the belle ideal of all that the vivid imagination of the enthusiast could paint; and if Frank loved the gentle, lovely Helen, with no less tender interest did the affectionate girl return his love. With the romantic feeling of youth, she loved him even better because he was unfortunate; but Helen's parents looked with other eyes upon the matter. They listened with doubt to the sanguine hopes that a few years would place Frank Neville at the head of his profession; they knew how steep the hill of fame was; they were aware how little talent, unaided by money, can effect, where the goal is crowded by so many competitors,—and while they could not but give their testimony to his character for moral worth, they positively refused to accept him as a lover for Helen; and Helen—the dutiful Helen—had promised never to become the wife of Frank Neville, without the sanction of her parents to their union.

Matters were in this train when an unforeseen accident deprived Mr. Churchill of the largest part of his property, reducing his family to a state of comparative indigence. Again Frank's hopes revived, and again he came forward as a suitor. "They shall see at least that my love was disinterested;" but prudence still turned the scale against the lovers, and Frank was again rejected, though not without the assurance that, had he been able to maintain their daughter as she ought to be maintained, no one would sooner have obtained their consent.

Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, now no longer able to live in their former style, resolved on emigrating to the Canadas, where they hoped to realize property for the future support of their large family. This was a fresh blow to the lovers. It was then that the thought suggested itself to Frank that Helen might be induced to remain behind her family in the situation of governess, for which her many accomplishments and amiable qualities ably fitted her. He knew a lady who would be happy to engage her services. But how could Helen resolve on forsaking her parents in their adversity? How could she leave her heart-broken father or her beloved mother, to struggle with the changes and chances that awaited them in their transit to the new world? There, too, were her young brothers and sisters—all looking to her for support and comfort,—and could she forsake them? Besides, Helen shrunk timidly from throwing herself, unprotected, on the mercies of an unkind world. In her letter—the unfortunate epistle that had thrown her lover into such extacies of indignation,—she said:

"Francis—dearest Francis—you cannot doubt the truth of my affection: it has been tried in too many instances—through good report and through bad report—in sickness, in sorrow, and in poverty. I have been faithful when you have found others faithless in the world, and I will never love any one but you. I have sacrificed much to you, and much, very much more would I sacrifice, were I only to be the sufferer; but I hold my duty to my parents as sacred. I cannot add this great sorrow to their present affliction, to desert them in their adversity. If you really love me, you will not blame my determination.

"Let us hope that better and happier days are yet in store for us. To us may be applied that line of Moore's, that you made me sing when last we met:

'Farewell—our love was born in tears,
And nursed 'mid vain regrets;
Like wintry suns it rose in tears,
Like them in tears it sets,
Dear love,
Like them in tears it sets.'

"Farewell, then—perhaps forever! I shall never forget or cease to love you, even though you should forget your faithful but sorrowing

"HELEN."

Such were the words that had caused such bitter feelings in the breast of the too selfish lover. He concluded that Helen did not love him as he de-

served to be loved, or, in the blind devotion of youthful affection, she would eagerly have snatched at his proposed plan; and would not the sacrifice have been repaid by his ardent love and gratitude, by seeing him often and hearing from him constantly?

Romantic in character,—jealous, impetuous in temper, thus argued the lover of Helen Churchill, ever prone to follow the hasty impress of feeling, rather than the sober dictates of reason. No wonder if he often erred in his judgment.

Frank had turned with morbid disgust from the world, and had centered all the warm feelings of a too sensitive heart on the gentle, affectionate Helen, and fondly worshipped her as an idol of perfection,—and now she too had failed him, and the disappointed, because unreasonable lover, sunk into a state of gloomy apathy, bordering on misanthropy, from which nothing seemed to have the power of rousing him. He received another farewell letter from Helen, on the eve of embarkation, without deigning to reply to its tender regrets otherwise than by cold reproaches. The vessel at length sailed,—then, for a season, anger gave way to unutterable anguish and remorse. She was gone! The tender, the faithful friend—the only human being who had ever appreciated his worth or talents,—the only one to whom he could turn at all times for sympathy, and find her ever kind; and he had inflicted the pangs of sorrow and disappointment on the already wounded heart. Still he flattered himself that she would write again when arrived in Canada, and let him know the place of her destination.

Nearly two years had passed since Helen's departure from her native land, and yet no word from her, or no clue by which Frank Neville could trace her; and the painful conviction that he was forgotten by the only woman he had ever loved or could love, had thrown a yet deeper shade of melancholy over his mind. The day-star of hope and love no longer rose to cheer his desolate heart. Frank shunned the society of those around him, more especially that of his female friends. He fancied himself injured, and became almost a woman-hater. He was in this frame of mind when he received a kind letter from an uncle, who for some years had held an official situation in a flourishing town in Upper Canada, inviting him to come out to him, as he had a fair chance of procuring for him a lucrative and respectable employment in a Government Land Office.

The young misanthrope gladly acceded to this proposal, for to him all places and countries were alike. He had few ties of kindred or friendship, to bind him to the land of his birth. His uncle he had known and loved from a boy. He was neither so old nor so stern as to inspire that awe and reserve which the young are apt to entertain towards those far advanced in life. Mr. Neville was scarcely forty—Frank four and twenty. He had for several

years maintained an affectionate and unreserved correspondence with this amiable relative, to whom the peculiarities of his character were not entirely unknown. Mr. Neville knew too well that to attempt to curb in too tightly the high mettled steed, served but to madden rather than restrain his fiery curveting, and he strove to soothe, by sympathy and mild reasoning, the too sensitive mind of his nephew, rather than to inflame the wounded spirit by reproof and sarcasm. A very few hours' conversation served to show the unhealthy state of Frank Neville's mind to his observing uncle, for he had long been acquainted in part with the cause of his unhappiness.

"You are too young, my dear nephew, to be a woman-hater—that most unnatural of all misanthropes. I must teach you, Frank, to look with kinder eyes on woman's nature, and most of all with indulgence on human nature. Believe me, unjust as your opinion of men is, it is doubly so of women."

Frank continued to pace his uncle's little parlour with rapid steps.

"It is well," he replied, suddenly pausing and striking his hands on the table, while a crimson flush deepened his pale cheek. "It is well for the fortunate lover or husband to speak with confidence of woman's worth and constancy. I—I only have experienced her instability. Yes, they may well be called the softer, weaker sex," he added, sarcastically.

"Yet, Frank, the boasted heroism of man sinks into nothing when weighed in the balance against the quiet but not less heroic self-devotion of woman in her several capacities of wife, mother, and friend. Look at the tender, faithful wife, hanging over the bed of sickness, when every breath inhaled by her is fraught with mortal danger: in sorrow, in sickness, in peril, in danger, she is still the faithful friend.

"See her in her character of mother. With what unwearied patience does she watch beside the son of her love, from childhood to the grave. She follows him in thought through his progress in the world. Her tears, her prayers go with him—if good and prosperous, how great her joy—and who can tell the anguish of her heart, if otherwise? Mark the mother's agony, when scorned, reviled, despised by an ungrateful child, whose infant head has so often been pillowed on her aching breast. How keen the pang she feels when tales of crime and folly meet her ear. How often, when the sterner parent, in his wrath, refuses to behold and to pardon the forlorn, degraded son, has the tender heart-stricken mother, or the faithful sister, regardless of disgrace and obloquy, sought the lost felon in his cell, and there, amid the horrors of a prison, wept forth forgiveness on the guilty one's breast. From

the cradle to the grave she is man's truest, firmest friend."

"Uncle, you speak eloquently in behalf of woman's excellence," observed Frank, with a sickly smile. "Such a wife and such a mother I had fondly pictured to myself in Helen Churchill; and if I have expressed myself too hastily against the sex, it was because I loved too well. Surely, dear uncle," he added, "if Helen had loved me she would not so lightly have given me up."

"Lovers, my dear nephew, especially young enthusiastic lovers like you, are apt to expect too much from the object of their affections. Women are placed by nature in more dependent circumstances than men; they cannot at all times act according to the inclination of their hearts; too generally these are forced to yield to the imperative dictates of duty, and the opinions of the world—of a world they dare not despise.

"You acknowledge you were not in circumstances to make Helen your wife, and you were highly offended at her refusing to place herself in a dependent situation among strangers, and separate herself from her family for an indefinite number of years. Pardon my freedom, nephew, but you asked too great a sacrifice."

"How, uncle, was it greater than that from which I was anxious to save her? Was she not about to quit her native land, the happy scenes of her childhood, to become a poor emigrant, to be buried amid the wild woods of Canada? And would not my unwearied exertions have saved her from this dismal change?"

"The risk was too great—you might have changed—your love might have grown cold, and your poor Helen might have lived to mourn the hour when she listened to the voice of blind affection, which had made her an alien and outcast from her family—forsaken by the man she loved, and for whose sake she estranged herself from her natural guardians; cast off by the world—where would have been her refuge, and consolation? Listen to me, Frank, and I will tell you a story somewhat resembling your own, but in which your uncle has been one of the actors.

"You see that new frame house just to the left of this—that with the green Venetians and latticed verandah. That fine house was built by a gentleman whose name is immaterial at this moment—he came hither about two years ago, with his wife and nine children. Unacquainted with the country, with none to advise them, they launched out in expenses which they could ill afford. Strict economy had formed no part of their former practice; the father was a proud man, and the mother pined with restless discontent for those luxuries they had been accustomed to enjoy at home. They had a grant of land, but they would not consent to immure themselves in the forest; so the land was sold at a low

rate, and the proceeds laid out in building the house I pointed out to you, in which they lived freely as long as the few hundreds lasted, and credit was good. They dressed expensively, and kept the best company afforded by our small neighbourhood. Difficulties at length began to arise, and slights to be felt or imagined, for, you know, nephew, that the poor are apt to be jealous of their consequence—certain it is that many of those who used to be foremost in their attentions, began to look coolly on them as soon as their circumstances began to be noised abroad.

"About this period I became acquainted with them, nay almost domesticated in the family, and found myself at all times a welcome guest, in season or out of season. I took an interest in the whole family; but it was the meek, patient, pensive Ellen, that most attracted my regard. It was not her sunny hair, soft features, and delicately tinted cheek, nor the white hand on which that cheek so often rested, that formed the charm which led me so often to her presence. I am too old, Frank, to fall in love with a pretty face alone; it was the expression of sweetness and mild resignation that gave a grace to all she said and did."

"In short uncle, you were in love."

"It was my misfortune rather than my fault, nephew," returned his uncle gravely; "at forty, a man is sometimes apt to forget that he is too old to be the lover of a girl of eighteen or nineteen.

"I began to feel uneasy at the visits of a young gentleman, who came every two or three months to the house of my friend —; an unusual bustle generally preceded these visits. Little did I at first suspect that this young man was the accepted lover of my Ellen, as I fondly in fancy called her. I had even fancied that to her alone he seemed almost an object of dislike; she seemed to shun his society, rather than take pleasure in it. My daydream of happiness was soon to be dispelled.

"One morning on entering the sitting-room, one of the younger girls ran up to me, and holding up a doll, said, 'see here, Mr. Neville, what brother William has sent me, and he is coming again soon to marry Ellen, he says.' At these words I turned my eyes in silent surprise on Ellen. The poor girl rose from her seat in great agitation, and, casting a look of anguish on me, left the room in tears. I sat like one paralyzed; I do not know if my embarrassment of look and manner escaped notice; but my friends, as if unconscious of my presence, began to discuss the approaching nuptials of their daughter with little reserve. I soon after took my leave. That Ellen did not love her intended bridegroom, I felt convinced from her distress and tears. I know not how, but a vague hope that she was not indifferent to me would come across my mind. True, she had given me no proof of her affection, and my age, double her own, ought to have saved me from the vanity of

supposing she could for an instant, look upon me with any other eyes than those of a mere friend, but love will hope where reason would despair."

"Restless and miserable, I tried in vain to reconcile myself to the loss of my Ellen. For some days I was too ill and too uncomfortable to leave the house; then again pride suggested; 'Will they not suspect the cause of your absence, or attribute it to ungenerous motives?' I summoned resolution at length, and went to the house; no one was at home but Ellen. I opened the door of the little sitting-room, as I had been wont to do, after a slight rap. Ellen was alone; her dove-like eyes were drenched in tears at my approach; she started, and hastily concealing something in her lap, resumed her work with trembling hands. I took a seat beside her, and besought her to confide to me the cause of her grief. "I fear," I said, "you do not enter heart and soul into this marriage. Oh! do not sacrifice yourself to become the wife of a man you do not love." She wept passionately, and said:

"I do not love him, but then my poor father—what will become of him, if I refuse to become the wife of the only person who can save him from ruin? Besides, we owe him already a debt of gratitude."

"Be mine, Ellen!" I exclaimed, almost incoherently I doubt, "and what William—— would do for your father, I will and can."

"She shook her head! 'No, no,' she replied artlessly enough, 'if the sacrifice must be made, as well William—— as any other. I shall never love but one. Duty obliged me to quit the man I loved; and now,' she added with a deep sigh, 'the sacrifice must be completed. Had he continued to love me, I had never consented to become the wife of another,' and here, overcome by her grief, and the misery of her situation, the poor girl sunk her head on her hands and sobbed in bitterness of spirit.

"I was distressed beyond measure at the condition of this amiable girl. 'They shall not force you into this hateful marriage, if I can do any thing to prevent it,' I said, starting up, and about to hurry from the room in search of her father.

"Ellen rose in great agitation to detain me; by her sudden movement a miniature picture that had been concealed in the folds of her work was thrown at my feet, the painting uppermost; as I stooped to restore it to its trembling owner, my eyes rested on the features of a well known face." Here the narrator paused.

"Go on, go on," impatiently exclaimed Frank, "who was the heartless fool, that could have forsaken worth like her's?"

"Frank Neville, thou art the man!" was the emphatic answer. "Yes! nephew, that picture; so often bathed with secret tears, so fondly and so

vainly cherished, was the same presented by you in your days of courtship, to Helen Churchill."

Frank's first emotions were those of joy at finding his Helen unchanged; but these rapturous thoughts were superseded by anxious doubts and fears. Could she forgive him for all the sore anguish he had caused her? And if she did, was it still in her power to break through her present engagement? Would her parents, after having twice refused him, accept him as their son-in-law? True, he was now in circumstances superior to their own; and last of all, was it reasonable to expect that his uncle would forward his views in this matter, after having so freely acknowledged his own predilection for Helen?

As if reading his nephew's thoughts, Mr. Neville said, "Frank, dismiss these fears; your uncle is not so selfish as to suffer his own interests to interfere with your happiness. Helen truly loves you, and as freely forgives you. I have not been idle in your cause; the way is open before you. Your youthful rival, though most reluctant to give up his hopes of obtaining Helen's hand, was not ungenerous enough to persist in dragging her a reluctant victim to the altar. I have myself become responsible for Mr. Churchill's most urgent debts. Go now and plead your own cause, and confess that women are not less faithful; nor less devoted in their love, than men."

TO THE SUN.

RESPLENDENT Orb! of heat and light the source,
Great lamp of day, and Regent of the skies,
That from the orient tak'st thy flaming course,
While Night before thee with her shadows flies!

Soul of the world, and Parent of the day,
What were this earth without thy cheering light?
A chaos drear, where Winter held his sway
Amid the horrors of eternal night!

Robed in the glory of thy smiles so bright,
The tranquil Moon upon thy bounty shines
As slow she rises o'er the mountain's height,
And shoots along the sky her silvery lines.

Thee, Sun! the heathen well might deem divine,
And to thy godhead pour the fervent vow—
Well might they worship at thy shrine,
For noblest of created things art thou!

DOGMATISM.

A DOGMATICAL spirit inclines a man to be censorious of his neighbours. Every one of his opinions appears to him written, as it were, with sunbeams, and he grows angry that his neighbours do not see it in the same light. He is tempted to disdain his correspondents as men of low and dark understandings; because they do not believe what he does.—
Watts.

RHYDLAN MARCH; OR, THE TUNE OF MORVAH.

A MINSTREL SONG, OF THE 12TH OR 13TH CENTURY.

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

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The time signature is 3/4. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The melody in the upper staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass line starts with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The upper staff features a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4. The lower staff continues with quarter notes: G2, A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2, F#2, E2, D2. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. The upper staff features a series of eighth notes: C4, D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4. The lower staff continues with quarter notes: C3, D3, E3, F#3, G3, A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3, F#3, E3, D3. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece. The upper staff features a series of eighth notes: C4, D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4. The lower staff continues with quarter notes: C3, D3, E3, F#3, G3, A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3, F#3, E3, D3. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

The fifth system of musical notation continues the piece. The upper staff features a series of eighth notes: C4, D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4. The lower staff continues with quarter notes: C3, D3, E3, F#3, G3, A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3, F#3, E3, D3. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.



THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BIRDS, joyous Birds of the wandering wing !

Whence is it ye come with the flowers of the Spring ?

—“ We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-tree of glowing Araby.

“ We have swept o'er cities in song renown'd—

Silent they lie, with the deserts round !

We have cross'd proud rivers, whose tide hath roll'd
All dark with the warrior-blood of old ;
And each worn wing hat regain'd its home,
Under Peasant's roof-tree, or Monarch's dome.

And what have ye found in the Monarch's dome,

Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam ?

—“ We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o'er shading the banquet's hall,
And a mark on the floor, as of life-drops spilt—
—Nought looks the same, save the nest we built !”

Oh, joyous Birds, it hath still been so !

Through the halls of Kings doth the tempest go !

But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hill o'er their quiet a vigil keep,
Say, what have ye found in the Peasant's cot,
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot ?

“ A change we have found there, and many a change ;

Faces and footsteps, and all things strange !

Gone are the heads of the silver hair,
And the young that were, have a brow of care,
And the place is hush'd where the children play'd—
—Nought looks the same, save the nests we made.”

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,

Birds that o'er-sweep it in power and mirth !

Yet, through the wastes of the trackless air,

Ye have a guide, and shall we despair !

Ye over desert and deep have pass'd—

—So shall we reach our bright home at last !

OUR TABLE.

WAR OF 1812—NARRATIVE OF THE OPERATIONS OF THE RIGHT DIVISION OF THE CANADIAN ARMY, BY MAJOR RICHARDSON, K. S. F.

THIS Province has long laboured under the want of an authentic and connected history of its past existence. This want must become more severely felt, as we grow in importance in our own eyes and in the eyes of the world. At present there is little prospect that the deficiency will be supplied, although sketches have been written, and records have been kept, which might furnish sufficient data for an intelligent and persevering author to supply us with an outline of almost all that our country has undergone—the difficulties she has encountered, and the dangers through which she has triumphantly pursued her way. Such a history, if written in a spirit of impartial justice, might, by tracing the origin of our dissensions, teach us to shun the dangerous quicksands and treacherous rocks upon which our infant prosperity has been already so nearly wrecked, and which continue to be strongly antagonist to our public and private interests, as well as utterly repugnant to the feelings of that respected and honoured class of our inhabitants who have never ceased to deplore the evil and frightful consequences which have flowed from our silly and suicidal quarrels. That a history such as we could wish to see will be written, it would be folly to doubt, but, when, is a problem which at the present time is somewhat difficult of solution.

The volume now under consideration, will rescue from oblivion one important epoch, and may do something towards the softening down of our unnatural asperities—the eradication of those antipathies to which we have above alluded, and which have been a fruitful source of our misfortunes. It may do this, because in it are shewn the brotherly and friendly feelings which were cherished among the different races when the dark cloud of adversity hung over the Province. Then, the Canadian militia, of whatever origin, sprang to arms, anxious to espouse the cause of Britain, and to defend from the pollution of the invader's footprint their firesides and their homes. Yes, then the stalwart yeoman, whether the tongue in which his war-cry was uttered was French or English, evinced his manhood in defence of his sovereign and of his father-land. There was no dissension then, but each pressed forward to the battle's front, with willing heart and ready arm to roll back the tide of war to the shores of those who brought it, and who wantonly essayed to shroud the land in darkness and in blood. An extract from the preface may, here, be not unprofitably given:—

Recovering as this country is, at this moment, from the severe shock which, although but of temporary duration, has deeply tested its general attachment and fealty to the British throne; and lapsing into that state of tranquillity from which it never should have departed, it will without difficulty be conceded that no compilation could, with greater propriety or consistency be placed in the hands of Canadian students, than that which records the gallant deeds performed by their fathers, fighting side by side with the troops of England in defence of their invaded firesides: when, actuated by a devoted spirit of loyalty, and a generosity of emulation never exceeded, they won golden opinions from their Sovereign, and stood boldly forth in the hour of the country's greatest need—nor, although the youth of Western Canada have the greatest reason to feel pride in this fact, should it fail to be a source of satisfaction to the French Canadian pupil, whose sire was, at the epoch treated of in the following narrative, ever forward in the demonstration of his attachment to British institutions, and unwavering in his resolution to defend them with his life. These were, indeed, happy and well remembered days, when but one sentiment actuated the French and English races, who were knit together in one common bond of good fellowship, and knew rivalry only in their desire to tender to the parent, who had cherished and nursed them, the grateful evidence of their love. This is no overcharged picture of the feeling which then existed in the Canadas, and on the direction given to the minds of its youth of the present day, French and English, must depend its utter extinction or revival.

The history written by the gallant Major is, however, a record only of what was accomplished, and what suffered by the Right Division of the Canadian Army, and, to be complete, it must be followed by a similar narrative of the achievements and reverses of the Midland and Eastern sections of the patriot host. Without these, though it is indeed highly useful, it is far from possessing that strong claim upon public favour which it would possess did it supply a full detail of the memorable time of which it treats. With these, written in the same bold, manly, eloquent, and impartial style, its value would be incalculable, because, while it imparted knowledge of an essential character to the inhabitants of the Province, it could not fail to produce, nurture, and cultivate feelings of patriotism, of loyalty, and of self-reliance

among those who, after the present generation has passed away, are destined to form the people of United Canada.

We regret to learn that though an appeal has been publicly made to those who are familiar with the events of the war in Eastern Canada, and in the Midland section of the Province, the gallant author has not been furnished with a single sketch to aid him in the goodly work of forming an enduring record of the achievements which won for these several divisions of the Army the thanks of the empire. To what cause this unnatural apathy is to be attributed, it would be difficult to tell. There is no scarcity of men among us who are qualified by the part they took in the several campaigns, as well as by general ability, to furnish the *matériel* upon which the historian might build a connected history. Why is it that they do not do so? They cannot surely be unaware of the vast importance of retaining, while it is yet possible, for the benefit of the young, a faithful impress of the past. Now, however, that an example is before them of what can be done, we indulge a hope that there will be something of alacrity instilled into them—that they will at last do the state a service so essential to its respectability. That the gallant Major will do full justice to their communications, after the specimen before them, they cannot doubt, and the pleasing reflection that by doing so they will aid in supplying what all acknowledge to be most important, will surely urge them to throw their sloth aside, and furnish to the historian, and through him to the public, their several “Reminiscences of the War.”

After this digression, we have scarcely room to give to the narrative that lengthy consideration which its importance claims. It is, we rejoice to say, written in a strain of impartial justice, which stands in favourable contrast with some of the histories which have before been written of the same events. In it honour is rendered to whom honour is due, whether friend or enemy, and the despatches of the opposing leaders are frequently given in corroboration of the views taken by the author, so that the facts are placed beyond the possibility of cavil, or a chance of doubt. The Major's reputation is an assurance that, as a literary composition, it will stand the test of criticism.

We here annex an extract from the book, describing the famous naval engagement on Lake Erie,—the affair on which the renown of the celebrated Perry is principally founded. Though most unfortunate to the British arms in its results, the battle did not sully the name of Barclay, or the glory of the British arms:—

The period was now fast approaching when the fruits of so much toil and privation were to be wrested from our grasp, and the extensive line of territory, both original and acquired, so gallantly defended by a single regiment against the repeated invasions of the enemy during a period of fifteen months, was to fall beneath the efforts of numerical strength. Since the capture of Detroit, the Americans had been indefatigable in their exertions to establish a superiority of naval force, on which, they well knew, depended the ultimate success of their arms. Buffalo was the harbour selected for the construction of their flotilla, which, under the hands of numerous workmen, soon presented a formidable appearance, and was deemed more than sufficient to ensure their ascendancy on the lake. Manned by experienced seamen taken from several frigates then blockaded in their sea-ports, and commanded by able and intelligent officers, these vessels put forth towards the close of August, and continued cruising off the harbour of Amherstburgh, in which our fleet lay, awaiting the completion of the Detroit, a vessel of twenty guns then on the stocks, and the arrival of seamen long promised and vainly expected from Lake Ontario. Captain Barclay had arrived some time previous, to take the command, and with him several officers and forty men: but notwithstanding every remonstrance on the subject made by the commanding officer of the division, no farther assistance was afforded. The remaining part of the crews were provincial sailors, willing and anxious, it is true, to do their duty, but without that perfection and experience in their profession, which are so indispensably necessary to the insurance of success in a combat at sea. In defiance of this disadvantage, the enemy had no sooner made his appearance, than the Detroit was launched in her rough and unfinished state, and armed, in default of other guns, with long battering pieces taken from the ramparts. Every calibre was employed—sixes, nines, twelves, eighteens, and even the two twenty-four pounders which had been so successfully used at the Miami. The early part of September was employed in getting in her masts and rigging, and in a few days the fleet was ready to sail. Our position at this period had become exceedingly critical. The want of provisions began to be seriously felt, and the ultimate possession of the garrison depended wholly on the result of the naval conflict, for which both parties were preparing. In the event of the enemy being successful, not only must we be open to the incursions of the large forces, then collected in several quarters, and ready to overwhelm us at the moment that the command of the lake would afford them facility of movement, but the means of obtaining supplies from Fort Erie must be entirely cut off. The quantity of provisions already consumed had been enormous; for independently of the wanton destruction of cattle by the Indians, who often shot or stabbed them merely to possess themselves of the horns, in which they secured their powder, leaving the carcases to putrify in the sun, ten thousand rations were daily issued

to the warriors and their families: the latter apparently increasing in numbers, as our means of supplying them became more contracted.

Such was the situation of the garrison, reduced in its regular force to a handful of men, by the losses sustained in the various engagements herein detailed, when Captain Barclay, who had hoisted his flag on board the *Detroit*, made the signal, early on the morning of the 9th, to weigh anchor and bear across the lake. The little fleet, consisting of six sail, were, at day-light on the 10th, perceived by the enemy, then lying among a cluster of islands at some leagues distance, who immediately bore up under a light side wind, favourable at that moment to the approach of the two squadrons. At one o'clock the engagement commenced. The *Detroit* leading into action, was opposed to the *St. Lawrence*, mounting eighteen thirty-two pounders, and commanded by the American Commodore; and such was the effect of the long guns, that the latter vessel was soon compelled to strike her flag, having only twenty serviceable men left. The *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte* had, however, suffered severely in their sails and rigging from the fire of the enemy's gun-boats; and not only every one of their boats had been so severely wounded as to render it impossible to take possession of the prize; but the united and unceasing exertions of their crew could not prevent them from running foul of each other. Availing himself of this unfortunate accident, Commodore Perry, who had shifted his flag to the *Niagara*, a vessel of equal force to the *St. Lawrence*, bore up and discharged his broadside with murderous effect. Waring immediately, a second and equally destructive followed, and in this manner was the action continued, rendering resistance almost hopeless. The other smaller vessels, already warmly engaged, could afford no aid, and the guns of the unfortunate wrecks were at length nearly all unserviceable,—those, at least, of the only batteries which could be brought to bear upon the enemy. Almost every officer had been compelled to leave the deck, and the helplessness of the crews could only be exceeded by their despair, when, after two hours and a half of incessant cannonading, the British flag was replaced by the *Eagle* of America.

Upon the vacillating and uncertain councils—the carelessness evinced in high places,—which led to the disastrous result detailed above, it is not our province to remark. In the book before us, the causes of the defeat are clearly shewn, and it is with a mixed feeling of humiliation and pride, we assert that, had common justice been rendered to the unfortunate Barclay, a very different termination to the conflict might have been looked upon as certain.

After the above had been prepared, the *New Era* of the 19th August, came to hand. By it we learn that the author is about to follow up the Narrative with a similar detail of the Operations of the Centre and Left Divisions of the Army, and that to enable him to devote his whole attention to the work, the publication of the *Era* will for the present be suspended. He states that he has reason to believe the book will be universally adopted in Canadian schools. In the absence of a complete history of the Province, its value cannot be too highly estimated; but we should, for the sake of the Province, rejoice to see its necessity superseded by such a book. We know of none more capable, as well by inclination as by ability, than the gallant Major to supply so very necessary a work, if his time be not employed more pleasingly or profitably to himself. It is not, however, to be expected that he should do so, unless as a recreation or pastime, it being but too evident that he has had full experience of the very unprofitable character of all literary investments in this working country.

NEWFOUNDLAND IN 1842,

Is the title of a book now in press, the result of Sir R. H. Bonnycastle's recent visit to the Island. It is said to take a large and comprehensive view of the condition of the colony, its inhabitants and its Government, and to throw much light upon its capabilities and resources. Newfoundland, like too many of the colonies, has hitherto been very little known in England, and very erroneous ideas respecting it have very naturally been formed. It is to be hoped that this book will dissolve the mists which shroud it, and disclose it, as it is, to those who have the power materially to mar or facilitate its progress to wealth, comfort, and importance. The more that is written of the colonies the better, so that it be true; and as the author has a reputation as well for candor as for talent, we think we may safely congratulate the colony on its publication.

GODOLPHIN, A NOVEL—BY SIR E. L. BULWER.

THIS story, written by Bulwer many years ago, and then published anonymously, has been reprinted with the author's name. It is not an equal for the later productions of the great novelist, but it is nevertheless what, in these days of rapid bookmaking, may safely be called a well-told tale. Since the appearance of the English edition, it has been reprinted in a cheap form in New York, and is easily obtained by those who have any curiosity to see it. There is something of the marvellous in its composition, which, among a certain class, and that not a small one, will make it very popular.