

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

THE
LITERARY GARLAND,
AND
BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

OCTOBER, 1851.

NO. 10.

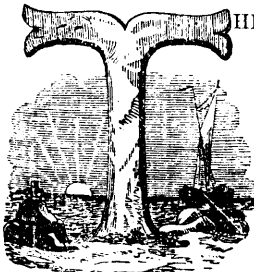
FAUNA; OR, THE RED FLOWER OF LEAFY HOLLOW.*

BY MISS L. A. MURRAY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Sunrise and sunset from the haunted epochs
Of sorrow and of love, which they who mark not,
Know not the realm where those twin genii,
(Who chasten and who purify our hearts,
So that we would not change their sweet rebukes,
For all the boisterous joys that ever shook
The air with clamors) build their palaces.

SARDANAPALUS.



THE sun had not yet risen on the following morning when Max left his chamber and went forth into the garden.—Every object was saturated with dew which still fell freshly on the heated brow of the young painter. The morning star was red in the east, and a few faint pearl-tinted flushes marked the approach of the Day King. And now Hesperus grew dimmer and more dim, and a pale garment of light began to overspread the sky; the pearl-like tints deepened to straw-color, which was rapidly merged in a glowing crimson: the next moment Helios shot his arrows above the line of wooded heights that bounded the lake, and the rosy clouds became broken and mingled with gold. Another moment and the sun god uprose in glorious majesty encircled with dispersing and resplendent masses of richly dyed vapors; the dew drops which hung on plant and tree were transformed by his magic power into pearls and diamonds of translucent brightness, and life and beauty sparkled on every object touched by his rays. At this moment a light hand was laid on the young man's shoulder, and

when he looked hastily round, he met the dark, wild, but beautiful features of Fauna. She wore the costume of a Squaw—a petticoat of dark blue cloth, embroidered with beads and silver lace, and a mantle of white cashmere, wrought with light-colored worsteds, and worn blanket-fashion.

"You here, Fauna!" said Max.

How coldly his words fell on the ears of the Indian maiden! She dropped her hand from his arm, and said in tones of subdued gentleness,

"Max, you have always been kind to me; you will not refuse to do one thing for my sake."

"You must first tell me what it is, Fauna," answered Max, gloomily.

"It is that you will meet me to-night at the "Tumble Dam," and come with me where I will bring you."

"But you must first let me know where you mean to take me, Fauna, and for what purpose."

The Indian girl frowned, but instantly after, she sighed.

"Are you afraid to trust me?" she asked.

"No, dear Fauna, but as I have all confidence in you, you should have some in me."

"You shall know all to-night. Trust me till then."

"Well, Fauna, let it be so. You know I would do any thing in my power to serve you."

"It is not to serve me," said Fauna, a brilliant flush crimsoning her soft cheek, "I can be nothing more to you than the grass which you crush beneath your feet, but she is the rose you shall yet wear in your bosom. Forget not your promise—to-night when the sun has set," and seizing his hand the wild girl pressed her lips upon it and fled from the orchard.

It was a dark and gloomy evening when Max set out to keep his appointment with Fauna, at

* Continued from page 395.—Conclusion.

the "Tumble Dam." Clouds, to which the setting sun had given a sombre magnificence, now looked angry and menacing along the horizon, and gradually seemed to be encroaching farther and farther on the blue heaven. The heat was intense, and not a breeze was stirring to cool the burning air. It seemed evident that the electric storm which had been for two or three days threatening would soon burst; but Max heeded not the boding tempest; he scarcely even thought of Fauna; his mind was occupied with matters nearer to his heart. He sometimes asked himself if the last words of Fauna could apply to Helen, but he could not believe they had any other origin than the excited fancies of her own brain. On reaching the spot, the dim light of the fading day revealed Fauna resting against a young pine, and gazing intently down the path in which she knew Max would appear. As soon as she caught sight of him she sprang towards him. Her manner was excited and determined, and Max started as she placed in his hand a pistol and a long Indian knife.

"Take them!" she said, as he gazed at her in silent surprise, "You may need them ere we return. But there is not much danger," she added, more as if by way of satisfying her own fears for his safety, than of assuring him. "I know him to be a coward, and I will be there to help you; I am armed also," and, unclosing her mantle, she shewed a knife and pistols in the embroidered girdle she wore.

"What are these weapons for, Fauna?" asked Max, again examining her face; but there was nothing in her steady though beaming eye, and her firm determined mouth which could make him believe her imagination more disordered than usual.

"Follow me," replied the Indian girl, "and I will tell you as we go."

She led the way into a species of blind path, formed by deer-hunters, and ere they had proceeded many yards she spoke again.

"I am taking you," she said, "where the man who robbed the father of Helen Blachford is now concealed. I know from what I have heard him say that he possesses papers which, though useless to him, would be worth thousands in the hands of Mr. Blachford, but he keeps them for the sake of revenge. Demand these bonds from him, and if he refuse to yield them up, threaten to use force. You are brave I know," said the Indian girl, looking proudly at the tall, manly form of her young heart's idol. "You are stronger than he, you are good and he is a villain; I have courage and strength for your sake, and he has no one to

aid him, but one poor trembling creature, whom he treats like a dog—we shall conquer, and you shall give these papers to her whom you love."

"Can this indeed be true, and have you known it long?" asked Max.

"No, not long. I did not know of the existence of these bonds or of their value till a day or two ago."

"And what is he doing here, or how are you connected with such a villain?"

"My father, who knew him in the States, has given him shelter here, and he has come to meet some one from England whom he expects—I don't know who."

"But why, Fauna, didn't you tell me or Mr. Blachford at once, and have the scoundrel brought to justice?" asked Max.

"Justice!" cried the Indian girl, impatiently, "what do I or any one know of *justice*? There is none just but one, to *Him* only appertains judgment. But for your sake he might have lived there for ever ere I told it to any."

"For my sake, Fauna? What is it you mean?"

"Will you not to-night redeem her you have so long loved in vain from poverty and exile, and thus obtain a title to her love?"

Max made no answer; and quickening her steps, Fauna plunged deeper into the forest. At last they reached one of those tumuli which are to be found in almost every part of the New World. It was enclosed by a screen of brushwood and young trees, and no one who was not previously aware of its existence would have been likely to discover it; but Fauna speedily struck into a very narrow and tangled path, and, followed by Max, soon reached the mound, which was thinly scattered with trees. Desiring Max to remain quiet for a moment, she pursued the path which led round the tumulus, and, Max in some anxiety, but without the slightest doubt, awaited her return. Minutes, however, passed, and she did not appear, and Max, tired of uncertainty, cautiously advanced in the direction she had taken. He soon discovered a hollow in the side of the tumulus, and in the recess was an Indian wigwam formed of stakes covered with skins, and of a conical shape, from which loud and angry voices seemed proceeding. Kneeling against the hut, and gazing through a crevice was Fauna, and Max stood by her side before she was aware of his approach, so much absorbed did she seem with whatever she beheld inside. On perceiving him she motioned to him to kneel down beside her, and look through the aperture; he silently obeyed, and the sight he beheld filled him with unbounded surprise. Standing in one corner of the wigwam,

with the most stoical indifference visible in his look and attitude, was a tall Indian in his blanket coat, deer-skin trowsers and leggins; the same who had guided Mr. Warrender and Harald to Hemlock Knoll. In another, and standing near a log of wood which served for a seat, and from which she had arisen in terror, was a very young girl, in whose worn and haggard features traces might still be seen of the once beautiful Joanna Rolleston. Her dress was mean and soiled, and her hair, of which she had once been so proud, was pushed negligently off her brow. Her whole appearance was that of one who had ceased to feel hope, joy or self-respect, and as she clasped her hands wildly together, she appeared as if her spirit was too much broken, and her whole being too strongly enthralled by that grim Giant, Despair, to permit her to give a voice to the anguish and alarm she so deeply felt. At a little distance from her stood Basil D'Arcy, dressed like the Indian guide; and, during the short time which had elapsed since he was last presented to the reader, his countenance had assumed far deeper and darker traces of the evil passions which had always reigned in his heart. There was yet another person in the wigwam, and he it was who at first absorbed Max's every faculty. This was Ernest Tennyson who confronted D'Arcy with looks of powerful and noble indignation.

"If you are wise," exclaimed D'Arcy, in a voice expressing the last extreme of hatred and bitterness, "you will leave this place while yet you may. Fate has thrown you into my power when I looked for another; tempt me no further, but be gone."

"Never, till you give up what remains of the property you so basely stole from your benefactor," said Ernest.

"Will you not?" retorted D'Arcy, scornfully; "then beware, you have injured me more deeply than any man on earth, *beware* lest this moment I take full satisfaction for all my wrongs!"

"Wrongs!" repeated Ernest, indignantly.

"Aye! wrongs!" cried D'Arcy, fiercely; "did you not win from me the love of one who would have taught me to reach Heaven instead of being a fit denizen of hell? Did you not wrench from me the gold for which I bound myself to yonder miserable idiot? Do you not call *these* wrongs, and shall I not take revenge when it is offered to my hand? You are defenceless, I am armed—have a care!"

He had worked himself into a state of demonic fury, but Ernest was unmoved.

"I am unarmed, it is true," he answered, "but I fear you not, and I do not stir from this till you

do the small justice which may yet be in your power to Mr. Blachford. If you will assist me," he added, turning to the Indian, "you shall not go unrewarded."

"The white men are brothers," said Ungigo, coldly, "let them do as they think good. Ungigo will side with neither."

"Then alone I defy you, D'Arcy!" exclaimed Ernest, catching up an axe which lay near.

"Take it then!" burst from the lips of D'Arcy, and pulling a pistol from his breast he aimed it at Ernest.

By this time Max had torn aside the covering of the wigwam, and was rushing to Ernest's assistance, but, quicker than thought, Joanna had darted to his side and seized his arm.

"Not murder! Oh! God! not murder!" she shrieked.

He strove to shake her off, but she still clung to his arm; in the struggle, the pistol went off and its contents lodged in his own brain. He fell without word or motion a dead man; and forgetting all her wrongs, the wretched victim of his deceit and cruelty threw herself on his body in the wildest paroxysm of grief and despair. In vain Ernest called her tenderly by her name and strove to soothe her; she heeded not his efforts but wildly tore her long hair with all the ungoverned violence of feeling which proved her Syrian blood, accusing herself as the murderer of him she had so deeply loved! The greetings between Ernest and Max, meeting after so long an absence in so wild and terrible a scene, were short and hurried, though full of affection, and were first interrupted by Fauna, who, leading Max outside the hut, placed a small box in his hand.

"In this," she said, "are all the papers belonging to Mr. Blachford which D'Arcy possessed; give them to Helen, she can then no longer reject the claim which you will have to her hand."

"Fauna!" exclaimed Max, "would you have me so mean as to accept from her gratitude what her love cannot give?"

"But she *does* love you!" cried Fauna, earnestly, "I know that she loves you. Ah! did I not know it the first moment that I saw you together? Did I not know long before that she on whose picture you so often gazed was destined to be your bride? and I have read in the heavens that through me that destiny shall be accomplished."

"It cannot be, Fauna; you suffer your imagination to blind your better feelings, when you wish me to act so selfish and dishonorable a part."

"Then you will suffer her to marry that Englishman who has come out with her brother?"

"Fauna!" exclaimed Max, passionately, "you

know not what you say! You know not what agony your words give me!"

"Do I not?" she said, mournfully; "and yet God knows, I have thought sometimes my brain would turn. But I think not of myself now—give the box to me, Max, I will give them to Mr. Blachford, and he shall promise to give you Helen for your bride."

"If you could act thus ungenerously, Fauna, I could not take advantage of it. Rather let me give these parchments to Mr. Blachford's nephew who is now in the hut."

"Do with them as you please," exclaimed Fauna, "it is written in yonder starry volume that I was born to accomplish your happiness at the expense of my own, and my fate must yet be fulfilled."

She vanished among the thick brushwood which surrounded the tumulus, while scarcely heeding her disappearance Max entered the wigwam. Finding that the frantic grief of Joanna had been succeeded by the stupor of exhaustion, he withdrew Ernest from her side, and gave him the box of papers, informing him how valuable its contents were.

"It is impossible for me to leave this unhappy girl," said Ernest; "I will remain with her while you procure some assistance."

Though very unwilling to leave his friend in so wild a spot, and with such painful companions, Max had no other alternative. The Indian guide had fled from the wigwam on the fall of D'Arcy, and Fauna's return was highly improbable. Hemlock Knoll was much the nearest habitation, but Max was by no means certain of finding his way thither through so intricate a path as that by which Fauna had conducted him, and in the night. It was, however, absolutely necessary to make the attempt, and, giving the pistol and knife which he had received from Fauna to Ernest, clasped his friend's hand once more in his own and departed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Oh! she was changed
As by the sickness of the soul, her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth.

BYRON'S DREAM.

In the drawing-room at Hemlock Knoll, an interested group was collected round a table where Harald was sketching the capture of a pirate vessel in the Levant, by the *Artemisia*, while Mr. Warrender, who was well acquainted with the locality, and the sea-robbers who infest those nar-

row seas, was pointing out the errors which the young midshipman occasionally made in the situation of the Islands among which the engagement had taken place, but Helen was not among them. She stood at a glass door which opened on the lawn gazing into the clouded night, through which pale stars now and then gleamed, while in a distant bank of clouds, heaped up like some embattled city in the sky, brilliant and fantastic sheets of lightning were flashing. As she gazed, a figure appeared on the lawn and approached the cottage. It was Max, and his name involuntarily escaped from her. At the sound of her voice, Mr. Warrender looked quickly round, and at the same moment the young German entered. A minute sufficed to explain as much of the events of the last hour as Max judged it necessary to relate, the different emotions of wonder, anxiety, and horror, which his recital excited in his hearers may be imagined. Those of Alice though the least visible were not the least powerful.

"Tell Brian and two of the men to meet me at the door," said Mr. Blachford, "I will go myself."

Both Mr. Warrender and Harald rose to follow him, but ere they could reach the door, the sudden and near report of a pistol was heard; but he had stooped for a pencil-case that had fallen from his hand at the instant the shot was fired, and the ball passing over him grazed the forehead of Max, slightly cutting his temple, and lodged in the wall of the chamber. Max sprang towards the open glass door, from whence the shot had proceeded, but he stumbled against a footstool in his haste, and fell on the floor. It was all the work of a moment, and it was scarcely possible to tell for some instants who had suffered or who had escaped. Helen saw Max fall, the blood flowing rapidly down his face, and, believing him to be, perhaps, mortally wounded, all pride, all reserve vanished, and she threw herself on her knees at his side with a wild scream of agony, all the love she had so long struggled to repress, embodied in that cry of despair. The joy which thrilled through the heart of the young painter at this proof of her love sent the warm blood rushing through every vein. Springing to his feet, while the light that flashed in his eyes told her that her secret was revealed, he raised her from the floor.

"I am well, I am unhurt, it was but a scratch," he said.

For a moment she met his beaming glance with an answering look of truthful joy as she saw that he was safe, but the next her woman's nature prevailed, and she shrank away from his detaining

hand, overcome with shame and embarrassment. No one witnessed this scene but Alice and Mr. Warrender, the others having rushed out to search for the secret assassin the moment the shot had been fired. Max now joined them, but Mr. Warrender still remained standing by the table with a sad and disturbed expression on his grave and manly features, till they returned from their unsuccessful search. It was then agreed that he, Mr. Blachford and two of the workmen should remain at the cottage lest their unknown enemy should return, while Harald, Brian and two stout, knowing Yankees should accompany Max to the wigwam. The Yankees were to remain all night with the dead body of D'Arcy, as it was judged improper to remove it till it could be seen in the morning by Colonel Fisk, who performed the duties of sheriff in the township; and Brian led a pony for Joanna, the path they were obliged to traverse being impassable for any species of vehicle. The stars had nearly all disappeared, but the moon, though clouded, afforded them sufficient light to find their way; they were, however, too much occupied with the difficulties of the road to find time for any conjectures respecting the person who had fired the pistol or the cause of such an outrage. Once or twice Max thought of the Indian whom he had seen at the wigwam, but, as he believed him to be the father of Fauna, he could not bring himself to attribute it to him. Another suspicion, but far more painful, had also crossed his mind, but he instantly dismissed it, angry with himself for having ever entertained it. On reaching the wigwam they found every thing just as when Max had left it, nor had Ernest seen or heard any thing since to excite his alarm. Joanna had sunk into a state of passiveness which amounted almost to unconsciousness of all that surrounded her; she suffered herself to be placed on the pony without making any resistance, and Brian again taking the rein, Ernest walked by her side and supported her with the tenderest care. The night had now become so dark that it would have been impossible for them to continue their way, had it not been for the frequent flashes of lightning which threw athwart the darkness a brilliant though momentary glare. It was in truth a dismal night to be abroad in independent of the danger from the lightning which the tall pines seemed to lure to the spot. By the time they reached the "Tumble Dam," deep rolls of thunder accompanied the flashes, and the rain began to fall in large and isolated drops, but the distance from Hemlock Knoll was now short, and there was no longer any danger of mistaking the road. At this spot a path diverged to Leafy Hollow,

and Max hesitated whether to return home, where his absence on such a night might excite some uneasiness, or accompany his companions to Hemlock Knoll, when a rush of lightning, more vivid than any which had preceded it, revealed to the eyes of all present, Fauna seated on the ground, close to the edge of the foaming water. Her mantle had fallen from her head, and her black hair streamed on her shoulders, while the heavy rain-drops fell unheeded among its dishevelled tresses; her eyes were fixed on the white spray, dashed up by the barricaded and angry waters, unconscious of the presence of any one or of the raging tempest.

"Fauna!" cried Max, approaching her, "what are you doing here?"

At the sound of his voice she started up and clung wildly to his arm.

"Is he dead?" she asked, in a voice as wild and excited as were her looks when revealed by the frequent lightnings, "have I killed him?"

"Killed whom?" asked Max, horror-struck at her words. "Dear Fauna," he added, as he felt the burning touch of her hand, and the tremblings which shook her frame, "you are ill! What has happened to you?"

"Do you not know?" she whispered, in tones so thrilling that they reached the ears of all present, "do you not know that I shot him? She cannot marry him now, Max; he is dead. But do not hate me because I killed him—it was for you I did it, and no one will know except you. I threw the pistol into the river. I came to throw myself in, but the lightning flashed so brightly on the water that I could not do it. It looked like boiling flames, and I thought of the fire that never shall be quenched. That fire is kindled for murderers. The red men think it is brave to kill those they hate, but God has given his laws to the white men, and they have taught them to Fauna. I know that I must suffer hereafter, but I can bear it for your sake, Max. Only I shall never see you more—ah! that is the worst!"

"Fauna! Fauna! it kills me to hear you talk so wildly!" exclaimed Max.

"Who are all these?" cried Fauna, now for the first time perceiving the others, "are they come to take me to prison? Oh! dear Max!" she whispered, in a voice so plaintive that it smote the hearts of all who heard her, "do not let them touch me. See now—let me go and I will soon hide myself under that roaring water. But tell me first that you do not hate me; that you forgive me. Ah! when I am dead I will come to you in the night, and tell you how dearly I loved you.

Then you will pity and forgive the poor Indian girl."

"I forgive you, my best Fauna!" exclaimed Max, scarcely able to refrain from tears; "fear nothing; am I not here to protect you?"

"Yes, you used to call yourself my brother—I remember that; but you love the beautiful English girl better than a sister, and she will be your wife"—she paused, and then added more wildly than before, "do not tell any one that I did it."

"He is not dead, Fauna, he is well," whispered Max.

"Oh! yes, he is," she cried, "I saw him fall, and then I ran away. If he were not dead, I would kill him yet, rather than he should take her from you. She loves you, Max, but she does not love you as I do or she would not make you unhappy; she would not forfeit Heaven for your sake as I have done to-night. Now let me go, it will soon be morning, and I have sworn that I will never more look upon the sun."

"You must not leave me, Fauna. We will go home together."

"Home! not for worlds, Max. There is no longer any home for me but the grave. There is rest there. See how the lightnings shoot their arrows round us, and call to each other in voices of thunder; but they will not shoot their arrows at me."

"Fauna," entreated Max, "you say that you love me; if you do, you will not refuse to do what I ask you—you will not make me miserable for ever."

"Can you be miserable while you have *her*? No, let me die!"

"But if you perish here, Fauna, you will be swept away to the great lake and I shall never hear more of you. You will have no pleasant grassy grave when I come in the twilight and think of you: your memory instead of being sweet to me will be unutterably bitter, so that I must either banish peace or you from my thoughts. You would not have it so, Fauna."

"Ah! no!" murmured the Indian girl, softly, for he had touched the tenderest chord in her sensitive heart, "let us go!"

Eager to take advantage of her changed mood, Max led the poor girl into the path which conducted to their home, promising Ernest to be with him as early as possible the following morning, before they parted. The storm had now nearly died away. Harald and his companions arrived at Hemlock Knoll without any further adventure; and as Ernest met the mild and loving looks of the promised bride he had come to claim, all thoughts but those of happiness were for a while

banished from his mind. To his great joy, Joanna implicitly submitted to the gentle guidance of Alice, and they had soon the satisfaction of seeing the unhappy girl sink into a deep sleep, that heavy slumber which often follows great excitement of the passions. But there was no sleep that night for Helen.

CHAPTER XXX.

Loved! oh! I love! methinks
This word of love is fit for all the world,
And that for gentle hearts another name
Should speak of gentler thoughts than the world owns.

Your breath is like soft music, your words are
The echoes of a voice which on my heart
Sleeps like a melody of early days.

SHELLEY.

THE next morning dawned clear and unclouded, as if no storm had ever stained the azure beauty of its summer sky. The tempest of the preceding night had swept every impurity from the air, which was now of a crystal clearness; the dew-drops sparkled on the freshened herbage, the balsam pines and poplars spread their odors abroad, and the leaves of the latter danced lightly over the placid lake. Having passed most of the night endeavoring to soothe and calm the fevered mind of the young Indian girl, Max set forth to meet his friend Ernest, and, notwithstanding his anxiety for Fauna, he felt a new spring of joy in his breast which made his feelings correspond with the fresh beauty and gladness of that hour of prime. His heart echoed the words of him to whose feelings the heart of every lover has at some time or other responded,

"Come what sorrow may,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy"

"one short moment" had so lately given him. While he thus mused he was met by Ernest, who had taken Brian as his guide, and the friends walked together towards Leafy Hollow, enjoying those unrestrained confidences which a conviction of mutual and perfect sympathy renders so sweet. Ernest related to Max the confession of D'Arcy's mother, the discovery of his grandfather's real will, and his consequently being acknowledged the right heir of Mr. Rolleston's wealth. He had at once set out to Canada to claim his long loved and promised Alice, and had procured an Indian guide at the nearest town, who, instead of conducting him to Mr. Blachford's homestead, had led him to the wigwam in which, to his great surprise, he found Basil D'Arcy and Joanna. What could have induced the father of Fauna to lead Ernest to the presence of D'Arcy neither of the young men could at that time imagine; but it

afterwards appeared that Basil had entered into many speculations equally wild and unprincipled in Texas and the Western States, through which he had had some dealings with the tribe to which Fauna's father belonged. His schemes had all failed in the end, leaving him penniless, and having learned from spies, whom he employed in England, that Emsdenburg's uncle being dead, and his love for Helen Blachford revived, the young nobleman was about to sail for Canada; he hastened thither and took possession of a lonely wigwam near Hemlock Knoll, with his Indian accomplice and Joanna. His next object was to get Emsdenburg in his power, nothing doubting that he could then make him submit to whatever terms he thought fit to impose; and for this purpose he employed Ungigo to watch for the young lord's arrival in the country, and in his capacity of guide to lead him to the hut; but the Indian having mistaken Ernest Tennyson for the expected stranger had brought him thither instead.

* * * * *

The same day about the hour of noon, on the road to Hemlock Knoll, Max Von Werfenstein was overtaken by Brian, whose approach was heralded by his voice, singing a snatch of one of his many songs:

"I'll clothe you like Queen Helen
In all her Grecian pride;
And when I come to the town of Boyle
I'll there make you my bride."

As he drew nearer to Max his song was exchanged for a clear and musical whistle, and that for a blythe.

"God save you kindly, sir," as he touched his hat and slackened his pace beside the young artist.

"I'm glad to see you in such a merry humor to-day, Brian," returned Max.

"Thro' you may say that, Mr. Max; I'm in a very good temper, thank God!"

"Then I suppose you have no desire to thrash Colonel Fisk at present?"

"Sarra a bit, sir. Sure it's enough for a man to be refused by his sweetheart without having his bones broken by the bachelor she fancies into the bargain."

The tone of quiet simplicity with which this piece of guileless bravado was uttered was inimitable, and, after an effort to suppress his mirth, Max yielded to the temptation and laughed heartily. Brian joined freely in his merriment, but apparently more from an irresistible sympathy with gaiety in every shape than from any proper appreciation of the jest, which to him was right down earnest.

"I suppose then, Brian, that Lydia has sacrificed the honor of becoming Mrs. Fisk, for your sake?"

"There's no sacrifice in life in it, Mr. Max," said Brian, quickly. "If I thought there was, I'm not the boy 'uld expect any one to make it for me. Far less if I thought *she* considered it one, would I take it from her. There is *no sacrifice* to true love, sir!"

"You speak well and truly, Brian," said Max "where any thing done for the sake of the beloved one is felt a sacrifice, the love is small."

"Faix, Mr. Max, I'm of that opinion, so I made no bones about it, and it's all settled, sir. We're to be married in another year, please God."

"Well, Brian, I wish you all happiness," said Max, gaily.

"Musha thin the same to you, Mr. Max, and to thim that's closest in the core of yer own heart!"

A pause ensued, during which Brian slyly scanned the face of the young painter, as if he longed to say something which he did not know would be well received. But Von Werfenstein's mind was full of thoughts, which, though very sweet, were painfully exciting, and he was not sorry to calm his restless emotions before he should reach the Knoll, by listening to the gay, careless talk of the Irish lad; therefore, when he detected one of Brian's inquisitive glances, he laughingly asked him what he was thinking of.

"By gorra, Mr. Max, I was thinkin' that I made more nor wan mistake the last day you and I wor spakin' together."

"How do you mean, Brian?"

"About Miss Helen, sir. Mr. Warrender wint away this mornin' before day-break, and he seen no one but the mather and Mr. Harald before he wint, so you see, sir, he's not goin' to marry her afther all. More betoken, Mrs. Grace, poor woman, is in the height of throuble about it, for she was sartin sure Miss Helen 'uld be his wife, and go home with him to the ould country, and many's the dispute her and I have had about that same, for I never could bring myself to believe it."

"I find you pride yourself on your penetration, Brian," said Max, somewhat gravely.

"Faix, sir," answered Brian, in his frank way; "I can see through glass windows as well as ever a man in America."

Then perceiving that Max was not inclined to pursue the subject, he remained silent, till his companion resumed the conversation on some other topic. At this time Helen Blachford and Harald were alone in the parlor at Hemlock

Knoll. Alice was with Joanna, who had sunk into a state of the most hopeless despondency and weakness. Her heart seemed literally broken. Harald had been speaking of Mr. Warrender, whose sudden departure had both vexed and grieved him.

"He is a noble fellow," he said, "and you might have been his wife, Helen. He has birth, intellect, consequence and wealth, equal to any man in England, a man of talent and action, brave as a lion, energetic and strong-minded, and you have given him up for one who is nothing but a dreamer, an idealist, the painter of great deeds which he can never achieve."

"Rather their voice, their oracle and inspiration as genius ever is!" exclaimed Helen, proudly.

"There now you look like a sibyl," cried Harald, laughingly.

"Do you remember the night we went to the sugar-bush? I shall not be such a fool as to trust any of your deceitful sex in such matters again. But never mind, it cannot be helped. Here comes your oracle—isn't that what you call him, beautiful priestess? and Ernest with him; I suppose my father is still with the gallant Colonel Orrin."

Thus saying, the young sailor ran to open the door for Max and Ernest Tennyson. They had just returned from the inquest which had been held on the body of D'Arcy, and after saying a few words to Helen, Ernest went in search of Alice. Max then approached the table where Helen sat, and, bending over a basket of moss and wild roses, said,

"Fauna wishes very much to see you; will you accompany me to the Hollow now?"

Helen instantly agreed, though her heart beat quickly, and her cheek flushed, and, leaving the room, returned in a few moments prepared for her walk. Harald watched his sister and her lover till they disappeared among the trees; "poor Warrender!" thought the young sailor, "but *he* is not a man to break his heart for any woman!" and taking up a volume of the "Last Days of Pompeii," he soon forgot the present in the exciting scenes of the long vanished past so picturesquely and powerfully presented to his view. In the mean time Helen and the young painter pursued their way to Leafy Hollow. With that shrinking sensitiveness which makes a woman dread that which yet she most longs to hear, she sought to lead the conversation in any direction but that which lay nearest to the hearts of both. Max answered her remarks mechanically, and in the fewest words possible, till Helen, finding it

impossible to feign any longer an indifference which she did not feel, also sank into silence. Then Max said,

"Helen, since last night I seem transported into a fairer and brighter world than I ever before knew. This moment must place my happiness beyond doubt or destroy my short dream of bliss for ever. Oh! Helen, tell me—I may hope now—is it not so, dearest?"

Helen trembled violently, and, withdrawing herself from her lover's arm, sat down on a fallen tree, which lay beside the path, while Max, not less agitated, and already beginning to feel his hopes waver, endeavored to see her face. In a moment she looked up at him, and while her eloquent eyes, her quivering lips and crimsoned cheeks confessed her struggling emotions, said with touching earnestness,

"Oh! Max! your lightest word has always been truth, and by that truth I pray that you will answer me now! Can you love me, can you trust me, are you sure that you will always love me and trust me as you would have done if I had never loved any but you?"

Max answered her appealing look by one which spoke more eloquently than all words.

"Aye, Helen, perhaps better," he said; "for if you will now give me the heart I have so long sought, I will know that your love is not that of the fancy, which may fade as the bright colors it has painted grow dim, but the firm and settled conviction of the heart and soul which no time or change can alter!"

"And yet I have so often heard you speak of the glory which the *first time* imparts to all things, of the beauty of the dawn of day, of the early spring, of the freshness and purity of the heart ere its bloom has been brushed away—that I tremble lest you should remember that the freshness has faded from mine."

"Helen!" exclaimed Max, passionately, "be more just to me, more just to yourself. The freshness of outward forms of inanimate nature may fade, but that of a pure heart, an immortal soul can never! True love cannot die, Helen, because it is based on those qualities which like itself are immortal, and while the one lives so must the other. Can you not feel this love? Oh! Helen! can you not feel it for me?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Helen, once more for an instant meeting his fond glance. "ah! yes!"

Max cast his arms round her who was at last his own, and murmured from his full heart,

"Again, Helen, oh! again say those words which my heart has so long yearned to hear from your lips! Say once more, I love you!"

"I love you, Max. Never till I knew you did I know what love really was. You must make me more worthy of you than I now am."

"More worthy! Oh! Helen! be only thus to me ever, and I will ask no more happiness on earth!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

The world is empty, the heart will die.
There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky;
Thou Holy One! call Thy child away!
I have lived and loved and that was to-day,
Make ready my grave clothes to-morrow.
THEKLA'S SONG.

On entering the parlor of Leafy Hollow, the lovers were met by Madame Von Werfenstein.

"My dear mother," said Max, leading Helen to her, "embrace her, she is your daughter."

An expression of satisfaction, such as Helen had never before seen on her countenance diffused itself over her pale grave features, as she tenderly clasped the English girl in her arms. Then gazing earnestly in her face she asked,

"But do you love him as he is worthy to be loved?"

"Nay, dear mother," said Max, smiling, as he drew the arm of his betrothed through his own; "if she does not love me better she will not satisfy my extravagant expectations."

"That were impossible," said his mother, emphatically.

"No one can feel that more deeply than I!" exclaimed Helen, softly but earnestly.

"Then, my children, you will be happy, for I believe that you possess that sympathy of souls which a beautiful writer truly declares is the only condition and guarantee of an immortal wedded felicity. This will cause your love to be not the emotion of a moment, violent while it lasts, but suddenly vanishing without leaving a trace behind, but the constant, unchanging conviction of the understanding as well as the warm and devoted sensation of the heart. In the time of coolest and sternest reflection, in anger, in sadness, in vexation and care, in joy and sorrow, hope and disappointment, in a word, in every phase of life's changing existence, this bond of union, if it exists, will be drawn closer and closer,

"As if in both one spirit govern'd there—
As if one soul were in two beings joined."

This *love*, the true Eros from Heaven, never decays, but grows brighter and stronger to the end, while all the mock divinities sooner or later crumble to dust; and it is the only true and unfading happiness on earth!"

Madame Von Werfenstein then led Max and Helen into the chamber of Fauna, where wrapped in a dressing-gown and supported by pillows she lay on the bed. Beside her stood Rhoda, tears falling like rain down her fair young face. The setting sun poured his golden splendor into the room, and bathed in rich light the form of the sick maiden, her dark olive complexion, black eyes and ebon hair, receiving a bright glow from the sunlight, and contrasting strongly with the white furniture of the bed on which she lay. Yet death seemed hovering over her, and that lustrous sunlight seemed but the radiance of her funeral pyre. Her lambent eyes, though they beamed brighter than ever, were sunken and surrounded by dark blue circles, her features looked worn and wasted, and her lips and cheeks of late so deep and brilliant a hue, were now colorless. Helen, scarcely able to suppress her emotions, turned a questioning glance on Max. The glow which happy love had called to his cheek and eye vanished at once as he marked the change which her sufferings had made in the Indian girl since he had parted with her that morning.

"I am glad you have come," said Fauna, extending to each a hand, whose burning touch shewed the fever that consumed her. "I was afraid I would have died without seeing you, and that would have been hard to bear."

Her words which had been used to gush from her lips in full thrilling accents like the notes of a bird, were now scarcely audible, but as she continued to speak, the power of her emotions gave strength to her voice. Max, to whom her looks were directed, answered with emotion,

"Die, my sweet Fauna! You shall not die, but live long to love us and be beloved by us in return."

She smiled with that wild sweetness which was habitual to her, and then begged to be left alone with Max and Helen. As soon as Madame Von Werfenstein and Rhoda had left the room, she said sadly,

"They will not any of them believe that I am so near death, they think that my mind is still wandering; but it is not, I know that I am dying."

Helen could not any longer restrain her tears, nor could Max speak.

"You must not weep," said Fauna. "I do not wish to live—I have but one wish on earth now, and you, Helen, can gratify it, and make my last moments happy."

"Oh! Fauna, only tell me what it is and it shall be done," sobbed Helen.

"Then, give Max your hand—for ever, Helen,"

and she raised herself with a strength born of her deep love. "You know how he loves you, and whatever you may think, I know that you love him—promise to be his then now while I may behold it."

Helen placed her hand in that of her lover, and said as firmly as her stifling tears would let her, "I promise!"

"Now I am happy!" said the Indian girl, sinking back on her pillow, "now let me die!"

Neither Max nor Helen could break the sad pause that ensued, and Fauna was the first to speak again.

"I had a strange dream to-day," she said, "I thought, Max, that you and I and Helen were walking in the deep forest, and that it was all as dark as the grave, except towards the west, where there was a bright streak of light, such as the sun leaves when it has just set, and which threw its last rays on us. I thought that you and Helen walked on towards the light and left me behind, and when I called to you, you would not answer nor look back. At last I sat down and began to weep, while it grew darker and darker each minute, and I could see you no longer. You had gone towards the sun and left me in gloom alone! At that moment some one, bright like an angel, touched me; the whole forest became one blaze of light, and I mounted with the bright messenger on wings to Heaven." She paused, and then added, "I feel that my dream will soon be fulfilled!"

Helen wept on, but neither she nor Max believed that Fauna was in any immediate danger, but that her wild and excitable fancy had taken from this vision an omen of approaching death. Subduing his emotion, Max strove to lead her to anticipations of earthly happiness in future days.

"No, no," she cried, "I do not wish to live. I could never be happy on earth, but I shall be happy in Heaven. And when I am dead, Max, you will bury me in that pleasant spot I once told you about, and you and Helen will often visit my grave—not to weep or be sorry, but to rejoice that all my woes are ended, to thank God for sparing me from the great sin I would have committed last night in my madness, and for so soon removing me to that holier and brighter sphere where my wild heart will be calmed, and my dim mind rendered light. And you will sometimes think of the love, which when living I bore to you."

Max buried his face in his hands, and murmured,

"Living or dead, Fauna, you will always be to me dearer than words can tell."

A brilliant smile lighted up the features of the dying girl.

"If spirits are ever permitted to visit this earth," she said, "I will often watch unseen over you and those whom you love. Oh! how much better that will be than any thing this world could give me now!"

Pointing towards the west where the sun had sunk, leaving behind three or four soft wavy clouds of the color of brightest gold, sleeping calmly in the radiant sea of splendor the orb of day had just resigned.

"Look!" she murmured, "might not those bright cloudlets be the chariot of angels sent to bear the souls which death has freed from their encumbering day to the realms of eternal life and joy? Oh! to die now, and be wafted thus to Heaven!"

After another brief pause, she once more held out her hand to Helen, who, drawing close to her, kissed her tenderly.

"Leave me now, both of you," she said, "my head is tired."

Then as Max took her hand in his, she whispered,

"Come back to me when you leave Helen at home, I want to see you once more; will you come?"

"Let me stay now, Fauna," answered Max, "Helen will not mind going home alone."

"No, not now, but come again. Let Madame come and sit beside me now and talk to me of angels."

"Is it not selfish to be so happy when we think of Fauna?" said Helen to her lover as they descended the stairs.

Max pressed her hand, but made no other answer.

The assurance of the physician that Fauna was in no actual danger, though her intellect would probably long remain weak from the shock it had received, somewhat relieved their anxiety. But the Indian girl was not deceived. Whether the firm persuasion of approaching death, which her mind entertained, exercised some mysterious influence over her delicate frame, and heightened the fever which preyed upon it, or her mental sufferings the preceding night, had snapped the slender chords of her being, she died that night in the arms of him whom she had so loved, with her eye to the last moment fixed upon his face.

CHAPTER XXXII.

EARLY in the fall Helen Blachford became the wife of the young painter, and on the same day

Alice was wedded to Ernest Tennyson. Soon after their marriage, Ernest and his bride returned to England, accompanied by Mr. Blachford and Harald. The valuable papers discovered in the possession of D'Arcy enabled Mr. Blachford to regain so much of his lost property, that it was no longer necessary for him to remain an exile from his native land. The delight of Grace at his return to England was greater than his own, and she declared she would suffer herself to be cut into mincemeat before she would venture into the barbarous wilds of Canada again. Brian and Lydia were married and put in possession of a comfortable homestead before Mr. Blachford left Canada. Mrs. Grace was at first exceedingly indignant that Lydia should demean herself so far as to take that little 'op o' my thumb of an Irish Helf for a husband, but Lydia confessed she had often heard that an Irish lad could draw a girl's heart after it just like a thread of silk, and she believed it now; whereupon Mrs. Grace consoled herself with the original and philosophical remark, that marriages are made in Heaven! Miss Laurinda Eureka Fisk accepted the hand of Mr. Aquilla Sparks, and went to reside in that acme of American perfection, New York; and at the same period, Colonel Orrin sold his Canadian property and went to reside in the land whose merits he so highly appreciated. Lord Embdenburgh learned the marriage of Helen in time to prevent his vanity being mortified by a fruitless journey to Canada, and endeavored to console himself for her loss by making the beautiful lady Chelmsford his bride. Joanna returned to England with Ernest and Alice, and by degrees her health was restored. Learning that the mother of him whom she had so blindly loved was still alive, she insisted on being allowed to reside with her, and by her tender care smoothed Mrs. Radcliffe's painful and weary passage to the grave. Happy in this world she could never be, but in doing good to all around her she found peace. Mr. Warrender had loved Helen Blachford, and disappointed in the only attachment of his life he sought no other. His chief pride and hope were centred in the rising honors of the brave and noble-minded Harald, who declares that when he gets a ship he will lay seige to the heart of Rhoda Von Werfenstein. Madame Von Werfenstein had grieved much at the death of Fauna, and though for a short time the happiness of her son seemed to give her new life, she did not long survive his marriage. Her children and brother mourned in sincerity for one who, though the morbid remembrance of a great sorrow and a great wrong had darkened the gentle virtues of

her nature, possessed many noble qualities, and gazed with a sad pleasure on her inanimate countenance which wore a softer and happier expression in death, than they had ever seen it wear in life. Max and Beatrice, with the old professor, removed to Germany, where the young painter, whose genius had received a new impulse in the sympathy and appreciation of his beloved wife, labored successfully for the highest honors his contemporaries could bestow, and the prophetic hope of a nobler and loftier fame hereafter, when his name shall be enrolled among earth's greatest and best. But Fauna, the enthusiastic and loving, though self-willed and untamed Indian girl! She sleeps beneath the shadowing shroud of the dark cedars,

"Scarce piercable by power of any star,"
while a silver stream winds around the low hillock beneath which she is laid, and through the long summer day and the starry night murmurs its plaintive melody. There the first violets of spring and the last of autumn bloom, and even when the snow mantle wraps the cold earth, and the song of the rivulet is hushed by the icy chains in which it is bound, the fair branches of the cedars are still green over-head, and the shining leaves and brilliant berries of the winter-green, drapery her grave beneath its white shroud, like promises of immortality. Here often comes a tall Indian warrior to kneel and weep for one whose heart had yearned towards him with filial love even from the dwelling on the haughty pale faces; here from foreign lands come the memories and regrets of those who had known her, so beautiful and so devoted; and above all, of him whom she had loved with that deep enthusiasm, which in these dull days has "fallen into the portion of weeds and out-worn faces," and who, though blessed with all which constitutes true happiness as it is rarely to be found on earth, still gives many a sad and tender thought to the grave of the "Red Flower of Leafy Hollow."

THE END.

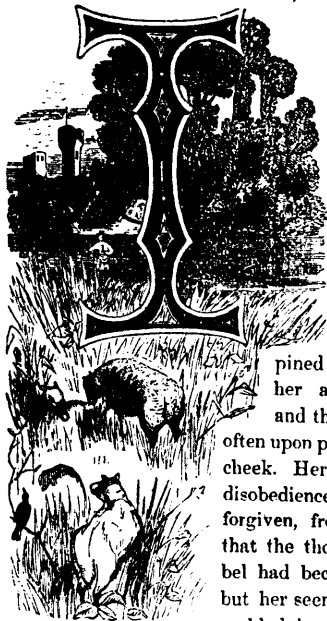
If we wish to live peaceably with all men we should—First, be careful to avoid all occasions of strife. Secondly, if quarrels arise, to bridle our tongues. Thirdly, to suffer patiently when we are wronged. Fourthly, immediately to offer up fervent prayer, and thus to quench the sparks of fire before they break out into a flame. This is the easiest and the only method to prevent great troubles, and lead a peaceful, happy life; for anger carries in itself uneasiness, and love a sweet satisfaction.—*Bojatzky.*

NOAH COTTON:

A TALE OF CONSCIENCE.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

THE DISCLOSURE.



TWENTY months passed away, & the young bride had never once been home to visit her old friends. Her mother, more infirm and feeble every day, pined sadly after her absent child, and the tears were often upon patient Mary's cheek. Her act of wilful disobedience had been forgiven, from the hour that the thoughtless rebel had become a wife; but her seeming neglect rankled in the heart of

both mother and sister.

"She has forgotten us quite," said the ailing old woman; "the distance is not so far, she might come, especially as her husband keeps a horse and chaise. And what are ten miles after all?—In my young days I have often walked it before breakfast to see a friend, much more a mother and sister. Well, I shall not be here long; I feel that, and the day of my release will be a welcome one to me; but she will be sorry when I am gone that she neglected to come and see me."

Now, though Mrs. Grimshawe, in her querulous, nervous state, grumbled over the absence of her daughter, she was never so dear to the heart of that faulty child as at the very time she complained of her neglect. Sophy, like many other young people, never knew the real value of a mother, until she felt upon her own shoulders the cares of a house. She longed intensely to see her, as the nice presents of butter, ham and eggs, that she was constantly sending to Mrs. Grimshawe might have testified for her, but there

were painful reasons which made a meeting with her parent and sister everything but desirable to the young wife. She was changed since they parted, and as her marriage had been contrary to their wishes, she did not like that they should witness that change; and if she did not come over to S—— in the chaise, she went nowhere else—never did the most loving bride keep more closely at home.

Once Mrs. Grimshawe asked of her daughter's messenger—a rough clodhopper whom she had summoned to her bedside, in order to gratify her curiosity—the reason of her daughter's long absence—"Was she well?"

"Yes, but she had lost her rosy cheeks, and was not so blithe as when she first came to the porched house."

"Did Noah treat her ill?"

"Na', na', he petted her like a spoilt child, yet she never seemed contented like."

"What made her unhappy then?"

"He could na' just tell—women were sich queer creatures. Mayhap, it was being an old man's wife, and that was only natural, seeing that a pretty young thing like her might have married a young un, which for sartain would have been more to her taste."

"Was she likely to have any family?"

"No signs o' the like. It had not pleased the Lord to multiply Noah's seed upon the earth."

"Was he stingy?"

"Na', na', they had always plenty to eat. He was a kind master and good pay. There was only their two selves, and Mrs. Cotton was dressed like a lady, and had everything brave and new about her; but she looked mortal pale and thin. He thought that she was in the consumption."

The man went his way, and the old woman talked about her daughter to Mary half the night.

"She was always discontented with her lot," she said, "when she was single. Change of circumstances seldom changed the nature of people. Perhaps it was Sophy's own fault that she was not happy."

Mary thought that her mother was right; but she felt it so anxious about Sophy, that she determined to leave her mother to the care of a neigh-

bor, and walk over to F—— to see how matters stood. The increasing illness of Mrs. Grimshawe hindered her from putting this scheme in practice, and her uneasiness for her mother banished Sophy from her mind.

Other events soon took place that made a material alteration in the prospects of Mary and her mother. Their benefactor, Mr. Robinson, died suddenly abroad, and his nephew and heir had given the widow, through his steward, notice to quit. No provision had been made for a continuance of the pension allowed by Mr. Robinson to the afflicted woman, as he died without a will, and poverty and the workhouse stared them in the face.

Hearing of their distress, Noah Cotton came over to see them, and offered them a home with him and Sophy as long as they lived. This was done so kindly, that the sick woman forgot all her old prejudices against him, and she and Mary thankfully accepted his offer; but when the time came for their removal, the old woman was too ill to be taken from her bed, and the surly steward consented that she might remain for a few days longer.

Mary was anxious to leave the house. Since the appearance of old Magub's ghost, a most unpleasant notoriety was attached to the neighborhood. The most disorderly scenes were constantly enacted at the Brig's Foot, and persons had been robbed to a considerable amount upon the road to S——. These things at last attracted the tardy notice of the magistrates, and a large reward was offered for the apprehension of the person who performed the principal part in this disgraceful drama. Still no discovery was made, until one night Robert Magub was shot dead by Tom Weston, who had sworn to catch the ghost alive or dead. The striking resemblance the profligate young man bore to his father had enabled him to deceive many into the belief that he was the person he represented.

His mother, who had never lived on peaceable terms with her son since she discovered the part he was carrying on, and which she considered peculiarly insulting to herself, went mad, and this nest of iniquity was broken up. Such is the end of the wicked.

And what had happened at the porched house to change the worldly Sophy into a pale, sad, careworn woman?

She did not love Noah Cotton when she consented to become his wife, but he was superior to her in wealth and station, and his presence inspired her with respect and awe. He was grave and taciturn, but to her he was very kind. Every

indulgence and luxury he could afford was lavishly bestowed upon her. If he did not express his attachment to her with the ardor of a lover, he paid her a thousand tender marks of his esteem. He was grateful to her for marrying him, and Sophy was not insensible to his efforts to render her happy; yet happy she was not, nor was ever likely to be.

Noah was a solitary man, had been so from his youth. He had been accustomed to live so many years with his old mother, to mix so little with his neighbors, that it had made him unsociable. He had particularly requested his young wife to conform to these habits. She had tried to obey him, but at her age, and with her taste for gaiety, it was a difficult matter; yet, after a while, she mechanically sunk into the same dull apathy, and neither went from home, nor invited a guest into the house.

An old woman and her daughter came to reside in a cottage near them. Mrs. Martin was a kind, gossiping old body; her daughter, Sarah, was lively and very pretty. They had, once or twice, spoken to Sophy on her way to the Methodist chapel, and she was greatly taken by their appearance.

"Noah," she said, pressing his arm caressingly, as they were coming home one Wednesday evening from the aforesaid chapel, "May I ask Sarah Martin and her mother to tea?"

"By no means, Sophy!" he cried, with a sudden start; "these people shall not enter my house."

"But why?"

"I have my reasons. They are no friends of mine. They lived here long ago, and left the place after the son was hanged."

"Mrs. Martin's son hanged! What for? I thought they were decent people?"

"There's no judging people by appearance," said Noah, bitterly; "I look a decent fellow, yet I am a great sinner. But, with regard to these Martins, I tell you, once for all, Sophy, I will have no intimacy with them."

He spoke in a sterner voice than he had ever before used to his pretty wife. Sophy was piqued and hurt by his manner, and though she felt very curious to ask a thousand questions about these Martins, Noah looked so cross whenever she alluded to the subject, that she was forced to hold her tongue.

From the hour that the Martins came to live at F——, Noah became a different creature. He was more sullen and reserved, and his attendance at the chapel was more frequent; his counte-

nance, always pale and haggard, now wore an anxious and troubled expression.

In spite of his prohibition, Sophy, if she did not ask the Martins into her house often during her husband's absence, slipped in to chat and gossip with them. Ere long, her own countenance betrayed a visible change, and her wasted figure and neglected dress led a stranger to suspect that she was either in a decline or suffering from great mental depression.

Several weeks elapsed, and Mrs. Cotton had not left the house, Mrs. Martin and Sarah wondered what ailed her; at last, on the day that Noah went over to fetch her mother and sister, Sophy ventured across to visit her neighbors—

"Good God! child! what aileth thee?" cried the old woman hobbling towards her, perfectly astonished at the alteration in her appearance.

"You are ill, Mrs. Cotton!" said Sarah, placing a chair for her by the fire.

"I have not been well for some time," said Sophy, trying to be composed: "and now the illness of my mother quite upsets me," and she burst into tears.

"How long has she been sick?"

"Only a few days, Noah has taken the horse and cart to fetch her and Mary to live with me. It is kind of Noah, very kind, but God forgive me! I almost wish that they mayn't come."

"Why, child, it would cheer thee up a bit. I am sure thee wantest some one to take care of thee."

"I would rather be alone," sighed the young wife.

"Why, what has come over thee of late; I never saw such a cruel change in a young cretur in the course of a few weeks. But there may be a natural cause!" and the old dame smiled significantly.

"No, no, thank goodness, you are quite wrong; no child of mine will ever play upon my threshold, or gather daisies round my doors. And I am thankful, so thankful, that it is so."

"But, my dear Mrs. Cotton, do tell us what makes you so unhappy?" said Sarah, soothingly.

"Indeed, Sarah, I can't tell you," and Sophy wept afresh.

"Is Noah cross to you?"

"No, he is very kind."

"And do you love him?"

"If I did not I should not be so miserable," and Sophy laid her head down upon her knees and wept aloud.

"Child! child, you frighten me, won't you tell a friend and neighbor the reason of this grief?"

"Sophy only wept.

"One who loves thee like a mother."

"Speak out your mind, dear Sophy," said Sarah, taking and kindly pressing the thin, wasted hand, that hung so listlessly beside her."

"Oh, if I thought that you would tell no one!" and Sophy raised her pale face, and fixed her earnest eyes upon her interrogator. "I would confide to you my trouble—but oh, if you were so cruel as to betray me!"

"Surely, Mrs. Cotton, you can trust us?" and the old woman drew herself up with an air of offended dignity. "What interest could we have to betray you, Sarah and I be no idle gossips, going clacking from house to house, about matters that don't concern us—what good could it do us to be blabbing your secrets? It is only our anxiety for your welfare, that makes us wish to learn what troubles you."

"I think I should feel better, if I had the thing off my mind," said Sophy, "It is so dreadful to bear such a burthen alone."

"Does not your husband know it?"

"That is one cause of my grief, I dare not tell him what vexes me. I once hinted at it, and I thought that he would have gone mad. You wonder why I look so pale and thin. How can it be otherwise, when I never get a sound night's rest?"

"What keeps you awake?"

"My husband—He does nothing but rave in his sleep about some person that he has murdered."

"The Lord save us!"

"Oh, if you could but hear his dreadful cries, the piteous moans he makes, the frantic prayers he puts up to God to forgive him for his great crime, and take him out of the fires of hell, it would make your hair stand on end. It makes me shiver and tremble all over with fear. And then to see by the dim light of the rush candle, for he never sleeps in the dark, the big drops of sweat that stand upon his brow, and trickle down his ghastly face—to hear him grind and gnash his teeth in despair, and strike the walls with his clenched hands—it would make you pray, as I do, for the light of day. Yes, yes, it is killing me—it is horrible to live in constant dread of the coming night, to shrink in terror from the husband in whose bosom you should rest in peace."

The women exchanged significant glances. "Does this happen often?" asked the elder of the twain.

"Every night for the last two months, ever since you came to live near us; he used always to be afraid in the dark and sometimes made a noise in his sleep, but he never acted as he does now.

Once I asked him what he was dreaming about, and whom he thought he had murdered in his sleep, and he flew at me like a maniac, and said that he would throttle me, if ever he heard me say the like again; that people could not commit murder in their sleep, that they must be wide awake to shed blood."

"Aye, aye," said the old woman, doubtless, he knows. Does he ever mention the name of the murdered person in his sleep?"

"Constantly. Did you ever, Mrs. Martin, hear of any one of the name of Carlos?"

But the old woman did not answer, a change had passed over her face, and she sprang from her seat, and clasped her hands in a sort of ecstasy. "Aye, 'tis out at last. My God, I thank thee! I thank thee! Yes, yes, vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord. My Bill, my poor Bill! and thee hadst to die, for this man's crime, but God will right thee at last. At last, in spite of this villain's evidence, who swore that thy knife did the deed, when he plunged it himself into the rich man's heart. Ha! ha! I shall live to be revenged upon him—I shall!"

"What have I done," shrieked the unhappy girl, "I have betrayed my husband into the hands of his enemies,"—and she sunk down at the old woman's feet like one dead. The old woman gloating over her promised revenge spurned the prostrate body with her foot, as she scornfully told her more humane daughter, to see after Noah Cotton's dainty wife, while she went to the magistrates to make a deposition of what she had heard.

Sarah tenderly raised the fainting Sophy from the ground, but long ere she recovered to a consciousness of what had passed, her husband had returned from S —, and was on his way to the county jail.

THE NIGHT ALONE.

"Shall I sleep with you to-night, Mrs. Cotton?" said Sarah Martin, in a kind soft voice, as towards the close of that sad day, she opened the door and looked in upon the desolate widow, but not of the dead.

"No, Sarah, I wish to be alone," was the brief reply. Sarah lingered with her hand upon the latch; Sophy waved her hand and shook her head, as much as to say "go, go, I know the worst now, and wish no companion to look upon my grief, my remorse, and better humiliation," and the door slowly closed, and Sophy was once more alone. Many hours passed away, and the night without, dark and starless, had deepened around her cold hearth, and she still sat there in

a sort of despairing stupor, unconscious of every thing but her own intense misery.

Then came painful thoughts of her past life. Her frequent quarrels with her good sisters, her unkindness and neglect to her suffering mother, her ingratitude to God, and her discontented repining over her humble lot, which had led to her present situation. She had sold herself for money, and the wealth she had so criminally coveted was the price of blood, and from its envied possession, no real enjoyment had flowed. The poverty and discomfort of her mother's cottage were small when compared to the heart crushing misery she at that moment endured. Then she thought of her husband—thought of her imprudence in betraying his guilt, that she would be a principal witness against him, and that her witness would in all probability consign him to the grave.

She felt, that whatever the magnitude of his crime might be, that he had bitterly repented of it, that he had suffered untold agonies of remorse and contrition. Then all his kindness to her returned with a sense of tenderness, which she had never felt for him so strongly before, and her soul melted within her and she shed floods of tears.

She saw him alone in the dark dungeon surrounded by the frightful phantoms of a guilty conscience, with no pitying voice to soothe his overwhelming grief, or speak words of peace and comfort to his tortured spirit—and she inly exclaimed—I will go and see him to-morrow. I will at least say to him, "I pity you, my poor afflicted husband. I pray you to forgive me for the ills which I have brought upon you."

And with this thought uppermost in her heart, the unfortunate girl covered her head with her apron, and fell asleep.

And, lo! in the black darkness of that dreary room, she thought she saw a bright shining light. It spread and brightened, and flowed all around her like the purest moonlight, and in the centre she beheld a female form, smiling and beautiful, which advanced and laid a soft hand upon her shoulder, and whispered in a tone of ineffable sweetness.

"Pray, pray for thyself and *him*, and thou shalt find peace." And the face and the voice were those of her dead sister Charlotte, and a sudden joy shot into her heart, and the vision faded away, and she awoke.

And Sophy rose up, and sank down upon the ground and buried her face in her hands, and tried to pray for the first time in her life.

Few and imperfect were her words, but they flowed from her very heart, and He who looks

upon the heart heard and gave an answer of peace to that earnest prayer. Memory, ever faithful in the hour of grief, supplied her with a long catalogue of the sins and follies of a mispent life. Keenly she acknowledged the vanity and nothingness of those things in which she had once felt such an eager, childish delight, and she asked forgiveness of her Maker for a thousand faults that had never struck her as such before.

The world to the prosperous has many attractions. It is their paradise, they seek for no other, and to part with its enjoyments comprises the bitterness of death. Even the poor work on and hope for better days; it is only the wounded in spirit and sad of heart that reject the world and turn with their whole soul to God; but of much tribulation they are new-born to life; and obtain a lasting inheritance in the promised kingdom of their Lord and Saviour.

Sophy was still upon her knees when the grey light of a rainy morning gradually strengthened into day. Gloomy and lowering, it seemed to regard her with a cheerless scowl, and shivering with cold and excitement she unclosed the door and stepped into the moist air.

"How like our earthly destiny," she sighed. "But there is mercy in the dark cloud, and hope even for a wretch like me."

The sound of horses' hoofs rapidly approaching struck her ear, and the next moment she had caught hold of the bridle of the nearest rider. They were the constables, who had conducted Noah to prison, returning to the town.

"Tell me," she cried, in a voice that much weeping had rendered hoarse and almost inarticulate, "something about my poor husband; will he be hung?"

"Small chance of escape; he has confessed all."

"And did he really murder Mr. Carlos?"

"Yes. If his own tale be true burning alive is too good for such a wretch."

"He was very kind to me," murmured Sophy. "May God forgive him."

"Don't cry, young woman, but thank your stars that you will get rid of such a bad husband: you are young and pretty, and will soon find a better than him."

Sophy turned, sickening from the ribbald jest, and went into the house. She had made up her mind to go to her husband, and hastily packing a small trunk, she called an old serving man, and bade him harness the horse and drive her over to Ipswich.

The journey was long and dreary, for it rained the whole day. Sophy did not care for the rain, or for the dullness of the day, both were congenial

to her feelings. The gay beams of the sun would have been a mockery to her bitter grief.

As they passed through the village, a troop of idle boys followed them for a few minutes, shouting at the top of their voices:

"Noah Cotton's wife! The murderer's wife! Look how grand she is in her chay!"

"Aye," responded some human fiend, through an open window; "but pride will have a fall."

"It is meet," sighed the penitent Sophy, weeping afresh at these insults, "I was proud, I deserve this; and, oh, how miserably am I fallen."

"Don't take on so, Missus," said the old serving man, "sure its no fault of yourn; why you were not born when Master did this foul deed. I have lived with Noah for seven years and I never 'spected him o' the like, he was always kind to the dumb beasts about the farm, and you know that's a good sign. Some men are sich tyrants that they must vent their bad humors on something, and if not on their servants, why the poor dumb creturs in their power feel the strength of their malice. Noah was a good measter both to man and beast. I hope they'll prove him innocent yet."

Sophy had no hope upon that subject. She felt in her soul that he was guilty. The loquacity of honest Hodge pained her, and he remained silent until they reached the town, which was not until the grey of the evening. It was too late to visit the prisoner that night, and Sophy put up at a small, but clean inn, near the jail. From the widow-woman who kept the house, she learned that the assizes were to be held the ensuing week, and she engaged a private apartment until the dreaded period should be past, and her husband's fate determined.

"My husband! my poor husband! and it was I that brought you to this!" cried Sophy, as she fell weeping upon the neck of the felon in his gloomy cell.

"Hush, my precious lamb," he said, as he folded her in his manacled arms, and pressed her to his heart. "It was the voice of God speaking through a guilty conscience. I am thankful, oh, so thankful that it has taken place. I slept last night without being haunted by *him*, the first quiet sleep I have known for years."

"And with death staring you in the face?"

"What is death to the agonies that I have endured? The fear of detection by day—the eyes of the dead glaring upon me all night. No, I feel happy now. I have humbled myself to the dust, I have wept and prayed for pardon, and, oh, my sweet wife, I have found peace."

"When was this?" whispered Sophy.

"The night before last."

"We were together in spirit that night; I never knew how dear you were to me, Noah, until that night. How painful it was for me to part from you for ever."

"It was selfish in me, Sophy, to join your fate to such a monster as me. But I thought myself secure from detection—thought that my sin would never find me out; but the voice of blood never sleeps, from out the silent dust it calls night and day in its ceaseless appeal for vengeance, at the throne of God. I have heard it in the still dark night, and above the roar of the crowd, and ever felt a shadowy hand upon my throat, and a cry in my ear—'Thou art the man!' There were moments, when goaded to madness by that voice, I have felt inclined to give myself up to justice, but pride withheld me, and the fear of those haunting fiends chasing me through eternity, was a hell I dared not encounter; my soul was parched with an unquenchable fire—I was too hardened to pray."

"Noah," said Sophy, looking earnestly into his hollow eyes, "you are not a cruel man. How came you to commit such a crime?"

The man groaned heavily as he replied,

"It was pride—a foolish false shame of honest poverty that led me to the dreadful act."

Sophy thought of her own sin in this respect, and her tears flowed afresh.

"I have felt this," she said; "I now see that sinful thoughts are but the seeds of sinful actions ripened and matured by bad passions. Perhaps I only needed a stronger temptation to be guilty of as great a crime as that of which you stand accused."

"Sophy," said her husband, solemnly, "I wish my sin to be a warning to others. In the long winter evenings, after my mother died, I wrote a history of my life; I did this in fear and trembling lest any human eye should catch me at the task and learn my secret. But now, that I am called upon to answer for my crime, I wish to make this sad story beneficial to my fellow-creatures. After I am gone, you will return to F—. By a will, made two months ago, you will become the owner of all that I possess. I have no relations to dispute with you, your legal claim to the property. In a private drawer in my bureau you will find a roll of bank of England notes, to the amount of £500. This was the money stolen from Mr. Carlos the night I murdered him. It is stained with his blood, I have never looked upon it since I placed it there, upwards of twenty years ago; I never had the heart to use it, and I wish it to be returned to the family. Under this drawer you will

find the papers containing my history; you and Mary can read them together, and, oh, as you read pity and pray for the unhappy murderer."

Sophy's distress almost equalled his own, as she wiped the tears from his eyes. He was very pale and he shook and trembled.

"I feel very ill," he said. "These reflections make me so. There is a strange fluttering at my heart, as if a bird beat her wings at my breast. Sophy, my wife! my blessed wife! can this be death?"

Sophy screamed aloud in her terror, as he fell to the ground, and the clang of his fetters awoke the echoes of the damp, vaulted cell. Her cries brought the jailor to her assistance. They raised the felon and laid him upon his bed, but life was extinct. The agitation of the preceding day had been too great for his exhausted frame. The criminal had confessed his guilt, and had died beneath the arrows of remorse.

(To be continued.)

MUSINGS IN SEPTEMBER.

Out we went, we three,
In loving companie,
Faith, I mote remember,
'Twas the month of September!
Hawes were red, and fields mowue,
And the song-bird sate alone,
On the brown bough; singing, she
Made amends for companie.

By a brooke sate we,
And discoursed of destinie.
"See you now how things change
As they draw near to die?
Man slackens in's gate,
Hair whitens on's pate,
Puff goeth out's breath!
So comes the year's death:
Verily, friends, it is strange!"

Out then spoke another,
In hollow accents, "Brother,
There's a charnel for the flesh,
And a grave for all matter,
But there's what springeth fresh
From the first as the latter:
The field getteth a new green cloth,
But who knoweth how it doth?
And man quickeneth again,
How or where we seek in vain!
The life of nature it is given
To our view—our own to Heaven!

Colbourn's Kalender of Amusements.

ORIGIN OF ST. SWITHIN'S DAY.

THE KNIGHT OF THE ROUND TOWER: A TRUE STORY.

THE isolated Castle of Loch Doon presents, in the nineteenth century, only a faint trace of the chief hold of the ancient Thanes of Kyle. The warder's pinnacle, and the battlements from whence the hardy bowmen often showered their barbed arrows against the approaching foe, have all fallen under the wasting hand of time.

The bittern flits in the Gothic-arched hall, that often resounded the plaudits of the minstrel's lay, or the mirth of the festive dance, where Beatrix de Bello Campo, "the flower of the west countrie," flared life's morning away in innocent hilarity, ere she became the bride of Hugh de Morvel—than whom the King of Scotland had not a knight more brave. To endow a monastery in the days of David I. was esteemed an act of the most pious beneficence. The many examples set by that monarch of doing so were followed by some of his most opulent subjects, particularly by Hugh de Morvel, who, by the liberality of the king, possessed great wealth in the west of Scotland.

In accordance with the wishes of his pious lady, and in honor of St. Winning, one of his ancestors who flourished in the eighth century, De Morvel founded an abbey in one of the bailiewicks of Ayrshire, for monks of the Tyronensian order, with a castellated pile adjacent to it, as an occasional residence for himself.

It was the usual custom of the pious Beatrix to attend the morning matins, which caused her frequently to pass through the cloister; and, being affable and courteous, she was much respected by the monks; but none was so ready to attend her as Friar Swithin, whose extreme servility often caused the fair Beatrix to smile from under her hood, which harmonized so much with his feelings for the fair one that he never failed to return these marks of condescension in a very obsequious manner. At last he grew so bold as to write her a letter, expressing, in the most figurative Scriptural language, how much he was smitten by her charms. He said she was fairer than the holy St. Bridget—the glance of whose eye was more bright than the stars seen by the shepherds of Bethlehem, and the tint of whose cheek was of a richer dye than that of Sharon's rose—whose skin was more soft than the mist of Gilboa, and whose breasts were like clusters of camphor in the vineyards of Engedi. The officious subserviency of Sir Swithin

to the Lady Patroness of the abbey was censoriously remarked by the whole brotherhood; and even the lady's condescension towards him was observed in a manner nowise coinciding with the former piety and virtue of her character, although she was wholly unconscious of having given any grounds for unfavorable animadversions of her conduct.

The monk's letter threw her into great perturbation of mind. How a person in holy orders could have so far departed from his sacred vow as to pen such an epistle, she was wholly at a loss to conceive; and, more particularly, how any person should dare address her in such a manner. She had no doubt whatever of being tenderly beloved by her husband, and, consequently, could not suppose for a moment that he was the compiler of this letter to prove her fidelity; but, lest it might afterwards come to his knowledge, whatever the consequence might prove to be, she resolved to show him the singular epistle of the base-minded monk.

De Morvel had always considered Swithin to be the most sanctified person of the brotherhood, and that his mind was as pure as became his holy calling; but the holograph letter put into his hands by the faithful pious Beatrix instantly convinced him how much he had been mistaken. "Ah," said he, "is this the result of my liberality to the Church?" but, as if suddenly checking his anger, he requested his lady to take no further notice of that wolf in sheep's clothing, as he intended to apply without delay to the Bishop to send him back to his Benedictine brethren of the abbey of Kelso, from whence he came.

Under such circumstances, the line of conduct thus proposed by De Morvel was perhaps the most prudent that could have been adopted towards the clerical delinquent, and Beatrix felt great happiness in thinking that her husband's resentment against the monk had so suddenly passed away. But the intended injury sunk much deeper into the mind of the knight than he wished to show; and the cessation of hostility was only a sham retreat to decoy the enemy from his vantage-ground, and then to attack him with more certainty of success.

Taking the advantage of his lady going to visit her paternal inheritance at Loch Doon, on the day

of her departure for that place, he wrote the monk the following letter in her name:—

“DEAR SWITHIN,—Your letter, which I duly received, has given me much delight. As De Morvel is gone to Ayr to attend a Shire-mote, you may come, silently and alone, to my chamber to-night at ten o'clock. I have ordered the hen that roosts next the cock, and a capon, for your supper.—
Yours ever,
“BEATRIX.”

The monk was right in his scapular, rocket, rosary and holy band, to go to mass, when the little page put the letter into his hand. The bell rung, but he heard it not; and he forgot to go to prayers, so proud was he that his letter should have been so favorably received. Long before the appointed time, he shaved his tonsure, and put on a shirt of the finest Holland, and dressed his person, of which he was very vain, as he thought meet to be seen by so fine a lady. When the convent lights were out, he stole away to her chamber, and, without light of either coal or candle, was quietly handed in—not by the lady, as he had first supposed, but by Sygtryg, De Morvel's Norwegian henchman, who, with a sarcastic grin, ere he had time to call for help, threw the string of a bugle horn round his neck, laid him on the ground with his face downwards, and held him in that position, by kneeling on his back, and drawing with all his might the cord, till he was strangled to death.

Scenes of slaughter had been familiar to De Morvel from the days of his boyhood, and he often boasted of the part he had individually acted in the destruction of human life, but he seemed quite appalled at having countenanced the assassination of a defenceless monk. He knew that a layman, by the ecclesiastical law, who dared even to strike a person in holy orders, forfeited both life and lands, and he soon became reconciled to the fate which he supposed inevitably awaited him; but, that his faithful Sygtryg might not suffer for a crime of which, although he was the chief actor, had thereby neither avarice nor revenge to satisfy, he thus addressed him;—
“My faithful Norman, as you have risked your life in my unfortunate quarrel, you must speedily mount my fleetest steed and flee into England, to save yourself from the dreadful penalty of the law which you have now incurred. You must pass through the town of Ayr; there you will see the prison-house where I will voluntarily take up my abode before the sun sinks down again behind the rocky height of dark Ben-Goil, in order to wait the doom I now deserve.”

The Norwegian, not having such a high sense of honor as his master, and being of a morose, sa-

vage disposition, thus chided him:—“Ah! why should a Baron, whose courage has been so often tried, and who has never yet been beaten by any foe—on whose heel even the king himself has buckled a golden spur on the battle-ground—in whose defence, at the sound of a bugle, Carrick, Kyle, and Cunningham would rise *en masse*, be so alarmed at seeing the corpse of an unworthy member of the Church choked by chance? No person is aware of what has happened here—I will instantly take the corpse back into the priory, and place him on his knees at the altar; it was his duty to perform vespers there: at midnight, his opponent, Sir Roland of Galloway, will go to succeed him, and must remain there, in pious contemplation till he perform matins at sunrise.”

To such plausible propositions De Morvel not only assented, but readily agreed to assist in carrying the same into effect.

The castle and monastery were separated by a high wall; but Sygtryg, by the help of a ladder, with the corpse upon his back, soon reached the top—then, lifting the ladder over to the opposite side, descended into the yard of the cloisters, entered the Church, and placed the corpse of the unfortunate Swithin in a devotional position before the altar.

Lest some wakerife priest might hear the tread of the henchman, and thereby discover the whole affair, De Morvel ascended the winding stair that led to the warder's tower, and there listened through the loopholes most attentively, without being able to discover the least sound, except that made by his servant, whom, by the dim light of the moon, he saw leave the cloister, reascend the ladder, and leap from the top of the wall into the court of the castle—and, supposing all to be then right, they both retired to bed.

It was the allottery of Sir Roland, a priest of the same convent, who had been long at variance with Swithin, to succeed him in the performance of the altar duty; each priest in rotation having, according to the rules of the monastery, to remain in the sanctuary alone from sunset till second watch, and his successor from midnight till the morning service, or matins, was performed. As he advanced slowly towards the holy place, by the dim light of the moon that shone faintly through the small panes of a long Gothic window, he saw a person, but not in sacred vestments, leaning against the altar, which was such a very unusual sight at any time, but more particularly at midnight, that some time elapsed before he could summon up courage either to advance a single step, or give the usual salutation of “Brother, I relieve thee!” No answer being made to

any address he could make, he naturally concluded that he had detected a thief plundering the altar of its rich ornaments of gold and silver; the water chalice being at hand, he threw it with such violence against the head of the supposed depredator, that it instantly fell motionless at the foot of the cross. Roland then rushed forward to secure him, and give the alarm to the brotherhood, but he found his victim lifeless; and when he recognized the features of his old opponent, Sir Swithin, he suddenly withdrew his hands from the corpse, and, as he stood in the utmost consternation, he thought he heard a voice distinctly say, "Whilst night is dark to cover thy flight, Roland of Galloy, mount thy steed, and flee to the hills of thy native land, otherwise, before the rising of the lark, the deed you have done will be discovered—the brethren will seek for the absentee, and when his death is ascertained, the fraternity being all aware of the rancorous dispute that has subsisted so long between you, every eye will turn towards you as being the murderer."

Such was the agitation of his troubled mind; but his ideal plan of escape was retarded by the security of the great gate, that was always barricaded at the close of day, till, wandering round the court-yard, he discovered, by the last gleam of the setting moon, the ladder standing upright against the wall, as unwittingly left there by the Norwegian in his flight from the convent.

Urgent necessity is well known sometimes to cause the adoption of sudden shifts. Roland, well knowing what was reported in the convent of Swithin's love for the lady patroness, instantly formed the resolution of carrying him over the wall, and placing him at the porch of the castle, hoping the suspicion of the murder might be thereby transferred from himself to some of the Baron's domestics, acting under authority to punish the imprudence of the deceased friar.

This undertaking was performed by Roland with much agility, and he returned into the convent without having been actually discovered by any person. But the vengeful spirit that gnaws the murderer's mind had troubled De Morvel so grievously that he could not rest, as, tumbling in bed, he heard distinctly the rustling of Roland laying down his burden in the porch; and, supposing it to be the monks of the monastery in search of the murderer, he roused Sygtryg from the truss where he lay sleeping soundly, and desired him to steal silently round all the buildings of the castle and the abbey, and to listen at each window, gate, and door, in order to ascertain if the officiating priest had yet been discovered lifeless at the horns of the altar.

The henchman went in great haste to obey undauntedly the command of his master, but soon returned, his countenance deadly pale, his hair bearing up his beaver, and his knees trembling, as he approached the Baron's chamber; and being for a time unable to articulate a single word, De Morvel supposed he had seen the monks running from every cell in the abbey to the altar, to erase, by virtue of bell, book, and candle, the person who had put an end to the existence of the brother Sir Swithin, when Sygtryg informed him that he had only seen an object, which he supposed to be his ghost, kneeling in the porch of the castle.

In that dark age, the immaterial inhabitants of the invisible world are said to have presented themselves, in a hostile manner, to earthly mortals, more frequently than in later times, and to have held over their minds a more terrific sway. Under the banner of his country, De Morvel, having been accustomed to combat more corporeal beings, fearlessly advanced to the porch, followed by his trembling henchman, whom, for his effeminacy, he chided as they passed through the long corridor on their way thither; but, when he plainly beheld the strangled priest, with his eyes staring and mouth distended, he stood aghast, seemingly ruminating upon the consequences of that person having been restored to life, and if so, by what means he had succeeded in scaling the convent wall, and what could possibly be his motive in returning to a place recently so fatal to him. But ultimately finding him cold and stiff, he thus addressed his confidential servant:—"By whatever power the remains of this unhappy man have been thrown back on our hands, he must be instantly removed. Percy's wild charger, which you know I took from him at the battle of the Standard, is standing idle in his stall—if the priest can be securely mounted on the back of this fiery animal, he will soon return back with him into Northumberland. Set him to the road and none dare stop him. Go, caparison this charger fully, and put the priest into complete panoply, that those who see him thus mounted may think he is a valiant knight, proceeding in great haste to the tournament that is to take place at the castle of Turnberry to-day."

The horse was soon caparisoned, and the friar, dressed in a coat of mail, mounted with a lance in his hand, firmly bound to the stirrups and to his wrist, as he was to the saddle—then up went the portcullis, and away went the charger, outstripping the wind!

While the knight and his man were thus employed in fitting out Sir Swithin for his journey,

Sir Roland was as actively engaged in striving to escape from the convent; he knew well that the eye of suspicion would soon turn towards him as being the murderer, and, dreading the severity of the ecclesiastical law, he resolved to flee into the wilds of Galloway. Recollecting that the baker was to proceed that morning to the mill for corn for the use of the convent, he wrapped up his window, and said, he would save him the trouble by going himself with the nag to the mill, and quickly returning with the grist; to which kindly proposal the baker most readily assented, and gave him the key of the postern gate—the stable door, as was then the custom, being only secured by a hasp and staple. There being now no impediment in the way of his departure for Galloway, Sir Roland mounted the old nag, seated on a sack; but just as he had got clearly out of the convent gate, the snorting charger, bearing the corpse, came galloping up behind. Roland thought at first glance he was pursued by an armed knight; but it being then daylight, and the beaver of the corpse being turned up before, upon taking a more steadfast view, he plainly perceived the face of his old antagonist; and, thinking he had been resuscitated by the Almighty power to inflict some signal mark of Divine vengeance upon the head of his murderer, seemingly with the intention of escaping the grasp of his immediate pursuer, he galloped into a vennal or alley of the adjoining village, so closed at the farther end as to prevent his proceeding onwards, and so crooked and narrow as not to allow the horse room to turn, which was an unfortunate circumstance, as the old charger, instead of continuing his journey by the street, turned likewise into the alley, and ran against Sir Roland with such an astounding force, that he called out, "Mercy! mercy! I am guilty of the murder, and am willing to suffer for the same." The trampling of horses' feet, the clashing of armor, and the cry of murder, made such a noise on the street that people came running out of every house in their night habiliments, and soon succeeded in apprehending the affrighted priest, and carried him before the bishop, by whom, on his own confession, he was excommunicated, and cast into prison to await his trial. Sir Swithin, mounting the Baron's charger after life was extinct, and pursuing his murderer, was considered such a miracle as could have happened by the intervention of Heaven only; and, to commemorate so extraordinary an event, Swithin was canonized, and the 15th of July is still pointed out in the calendar as the day consecrated to his memory. Sygtryg, the Norwegian, under the just vengeance of Heaven, as he fled from justice, fell into the

well-known murder-hole in the bailiwick of Carrick.

Unwilling that Sir Roland should die for a crime of which he was not guilty, De Morvel, accompanied by his lady, hastened to the palace of Dunfermline, where, after confessing to the king his participation in the guilt of Sygtryg, he threw himself on the mercy of his Majesty, whilst Beatrix, in a flood of tears, entreated him most fervently to spare her husband's life.

"The excommunicated priest shall not die by the hand of an executioner—I will instantly send my lord lion-king at arms to Ayr, with power to liberate him," said the king, directing his discourse to De Morvel. Then, turning round to Beatrix, he continued—"Would that every lady in the land were as true to her husband as you have been: the ungodly monk rushed on the fate he merited. Your husband's life is saved. May you live long together."

With the most profound obeisance, both then withdrew from the Royal presence, resolving to spend the remainder of their days apart from monks and monasteries, in the Round Tower of Dundough, situated within the wild mountainous limits of the Royal Forest on the confines of Ayrshire.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

No inward pang, no yearning love,
Is lost to human hearts.
No anguish that the spirit feels,
When bright-winged hope departs;
Though in the mystery of life
Discordant powers prevail;
Though life it self be weariness,
And sympathy may fail:
Yet all becomes a discipline
To lure us to the sky,
And angels bear the good it brings,
With fostering care on high;
Though others, weary at the watch,
May sink to toil-spent sleep,
And we are left in solitude
And agony to weep:
Yet *they*, with ministering zeal,
The cup of healing bring,
And bear our love and gratitude
Away on heavenward wing;
And thus the inner life is wrought
The blending earth and heaven,
The love more earnest in its glow,
When much has been forgiven.

THE OLD MAID IN THE WINDING-SHEET.

A NEW ENGLAND TRADITION.

THE moonbeams came through two deep and narrow windows, and showed a spacious chamber, richly furnished in an antique fashion. From one lattice, the shadow of the diamond panes was thrown upon the floor; the ghastly light, through the other, slept upon a bed, falling between the heavy silken curtains, and illuminating the face of a young man. But, how quietly the slumberer lay! how pale his features! and how like a shroud the sheet was wound about his frame! Yes; it was a corpse, in its burial-clothes.

Suddenly, the fixed features seemed to move with dark emotion. Strange fantasy! It was but the shadow of the fringed curtain, waving betwixt the dead face and the moonlight, as the door of the chamber opened, and a girl stole softly to the bedside. Was there delusion in the moonbeams, or did her gesture and her eye betray a gleam of triumph, as she bent over the pale corpse—pale as itself—and pressed her living lips to the cold ones of the dead? As she drew back from that long kiss, her features writhed, as if a proud heart were fighting with its anguish. Again it seemed that the features of the corpse had moved, responsive to her own. Still an illusion! The silken curtain had waved, a second time, betwixt the dead face and the moonlight, as another fair young girl unclosed the door, and glided, ghost-like, to the bedside. There the two maidens stood, both beautiful, with the pale beauty of the dead between them. But she, who had first entered, was proud and stately; and the other a soft and fragile thing.

"Away!" cried the lofty one. "Thou hadst him living! The dead is mine!"

"Thine!" returned the other, shuddering.

"Well hast thou spoken! The dead is thine!"

The proud girl started, and stared into her face with a ghastly look. But a wild and mournful expression passed across the features of the gentle one; and, weak and helpless, she sank down on the bed, her head pillowed beside that of the corpse, and her hair mingling with his dark locks. A creature of hope and joy, the first draught of sorrow had bewildered her.

"Patience!" cried her rival.

Patience groaned, as with a sudden compression of the heart; and, removing her cheek from

the dead youth's pillow, she stood upright, fearfully encountering the eyes of the lofty girl.

"Wilt thou betray me?" said the latter, calmly.

"Till the dead bid me speak, I will be silent," answered Patience. "Leave us alone together! Go, and live many years, and then return, and tell me of thy life. He, too, will be here! Then, if thou tellest of sufferings more than death, we will both forgive thee."

"And what shall be the token?" asked the proud girl, as if her heart acknowledged a meaning in these wild words.

"This lock of hair," said Patience, lifting one of the dark, clustering curls, that lay heavily on the dead man's brow.

The two maidens joined their hands over the bosom of the corpse, and appointed a day and hour, far, far in time to come, for their next meeting in that chamber. The stately girl gave one deep look at the motionless countenance, and departed—yet turned again and trembled, ere she closed the door, almost believing that her dead lover frowned upon her. And Patience, too! Was not her white form fading into the moonlight? Scorning her own weakness, she went forth, and perceived that a negro slave was waiting in the passage with a wax-light, which he held between her face and his own, and regarded her, as she thought, with an ugly expression of merriment. Lifting his torch on high, the slave lighted her down the staircase, and undid the portal of the mansion. The young clergyman of the town had just ascended the steps, and, bowing to the lady, passed in without a word.

Years, many years rolled on; the world seemed new again, so much older was it grown, since the night when those pale girls had clasped their hands across the bosom of the corpse. In the interval, a lonely woman had passed from youth to extreme age, and was known by all the town, as the "Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet." A taint of insanity had affected her whole life, but so quiet, sad, and gentle, so utterly free from violence, that she was suffered to pursue her harmless fantasies, unmolested by the world, with whose business or pleasures she had nought to do. She dwelt alone, and never came into the daylight, except to follow funerals. Whenever a corpse was borne along the street, in sunshine,

rain, or snow, whether a pompous train of the rich and proud thronged after it, or few and humble were the mourners, behind them came the lonely woman, in a long, white garment, which the people called her shroud. She took no place among the kindred or the friends, but stood at the door to hear the funeral prayer, and walked in the rear of the procession, as one whose earthly charge it was to haunt the house of mourning, and be the shadow of affliction, and see that the dead were duly buried. So long had this been her custom, that the inhabitants of the town deemed her a part of every funeral, as much as the coffin-pall, or the very corpse itself, and augured ill of the sinner's destiny, unless the "Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet" came gliding, like a ghost, behind. Once, it is said, she affrighted a bridal party, with her pale presence, appearing suddenly in the illuminated hall, just as the priest was uniting a false maid to a wealthy man, before her lover had been dead a year. Evil was the omen to that marriage! Sometimes she stole forth by moonlight, and visited the graves of venerable integrity, and wedded love, and virgin innocence, and every spot where the ashes of a kind and faithful heart were mouldering. Over the hillocks of those favored dead, would she stretch out her arms, with a gesture, as if she were scattering seeds; and many believed that she brought them from the garden of Paradise; for the graves which she had visited were green beneath the snow, and covered with sweet flowers from April to November. Her blessing was better than a holy verse upon the tomb-stone. Thus wore away her long, sad, peaceful, and fantastic life, till few were so old as she, and the people of later generations wondered how the dead had ever been buried, or mourners had endured their grief, without the "Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet."

Still, years went on, and still she followed funerals, and was not yet summoned to her own festival of death. One afternoon, the great street of the town was all alive with business and bustle, though the sun now gilded only the upper half of the church-spire, having left the house-tops and loftiest trees in shadow. The scene was cheerful and animated, in spite of the sombre shade between the high brick buildings. Here were pompous merchants, in white wigs and laced velvet; the bronzed faces of sea-captains; the foreign garb and air of Spanish creoles; and the disdainful port of natives of Old England; all contrasted with the rough aspect of one or two back-settlers, negotiating sales of timber, from forests where axe had never sounded. Sometimes a lady passed,

swelling roundly forth in an embroidered petticoat, balancing her steps in high-heeled shoes, and courtesying, with lofty grace, to the punctilious obeisances of the gentlemen. The life of the town seemed to have its very centre not far from an old mansion, that stood somewhat back from the pavement, surrounded by neglected grass, with a strange air of loneliness, rather deepened than dispelled by the throng so near it. Its site would have been suitably occupied by a magnificent Exchange, or a brick-block, lettered all over with various signs; or the large house itself might have made a noble tavern, with the "King's Arms" swinging before it, and guests in every chamber, instead of the present solitude. But, owing to some dispute about the right of inheritance, the mansion had been long without a tenant, decaying from year to year, and throwing the stately gloom of its shadow over the busiest part of the town. Such was the scene, and such the time, when a figure, unlike any that have been described, was observed at a distance down the street.

"I espy a strange sail, yonder," remarked a Liverpool captain; "that woman, in the long white garment!"

The sailor seemed much struck by the object, as were several others, who, at the same moment, caught a glimpse of the figure that had attracted his notice. Almost immediately, the various topics of conversation gave place to speculations, in an under tone, on this unwonted occurrence.

"Can there be a funeral, so late this afternoon?" inquired some.

They looked for the signs of death at every door—the sexton, the hearse, the assemblage of black-clad relatives—all that makes up the woeful pomp of funerals. They raised their eyes, also, to the sun-gilt spire of the church, and wondered that no clang proceeded from its bell, which had always tolled till now, when this figure appeared in the light of day. But none had heard that a corpse was to be borne to its home that afternoon, nor was there any token of a funeral, except the apparition of the "Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet."

"What may this portend?" asked each man of his neighbor.

All smiled as they put the question, yet with a certain trouble in their eyes, as if pestilence, or some other wide calamity, were prognosticated by the untimely intrusion, among the living, of one whose presence had always been associated with death and woe. What a comet is to the earth, was that sad woman to the town. Still she moved on, while the hum of surprise was hushed at her

approach, and the proud and the humble stood aside, that her white garment might not wave against them. It was a long, loose robe, of spotless purity. Its wearer appeared very old, pale, emaciated, and feeble, yet glided onward, without the unsteady pace of extreme age. At one point of her course, a little rosy boy burst forth from a door, and ran, with open arms, towards the ghostly woman, seeming to expect a kiss from her bloodless lips. She made a slight pause, fixing her eye upon him with an expression of no earthly sweetness, so that the child shivered and stood awe-struck, rather than affrighted, while the Old Maid passed on. Perhaps her garment might have been polluted, even by an infant's touch; perhaps her kiss would have been death to the sweet boy, within the year.

"She is but a shadow!" whispered the superstitious. "The child put forth his arms, and could not grasp her robe!"

The wonder was increased, when the Old Maid passed beneath the porch of the deserted mansion, ascended the moss-covered steps, lifted the iron knocker, and gave three raps. The people could only conjecture, that some old remembrance, troubling her bewildered brain, had impelled the poor woman hither to visit the friends of her youth; all gone from their home, long since and for ever, unless their ghosts still haunted it—fit company for the "Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet." An elderly man approached the steps, and reverently uncovering his gray locks, essayed to explain the matter.

"None, Madam," said he, "have dwelt in this house these fifteen years ago—no, not since the death of old Colonel Fenwicke, whose funeral you may remember to have followed. His heirs, being ill-agreed among themselves, have let the mansion-house go to ruin."

The Old Maid looked slowly round, with a slight gesture of one hand, and a finger of the other upon her lip, appeared more shadow-like than ever, in the obscurity of the porch. But, again she lifted the hammer, and gave, this time, a single rap. Could it be, that a footstep was now heard, coming down the staircase of the old mansion, which all conceived to have been so long untenanted? Slowly, feebly, yet heavily, like the pace of an aged and infirm person, the step approached, more distinct on every downward stair, till it reached the portal. The bar fell on the inside; the door was opened. One upward glance towards the church-spire, whence the sunshine had just faded, was the last that the people saw of the "Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet."

"Who undid the door?" asked many.

This question, owing to the depth of shadow beneath the porch, no one could satisfactorily answer. Two or three aged men, whilst protesting against an inference, which might be drawn, affirmed that the person within was a negro, and bore a singular resemblance to old Cæsar, formerly a slave in the house, but freed by death some thirty years before.

"Her summons has waked up a servant of the old family," said one, half seriously.

"Let us wait here," replied another. "More guests will knock at the door, anon. But, the gate of the grave-yard should be thrown open!"

Twilight had overspread the town, before the crowd began to separate, or the comments on this incident were exhausted. One after another was wending his way homeward, when a coach—no common spectacle in those days—drove slowly into the street. It was an old-fashioned equipage, hanging close to the ground, with arms on the pannels, a footman behind, and a grave, corpulent coachman seated high in front—the whole giving an idea of solemn state and dignity. There was something awful in the heavy rumbling of the wheels. The coach rolled down the street, till, coming to the gateway of the deserted mansion, it drew up, and the footman sprang to the ground.

"Whose grand coach is this?" asked a very inquisitive body.

The footman made no reply, but ascended the steps of the old house, gave three raps with the iron hammer, and returned to open the coach-door. An old man, possessed of the heraldic lore so common in that day, examined the shield of arms on the pannel.

"Azure, lion's head erased, between three flower de luces," said he; then whispered the name of the family to whom these bearings belonged. The last inheritor of its honors was recently dead, after a long residence amid the splendor of the British court, where his birth and wealth had given him no mean station. "He left no child," continued the herald, "and these arms, being in a lozenge, betoken that the coach appertains to his widow."

Further disclosures, perhaps, might have been made, had not the speaker suddenly been struck dumb by the stern eye of an ancient lady, who thrust forth her head from the coach, preparing to descend. As she emerged, the people saw that her dress was magnificent, and her figure dignified, in spite of age and infirmity—a stately ruin, but with a look, at once, of pride and wretchedness. Her strong and rigid features had an awe about them, unlike that of the white Old Maid, but as of something evil. She passed up

the steps, leaning on a gold headed cane; the door swung open, as she ascended—and the light of a torch glittered on the embroidery of her dress, and gleamed on the pillars of the porch. After a momentary pause—a glance backwards—and then a desperate effort—she went in. The decypherer of the coat of arms had ventured up the lowest step, and, shrinking back immediately, pale and tremulous, affirmed that the torch was held by the very image of old Cæsar.

“But, such a hideous grin” added he, “was never seen on the face of mortal man, black or white! It will haunt me till my dying day.”

Meantime, the coach had wheeled round, with a prodigious clatter on the pavement, and rumbled up the street, disappearing in the twilight, while the ear still tracked its course. Scarcely was it gone, when the people began to question, whether the coach and attendants, the ancient lady, the spectre of old Cæsar, and the Old Maid herself, were not all a strangely combined delusion, with some dark purport in its mystery. The whole town was astir, so that instead of dispersing, the crowd continually increased, and stood gazing up at the windows of the mansion, now silvered by the brightening moon. The elders, glad to indulge the narrative propensity of age, told of the long faded splendor of the family, the entertainments they had given, and the guests, the greatest of the land, and even titled and noble ones from abroad, who had passed beneath that portal. These graphic reminiscences seemed to call up the ghosts of those to whom they referred. So strong was the impression, on some of the more imaginative hearers, that two or three were seized with trembling fits, at one and the same moment protesting that they had distinctly heard three other raps of the iron knocker.

“Impossible!” exclaimed others. “See! The moon shines beneath the porch, and shows every part of it, except in the narrow shade of that pillar. There is no one there!”

“Did not the door open?” whispered one of these fanciful persons.

“Didst thou see it, too?” said his companion, in a startled tone.

But the general sentiment was opposed to the idea, that a third visitant had made application at the door of the deserted house. A few, however, adhered to this new marvel, and even declared that a red gleam, like that of a torch, had shone through the great front window, as if the negro were lighting a guest up the staircase. This, too, was pronounced a mere fantasy. But, at once the whole multitude started, and each

man beheld his own terror painted in the faces of all the rest.

“What an awful thing is this!” cried they.

A shriek, too fearfully distinct for doubt, had been heard within the mansion, breaking forth suddenly, and succeeded by a deep stillness, as if a heart had burst in giving it utterance. The people knew not whether to fly from the very sight of the house, or to rush trembling in, and search out the strange mystery. Amid their confusion and affright, they were somewhat reassured by the appearance of their clergyman, a venerable patriarch, and equally a saint, who had taught them and their fathers the way to Heaven, for more than the space of an ordinary life-time. He was a reverend figure, with long, white hair upon his shoulders, a white beard upon his breast, and a back so bent over his staff, that he seemed to be looking downward, continually, as if to choose a proper grave for his weary frame. It was some time, before the good old man, being deaf, and of impaired intellect, could be made to comprehend such portions of the affair, as were comprehensible at all. But, when possessed of the facts, his energies assumed unexpected vigor.

“Verily,” said the old gentleman, “it will be fitting that I enter the mansion-house of the worthy Colonel Fenwicke, lest any harm should have befallen that true Christian woman, whom ye call the “Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet.”

Behold, then, the venerable clergyman ascending the steps of the mansion, with a torch-bearer behind him. It was the elderly man, who had spoken to the Old Maid, and the same who had afterwards explained the shield of arms, and recognized the features of the negro. Like their predecessors, they gave three raps with the iron hammer.

“Old Cæsar cometh not,” observed the priest.

“Well I wot, he no longer doth service in this mansion.”

“Assuredly, then, it was something worse, in old Cæsar’s likeness!” said the other adventurer.

“Be it as God wills,” answered the clergyman.

“See! my strength, though it be much decayed, hath sufficient to open this heavy door. Let us enter, and pass up the staircase.”

Here occurred a singular exemplification of the dreamy state of a very old man’s mind. As they ascended the wide flight of stairs, the aged clergyman appeared to move with caution, occasionally standing aside, and oftener bending his head, as it were in salutation, thus practicing all the gestures of one who makes his way through a throng. Reaching the head of the staircase, he looked around, with sad and solemn benignity,

laid aside his staff, bared his hoary locks and was evidently on the point of commencing a prayer.

"Reverend Sir," said his attendant, who conceived this a very suitable prelude to their further search, "would it not be well, that the people join with us in prayer?"

"Well-a-day?" cried the old clergyman, staring strangely around him. "Art thou here with me, and none other? Verily, past times were present to me, and I deemed that I was to make a funeral prayer, as many a time heretofore, from the head of this staircase. Of a truth, I saw the shades of many that are gone. Yea, I have prayed at their burials, one after another, and the "Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet" hath seen them to their graves!"

Being now more thoroughly awake to their present purpose, he took his staff, and struck forcibly on the floor, till there came an echo from each deserted chamber, but no menial, to answer their summons. They therefore walked along the passage, and again paused, opposite to the great front window, through which was seen the crowd, in the shadow and partial moonlight of the street beneath. On their right hand, was the open door of a chamber, and a closed one on their left. The clergyman pointed his cane to the carved oak panel of the latter.

"Within that chamber," observed he, "a whole life-time since, did I sit by the death-bed of a goodly young man, who, being now at the last gasp"—

Apparently, there was some powerful excitement in the ideas which had now flashed across his mind. He snatched the torch from his companion's hand, and threw open the door with such sudden violence, that the flame was extinguished, leaving them no other light than the moonbeams, which fell through two windows into the spacious chamber. It was sufficient to discover all that could be known. In a high-backed, oaken arm-chair, upright, with her hands clasped across her breast, and her head thrown back, sat the "Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet." The stately dame had fallen on her knees, with her forehead on the holy knees of the Old Maid, one hand upon the floor, and the other pressed convulsively against her heart. It clutched a lock of hair, once sable, now discolored with a greenish mould. As the priest and layman advanced into the chamber, the Old Maid's features assumed such a semblance of shifting expression, that they trusted to hear the whole mystery explained, by a single word. But it was only the shadow of a tattered curtain, waving betwixt the dead face and the moonlight.

"Both dead!" said the venerable man. "Then

who shall divulge the secret? Methinks it glimmers to-and-fro in my mind, like the light and shadow across the Old Maid's face. And now, 'tis gone!"

TITIAN'S MAGDALEN.

TITIAN, having been loaded with honors and riches at the court of Charles V. of Spain, desired to behold once more his beloved Venice. He asked and obtained leave to quit Madrid, still preserving the title and emoluments of Court Painter.

Titian returned to Venice, bearing with him eleven thousand *scudi*, besides presents of such great value, that the Doge Francisco Venier said to him, despondingly:

"What can I do for you, when kings and emperors have given you such precious proofs of their esteem?"

"Allow me," said Titian, "to finish the frescoes of the great council-chamber gratuitously, and at my own expense."

"You are a worthy citizen, as well as a great artist," answered the Doge; "and the senate will thank you, in the name of all Venice, for your generous offer."

After the death of the emperor, Titian still continued to serve his Catholic majesty in quality of Court Painter; but the Inquisition gave the new king so much to do, and its ministers were so much occupied in burning the heretics, that the great artist's pension remained unpaid, and Titian had often to apply to the king himself for the prices of his labor.

Amongst other pictures ordered by the king, Titian received a commission to paint a Magdalen of the most austere description. Titian set to work with the best intentions, but, drawn away by a worldly tendency, gave to the new Magdalen a greater dose of seduction and beauty than of compunction and grief; for the lovely skin glowed beneath his pencil; the hair retained a glossy brightness, in spite of the ashes with which it was covered; and the eyes beamed with a refulgence of love, through their tears. In a word, it was the Magdalen rather before than after her repentance.

At the moment of giving the last finishing stroke to his work. Titian perceived that he had depicted the lineaments of a Venus, or some such pagan divinity, instead of a Magdalen. The picture was certainly not less worthy of praise on that account, but Titian very wisely reflected that Philip II would hesitate paying for a Dan or a Leda, when he had expressly ordered a Magdalen.

He therefore had recourse to the following expedient :

Opposite his studio lived a young girl of great beauty—an orphan—who had never known her parents, and who had been reduced, by extreme wretchedness and poverty, to the painful trade of serving as a model to artists, at the price of half a ducat a sitting. Grief, nightly watchings, and privations of every sort had left their traces on her worn brow, and pale, attenuated cheeks; but, through all this, an air of distinction and ingenuousness raised her above the sphere in which she lived. Our painter, in his moments of relaxation, had often remarked her leaning languidly at her window, her eyes bathed in tears, and seemingly in an ecstasy of grief.

Titian sent for her, and proposed to engage her as a model for the head of his Magdalen, promising to pay her four ducats a sitting, provided she remained constantly standing motionless, and in the attitude he should place her, without ever asking a moment's repose, however great the fatigue and pain that she should suffer.

The young girl, delighted at so munificent an offer, promised all that was required of her, and the sitting commenced at once.

In about half an hour, tired of standing in the same attitude, she humbly begged the great painter to allow her a moment's rest. Titian pretended not to hear her request, and continued his work with redoubled ardor and attention.

In about a quarter of an hour, there was a renewed demand on the part of the young girl, and a renewed silence on the part of the artist.

At length, after an hour's standing, the poor girl again solicited for rest; but the artist still remaining obstinate in his silence, the wretched creature fell to the ground almost deprived of sense.

Then Titian, feigning to be in a violent passion, reproved her harshly for having failed in her promise to him, and threatened, with bitterness, to send her from his studio without paying her any of the money agreed upon, if she did not instantly reassume the position in which he had placed her.

The poor unfortunate, overpowered with humiliation and grief, rose without saying a word, and resumed her original attitude, abundant and bitter tears silently chasing each other down her pallid cheeks.

"It is done!" exclaimed Titian, in a tone of triumph. "There is, at length, the expression I sought!"

Then, after a few more touches of his pencil, he ran to the young girl, and, pressing her in his

arms with paternal tenderness, wiped away her tears, and placed her on a couch.

"My child," said he, "with your help, I have accomplished a *chef d'œuvre*; it is therefore just you should have your share of its price. Here are four ducats for to-day's sitting, and here is your portion," continued he, placing in her hand a purse full of gold. "I shall find a husband for you amongst my pupils, and you will then no longer require to serve as a model in order to gain a livelihood."

Philip II. was struck with admiration and astonishment at the sight of Titian's new picture. Although his opinion of the great artist's genius had long been firmly established, his expectations were now surpassed. Never had the celebrated painter raised himself to such a height.

The king paid him the most flattering compliments, in a letter written with his own hand, and graciously asked him what could be the matter with his Magdalen, that she grieved and wept in such a manner?

"Sire," answered Titian, "she is supplicating your majesty, with tears in her eyes, to cause me to be paid the arrears of the pension which your august father deigned to allow me."

Philip II. took the hint, and, in a letter dated from Barcelona, in 1564, ordered the Viceroy of Naples and the Governor of Milan to satisfy, without delay, the just demands of a man who had served and was still ready to serve his majesty to his full satisfaction.

In a few days, Titian had made two copies of his "Magdalen." One was bought by Silvio Badoaso, for a hundred ducats; after whose death it sold for five times the original amount. The other remained in the painter's family, and is to day considered one of the most precious relics of this prince of painters.

LOVE.

Love may be increased by fears,
May be fanned with sighs,
Nurs'd by fancies, fed by doubts,
But without hope, it dies.

As in the far Indian Isles,
Dies the young cocoa tree;
Unless within the pleasant shade
Of the parent plant it be.

So love may spring up at first,
Lighted at Beauty's eyes;
But beauty is not all its life,
For without hope, it dies. LONDON.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE CONGREGATION.

A CANADIAN TALE.

BY H. V. C.



RAVE events of history, many of startling interest, are recorded in the early records of these Colonies, which are now half obscured by the shadows of time, and scarcely arrest the attention of any, except the patient historian, or the learned antiquary.

Yet, these may still find favor with the popular mind,

and redeem many useful facts from oblivion, if used as the ground-work of harmless fiction;—as an attractive setting draws attention to an antique gem, which would otherwise escape the common eye. The intrinsic value of the gem remains intact, and who shall say that the artist has wrought in vain, if he has renewed a dimmed glory of the past, and gives it as a study or recreation, to the present prosaic and practical generation.

More than a century had elapsed from the landing of the first colony of adventures at Quebec, before the Pilgrim Fathers moored their frail bark beside the rock of Plymouth. Yet within the space of fifty years from the latter epoch, what different results had followed the enterprise of the rival Colonies!

Canada remained embroiled in restless strife, without social compact, or political existence—her history a perplexed tissue of border warfare, intestine quarrels, and Indian depredation. The bad faith and selfish policy which marked her dealings with the savage tribes, were visited by

fearful retribution, and the poisonous drink which she offered to savage lips, was poured back in fiery judgment on her own devoted head.

The early settlers of this northern wilderness, were, in general, men searching for adventure,—for that coveted fame, which was won by the new discoveries of that age, or for the more substantial results offered by traffic with the native tribes. There were among them, men of determined energy and daring courage—but they wanted the stern principle—the fixed purpose—the moral and intellectual strength which can alone unite individuals in any important object, and give success and permanence to any great undertaking.

The New-England Colonies, on the other hand, were already rejoicing in religious freedom and social prosperity. Churches and schools arose in every town and village, unshackled by any bonds but those which conscience imposes. Commerce and agriculture flourished—the rights of the citizens were protected by wise laws, and friendly treaties bound the savage tribes in amity and peace.

The French and English colonists placed in juxtaposition with each other, lost none of their ancestral animosity. Mutual aggressions nourished the seeds of discord, and the only representatives of civilization, on the North American continent, continued to exercise the hereditary privilege of antipathy in the most hearty and undisguised manner. The descendants of the Puritans regarded with righteous horror the advance of a popish colony so near the borders of their Canaan; while the subjects of a Catholic prince, argued that “no faith should be kept with heretics,” and under the cloak of religion, too often sanctioned the most cruel barbarities. No doubt there lurked some worldly ambition with religious zeal on both sides. The French coveted the more temperate regions of the South and West, and the New-Englanders ever cast a longing eye towards the North, and on all suitable occasions manifested a loving desire to include it in their fraternal embrace.

Whenever the signal fires of war were lighted up between the two great powers of Europe, their trans-Atlantic colonies directly placed them-

selves in a belligerent attitude. The Count de Frontenac, who held the provincial government of New France, at the commencement of the war in 1690, took advantage of that pretext, to stir up his Indian allies; and directly a band of French and savages crossed the frontier, like wild beasts of prey, pouring into peaceful villages, and ravaging the harvest fields of unprotected labor.

But the sagacity of the Anglo-Saxon race, never slumbers in the hour of danger. The English colonists, though their character was modified by change of country—by new habits of thought and freer action, retained the essential elements of their British origin—the same boldness and promptitude—the same self-reliance and invincible love of liberty.

A treaty was renewed with their faithful allies, the Iriquois, or Five Nations, the most powerful tribe of America, and commissioners from all the provinces convened at New York, and adopted vigorous measures for the prosecution of the war. A plan for the reduction of Canada was laid before the commissioners; and the latent desire of possessing that country, since so often manifested, seems then, for the first time, to have taken form and expression. England could render no assistance, being sufficiently occupied at home; and New York and New England undertook the expedition on their own responsibility.

A fleet of thirty-five vessels, large and small, sailed from Boston, under the command of Sir William Phipps, Governor of Massachusetts, which was destined to attack Quebec, while an army of eight hundred men, with five hundred Indians, commanded by General Winthrop, marched over land to surprise and lay siege to Montreal. The preparations were made with great despatch and secrecy; and it was believed the double attack would throw the enemy into confusion, divide his forces, and give victory to the English arms.

But the best concerted scheme is not always prosperous. When General Winthrop reached the borders of Lake Champlain, a large body of Indians who were expected to join him there, failed to appear, sending only a few warriors to represent their tribe; neither had they, according to promise, provided a sufficient number of canoes to transport the soldiers across. To crown their disasters, from some unaccountable neglect in the commissariat department, the store of provisions was already nearly exhausted, and the troops were obliged to return to Albany for supplies and reinforcements.

General Schuyler, of New York, who had crossed the lake in advance, with a small detach-

ment, ignorant of these misfortunes, pushed on to Laprairie, opposite the island of Montreal, where a party of militia and Indians were posted. These were taken by surprise, completely routed, and driven back to the shelter of a fort, garrisoned by a company of regulars. General Schuyler, in the impulse of a brave spirit, pursued them closely, confidently believing he could force an entrance to the fort, and compel the garrison to surrender. But it was commanded by Colonel St. Leger, a brave and experienced officer, who met the assault with determined vigor, and the English were compelled to retire, with the loss of thirty killed and wounded.

A party sallied from the fort and attacked the rear-guard, which turned and fought bravely in close combat, till Captain Wallis, the officer in command, stunned by a blow from a tomahawk, fell apparently lifeless to the ground. He had averted the full force of the stealthy blow, by interposing his sword, and the savage weapon glancing from his temple, inflicted a severe cut on the right shoulder. The Indian stooped to complete his murderous design with the scalping knife; but his hand was arrested by a French officer, whose humanity was in advance of the times—and directly the conflict ended by the soldiers taking flight, and the wounded and prisoners were placed within the protection of the fort.

When Captain Wallis recovered from insensibility, he found himself lying on a camp bed, and Colonel St. Leger with a surgeon standing beside him; the latter had staunched the blood that flowed freely, and applied a lineament to the wounded shoulder. The wound was severe, but not considered dangerous, though attended with excruciating pain; and Wallis, who was a young officer, and had that day drawn his maiden sword, at the call of duty, endured far more mental anguish than any physical suffering could impart. The single idea of defeat and flight at first haunted his confused memory—then came the conviction that he was a prisoner—cut off from rendering farther service to his country in the present crisis—his ambitious hopes crushed in the bud—and he covered his face with his hands, in the extremity of despondence.

Colonel St. Leger understood and respected his feelings; but he was accustomed to the chances of war, and knew well that defeat did not necessarily imply disgrace; and while he avoided personal application, he delicately sought to soothe the wounded feelings of his young prisoner. But at two-and-twenty the philosophy of submission is rarely practised; and Wallis, with the best training which the Puritan discipline of New

England could impart, still retained the hasty impulses and ardent temperament of early youth. His painful wound, aggravated by mental excitement, threw him into a high fever, and before morning his mind was wandering in delirium and partially unconscious of misfortune. Colonel St. Leger gave him all the attention in his power; but the duties of an important post demanded vigilance, and the protection of his prisoners was a matter of serious concern, as the Indians were constantly clamoring to have them given up to their tender mercies. The commandant's humanity shielded them from such a fate; and as Captain Wallis was the only officer who had fallen into their hands, he assigned him an apartment next his own, intending to remove him to Montreal as soon as his wounds would permit the change.

Colonel St. Leger was a brave man, with far more kindly feeling than was usually found in the military ranks of that stormy period. Like the Count de Frontenac he had held high rank in the armies of France, but they had ranged on different sides: and while the former was a rigid Catholic, the latter adhered to the party of the Huguenots. Born and educated in that faith, with his earliest affections enlisted in it, no argument and no train of reasoning could ever have turned him from it. But worldly interest is often more potent than argument, and more subtle than reason; and when royalty frowned on protestantism, St. Leger with ruined fortunes, and his fate depending on his sovereign's favor, made a truce with his conscience and submitted reluctantly, it must be confessed, to the law of expediency. He was rewarded by a lucrative office, but afterwards exchanged it for the army, to which his early habits attached him.

The zeal and bigotry, usually observed in converts to new forms of faith, was never remarked in Colonel St. Leger; on the contrary, his spiritual advisers regarded him with distrust, and his lukewarmness, in the eyes of many, bordered on infidelity. His wife, a high-minded and high-principled woman, spurned all attempts to overturn her faith; their union, which had been happy beyond the common lot, from that time became embittered, and she died prematurely, leaving a void in his affections no other object could ever fill, and a grief, deepened, perhaps, by remorse and self-accusation.

Captain Wallis, as the days passed on, received every attention which his situation required, and the commandant himself watched by him with almost paternal kindness. His friendless position seemed to excite more than ordinary interest in the hardy veteran. Perhaps the springs of memory

were touched, and he saw reflected back his own ingenuous and aspiring youth, and was drawn by sweet sympathy to one whose simple faith had been early breathed into his own childish heart, and cherished there till worldliness and ambition came and marred, but could not efface its traces.

As the partial clouds cleared from his intellect, Wallis became conscious that a lighter step sometimes relieved the veteran's heavy tread, and a softer hand adjusted the ligature on his wounded shoulder. Another form too, graceful and airy, flitted before his eyes, but whether in his sleeping or waking moments he could not tell—confused and shadowy images seemed still to mock his senses. But day by day that form became more clearly defined. He would awake from sleep, and it was hovering near his bed, but started away at the slightest movement, and stood waiting in shadow till his eyes again closed, and he would still perceive it kept a silent and patient watch beside him. He came at last to wait for it, and feign sleep, that it might come nearer to him; it was an event in the dreary monotony of his days—something round which thought could revolve, and for a time keep back the painful realities that crowded on returning recollection.

In a fortnight Captain Wallis was pronounced out of danger; the fever had passed a favorable crisis, and his wound was doing well. He awoke one morning greatly refreshed by a long, quiet sleep, and as perfect stillness reigned in the apartment, he lay with half-closed eyes, dreamily watching the light as it stole brightly through the narrow casement, leaving golden tracery on the oaken floor, and casting quaint shadows from the heavy furniture. Through the half-drawn curtain that screened his bed, he observed the outline of a figure—the same which had haunted his hours of illness, and was now for the first time revealed to his waking vision. It was that of a young girl, habited in a dress of a conventual order; and as Wallis raised his head to look at her, and satisfy himself it was no illusion, the admiration called forth by her light and graceful figure, her delicate features and spirituelle expression, was strangely modified as his eye rested on the dark vesture, the white fillet across her brow, and the floating veil; above all, the silver cross that glittered on her breast, and the rosary hanging at her girdle. All the images of superstition that had been presented to his mind in childhood seemed here embodied. The prejudices of education and habit, the teachings of honored men, spiritual guides of his boyhood, all rose before him, and in the surprise of the moment he almost fancied Satan had taken the form of an angel of light, and come there

to tempt him. Nor can Wallis, trained as he had been in the strictness of sectarian worship, in an age of bigotry, be wondered at, or blamed, if he uncourteously covered his face, and fairly groaned aloud.

The fair vision started and drew the veil closer round her, and was turning to leave the room when the thought seemed to suggest itself that the invalid required his accustomed draught; and pouring out the contents of a vial, she approached the bed and offered it to him. Wallis again raised his eyes, and when they rested on her calm, gentle countenance, the radiant mirror of a pure and lovely spirit, he felt rebuked for his uncharitable thoughts and mentally revoked the unspoken words that had floated in his mind. Hastily swallowing the contents of the cup, he ventured to say, as he returned it to her,

"Thanks for your gentle care, kind lady; I have felt its soothing influence through all the weary hours of illness, and though dispensed to one unknown, believe me, I have a heart to feel, though words cannot express my gratitude."

"I am but a humble instrument in my master's service," she replied, in a sweet voice, and blushing at his earnestness, "and all my gratitude is due to Him, who alone has power to heal. I pray you to remain calm, the surgeon has enjoined perfect repose of mind and body."

With a courteous gesture she was turning from him, but Wallis grasped her veil, and gently detained her.

"Tell me, at least," he said, "to whom I am indebted for kindness so unexpected and so grateful in this rude abode of strife and bloodshed? a place how unfitted for the ministration of one so young and fair!"

"The Daughters of the Congregation," she replied, glancing at her dress, "are sisters of charity, and the rules of their order oblige them to go wherever humanity, in any form of distress, requires their healing aid. This garb is our protection, and this cross our passport, even to the most savage dwelling places."

She raised the cross reverently as she spoke, and slightly bowing, glided from the room.

"A little popish idolater!" muttered Wallis, falling back on the pillow, and he fell into a profound reverie, in which, it must be confessed, his fair visitant played a very prominent part.

Several days passed away and Captain Wallis looked in vain for the reappearance of the interesting nun. Sometimes he fancied he heard a light step, or the murmur of a soft voice at the open door; and evidences of feminine care were

discerned in the neat arrangement of his apartment, and the minute regard to comfort which only female refinement could suggest. He one morning found a breviary placed on a small table by his bedside, together with a volume of old romances, the favorite literature of the day. The breviary was laid aside without disrespect, but the romances served to wile away some of the long hours of convalescence, and over their open pages he would often pause to build those airy castles which so naturally pile their unsubstantial fabrics in the teeming imagination of youth. He would not allow it, of course, but that little recluse had taken strange hold of his idle fancy; and in spite of prejudice, her very dress, so new to him and so picturesque, served to increase the latent interest. But when he caught himself listening for a footstep, or watching a shadow, or picturing "The Daughter of the Congregation" dressed like a demure puritan damsel, and gracing a New-England house, he made light of his folly, and placed it all to the account of his involuntary idleness. * * * * *

Captain Wallis was no longer restricted to his apartment, and gladly accepted the privilege of exercising in the quadrangle of the fort; but with restored health came renewed impatience to escape from his unfortunate position. With lively satisfaction, he one evening received intelligence that an exchange of prisoners was about to take place, and that his name was included with a number who were soon to leave Montreal. On the following day, he would be sent over to join them. Too happy to seek repose, Wallis passed out into the court, and remained pacing the narrow limits, with excited steps, till a change of guards, and the sentinel's rough challenge reminded him it was time to return.

Perhaps other thoughts mingled with his pleasant anticipations, for he returned slowly to his quarters, looking earnestly at the narrow windows, which were all shrouded in darkness. All but Colonel St. Leger's private apartments, a faint light was glimmering there, and as he passed under the casement, a strain of music floated out, soft and undulating, like a choral murmur. Wallis stopped involuntarily, and a female voice, accompanied by a lute, sung the following hymn to the Virgin.

"Mother, pure and holy!
Guard thy trusting child;
Free from sin and folly,
Lead her through life's wild;
Blessed mother, hear!

"By the sacred story
Of thy blessed son ;
By the triumph holy
Through his victory won,—
Blessed mother, hear !

"Mother, pure and holy !
Lift my heart to thee ;
From thy throne of glory,
Look with love on me—
Blessed mother, hear !

"Now, while day is shining,
All its duties crown ;
In thy peace reposing,
Bless my lying down !
Blessed mother, hear !"

Wallis stood till the last notes died away, arrested by the touching melody. Strangely indeed, the words, so foreign to all his received ideas, wrestled with the simple music, and appealed like a warning voice to his early prejudices ! But our hero was not wont to be moved by shadowy superstitions ; the soft voice maintained supremacy, and as he glanced at the window, the Madona face of the lovely nun met his eye, and its pure, serene expression preached such a mute, eloquent discourse, that all the logic of bigotry could not refute it ! The head, on which the moon, to his eyes, seemed to shed a halo, was instantly withdrawn, and Wallis passed on, ashamed to be construed as an eaves-dropper. But he was not a little puzzled at finding the fair nun an inmate of the old Commandant's apartments ;—surely, he thought, the "Daughter of the Congregation," has not taken vows of seclusion ! * * * * *

Early on the following morning, Captain Wallis was informed that canoes were in readiness, and with the fellow-prisoners of his luckless expedition, about twelve in number, he embarked for Montreal. His reflections were not of the most agreeable nature ; for, by morning light the ideal had given place to the actual, and, instead of crossing to the scene of expected triumph, with a conquering army, defeat and implied disgrace attached to his name in the very outset of his career.

But the free, bracing air was an antidote to dejection—he felt his repining selfishness rebuked, as he looked upward to the broad, arched sky, and around on mountain, isles, and forest, while the great St. Lawrence, flashing in the golden sunlight, rolled on its everlasting course,—unceasing, inexhaustible, to meet the far-off ocean. The little flotilla, consisting of six canoes, paddled by Indians, and gaily decked out with streamers,

danced lightly on the waves, and guided skilfully over the *rapides*, descended the river with the airy grace of fairy skiffs. In the foremost one was Colonel St. Leger and two or three soldiers ; and, sitting beside him, Wallis observed a female habited in a black serge dress, fastened at the waist by a girdle, from which hung a rosary and cross. There was no mistaking the slight, graceful figure—at least so he thought ; but the face was entirely concealed by a large black hood. What a pity to hide that charming little nun under such a preposterous head-dress ! Yet Wallis could fancy exactly how she would look, if he was only privileged to lift that envious extinguisher !

When they landed at Montreal, Colonel St. Leger came to take a friendly farewell of Captain Wallis, leaving his fair charge at a distance ; and the young officer was conducted to comfortable quarters, where he had little surveillance, and liberty to go at large on his parole. But time hung heavily on his hands. Colonel St. Leger returned to Laprairie on the same day, and there was nothing remaining which could at all interest him. The city seemed dull enough with its narrow streets, and its low houses of grey stone, with their sloping roofs and iron shutters, and many eyes, he could observe, looked askance at him. He sometimes met a few nuns, "Daughters of the Congregation," going round on their missions of charity ; and, as he always looked, though vainly, for the face he most wished to see, those holy women must have been often scandalized by the earnest gaze which the young heretic cast upon their order.

But Captain Wallis' thoughts were painfully diverted from all other subjects, by confirmed intelligence of the entire defeat of the New-England expedition. While he was still lying ill at Laprairie, Sir William Phipps, with his fleet, which had been retarded by contrary winds, arrived in the St. Lawrence, and dropped anchor a little below Quebec. It was a strange and beautiful sight, as the inhabitants beheld it from their heights ; that hostile fleet anchored in the broad St. Lawrence—shut in, as it were, by old forests and everlasting solitudes, waiting in stern silence to commence a deadly conflict. The fleet consisted of thirty-five vessels of all descriptions ; and a proud fleet it was, considering the resources of the young Colonies. The largest ship carried forty-five guns, and two hundred men, and stood in advance, bearing the broad pennant of the admiral. Then came the Vice-Admiral, and the Rear-Admiral in imposing array, and in the centre, Sir William Phipps, who had chief command ; and from every vessel streamed the New-England en-

sign, and above all waved the red cross of Old England.

The Count de Frontenac, who had constant intelligence of the enemy's movements, from his Indian scouts, on learning General Winthrop's retreat, instantly ordered the regular troops and militia from Montreal and Three Rivers to reinforce the garrison at Quebec; and with his usual energy, he strengthened the fortifications, erected batteries, and placed the city in a complete posture of defence. Sir William appeared before Quebec on the fifth of October, and it may be supposed the anxious inhabitants watched with intense interest the movements of the fleet. About ten o'clock, the following day, a boat with a white flag was seen loosed from the Commander's ship, and an officer with a trumpet in his hand proceeded to the shore, bearing a summons to surrender.

The Count de Frontenac, a proud representative of the old court of St. Germain, though well advanced in years, retained the fire and hauteur of his early youth. He received the English messenger, who was brought blindfolded to the Chateau, surrounded by a brilliant suite, with the Bishop, the Intendant, and the principal officers of government. The English officer had all the sturdy independence of his nation, and haughtiness not a whit inferior to the Governor! When the bandage was removed, he delivered the summons to de Frontenac, and it was read aloud, amidst the suppressed indignation of the whole assemblage.

The summons, it must be confessed, was sufficiently arrogant; but as it is recorded in history, no repetition is needed here. The Count flew into a violent passion, which was aggravated by the admirable self-possession of the English delegate, who haughtily pulled out his watch, and reminded the Governor that he could wait but one hour for his answer. With a great effort to command his indignation, the Count replied, in an excited voice, rejecting all terms with the English, who, he said, had dethroned their lawful sovereign, King James II., then under the protection of the Court of France, which had espoused his cause, and had placed a usurper on his throne.

When he finished speaking, the English officer requested him to render his answer in writing. The Count indignantly refused, arrogantly adding, "I will answer your master by the mouth of my cannon, and teach him that a man of my rank is not to be summoned in this way."

The audience thus abruptly closed, and the officer was re-conducted to the boat. The subse-

quent attack on Quebec and its failure, is well known. The good conduct and bravery of the English colonial troops has never been questioned, but the various *contre-temps* attending the whole expedition combined to render it utterly abortive.

The deep mortification which Captain Wallis experienced in consequence of these events, preyed seriously on his health and spirits. The exchange of prisoners was not yet effected, and autumn was fast advancing. While brooding over his disappointments and detention, he was cheered by the friendly greeting of Colonel St. Leger, who had been removed to a command in town, and taken up his quarters in the garrison. As the darkest stream will sparkle in a gleam of sunshine, so Wallis' moody thoughts took a brighter hue from the Colonel's cheerful companionship, and with something of his former interest in passing events, he witnessed the preparations for a grand Indian ceremonial.

A congress of friendly Indians was convened to "hold a talk" with M. de Callières, Governor of Montreal, and at the same time to ratify certain treaties, in which, as usual the white people would obtain decided advantage over their tawny brethren. To give *éclat* to the occasion, and gratify that love of pomp and display so pleasing to savage taste, M. de Callières had caused to be erected an immense building covering an elevated plain that lay just beyond the limits of the city. At one end of the platform, were tiers of seats, raised one above another in a semi-circle, and protected by an awning, reserved especially for ladies and persons of distinction. The Governor, attended by his principal officers, and above a thousand savage warriors, occupied the opposite side, and the whole building was surrounded by soldiers under arms. The Indians were arrayed in their most imposing garments, tunics of rich furs hung from their shoulders, and their moccasins of deer skin, wrought with beads and porcupine quills, displayed the gayest colors. Their bare breasts and arms were tattooed with grotesque figures, gew-gaws and the polished tusks of wild animals depended from their necks and ears, and tufts of eagle feathers waved from their black and shining hair. Each warrior carried a bow and quiver of arrows, and a tomahawk hanging at his girdle.

It was a brilliant spectacle—the savage magnificence of the forest warriors—city dignitaries in the full dress costume of the day—the Governor and military officers in rich uniforms, laced with gold and scarlet—civilians of every degree, and last, not least, fair ladies sparkling in jewels and resplendent in the costly silks, ample farthingales

and elaborate head-gear worn by women of fashion at that period.

Captain Wallis mingled in the crowd, and took a position from whence he could command a view of the whole proceedings. M. de Callières rose and addressed the Indians in a long harangue on the benefits of peace, and his speech being translated by an interpreter, was received with great applause. Several of the chiefs responded, and then each in turn approached him, presenting the prisoners he had taken in war, and also a belt of wampum, in token of amity. A treaty of peace was then signed by all the warriors present, and also by deputies sent to represent various other friendly tribes.

At this part of the ceremony Captain Wallis happening to cast his eyes towards the elevated seats, observed Colonel St. Leger sitting with a group of officers and ladies, and listening with a very pleased expression to a young girl who was speaking to him with much animation. Wallis' attention was instantly arrested, for that young girl, richly dressed, all gaiety and smiles, bore an exact resemblance to the fair "Daughter of the Congregation," the vision of his waking dreams. He changed his position, looked at her from different points of view, but still those soft dark eyes, that fair brow, those little pouting lips, all was but the animated image of the gentle nun. The fair young girl before him, in her fashionable attire, looked very lovely; yet he felt a strange reluctance to identify her as the nun, half shrouded in her veil, who had first possessed his fancy, and clung to it with such romantic interest. But curiosity Phenix-like rose from the ashes of romance, and he fell to conjecturing till he was tired, while certain legends that had charmed his childhood, were brought to mind, of marvellous transformations effected through somewhat questionable agency. There could, however, be no mistake, but his earnest gaze had attracted attention, and Colonel St. Leger noticed him by a friendly nod, while the pseudo nun smiled, and at the same time blushed most charmingly.

Captain Wallis lost all interest in the ceremonies which were fortunately drawing to a conclusion. The fumes of the great calumet of peace which was smoking, filled the air, curling like a graceful curtain round the ladies' heads, and Wallis could not avoid smiling as he observed the Governor put the pipe gravely to his lips, while he vainly strove to suppress the disgust which it excited. Directly after a Te Deum was sung, the immense assemblage standing reverently with heads uncovered, and a tremendous discharge

of artillery announced the conclusion of the ceremony.

Wallis was borne away by the crowd and lost sight of Colonel St. Leger and his ambiguous companion. It was a fine autumnal day, and the broad sloping plain lying between the mountain and the town, was covered with cheerful groups returning to their homes. The scene was picturesque and exciting, and Wallis, though his own path was solitary, entered fully into the spirit of the hour, and felt hearty sympathy with the frolic joyousness which seemed to animate all classes on that holiday occasion. Just as he entered the town, and more sombre thoughts were returning to him, he met Colonel St. Leger crossing from an opposite street, and the young lady leaning on his arm—of course the subject of his meditations. A riding hood of black mode, the cape drawn over her head, almost concealed her face and figure; but Wallis could have sworn to the very motion of her little feet that tripped so daintily over the rough worn road. The Colonel directly stopped.

"You must come home with me, Captain Wallis," he said, cordially, "I have been looking for you; we soldiers, you know, use no ceremony, and I must contrive to make the hours pass less heavily, while the fortune of war keeps you a guest in our dull town."

Wallis thankfully accepted his courtesy, for the veteran's frank-hearted kindness removed any unpleasant feelings which might be suggested by their relative positions, and established the most friendly regard between them. Colonel St. Leger observing the young officer's eyes were directed enquiringly towards his fair companion presently added:

"This is my daughter, Captain Wallis, Mademoiselle St. Leger, sometimes known as sister Marié, a novice of the Congregation. In the latter character," he continued with a smile, "you may perhaps retain some faint impressions of her."

"Faint impression!" repeated Wallis, with unconscious earnestness, "it was her generous care felt, even in the dreary hours of mental darkness that brought me back to life and hope; a sister of mercy truly in her gentle ministrations, and my heart would be ungrateful indeed, if it would ever forget her kindness!"

Quite carried away by his enthusiasm Wallis forgot the formal rules of etiquette, and he looked into her face with such truthful admiration, that when Mademoiselle St. Leger raised her eyes to reply, the words that hovered on her lips died away in an inaudible murmur and her very brow was suffused with deepest crimson. But quickly

recovering her self-possession, she turned the conversation by a playful sally, which placed all parties at their ease, and suggested more indifferent topics for discussion during the remainder of their walk.

Arrived at Colonel St. Leger's comfortable residence, they found a cheerful fire blazing on the hearth, and the genial spirit that pervaded the little circle gave wings to time, so that the evening passed delightfully and too rapidly away. Marié sat apart, busied with an elaborate piece of tapestry, but she bore a modest part in the conversation, which was enlivened by her naive remarks. Once, at her father's request, she took her lute and sung a few simple airs, mostly of a devotional cast. Wallis thought he had never before felt the true charm of melody; even the peculiar cast of thought expressed in the words, when uttered with such touching sweetness, left undisturbed the prejudices of his early training.

Colonel St. Leger, when left alone with Wallis, in answer to some leading questions, informed him that his daughter had entered the community of the "Congregation" only as a boarder, or lay sister; that as he was often called away on duty, in these uncertain times, he felt great relief in leaving her under the safe protection of the worthy abbess who loved her as a daughter. Marié had no female relative, he said, to take a mother's place, and they lived in comparative seclusion. Her own feelings inclined her to take the veil, but for his sake she deferred entering on a formal noviciate, and whenever circumstances permitted him to occupy a dwelling in town, she always threw off her conventual dress, and came to live with him and cheer his lonely home. The "Daughters of the Congregation," he added, were not cloistered nuns, and apart from the devotional duties of their order, their lives were devoted to attendance on the sick, and ministrations in hours of affliction and death. Marié, he said, loved their pious labors, and at her urgent request she had been permitted to accompany a nun who was sent to take care of the sick and wounded at Laprairie, while her father held command there.

Captain Wallis could not avoid asking St. Leger, if he was willing to separate himself entirely from his only child, and devote her to a conventual life. He answered not without emotion,

"I leave her choice to God and the holy Virgin; she has no relative but myself, and when I die—and by the chances of war it may be very soon—Marié will be alone, without protection, and my earnest desire would be to leave her in that peaceful asylum."

Wallis modestly suggested that a more suitable protector than the old Abbess might be found for a young and lovely girl, so sweetly fitted, as he thought, to give happiness to domestic life. But the Colonel answered with a grave smile,

"A young girl without beauty, and with little fortune, meets barren sympathy when left alone in a cold and selfish world." And the conversation dropped. "Without beauty?" Wallis mentally repeated, "what is beauty then, if *she* has it not?"

* * * * *

Colonel St. Leger's penetration was far less acute than that of father Ambrose, Marié's confessor, a man of deep, though stern piety, who had watched over her from childhood with a jealous love, which made her soul's welfare the object of his unremitting care. Her mother's death, which took place when she was scarcely eight years of age, left her entirely to Catholic influences. She had till then been carefully instructed in the Protestant faith, and her heart long clung to it, for it was entwined with all her childish happiness, and the fond memory of her mother's love. Father Ambrose from that time became her educator and spiritual guide, and with a fidelity to principle, which, however, viewed by those differing in opinion, commanded respect by its earnestness and sincerity, he gradually displaced her early faith, and brought her imperceptibly within the pale of the Romish Church. Surrounded by Catholics, and still more, directed in all things by his influence, Marié lost every impression of her mother's religion, and though too gentle to become a bigot, she held her new faith as earnestly as father Ambrose could desire.

Yet the confessor knew the human heart too well, to believe its earliest impressions, though long dormant, could ever be entirely effaced. Like the characters which chemic art has sometimes traced on glass, they may lay long hidden from the eye, till at length a breath applied to the surface brings them clearly out. And so from the depths of her heart, he feared some chance impressions might at any unexpected moment revive the lessons of her childhood. It was his daily task to give her mind a bias for conventual life, and at his suggestion she was first placed in the nunnery of the "Congregation." Marié was still too young to receive the veil, and she loved her father too devotedly to leave him in his old age; but the priest kept that destination constantly before her eyes, and failed not to impress her with a vivid sense of its glory and happiness.

A fortnight passed away, and Captain Wallis had become a daily visitant at Colonel St. Leger's

house. He never asked himself what charm attracted him there, why his heart beat so wildly in the presence of the gentle Marié, why he sat from hour to hour, and watched her slender fingers, as the mimic roses bloomed beneath them on her tapestry, or listened with such thrilling pleasure to the music of her voice and lute, why he loved to gaze on her, even in silence, wondering all the time that he had never before looked on a face so eloquent in smiles and blushes! He did not ask himself why his captivity of late, sat so lightly on him, what spell had lulled the yearning desire for home, the ardent throb of patriotism, and left him in willing bondage to inglorious ease! Wallis asked no questions of his heart, he was blind as wily Cupid himself, into whose snares he had most assuredly fallen. But father Ambrose, whose vision was never dimmed, saw clearly into the state of affairs, and believing, as he did in all sincerity that the soul's welfare of his spiritual daughter would be endangered by alliance with a heretic, he made use of the influence attached to his sacred office, and hastened to terminate an intercourse that threatened such disastrous consequences.

Captain Wallis called at the house one morning as usual, and was thunder-struck to learn that Colonel St. Leger had been ordered suddenly away, at an early hour, on some private expedition. Mademoiselle Marié had gone to the "Congregation," and neither were expected to return for several weeks. Wallis felt like one who has reared a beautiful structure, and idly garnished it with his most precious wealth, when suddenly it falls in utter ruin, and he stands alone amidst the desolation. Light broke through the shattered fragments, and for the first time he realized that he had given away his affections irretrievably—not without return, he felt assured, but with little probability that his hopes could ever be realized. He passed from the house sufficiently dejected; and scarce had he reached his quarters, when he was officially informed that an exchange of prisoners had been effected, and that he was at liberty to leave with a party on the following morning, under proper escort, and at the frontier a band of friendly Indians waited to protect them beyond all posts of danger.

Wallis felt persuaded that some subtle agency was at work to produce these sudden changes, and the motive could not be mistaken. But how could he detect or counteract it? He exhausted his invention in devising expedients to communicate with Marié, were it only by a word or a single glance; but the doors of the convent were closed against him, and throughout the day, he felt that

a watchful eye was constantly on his movements. But hope did not desert him, and though he could not contend against destiny, light gleamed in the distance, and he resolved to follow it while life remained.

* * * * *

Captain Wallis, in company with several others, lately prisoners like himself, reached the shores of Lake Champlain, where they were obliged to remain several days, waiting for the friendly Indians, who had agreed to meet them there with their canoes. When they at length made their appearance, they signified their intention of deviating from the direct course, to avoid a party of French and Indians of the mountain, who, they said, were coming out in pursuit of them. So, instead of launching their canoes on the lake, they turned from it and struck across the country, with the view of following a trail along the western shore. They travelled slowly, for the autumn rains had swollen the little streams, so that it was often difficult to cross them; and sometimes the savages halted and sent out scouts to reconnoitre. Wallis became suspicious that they had some sinister design, for he observed they followed the setting sun, instead of keeping the southern course of the Lake. At last they came again in sight of the St. Lawrence, and beyond its foaming rapids, was visible the little settlement of Lachine, at the southern extremity of the island of Montreal.

The Indians encamped at night-fall in a dense forest, where they kindled watch fires, and were soon joined by a large body of savage warriors, fully equipped for a warlike expedition. The English party lay down to rest, weary and with many anxious thoughts. When they awoke the following morning, the encampment was almost deserted; the savages had stolen out noiselessly in the night, leaving a few old men behind, who asserted that the warriors had gone to meet a hostile tribe, who, they heard, were coming from the great lakes to surprise them. * * * *

Captain Wallis and his companions were obliged to wait the return of the savages, as they could not traverse the forest without guides, and they also required protection against the roving tribes which were always hovering about the borders. Two days passed away, and the third night they were roused by savage yells that announced the return of victorious warriors. Flushed with triumph, they rushed into the encampment, their grisly garments smeared with blood, and the scalps of fallen enemies, hanging thickly at their girdles. These were not the scalps of men, met in open conflict, but of peasants and peaceful citizens, the grey hairs of old age,

the flowing tresses of women, and the silken curls of childhood and infancy. A number of prisoners, some wounded, painfully dragging their wearied limbs, followed in the rear, pinioned and guarded, and a few litters, formed of the branches of trees, conveyed those who were incapable of walking.

The warriors, after holding a hasty council, broke up the encampment, and a midnight march commenced by the light of a few straggling stars. Silently the dusky train glided through the solitary wilds, but even their light footsteps startled the keen eared beasts of prey, whose dismal howls rung fearfully through the forest arches. Two days and nights they traversed thick woods and gloomy swamps, and the third morning found them on the borders of the beautiful Lake Champlain.

The Indians trimmed their canoes and launched them on the sparkling waters. Most of the warriors returned to their hunting grounds, leaving a small band to guide the English as far as Schenectady, on the frontier of the New England settlements. The evening shadows stretched far across the lake, when the pigmy fleet gained the opposite shore, and struck lightly on the silver strand. A broad bay there swept the base of a richly wooded hill side, then gorgeous with the many-tinted hues, which departing summer stamps upon her withering leaves. A few wigwams, not ungracefully constructed from arched and interwoven trees, were clustered on the shore, and women and children, gathering a scanty harvest of maize, or peeping from their sylvan dwellings, gave life to the beautiful solitude. Here the Indians encamped for the night, and the French prisoners taken in the late *fourrage*, were placed by themselves and carefully guarded.

Captain Wallis had been so much engrossed by his own sombre thoughts, that the shifting scenes, in which he bore an involuntary part, appeared to him like a shadowy state of existence. But the deep repose of that twilight scene, the rich coloring of the Western sky—the purple outline of the distant mountains—the singularly wild, yet lively picture presented by the encampment, with the quaint grouping of its tawny figures, arrested his eye, and for the first time since he quitted Montreal, awakened a dormant interest.

He observed several squaws gathering around a litter which had been carried in the rear, throughout the toilsome journey, and through their dusky forms he could just discern a female, as he thought, rise from the leafy covering, and enter a wigwam near at hand. Directly like the changes of a dream, another litter was brought

into the circle, in which, he heard it rumored, a wounded officer was carried. It was placed carefully on a swelling mound, which still looked freshly green under the protecting branches of an ancient elm, and was worn smooth by the gambols of the little impy children of the forest. A French soldier supported the wounded man, and a young squaw, with a gentle and compassionate countenance, held a potion to his lips, while savages and whites, gathered around, stood gazing at him in respectful silence.

A priest in his dark vestments approached, repeating an *ave*, and held a cross before the eyes of the dying man. He started with almost frantic energy.

"Not that, not that," he said, sinking back exhausted, "take it away, leave me to die in peace."

"He raves!" said the priest in pitying accents, "calm thyself, my brother, and before it is too late confess thy sins and receive the sacrament of absolution!"

"Vain superstition!" murmured the officer, lifting his feeble hand as if to thrust him back, "God has already listened to my prayers—He forgives my sins—leave me to His mercy!"

Captain Wallis had drawn nearer, near enough to catch the words, and look upon the countenance already marked by the seal of death. Stepping before the bewildered priest, he stooped down, while manly tears gushed from his eyes, and he could only utter, "Colonel St. Leger! The veteran, for he it was, raised his dimmed eyes, and a smile of heartfelt pleasure lighted up his features.

"Thank God!" he ejaculated, fervently, but his voice had reached other listening ears, and scarcely had the words passed his lips, when a slight figure sprang from the wigwam close at hand, and Mademoiselle St. Leger threw herself on her father's breast, in an agony of speechless sorrow. The pulse of life seemed to flow back for a brief space as the old man pressed the beloved child to his breast, and consciousness, already partially veiled, asked no solution to the mystery of her sudden appearance. An expression of serene happiness beamed on his placid features, and when Marié raised herself and looked at him, with sad yet hopeful earnestness, his eyes shone with sudden light, and turning to Wallis, with a last effort his lips framed the parting words, "protect my child!"

"So help me God!" returned Wallis, fervently; with a throbbing heart he clasped her hand, and they knelt together before the dying father. A glow of unspeakable love, kindled on the confines

of a purer world, overspread his countenance, and while they looked on him, with silent awe, which checked the passionate outburst of grief, the pulse of life calmly ceased, and the hero of many battles, slept in peace.

All night Captain Wallis watched by the remains of Colonel St. Leger; though his painful anxiety more than once called him with fond enquiries to the door of the wigwam, where Marié had retired in the first moment of her bitter sorrow. At early dawn the body of the brave veteran was buried in mournful silence on the same quiet spot where he had peacefully breathed his last sigh. Brave hearts—savage though they were, many of them, stood by with reverence, and a parting volley was fired over the honored grave. As Wallis lingered, sad at heart, long after all others had turned away, the first rosy tints of day shot down from an amphitheatre of mountains that circled the horizon, and resting on the fresh turned sod, glanced in a stream of brightness across the placid waters of the lake. No circumstances of pomp or ceremony could have suggested more beautiful and consoling thoughts than that cheering light, springing from a night of sorrow, and shedding radiance on the lonely grave of a departed soldier.

* * * * *

Romantic as the circumstances may appear, which so unexpectedly brought together the principle characters of this simple tale, they are but a truthful type of many a scene, stranger than fiction, that occurred during the troubles of early border warfare.

Colonel St. Leger, as has been stated, was ordered suddenly on a secret expedition, for it was rumored the Iroquois meditated a descent on the Island, and the inhabitants of scattered settlements, demanded military protection. The Colonel hoped to defeat their design by a sudden movement, and he was ordered to occupy Lachine, which lay open to their incursions. He reached that place with a small force and a few skilful engineers, intending to repair the old fort, and place it in a suitable state of defence. But the Iroquois, whose system of *espionage* equalled that of the whites, fully aware of their design, resolved to take them by surprise.

As we have seen, they left the English prisoners, whom they were sent to protect, slumbering in the encampment, and crossing the river, under cover of night, fell on the French with irresistible fury, the terrible war-whoop being the first signal to the garrison of their approach. Colonel St. Leger and every man at his post, fought with non-hearted courage, for life, or a cruel death

were the desperate stakes at issue. Pressed by overpowering numbers, still the barricades resisted, and the savage enemy were kept at bay, till Colonel St. Leger, who mingled in the thickest of the fight, received a fatal wound and fell lifeless to the ground. In the confusion that ensued, the savages forced an entrance to the fort, where the terrified inhabitants had flown for protection, and an indiscriminate massacre took place, from which few escaped to tell the fearful tale. Colonel St. Leger's life was spared, on account of his high rank, which rendered him a desirable hostage for some of their own chiefs then detained in Montreal.

Elated by success, the savages with silent and rapid steps advanced to Montreal, nine miles beyond, and arrived there before the least rumor of their approach could reach the citizens. In the dusky shadows of evening, they stole noiselessly along, and rushing into unprotected houses, with their discordant yells, and glittering tomahawks, saluted the affrighted inmates. On that night, Mademoiselle St. Leger, with an elder nun, was watching by the dying bed of a poor woman, who had sent to the nunnery to request attendance, such charitable services being constantly rendered by the "Daughters of the Congregation." It chanced to be one of the doomed houses, and the first savage shout rung a note of terror to every trembling heart.

Marié, in the agony of alarm, attempted to rush from the apartment, which was filling with dark figures; but her steps were arrested by a brawny Indian, who raised his tomahawk with a fierce and menacing air. Falling on her knees, she implored.—not his compassion, she believed that would be in vain,—but the mercy of God and the blessed Virgin. Her innocent loveliness, perhaps, or the earnestness of her appeal, though not comprehended, touched some chord in his savage heart, and lifting her in his arms, he bore her from the place unharmed. Marié remained long in a death-like swoon; when she recovered consciousness, she found herself lying on a litter, and borne far away into the heart of a wilderness, little dreaming that her father or any friend was near.

* * * * *

The release of Captain Wallis and the other prisoners taken at Laprairie, was welcomed with lively satisfaction by the garrison at Schenectady, where General Schuyler then had command. The escape of Wallis, indeed, was regarded as little short of a miracle, for when he fell under the savage tomahawk, the blow was considered fatal, the aim of that weapon was generally so unerring. The little army of pro-

vincials, of which they formed a part, had been disbanded, and General Winthrop returned to Boston, the invasion of Canada, so disastrously frustrated, being postponed for an indefinite period.

Mademoiselle St. Leger was regarded with lively interest by all who were acquainted with her touching story. Her lonely situation, her loveliness and her sorrow, won the sympathy of every generous heart. She was cordially received by General Schuyler and his excellent lady, and found a daughter's place in their home and their affections. But the scenes of terror she had passed through, and the sad bereavement she had suffered, left deep traces on her sensitive and affectionate heart. She remained long in strict seclusion, undisturbed even by the whispers of love—for Wallis revered her filial sorrow, and the vows of happy affection seemed to him a sacrilegious offering.

But time gradually mellowed her grief, and through the dark cloud that overhung the past, a silver light began to gleam—hope dawned in her path, and cheerful smiles again beamed from her gentle countenance. The refined and graceful influence of her adopted home, developed the rich treasures of her mind and heart, which could never have opened to full life, in the narrow circle of conventual duties. Her father's last words left an abiding impression on her mind; as she dwelt on them, they called back the shadowy past, the remembrance of her mother's love, and the simple teachings of her long forgotten faith. In an atmosphere of free enquiry, she sought out, and embraced the truths of religion in the received simplicity of those around her, and a deep practical faith, grafted on the warm devotion of her early profession, gave strength and harmony to every principle and action of her life.

Captain Wallis, on the eve of returning to his native home, received the hand he had so earnestly coveted, with the heart, long faithfully his own. The prophesy of his fondest hopes was fulfilled in the happiness of their future union, and in all the discipline of life, in its manifold trials and varied joys, the "Daughter of the Congregation" sustained with graceful dignity, the honored title of a New-England matron.

Some are kind enough to confer favors who are not humble enough to accept of them.

The best praise which we can bestow on an author, or an artist, is to show that we have understood his works.

THE APPEAL OF MARIA THERESA.

BY THE LATE LUCY HOOPEE.

BEAUTIFUL look'd the lady
When she wore the iron crown,
Beautiful at the banquet hall
With her shining hair unbound;
And queenly at the royal Mount,
As, with a warrior's air,
She boldly waved the flashing sword,
And rein'd her charger there.

But more beautiful the lady,
With her calm and stately grace,
Glaning with firm and steadfast eye
On knight and noble's face:
And casting to the idle wind
A woman's passing fear,
She turn'd to that assembled throng—
"Nobles of Hungary, hear!

"As men do gaze in thickest night
Upon a single star,
So shines to me your steadfast faith
With promise from afar;
I place my trust upon your arms,
On yours, the true and brave,
For Hungary's soil may never shield
The coward or the slave!

"I call unto my rescue now
God and St. Stephen's aid
I gaze upon the swelling tide
With spirit undismay'd.
Nobles and Knights of Hungary
I pledge my queenly word
To guard for you each sacred right—
Who draws for me his sword!

"New, in my hour of darkest fear,
On you my hope I cast;
Nobles and knights of Hungary,
Will ye not bide the blast!
God shall defend my righteous cause,
I call ye to the strife!
Who for his leader and his queen
Will peril fame and life?"

And swords were from their scabbards
flung,

And spears were gleaming bright,
While loudly thrilling accents rung,
"St. Stephen for the right!—
Lady! to thee our lives we pledge,
The peril we defy;
Marie Theresese shall be our queen,
Mary, our battle-cry!"

Noble and knight on bended knee;
Came from the throng apart,
And bathed with tears her gentle hand
Who bore so pure a heart;
And tears were in those shining eyes,
Though flash'd her spirit high,
As louder swell'd the thrilling words,
"For thee we live or die!"

THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF MUSIC.

VARIOUS theories have been formed respecting the origin of music; and, indeed, in attempting to account for it, we meet with difficulty which does not occur in the other fine arts. Architecture, for instance, originated in the earliest wants of man: the first houses were only more convenient than the dens of wild beasts; afterwards, from a principle inherent in our nature, attempts were made to beautify what at first was only useful. The objects of nature suggested the ornaments employed in architecture. The trunk of some tall and graceful tree was the model of the Grecian column; a few saplings, bound together, form the Gothic. A basket of votive offerings, left on the tomb of a Greek girl, round which the Acanthus had gracefully spread its leaves, is said to have given the idea of the Corinthian capital; and the interweaving of the branches of a forest, which is clear of brushwood, seen in winter with a sunset sky for the background, presents the most exquisite specimens of the Gothic arch. Painting and sculpture are also strictly imitative arts.

This is not the case with music: no imperious physical want first called it into existence; no models constantly prompted its cultivators to improvement. We might almost say, there is no type of it in nature; for what, compared with music as we now possess it, is the roar of the ocean, the sighing of the forest, or the warbling of birds, which form the music of nature? If we examine music as a science, we find it involving some of the deepest mathematical calculations, proceeding upon principles as invariable and governed by laws as intricate as those by which the planets move on in their orbits. If we view it as an art, we are astonished at its variety and power; we observe that genius alone, aided by years of patience and toil, can excel in it. We find it a universal language, written and uttered alike by all civilized nations: no translations are needed for it: the distant Russian, of the north-west coast, and the inhabitant of sunny Italy, read it with ease. It cannot perish with length of time; it can never become a dead language, for there is no mystery about its pronunciation; it is written in characters which suggest tones as well as thoughts, and which will never cease to do so, until the very nature of the art shall be changed.

This sublime and perfect art, therefore, seems to have grown up out of nothing—a solitary monument of unaided genius.

A common thing respecting its origin is, that it was first produced by the imitative propensities of men. Hearing the notes of birds, the rushing of streams, or the whistling of the wind, they endeavored to produce the same sound with the voice, or upon some rude instrument, and, gradually improving upon these beginnings, brought music to its present perfection. This theory is ingenious, but not probable. We might as well account for language in the same manner, and infer, that speech was suggested to man by the growl of the bear, the barking of the dog, or the more homely sounds of more homely animals. I much prefer to suppose, that music is born within us; that it is indissolubly allied to our nature, and belongs to us as peculiarly as language itself. Instead of being merely imitative, and addressed to the senses alone, I prefer to invest it with a high intellectual character. The cry of horror, at sudden and fearful events, the loud shout of thanksgiving and jubilee, the soft, sweet tone that lulls the cradled infant, are more than imitative sounds; they address themselves directly to the understanding and feelings. Music begins where language ends; it expresses thoughts and emotions, to which speech can give no utterance; it clothes words with a power which language cannot impart. Our favorite songs are set to music, because we are not satisfied with hearing them recited; we want to express more vividly the emotions which these words excite within us; and music alone will do it. Hence it is, that after hearing them sung, the words appear powerless if read in the common tone of voice.

Though it is probable, that vocal music preceded all other kinds, we still know that instruments for producing sound were very early invented. We are told, in Genesis, that "Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ." Other references were also made to the cultivation of music in the first ages of the world. The first grand musical festival on record, however, occurred immediately after the passage of the Israelites across the Red Sea; nor can we conceive of a more sublime celebration. Standing on the shores of that wreck-strewed sea, whose

waves rolled over the lifeless bodies of their enemies, and beholding in the distance the land of their bondage, they thought of the miracles which had been wrought for their deliverance; they remembered that, for them, the rivers had been changed into blood; for them, the country had been desolated, the people tortured with baleful reptiles and thick darkness had rested on the land; for them, the waters of the sea had been piled up as a wall, on their right hand and on their left; they remembered, that they were free, and the desert rang with their triumphant anthems. The account is given with that simple grandeur which characterizes the writings of Moses. 'Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying—I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. Thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy. With the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright, as an heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea. The enemy said—I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil, my lust shall be satisfied on them; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.—Thou didst blow with thy wind; the sea covered them; they sank as lead in the mighty waters. And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them—Sing ye to the Lord for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.'

The Jews were a highly musical people; they added this charm to all their celebrations, domestic, civil, and religious; they sang at their nuptial feasts, at the inauguration of their kings, and on birth-day festivals. The returning conqueror was welcomed with songs, and the wearisomeness of the long march was relieved by this pleasing recreation. In the temple, the music was performed by the Levites; they were four thousand in number, and were divided, by king David, into twenty-four classes, each of which performed the music of the temple for one week at a time. They accompanied their songs by the different instruments which were then in use, excepting the silver trumpets, which were employed by the priests alone, and were used to summon the people, to make known the festal days, to direct the order of march, and to sound the alarm.

The most ancient musical instrument appears to have been the harp. Among the Hebrews, it had four, eight, or ten strings. With this number, it is not probable that very complicated music

was produced; but the instrument was undoubtedly used chiefly as an accompaniment to the voice. They also used another stringed instrument, of a triangular form. It was covered with parchment, drawn tight over both sides, so as to produce reverberation, like the guitar or violin. Over this, were drawn the strings, six, nine, or ten in number. This instrument is supposed to be alluded to in the Scriptures as the psaltery. The wind instruments were pipes—either single, or several joined together—trumpets and horns: the organ, as understood in the Bible, was nothing more than a simple pipe, perhaps pierced, like our clarinet, to produce different notes. We find that, till very recently, the word retained the same signification in English—the instrument which now bears the name, being always mentioned in the plural number, so that we spoke of playing the organs, not the organ. The timbrel appears to have been much such an instrument as our tambourine—being composed of a circular frame of wood or brass, hung round with small bells, and a piece of parchment stretched over it. This instrument was used by the dancers to accompany their steps. Finally, the Jews made use of cymbals, much like our own, and another kind not unlike the Spanish castanets, four in number, which were worn on the thumb and middle finger of each hand, to beat time in dancing.

The Greeks were great lovers of music. Their instruments were not unlike those of the Jews. Their principal and most ancient one, was the harp; besides which, they used the pipe, trumpet, and flute; and we may reasonably suppose, that music was carried to a high degree of perfection among a people remarkable for their exquisite taste, and speaking a language which, for melodiousness, has never been matched. I suppose their ordinary singing to have been somewhat like that of the Italian peasants of the present day; and there certainly is no popular music so delightful as this. Returning home in crowds from their labors, or wandering by midnight through the streets of their cities, they invariably join in the full chorus: they are untaught, but their taste is so correct, and their voices so fine, that they are able to sing in perfect time, and produce rich harmony: and the traveller, from some less genial climate, aroused from his slumbers by this midnight chorus, which, in the pure, still nights of Italy, seems to fill the air, almost fancies that he has listened to tones from a better world.

The Greeks possessed even greater natural advantages than the modern Italians. Their taste for the fine arts is without any rival; and the

clear and mild atmosphere of their country undoubtedly rendered their voices superior to those of any modern civilized nation. They began very early, however, to reduce music to a regular science. In 546, B. C., Casus wrote a treatise on the theory of music; and Pythagoras investigated the mathematical relations of tones. The division of the scale, as explained by Vitruvius, is somewhat intricate; it consisted of two octaves and a half; but these octaves, however, contained only half the compass of our own—as the Greeks appear to have used half-notes and quarter-tones, where we employ the whole and semitones. As there is much uncertainty still, respecting the significance of their terms, it is not worth our while to go into the detail upon this point. It is worthy of remark, however, that the Greeks had so cultivated music, that their language was employed in the science exclusively, and seems to have been as intimately connected with it, as Italian is at the present day. Vitruvius remarks, that, "harmony is a difficult musical science, but most difficult to those who are unacquainted with the Greek language, because it is necessary to use many Greek words, to which there are no corresponding ones in the Latin."

The Greeks evinced considerable knowledge of harmony, in an expedient to which they resorted for aiding the voices of their actors. Their theatres were very large, and open above, so that it was almost impossible for the voice, unaided, to fill them: numerous musical instruments, somewhat resembling a bell in shape and tone, were therefore suspended around the interior of the theatre, at regular intervals, in such a manner that their focus was in the middle of the stage: they were made to chord with each other; and the actor's voice, falling equally on all, reverberated in clear and unbroken tones. Another use made of musical tones, by the Greeks, was in their military engines. The Catapulta was a machine for throwing arrows and stones. A thick plank, of some elastic wood, having one end firmly fixed, was bent back by means of numerous cords, which being suddenly loosed, the plank returned violently to its original position, and discharged the missile with great force. The accuracy of the aim depended upon drawing with equal force each cord by which the plank was bent back; and, in order to be certain of this, they struck the cords when in a state of tension, and determined, by the musical tone it returned, whether it were drawn tight enough or not.

In closing our remarks upon Greek music, we cannot forbear citing a very pleasant writer, in the Edinburgh Review, upon the subject: "Greece,"

says he, "was, without exaggeration, the land of minstrelsy. It is not to a few great names and splendid exhibitions, to temples and theatres and national assemblies, that we need appeal for the proof of this assertion. View her people in their domestic occupations, their hours of labor and refreshment; peep into their houses, their work-shops, their taverns; survey their farms, their vineyards, their gardens; from all, arises an universal sound of melody. The Greek weaver sang at his loom, the reapers sang in the field, the water-drawers at the well; the 'women, grinding at the mill,' beguiled their toils with song. On board ship, was heard one kind of strains; around the wine-press, peeled another. The shepherd had his own peculiar stave—the oxherd, rejoicing in ballads more suited to 'horned bestial'—the godlike swineherd disdained to be outdone. Greek nurses, like other nurses, soothed fretful infancy with lullabies; Greek bathing-men were given to be musical. At bed and board, in grief, in love, in battle, in festivity, walking, running, swinging, sitting or recumbent, still they sang. Young men and maidens, old women and children, woke the untiring echoes. Beggars asked for alms, in verse. No occasion, great or small, of a mortal career, was without its appropriate harmony. Marriage had its epithalamia, its soporific strains at midnight, its rousing strains in the morning; parturition had its hymns to Diana; death itself was forced to drop the curtain to soft music."

In Italy, music had made some advances before the time of the Romans. On this subject an American writer makes the following remarks: "We cannot doubt of the existence of music in Italy antecedently to the time of the Romans; although no treatise has been handed down to us on the subject, written in the Oscan or Etruscan language. When we bear in mind the number and splendor of the cities, possessed by the latter of these nations, the luxury of their inhabitants, the skill of the artists, particularly in the plastic art, and in the fabrication of those vases denominated Etruscan, which equal, in point of beauty, the famous Murrhine vases—when we cast our eyes on Capua, which was called *Caput Urbium*, from the circumstance of its being the first of the Etruscan colonies—on Pozzuoli, whose immense amphitheatre has survived the ravages of time, and served as a model of the famous Coliseum of Flavianus—on Naples and Cumae, the most ancient of all their cities—can we for a moment believe, that in such a country, in other words, in all the southwest districts of Italy, the musical art alone should not have been carried to the highest

degree of perfection?" The Romans borrowed songs and musical instruments from this nation and from Greece; and they employed music on the same occasions as these two; but especially for religious ceremonies and in war. The flute was used on the stage to sustain the voice of the actor; and it is supposed that the great orators employed a musician for the same purpose, when they addressed the people in the forum. It was not until the time of the emperors, however, that music reached its perfection among them. In the age of Augustus (as we are told) the magnificent hymn, written by Horace, in honor of Apollo and Diana, which has been preserved to our day, was set to music and sung by two choirs, alternately—one composed of females, the other of young men from the best families in Rome. Under the succeeding Emperors, the art was cultivated with great care; the instruments used were nearly the same as those of Greece, and it is probable that they were extremely good. One of them has been preserved uninjured, to our own time. This instrument, which is the origin of the trombone, one of the most important pieces in modern bands, was dug up recently in Pompeii, where it had been buried for nearly two thousand years, and was presented by the King of Naples to the Emperor of Austria; the lower part is of bronze, and the upper half, with the mouth-piece, of pure gold. The tones of this instrument are so fine, that modern art has never been able to equal them.

The Emperor Nero excelled in playing on the harp, and his reign may be considered the golden age of classic music. But, the art was solemnly proscribed at Rome after his death, for it was too painfully associated with his crimes; it reminded the people of a tyrant, who delighted in blood—the murderer of his venerable preceptor, of his brother and his mother and both his wives; it reminded them of the monster who set fire to the city, and, during the nine days' conflagration, sang to his harp of the burning of Troy. This epoch may be regarded as the close of "Ancient Music." It was received into the Christian church after this, and there developed with a power which was unknown to antiquity.

Two buildings, on distant and opposite hills, in Rome, seem to record these facts; on one hand is seen a bleak, weather worn tower, rising in lonely grandeur amid the ruins of the past. On this tower, Nero is said to have stood, enjoying the awful fire he had occasioned, and exulting, with harp and song, over the scene of destruction and woe which was passing beneath. On the opposite side of the city, and beyond the Tiber, stands the magnificent temple of St. Peter's—the most sub-

lime and glorious monument ever reared—the work of ages—the wonder of earth. There are heard those marvellous tones, never equalled and inimitable—the perfection of Christian music. These edifices may be regarded as the monuments of ancient and modern music; each tells its own tale.

BEGUILINGS.

BY JANE E. LOCKE.

Ye win me back to earth, young bud and flowers,
When I had lifted toward the heaven my wing,
And fixed mine eye upon the shady bowers,
Where evermore do fadeless blossoms spring.

Ye win me back to earth with your bright hues,
And gentle whisperings of soft summer dawns,
Bedecked with jewels strung of glistening dews,
On the fine netted threads that drape the lawns.

Ye have a fragrance in your morning breath,
That giveth back the life I had resigned;
For odor all so sweet, the rival Death
Lingereth awhile that I its strength my bind.

Ye make the earth so beautiful again,
My fainting spirits leap as health were mine,
And the pale sluggish stains the blue vein
Adown my temple write a richer line.

Ye waken in my soul, ye lovely things,
Fond kisses of the maker taking form;
A gladness that unlocks the secret springs
Of life, and once more love and beauty warm.

Ye do beguile me of the weary hours,
That through long restless nights hang round
my bed;
For I do sweetly dream of brooks and bowers,
And forest shade, where ye a beauty spread.

And ye do mind me even, night and day,
Of a sweet "COTTAGE" by a river's flow;
And a glad waterfall in merry play,
Whose gentle murmurs were as harp-tones low.

There, over-canopied with shrub and vine,
Grouped my young household, with bright
faces fair,
Or sought for tassels of the fringed pine,
Or flowers whose odor sweet burden'd the air.

O, ye were ever to my longing heart,
Shadows of holiest things the blest ideal;
Nor could I from your presence meekly part.
But that I go to dwell amid the real.

Ye yet may hold me from my native clime
A little space, though angels beckon me;
But when shall come the autumn-fading time,
We may together seek our own eternity?

LORD OSSORY.

THE unwavering loyalty and stern honor of James Butler, Duke of Ormond, is almost proverbial. Through the civil wars, his fidelity to the king was never for a moment shaken, though fame, fortune, and power were a necessary sacrifice to his devotion; and when the king *did* "enjoy his own again"—and enjoy it in a manner that disgraced him for ever—Ormond and his family remained unpolluted in that festering court, uncorrupted in the midst of venality. He did indeed stand alone. The degeneracy of the times did not reach *him*, and such was the power of his strong virtue over even the sensualist Charles, that, when the king frowned upon him, he did it with so poor a grace that Buckingham inquired "whether the Duke were out of his Majesty's favor, or his Majesty out of the Duke's?" But, noble as was the character of Ormond, it did not surpass, and scarcely equalled, that of his wife; and their combined virtues lived again in the Lord Ossory, their son.

To this young nobleman, we may look as to a model of all that is noble in character and in person. Tall, strong, active, and with an open, handsome countenance, his outer man was a true exponent of the being that ruled within. As a son, a husband, and a patriot, he was never surpassed in kindness, truth and courage. The friend of the destitute, the steward of the needy, he was yet the embodied spirit of chivalry, the soul of honor, the lion of England, the glory of his age, his country, and his race. "No writer," says the historian, "ever appeared, then or since, so regardless of truth and of his own character as to venture one stroke of censure on that of the Earl of Ossory."

And yet upon this character there *was* a blot. Although engaged in every important battle on land or sea until his death—although he dared accuse the favorite and pander of his king in his king's presence, telling him that he well knew that he, George Villiers, was the instigator of the assassin that had attempted his father's life, and giving him warning that, if by any means the Duke of Ormond was murdered, he would hold him to be the assassin, and pistol him, though he stood by his monarch's chair—yet was there an enemy to whose might even Ossory bowed, an assassin to whose dagger he bared his heart.

It was a calm evening, and the Countess lingered longer than usual under the noble oaks, pacing the green sward and listening for the sound of her lord's steed. He had gone the previous morning to the city, to conclude some negotiations respecting certain monies which, at his wife's request, he had loaned to her father, and she now awaited the success of his endeavors, for they were of much import to her parent. But the twilight faded, and the lady was forced to retire to her chamber alone. Another, and another, and a third hour past, but he came not, and his lady began to fear lest some of those who had sought to hang the father upon Tyburn gallows should be now exulting over the fall of the renowned son. But, again, when she remembered his prowess, his band of followers, and above all, the moral might of the very name of Ossory, she felt that there could be no danger.

The clock had told the hour past midnight, and, save the Countess and one of her women, all within doors were asleep. There was a loud knocking at the gate, then the ladies heard the porter's voice, the portal opened, and a light step was heard on the stair. Quick as the thought, the noble lady flung open her chamber door, and seizing the page's arm—for it was her lord's page—"Ronald," she said, and the tones were low and husky, "where is your master?" The boy stood trembling and silent. "Where?" she repeated, in a tone that *would* be answered. "In the grove by the old castle," he faltered. "And who was with him?" "No one." The blood went slowly from the lady's countenance, until even her lips were as ashes. "Does he live?" she said, and so sepulchral was the voice that Ronald started for fear. "Assuredly he does, dear lady," cried the child, bursting into tears; "he is not harmed, but only ill in mind. Go to him, and comfort and support him, my more than mother—for he would not let any, not even me, stay by him, he was so ill at ease." As the leaden and livid cloud, when touched by the sunbeam, is moulded into a world of beauty and light, even so did the boy's speech bring back to the noble lady's countenance its wonted life; and even while the tears of joy rolled down her cheek, and the throbbing of the heart choked her voice, she motioned to her tirewoman to prepare her dress for going abroad.

With no other attendant than her lord's hound

—whose sagacity, strength, and courage made him a guard of more value than any other with whom she was willing to go into her husband's presence—she passed from the house, and took the well-known path to the Hermit's Hollow. It was a dark and dreary way; the ruined castle frowned over the dell, and the corpses were thick and impenetrable. Were there a lion in the path, the lady could not have turned aside; but all was clear, and preceded by her stately attendant, Emilie de Nassau, tripped with a light step, but heavy heart, to the mystic glen, in which tradition said the heathen of old had sacrificed to their false gods other victims than sheep and goats.

In the depth of the dell, by the light of the moon, the Countess saw a human figure seated upon the ground, and at nearly the same moment he was discovered by Cœur-de-Lion, whose head was for an instant raised, while his half-stifled growl spoke suspicion, but who the next instant sprang from his mistress's side, and with a few bounds reached and crouched to the sitting figure. The man looked up for a moment, and then his head drooped again.

The Countess was satisfied from the dog's motions that it was her husband, and descended by the narrow pathway until she stood before the seeming sleeper; for, though the hound again went forward to welcome her, *he* moved not, and to seeming, lived not. "My Lord," she said. A tremor passed over his frame, but still he said nothing. She stopped, and kneeling upon the damp earth, "My husband," she said, "speak to me." It was not a tone of entreaty nor of command, but of affection; and raising his hot brow, England's noblest chief met her eye for one moment, and then bowed his head again in agony and shame. "Why do you turn from me, my Lord?" she continued; "have I done aught to displease you?" Again he raised his head; the drops of sweat stood upon his noble forehead, and his hair was matted and tangled. Even by the moonlight his young wife saw the blush upon his cheek, and the hot hand she grasped told of fever within.

"My Lord"—for still he spoke not—"you suffer."

"I do, Emilie," said the stricken Earl; "I do suffer the torments of the damned."

"Why, my dear Lord—why and whence this anguish? Is it of body or mind? Where have you been? What done? Why seek you this spot?"

"To hide my shame," replied he, as over his open face there flitted one of those passing expressions which witness

"huge affliction and dismay

Mixed with obdurate pride."

"For yesterday," he continued, "I could have faced without blenching the proudest noble, the bravest foe in Europe, and now I shrink from a woman, and that woman my wife."

"And why, Lord Ossory? Has the first man in England done anything to disgrace himself?"

"I have, Emilie," cried he, rising as though a thousand weight were upon his stalwart shoulders, "I have disgraced myself, and you, and all that claim us as parents or as children. My word is forfeit, my pledged word, that not this round world should have tempted me to break, has been broken at the first tempter's bidding—and the whole earth hisses at me;" and with clenched hands he pressed his brain, as though to crush the organ of thought that brought thus his sins before him.

"My Lord of Ossory," said his queen-like wife, stepping back from him, "*your honor is in your own keeping, and my honor is in mine; no act of yours shall attain my blood or my character in the courts of God, whatever man may adjudge. Your fault I partly guess—partly, indeed, know. It is a deep and dark one, my Lord, but it may and must be repented; your boasted virtue has been too often proved weak, but this must be so no more. The man whom all Europe dared not impeach of falsehood, I dare and do; and he dare not say nay to the charge.*"

Twice while she spoke, the young nobleman attempted to seize her arm, but she waved him back with an air which he, who knew so well her virtues and her strength of mind dared not disobey.

"Emilie," he said, when she ceased, "is this kind? I am already in the dust; cannot my wife wait until a foe gives me the mercy-stroke, that she thus chides?"

"For your own good, and from my love to you, my Lord, I speak. You are not in the dust, and shall not be, if but true to yourself. What is it for which you grieve?"

"I will tell you, and that briefly," he said, speaking with the bitterness of despair. "I had bound myself, as you know, to your father for a thousand pounds. Yesterday I went up to arrange matters, as you also know; I did well, and received the money. The evening was to be spent with your cousin Arlington, at whose table I met a young stranger from your land, whose face, in the dim light they allowed us, seemed pleasant enough, and whose voice and manner were those of a stripling bred at court. I took to him, though why I know not, and by-and-by he proposed play. For a time I was averse, though

with shame let me say it, I dared not refuse on principle—but he at length won me to bet with him on certain of the players at the other end of the room. We did not see their hands, nor did he in fact go near them. We talked, and betted, and talked again, and still I lost ever. I pledged of your father's money, and that too went; till, owing to desperation, and utterly forgetful of my duty, my word, my honor, and my virtue, I staked all I had received, and lost it all. Just then—would to God it had been an hour sooner!—my father sent for me, and I left your brothers penniless. The whole of the past day I have been engaged in business, but with the evening came the remembrance of my disgrace, and I dared not, Emilie, I dared not meet you. My broken faith will be known, my loose virtue will be scoffed at, and the spotless scutcheon of Ormonds will be stained black by me!" Thus saying, the victim of *one* vice—and that no vice to the world—the miserable gambler, the broken-spirited noble, the self-convicted, self-condemned man of honor, flung himself upon the turf as though he had hoped a grave would open beneath him.

For a few moments his Countess stood by him in silence, and as she saw how strongly he was moved, the tears gathered in her lids, and she knelt by his side again, and said, "Ossory, my Lord Ossory, be yourself; this anguish, great as it is, is medicinal; you will henceforth know how mighty the sum of pain which follows broken vows and violated principles. Rise, my Lord, and let us home. Your promise to my father shall not be broken; your money waits you."

Slowly Lord Ossory rose from the ground, and would have asked her meaning, but she turned into the homeward path; the lion-hearted hound sprang on in advance, but with fallen crest, as though he too had felt his master's shame; and behind followed the noble with bended head. They reached the portal—the wondering warder admitted them; they reached the chamber, and the page opened it before them. The Earl, with folded arms, stood by the window, as a criminal before his judge; the Countess took from her cabinet some papers, and carried them to him. "Heavens!" he cried, "do I dream? They are the very bills I lost to the young noble."

"They are."

"And where is he?"

"He stands here before you. By connivance my Lord, I won your money, lest another should play upon your weakness; I won it for your good, and now restore it for your honor."

The iron band about his forehead was loosed; his word was not forfeit, his scutcheon was not stained beyond the reach of repentance; and bow-

ing his head upon her shoulder, the Lord Ossory wept. From that day forth he stood unimpeached of the vice of gambling, before God and man.

A STORM AT SEA.

—
BY PAULINE.
—

Ripplets on the wind-swept wave,

And clouds in the angry west,

And rain drops that heavily fall

On the ocean's breast,

And a lonely, sweeping wind,

That moans through the gloomy shrouds,

And streaks of vivid light

In the thunder clouds.

And a sullen rushing sound,

From a line on the distant tide,

Where the storm-fiend spreads his wing,

In his power and pride;

On, on with a fearless step,

And a steady booming roar!

His wing on the blast is heard,

His warm breath comes before.

The storm, the storm, and one vessel yields

To its fierce o'erwhelming force;

As bending grain on the harvest fields

In the breeze of the evening hour.

'Tis here, and our yard-end kisses the spray,

And the surges madly leap:

A loud report, and a sail's away,

Like a bird's wing o'er the deep!

The purple black of the deep'ning sky,

The dashing spray of the billows high,

The bending spars, and the dripping shrouds,

And the blue light parting the heavy clouds,

And oft in the lulls of the storm are heard

The swift command, and the answering word,

And thunders are pealing,

And hushed ones are kneeling,

And hands are uplifted in horrible dread,

And women are weeping,

While billows are sweeping,

The deck damp and slippery where mariners tread.

On, on bounds the ship in her hurried flight,

O'er rising waves in their fearful height!

But sudden stops, like a mighty steed

By a strong rein checked, in his swiftest speed,

And struggles, shivering, her timbers quivering,

A wave has burst on her storm-lashed prow;

She trembling feels the shock, and reels,

In her swift check'd flight o'er the tide, but now

She is on again, and the waters fly
 From her pointed prow, and the billows high ;
 Oh horrid din ; and the thunders boom,
 And light'nings gleam through the purple gloom,
 A crash ! a crash ! and a louder splash ;
 And a gallant mast has reached the tide,
 And axes gleam o'er the fallen beam,
 To sever death from the vessel's side.

But hush, there is light on the western sea,
 Like the faintest gleams of memory !
 It tinges the wave with its welcome ray,
 It falls in beams on the less'ning spray,
 And light'nings cease, and thunders stay,
 And clouds to the bright'ning sun give way ;
 The surges sink in the dying wind,
 The sailors gladly their sails unbind,
 The snowy deck of the vessel dries,
 And tears are wiping from happy eyes,
 While downwards the sunrays brightly pour
 On smiling looks, for the storm is o'er.

TO A LAND BIRD.

Thou wanderer from green fields and leafy nooks !
 Where blooms the flower and toils the honey-bee—
 Where odorous blossoms drift along the brooks,
 And woods and hills are very fair to see—
 Why hast thou left thy native bough to roam,
 With drooping wing, far o'er the briny billow ?
 Thou canst not, like the petrel, cleave the foam,
 Nor, like the osprey, make the wave thy pillow.
 Thou'rt like those fine-toned spirits, gentle bird !
 Which, from some better land, to this rude life
 Seem borne—they struggle, 'mid the common
 herd,

With powers unfitted for the selfish strife !
 Hap'ly, at length, some zephyr wafts them back
 To their own home of peace, across the world's
 dull track.

Leagues of blue ocean are between us spread
 And I cannot behold thee, save in dreams !
 I cannot hear the music round thee shed,
 I do not see the light that from thee gleams.
 Fairest and best ! 'mid summer joys, ah, say,
 Dost thou e'er think of one, who thinks of thee—
 Th' Atlantic wanderer—who, day by day,
 Looks for thy image in the deep, deep sea ?
 Long months, and years, perchance, may pass
 away,

Ere he shall gaze upon thy face again ;
 He cannot know what rocks and quicksands lay
 Before him, on the Future's shipless main ;
 But, thanked be Memory ! there are treasures still,
 Which the triumphant mind holds subject to its
 will.

—CHARLES SWAIN.

SONG.

' BLOW, GENTLE GALE !'

Blow, gentle gale ! my pinnace sleeps
 Upon the sea,
 In yonder tower, my Ella keeps
 Her watch for me !
 Ah, lift my snow-white sail,
 Thou gentle gale !

Breeze, pleasant breeze ! where dallyest thou ?
 On beds of flowers ?
 Come, with their odors round thee now,
 Come from their bowers !
 And fill my drooping sail,
 Thou gentle gale !

Come ! lovely wind—a fairer rose
 Awaits thy kiss ;
 On Ella's cheek thou may'st repose,
 And faint with bliss,
 So thou wilt stir my sail,
 Thou gentle gale !

Ah, joy ! the waters, crimson-dyed,
 Far, far away,
 Touched by thy unseen pinions, glide
 In merry play ;
 Fill, fill my shivering sail,
 Thou gentle gale !

Thanks, gentle gale ! my pinnace rocks—
 My streamers fly—
 The mists float on, like soaring flocks,
 Along the sky ;
 Press, press my willing sail,
 Thou gentle gale !

Blow on, sweet breeze !—a moment more,
 And I shall see
 Her signal, waving from the shore.
 To welcome me ;
 Rend, if thou wilt, my sail !
 Blow, gentle gale !

P. B.

SONNET TO A CHILD.

A ROSEBUD opening, pearled with morning dew,
 Through the young foliage glancing, light and
 free,
 A gentle fountain gushing joyously
 O'er the green sward—a bright star in the blue
 Of the still heavens, or beacon on the sea ;
 These have I thought thee, light of fanciful hours !
 Fair promise of Time's yet unmeasured space ;
 But be thy bloom more durable than the flower's ;
 Thine all that fountain's purity and grace !
 And may no blight fall on their hopes, who trace
 Their features, fortunes, happiness in thine !
 Be thou the starlight of their day's decline,
 Waking unearthly dreams. O may'st thou be
 All I would fondly deem—All they would pic-
 ture thee !

OUR TABLE.

THE HEIR OF WEST-WAYLAND: BY MARY HOWITT.
HARPER AND BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

THIS is the latest of Mrs. Howitt's life-like and beautiful fictions, and not the least interesting and powerful that she has written. It is a simple home tale, full of true and noble thoughts, of fine descriptions of natural scenery, and varied and just delineations of character. There is a freshness and beauty, like that of the early morning, about all the productions of Mrs. Howitt's pen, which has a purifying and elevating influence that few hearts fail to feel and acknowledge. This is peculiarly the case with the work under notice, and lends to the narrative, simple as it is, a charm that bears the reader on without any diminution of interest to the last page of the book.

The character of the managing Mrs. Dutton is admirably pourtrayed, and we cannot but rejoice when she is disappointed in her schemes and expectations by the marriage of her wealthy relative. The villain, Richard Ellworthy, is drawn with a masterly hand, but we think all his villany should have been exposed—his robbery of Cousin Thomas, and his cowardly abduction of his cousin's will—that he might have found his punishment in the open indignation and contempt which these base acts would have brought down upon him.

The scenery of Wayland Dale and the primitive lives of the Dale's people is described with a poet's pen, and presents a picture of pastoral beauty and simplicity. Here the lovely heroine of the story, Honour Mildmay, and her mother, came from scenes of trial and suffering to find a new home, and enter upon a new sphere of duties. The impression which the appearance of the quiet and beautiful dale first makes upon her is thus eloquently described:—

"After surveying this scene for some time with sensations of exquisite pleasure, Honour walked round the house and seated herself upon a rustic bench which she found in an elevated spot of the garden, beneath a large birch tree, and which commanded in still broader amplitude the scene I have attempted to describe. Sky-larks were singing in the clear sunny air above her; the dew still lay glittering on leaf and flower, and peeping through the leafy branches of trees, she saw the little gable of their new home, with the white-

curtained casement window of the little chamber where her mother slept.

"The deep consoling consciousness of a loving guiding providence which brought them hither, where the hands of friendly strangers had provided for them not only comforts but indulgences, filled her heart with an inexpressible joy and gratitude. She felt no regrets for the past; she had gone as through the darkness and uncertainty of night, and she stood now in the light and security of morning, and, like the lark on the hill-tops, she poured forth her soul in thanksgiving."

And again in reviewing this period, she gives expression to her beautiful thoughts and emotions in these words:—

"I shall never forget the first morning when we drove into the Dale. All seemed so calm and delicious, so filled with a pure and happy life; it was the strangest effect; I, who was not wholly well at the time, felt it deeply. Someway it seemed as if we had left all our old sorrows and anxieties behind us in the busy world; as if in approaching this region we had passed by that cross which Christian found on his journey, and that in our case, as in his, the burden had dropped of at its foot; and then the next morning, when because I could not sleep, I rose early, almost as early as the lark, and saw a silvery veil of mist lifted up from the valley, which lay before me so beautiful, so calm, so fresh! How happy I felt; and with so strange a happiness, I could not help praising God for it, and praying that he would make my life useful amid such heavenly scenes! But," continued Honour, "something must be deducted from this, perhaps, for the enthusiasm which mere novelty creates. Feelings of so exalted a character are not the best for us. God sends the storm cloud as well as the sunshine; how else could we enjoy the sunshine as we ought? and there is a grand, an immortal influence for good," continued she, after a pause, "even in battling with the storm. The oak tree has strength for a thousand tempests, and the human soul is brought nearer to the god like the severer the conflict through which it passes."

We might make still more copious extracts, of equal beauty, but trust we have said enough to awaken such an interest in the book as will induce many to peruse it for themselves, which we assure them they may do with equal pleasure and profit.