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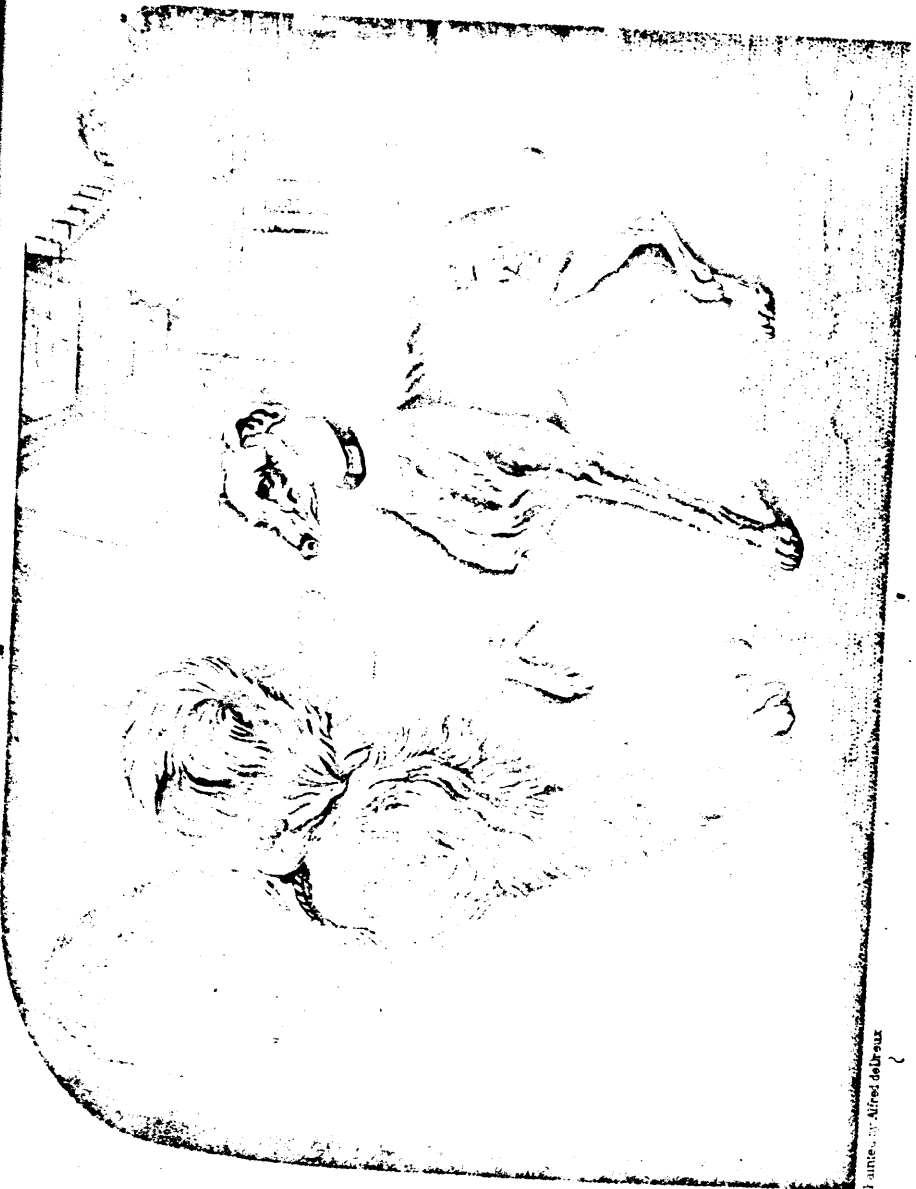
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THE FORT OF ST. JOHN'S.*

A TALE OF THE NEW WORLD.

BY H. V. C.

CHAPTER XI.

"That of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most."

Shakspeare.

THE night succeeding the imprisonment of M. La Tour, appeared to him almost endless in duration. A small and closely grated window, sparingly admitted the light and air of heaven; and through its narrow openings he watched the last beams of the moon, and saw the stars twinkle more and more faintly in the advancing light of morning, before he sought that repose which entire exhaustion at length rendered indispensable.

He was aroused from feverish slumber, at a late hour on the following morning by the opening of his door; and starting up he recognized with equal surprise and displeasure in the intruder, his hated rival, Mons. D'Aulney. A glance of angry defiance was the only salutation which he deigned to give; but it was unnoticed by D'Aulney, who seemed resolved to restrain the violence which they had mutually indulged on the preceding day.

"I come to offer you freedom, Mons. De La Tour," he said in his blandest tones, "and the terms are so lenient, that even the most prejudiced could scarcely cavil at them."

"Freedom from life then!" La Tour scornfully replied, "I can expect no other liberty while it is in your power to hold me in bondage!"

"Beware how you defy my power, or provoke

my wrath," replied D'Aulney, with forced calmness. "You are my prisoner, De La Tour; and as the representative of royalty in this domain, I hold the command of life and death within my hand."

"I deny your authority," said La Tour firmly, "and bid you exercise it at your peril. Shew me the commission which constitutes you my judge,—which gives you a right to scrutinize the actions of a compeer,—to hold in duress the person of a free and loyal subject of your king—prove your authority for this, and I may then submit to your judgment, and perchance crave the clemency which I now despise,—nay, which I would not stoop to receive from your hands!"

"You speak boldly for a rebel and a traitor!" said D'Aulney contemptuously, "for one whose office is annulled, and whose name is branded with infamy!"

"Come you hither to insult me, false hearted villain?" exclaimed La Tour passionately; "prisoner and defenceless though I now am, you may yet have cause to repent the rashness which brings you to my presence!"

"Your threats are idle," replied D'Aulney, "I never feared you, in your greatest strength, and think you that I can now be intimidated by your words?"

"What is the purport of this interview?" asked La Tour impatiently; "and why am I compelled to endure your presence? Speak, and briefly, if you have aught to ask of me, or go and leave me to the solitude which you have so rudely disturbed."

"I spoke to you of freedom," replied M. D'Aulney, "but since you persist in believing my intentions evil, it would be useless to name the terms on which I offer it."

"You can offer no terms," said La Tour gloomily, "which it would comport with the honor of a true knight, and a soldier, to accept."

"Are you ignorant, M. De La Tour," asked D'Aulney with a sneer, "that your name is proscribed,—that an order is issued for your arrest, and that a traitor's doom awaits you, in your native land?"

"It is a calumny, vile as your own base heart," exclaimed La Tour, "and so help me heaven, as I shall one day prove its falsehood."

"You have been denounced at a more impartial tribunal than mine," said M. D'Aulney, deliberately unrolling a parchment which he held in his hand, and pointing to the seal of France. "These characters," he added, "are traced by high authority, and need you any further proof that your honors are wrested from you, and your name consigned to infamy?"

"Your malice has invented this, and abused my sovereign's ear, with tales to my dishonor," said La Tour, glancing his eye indignantly over the contents of the scroll; "but even this shall not avail you, and, cunningly as you have woven your treacherous web around me, I shall yet escape the snare, and triumph over all your machinations!"

"It is vain to boast of deeds, which you will never be at liberty to perform;" replied M. D'Aulney. "Your escape from this prison is impossible, and, of course, your fate is at my disposal. But, grossly as you have injured me, M. De La Tour," he added, "I am yet willing to reconcile past differences, not from any hope of personal advantage, but for the welfare of the colony, which has so long been rent by our differences, and to preserve the honor of the royal government."

"That mark of disinterestedness and patriotism," said La Tour scornfully, "is well assumed; but beehrew me! if it does not hide some dark and selfish purpose. "Reconcile!" he added in a tone of bitterness,— "that word can never pass current with us; my hatred to you is so strong, so deeply rooted, that nothing could ever compel me to serve you, even if by so doing I might advance my own fortunes to the height of princely grandeur."

"Your choice is too limited to admit of dainty scruples," said M. D'Aulney tauntingly; "but you may be obliged to grant from necessity, what you would refuse as an act of policy. You must

be convinced, from a glance at this patent, which confers the late divided government on me alone, that your title and authority in Acadia are now abolished; and you have every reason to apprehend the severity of the law, for certain malpractices preferred against you, if you are returned a prisoner to France. I offer you, immediate liberty, with sufficient privileges to render you independent, on condition that you make a legal transfer of your late government to me, and thus amicably reunite the colony which was so unhappily divided at the death of M. De Razilly. Put your signature to this deed, and you are the next moment free."

"Now, by the holy rood!" exclaimed La Tour, bursting into a laugh of scorn, "but that I think you are jesting with me, I would trample you beneath my feet, as I do this;" and snatching the parchment from his hand, he tore it in pieces, and stamped violently on the scattered fragments.

"You reject my proposal then?" asked D'Aulney, pale with angry emotions.

"Dare you again ask me to accept it?" returned La Tour. "Think you I would sanction the slanders you have fabricated, by such a surrender of my rights? that I would thus bring reproach on my own name, and bequeath poverty and disgrace to my children?"

"It is well," replied D'Aulney sullenly, "and the consequences of your folly must fall on your own head; but when too late, you may repent the perverseness which is driving you to destruction."

"Were the worst fate which your malevolence could devise, at this moment before me," said La Tour, "my resolution would remain unalterable. I am not so poor in spirit as to shrink before the blast of adversity; nor am I yet destitute of followers who will fight for my rescue, or bravely avenge my fall."

"We shall soon find other employment for them," D'Aulney coolly replied. "This unfortunate expedition of yours has scattered your vaunted force, and left your fort exposed to assaults, which it is too defenceless to resist."

"Make the experiment," said La Tour proudly, "and again you may return, vanquished by a woman's prowess. Try the valor of men who, though few in number, burn to redress their master's wrongs; and, if you dare, once more prove the dauntless courage of a wife, anxious for her husband's safety, and tenacious of her husband's honor."

"You are fortunate," said D'Aulney scornfully, "to possess so brave a representative, and I trust it has long since reconciled you to the chance which thwarted your alliance with one less valiant

—one, too gentle to share the fortunes of such a bold adventurer."

"Touch not on that theme!" said La Tour, starting with almost frenzied violence. "Time may wear away every other remembrance, but the treachery of a friend remains indelible and unforgiven."

"Solitude perchance may calm your moody feelings, and I will leave you to its soothing influence," said D'Aulney, in a tone of assumed indifference, which was contradicted by the angry flash of his eye. La Tour returned no answer, and the next moment he was left to his own reflections, and, bitter as they were, he felt that to be again alone was a state of comparative happiness.

But whatever else he endured, in his mental struggle, not a shadow of fear obtruded on the mind of La Tour. The shame of defeat, perhaps, most deeply goaded him, and his interview with D'Aulney had awakened many dark and stormy passions in his breast. But he looked forward with hope to a speedy termination of his captivity, for he could not doubt that De Valette would use every exertion to regain his freedom, and he trusted that the efforts of his nephew would be aided by Stanhope, if he had been fortunate enough to escape the storm.

In the meantime, Arthur Stanhope remained entirely ignorant of La Tour's misfortune; and the morning light which stole as tardily through the grated window of La Tour's prison room, shone brightly on the waters of the bay, where the young Englishman had anchored through the night. Stanhope was awake at an early hour, anxious to obtain information of La Tour, but the place where he found himself, was so singularly wild and solitary, that no human being seemed to have approached it. There were no fishermen to be seen, though their little craft usually penetrated every creek and inlet; and Stanhope had just come to the conclusion that he had best proceed to Pemaquid, when he observed a small boat, at some distance, approaching the extremity of Mount Desert Island. He impatiently waited its approach; but instead of making the nearest point of land, the solitary oarsman suddenly tacked, and bore off from the shore, sweeping gracefully round a narrow headland, which projected into the bay.

The little skiff moved slowly on its course, as if guided by an idle or unskillful hand, and the oars were dipped so lightly, that they scarce dimpled the clear waves, or moved the boat beyond the natural motion of the tide. The earliest blush of morn was spreading along the east-

ern sky, and tinging the glassy waves with a roseate hue; and as Arthur watched the progress of the boat, he observed the person who occupied it, slowly rise from a reclining posture, and stand erect, leaning with one hand on an upright oar, while he employed the other in steering the frail and rocking bark. His tall figure, habited in the dark garments of a Romish priest, floated loosely on the air, and gave him, as he moved alone, along the solitary deep, a wild and almost supernatural appearance. His face was turned towards the shore, and at times he bowed his head, and folded his hands across his breast, as if absorbed by mental devotion, or engaged in some outward service of his religion.

Arthur Stanhope could not mistake the person of Father Gilbert; nor was he greatly surprised at seeing him there, as he had heard much of his wandering course of life, and knew that he was in the habit of extending his pastoral visits to the remotest cabins of his flock. Arthur had no doubt the priest could communicate some tidings of La Tour, and he therefore threw himself into a small boat, with two expert rowers, in the hope of overtaking him. But Father Gilbert had already disappeared behind the projecting land, and when Stanhope doubled the point, he was no longer visible. Still he followed on, passing between lovely isles, till he entered a gulf, which ran in on the southern side of Mount Desert island. A boat was lying there, from which no doubt, Father Gilbert had just landed.

Leaving the boatmen to wait his return, Stanhope sprang on shore, and rapidly followed the windings of a narrow path, uncertain if it were trodden by wild animals, or the foot of man. Shortly, a wood which he traversed, terminated in an open plain; a spot rich in verdure, and retaining marks of former cultivation, for there some Jesuit missionaries had taken possession at an early period, and planted a cross, calling it by the name of St. Saviour. It shared the usual fate of such settlements in that rude age, the weak yielding to the stronger, for a party of English from Virginia soon after claimed it for their king, on the plea of first discovery; and then again, it was deserted by both nations, and the improvements which they commenced fell into decay.

Stanhope's attention was soon arrested by the object of his search. In the midst of the plain still lay the cross, which the English had overthrown, in their zeal against popery; and close beside it, Father Gilbert was kneeling, as motionless as if life had ceased to animate him. His eyes were fastened on a crucifix, that he held in

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his hand, and his pale and haggard countenance wore the deep trace of that mental anguish which seemed ever to pursue him. His lips were firmly closed, and every limb and feature appeared so rigid that Arthur could scarcely repel the dreadful apprehension that death had seized his victim alone, in that solitary place. He approached him, and was inexpressibly relieved to perceive him start at the sound of steps, and look round, though with a vacant air, like one suddenly roused from deep and heavy sleep.

"Pardon me if I intrude, father," said Stanhope, "but I feared you were ill, and came near to ask if I could serve you."

"Who are you?" demanded the priest wildly, and springing from his knees, "who are you that seek me here—here in this spot consecrated to remorse and sorrow?"

"It is but a few hours since I parted from you," said Stanhope, and had I known you proposed coming hither, I would not willingly have left you to cross the waves alone, in that frail boat!"

"I know you now, young man," replied the priest, the unusual excitement of his countenance yielding to its habitual calm; "and I thank you for your care; but solitude and gloom are most congenial to me, and I endure the fellowship of men, only in compliance with the duties of my holy office. Leave me," he added, "here at least I would be alone."

"This is a dreary place, father."

"Dreary!" interrupted the priest; "yes, and it is therefore that I seek it; twenty years have passed away, since I first found refuge in its shades, from the vanities of a world which I had too long trusted; and yearly on this day, the solitary waste is witness to my remorse and penance. Be warned by this, my son, and in thy youth avoid the crimes and follies which lead to an old age of sorrow."

"True repentance obliterates every sin," said Stanhope, "and no one need despair of mercy, or even of earthly happiness."

"Happiness!" repeated the priest, "name it not to one whose headstrong passions blasted every cherished joy, and threw their withering influence on all who loved and trusted him; mock me not with that delusive hope, which lives only in the imagination of youth and inexperience. Again, my son, I would adjure you to leave me in my solitude."

"Pardon me that I trouble you with an enquiry," said Stanhope. "Have you heard ought of Mons. La Tour?"

"He is a prisoner," returned the priest; "and if you would serve him in his hour of need, repair

without delay to Pemaquid, where his lieutenant awaits your arrival."

Father Gilbert turned away, as he finished speaking, and Stanhope retraced his steps to the boat, musing with deep interest on the intelligence he had received. He rowed rapidly back to his vessel, and weighing anchor, sailed for the Bay of Pemaquid, impatient to rejoin De Valette to learn the particulars of La Tour's capture, and concert some measures for his deliverance.

But to return to M. La Tour, who endured the first day of his confinement with more patience than might have been expected from his irascible temper; but his mind was continually excited by hopes of speedy release, and plans of future vengeance. M. D'Aulney left him to his solitude, which remained unbroken, except by the person who brought him food and who generally performed his office in profound silence.

But the third day passed more heavily away, and the fourth was insupportably tedious. He listened to every sound without his prison, and as they died away, and none announced approaching succor, he could not repress audible expressions of anger and disappointment at his nephew's tardiness. A thousand plans of escape were formed and instantly rejected, as visionary and impracticable. He too well knew the severe and cautious temper of M. D'Aulney to suppose he would leave any avenue unguarded. A sentinel watched continually at the outside of his door; others were stationed near enough to lend assistance on a word of alarm; and his window, even if the bars could be forced, was rendered secure by the vigilance of a guard placed beneath to protect it. His own strength or address were therefore unavailing; and as he felt forced to admit the mortifying conviction of his helplessness, he paced the apartment with rapid steps, till his harassed feelings were wrought up to the highest pitch of irritability.

Daylight disappeared, and the evening advanced in gloom and darkness; not a star shone in the heavens, and the moon vainly struggled with the clouds that overshadowed her. A hollow blast, at intervals swept across the grated window, then murmured into total silence; the waves rolled sullenly below, and occasionally the measured dash of oars, from some passing boat, was mingled with their melancholy cadence.

La Tour's gloomy thoughts were interrupted by the sentinel, who entered with a light, and as he placed it in the iron socket, he lingered a moment, and regarded the prisoner with peculiar attention. La Tour did not deign to raise his eyes, but averted his face from what he regarded

as a gaze of impertinent curiosity. The man, as he retired, again turned, and seemed on the point of speaking, but La Tour could endure no intrusion, and a glance of angry reproof warned him to hasten his retreat. La Tour almost instantly repented his vehemence; there was something kindly and familiar in that countenance, and possibly some desirable information might have been communicated.

But it was too late to recall what he had done; and La Tour again sank into a train of reflections, though of a more tranquil nature than those which had recently agitated him. The remembrance of earlier years rose up before him, and he looked back with softened feelings on those peaceful scenes which he had left in early youth, to buffet with the storms of life, and the still fiercer storms of passion. His thoughts again dwelt on the fair form which had so unexpectedly passed before him, on the evening he was taken prisoner, and which brought back to him the gentle idol of his early worship, though her image had long since been absorbed in the strife of interest, and the struggle of ambition, and connected as it was with his aversion to M. D'Aulney, it tended to excite emotions of anger, rather than of tenderness.

CHAPTER X.

"Who is't can read a woman?"

Shakespeare.

WHATEVER was the nature of La Tour's feelings, they were shortly diverted to another channel, by a low sound without the door, which announced the cautious withdrawal of its bolts. The next instant it was opened by the same guard who had before entered, and La Tour, surprised at his unseasonable appearance,—for it was near midnight,—was about to question him, when he pointed significantly to the door, and again hastily retired.

"Antoine!" exclaimed La Tour, suddenly recognizing him as a soldier of his own, who on some former occasion had been taken prisoner by D'Aulney, and voluntarily remained in his service.

The call was unanswered, but presently the door re-opened, and a person entered dressed in priestly guise, with a cowl drawn closely over the face. La Tour's first thought was of father Gilbert, and with a sudden ray of hope, he rose to meet him; but the person before him was low in stature, and altogether so different from the monk, that La Tour turned away, with a sensation of keen disappointment, and believing he

saw before him some emissary from D'Aulney, he asked impatiently,

"Who are you that steal in upon my solitude at this untimely hour? that garb is your protection, or you might have reason to repent this rash and unwelcome intrusion."

The person thus addressed, seemed to shrink from the searching gaze of M. La Tour; and without returning a word of explanation, covered his face with the folds of his dark flowing garment.

"What trick of priestcraft is this?" demanded La Tour angrily; "is it not enough that I am held in duress by a villain's power, but must I be denied the poor privilege of bearing my confinement unmolested? What? silent yet!" he added in a tone of sarcasm; "methinks thou art a novice in thy cunning trade, or thou wouldst not be so chary of thy ghostly counsel, or so slow to shrive the conscience of a luckless prisoner!"

"St. Etienne!" replied a voice, which thrilled his ear in well-remembered accents; and a trembling hand removed the cowl which covered a face glowing with confusion, and confined a profusion of bright ringlets, that again fell around the neck and brow.

"Adèle!" exclaimed La Tour, springing towards her, then suddenly retreating to the utmost limits of the room, while every nerve shook with powerful emotion. He closed his eyes, as if fearing to look upon a face that he had last seen in the brightness of his youthful hopes, and which twelve years had left unchanged, except to mature the loveliness of earliest youth into more womanly beauty and expression, and to deepen the pensiveness which had always marked it, with a shade of habitual melancholy.

"Adèle, are you too leagued against me?" resumed La Tour, with recovered firmness, and looking steadfastly on her; "have you entered into the secret councils of my foe, and are you sent hither to torture me by your presence?—to remind me of past, but never to be forgotten injuries,—of the worse than infernal malice with which he has ever pursued me,—and for which, I exult in the hope of one day calling him to a deadly reckoning!"

"Speak you this of my husband?" she asked, in an accent of reproof; "and think you such language is meet to be addressed to the ear of a wife?"

"Aye, of your husband, lady," said La Tour, yielding to his chafed and bitter feelings. "He was once my friend too; the friend who won my confidence, only to abuse it,—who basely calumniated me in my absence,—who treacherously stole from me the dearest treasure of my heart.

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"Adèle," he continued more calmly, "I do not love you now; that youthful passion which was once the sun of my existence, has lost its strength in other ties and sterner duties; but can I meet you eye again, and not recal the perfidy which drove me forth from friends and country, an adventurer in the pathless wilderness? Can I look upon your face, and not curse the wretch who basely won from me its smiles, who burst our love asunder, while yet in all its purity and fervor, unruined by one shade of doubt, one fear of disappointment!"

"La Tour," said Madame D'Aulney, striving to conceal her emotion, "why all this bitter invective,—now indeed most vain and useless! why wound my ear, by accusations which I surely do not merit, and which my duty to another forbids me to listen to? If you believe me innocent!"—

"I do from my soul believe you are most innocent," interrupted La Tour impetuously. "Yours was a heart too guileless to deceive, too firm in virtue's principle to be sullied, even by a union with the vicious and depraved. No, Adèle! I have never cherished one feeling of resentment towards you; which invented a tale of falsehood to deceive you, and of that meanness which flattered your father's ambition by a boast of rank and wealth, while my only offer was a sincere heart—my only wealth an untarnished name, and a sword which I trusted would one day gather me renown in the field of honor."

"Enough of this," said the lady, exerting all her firmness; "it is unwise to recall the past, nor is this a fitting time to indulge in reminiscences of pain or pleasure; the night is waning fast, and every moment's delay is fraught with danger of discovery."

"What mean you?" asked La Tour, a sudden hope of escape, darting through his mind. "I fear no danger, but you may well fear a tyrant's wrath, should you be seen hovering round a prison which he would be loath to cheer with one ray of brightness; so I pray you, gentle Adèle, depart and leave me to my fate."

"I must first fulfil the mission which has brought me here," she replied; "and then I trust the good saints will guide me safely back to the couch of my sick infant, from which I stole when every eye was closed in sleep,—for fervently have I invoked them, La Tour, to aid me in effecting your escape."

"My escape!" said La Tour. "May heaven bless you for the generous thought, Adèle, but alas! it cannot be. You deceive yourself if you admit the possibility."

"You know not my resources," she answered

with a smile; "I have weighed all the difficulties, and find the chance of success much greater than the danger of discovery."

"There is no chance which I would not hazard," said La Tour, "to free myself from this hateful prison, which is more intolerable to me than the most hopeless dungeon ever invented by despotic jealousy. Yet I would endure any suffering, rather than involve you in difficulty, or expose you to the suspicion of one, too unrelenting I well know, to extend forgiveness to any who have offended."

"Your situation is too perilous to permit any idle scruples," replied Madame D'Aulney; "and what is to be done cannot safely be delayed. You need fear nothing on my account. My husband thinks me ignorant of your situation, and of course my agency in your escape will not be suspected." She blushed deeply as she added, "He led me to believe that your lieutenant commanded in the late skirmish, and was taken prisoner, and that he was at present confined in this apartment. Had I not accidentally caught a glimpse of you, I should have still believed it."

"Dastard!" exclaimed La Tour indignantly, "such jealous fear accords well with the baseness of his heart, and I marvel not that he deems that affection insecure which was so unjustly gained, if indeed it was ever truly his."

"Must I ask you again, M. La Tour," she said, gravely, "to refrain from invectives which I cannot listen to, and which render my attempt to serve you almost criminal!"

"Forgive me, madame," said La Tour, "and I will not offend again. And now will you briefly impart your plan to me, and if you incur no danger, how shall I bless the noble courage which prompted you to act in my behalf!"

"My good father confessor has been severely ill," said Madame D'Aulney, "and during his confinement he was frequently visited by his holy brethren, who had permission to pass the gates, at their pleasure, without questioning. Early this morning I met one of the holy order whose person was unknown to me; he had been to the priest's apartment, and I have since learned, with a message from one who usually attended him, but who had been unexpectedly called away. There was something in his tall figure, and in the expression of his pale and melancholy features which arrested my attention, but I might not have thought of him again, if I had not observed him afterwards in conversation with Antoine, the guard who now waits at the door, ready to assist you."

"That priest must have been father Gilbert,"

said La Tour, "and I would place the utmost confidence in his prudence and fidelity; but as to Antoine, he cannot be trusted,—he who has once deserted my cause, and fought under the standard of my enemy, cannot again be confided in."

"It was father Gilbert," said Madame D'Aulney, "and for Antoine, I will stake my life on his fidelity. During a dangerous illness, which brought him to death's door, it was in my power to render him some slight services which called forth his warmest gratitude; and I was also witness to the deep remorse which his conduct to you occasioned him. I have not time to dwell on the particulars; suffice it, that all things are arranged for your escape, and Antoine, who was appointed to guard you through this watch, will lead you, I trust, safely from the fort."

"This is indeed a kindness, a condescending interest, of which I am wholly unworthy," said La Tour, deeply moved. "How, Adèle, can I ever show you the gratitude,—the—?"

"Speak not of it, La Tour," she hastily interrupted? "think now of nothing but your safety; trust implicitly to the guidance of Antoine, and all will be well."

"Once more in the open air, and furnished with a trusty weapon," said La Tour, "I fear not even treachery; but you, Adèle," he added with emotion, "you who have hazarded so much to save me, how can I be assured that you will escape unharmed?—How can I leave you in uncertainty and peril?"

"Believe me," said Madame D'Aulney, "I can have nothing to fear; Antoine will desert his post to go with you, and suspicion must rest entirely on him and father Gilbert. The priest waits for you without the fort; delay no longer, for the morning watch draws near, and you must be far from hence before another sentinel appears to relieve Antoine. These garments will suffice to disguise you," she added, divesting herself of a loose robe and monkish cloak, which covered her own dress; "and the soldier on duty, believing you a priest, returning from the father confessor's room, will allow you to pass unquestioned."

A low rap was at that moment heard without the door; Madame D'Aulney turned quickly to La Tour, and offering him her hand, with a melancholy smile, she said,—

"It is time for us to part; may the blessed saints be with you, St. Etienne, and guide you hence in safety; we may never meet again, but my prayers will always rise in intercession for your happiness and prosperity."

"And may all the saints bless you, Adèle,"

said La Tour, in a subdued voice, and taking her hand respectfully, "for this night's kindness, for all you have ever shewn me. Words are too feeble to express my gratitude; may heaven watch over you, and make you as happy as you deserve to be: Farewell!"

Madame D'Aulney turned from him in silence, and Antoine, opening the door in obedience to her signal, she addressed a parting word of good will to him, and hastily descended the stairs. La Tour stood with his eyes fixed on her retiring figure, till Antoine ventured to urge his departure, reminding him that every moment's delay increased the danger of discovery. He started at the suggestion, and wrapping the cloak around him, and drawing the cowl closely over his face, they proceeded in cautious silence, leaving the doors secured as before, with bolts and bars, thus hoping to lull suspicion for a time, and retard the moment of discovery. They passed out into the open air through a private door, which Antoine had the means of opening, and thus avoided the sentinels who guarded the outer passage.

The darkness of a cloudy night favored the fugitive's escape; they safely reached the gate, and Antoine informed the guard that he was ordered to conduct the holy father out, and that he had himself a commission from his lord, which would detain him several hours. They were immediately permitted to pass. Every obstacle was then surmounted, and with feelings of exultation La Tour again stood upon the verge of that broad bay, and listened to the rushing of the winds and waves, beneath the free and ample canopy of heaven. He looked back towards the fort, visible by a few glimmering lights, and still lying in perfect repose,—and the gratitude and tenderness which had so recently subdued his haughty spirit were strangely blended with revenge and hatred against the man, from whose power he was then escaping.

Antoine uttered a low, shrill whistle which was answered by the dash of oars; and a skiff presently shot out from a little cove near by, and rowed towards them. Father Gilbert was alone in it,—a sufficient pledge of safety,—La Tour grasped his hand in silence, and Antoine taking the oars, with a skilful hand, the frail bark glided swiftly over the dark and heaving waters.

Arthur Stanhope, in the mean time, in accordance with father Gilbert's information, repaired to Pemaquid, where he found M. De Valette impatiently awaiting his arrival.

Father Gilbert had already formed a plan for La Tour's escape, which his daily visit to the confessor, with Antoine's assistance, unexpectedly aided

by Madame D'Aulney, enabled him to effect, in the manner just described. The priest's zeal for his religious faith was probably the dominant cause which actuated him on this occasion. He well knew that Madame La Tour was warmly attached to the protestant religion, and that her influence was widely felt throughout the settlement. If La Tour's death or long imprisonment therefore removed him from the infant colony, the interests of the true church would be endangered, and heresy, perhaps, gain ascendancy. If any feelings of personal regard for La Tour influenced Father Gilbert, they were unacknowledged to his own heart; for he carefully excluded every earthly object from his affections, and seemed to endure life as a penance, in the belief that a severe and constant discharge of its painful duties would at last ensure him a happy release from its bondage, and a pardon for all his sins.

As soon as his plans were well matured, and the time for La Tour's escape designated, Father Gilbert sent a trusty messenger to Pemaquid, where De Valette waited, and had been already joined by Stanhope, requiring him to return without delay to the neighbourhood of Penobscot, and there await his coming. He assigned no reason for the request, but De Valette doubted not it related to his uncle, and Stanhope readily consented to accompany him on the brief voyage. The wind favored their passage, but the evening was dark and gloomy; the two vessels however kept close in company, and soon after midnight they anchored in the broad bay, not far from Fort Penobscot. Just as the morning twilight was breaking on the distant hills, the watch descried an approaching boat. It was occupied by three persons,—two of them were rowing with all their might,—the third sat in the midst with folded arms, in a state of perfect immobility.

"That is Father Gilbert, but who have we with him?" exclaimed De Valette as they drew up to the ship's side, and pulled in their oars.

La Tour sprang upon the deck, flinging aside the monkish dress he had till then retained; and a joyful recognition was shouted by every voice in the two friendly vessels. Antoine was received on board with enthusiasm; and in answer to the enquiries which all were eager to make, La Tour briefly related the circumstances of his escape, of course carefully suppressing any allusion to the efficient aid of Madame D'Aulney. Long before the tumult of gratulation had subsided, Father Gilbert turned away, and resumed the guidance of his little bark, which had safely borne him on many a solitary voyage. The chant of his matins hymn rose at intervals on the fitful breeze, till he was at length hid behind the point

of land, where Stanhope had followed him on the preceding day.

La Tour had found from bitter experience, that M. D'Aulney's real strength had been grossly misrepresented; and as he could not, with his present force meet him on equal terms, he ordered the sails to be set for a homeward voyage, and before sunrise, the shores of Penobscot were left far behind.

But to return a moment to Madame D'Aulney, whom we left timidly shrinking from her own courageous act, which she well knew, if by any chance discovered, would awaken the direst vengeance of her incensed husband. The remainder of that night she watched by the side of her feeble infant, and even maternal solicitude was for a time suspended by the intense interest which her own perilous adventure, and the situation of La Tour, awakened. But her conscience acquitted her of any motive, criminal in its nature, or traitorous to his real interest; and it was a soothing reflection that she was able to confer a benefit on the man whom she had once deeply, though unintentionally injured. She counted the moments which seemed to linger in their flight, and started at the slightest sound, till sufficient time had elapsed to assure her that he must have proceeded far on his way towards a place of safety.

The moment of discovery, indeed, was deferred beyond her expectations. The guard who in turn came to relieve Antoine, was surprised to find his post deserted; but as the door was left securely fastened, he contented himself with uttering an oath at his comrade's negligence, and continued to pace his round without further thought of it. But as morning advanced, and no sound was heard within, he began to think it strange that the prisoner should enjoy such sound repose, and a suspicion flashed across his mind. He unbarred the door, when of course the truth was at once revealed, and the alarm spread throughout the garrison.

Madame D'Aulney heard the loud voices and hurried steps of the soldiers without, and knew that parties were sent in every direction in search of the fugitive. Various, and most contradictory reports of what had taken place, were brought to her by the attendants; but she prudently waited for the storm to subside before she ventured into the presence of M. D'Aulney, well knowing that the utmost effort of self-command must be exerted, if she would meet his eye with her wonted composure.

"Methinks you are tardy this morning, madame," he said, stopping in his hurried walk, and looking steadily in her countenance, as she at

length entered the room, where he waited for a late breakfast.

"Our sick child must plead my excuse," she replied; "he requires all my care, and I would not willingly resign him to any one less watchful than myself."

"You are a fond mother," said D'Aulney, resuming his walk; "but there are few husbands, who care to be neglected for a puling infant."

"The duties of a wife and mother are closely blended, and I strive to perform them both, to the best of my poor abilities."

"You well know," he said peevishly, "that I care not for the nursery with its troublesome appendages; and yet for three days, you have scarcely condescended to quit it for an instant. Yes, for three days," he repeated, again stopping and looking earnestly at her, "you have secluded yourself from me, and your cheek has grown pale, as if some cherished care, or deep anxiety preyed upon your spirits!"

"And what anxiety can exceed a mother's?" she asked, the tears springing to her eyes. "What care so ceaseless and unwearied as hers, who watches over the helpless being to whom she has given existence, and whose infant wants demand the constant soothing of her enduring tenderness and exhaustless love! And has this displeased my lord!"

"My own affairs have chafed me, Adèle," he said more gently. "A favorite project has miscarried, and the vengeance I have so long desired has been foiled in the very moment when I believed success undoubted; and all through my own too easy credulity, and a lenity which its object ill deserved from me!"

"You have erred on the safer side," said Madame D'Aulney timidly, "and your own heart must bear you witness, that it is better to forego the momentary pleasure of revenge, than to commit one deed which could stain your name with the crime of tyranny and oppression."

"You know little of the wrongs," he answered sternly, "which for years have goaded me, and which, if unrevenged, would brand me with a coward's infamy. The artifice which has so often baffled my plans, the arrogance which has usurped my claims;—even you, gentle as you are, would scorn me, could I forgive them!"

"Mutual injuries require mutual forgiveness," she replied mildly, "but," she added, seeing his brow darken, "you have led me into a subject which only betrays my ignorance; you well know that I have never enquired into your public affairs, or ventured to obtrude upon your private views, or personal feelings."

"You have too much of a woman's heart,

Adèle," he said, "to become the sharer of important councils; a freak of fancy, or a kindly feeling, might betray the wisest plan that could be formed."

"You are right," she answered smiling; "I have no wish to play the counsellor; it is well if my husband can be satisfied with the humbler duties which it is my sole ambition to fulfil."

"And there are enough of these within the limits of our own household," he replied, "though you are but too ready to extend your benevolence beyond it. You were, for instance, most zealous—the saints only know wherefore,—to save the life of that base soldier of La Totr's, when he lay sick here—would that he had died!—and trusting to your commendations, I raised him to my favor, and gave him a post, which he has but now most basely betrayed! Fool that I was to think he could have served with such a master, and not brought with him the taint of treachery!"

"Poor Antoine!" said Madame D'Aulney, "he made fair professions when he lay ill so lately. But I marvel that you, who are habitually so wary and discerning, should have been deceived by his pretensions, the friend or servant who has once proved perfidious is seldom deemed worthy of any future confidence."

D'Aulney started as if stung by the last remark, and looking keenly on her, replied:

"He is not the only traitor whom I have fostered and protected; some other hand has been busy in this work, and though it were the dearest I have on earth, my wrath should not abate one title of its justice."

"I am told," said Madame D'Aulney, "that a priest gained access to the prisoner through Antoine's intervention, and if so, they could scarcely have deemed it necessary to run the hazard of employing any other agency."

"The father confessor's illness," said D'Aulney bitterly, "has gathered all the priests in the land around him; and this goat, who entered in sheep's clothing was doubtless a creature of La Tour's; but beshrew me! were the holy father in the last extremity, I would not admit another without a scrutiny which no artifice could evade."

"You have many prisoners left," she answered carelessly; "and was this one important enough to occasion so much excitement?"

"It matters not, madam," he answered sternly, "but I can ill brook to have my wishes thwarted, and my plans thus defeated. Yet your curiosity shall be gratified," he added, "Or tell me, do you not already know who has so narrowly escaped the punishment his crimes have well deserved?"

"You told me," he replied, "that he was a

lieutenant of M. La Tour's, and, of course, I should require no farther information."

"It was well that you did not," he said hastily; "but suppose I should now tell you that it was the miscreant La Tour, himself, would that explain the excitement which you seem so slow to comprehend?"

"It would not extenuate the subterfuge which at first conceded the truth from me," said Madame D'Aulney. "But it was well;—your kind precaution has happily averted some suspicions which I perceive you were but too ready to indulge."

"I trust he has not yet escaped," resumed D'Aulney, after a moment's pause. "I have sent out parties in every direction, and swift boats across the bay, and he must be gifted with almost supernatural powers, if he can elude pursuit. His return shall be loudly celebrated," he added, with a gloomy smile, "and you will have no reason to complain, Adèle, that we do not call you into the rejoicings."

"I think he will spare you that triumph," she replied, "he must expect pursuit, and his own people were doubtless in concert with the priest to secure him a safe retreat."

"I doubt not that you wish it," said D'Aulney angrily, "that you rejoice in his escape, though it abolish my fairest schemes, and prolong a conflict which has already proved pernicious to my fortune and interests."

"I can wish for no event," she answered mildly, "which would retard your honorable designs, or defeat any rational prospect of your happiness or advantage."

"It is well, madame," he replied; "but believe me, though he now escape, the hour of vengeance will one day surely arrive; I will follow him till he surrenders the possessions so unlawfully retained, and ceases to assume a power, which has no longer existence, but in name."

"And is it only for a name, that you contend?" asked Madame D'Aulney. "Must our domestic peace and safety remain in jeopardy, and the din of strife forever ring around us, because a powerless enemy refuses to yield imaginary rights?"

"You are wilfully ignorant on this subject," he replied, "and shew little of that submission which a dutiful wife should feel for her husband's judgment; but it is enough that I know the justice of my own cause, and bear a sword which has ever been faithful to its trust. Go you," he added, tauntingly, "and count your rosary, and mutter a prayer with every bead;—it may be the saints will protect the traitor, whom your good wishes have already followed."

So saying, he abruptly left the room; and Madame D'Aulney, with tearful eyes, and an op-

pressed heart, hastened to the retirement of her own apartment.

(To be continued.)

BIRTH DAY SONG.

BY W. R.

Come mirth or care, come light or gloom,
I meet you without dread;
For me sweet flowers still freshly bloom,
Though some, alas! are dead.

So shall my harp's wild numbers flow,
In praise of those that bloom;
Or in low cadence tell my woe,
For those that deck the tomb.

And I will sing of kind warm hearts,
In harmony with mine,
Of soothing friendship's kindly arts,
And merr'y's light divine;

Of budding joys and social ties,
Which bind me still to earth,
And healing winds and golden skies,
Now bright as at my birth.

As through the past, each hour that flies
May bring a joy or tear;
But friends and flowers, and sunny skies,
As yet to me are dear.

Praise for this birth-day, glorious power!
Praise, honor, faith and zeal!
For beautiful nature, sun and shower—
And soul to think and feel.

July, 8, 1848.

PROPHECIES.

BY E. A. BURLINGTON.

Our spirits grow in love and strength
When'er we search a present truth,
And see a grand result at length,
Like manhood springing out of youth.

The first bird singing in the dell
May sing so exquisitely well,
That man may think, to hear its tone,
He loves it for itself alone:

And yet his love will grow more strong,
And break upon him unaware,
When'er that lonely bird of song
Suggests a thousand singers there!

The first word from an infant heard,
The weak attempt to utter "mother,"
Hath deeper meaning in the word,
Because it intimates another!

A noble deed—where such is rare,
And friendly thoughts—when such are few,
Should bring us Hope, because they bear
A faithful image to the view

What truth can dare, and kindness do.
And like the singing of a bird,
And like the infant's earliest word,
They come, as prophets, single-handed,
To tell of beauties more expanded.

For kindly thoughts and noble deeds,
However rare and few their powers,
Should give us faith in what succeeds;
For Nature, like a conqueror, leads;
All her fruits come after flowers.

FLORENCE; OR, WIT AND WISDOM.*

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER IX.

WE will now return to the earl of St. Albans, and his friend Clinton, whom we left descending the steps of Miss Murray's residence. For a moment they paused, as if uncertain where to direct their course, when Clinton carelessly asked:

"Where are you bound for, St. Albans?"

"For home, I think; I am all impatient to examine my precious manuscript."

"Then I will accompany you, for I too am privileged. That is, if you have no objections."

"Not with you, Percival. From you I have no secrets."

They soon arrived at the splendid town mansion of St. Albans. Clinton bounded up the stairs, and passed through the richly furnished apartments, with a rapidity and ease which denoted his perfect knowledge of the mansion. He reached at length a richly carved door, which he threw open, and entered an apartment fitted up with blue and silver hangings, and ornamented with statues and paintings, whose exquisite beauty afforded striking proof of the refined and delicate taste of the owner. Throwing himself full length on a satin couch heaped with downy cushions, Clinton flung his light cap to the farthest end of the room, dexterously causing it to alight on the graceful head of a Hebe, and then exclaimed:

"Come, now St. Albans, down with your treasure, and shew fair play. No half reading of some passages and entire suppression of others."

"I hope there may be nothing to suppress," returned the earl, seating himself beside him.

"However we must be merciful judges, for the culprit has voluntarily placed herself in our hands."

Clinton took the volume from his companion, glanced over the rich binding, murmuring:

"How like Florence, herself! Well, the exterior is fair enough—now for the inside. 'Tis really a pretty, and a very distinct hand, not one of those illegible scrawls denominated fashionable hands, which possess but one recommendation, that of shrouding the ideas of the writer in impenetrable obscurity. But what is this? *Record of a week's follies*. Then Florence has at last learned that she does possess imperfections—but perhaps 'tis not her own "follies" she chronicles—we shall see. Come, now, St. Albans, we will begin

—Monday, June 1st.—What an amusing day this has proved. Between my charming Nina and her prim ideas, her old maidish customs, I am actually tired out with laughing. She is a perfect treasure in her way, for whenever I am at a loss for amusement, she affords me an inexhaustible fund. Last night, on returning from lady M——'s, we each immediately retired to our rooms. Suddenly remembering something I wished to ask her, I sought her apartment. On entering, I found her alone, folding up with scrupulous care each article of dress she had worn; it was then four in the morning, whilst her eyes were perpetually closing, and her poor little head weighed down with drowsiness. The sight was irresistible, and I threw myself on a chair in peals of laughter. My gravity somewhat restored, I exclaimed:

"Nina! are you crazy?—Do you intend setting out on a journey, to-morrow, or are you packing up your things ready at hand in expectation of a general conflagration? Surely, some such exciting motive alone could induce you to battle against your fatigue, and remain up at this hour to fold up that precious grey dress and collar. Still your solicitude is not so very wonderful, for it must be confessed, you would find some difficulty in replacing them in London. Their material, as well as pattern, being rather uncommon."

"'Tis my invariable custom always to arrange everything in perfect order before retiring to rest," was the calm reply.

"Then if you will be so particular, why do you not get Fanchette to assist you?"

"I have already told you, Florence, I never was accustomed to the luxury of an attendant, and why should I indulge in it now? I am still as ever, poor and dependent. But even were I the mistress of thousands, I would find no hardship in performing such very slight offices for myself."

"Nina, Nina," I gravely rejoined, "there is no doubting it. You will be an old maid."

"What do you rest your supposition on?"

"Why, on your own singular ideas and customs. Who, but an old maid, ever thinks of making her own dresses, and can produce those same dresses at the end of years, free from

stain or crease. Who, but an old maid, would insist on waiting on herself, and remain up till past four in the morning, to smoothe the wrinkles out of her ball array?

"Then it appears that neatness, order, and economy, are the characteristics of old maids. If such is the case, I think it an honour to be ranked among them, and you must confess their distinguishing qualities are ones which few would blush to acknowledge."

"Though Nina, of course, did not know it, she gave me a sufficiently hard hit there, so I bade her good night. To-day she has been richer than usual. Cut out a grey dress on the pattern of her old one, insists on making it herself, refused to leave it to come down and see the earl and Percival Clinton, whom I had to entertain alone, and a trying task it was."

Here Clinton burst into a merry laugh, in which St. Albans, notwithstanding his dissatisfied look, could not resist joining; he immediately however resumed:

"Mr. Percival Clinton, with his silence and sulkiness, was perfectly unbearable, while dear Sydney, primed with a fresh moral lecture, to which I had to listen with a most penitential spirit, was far from entertaining."

"Surely she cannot have intended this volume for our perusal," ejaculated the earl impatiently, as he endeavoured to close the book; but Clinton, who found it too entertaining to resign it so lightly, returned with assumed earnestness:

"Why, man, there's not a doubt about it. The blue and silver book, entitled 'Sketches,' just the description, and, as to its contents, confess, these little squibs are charity itself, compared to those her beautiful lips have sometimes given utterance to in our own presence. Come, come, St. Albans, that little cut at yourself has annoyed you more than you are willing to acknowledge; but surely, I am getting the worst of it."

The young nobleman, with a very dissatisfied air, resumed his seat, whilst his companion continued the lecture.

"Tuesday—Ye Gods! but I have had a sick-Economy.—Domestic misery would be the more fitting title. Went out driving, remained out several hours shopping, and making calls. On my return, ascended to my room, found it in the most hopeless confusion. Curtains down, carpets up, furniture removed, and an overpowering odour of soap pervading alike passages and parlours. Really irritated, I was angrily asking who had made such changes, without consulting me, when the presiding genius of the scene suddenly made her appearance, and changed my anger to

mirth. Attired in a morning wrapper, of a fashion and material as primitive as herself, a close-fitting cap on her head, and an apron of huge dimensions, which might have served her little person for a pall, *La belle Nina* emerged from a closet, gracefully poising in one hand some wooden handled thing called a broom, I think. My first salutation was a peal of laughter, but without the faintest change of countenance, she exclaimed:

"I have taken the liberty, Florence, of directing the cleaning of your apartments. I am sorry they are so little advanced, but we did not expect you home so soon. In a few hours, however, they will be ready."

"But, in mercy tell me," I asked, "what necessity is there for as general a commotion as if the day of judgment were at hand? And above all, Nina dearest, what necessity is there for your attiring yourself in a costume rivalling that of a laundress, or that classic creature called a maid of all work. This by the way, was not strictly true, for notwithstanding the singularity of her dress, the lady-like neatness with which it was adjusted, would alone have distinguished her from the models I compared her to. Ere she could reply to my rather provoking address, aunt Mary entered on the arena, in costume almost as *recherché*."

"Florence," she sharply exclaimed, "twere better for you, perhaps, if, instead of exercising your wit upon Nina, you would learn to imitate her." This speech did not irritate me, and sinking on a sofa covered with soap and brushes, I ejaculated as well as my laughter would allow, "What! there are two of them!" To see aunt Mary's look of injured dignity, as she turned from me, saying:

"Come, dear Nina, it is fortunate that we have some other end in view, for our exertions, than the gratitude of those who will profit most by them."

"Ere I could reply, the twain had vanished, and a sudden ardour in the scrubbing operations in the adjoining room, proved that their presence had produced more effect on its occupants, than it had done upon me. Finding the odour of soap and damp floors, however, rather overpowering, I made my escape to the saloon, where I read till dinner time; but I had the felicity of dining *solus*—Aunt Mary and Nina, I suppose, not having divested themselves of their fancy costume; I was thus left to my own resources, and for once I found them anything but unfailing. I fervently hoped that some living creature would make its appearance—the stupidest of stupid visitors would

have been a relief, but as if through contradiction, not a soul came. Late in the evening, Aunt Mary, in all the dignity of a starched collar and new cap, descended to the saloon, nominally to tea, in reality to lecture me. Her colleague and fellow labourer, having, I suppose, over-swept herself, did not make her appearance. As soon as the tray was removed, knowing from her emphatic cough, and darkening brow, what was coming, I ensconced myself in an easy chair, and placing my feet on an ottoman, prepared to listen with due solemnity. The discourse was rather incoherent, the orator losing the thread frequently, and rambling away in a most strange manner from the point, till at the end of a half hour perhaps, she found herself precisely at the spot from which we started. I remember very little of it, save some slight accusations of selfishness, a few complimentary hints about my total and lamentable ignorance in domestic affairs, and the household duties with which every woman should be conversant. Of the peroration I know nothing, for to my shame be it spoken, I fell asleep ere it arrived. On awaking, I found myself alone in the saloon, the lamp nearly burned out, and every thing cold and gloomy. With an icy shudder I rose, threw a shawl round me, and sought my room, in the pleasant certainty of finding it as cheerless as the scene I had left. But I was agreeably mistaken; the curtains and carpets were adjusted, a bright fire burning in the grate, and everything in exquisite order. I complimented Fanchette on the skill and smartness she had displayed, but she replied that it was all Mademoiselle Aley's work, and she had only finished about two hours previous. Really touched by this unmerited kindness, I resolved to thank her at once, and hurried to her room. Nina, however, was buried in a sound and most unromantic sleep. Fearful of awaking her, I endeavoured to shade the light, but unfortunately extinguished it. The consequence was, I was forced to grope my way back, through a long damp passage, and a couple of rooms, whose moist, heavy atmosphere betokened the cleaning process had also extended to them. Suddenly my foot caught in something, and I fell, my forehead coming in contact with the door sill. Hastily regaining my feet, I raised the object which had caused the accident. It was a broom. With a hasty ejaculation I dashed it down again, and retired to rest, thoroughly, completely disgusted with domestic economy, and everything pertaining thereto.

“Wednesday.—This morning, just as I had entered on the perusal of an interesting work,

trusting no morning visitors would drop in, to weary me, and themselves, Mr. Percival Clinton must make his appearance. Had he come yesterday, he would certainly have been a little more welcome. As it was, however, I managed to endure his inopportune presence, for he was unusually lively and amusing. *Il a beaucoup d'esprit, mais encore plus d'amour propre.*”

Here Clinton paused, and the hue of his cheek, somewhat deepened, but his momentary irritation yielding to his natural gaiety, he laughed long and loud.

“No, no, St. Albans,” he quickly exclaimed, observing that the latter was about making another quiet effort to obtain possession of the volume. “No, no, I must have my revenge. I am determined to read every word through. It will give me some useful knowledge of myself. This is truly a valuable little work, and shows us as clear as in a mirror our failings and foibles. What a pity that some one does not hold a similar one up to Florence! she too, who is so prompt in performing the office for her friends; but let us see what more she says about my honored self.”

“The young gentleman staid most unreasonably long, but I was too much occupied in a warm attack on the airs and graces of the new Lady L. whom he, of course out of contradiction, eloquently defended, to notice the flight of time. He gave me two or three unceremonious hits, which I returned in kind, and we parted good friends. Percival had scarcely left the house, when St. Albans entered. Dear, kind Sydney, what a relief his gentle converse is, after that of Clinton or any of his noisy, though brilliant associates. We had a long conversation, in the course of which he quietly insinuated a couple of moral observations, which I listened to in really a penitential spirit, partly the result of his eloquence, partly the result of the softening impression produced on me by a splendid jewelled fan he sent me this morning. Jesting apart, for his sake, I must and will endeavour to conquer in some degree, my capital failing, to act on the Italian maxim his own soft voice so often inculcated: *Non fare altrui quel che patir non vuoi.* He is well worthy of the effort.”

“Come, come, Percival, positively we must read no farther. We have read too much as it is,” exclaimed the earl, as he sprang to his feet, and with a glowing cheek, closed the pamphlet. “Most dishonorably have we acted, and, I myself, will frankly confess it to Florence.”

“I faith, I think it is she who should confess it to us, for that little work, with its malicious cuts and innuendoes, is enough to keep her out of hea-

ven for half a century. I would not have resigned it so soon or so easily, only Florence was becoming sentimental, and her work, as a necessary consequence, growing very flat and insipid. But tell me frankly, St. Albans," and his manner grew more serious; "tell me frankly, what you think of these same sketches?"

"I see in them but a sad list of Florence's failings," said his companion with a sigh.

"And I a noble catalogue of Nina Aleyn's virtues," murmured Clinton thoughtfully, as he bent his abstracted glance on the ground. A pause succeeded, when the latter suddenly looked up, exclaiming: "But what do you intend to do with it?"

"Return it of course," was the reply.

"Yes, and return it, accompanied by a few moral observations, whose influence you must increase by a jewelled fan or some such *bijou*," remarked Clinton, mischievously. The earl did not smile at the jest, and yet his smooth brow spoke not of great anger. The truth was, the fond and gentle mention of himself, had operated silently, though powerfully in the writer's favour, and his predominant sentiment at the moment, was regret that any eye save his own should have obtained so near an insight into her failings.

"By the bye, I had nearly forgotten I have an appointment with young Fairfax," suddenly exclaimed Clinton, springing up, and taking his cap. "I must be off. You are at liberty to go and lecture your fair one. All I can say is, that you have a treasure in her," and whistling a lively air, he strode out of the room. St. Albans rang the bell.

"Did you bring the music and books I ordered yesterday, down to Miss Fitz-Hardinge?" he inquired of the servant who answered the summons.

"No, my lord, but I am going immediately."

"You need not mind to-day. That will do."

"Yes," he muttered as he paced the room, with a rapid step, "I fear, greatly fear, that Florence is incorrigible. And yet what glorious gifts of talent, beauty and fascination are hers! How much of womanly gentleness, what sweetness of character does she not possess, to counterbalance that one failing! Perhaps, were she my wife, the influence of my words, the responsibility of her station, above all the pliant gentleness of her own disposition, would enable her to triumph over a fault chiefly the result of youthful gaiety or childish thoughtlessness. And yet, if it should prove otherwise,—if as countess of St. Albans she should still continue to give such unbounded license to her words, to jest on persons

and things that should be sacred to her; in short continue still the wild, thoughtless girl she is now,—but, I will not indulge the supposition, it is too dreadful." And with a cheek from which the warm color had faded, he approached the door. As he passed the table, Florence's unlucky blue volume caught his eye. He glanced at it as he would have done at a rattlesnake, and then with a quick angry movement caught it up and thrust it into his breast. It was as sacred there as if reposing in her own writing desk, and no consideration on earth, not even the certainty of finding her most secret feelings and opinions regarding himself, would have induced him to open it again. He had derived indeed but bitter satisfaction from his first taste of the tree of knowledge. That evening, the earl presented himself much later than usual in Miss Murray's drawing room. Florence, who had given up all expectation of his coming, was standing before the grate, her white brow leaning against the marble mantel piece, and wondering the cause of his absence. Just as she had arrived at the conclusion that illness or pressing business alone detained him, the door opened and he entered.

"You, at last!" she exclaimed with a glad smile. "I ha! almost ceased to expect you."

"I would not, indeed, have had the pleasure of seeing you this evening, only I wished to return the volume you were so very confiding and kind as to place in my hands," he calmly replied.

"What! have you read it all so soon?" she asked, in surprise.

"I have read, perhaps, even more than I should have done. Pardon me, Florence, but I must say there is more cleverness than charity in your sketches; they do more credit to your head than to your heart."

"How, shew it me?" and she snatched the pamphlet from his hand. "Sydney! Sydney!" she murmured, turning very pale as her eye fell on the open pages. "How ungenerous, how unworthy of you! This was never intended for you or any other human being to see."

"I was not aware of that, at the time I took it," he returned in a softer tone, compassionating her distress. "I was not long convinced of my error, ere I laid it down."

"Then, you did not read it all?" she eagerly asked.

"No, on my honor, only as far as the fifth page."

Florence glanced over the first few leaves and then rejoined: "You have seen my fault, now for my punishment. Thus perishes the labour of many a night," and she cast it into the burning cinders. "Is my offence atoned for, Sydney?"

He gently smiled, and from that hour her essay in satirical composition was forgotten.— Florence's next meeting with Clinton was of a gayer kind. His peculiar smile, as he alluded to the pleasure he had lately derived from the perusal of a clever work in manuscript, called forth some lively remark from her concerning the veracity of every thing contained in the aforesaid work.

To Nina he was now doubly attentive, and he watched with an engrossing interest of which its object never dreamed, her every word and action. She had now more of Florence's society than ever, for the latter, in compliance with the dictates of her own heart, and a half expressed wish of St. Albans, went out but very little. She was consoled for this deprivation, however, by the near approach of an event to which not only she, but all the aristocratic lovers of gaiety had long looked forward to with impatient eagerness. This was the throwing open the gates of St. Albans' castle, the splendid ancestral residence of the earl, for its annual festivities. From the period of his coming of age, the anniversary of that event had always been celebrated with great magnificence, and, even after the death of his mother, the countess of St. Albans, the festive season had been kept up with as much splendour as ever. How many winning smiles from rosy lips, motherly admonitions from elderly ladies, friendly counsels from ditto gentlemen, champagne suppers from youthful aristocrats, had been lavished on him to obtain an invitation. The magnificence and refined taste with which his establishment was kept up, the thousand sources of amusement, of interest, the enchanted walls of St. Albans' park contained, were well known, and it was not to be wondered at that those who succeeded in securing an invitation, deemed themselves among the superlatively blessed. The number of cards issued, however, was rather limited, for the earl, notwithstanding his seeming inexperience and boyish diffidence, had learned the priceless art of suiting his guests to each other, and excluding all elements of discord. Florence's delight, when this wished for time at length arrived, was almost unbounded; and, even the circumstance of Miss Murray's delicate health incapacitating her from joining the party, seemed to check it but in a very slight degree. The passionate love of novelty, of amusement, and a secret wish, acknowledged but to her own heart alone, to see the lordly demesne of which she was so soon to be sole mistress, rendered the approaching visit one of the most desired events which had ever marked her life. Miss Murray did not allow her remaining at home to interfere in any

measure with her niece's plans of pleasure; it was a disappointment the long indulged Florence could ill have borne, and after some reflection, it was decided that the latter, and Nina, who had been markedly included in the earl's invitation, should go under the charge of lady Westover, an intimate friend, who was also a distant connection of the earl of St. Albans. It was indeed sorely against her will that Nina saw herself thus condemned to a visit which she regarded with mingled feelings of dislike and dread. Miss Murray's entreaties, however, her representations that the giddy Florence required some more interested friend than lady Westover, whose presence and influence might serve as a check on her thoughtless spirit, overcame her scruples, and she yielded a reluctant consent.

CHAPTER X.

WE will pass over the preparations for departure, the farewell and the journey, during which Florence talked nonsense incessantly with Miss Westover, a young lady after her own heart, whilst her lady mother leaned back in the carriage in perfect silence, leaving Nina to admire undisturbed the beauties of the smiling and diversified country through which their route lay; or to revolve the fears and anxieties which the coming visit inspired. Behold we at length Florence and Nina quietly seated at night in their apartments, enjoying the luxury of solitude and complete repose after the fatigues of a rapid though short journey. Florence's attitude was eminently characteristic. Reclining full length on a soft couch she lay, her bright eyes fixed dreamily on the ground, or wandering listlessly round the lofty walls of the apartment, scarcely noting its magnificence, though it might have awakened admiration even in a princess. The rich crimson draperies, the lofty bed with its velvet hangings of the same bright hue, the marble mantel-piece of snowy whiteness, and the soft rich carpet, presenting a *parterre* of almost living roses, with ottomans, couches and stools of the most exquisite forms and luxuriant softness. Over all, the lamps burning behind their amber screens, shed a glowing mellow light through the chamber, which disposed the mind to sleep or dreamy reflection. Nina, however, did not seem to feel their influence, for she stood at a distant table, arranging some articles of wearing apparel, with the same calm matter of fact air as if she stood in her own apartment in Belgrave Square. Florence at length broke silence, by exclaiming: "Nina! what on earth are you doing? Do come for mercy's sake and sit down. You will

worry yourself and me to death with your wearisome particularity. It makes me so nervous to see you bustling forever about. Oh! this is too much!" she continued, raising herself with sudden vivacity. "What! actually folding up my shawl and gloves, which Fanchette even, would not remain to do. Nina, I forbid you to touch them. Though you, apparently, have no objections to it yourself, I have no intention of transferring you into my waiting maid. For the third time, Nina, I entreat of you, do come and rest yourself. You have all day to-morrow to exercise your industry."

Yielding to her importunities, Nina complied, though the lingering look she cast at a mantle and some other articles carelessly thrown over the arm of a sofa, denoted it was somewhat of a sacrifice. She had scarcely seated herself, when her companion resumed:

"Why, my dear girl, you have positively no idea of comfort. Do put aside that stiff Gothic chair in which you have ensconced yourself, and get an ottoman or something more accommodating. I have remarked that if there is an uncomfortable chair or a hard cushion in the room, you are always sure to select it."

Again Nina obeyed, though in reality more annoyed than gratified by her capricious solicitude. Another pause followed, which was broken by Florence, exclaiming without removing her gaze from the ground:

"How did you like Lord St. Albans' reception?"

"It was very flattering," rejoined Nina, "though its friendly warmth displayed as it was to all, was really felt for one alone."

"Yes, indeed," murmured Florence, with a glowing cheek, "I never saw him evince so much devotion or *empressment* as he did this evening, when assisting us to alight from the carriage. The tones of his voice, his whole countenance, was full of joy and satisfaction. I think I never felt so happy as I do to-night, but I am greatly fatigued, and we had better to rest at once, dear Nina, for I wish to do credit to his choice, by looking my very best to-morrow."

The first beams of the bright sun streaming in upon her closed eyelids, awoke Nina from her quiet slumbers. She softly rose, and having modestly attired herself, knelt to pay her morning tribute to her Creator, and then passed out into the balcony on which their apartments opened. It was indeed a glorious morning, and the fields and flowers glittering with diamond dew drops, the confused though silvery songs of the birds; all seemed as happy, as grateful as the heart of the young and simple girl who gazed

upon them. Involuntarily she clasped her hands, murmuring:

"My God! how beautiful thou hast made this earth! Can we ever thank or love Thee enough!"

Grateful indeed must have been the incense which rose from that humble heart, as with softened eyes she drank in earth's loveliness, finding in each new beauty but subject for a new act of soul-felt adoration. But ere long her reverie was interrupted. A soft arm was suddenly thrown around her, and Florence's sweet voice murmured in her ear:

"Is it not very beautiful?"

She turned in surprise, for the latter was anything but a matinal riser, and professed in general a most unpoetic indifference for rising suns and morning birds. "You are very early," she simply rejoined.

"Yes, how could I sleep on such a morning as this?"

"I think it was your heart Florence, even more than the morning, which drew you from your slumbers," returned Nina, who could not help thinking that many mornings as beautiful, had failed in enticing her forth to admire their loveliness.

A pause followed, whilst the two girls silently looked on the scene before them. Far as the eye could reach, extended the wide demesne of St. Albans, rich in all its vast diversity of forest, glade and stream, and through the leafy dells and on the velvet turf, the graceful fawn bounded in heedless play, or the noble stag raised his antlered brow to the cloudless sky. St. Albans' Park was one of those noble seats which form so justly the pride and glory of England. No modern summer-houses, with little golden cupolas, no fanciful arbours and grottoes, tricked up with fantastic shells and flowers, but stately avenues of majestic oaks and elms; clear, silvery streams, deep wooded dells, through whose leafy canopy the scorching sunbeams could but faintly penetrate. It was a scene of which the eye might never weary, and even the thoughtless volatile Florence, felt and bowed to its influence. Yet there was another and a stronger spell upon her, than even the loveliness of tree or flower, and her words revealed it, as she at length whispered:

"Is it a dream, that he who calls this proud demesne his own, has knelt at my feet. Can it be, that ere long, I shall be its mistress. Ah! such happiness is nearly too great for earth, I almost fear that it may pass away." She tightened her grasp on her companions waist, as she spoke, and a look of deep, mingled emotion, passed over her

variety of foreign plant or flower. Florence, after a tedious half hour spent in listening to the questions and conjectures of an elderly lady, who took a deep interest in Miss Murray's indisposition, and had to be immediately informed of what drops she took in the morning, what powders at night, was making her escape to her new friend, Miss Westover, whom she perceived at some distance examining a *bouquet* some admirer had just presented, when St. Albans entered and approached her with a smile, exclaiming—

"Will you deign to accept my society for the next half hour, Florence? I have been much occupied all morning, but, having disposed of my guests, I am at liberty now, to gratify my own tastes by devoting a few minutes to yourself"

It is needless to say she gladly acquiesced, and accepting his proffered arm, she jestingly asked,—"what wonders he was going to shew her?"

"Would you like to see the grounds, or conservatories—but, no, you can examine them at any time, I will introduce you to my cherished, my favorite retreat; the spot where I have passed more hours of tranquil happiness, as man as well as boy, than in any other part of the castle. I wish you to see it at once, and I am too jealous to allow any one save myself to do the honors."

"But, give me an idea, my lord, where or what it is. Is it a chapel, a ball-room, or library?"

"Neither; but, wait one moment and your curiosity will be gratified. I wish to surprise you."

"I suppose I must submit, but, I perceive you have a little of the tyrant in you too," she laughingly rejoined.

In leaving the saloon they passed close to Miss Westover, who had just entered. She dropped her handkerchief at the moment, and as the earl stooped to raise it, whispered in Florence's ear, with an air and tone of matchless drollery, the words—"Darby and Joan." In any other lips than Miss Westover's the expression would have been nothing more than a common vulgar bye-word, but the archness of her musical accents, her bright laughing look, rendered it a sharp satire. Well, it told on Florence, substituting for her former pleasurable feelings, the uncomfortable consciousness that she was for once affording subject for mirth and ridicule to others, as they had heretofore perpetually done to her. It was not so much the simple words Miss Westover had uttered which irritated her, but the indescribable mockery of her look and smile, and never had Florence been in a more unfavorable mood for playing the agreeable to her betrothed. Disguising her annoyance, however, she contented herself by replying with a most provokingly significant smile as she turned away:

"What would you give to be in Joan's place?"

St. Albans, unconscious that anything had occurred to ruffle his companion's pleasant mood, continued to converse in his former strain. From room to room they passed; all furnished with the same stately magnificence, when the earl at length stopped before a lofty and richly carved door, which he threw open, exclaiming:

"We have arrived at our destination, Florence; I will now introduce you to the ancestors of my house."

They were in the picture gallery. It was a vast and noble hall, and as her eye wandered from the lofty ceiling to the countless portraits lining the walls; something of the sentiment of insignificance which had possessed her in the morning, again stole over her, but Miss Westover's jest still rankled in her heart, and soon suppressed the better feeling.

"I hope, my lord, you do not intend to inflict the penance on me of making acquaintance with all those prim dames and stern knights, in one day. It would take a whole week to go comfortably through them."

St. Albans smiled, for the first time there was a shade of pride upon his fine countenance.

"Yes, indeed, Florence. It would take some time. Few families can boast of as long and noble a line of ancestry as the house of St. Albans. But do not fear that I will weary you. Some I will only mention, others pass over in total silence.

To begin then, look at that tall, dark man, in complete armour. That is Sir Conrad Greville, the founder of our house. The sword on which he leans so loftily, was, at first, his only possession, but with it he carved the way to wealth and honorable distinction. That pale boy beside him, with sickly air, yet stern glance, was his son, and weak and effeminate as he looks, he surpassed even his father in matchless chivalry. Of the three or four grim knights next him, we know little, save that they were all men of "valour proved." This noble warrior, covered with scars and honors, is the Lord Reginald Greville; one who in his time, disputed the palm of knightly daring with the proudest of England's chivalry. Ah! I see you are admiring yon gallant looking youth, who reins in his fiery Arabian with so masterly a hand. That is Albans, St. Albans, he fell on a battle field in Spain. The colours he defended with his life, he yielded not even in death, and his enemies unable to wrest the folds from his grasp, were obliged to cut them away. He was buried with the glorious trophy in his hand. The tall, pale browed knight, with so lofty yet melancholy a smile, next him, fell alas! not in honorable warfare, but in revolt against his

sovereign. Still, if a dauntless heart and unsullied integrity could redeem the stain of disloyalty, his would be doubly effaced. I shall pass over this stately churchman, his history affords no interest, though he was a man of profound science and eminent virtue. But, stay, Florence, I declare we have overlooked as brave a knight as ever drew sword. That slight, graceful boy, with lofty brow and eagle glance. His career, though brilliant, alas! was short. At the age of nineteen, he fell on the glorious field of Crecy, fighting valiantly at the side of his youthful leader, the chivalric Black Prince. The Prince of Wales gained his motto and his crest of ostrich plumes; whilst poor Gaston found but a soldier's grave. You see, Florence, we are a warlike race!" exclaimed the young earl, turning to his companion, "but, alas! we have greatly degenerated. For many years past, we have fought more in the cabinet than in the field; distinguished ourselves more in ruling our country at home than in defending her abroad. Yet, why should I speak, when I, in whom all the titles and dignities of so noble an ancestry concentrate? I, their last and only representative, have as yet distinguished myself in neither."

He sighed as he spoke, and Florence wishing to divert his thoughts from the sad chapter they had taken, gaily rejoined:

"A truce to all sad reflections, and, as I am beginning to weary of all these grim warriors and their stern looks, tell me something about the illustrious dames beside them. Who is that beautiful creature with ebon locks and deep azure eyes?"

"A namesake of your own, sweet Florence, and wife to one of our proudest earls. Her father was a simple Irish gentleman, of impoverished fortunes; but the peerless beauty and noble virtues of Florence O'Brien, touched the heart of even the icy Herbert St. Albans, on whom the fairest of his country-women had long lavished their smiles in vain. She became his bride, and if we are to credit the annals of our family, he never regretted his choice."

"She is indeed very lovely," and Florence gazed thoughtfully on the fine countenance which seemed to speak of every quality estimable in woman.

"Yes, a noble specimen of the true Milesian beauty. You may laugh at me," he added, as he turned an earnest glance on the young girl at his side, "but I find a striking resemblance between you and the Lady Florence."

"Nonsense, my lord, I am vain enough already; do not make me worse by comparing me with

that beautiful being," and she blushing turned away.

"But 'tis not the first time I have thought so, and the portrait has been a favorite with me on that account, bearing, too, as it does, your name. I am certain the likeness is a good augury, and may the lot of my Florence St. Albans be as bright and blessed as that of her faultless namesake."

"Look here, Sydney!" she quickly exclaimed, wishing to turn the subject, which somewhat embarrassed her. "Who is this magnificently attired noble, glittering with gems and orders; his arm leaning so carelessly on the arching neck of his beautiful steed?"

"That is Eric Clarence Greville, Earl of St. Albans, Baron of Ashley and Dartmouth, Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, &c., &c. Amongst the nobles who distinguished themselves by their superior magnificence at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, he was foremost. Foremost, also, in deeds of chivalry and feats of arms, he won the admiration of the gallant cavaliers of the warlike Francis, as much for his knightly skill as for his royal splendour. The device he adopted was that of a brilliant and a sword, with the motto: 'In valour and splendour I yield to none.'

"There is no denying the latter point," said Florence, with a merry laugh. "Why, the vainest of our sex could not display greater taste in laces, or boast more gaily fashioned trimmings than the Lord Eric. But, who is this cold, stiff looking dame? Her solemn hearse-like aspect is enough to give one the vapours."

"That I almost forget; but wait,—yes, a daughter of St. Albans, afterwards wife to one of Cromwell's generals."

"She looks it!" said Florence. "And the next? She is ten times worse. Let us pass here. Oh! here is a treasure! Who is that beautiful creature in that singular dress? What an angelic face, and what a smile!"

"The only daughter of the sixth earl of St. Albans. One of the loveliest and most admired daughters of our line; but at seventeen, following in the path that fair as she had trod, she entered a religious order of great strictness, of which she died abbess."

"What a sacrifice!" sighed his listener. "How could she ever have schooled her heart to it?"

The earl smiled. "There is no danger then, Florence, of your imitating Bertha St. Albans, or rather, sister Mary's example."

"Not the slightest; I would prefer even enacting the dismal part of spouse to the lord Protector's general. But, we have arrived at another

beauty. Who is this fair lady, with smiling lips and shining tresses?"

"That," rejoined St. Albans, with a peculiar smile, after a moment's pause. "That is the lady Madeline St. Albans, or to give her her latest title, the Marchioness of Egremont. I would almost prefer your treading in sister Mary's footsteps to hers; she married four husbands and survived them all!"

"Quite a heroine," laughed Florence, "but oh! I need not ask who this is," and she joyously bounded from his side, to a portrait at some distance, which had caught her eye, representing a beautiful boy of about thirteen years, playing with a noble-looking dog. In the waves of golden-threaded hair, the delicate features, the fair bright complexion, she at once recognized her betrothed.

"What a beautiful picture!" was her involuntary exclamation, as she admiringly gazed upon it. His cheek, glowing with mingled pleasure and confusion, St. Albans carelessly exclaimed:

"It was always considered a flattering likeness: the animal too, is done with masterly skill. Poor Lion! he is buried among the roses and vines of sunny Naples. We travelled many a mile together."

"Shall I write an elegy on him, my lord? I think I might succeed in equalling that famous *Lament*, composed on an unfortunate dog which had lost its senses; an accident that frequently happens to the master, as well as the animal."

The Earl smiled, but though he would scarcely acknowledge it to himself, he was a little annoyed. The levity with which his companion had treated the death of a creature, which had proved his tried and faithful companion for many years, whose loss he had deeply regretted, jarred on his peculiarly sensitive feelings, and a pause followed, which he was in no mood to break. Florence, however, continued to glance rapidly and silently over the portraits; stopping only before those whose remarkable beauty or singularity called forth either her admiration or ridicule. Suddenly she laughingly exclaimed:

"For mercy's sake! Sydney, tell me the name of this prim, starched looking gentleman in black? Is he not exquisitely absurd, with his stiff neckcloth, and solemn air."

"Florence, Florence," ejaculated the earl, impatiently. "Will you never cease to wound my feelings in their tenderest point. He, whom you have just criticised so unsparingly, was my father. It would not probably abate your contempt one degree, to tell you that his name ranked among the highest, as a statesman and as a writer."

"Nay, dear Sydney," she soothingly returned, much provoked at her unlucky blunder. "You must not allow the words of a silly, thoughtless girl to annoy you. The late Lord St. Albans, held too high a rank for such remarks to reach him. And even were it otherwise, what wonderful crime is there in my saying he wore a stiff neckcloth?"

"Your clever reasoning has convinced me already," returned the Earl, endeavouring to banish his annoyance; "but, look on this portrait, Florence, the most precious, the most inestimable of all; one whose simple canvass I would not give for the whole collection, even were their frames enriched with jewels. Need I tell you, tis the portrait of my mother."

The picture was that of a lady, past the bloom of womanhood, but whose countenance still retained traces of exquisite beauty, heightened too, by its intellectual, yet soft expression. The bright wavy hair, the delicate sculptured features, bore a striking resemblance to those of her son, and as St. Albans gazed on the deep, azure eyes, that seemed to look down on him with speaking tenderness, a strange, tearful mist dimmed his sight. The gentle memory of that mother's love and devotion, which had atoned to him, for even the coldness of a proud, stern father, her deep solicitude, her unwearying gentleness, rose upon his recollection, and he could have knelt before the lifeless canvass, and almost worshipped it. It was a solemn moment for him. He stood for the first time before that cherished momento, with his plighted wife, the being who was soon to fill the place that mother had filled—to bear the name she had borne. It almost seemed to him her beatified spirit was looking down upon them, and he half invoked her blessing on their union. He turned to Florence to seek the sympathy, the communion of heart he longed for, to find in her youthful face, traces of the thoughts which engrossed himself. Her eyes were fixed steadfastly on the portrait, but, alas! how different was their expression of careless levity to that he had hoped to meet! And her words too were even more unsatisfactory, more painful.

"She must have been very handsome; but did you ever see anything more ridiculous than that hideous fashion of wearing the hair? How ingeniously our fore-fathers, or foremothers I should say, contrived to disfigure themselves."

The Earl's words could express the sudden revulsion of feelings. Shocked, pained, beyond even what the occasion called for, he abruptly covered the portrait, and exclaimed:

"We had better return to the saloon. I have

wearied you long enough with my antiquated fancies."

"Not at all," rejoined Florence, who took his words in their literal sense, never dreaming for a moment, that the quiet, diffident St. Albans, was indulging in irony. "Really, I have found as much amusement among those canvass lords and ladies, as I would have found among the real ones in the drawing room. If they do not amuse they do not bore one."

Happily for her peace of mind, she did not remark the sudden fit of taciturnity which had taken possession of her companion, and she joined the guests in the drawing-room, unconscious that she had left a most unfavourable impression on the mind of the Earl. Vainly endeavouring to smooth his over-cast brow, he walked away, murmuring:

"I am a fool to hope for perfection. Why should I expect her to share in all my old-fashioned whims and ideas? I must have patience."

He stood for a moment on the threshold, surveying the different groups, some sauntering slowly on the green sward or lounging on couches in the saloons, whilst others, as the distant strains from the music room betokened, were amusing themselves with "the concourse of sweet sounds." As he looked on the lively pleasant faces around, the pleasant consciousness stole over him that his guests, at least, if not himself, were happy. For a long period his glance wandered listlessly from group to group, when, suddenly, he started. One guest was absent, the quietest, the most unobtrusive of all, and he colored with shame when he remembered that in his anxiety for others, Nina Aleya had been entirely overlooked. Hastily stepping up to Florence, he whispered a few words to her, and she immediately left the apartment. Nina, whom she had gone in quest of, was not in her room, but on the balcony enjoying the magnificent view it commanded, and which possessed for her the same charms it had done the first moment it burst upon her view.

"I am compelled to dispell your heaven-ward meditations," said Florence, as she approached; "but I have been sent to solicit you to join us in the drawing room."

"Pardon me, Florence, but I fear this is some new jest. I know not of one individual save yourself and our host, who would notice my presence, much less, miss my absence."

"'Tis our host himself. He it was who begged me to come in quest of you, to bring you to share our amusements."

"He is very kind, but I would much prefer being left quietly here. I shall make my appear-

ance, however, for I do not wish to appear ungrateful."

Florence, having conducted Nina to the door of the saloon, considered she had well fulfilled her mission and left her there. The latter had scarcely seated herself when the earl approached and addressed her with friendly courtesy.

"You are a sad truant, Miss Aleya," he gaily exclaimed. "I fear our poor society can afford but few charms to you, when you so studiously shun it."

"You cannot blame me, my lord; they are all strangers to me?"

"You will not long have that plea to bring forth," he returned with a meaning smile, "for, our mutual friend, Mr. Clinton, is coming down in a few days. He had intended to join us at first, but pressing business detained him in London."

"I am sincerely rejoiced to hear it," was the reply.

The earl started, for the frank acknowledgment surprised as well as amused him. Nina, however, was unconscious that she had said anything out of the way, for impressed with the wide disparity between herself and Clinton, she never dreamed for a moment that any living being could mistake their intimacy or suspect a deeper feeling on either side. Clinton was to her, like St. Albans, Miss Murray, or any other friend she esteemed, and she would no more have concealed her regard for him, a regard by the bye, of whose extent she was perhaps not entirely aware, than she would have done her friendship for Florence. The truth partly broke upon St. Albans, and he resumed in a more careless tone—

"He charged me with his respectful remembrance to all, but most particularly to yourself, Miss Aleya. In fact, I cannot recall all the courteous messages he sent."

"One would have been as expressive as a hundred," replied Nina, with a quiet smile.

Feeling for her isolated situation, the earl continued for a length of time to converse with her, really deriving amusement from her original but artless remarks. A few moments after he had left her side, Miss Westover approached, and for the first time deigned to address a word to her.

"What have you and lord St. Albans been whispering about, Miss Aleya?" she jestingly asked. "Positively, 'tis enough to make Miss Fitz-Hardinge jealous."

"Where no equality or no competition exists, there can be no jealousy," was the calm reply.

"Now, Miss Aleya, you do not think so. Humble as are your professions, you as well as

others have a little *amour propre*. We women are all so vain. We can always console ourselves for our deficiency in one point, by dwelling on our perfections in another."

"Doubtless you say truth, Miss Westover, you are better acquainted with the world than I am. I spoke only for myself, not for others," and Nina calmly rose and walked away.

"Was ever such insolence seen or heard of!" muttered the indignant Miss Westover. "That little obscure oddity, to presume to repulse my advances; but, wait, my fair Swiss, I may pay you with interest yet."

From that hour she became Nina's secret enemy, with the will if not the power to do her every mischief. A feeling of bitter jealousy to see St. Albans lavishing on so contemptible an individual the attentions her own inordinate vanity coveted for herself, imparted additional keenness to her resentment. On her side, Nina who had already pretty accurately read Miss Westover's character, shrunk from further communication with her. She had sufficient to endure from Florence, without exposing herself to additional insults from a kindred spirit. Florence was now inseparable from her new friend, and her mornings were generally passed in the latter's dressing-room, where they amused themselves by criticising or laughing over the guests, and plotting schemes of mirth and mischief.

(To be continued.)

THE MAPLE TREE.

A SONG FOR CANADA.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Rise to the pride of the forest—hail!
To the maple stout and green;
The treasure it yields, shall never fail
While leaves on its boughs are seen.
When the moon shines bright,
On the wintry night,
And silvers the frozen snow,
And echo dwells,
On the lingering bells,
As the sleighs dart to and fro;
Then it brightens the mirth,
Of the social hearth,
With its red and cheering glow.

After mid the bosky forest shades,
It lifts its tall head on high;
When the crimson tint of daylight fades
In the glowing saffron sky;
And the sun's last beams,
Through th foliage streams,

And brightens the gloom below;
And the deer bounds by,
With his flashing eye,
And the shy, swift-footed doe;
And the sad winds chide,
Through the branches wide,
With a tender plaint of woe.

The Indian leans on its rugged trunk,
And the bow in his red right hand:
And mourns, that his race like a stream has sunk,
From the glorious forest land;
But blithe and free,
The maple tree,
Still tosses to sun and air,
Its thousands arms,
And in merry swarms,
The wild bees revel there:
But how soon not a trace
Of the red-man's race
Shall be found in the landscape fair.

When the snows of winter are melting fast,
And the sap begins to rise,
And the biting breath of the frozen blast,
Yields to the spring's soft sighs;
Then away to the wood!
For the maple good,
Shall unlock its honied store;
And boys and girls,
With their sunny curls,
Bring their vessels brimming o'er
With the luscious food,
Of the brave tree's blood,
In the cauldron deep to pour.

The blaze from the sugar bush gleams red
Far down in the forest dark;
Its burning glow on the trees is shed,
And lights up their rugged bark—
And with noisy shout,
The busy rout,
Watch the sap as it bubbles high;
And they talk of the cheer
Of the coming year,
And the jest, and the song pass by,
And brave tales of old,
Round the fire are told,
That kindle youth's beaming eye.

Hurra! for the sturdy maple tree!
Long may its green branch wave;
In native strength sublime and free
Meet emblem for the brave—
And a nation's peace,
With its growth increase,
And its worth be widely spread;
For it lifts not in vain,
To the sun and rain,
Its tall majestic head—
May it grace our soil,
And reward our toil,
'Till the nation's heart is dead.

ULTIMATE DESTINATION OF THE EARTH;

OR, WHAT WAS IT MADE FOR?

BY THE REV. A. H. BURWELL.

It is conceived that the ultimate destination of the Earth is a fair subject of enquiry. It is so upon the ground, that, whatever relates to the earth, its destiny and the destiny of its inhabitants, is matter of deep interest to mankind. It is so, for the reason that men ought to know, to a certain extent, the destinies that are before them, so as to shape their conduct to meet coming events, and as easily as possible fall into the current of altering circumstances. It is so, for the reason that might be supposed to interest a man in relation to the length of his own life, or the durability of his house, or that of the title to his estate. Titles to estate are given in perpetuity, as if the earth were literally to abide for ever. The length of human life is very often a subject of anxiety, because of its known shortness as well as uncertainty; but never so of a good title to real estate. No anxiety or questioning arises on that point, because practically all men feel and act as if it could not be a subject of uncertainty. And it is conceived that this fact is of some value in an enquiry of this kind, on the ground that such things are indications of the purposes of Him in whose hand all things are. But they could not be such unless He had so constituted us that we should naturally act in accordance with His purposes. Great interest is excited among men by the researches of geology, which mostly relates to what is past, (though in some instances it is of present use,) but how much greater interest should attach to the future prospects of the earth and man upon it!

Another of these indications may be seen in the movements of the political world. These are all connected with the physical improvements going on among men. And these improvements assume that man should literally multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it, till no reclaimable part should be left an uncultivated and unpeopled waste, but be all made tributary in the highest degree to the comfort and enjoyment of man upon it. The politics of this day have a more direct bearing upon such improvements than those of any preceding age; though they have never been, as they ought not to be, excluded from political considerations. If man is worth

caring for by the state, the condition of the place of his habitation should be considered so too, in as far as it could be a rational object of political care. But we can see no indications in any of the great movements of the day of an apprehension that the earth will ever cease to be, or cease to be inhabited. They are not certainly to be seen in what we may call the purely political movements; and as little in the schemes of physical improvement and commercial enterprise. In both these respects, the mass of men act exactly as they would do, if it were palpably certain to all men that the earth would never cease to be, and would ever be a fitting place for human habitation. Men cannot avoid using the faculties given them by their Maker, and it may be said, with some degree of plausibility, that they can hardly avoid acting, to some extent, in accordance with His intentions upon this great point. It is no more than natural that it should be so. If it is His intention that the earth should forever be a fitting habitation for man, it were not unreasonable that we should desire to know it, and bring our feelings and actions to flow in the current of His intentions; and, indeed, many feel and act in the same direction without either knowing or caring to know it, for He may have so constituted the world of man, that men could not avoid feeling and acting on some leading points, in accordance with the Divine purposes.

Another indication may be gathered thus. We have, as it were, an instinctive feeling that nothing is made in vain; for we shrink from bringing the charge of trifling against the Creator. Even when a thing ceases to be useful in its present form, we cannot be sure that it is essentially useless. When it ceases to be useful in one form it may be useful in another. We see the process of decay and reproduction constantly going forward. The matter ejected by the fires of volcanos, in time is transformed into fruitful soil. What becomes of the millions of tons of hard and ponderous substances annually converted into vapour by the operation of fire, such as wood, coal, tallow, oil, &c., besides five-eighths of all the solid food eaten? Were not these brought back again by rain and dew, and fixed in the

earth, the atmosphere, in a short time, would become totally unfit for the support of animal life. And were these substances annihilated, the earth in the end, by this process alone, would lose all its means of supporting inhabitants, and finally all such parts of it would cease to be. But, we do not know of the fact, of the annihilation of a particle of matter. We are familiar with change and renovation, but of annihilation we have no experience and no testimony. Even loss in its worst form is mere change. The loss of innocence and consequent misery is by mere change of state and condition. The loss of worldly goods is frequently by mere passage from hand to hand, but never by the annihilation of any thing which has a substantive existence. And this is certainly a presumptive argument in favour of the perpetuity of the earth, even in a state of usefulness.

Again, we all believe that as the All-wise Creator would make nothing in vain, He must have a definite useful end in view in the whole and each part of creation. To create and then to annihilate would be no proof of an All-wise Being. We can see no end to be answered by it; we can conceive of the possibility of such a thing; but we can see no ground of its probability. We can see nothing in the character of wisdom and goodness that would lead thereto, nothing of the kind in anything the Creator has yet done. As little reason can we see for a general state of existence in utter uselessness. No wise and benevolent end could be answered by such a condition of things, and things might as well not be at all as to be eternally useless towards the promotion of the happiness of sentient creatures.

There is again what might be called the merely beautiful in the visible world; it is seen both in persons and in things; it is prominent both in the works of nature and of art. The good we readily merge into the useful, but there is something in the moral goodness of a person so like the beautiful, that it were no wonder if they should both be regarded with much the same feelings. Howbeit, moral goodness does not properly come in here for consideration, as good persons are never regarded, at least in their intellectual part, as subjects of the sweeping destruction to which so many have consigned the visible creation. But the feeling is prevalent that the beautiful is worthy of preservation,—that it is a pity it should cease to be. We love the beautiful, and almost, under some circumstances, confound it with the useful. And indeed, rightly, if we regard pleasure as a means of human happiness; for then, that which gives pleasure is essential. We are made with large capacity for the enjoyment of the beautiful in external objects

either of nature or art or of both combined; and it is presumable that that consideration as an end entered into the counsel of Him who counselled wisely when he was about to make man such as he is, and place him in the midst of such a constitution of things. Man has large capacity for beautifying in various ways the external world in which God has placed him, and an equal capacity for taking pleasure in the things, to the attractiveness of which our own labour has so largely contributed. And on these grounds we might construct a highly presumptive argument, that the habitation of the earth by man forever is a final end for which both were created. It might be added that this fact is notorious, to wit, that such persons as have a taste for the beautiful, and gratify it in moderation, by the cultivation of flowers, pleasure grounds, pictures, and such things, are much less given to vicious pursuits than those of a contrary disposition.

Whence then came the general opinion, in connexion with Revelation and Religion, which both Dr. Young and Mr. Campbell, one in the conclusion of his Night Thoughts, and the other at the end of his Pleasures of Hope, have definitely expressed as to the final and everlasting reduction of the visible creation into utter nonentity, or into darkness and uselessness, not a whit better? It is certain that this most gloomy article of belief could never be gathered from any of the above considerations. And if these truly indicate the character of God as to wisdom and goodness, it could never be gathered from Divine Revelation; for no revelation from Him could contain it.—But how comes it to enter into men's religious convictions?

But let us now turn to Revelation, and see whether the tenor of it agrees with the conclusions which may be drawn from the foregoing considerations, as to the perpetuity of the earth.

We should look to the account of the creation for indications of the final end and purpose of God in it. It is said by the prophet that He "declares the end from the beginning;" and so we may look to see the end of object of making the earth set forth in the account of its creation. It is said that "He hath established the earth, He created it not in vain, He formed it to be inhabited." That is its ultimate end, so that it can never cease to be inhabited by man, whom He hath formed upon it. When he had prepared it to be the habitation of man, He made man, and gave it into his hand, saying: "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion." The grant is absolute and unlimited as to how long, and, like all title deeds, is endless. Adam stood as the representative of

the human race; and in being given to him it was also given to his descendants, to "his heirs for ever." Indeed the grant was personally to him to all eternity, because he was not created under sentence of death, nor was he under it when the grant was made. He was not created for death; and so deathless possession of the earth was involved in the fact of his investiture with dominion over it. Death was no more the end of his creation than sin was; for death came by sin, by Adam's own act, which involved forfeiture, and not by creation. The object of God in making man was not that he should sin and die; but that he should be fruitful, multiply, replenish the earth, subdue it, and have dominion over it. Even Adam's sin did not prevail to nullify this plenary grant; for he was presently relieved from the final penalty of the fall through the promise of a Saviour; and through which promise belief in the resurrection of the body was a leading article in the patriarchal faith, as we see in the portion from Job forming part of the beautiful Burial Service. In agreement herewith it is said in Psalm cxv. 16: "The heavens, even the heavens are the Lord's; but the earth hath He given to the children of men," without reserve as to time how long.

But the idea of possession by man of the works of God is subsequently extended, as the divine purpose gradually unfolded. St. Paul, in Hebrews ii, 5, quotes from the eighth Psalm, respecting all God's works being put under the dominion of man, and concludes, saying: "But now we see not yet all things put under him. But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour." All things must be put under the feet of Him as the seed of the woman; by which the grant of dominion made to Adam will be substantiated for ever in one of his descendants, and the triumph of Satan prevented, as it could not be if there were the appearance of God having destroyed his creation in order to remedy the disorder brought into it by one of His rebel creatures. Surely this article of popular belief does God no honour.

In Proverbs, ch. viii, a very remarkable passage concludes thus: "I was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him; rejoicing in the habitable part of His earth; and my delights were with the sons of men:" as if men on the earth were indeed to become His fit companions for ever, and the earth to be to Him a garden of delights,—his portion set apart from the rest of creation. In accordance herewith Adam, the first man, an especial type of Him the second Man,

was placed in the garden of Eden, a portion separated from the rest of the earth. Now St. Peter taught (Acts iv, 19,) that at the second Advent there is to be a "restitution of all things which God had spoken by the mouth of all His holy prophets since the world began." So whatever has been lost on earth shall be recovered; and whatever has been typified by such persons and conditions, shall have the amplest fulfilment, even to making new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, heretofore a stranger and alien on the earth.

When Noah came out of the ark after the flood, he offered sacrifice and thanksgiving. "And the Lord said in His heart, I will not again curse the ground for man's sake, neither will I smite any more every living thing as I have done." This appears to promise immunity from every depopulating stroke. If the stress of the latter clause is laid upon the fact of not smiting, and not upon the manner of smiting, the immunity is clear enough. But if it is only meant that water shall not be the instrument, the promise is a mere quibble, on the ground that it would be no favour to be saved from drowning in order to be roasted in the fire. But even allowing that the flood water was to be followed by as universal a flood of fire, the condition of the earth after the flood cannot be prophetic of eternal destruction and sterility.

Presently after, God makes a covenant with Noah, with his seed after him, with all flesh that went with him out of the ark, and with the earth itself, which covenant He established "for perpetual generations," that He would no more destroy the earth by the waters of a flood. He set the rainbow in the cloud, saying, He would look on it and remember His covenant. Now if "perpetual generations" is equivalent to "world without end," and if the expression can be tortured into agreement with this destructionist article of belief, I think we may cease to attach any definite meaning to language. Or if it be said that the covenant assures immunity from a flood of water only; it is answered again, that this is no favour to those who are burnt to death.

The bow in the cloud was the sign of this universal and perpetual covenant. In Rev. x. John saw "the angel of the covenant" coming down, clothed with a cloud and a rainbow upon his head; and as the heir of the world he took formal possession of sea and land. He did so as the fulfiller of the covenant. In another prophetic vision John saw His throne of universal dominion; "and there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald." Its color was that

of living foliage. And by these uses of the sign of the covenant by the Redeemer of the world, we are plainly told the ultimate destination of the earth.

The heathen are given to Him for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession. The meek are to be blessed in the inheritance of the earth. These things cannot be if the earth is to endure the fate to which they assign it. The saints are to take the kingdom of God when it comes, and possess it forever and ever; and in the character and office of kings and priests reigning on the earth, cause His will to be done by its inhabitants as it is done in heaven. But not so, according to Dr. Young and Mr. Campbell. We read of the harvest of the earth; the field where the good seed has been sown. Some think that at the end of the harvest the flood of fire will be let loose to destroy it forever. But to carry on the figure, who ever heard of a farmer harvesting his first crop, or only crop, and then rendering his field incapable of further cultivation? It is said that there shall be no more curse: that God renews the face of the earth, and then it yields its increase: that truth shall spring out of the earth, which shall be filled with God's glory, and made the land of the living: that while heaven is His throne the earth is His footstool; and that in every place His name shall be great among the Gentiles, who shall walk forever in the light of the holy city, and bring up to it their glory and honour. The promise to Abraham is, that he and his seed shall dwell forever in the land of Canaan. Ezekiel prophecies a new division of the land among the tribes when they are again gathered to be scattered no more forever; gives the plan of a new city and temple; shews the river of the water of life going forth from the sanctuary, and the restoration of the tree of life "for the healing of the nations." (Rev. xxii, 2). But none of these things can be true according to this destructionist creed. Yet the name of the restored city of the Jews is to be, "THE LORD IS THERE."

A question then arises as to the origin of this absurd notion; for divines have taught it as the word of God. It has come by literally understanding all the Scriptures that mention fire among God's instruments of judgment, especially the famous passage in one of Peter's Epistles, and turning a deaf ear to the whole class of Scriptures of which the above are but a brief selection. There are many passages which mention fire, while the context shews that literal fire cannot be meant. For instance, where James says that the tongue is a fire, set on fire of hell, and setting on fire the course of nature. And to what extent soever literal fire may be used in the judgments, it does

not reach to the depopulation of the earth, nor diminish aught from its future fruitfulness. In Rev. xi, 15, it is said, that "the seventh angel sounded; and there were great voices in heaven, saying, the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign forever and ever." What makes this change pass upon them? Not surely a flood of literal fire, but a process of political change and conversion.

Much might here be said upon the present fearful agitations throughout Christendom; but the writer chooses to conclude this article with considerations drawn from other quarters.

The doctrine of the resurrection of the body from death is a cardinal doctrine of the church, and called by St. Paul, "the hope of Israel." The fact of it virtually involves the renovation and perpetuity of the earth in its state of renewal. The resurrection is unto endless life in the body. The body is of the material earth, and has an essential relationship and fellowship with it, which are not to be set aside, and the tie of this, so to call it, is in the immaterial soul and spirit. The first raised are called "first fruits," and the body is therefore literally the first fruits of the earth; and "if the first fruit be holy, the lump is also holy," out of which it is taken, (Rom. xi, 16,) and thus an assurance of good to the remainder. Spirit and matter are united in a human person; and if our spirits are allowed to act freely, their action will prove to us that we are most deeply interested towards matter as such. Upon what other principle can we account for the great interest so many take in natural history, geography, geology, astronomy, and the laws of nature generally? In all these we see but the different arrangements and relations of matter; and the root of this interest seems to be implanted in human nature by the hand of the Creator; for the advantages of worldly gain are not sufficient to account for it, and there is no ground to suppose that ignorance of these things can be, in itself, acceptable in His sight. In our persons, there is a wonderful union between the material and the immaterial. Nay, God has linked and bound matter to Himself in indissoluble union in the person of our Lord by means of His body, which is part of the material creation. The exaltation of that body, and the glorious change which has passed upon it, have not tended to diminish in Him the sympathy a man feels for the visible creation around him. That sympathy is shewn by all the kindness and goodness lavished on men and on all the earth, and by the unremitted care He takes of the whole universe. It is said that God has a desire to the work of His

hands, and that His tender mercy is over all his works. This rich trait of the divine character is prominent in the whole of the divine economy; and the Scriptures and all things else are continually proclaiming it. The heavens declare it in declaring His glory, and the firmament in shewing His handywork. We are so constituted that matter is as necessary to our existence as that which is not matter. All our mental developments depend upon our bodily organs, which are variously addressed by the material world around us, and we are addressed by the outward visible world through the bodily organs. Through them the world has access to us, and we to the world. We know nothing whatever of mere *spiritual* communication between human persons; all our joys and sorrows—all our pleasures and pains—all our prosperous and adverse circumstances, are intimately connected and interwoven with the material world around us. If mind acts on matter, matter equally acts on mind in us. Man is compounded of body, soul and spirit—hence the shades of the departed are not men. If death has dissolved their connection with the material world, it has robbed them of the form of existence which God made necessary to the human constitution, and of all the pleasures he made dependent on that mode of existence. We may fancy this to be no mean matter, when we reflect upon Adam surrounded by the goodly things of the "garden of delights," and Adam a shade in the valley and shadow of death. This may help us in the inquiry whether the dead look and long for the resurrection of the body, and the renewal of the peace of the earth, which that implies and involves; and here we may allude to the utter insufficiency of that divinity which makes little or no account of the resurrection of the body, and still less of the material creation.

The material and immaterial are so interwoven and united that the disorganization of one involves that of the other, more or less, as a necessary consequence. Hence, sin was necessarily accompanied with the curse. It would have produced certain physical disturbances and disorganizations had not God cursed the ground for man's sake, because it would equally have resulted in the abuse of all things that human conduct could interfere with. What causes all the actual misery now in the earth but certain disturbances and derangements, both material and immaterial? All crimes are the immediate offspring of certain derangements in the human heart and mind, (heart, as the affections and lusts,) which immediately produce physical derangement and physical suffering. Famine is caused as much by certain phy-

sical derangements in the outward world as is pestilence, for the orderly course of the world would insure a constant sufficiency of all things needful for the happiness of all earth's inhabitants; for God, ordaining man to have dominion, ordained also that the righteous administration of rule over the conduct of mankind generally, as well by each individual in his place as by public government in its place, should constantly produce a regular order on the earth, so that the products of human industry should always be sufficient for human wants. A nation given up to agitation and turmoil must cause the sort of physical derangement which shews itself in an insufficiency of bread, and then comes famine, and famine brings pestilence. And what is a state of war but a state of certain derangements in the compound world of mind and matter? In one view, all the expenses of war are disturbances ending in actual waste, besides all the dreadful concomitants of such a state.

In the purpose of God there is a certain order to be observed in the relations of both parts of this, His compound world of mind and matter. It is true that matter was made to serve mind and conduce to its happiness; but it is equally true that the human mind cannot prescribe laws and relations either for itself or for matter. God has done it for both, and His laws are immutable. These relations, as far as they are brought out and subject to infraction, have been deranged by the fall, and the creatures of God abused from their lawful use. The first and head derangement was that which resulted from the first breach of the divine commandment. The Word was made flesh, coming into the world in our nature, in order to re-arrange whatever has been disturbed and deranged, and to bring in whatever may be wanting to the perfecting of the creation by man. The first act in the recovery is reconciling man to God. As man was not made under the condition of mortality and the sentence of death, the resurrection of the body is a necessary part of the work of "the restitution of all things." The relations which God establishes between all persons born into the world, and the world into which they are born, cannot exist under the condition of death, and the immaterial part is the true basis of the person. Death suspends these relations, (and so measurably does any manner of decay,) and destroys every form of pleasure derivable therefrom; and as "the dead praise not God," it is impossible that they can serve Him according to His perfect mind, which mind ought to be detected in the fact of soul and body in one. He as much made the bodies of men and the material world around them for His

glory as He did their souls; but he is dishonored by death, because it is the disorganization of His own order, and because He is dishonored by sin, which causes death. "The grave cannot praise Thee—death cannot celebrate Thee—they that go down into the pit cannot hope for Thy truth—the living, the living, they shall praise Thee, as I do this day,"—so sang King Hezekiah; and so shall sing the myriads that come to the resurrection of life; and this brings out the great truth that man should worship and serve God by means of everything over which God gives him dominion; and under this principle comes the use of bodily postures and material things in public worship, such as houses, furniture, internal arrangement, vestments, books, and visible sacraments.

A part of the derangement of material things was by the act of God in the form of punishment. All that man can do under this condition ends in mitigation, not in restoration. We can mitigate certain evils which we cannot remove; but we cannot re-constitute the elements around us, so that their action shall be only pleasant, healthful and profitable. We cannot make the seasons fruitful, nor hinder all noxious growths and exhalations—nor prevent hurtful and destructive storms—nor take away all causes of sickness and pestilence—nor secure the human frame from death and dissolution—nor bring back the dead now lost to us. We cannot manage our political affairs, nor settle to whom belongs the right to hold power—nor arrange the order of the state as it ought to be—nor establish the right distribution of property—nor settle the difficult question of education—nor can we lift a finger to heal the terrible distractions of the church; as little can we do towards repressing all crime and keeping the peace of the world. At the bottom of all these evils lies the essential corruption of our nature, for which we have no remedy whatever—notwithstanding all our endeavours to the contrary, these things wax worse and worse; yet we feel and know that the removal of all these evils is most desirable and necessary, and Revelation tells us that God certainly proposes to remove every one of them, and to establish such a perfect arrangement on His creation, that no derangements of any kind will be permitted, so that "nothing shall hurt nor destroy." Even death is finally to be abolished and hidden away from the human family.

I have no conception of heaven as abstracted from the material creation, because God made the earth to be inhabited by man in the body, and because the dead must be raised in their bodies

before they can know by experience what heaven is. It is certain that they will have duties to discharge towards visible things; for some of them will be kings and priests to the end of reigning over men on the earth. We have no proof that the resurrection body can be disconnected and dissociated from the material creation; that it will not need material food, houses, accommodation, and such like; or that it will not be subject to the law of gravitation, and other laws of matter, as other bodies. We have no proof that the natural is to be set aside or destroyed by the supernatural in any case. Christ came to save the world, not to destroy it. A son of the first Adam does not cease to be so by regeneration from the second Adam. A body does not cease to be a body in becoming a spiritual body. The son of Mary never ceases to be Son of Man, and Man of the substance of His mother. He breathed, talked, ate, drank, appeared, was tangible, and had feeling as a man, after the resurrection, as by "many infallible proofs" He shewed that he was a real living person, with flesh and bones, and no shadow. For these reasons I cannot conceive of the future state as abstracted from the visible world, and consisting of mere spiritualisms. If there is a body celestial, there is also a body terrestrial; and the terrestrial is to be liberated from the bondage of corruption by means of the celestial, and the celestial body is itself made such out of the natural or earthly body by the power of God through the incarnation; and both are joined together in a certain way forever. And certainly if truth is of any practical value, the sooner we are delivered from these errors the better; and he is a benefactor to his kind who does what he can to deliver men from them.

In conclusion, the author cannot but express the wish that all men might be in the condition of holding themselves in readiness for the changes that are certainly coming. All look to the future for better times; and in so far all men are right. But the future, as the past and present, has a double aspect. The future which "the course of this world" will naturally bring about, can be no better than what it has heretofore produced. We have a long experience of what it has uniformly done to look back upon: and if a tree is known by its fruits, we have an infallible demonstration of what "the course of this world" must produce, it is evil, and has a uniform tendency to "wax worse and worse." The future that God brings must first destroy the course of "this evil world" before the anticipated good can possibly come: and the intermediate good, during the time of the

double aspect, can be laid hold of only by such as look for good in the way God has ordained to bring it. Good is called evil, and evil good, according as men have eyes to see realities under this or that deceptive appearance; and this shews the double aspect. This state shall pass away, "when that which is perfect is come, that which is imperfect shall be done away." The double aspect shall be removed, and all shall see clearly, not as in a glass darkly, in one light the one thing that shall be done in all the earth—the glory of God set in the land of the living; the earth filled with His glory among men.

This is the ultimate destination of the earth we now inhabit. And "blessed are the meek: for for they shall inherit the earth."

THE FOREST CHURCH.

BY A SCOTCHMAN AND A SOLDIER.

The silent Sabbath morn was calm and clear,
And fresh and soothing was the balmy air;
When through the woods broke softly on the ear,
The call which summon'd to the house of prayer;
It was the first bell ever echoed there!
And oh! its tones to me were sweet and mild,
While hast'ning from each lime-wash'd cottage fair—
No longer from the house of God exil'd,
The eager throng pour'd through the half clear'd wild.

It was a very pleasant sight to see—
The pious matron and the maiden fair,
The happy child so full of sinless glee,
With sire and grandsire, all assembling there,
To hear the truths God's servant would declare;
And all rejoic'd that they at length had found,
A temple where to offer praise and prayer;
For since the settlers left their native ground,
They had not heard the Gospel's joyful sound!

Six winters' snows had scarcely pass'd away,
Since echo answer'd first the woodman's stroke;
Then all around a vast dense forest lay,
Of elm and maple, walnut, pine and oak,
Where howling wolves the lonely sabbath broke!
How chang'd the scene—instead of that drear wild,
From cheerful homes rose high the curling smoke,
Round happy hearths now youth and beauty smil'd,
And sweet contentment old men's cares beguil'd.

Well cultivated fields presented to the view,
The fragrant clover and the waving grain,
The juicy Swede in rich abundance grew;
Where stagnant waters lately drown'd the plain,
Rewarding well the labour of the drain.
While browsing on high pastures fresh and green,
The lowing herds stroll'd through their wide domain,
And bleating flocks and playful lambs were seen,
Where beasts of prey had lately prowling been!

In Nature's grandeur tower'd the ancient trees,
Gigantic children of the ages past—
Whose pow'ful limbs scarce own'd the summer's breeze
But struggl'd fiercely with the winter's blast;
All dress'd in vernal beauty,—at the last
Dotting a scene would please a painter well.
On Ott'wa's banks, whose current strong and vast
Swept past in noble and majestic swell,
Through fertile lands where peace and plenty dwell.

The Forest Church, with unassuming grace,
Adorn'd the summit of a rising ground,
It was a fitting and a lovely place,
A sweeter spot could scarcely well be found,
With elms and pines and maples studded round:
Which gave the scene a venerable air,
And all with modesty and neatness crown'd,
As well becomes the sacred house of pray'r,
Thought nought of costly decoration's there.

The bell's last peal announc'd the Pastor near,
And ev'ry eye was strain'd the form to trace,
Of one who had surrender'd all that's dear,
To be their shepherd in that lonely place;
He looked the messenger of love and peace—
Young, tall, and pale, with aspect grave and mild,
And manner suiting well the words of grace
Which God has spoken to his fallen child,
Earnest, impressive, free from gestures wild.

The man of God survey'd his little flock
With kind affection in his ling'ring gaze,
And standing up, the solemn silence broke,
By reading one of David's sweetest lays,
Then call'd on all the sacred song to raise;
And meekly rose that anthem to the sky,
It was a soul-felt, rapt rous burst of praise,
As ever soar'd on wings of faith on high,
Psalm eighty-fourth the noble lines supply.

Delightful song! and worthy of the bard,
Who sang so sweet to Israel's chosen race,
It thrill'd the hearts of those so long debar'd
God's Public Worship, and the means of grace,
And brought to mind the dear and sacred place,
Where they had often sung that Psalm before;
And tears were seen each other fast to chase,
As mem'ry wander'd back to days of yore,
Scenes long gone by and to return no more.

With deepest reverence as is ever meet,
When man invokes the great Eternal name;
The people, bowing at the mercy seat,
There, through their pastor, own'd and mourn'd with shame

Their fallen state.—Yet, meekly urg'd the claim
That Christ was sent the very worst to save,
Pleading his dying merits—glorious theme,
And the rich promises the Gospel gave,
That faith through him should overcome the grave.

With grateful hearts they bless'd him for the past,
So fraught with mercies from his bounteous hand,
Implo'ring Him to keep them to the last,
And lead and guide them to the promis'd land;
Where they at length with the redeem'd might stand,
On those fair banks where life's pure river flows,
And join the song of heaven's harmonious band,
Near the blest Tree where fruit immortal grows,
Whose healing leaves dispel the nation's woes.

Then came the reading of the sacred page,
 Where "rapt Isaiah's" living picture glows
 With all the blessings which the Gospel age
 To future generations should disclose,
 When barren wilds shall blossom like the rose,
 And the bleak wilderness and lonely place,
 Shall be like Sharon, whence such fragrance flows,
 Or towering Lebanon in form and grace,
 Or lovely Carmel in that reign of peace.

The feeble saint shall no more know dismay,
 But faith in God shall banish ev'ry fear,
 The blind man's darkness shall be turn'd to day;
 His mental vision shall be bright and clear.
 The deaf, the joyful sound shall gladly hear,
 The lame shall bound with vigour and with glee;
 The dumb shall sing—and in the desert drear.
 Refreshing streams shall the faint traveller see;
 And gushing springs in thirsty lands shall be.

Where deadly serpents lately held their home,
 Shall verdant grass in richest beauty grow;
 An highway shall be there where all may come,
 Who seek the path of holiness to know.
 But nought unclean shall ever o'er it go;
 No savage beast or lion there shall stray—
 The Lord's redeem'd shall unto Zion flow
 With songs of gladness on that happy day,
 And everlasting joy drive grief away.

In sweet accord, with pure and holy joy,
 The hundredth Psalm is sung to Handel's air,
 The soul and mind their noblest powers employ
 In glad devotion in God's temple fair—
 How sweet the sacrifice ascending there!
 The congregation all with "cheerful voice,"
 And hearts attun'd, the heavenly pleasures share.
 It surely is a most becoming choice,
 When all unite, and in the Lord rejoice.

From God's most holy word that living stream,
 The flock are now supplied with waters pure,
 The preacher chooses for the pleasing theme,
 By which he would their souls to heaven allure,
 Christ—the good Shepherd—who still keeps secure,
 The sheep so dearly purchas'd by his love,
 And brings them by himself, who is the Door,
 Through ev'ry danger, to the fold above,
 Whence they shall never never more remove.

In pastures green he feeds them by his grace,
 And tends the feeble of his flock with care,
 The lambs he gathers to his fond embrace,
 And keeps them safe from ev'ry evil snare;
 His very life from them he does not spare;
 And well the sheep can tell his loving voice,
 For when the skulking robber ventures there,
 They know him from the Shepherd of their choice,
 Who loves the sheep, and they in Him rejoice.

And now the humble earnest voice of pray'r,
 Is heard entreating at the throne of grace,
 That that unbounded love which did not spare
 God's only son, but gave him for our race,
 Would send his holy spirit and his peace,
 And o'er be their portion and their God,
 And that he would be pleas'd to own that place,
 Call'd by his name, and make it his abode,
 And lead his people thence the heav'nward road.

What his pure eyes that day had seen amiss
 He would not strictly mark with look severe;
 What he approv'd he would be pleas'd to bless
 E'en for the sake of his "anointed dear;"
 And plant in ev'ry heart his love and fear,
 And bid the standard of the cross expand
 Till truth and mercy, like a river clear,
 Shall pour their hallowed stream through ev'ry land,
 From Greenland's snows to Africa's scorching sand.

Praise ye the Lord!—and Hallelujahs sweet
 Swell'd through the Forest Church a gladsome song;
 God had been pleas'd his people there to meet,
 They felt his presence in that happy throng,
 Time, like a stream of bliss did glide along,
 It was a Bethel and a heav'n below.
 Such are the holy feelings, sweet and strong,
 Which they that fear the Lord shall surely know,
 When from a grateful heart his praises flow.

With eyes uprais'd, and hands spread toward heaven,
 The Shepherd bless'd his flock with solemn air;
 The apostolic benediction given,
 The congregation left the house of pray'r,
 Deeply impress'd with all the service there;
 Then through the church-yard they some moments stray,
 Waiting their pastor—ere they home repair,
 To mark their kind respect, and welcome pay—
 Then for their household hearths they wend their way.

I honor much you venerable pile,
 Which England calls the glory of her land,
 And long may heaven on that temple smile,
 Whose sainted martyrs took their noble stand,
 Beside the faggot and the burning brand!
 I love to hear the organ's deep ton'd swell,
 Blend in the praise of God so sweet and grand;
 And nothing uninspir'd will e'er excel
 Her liturgy devout and suiting well.

And ev'ry church I honor and revere,
 Where Christ is own'd as prophet, priest, and king,
 Whatever form, when faith and love sincere,
 Rise from the source of truth, that sacred spring;
 But all my warmest feelings fondly cling
 To Scotland's Kirk, where from my earliest time
 I learnt the Psalms and Hymns her people sing;
 And oh! I love their sweet and holy chime,
 And all her worship, simple and sublime.

SONNET TO TENNYSON,

AFTER MEETING HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME.

BY THE LATE HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Long have I known thee as thou art in song,
 And long enjoyed the perfume that exhales
 From thy pure soul, and odor sweet entails
 And permanence, on thoughts that float along
 The stream of life, to join the passive throng
 Of shades and echoes that are memory's being.
 Hearing we hear not, and we see not seeing,
 If passion, fancy, faith, move not among
 The never-present moments of reflection.
 Long have I viewed thee in the crystal sphere
 Of verse, that like the beryl makes appear
 Visions of hope, begot of recollection—
 Knowing thee now, a real earth trading man,
 Not less I love thee, and not more I can.

THE PARENT'S CURSE;*

OR, THE ORPHAN OF WINDSOR FOREST.

BY MISS M. HUNGERFORD,

AUTHORESS OF THE PIRATE'S PROTEGE, MADELINE, AND OTHER TALES.

CHAPTER XI.

In the drawing-room, withdrawn from the presence of the gentlemen, the confusion of the lady Emily was at once dispelled, and although prepared to regard her with dislike, even Lady Harriet could not but admit that she was an agreeable girl. She was really beautiful, but a pensive expression robbed her of that animation which the admirers of beauty so much prize, and her large lustrous eyes, veiled beneath the shade of their long silken lashes, were seldom permitted to emit their brilliance. She was well aware that to promote an union between herself and the heir apparent to Fitzmorton's earldom, was the motive of the present visit. Of this the duke had apprised her; and so little had she calculated on the chances of a failure, that she already regarded the hall as her future home. Her reception had been different from what she had anticipated, but upon reflection, she imputed this to her early arrival. But the apparent indifference of Lord Frederick to herself, and devotion to the lovely Florence, dispelled the illusion.

Thoughts of rivalry came over her mind.

"I might yet win this prize, and triumph o'er this matchless beauty," she said mentally, and as she did so, she turned her eyes upon Florence. Her eyes were raised to the face of Lord Frederick, who was at that moment addressing her. "The attachment is mutual," she said; "and shall I, serpent-like, invade the Eden of their love? shall I, because the ambitious earl might covet my alliance, and aid my cause, blast the fond hopes of that fair girl, and perhaps doom her to a life of disappointed misery? No! I would sooner, far sooner, prove to them a friend, nay, even an intercessor with the haughty earl; for though I might learn to prize lord Frederick Villiers far above all earthly wealth, my affections are yet free, while he loves that beautiful being, who amply returns his love."

A short time before the gentlemen were expected to enter the drawing room, Lady Harriet arose, and taking the arm of Florence, led her from the room. They passed along in silence until they reached the conservatory, when lady Harriet threw herself into a seat, and notwithstanding the repeated efforts of Florence to induce her

to return, she seemed determined to maintain her position. At length the remaining ladies were joined by the gentlemen, and were scarcely seated, when Lawton rising from his chair, inquired "why lady Harriet and Miss Oakley were absent, and where they might be found?"

"I cannot tell either the cause of their absence, nor where they are gone," replied the countess; "they left but a few moments since."

"Come, my lord Frederick, let us go in search of the truants; if evil befall them, 'twould sadly mar our happiness! so come along, for if lady Harriet leads the way, they may give us a weary chase ere we discover them."

"Let them take care of themselves, and return when they feel inclined to do so," said the earl, who was not sorry they were absent.

"Too gallant to do so," cried Lawton, as he left the room, followed by Lord Frederick, and as he approached, said: "Now I will trace out at once their lurking place, and give lady Emily the benefit of seeing you escort back the pretty Florence, so you see you are beset on all sides, and know not where to find the enemy."

"And this then is one of Harriet's mad plots, and you are engaged in her service! but if I thought Florence countenanced your schemes, I would return at once to the drawing-room, and devote myself to Lady Emily."

"Florence! bless me! we would as soon trust the frowning earl, or the spiteful old bachelor, Sir James, as Florence; although we are constantly racking our brains in her service. No, no! don't suspect her of treason, for she is guiltless."

When they entered the conservatory, they found lady Harriet sitting almost concealed by a stand of rare and beautiful flowers, while Florence stood a little apart from her, looking at a beautiful young rose tree, her own especial favorite, since her residence at the hall. Lord Frederick stepped to her side, and in silence seemed to fix his gaze on the same object, while Lawton exclaimed:

"So, my fair runaways, I have at last discovered your hiding place, although your ladyship is so closely stowed away among the plants, that eyes less penetrating would have failed in finding you; will you permit me to turn you from your

retreat, and conduct you to the drawing-room?"

"All in good time, kind sir! we will remain a few moments if you are not too anxious to return to the presence of the blazing star, whose dazzling brilliance threatens to eclipse orbs of lesser magnitude."

"Heavens! what a contrast between the pink satin of Lady Emily and the simple white of your ladyship, lady Ellen, and Miss Oakley, and the black of Lady Julia! it was too ludicrous! I could with difficulty forbear laughing when she entered."

"Methinks you are getting tinctured with the heroics of Percival! what, laugh at a lady! laugh at the lady Emily Percy, the unrivalled gem of beauty in the circles of the fashionable and gay; the daughter of a duke! Oh! I have neglected you too long! I must give you a lesson ere we can return."

"Excuse me this time, and I will not laugh for a week, nay for a month, if so please your ladyship! But were not the pretty rose buds we selected with so much care, to decorate the glossy hair of Miss Oakley, thrown completely in the shade, by the mass of flowers which blooms on the head of her ladyship?"

Lady Harriet sprang from her seat, and going up to Florence, she carefully removed the rose buds from her hair. She presented them to lord Frederick, saying:

"Accept these simple flowers, for the sake of her who wore them!" and then, followed by Lawton, she hastily left the room.

Florence attempted to regain the flowers, but Lord Frederick taking her hand, and pressing it to his lips, said:

"Florence, you know how dear you are to me; and now if you return my love, allow me to retain this beautiful symbol of affection; if not, I return it to you again."

"Keep them," she murmured as she moved toward the door; and accompanied by the young noble, she returned to the company.

Though more than one heart throbbed with powerful feelings, the evening passed pleasantly away. Lady Emily throwing aside her reserve, joined in conversation with animation and even gaiety. Harriet, well pleased with affairs, as far her brother was concerned, was in high spirits. Even the earl, confident that his son could not resist the fascinating stranger, and would soon awake from his foolish infatuation, seemed joyous and happy. Music was called for, and Sir James conducted lady Emily to the instrument; she possessed a fine, deep-toned voice, and sang and played with unrivalled skill; but after two or

three pieces, she left the seat, and requested lady Harriet to take her place. Her ladyship, though aware that in musical powers she was inferior to all present, moved forward and took her seat, performed a simple piece of English, and rising, declared she would play no more, and motioned lady Julia to her place; lady Julia hesitated, and mentioned the name of Florence, but at length yielded to the entreaties of the company, and executed a pathetic Italian air.

"Oh! away at once," cried lady Harriet, as she concluded; "another such piece would send at least half of the company in tears to their chambers; really, I almost feel gloomy myself! Come, Florence, do give us something to do away with the effect of Julia's dirge-like music! my favorite French air if you please."

Florence took her place; she at least was almost an equal to the lady Emily, and the lively piece, following as it did the one chosen by lady Julia, produced a pleasing sensation on the minds of the party. This Harriet had anticipated, and she rejoiced in the success of her favorite.

Although the minds of the young people at the hall were prepared to discover the bad, rather than the good qualities of their new companion, each admitted that she was far better than they expected to find her, and might prove an agreeable acquisition to the little party. This her ladyship intended, and consequently she had exerted herself to gain the respect of her companions. Attaching little value to rank and wealth, she had learned to prize worth of character and moral goodness, in the persons into whose society she was thrown. Affable without condescension, elegant without affectation, inclined to pensiveness, but never gloomy, she never failed to gain respect, even when she did not inspire affection. Had not Lady Harriet accidentally learned the motive of her parents in bringing her to the hall, and had not their intentions threatened the destruction of her own schemes, she would have given her a joyous welcome; but considering her a rival of her friend, she determined, if possible, to thwart the purpose of the earl and countess, and mortify the lady Emily by the success of Florence.

"How despicable she must be," she said to Lawton, who was the confidant of all her thoughts; "to come among us, merely to captivate Lord Frederick! and then the duke seems not quite at ease about the disposal of his brilliant daughter, or he would not enter so eagerly into the projects of the earl. Now they have set their hearts on this union, but I have determined that Florence Oakley shall, notwithstanding her humble birth, become the future Countess of Fitz-

morton, and you shall see whose wishes shall gain the ascendant!"

"And should I, presuming on your goodness, invite the Lady Harriet Villiers, the lovely daughter of Fitzmorton's haughty earl, to share the fate, and cheer the earthly pilgrimage of Ernest Lawton, would you then feel so sweet an interest in the welfare of the lowly? and if so, would you so willingly disappoint the ambitious views of your parents?"

"I will answer when such a crisis arrives," she said, as the crimson tide rushed over her neck and face. "This seems like luring me to make you an offer of my company over the uneven path of life, while you are at liberty to accept or reject me, whichever may best please your fancy!"

"Then may this very hour decide my fate! Now I offer you my hand—my heart's best love; my plain untitled name, and my little all of wealth. And now as you have said, I will expect your answer."

"Tis this," she whispered, as she extended to him her hand; the happy Lawton pressed it warmly to his lips, but ere he could utter his gratitude for her ready acceptance, a light step was heard, and Florence joined them.

That day brought the obnoxious guest, and after her arrival, lady Harriet and Lawton formed a plot, by which the one was to lure the unconscious girl from the company, the other induce lord Frederick to seek her, that lady Emily and the duke, might perceive his regard for her.

CHAPTER XII.

At breakfast the following morning, lady Harriet, addressing lady Emily, inquired "if she would like to go out that morning, and if so, which she would prefer, to ride or walk?"

"To walk, if quite as agreeable to our young friends," she answered; "but pray do not let me interfere with your accustomed pastime!"

Lady Ellen was indisposed, and remained at home, but the rest of the party extended their walk still further than usual, and returned apparently well pleased with themselves, and each other.

"Well, my lord," said Fitzmorton to the duke, as they seated themselves in the library, soon after the young people went out, "what think you of my son? Is he not all I represented him? In short, do you not think him worthy of your matchless daughter?"

"His appearance is certainly in his favor; but if he wishes a union with lady Emily, why is his whole attention devoted to another, while he

scarcely deigns to notice his future wife? This to me is inexplicable; why does he ever linger near the divinely beautiful Miss Oakley? Why is she even now his companion, and my daughter left to the protection of Sir Edgar Roscoe?"

"I will tell you frankly—Miss Oakley is an orphan; the only surviving one of the four ragged children, whose mother's death-scene we witnessed in the royal forest of Windsor. The bounty of the king has kept her at school ever since that time, and there my volatile, mis-judging Harriet formed a strong friendship for her. Presuming on my former indulgence, she besought me to let her favorite spend her vacation at Fitzmorton, and I, willing to indulge her, and never dreaming that the ragged child could have so soon become the lovely, graceful girl she is, foolishly consented. Thus, by the idle humor of Harriet, and my own imprudence, was she, with all her array of charms, thrown in the presence of my son; soon, too soon, I saw that her beauty had caught his fancy, and I determined to dispel the illusion, ere too late. For three successive winters have I met the lady Emily in London, and long have I contemplated a union between our houses, if it might be achieved. Judge then, what must be my feelings, when I found my dearest hopes in hazard of being crushed. To prevent, if possible, such a catastrophe, I resolved to invite yourself and daughter to the hall, confident that the beauty and elegance of lady Emily, backed by her exalted rank, would dispel his infatuation; but I carefully concealed my motive from him, for reasons which must be obvious to your lordship.

"But my Lord Fitzmorton! think you that I can consent to have my child exhibited to the world, as the rival of that humble orphan. the dependant on our sovereign's bounty? No! I am aware that she can form no alliance above her present station, and if the object on whom her affections may be placed, be worthy such a prize, I shall not scruple to descend a few degrees below it. Honorable birth and a taintless name are all I seek in the object of my Emily's love!"

"Then I may infer that you would not scorn the alliance of Lord Frederick Villiers, heir apparent to an earldom," said the earl.

"Certainly not! did Lord Frederick desire that alliance, but believe me, my lord, 'tis not his fancy alone that is interested in that lovely girl; no, if I who have, during my whole life, studied the human character, may judge, his affections are wholly hers, and cannot be transferred to another!"

"And are all my hopes thus to terminate! all my ambitious aspirations to be levelled to the

dust! Must this vile pauper invade my domestic Eden, and beguile by her beauty, the heart of my noble boy? Must I see my ancient and honorable house degraded by the base alliance, and know that Fitzmorton's coronet must grace a beggar's brow—that Fitzmorton's countess is a degraded wretch, destitute even of a name? No, I cannot, I will not bear this; sooner would I see my only son lie low in death! sooner would I see my much prized titles blotted from the annals of England's nobles, and consigned to oblivion, than bear such degradation!"

"Earl of Fitzmorton," said the duke, "would to heaven that it were otherwise! For your sake, who feel all a parent's anxiety, and a parent's love! for my own sake, who could without a sigh, entrust my precious charge, my beloved Emily, to one so worthy the priceless treasure as Lord Frederick Villiers! for the sake of my darling, whose happiness is so dear to me; but never will I aid in marring the hopes on which the happiness of others rest! never, when rejoicing in the happiness of my child, will I sigh to think that that happiness was purchased by the wretchedness of another!"

"But should Frederick awake from his infatuation, should he see the folly of his present course, and remember his partiality for the pretty school-girl only as a dream of youth, and spurning the dominion of idle fancy, submit to reason's nobler sway, himself desire to become the husband of your daughter, then may I hope for the accomplishment of my ardent wish?"

"If his lordship's conduct is honorable with respect to Miss Oakley! but even the affections of the lowly orphan must not be trifled with, while I can avert it; if by his devotion to that fair girl, he has raised hopes, the destruction of which may embitter her future life, then must her affection be as much respected as if she were of noble birth, the daughter of rank and wealth!"

"Never, never!" cried the earl, "will I sanction the indulgence of his base, low passion! never will I permit that outcast to become my Frederick's bride! No! my curse, the bitter curse of a parent, outraged by the disobedience of the child once dearer to him than his own life, but fallen, through the artifice of an ambitious, aspiring creature—shall rest on his guilty head, and blast his all of joy; even the smiles of the enchantress shall not cheer his heart; for will he not say, for this I braved my father's anger, for this I endure his malediction?"

The duke arose, and walking to the window, gazed out on the luxuriant landscape. "Here," he mentally exclaimed, "is another proof of the uncertainty of worldly happiness! Who, that

surveyed this lordly domain, robed in its enchanting glory:—who that looked upon this dear, domestic circle, where every face beams with joyous smiles, and every voice breathes nought but gladness, would for a moment doubt the happiness of the titled master of the scene? Who would not say, that if the earth could boast a happy man, that man was Fitzmorton's earl? And why is he not so? Because his aspiring hopes, his ambitious views, may not be realized! Because his noble son has placed his young affections upon one of the loveliest of earth's fair daughters, who, were she nobly born, would be perhaps the very one he would choose for a daughter! Much I wonder, if there is not another tempest gathering, which will prove its power on his haughty head; his daughter, that wayward girl, seems strangely partial to young Ernest Lawton, whom her parents will probably deem far too humble to aspire to her hand."

The duke was a man of generous impulses, and noble mind: born to the high rank which he held, he valued his envied pre-eminence, not as do those whose lives are spent in striving to ascend ambition's slippery path. To look with pleasure on the past: to enjoy the present; and be in readiness to meet the future, were the principal ends of his existence. With him, to confer happiness was to enjoy it, and thus he could not but disapprove the conduct of the earl; but he too, was a parent, anxious for the welfare of his children, although ambition mingled not with his anxiety, and he could not but pity while he blamed. "Were Lord Frederick my son, and Florence Oakley what she is, a lovely, but unknown girl, I would sanction their love, and rejoice to see them happy," he thought, as at this moment the gay party, returning from their walk, broke upon his view. He looked on the blooming cheek of lady Emily, as she raised her large blue eyes to his, as she passed near the window, and thought that he would never do aught to mar her felicity. She was conversing in lively tones with Sir Edgar, by whose side she walked, and who seemed not at all displeased at her companionship.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE day at length arrived on which the young ladies were to return to London. The duke and lady Emily had left some days previous, taking with them Sir Edgar Roscoe, whom the duke had invited to spend a few days with his son; and after an interval of a few days, Lord Percival and Lawton also took their leave.

"Well, peace is again restored to our old hall,"

exclaimed the earl, as they disappeared from the view. "What a bedlam we have lived in!" Harriet was ever enough to overturn all order and quietude, and when supported and urged on by that reckless scape-grace Lawton, she has been ten times worse than ever! Really I am glad the connection has ended! they were too intimate! and Harriet is so wayward that I dread the consequence of her forming an improper attachment."

"But they will meet again if we take her to London next winter!" said the countess. "The connexions of Lawton gain for him admission into the highest circles."

"True; but she is so volatile that before winter, all thoughts of him will be banished from her mind; and among the noble throng who will then surround her, the humble Lawton will not be likely to hold a conspicuous place."

The earl arose, and left the house; he walked onward, until feeling himself slightly fatigued, he sought a delightful arbour not far away, that he might rest awhile, ere he returned. He approached listlessly with his eyes fixed on the ground, for his meditations were not of the most agreeable kind; as he entered Lord Frederick sprang to his feet, and bowing, begged him to accept the seat he had just quitted. He did so, and as he looked around, said,—

"Our favorite bower is improved of late; these mossy seats are indeed a luxury to the weary frame!"

"Yes!" answered his lordship. "It has of late been the favorite haunt of a fairy hand, who delighted in adding to its charms!"

"Frederick, my son," said the earl, "come and sit by me; 'tis many days since I have seen you apart from our many guests: but they are gone, and we may once again enjoy domestic peace!"

Lord Frederick took the seat assigned him, in silence; he felt that this interview with his parent, to him, was fraught with all-important consequences; he knew that ere they left that lovely spot parental and filial confidence would be fully restored or destroyed forever.

"Well," said the earl, "now you have for some few weeks enjoyed the society of your sisters, what think you of them? Do you not think Harriet too volatile, too thoughtlessly gay? and then so satirical! Why, I often tremble lest she insult my own especial friends! If such is the school-girl, what may we expect of the young lady?"

"Yet, notwithstanding those partial shades, she is a most amiable girl, and possesses a firm and vigorous mind, such as but few so young can

boast; and though I sometimes regret her want of consideration in many of her remarks, yet do I love her with all a brother's love, and regard her with a brother's pride."

"I, too, feel for her a deeper affection than I have ever felt for any earthly being beside; for my laughing, joyous Harriet contrived, though I know not how, to entwine herself more closely around my heart, than my noble, manly son, or pretty, quiet Ellen; yet am I not blind to her imperfections, and when I contrasted her with our late guest, lady Emily Percy, I could not but acknowledge the superiority of the latter, while I almost envied the noble duke the possession of such a daughter."

"But, you forget that our Harriet is still a school-girl, new to society, and nearly ignorant of its usages; lady Emily has passed three years either amid the most refined of London circles, or at the various places of fashionable resort. May not even Harriet, unsophisticated and wild as she now is, become all that you could wish, when she has enjoyed equal advantages?"

"She can never be so transcendantly beautiful, however elegant and grateful she may become! but much, I fear, she will never compare with that sweet girl—so beautiful, so graceful, and so amiable!"

"Pardon me, for thinking differently! to me the brilliantly beaming eye and animated countenance of Harriet, glowing with the feeling of her enthusiastic soul, is more, far more lovely than the passionless, though finely wrought features of her ladyship; on her I gaze as on the sculptured marble, and while I admire the skill that formed a work so perfect, I look in vain for that intelligence which gives to beauty its most potent charm."

"Frederick, Frederick! do not speak thus lightly of lady Emily Percy!—do not thus wantonly crush my dearest, my most cherished hopes! Long has she been the one selected by me to be your future bride, and little did I think that you could say aught against the selection. Is she not very beautiful?—in fact, the most beautiful girl of whom the world of fashion can boast! Is not her rank the very next to royalty itself?—and is she not graceful, elegant, and accomplished?"

"She may be all this, and yet not be the object on which, I might, either by choice or chance of circumstances, place my affections. Little do I prize the love which is inspired by beauty of face or symmetry of form, or by superficial accomplishments, or exalted station; and though lady Emily Percy might even possess all these, and more moral worth than the one who may win

my heart, yet, I am confident that I shall never regard her with any sentiment warmer than esteem!"

"You doubtless feel your dignity somewhat trifled with, when I propose so humble a personage as lady Emily Percy, the daughter of a duke, to you, whose rank is so exalted; to you, who have been of late paying violent attentions to one so elevated, so noble, as the beggar orphan, Florence! Lady Emily can have little chance of success, against a rival so formidable; and you, I doubt not, feel much elated in consequence of her condescension, which deigned to smile on you, in the absence of nobler knights; but I, whose ambitious aspirations have never soared so high, much fear that she, who may aspire to a crown, would scorn a coronet, and turn contemptuously from the humble heir of the earldom of Fitzmorton."

Lord Frederick bit his lips in silence, and turned away:—he struggled to regain composure sufficient to answer the earl's taunting speech, but for some time the effort was ineffectual, at length, turning to the earl, he said:

"My father, let us fully understand each other; you wish me to form an alliance which every feeling of my heart rises against, merely because a ducal coronet adorns the brow of your favorite's father. Is this not the motive which actuates you? Were lady Emily, with all her beauty, grace and accomplishments, the daughter of a mechanic, or labourer, would she be the bride selected for your only son? but that alliance can never be formed, for never will I give my hand to one while every affection of my heart is devoted to another! Never will I so deviate from the path of truth, as to lead to the holy altar, and in the very presence of my God, pledge my faith to, and swear to love with my whole heart, lady Emily Percy, while the most kindly feeling with which I regard her is at best, indifference. No! Florence Oakley, since that day on which I first beheld her, clad in the tattered garments of wretchedness and poverty, clinging to the lifeless clay of her mother, has been the acknowledged mistress of my destiny; the star, whose gentle lustre dispelled the gloom of each dark hour; the beacon-light to which I have ever turned, when shades of doubt and despondency have cast their mantle o'er me; to her my faith is plighted, and I thought shall tempt me to violate that faith; this, my father, is my determination, and I will abide by it."

"We will understand each other,—and as I have listened with forbearance to your expressed wishes, I ask you to grant me a like indulgence. On the day that you unite yourself to that base

born beggar, will you forfeit all claim to the Earl of Fitzmorton's paternal love; from that day will I spurn you from my presence; and no longer acknowledge you my son. From that day shall my curse rest on your disobedient head, and on the vile tempter, whose wiles lured you on to ruin. The father who gloried once in his noble boy; the mother whose tender care watched over your helpless infancy, with all a mother's solicitude and love; the sisters who now look up to you as their guardian and protector, shall shun your presence, and scorn to look upon one so fallen,—yea, on the viper who has stung them, and with envenomed poison, destroyed their every joy. The friends who now prize your regard, and feel honored by your companionship, will point at you the finger of scorn, and turn from you with contempt;—Lord Frederick Villiers! are you willing to endure all this, for a nameless girl, a poor dependant on another's bounty, one whom, when the infatuation of passion has subsided, you will blush to call your wife?"

"For my dear Florence would I endure the contempt and scorn of those who, incapable of appreciating true merit, look only to station as the true test of worth; for her would I endure all the ills of poverty, nay, daily toil, if her bright smile might but welcome me, when the labour of the day was done; and forgetful of the world and its pleasures, enjoy the calm sunshine of domestic felicity."

"We do understand each other," said the earl, whose face, pale as the livid hue of death, told how deeply he felt on the subject. "I understand that you mean to bring dishonor upon yourself, and the honored name that your ancestors ever preserved unsullied. Know then, from that day on which you unite your destiny to Florence of Windsor Forest, I cease to regard you as my son! I will never, if I can possibly avoid it, see you more. My curse, my bitterest curse, shall rest upon you, nor shall aught ever lead me to revoke it: is this the understanding?"

Lord Frederick rose, and in silence left the arbor. He felt that he could not speak the word which must banish him forever from the presence of his father; he sought a retired place, and throwing himself on the ground, gave full vent to the feelings of his soul.

"Florence! long worshipped idol of my soul," he cried, "can I, must I, for your sake endure a parent's curse! No, rather let me forego my dearest, fondest hopes, and crush my long cherished love; rather will I violate my faith to thee, and wed your proud rival! Yes, even though my inconstancy should kill thee! Yes, my father shall yet glory in his son, my mother shall smile

upon me; my sisters,—Ellen will rejoice,—but how will Harriet chide me, for deserting her friend? No matter, I can bear her anger, but not my father's curse. Nay, more! I will even smile and seem happy, that they may not know how much I sacrifice for them. But, oh! what will be my hours of solitude?—then will the spirit of that poor mother seem to hover near me, and point to her child, by me deserted, and left to languish and weep over her disappointed hopes, and my heartless perjury; then will the image of my idolized, but forsaken Florence, she whose pure young priceless heart I sought and won, and then wantonly cast from me, present itself to my fancy's eye, not the happy, brilliant beauty, who ere I crossed the path of her wayward destiny, looked to the future as to one scene of happiness, unclouded by a care, but the faded, wasted, shadow of her former self; and I, I who would die to save her from the slightest pang of sorrow, her murderer: and when at length she sinks into an early grave, when another wound is added to those I have so often looked upon, and the last of the devoted family is at rest beneath the green turf of Windsor churchyard, then will her sweet voice seem ever whispering in my guilty ear,—

“Frederick, I forgive thee!”

“Father in Heaven!” he cried, “must I endure this? Harriet, Harriet! how have you led me on to utter misery?—Did you not bring her into my presence?—Did you not encourage my preference?—When I blamed, did not you defend her?—and did not your persuasive tongue, teach me to believe, that when our duty to our parents came in contact with our happiness, then obedience ceased to be a virtue? Oh! that I had never lived to bear this load of misery!—would that I might, even now, pass from it! Would that I had some one to counsel, to advise me; but to whom can I look?—My mother! is not the slightest wish of my father to her a law? Harriet! she is so inconsiderate, so headstrong; and then I know her sentiments! Lord Percival, were he here, I could trust, but he is young, inexperienced, and much, I fear, would not be competent to advise in a matter so delicate. The King! yes, to our gracious and pious sovereign, will I go for that counsel I so much need; he, the guardian of my angel Florence, will, if he approves my preference for his ward, become the mediator between the angry earl and his offending son; from him will I learn the origin of my beloved one, and if 'tis honorable she may yet be mine, even with the blessing of my parents. But the king is ill, and cannot be intruded on; so, as my time may not pass quite so happy at the hall as I could wish, I will visit my own estate in

Devonshire. There I shall, at least, have time for reflection, and 'twill be an asylum from a parent's frown.”

Lord Frederick rose,—Hope, that cordial to the afflicted heart, had revived, and before it the dark cloud of despairing misery dispersed, and he resolved patiently to await the time when, by learning the little history of Florence, he might decide whether it were better to break his plighted vow, or incur the penalty of filial disobedience. In a few days, therefore, he took leave of his parents, and after a pleasant jaunt found himself pleasantly established in his own beautiful and romantic estate, on the coast of the English channel, a few miles from the town of Plymouth.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN the earl returned to the hall, after the interview with his son, he found a letter awaiting him from the Marquis of Elington, requesting him, as the health of the marchioness would not admit of their return to England before another year, to send the lady Julia to Marseilles, where they were now residing, as both parents were anxious to embrace once more their only remaining child.

“This is well,” thought the earl; “for Julia was a firm friend to this Florence, who seems destined to win the hearts of all who know her, and might perhaps aid her in securing a union with Frederick; any way, 'tis highly proper, now her education is so nearly finished, that she should rejoin her parents; and when she leaves school, I will also remove Harriet, for I do not wish the intimacy between her and this low-born girl to continue longer: Harriet is a dangerous plotter, and I must have her under my own eye!”

Accordingly, ere a week elapsed, both ladies were again at Fitzmorton, and a few days after, the earl, the countess, and lady Harriet, attended, lady Julia to Dover, from whence, under the guardianship of a valued friend of the earl, who was about to visit Italy, she passed over to France, and after a delightful journey, arrived without meeting with any incident worthy of narration, at Marseilles, where she was joyfully received by her parents.

“Now, I must get this Florence into my power, and then I can prevent the catastrophe I so much dread,” said the earl to himself as he sat alone in his spacious library. “But how is this to be done?—intrigues against royalty sometimes prove troublesome, but I must manage it!—let me see! Oh; yes! it can be done! Mrs. Burton the trusty keeper of my house in Cambridge, will aid me! and then 'tis so near Lincoln, the resi-

dence of Sir James Wilmot!—but the King!—dare I deceive him?—but then he will never know!—this must be secret, or my poor deluded boy may learn the locality of his idol! Yes, I must away to Cambridge, and consult with Burton!—no doubt she is lonely and needs a companion!”

That evening the earl informed the countess and lady Harriet, that business of importance made it necessary for him to pay a visit to Cambridge; that he should leave on the following morning, and would be glad to have them accompany him. To this they readily consented, and on the following morning departed for Cambridge.

“Mrs. Burton,” said the earl, as he entered the housekeeper’s room the day after their arrival, “I appreciate your fidelity, and have determined to reward it. Hereafter shall you be freed from the care of looking to the house; an under housekeeper shall do this, and you shall be mistress of the whole; and more, I mean to bring you a companion, a young lady, whose smiles will cheer your solitude; she is a lovely girl and you cannot but love her.”

“The master is too kind,” cried the obsequious menial; “surely I much fear I have not been faithful enough to so generous a lord.”

“You are the most faithful of all my domestics,” answered the earl; “else would I not entrust to your keeping so important a charge. But I will instruct you with regard to what I really expect of you! You must seem to her the real mistress of this house, and she must never know that you are only the housekeeper; in fact, she need not know that you have any knowledge of me; you must be to her the widowed proprietor of this good estate, who, weary of solitude, desire a companion. Of this I will apprise the domestics, that they may treat you with the respect due to your assumed rank; furthermore, you must be to her kind and gentle, and strive by every means to make her as happy as possible. Entreat of her, but only in the language of soft persuasion, to accept a friend of mine, the baronet, Sir James Wilmot, of Lincoln, but mention not his name, until he has visited her. Will you accept the terms, and strictly abide by my injunctions? or must I seek elsewhere for one to comply with my request?”

“The good earl may rely on his faithful servant” but when may the young lady arrive?”

“As soon as I can arrange matters! and you are prepared to receive her, but remember, not a word of this until after our departure; you must continue what you now are while we remain.”

The next morning, the earl rode over to the residence of his accomplice, Sir James, a distance

of twelve miles, only, and confided to him his plot, enjoining him, as soon as Florence was established in her new home, to urge his suit, nor to relinquish it, should she reject him; and having arranged matters to his mind, on the following day he prepared to return home.”

“We will spend a day or two in London,” he said, as they entered the great metropolis; “I have a little business to arrange.” Accordingly, they were driven to their magnificent residence in town.

“Now for the most dangerous, as well as most difficult part of my scheme,” he thought, as he prepared himself to go out the day after his arrival; I almost wish I had not entered upon this course of intrigue; my good genius tells me that ‘twill avail me nothing! but I will persevere! yes, though I knew I might bring disappointment and shame upon my own head, yet would I not recede. But why may I not succeed? if the king will but give up Florence, what chance is there for a failure? Frederick will not know what has become of his rural lady-love! she will accept Sir James, and then what have I to fear? Oh! my plan is good, and none shall say I wanted courage to execute it!”

A few hours after, the carriage of the earl drew up before the royal palace. His majesty was still suffering from illness, but the earl was admitted to his chamber. After condoling with the afflicted monarch, and expressing many hopes that his health might soon be re-established, he said:

“May it please your majesty, to inform me, what is your intention relative to your orphan protégé, Florence Oakley.”

“I had thought, when she leaves school, which must now be soon, to procure her the situation of governess, for which she is now fitted, in the family of some of my noble friends; there she will be enabled to gain for herself an honorable livelihood; and she has no claims on society, by which to attain a higher station.”

“True, but something still better methinks may be done for her, if your majesty permit. I have a friend, a widow, wealthy, and without children. She is solitary, and wishes for a companion. Her time is spent mostly in the country; but her residence is romantic and delightful. She is gentle, kind and amiable, in fact, the very one in whom a friendless orphan might hope to find a friend! would not your majesty entrust Florence to her care? there she will be free from the bondage of the school room; there she will be admitted to the full companionship of the few refined and select friends who visit the lady; and among them she may form an alliance which may

place her in a station, higher than any to which an humble governess may hope to aspire. May I not hope that you will concede me this, and permit her to become the companion of my friend?"

"Certainly! When would you wish to place her under the protection of the lady in question?"

"As soon as it may please your majesty, but 'twould much please me if it might be soon, as the lady is sad and lonely, and much desires her presence."

"I will request the secretary to write to the preceptress of the school, desiring her to give up Florence Oakley to your lordship, and you may remove her when you choose."

"Not to me, sire, for I am obliged to leave town at once; say to the person delivering your letter, and I will send it to the lady, who may either come in person, or send a trusty servant for the sweet girl."

The note was written, and presented to the earl, who with many thanks for his gracious compliance, and many wishes for the recovery of his sovereign's health, took his leave.

"Robert," he said to a faithful servant, two weeks from to-day, I wish you to take this note, hire a coach, and proceed to the school where the young ladies have for some time been; present the note to the principal of the institution, and take the young lady whom she shall place under your care, to my house in Cambridge; say nothing to any person; not even to your fellow servants, of your business or destination, and hold no communication with the lady herself; do not bring the lady here, but proceed direct to Cambridge, and say nothing by which the coachman whom you employ, may know who employs you; you had better not wear your livery, but go in a plain suit, such as is worn by private gentlemen; here is money to provide it! And when you return, write to let me know that you have done my bidding."

"Certainly, my lord," was Robert's quiet reply, as he took the letter and the purse from the hand of the earl, and bowing left the room.

CHAPTER XV.

"DEAR Florence, I would speak with you," said Mrs. Merton, the preceptress of the school, as she opened the door of the room from which she had not many minutes before been called. Florence arose and followed her from the room.

"My dear girl," she said, as she presented the letter of the king. "You are to be taken from us, and go forth into the world. If the lady to whom you are consigned, is amiable and kind, you may, by cultivating her friendship, and con-

ciliating her good will, enjoy much happiness; but if forgetful that you are dependent on her bounty, you seek to please only yourself, and comply not with her will, discord will arise, and you will be unhappy. I will offer no counsel, but remember what I have now said, and forget not that in me you may ever find a friend."

Florence took a tender leave of her teachers and classmates. It was late in autumn, and the day was chilly and drear. She thought how different was her present journey from that, when a few months before she attended lady Harriet to Kent. Where was she now going? Of this her guardian had neglected to make mention, but she would soon know. She formed many plans for conciliating the favor of the lady, who was so kindly offering her a home; here might she remain, however unpleasant it might prove, until the return of the marquis of Elsington from the continent; when she might be the companion of lady Julia, or until the fulfilment of lord Frederick's promise. She must write at once to lady Harriet and inform her of her locality, that lord Frederick might not be ignorant of her place of residence. Thus did busy imagination beguile the time as the coach rolled onward, bearing her farther and farther still from all who loved her, and nearer to that place where she would be wholly in the power of her bitterest foe.

At length the rays of the sun broke through the heavy mass of clouds which obscured its light, and threw a sudden and golden glow over the landscape. Florence now found that the day was fast drawing to a close, and she occupied her thoughts with the romantic beauty of the scene. At length it disappeared from her view, behind the western horizon, and then came the sober twilight hour, with its soft, soothing influence. This faded by degrees, and was succeeded by the gloom of night. Florence now, though weary and depressed, endeavored to divert her mind by watching the starry gems of night, as one by one, they broke forth to the view, until the whole vault of heaven was glowing in their diamond-like lustre. Then a new feature was added to the mild glory of the scene:—The moon burst through a mass of thin clouds which lay spread over the verge of the eastern horizon, and shed a silvery radiance over the landscape.

"Where can they be taking me," thought Florence, as she thought of the lateness of the hour. "If the distance is great, why do we not stop for the night? Why do I feel this strange dread of evil? perhaps I am the victim of treachery! but where have I an enemy? 'Tis perhaps another freak of that genius who rules my wayward destiny!"

Her meditations were interrupted by the turning of the carriage, which entered an avenue shaded with majestic trees, and the next moment it drew up before the door of a noble looking house. Robert, in his gentleman's attire, sprang lightly from the coachman's box, and approaching, respectfully assisted her to alight, at the very moment that the hall door was opened, and a middle aged lady came forward to welcome her.

"Really, my dear," she cried, shaking Florence heartily by the hand. "You have had a weary ride! and then the evening is so cold,—but come in,—I have a good fire within, which cannot but be very welcome to one who has ridden such a weary way on a night like this!"

Florence followed her into a comfortable parlor, where a cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth. The lady assisted her to lay aside her travelling dress, and then ringing the bell, she gave the things to a servant, and placing a large arm chair beside the fire, desired her guest to be seated, and make herself as comfortable as possible. In a few moments a neatly arranged table was spread, with various refreshments, and she was invited to partake its bounties.

"Well, you are a pretty girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Burton, as she seated herself at the table; "and if you are as good as you are handsome, I am sure I shall like you vastly; but you must try to enjoy yourself, or you may get lonely, with no companion but a lone widow, who may be often gloomy and sad; but if you are inclined to be cheerful, I think you may amuse yourself pretty well; for my place here is called very pleasant, and most people enjoy a delightful ramble! Oh! I am sure we shall get to be great friends! how fortunate I was to secure such a delightful companion! But you look fatigued! would you wish to retire?"

To this interrogation Florence gladly assented; and she was shewn to a comfortable chamber, where she rejoiced to find herself alone. The sun was shining brightly when she awoke on the following morning; she arose, and opening the window, gazed forth on the scenery without. A grove of trees, now stripped of their verdant robes, by the desolating blast of the late autumn, reared their lofty heads toward the azure sky, at a short distance between the house and grove, lay a smoothly beaten lawn, whose even surface was here and there broken to admit the roots of various flowers; while through the branches of the trees, gleamed in the rays of the morning sun, the waves of that well known inlet of water denominated the Wash, which separating the counties of Lincoln and Norfolk, washes the

northern coast of Cambridgeshire; while in the distance the white sails of a vessel were discernible, as if to give variety to the scene.

Florence remained for some time lost in a reverie, inspired by the beauty of the surrounding prospect; then hastily throwing on a warm shawl and bonnet, she descended, with the intention of taking a walk before breakfast; as she entered the hall, Mrs. Burton opened the door of the breakfast room, and saluting her kindly, said:

"Where is my pretty one running to so early in the morning?"

"I was not aware that you had arisen yet," she answered, "and came down intending to take a walk, but if you desire it I will remain."

"No, no! go out and amuse yourself! only do not stay away too long or run in the way of harm. You are as yet unacquainted with the grounds! Wrap that shawl closely around you, for the air is chilly; there go now, and may this bright morning deepen the roses of your cheek."

"How kind! how studious of my happiness she is," thought Florence. "I must endeavor to deserve her kindness! Yet I fear I shall not be quite happy."

She walked to the beach; never had her eyes rested on a larger portion of the watery element, than the Thames, and now when she looked on an extent of waves which stretched beyond the utmost limits of her vision, she was overwhelmed with surprise. Long she remained tracing the windings of the coast, until she remembered that Mrs. Burton had requested her to return soon.

Florence soon found that the most of her time was at her own disposal; Mrs. Burton, although she treated her with the utmost kindness, never invited her to sit, ride, or walk with her, and Florence soon found that she seldom or never went out. She had written to lady Harriet, but on asking her hostess respecting her locality, that she might inform her friend to what place to direct her answer, she was told that she was in Suffolk, many miles from her real residence.

Florence found much to amuse her. She took long walks upon the coast, or in the extensive grounds; the library contained a choice assortment of books, and here, to her studious mind, was a never failing source of pleasure; she sketched from the surrounding scenery, and practiced her music, while Mrs. Burton seemed highly delighted with her young companion, and declared she would not part with her for the wealth of worlds. Florence could not but be grateful for her kindness; and as her mind was formed for happiness, her days glided pleasantly away.

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS ON POETRY AND THE BRITISH POETS.

BY T. D. F.

PERHAPS there has been no wider form of influence exerted in the world, from its very earliest ages, than the poetical. From the time when the world itself was a poem, fresh from the hands of its Creator, when the waving forests, gentle dales and murmuring streams, were a pastoral, the lofty mountains, cloud-capped, were a heroic—and the first loving pair, with their purity, their dark temptation, and their punishment, were a heart-moving epic—all things have been breathing with poetry. And from his deep sympathy with the human heart, the poet has possessed a power over his brother men, which no mere oratorical eloquence could win; he has stirred the heart with patriotism, swelled it to noblest deeds of daring and adventure, fired it with love, softened it with sadness, and awed it into reverence.

Why this is, it is impossible to say; it cannot be explained, but still there is no soul but has yielded at times to this influence. Hazlitt says truly, that "poetry comes home to the bosoms and the business of men, for nothing but what comes so home to them, in the most general and intelligible shape, can be a subject of poetry. Poetry is the universal language which the heart holds with nature and itself. He who has a contempt for poetry cannot have much respect for himself, or any thing else. It is not a mere frivolous amusement; it has been the study and delight of all ages. Many people suppose that poetry is something to be found only in books, contained in lines of ten syllables, with like endings; but wherever there is a sense of beauty, of power or harmony, as in the motion of a wave of the sea, in the growth of a flower, that spreads its sweet leaves to the air, and dedicates its beauty to the sun, there is poetry in its birth. If history is a grave study, poetry may be said to be a graver; its materials lie deeper, and are spread wider. History treats of the cumbersome and unwieldy names of things, the empty cases in which the affairs of the world are packed, under the heads of intrigue or war, in different states, and from century to century; but there is no thought or feeling that can have entered into the mind of man, which he would be eager to communicate to others, or which they would listen to with delight, that is not a fit subject for poetry."

Yet poetry is the best ally of history. In the Iliad and the Odyssey, we have a copious record of European and Asiatic manners, some centuries earlier than that given us even by Herodotus, who from being the first historian, has been called the "Father of History." Homer's splendid poetry familiarizes us with ancient times; Tasso's epic acquaints us with the crusaders. And Geoffrey Chaucer! what a rich peep does he give us, into those queer, tumultuous, primitive times. In the Canterbury Tales we recognise our Saxon kindred, and we feel assured, in revisiting those scenes, we should meet with the same people, only with their coats and beards cut in a different fashion, to accommodate modern times.

Shakspeare too, has given us a perfect epitome of history, down to the time of Elizabeth; and poetry gives us a more realizing knowledge and understanding of history; it presents a more graphic portraiture of it. Let any one for instance read Hume's history of the reign of Henry IV, and then Shakspeare's double drama, and see which gives the best idea of the great monarch, his weak son, gallant Henry Percy, solemn Glendower—which author makes us best acquainted with the times. The historian shows us the outside of the house, reads us the title deeds and rent roll, but does not introduce us to the inhabitants; the poet takes us within, opens to us the internal organization and arrangement, and acquaints us with the occupants.

Such poets also, as Juvenal and Dryden, give us the portraiture of their times; the history of morals and manners, and these are the history of ideas, which, furnished with the poet's language, forms our ethical poetry, of which we have specimens in Pope's Essay on Man, Young's Night Thoughts, and Cowper's Task. He who expresses truth in so pleasing a form, that it becomes familiar to us, as Shakspeare did, when he distinguished true from false courage, or as Milton did, when he makes his lady in the dark wood express her confidence in the omnipotence of virtue, which has crystallized a truth into a proverb, becomes a true poet. This, Pope has done in a thousand instances.

It is not only for separate truths, that we are indebted to poetry, but for whole volumes, as all

must acknowledge who have read Young, Crabbe, Wordsworth. In one page Young has concentrated the whole argument for a God, so that if not *the best*, poetry is certainly a good vehicle of instruction. If not, why did our Saviour convey his precepts by poetic language, for the parables are only short poems, which convey the truth to the mind, in a most pleasing and impressive form?

Poetry improves and instructs us, by the nobleness of its ideas, and the beauty of its language; it refines the mind, and elevates the thoughts; poetry, and her sister arts, are the great purifiers from the dross of common life. Why has nature made everything beautiful, if not to gratify the eye, and ennoble, and elevate the taste?

But the adversaries of poetry ask what is the use of it? What does it prove?—To the first should be replied, that its use was the ascertainment of truth, the forming just principles, and the wholesome gratification of the taste. In this utilitarian, money-making, house-building, steam-boat running, railroad-laying, mob-rising, king-decrowning times, do we not need something to elevate our taste? We do these things as the means of living, not as the end of life. We do them to live, not live to do them. Again it is said poetry proves nothing. Are we wholly intellectual, wholly spiritual, that every thing must be proved? Then Babbage, the great machinist of London, who has invented a machine for solving logarithms, with perfect correctness, would have made a better man than any of us. No; we have a spirit, a soul that reveres, loves and fears; this, the highest portion of our being—this soul tells us what to do; our understanding tells us how to do it; but you cannot *prove* man into goodness, or *state* him into virtue.

We have virtue, but it is too little fostered, too little cultivated; it does not fill our hearts with delight, as it should; but Poesy lifts us out of ourselves, and shows us virtue embodied. Who can resist the effect of the description of Hector's virtue, his resistance of the entreaties of Andromache, and his going forth to do his duty to his father and his country? Who can read it, without loving his heroic virtue? Or what heart is so cold, as not to have been touched and elevated by the simple tale of that heroic boy, who had been so taught the noble lesson of obedience, that though the deck was burning under him, the blazing spars falling around, he would not desert the post entrusted to him, but stood manfully, till the sheeted flame became his shroud, the crackling of the blaze, his requiem! A man may be coarse and tyrannical in daily life, but

he must feel a glow of patriotism and generosity as he reads such accounts.

This much, and much more, has been said of the value of poetry, without comprehending in the remark, the instruction to be conveyed by it; every one who has read much, must acknowledge that the poet has cheered his solitude, soothed him in the reflux of business; the poetic description of home enjoyments has rendered his fireside more dear, his heart has gone heavenward with the choral strains of sacred poetry, and his feelings swelled with patriotism, at the loud pæans of victory; he has been kept by them in the company of the good and beautiful. Of course this can be said only of good poetry, and young persons should take a few leading authors, by whom to foster and quicken the poetic taste—the Iliad, the Odyssey, Collins, Pope, and Cowper; and having once read their works, should peruse them immediately again. The rhythm requires it, for the beauty and truth of the poet's thought cannot appear to him on a first perusal; the mind would be fructified, the taste cultivated, and the whole intellectual nature expanded by such a course.

There is at the present day, a great deal of miserable poetry, the ephemeral productions on the moment; our periodicals are deluged by poet-tasters, our book-stores heaped up, loaded with productions, whose only merit seems to be the magic letters on the title page, "just published." Hot-pressed books, with uncut leaves, that are seized upon and devoured eagerly, merely because new. Some of the writers of our day, like Hood, Tennyson, Bayley, and Barrett, may go down to posterity, as Bloomfield, Crabbe, and Shenstone, have come down to us, because they have placed their hand upon the human heart, and in their verse had counted its beatings, told its pulsations of love, and hope, and fear, and laid bare its marvellous workings; but most of them will sink into utter obscurity.

The prevailing fault of the poetry of the day, is an intense egotism, a bringing forward of the writer's own feelings, and individual circumstances; the celebrated writers of other days have been close thinkers, and earnest students, but neither thought nor study seems to be required to make a poet of the present time.

The pyramids have forgotten the date of their corner stone; and the very name of their projectors, for whom they were to be the enduring mausoleum, preserving the perfumed and embalmed body, is only dimly shadowed forth by the almost illegible hieroglyphics. At the very time they were being built, by a down-trodden and oppressed people, there was a poor blind

man wandering about Greece, singing his ballads, and in his unconscious simplicity, he was raising to himself a monument more lasting than the pyramids, a cenotaph confined to no time or space, but which would rise spontaneously, wherever civilized man dwelt; and yet throughout this noble structure of undying verse, there is not one word of himself—not one clue by which we may discover his birth-place or his parentage.

Tradition tells us that a century or two ago, a poor young man, named Will Shakspeare, was obliged to leave his sweet country home, in consequence of a roguish, boyish feat of deer stalking; he went to London, and to earn the wherewith to support life; he performed low characters on the stage. Yet what a priceless legacy has this man, who tells us nothing of himself, left to the whole world! He was the exponent of the world, beneath whose magic pen all classes sprang to life; in his mirror every man can see himself, his friend, every body but Will Shakspeare; he never obtrudes his own thoughts and feelings, but the prism of his mind reflects all others. Again, if ever heroism descended from the saddle, and doffed the sword and helmet, then John Milton was a hero, coming out with opinions so contrary to those of his age, writing "Paradise Lost," without one word of himself, unless where he speaks in plaintive resignation of the sunbeams falling upon his eye, without his seeing them, but uttering no murmur, filled with the absorbing and glorious subject which he was pouring forth in god-like words. Long will such names be remembered as living not for themselves, but as raising and elevating the hearts of thousands.

The poetry that requires the most thought and reflection, is undoubtedly the ethical, that calls not only the fancy and imagination into play but the reasoning powers; it convinces at the same time it pleases. Perhaps the greatest ethical poem was the one written in the reign of Elizabeth, by Sir Thomas Davis, on the nature of the soul; but it is too abstruse for popular reading, and serves better as a work for study and thought. More than a century after Davis, came Pope, who takes the lead among modern ethical poets; the basis of his poetry is sound morality, the superstructure wit, a wit sententious and cutting, rather than suggestive; he was not the poet of nature, but of society; his own virtues and cutting, with their virtues and their follies, saw themselves reflected in his polished verse; he preferred the artificial to the natural; he possessed none of the enthusiasm of the poet, and yet from childhood "lisp'd in num-

bers," and verse flowed from his pen, formal and cut like the trees in his own garden, but smooth and regular; sarcasm gained added point, and flattery, a deeper meaning from his diamond pointed pen. From him the most venerable character received greater lustre; the cardinal virtues appear with an enlarged utilitarianism; Truth becomes condensed into axioms, generally remembered, such as these:

"Be silent always, when you doubt your sense,
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence."

"At every trife scorn to take offence;
That always shows great pride or little sense."

"Words are like leaves, and where they most abound
Much fruit or sense beneath is seldom found."

And his works are filled with such sententious expressions, which convey concisely a world of meaning and good sense. He opened no new mines, but he gathered the ore, and fusing it in the furnace of his own genius, stamped it with fresh forms, and sent it forth to circulate in the world.

Pope was an indefatigable student; he wrote for his species, not himself; he applied closely to the improving and cultivating his powers. He had but little of the imaginative faculty, which is usually considered as peculiarly the poet's own, but his invention worked with alacrity in the train of his understanding; it never took the lead, but merely seasoned his strong mind. His intellect was vigorous, but his body weak, so that he lived a life of suffering and disease, that rendered him sensitive, and deprived him of much of the joy of existence. In poetry, emotions usually suggest thoughts, but in Pope, thought suggested emotions; he was armed, like the Grecian Pallas when she sprang from the head of her Father, cap-a-pie, with a dark shield, but glittering spear. But Pope was not a faultless writer, even for his style; there is a lack of delicacy, a want of elevation of sentiment, which mars his best productions; many condemn him as sceptical, and have deemed him infected with the false philosophy of Bolingbroke, but in the "Essay on Man," which is considered as the exponent of his views, he argued, not so much from his own mind, as from the opinions of the times.

Perhaps no greater contrast, or better colleague to Pope in ethical poetry, can be found than Cowper; they make a delightful duumvirate, strikingly opposed, yet in many points similar; they are both social, both utilitarian; but Pope carries us into the world, Cowper out of it; Pope leads to history, Cowper directly up to God; Pope is full of useful and dignified action, Cowper commends devotion and social feeling to us. His was

a pure pensive spirit, timid, but filled with devout morality. His style of composition is not polished like Pope's, but it is plain and familiar, and imbued with melancholy. He is just, spirited and correct in his delineations of country life, but there was nothing ideal in his temper; his descriptions are those of real life, and not the offspring of imagination; but though beautiful, he is not a descriptive poet; when he does describe it seems to be a sort of self-indulgence; his great aim is to deduce a moral, to withdraw us from our absorption in worldly pursuits, by the serene breath of holy nature; to lead us from the tide of vanity which the world gathers about us; he implores us with heartfelt and almost weeping sincerity to look for a better home in another world; but amiable as he is, he often goes to unjustifiable extremes; his hypochondria has affected his poetry with an unhealthy vein, a distaste for the realities of life, for the active scenes in which people must engage, if they want to form a strong and vigorous character. He thinks every one should live in the country, as if there was nothing harmless but walking in the fields and groves, or in taking tea with Mrs. Unwin; he has no sympathy with the orator or the astronomer; he ridicules historians, because they detail wars and oppressions; he rebukes geologists, because he thinks in their investigations they have dared to call in question the account which Moses gives us of the creation; but in that he was mistaken, the deep researches of the geologists have helped to prove the correctness of the history. So wise and liberal a man as Cowper should have been aware that true science can never conflict with true religion, neither can city life conflict with the country; without cities there would be no civilization, and the ordeal of competition is necessary to the perfecting any knowledge:

After this sketch of Cowper's mind, it may not be amiss to give an extract from his poems, which show, perhaps as well as anything else, the peculiarity and beauty of his style; it is replete with harmony and sentiment, and has a delicate vein of irony running through the whole. It is the account of the arrival of the Post Boy:

"Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length,
Bestrides the wintry flood; in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright—
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapp'd waist, and frizen locks,
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back;
True to his charge, the close pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn;
And having dropp'd th' expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,

Cold and yet cheerful; messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indit'neut whether grief or joy,
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks,
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill;
Or charg'd with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally effect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But O! the important budget! ushered in
With such heart shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings?"

AN ENTERPRISING BRAHMIN.

THE following account of a distinguished Hindoo, from the much-esteemed Serampore Journal, "The Friend of India," throws an interesting light upon the progress of enlightenment in India, and the various agencies that are at work in the great cause. Hitherto we have heard only of Europeans, and natives who, whether embracing Christianity or not, had abjured the superstitions of their country; but the subject of this memoir clung to the last to the Brahminical faith; and yet—while rising by talent and industry from the humblest station to immense wealth—placed himself habitually at the head of every project for the advancement of his co-religionists in knowledge and civilization.

"Of the native gentlemen who have raised themselves to eminence in the native society of Calcutta, by the acquisition and distribution of wealth, within the present century, Ram Komul Sen will be freely acknowledged as the most remarkable. Others have risen from equal obscurity to greater wealth, but none have been distinguished for their intellectual attainments. Bishonath Mootelal, lately the dewan of the Salt Golahs, began life with eight rupees a-month, and is generally understood to have amassed twelve or fifteen lacs of rupees before he was required to relinquish his office. The father of Baboo Asootosh Deb, the founder of that wealthy family, served a native master at five rupees a-month before he became a clerk in the late firm of Fairlie, Ferguson and Company, in whose employ, and also in that of the American merchants—who named one of their ships after him, Ramdolal Dey—he accumulated a colossal fortune. The present dictator in the money market, the Rothschild of Calcutta, Mootee Baboo, began his career with the humble salary of ten rupees a-month. Ram Komul Sen also was the architect of his own fortune, and began life as a compositor in Dr. Hunter's Hindoostanee press, at eight rupees a-month; and though he is said to

have bequeathed a smaller sum to his family than the accumulations of any of the native gentlemen we have mentioned (no report carries his fortune beyond ten lacs,) yet he has attained a more solid renown, for his connexion with the progress of knowledge and civilization among his own countrymen, of which he was one of the most strenuous and distinguished promoters. He did not long continue in the subordinate situation of a compositor in the printing-office. He attracted the notice of Dr. Wilson, now professor of Sanscrit in the University of Oxford, who discovered his natural abilities and his thirst for knowledge, and took every opportunity of bringing him forward. His first promotion, we believe, was to some subordinate situation on the establishment of the Asiatic Society, which introduced him to the notice of some of the most distinguished members of European society. He had early applied with diligence to the acquisition of English, which he spoke with considerable fluency. At the time we allude to, a good colloquial knowledge of English was rare, and the possession of it was a sure passport to distinction. Ram Komul Sen soon came to be recognized as a leading man in the small band of enlightened natives in Calcutta. On the establishment of the Calcutta School-Book Society, he was placed on its committee, and materially assisted its operations by the completion and translation of several useful works. When the Hindoo college was set on foot a year after, the organization of it was in a great measure entrusted to him through the recommendation of his constant patron, Dr. Wilson. Here he had an opportunity of indulging his ardour for the spread of knowledge among his own countrymen, and of exhibiting his natural aptitude for managing the complicated details of business. His position in this institution materially improved his standing in native society, and laid the foundation of that influence which he subsequently acquired.

Three years after the establishment of the Hindoo college, he projected the publication of an English and Bengalee dictionary, in conjunction with Mr. Felix Carey, the eldest son of Dr. Carey; but his death in 1822, before a hundred pages of the work were printed, suspended its further progress. It was, we believe, soon after this undertaking, that Ram Komul Sen was placed at the head of the native establishment at the Mint, by Dr. Wilson, the assay master. This raised him to great distinction, and his mansion in Colloolah became the resort of the wealthy and the learned, and the fame of his greatness was spread far and wide through Bengal. In

1830 he resumed the progress of the dictionary, and with personal labour completed the undertaking, and carried through the press a quarto volume of seven hundred pages. It is by far the fullest and most valuable work of its kind which we possess, and will be the most lasting monument of his industry, zeal, and erudition. It is probably the work by which his name will be best recognised by posterity.

"After the departure of Dr. Wilson to England, he quitted the service of government, and accepted the office of native treasurer of the bank. Some months back his constitution began to exhibit symptoms of that decay, which had been accelerated, we have no doubt, by the extraordinary personal labour to which he submitted, and which had been one of the main instruments of his elevation; and he expired at his family residence in the country, opposite the town of Hooghly.

"There is scarcely a public institution in Calcutta of which he was not a member, and which he did not endeavour to advance by his individual exertions. He was on the Committee of papers of the Asiatic Society; he was one of the Committee of the Calcutta School-Book Society; he was a manager of the Hindoo College. He was equally honoured in the European and native community, and had long been considered as one of the most eminent and influential natives of the metropolis. Though he continued through life to maintain the principles of a rigid, and in some respects, of a bigoted, Hindoo—for he was never in advance of his own creed—to him belongs the great merit of having taken a leading part in the efforts which were made for the diffusion of knowledge among his own countrymen at the period when Lord Hastings, for the first time, repudiated the idea that the ignorance of the people was the firmest safeguard of our empire. He was one of the chief instruments in the establishment of those institutions which have diffused European science among the natives, and so greatly raised the tone of native society."

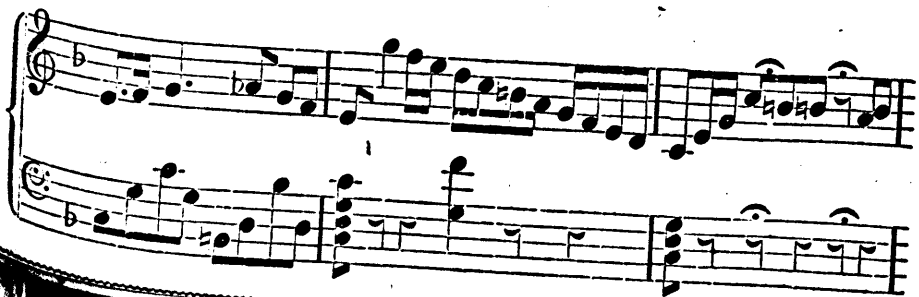
TO CLARA.

Woe, like a tyrant, wilt thou reign,
When thou may'st rule the willing mind?
Can the poor pride of giving pain
Repay the joys that wait the kind?

I curse my fond enduring heart,
Which, scorn'd, presumes not to be free,
Condemn'd to feel a double smart,
To hate myself—and burn for thee.

CAVATINA.

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



CAVATINA.

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The musical score consists of three systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first system features two triplets in the treble staff. The second system includes a fermata over the first measure of the treble staff. The third system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

"Twas summer, all was bright and gay,
 I turned among the flowers to stray;
 All rich were they with varied hue
 Of yellow, purple, pink, and blue,
 But lo! a white and spangled thing
 Was sporting there on tiny wing;
 In haste from flower to flower it flew,
 And sucked from each the honied dew,
 I stood admiring all the while,
 And to myself I said with smile,

"Oh, butterfly! be mine thy power
 To cull the sweets from every flower."
 But as I spoke, I saw it fly,
 Then said with moralising sigh,
 "A lesson may I learn from thee,
 From pleasure's dangerous haunts to flee!"
 Its wings it spread, it sped on high,
 And gushing tears then dimmed mine eye;
 Ah! may it thus to me be given
 To soar on rapid wings to Heaven!"

OUR TABLE.

RURAL LETTERS, BY N. P. WILLIS.

N. P. WILLIS is a name which has been long before the world, as a pleasant scribbler for the press—as a magazine writer—a newspaper editor, and a “penciler by the way.” He has had a good modicum of abuse bestowed upon him, and has not been uncheered by praise. But he is, we think, less thought of and less admired than many authors who cannot boast a tithé of his talents. His sketches are frequently admirable—sometimes brilliant. He possesses a happy faculty at illustration, which few equal, and very few excel, and the quaint conceits and sparkling fancies which come at rapid intervals from his pen, are seldom unaccompanied by a rich train of earnest and impressive thought. These Rural Letters are “records of thought at leisure, written at intervals of more hurried literary labours,” and in a letter to his daughter, the author endeavors to show the contrast between the free thoughts of the untasked writer with those from the same pen, when laboring for bread, as the editor, tied to time, and bound, whether in the mood or not, must do. The figure he makes use of to illustrate what he means, is so very beautiful, that we cannot resist the temptation to transcribe it:

I scarce know how to express it, however; for, sure as I am of conveying the feeling of every man who has ever parcelled his free thoughts into “goods and groceries,” it is difficult to phrase without misconveyance of meaning. *If you have ever seen a field of broom-corn—the most careless summer—and can fancy the contrast, in its destiny, between sweeping the pure air with the wind's hand, and sweeping what it more usefully may, when tied up for handling as brooms, you can understand the difference I feel, between using my thoughts for subsistence as in my present profession. How much, and what quality, of an author, I might have been from choice, the tone of these Letters, I mean to say, very nearly expresses. I do not intend any comparative disparagement of what I have written upon compulsion. The hot needle through the eye of the goldfinch betters his singing, they say. Only separate, if with this hint you can, what I have done as mental toil, from what I might have written had I been a thoughtful free farmer, with books, country leisure, and liberty to pick, with the perspective bettering of second thought, from the brain's many-mooded vagaries.*

We are glad to find that Major Richardson intends, in pursuance of a new—or rather indeed, an old custom—to read in three consecutive evenings, the first Book of his new Indian tales, to which we made favorable allusion in our number for March.

The plot is so contrived that, although the work will eventually contain three Books, each of them so completely embraces its own immediate subject, that the appetite is awakened for more, nothing is left to be explained at the conclusion of the reading.

We have already said, on the authority of a friend, that the book now to be read is full of startling incident, graphically written—Soldiers and Indians being the chief actors—and on the whole, certainly not inferior to Wacousta.

We think Major Richardson's idea of reading his tale in manuscript, is, at this particular epoch, when the physical may be attended, with advantage, by the intellectual, a good one; yet they who have, within the last fortnight, had so much of a hard scramble without, may have an opportunity of indulging in a “Hardscrabble” within.

The name, by the way, is not very attractive, but we presume there is some good reason for giving it. We have heard, indeed, that there is, at this moment, a locale so called, where occurred the startling events that form the ground-work of this first book of the “Massacre at Chicago,” which is about to be submitted in the form of a lecture.

We trust Major Richardson will not be offended at the remark, but we cannot grant him the merit, if such it be, of having originated a new phase in lighter literature. The same was done long before him, and even recently, we have had the readings of Fanny Kemble, and one or two others.

The readings, we have just learned, will take place on the evening of Saturday, the 12th, and on Monday and Tuesday evenings, at the room of the Odd Fellows' Hall, in this city.