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MILDRED ROSIER.*

A TALE OF THE RUINED CITY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER XV.

Hear my message, man of blood,
Quit the evil, choose the good!

"BEFORE the grey, cold dawn, had lifted up the misty curtain from the hills, I was many miles distant from S——. But, imagine my situation—without a copper in my purse, or rather with no purse at all—without having tasted food for nearly four and twenty hours, fatigued and nervous from the effects of the terrible excitement which had convulsed my frame, and not knowing one step of the dangerous path, or whither it led. I was truly destitute, without a friend, and perfectly ignorant of the world upon which I found myself cast like an orphan. Then, there was to stifle and combat with, the terrible consciousness of guilt; to steel my countenance, and my heart; yet to fear that all my cunning was useless; that the mark of Cain was so visible in the haggard lineaments of my face, that a child might read it, and point me out to his comrade as a villain. I walked on in this miserable state, until noon, when, overcome with hunger and weariness, I sat down upon a piece of rock by the rugged west side, from utter inability to proceed. Before I left the cave, I had flung into the gulf, my gun and all my hunting apparatus, fearful that they might lead to my detection. The superior texture of my clothes could alone betray me as one belonging to a higher rank, and I longed for some opportunity to change these. My hounds, I had driven with threats home, all but the dog to whom my poor cousin was so attached, and neither threats nor

blows would chase him from the spot. He ran to and fro, all night, along the fearful pass; uttering the most piteous howls, which added not a little to the agony of my situation. The love of this poor brute went more painfully to my heart than the condemnation of the whole world. Every mournful cry he uttered, was a reproach to me; and in the glazed and peculiar expression of his eye, whenever he turned it upon me, I felt that he not only knew that I had been the cause of his master's death, but that he upbraided me with it. Once I raised my gun in order to shoot him, but the nobler nature of the animal overcame my resolution. My hand shook so violently, that I could not kill him. This dog was found three days afterwards, lying upon the very spot at which Adolphus lost his life, and, though the bodies could not be recovered, shewed by his gestures, and the difficulty my uncle found in dragging him from the spot, the manner of his son's death, and, fortunately for me, led to the conclusion that we all three had shared the same fate.

I know not how long I remained seated by the way side, for sleep overcame me, and the sun was getting low down in the sky, when I was aroused by a slight blow upon the shoulder, and, looking up, I beheld a goatherd, who was returning from Drontheim, with his son, standing before me, and regarding me with peculiar interest. My critical situation instantly recurred to my mind, and the effort for self-preservation was made, with a foresight and cunning which I thought, until that moment, had been foreign to my nature.

"You see, my friend," I cried, "the plight that

* Continued from page 490—Conclusion.

I am in. I have lost my gun, in scrambling through the mountain ravines. My dogs have followed upon the track of a deer, and have not returned; and, to add to my distress, I have mistaken my way, and have not broken bread since sun-rise.

"This is a long list of misfortunes," returned the goatherd, 'but not at all uncommon to young hunters. My goats often lead me a dance, which sends me home cold and hungry at night. But, young gentleman, my cabin is hard by; if you will step in, a draught of goat's milk and a brown cake may refresh you, and my eldest boy, who is about your own age, shall endeavour to shew you into the path you have lost.'

"Starving with hunger, I gladly accepted the invitation, and never did the most sumptuous viands afford such real satisfaction, as I felt whilst devouring a burnt cake of the black Norwegian bread, and drinking large draughts of milk from a coarse wooden bowl. The good wife looked rather feelingly at the rapid consumption of her mountain dainties; and muttered something about the scantiness of the children's suppers that night. But feeling certain that God would provide for them, while I knew not where a guilty wretch like me might get another meal, I ate away without paying the least regard to her hints.

"In the meanwhile, the night had closed rapidly in, and the kind, hospitable host, told me that it was too late to proceed on my way that night; and if I would share his son's bed in the corner, he would be ready early in the morning to put me into the right road.

"This was just what I wanted. I had been measuring his son Johan's height, with my eyes, and I saw that his garments would just fit me, and I determined to rise before day, and make the exchange, and would be some way upon my road to Drontheim, before my comrade discovered his loss—or rather his gain—the goatherd's clothes being of the coarsest description of cloth, manufactured from the refuse wool of their sheep.

"I need not tell you how dexterously I managed this little affair, and slipped undiscovered from the house, and with several adventures not worth recording, arrived safely at the sea-port, hoping to get on board some vessel sailing to the East or West Indies, for I concluded that there was no safety for me, whilst I continued in Norway.

"I took up my lodging at a little inn just without the town; after frankly informing the landlord that I had nothing to pay, that I was a poor lad, who had a great craze for the sea, and I was willing to chop wood for him, if he would supply me with food until some situation offered. Pleased with my appearance, old Peter Rovin, for so the master of the house was called, cheerfully

complied with my request; and after chopping a goodly pile of wood, though at the risk of chopping off my toes, I came in at night for a share of the warm stove, and the hot supper. Whilst assisting the old dame to lift from the fire, a large pot of boiled pulse and milk, I was addressed by a mechanic in the corner.

"Well my lad," said he, 'you are a stranger in Drontheim; what part of the world are you from?'

"I was born among the Dorfrine hills. My father keeps a large flock of goats, and he wished to bring me up to the same occupation; but I had such a wish to be a sailor, that he told me to go and seek my own living, for never a farthing should I get from him.'

"Very paternal, that," said the man, laughing. 'But, my lad, as you come from the hills, perhaps you can tell us something of the terrible story that reached us yesterday, of what has befallen the son of the good Count Christenstien.'

"Dame Rovin was just pouring out the porridge into a deep wooden bowl, which I held before her. My hand trembled so violently, that down went the bowl upon the dirty rough floor, and half the mess was spilled.

"Rat! the foolish, awkward, clown!" cried the indignant housewife, giving me several severe raps over the crown, with the hot ladle; 'he has spilt all the supper.'

"Not all," said I, wiping the porridge from my head with the back of my sleeve. 'Indeed, good dame, it was the steam scalded my hand. I will be more careful the next time.'

"Devil trust you!" said the angry old woman. 'There—you may have what's upon the ground for your portion. Hungry dogs, they say, will eat dirty puddling.'

"Come, come, dame," said Peter, 'the poor lad could not help it. He shall have a share with me of what remains. He is tired and hungry, and has earned his supper. Here—what do you call yourself? Come and sit by me.'

"Strange, I had never thought of a name, and was just upon the point of risking my own, when the madness of the thing struck me. Colouring up to the eyes, I stammered out, that I was called Peter Zartin.'

"Peter! that's my name," quoth the good man. 'But come tell us all you know of this murder, or accident, for it appears doubtful which it is, which has happened at S—.'

"Indeed, I know nothing about it. It must have occurred since I left.'

"Did you know the parties?'

"You must tell me who they are first," said I. 'I have seen the Count, and his nephew and son. Has any thing happened to them?'

"Why, to be sure. The lads went a hunting in the hills with Christian Vander, and night came on, and they never returned, and three days after they found out by the dog, how they came by their end."

"Aye, and you forget my lady the Countess's terrible dream," cried several voices at once. "How God shewed her, the old huntsman fling her son over the precipice, and the mad young Count was urging him on; and the old man lost his balance, and shared the same grave. Oh! it was terrible, terrible! And she said, she saw a long lock of her son's hair hanging among the bushes—and so they found it. The Count believes that they all died in that horrible chasm—but my lady says no. She is sure that the murderer still lives; and a reward has been offered for his apprehension. Has any one read the placard on the town-gates?"

"Not I," says old Peter. "For why—I cannot read."

"Nor I—nor I!" responded several voices.

"I pretended to be busy with the fire. My heart all the while beating audibly."

"'Tis a shocking business," said I. "Who will heir the estates now?"

"The Count is only in middle life. He may have sons yet."

"And my lady dying of grief?" said the old dame, in a reproving voice.

"Well, woman—if she dies, he can take a young wife, and have a dozen sons yet. I wonder what like the murderer is, and if they will be able to bring him to justice."

"What good would that do?" said I. "The poor lad is mad."

"Aye, so we have heard."

"Remember," said I, "if he is not mad, the uncle who robbed him of his estates, is the worst murderer of the two. I have seen and spoken with young Fredwald, and I believe him sane."

"If that's the case," said old Peter, "I don't blame him a bit. The uncle is the first cause of the crime. But I have heard this before. I knew Count Kolof well—and I am certain that he was no more mad than I am."

"Well, I hope the lad may be taken," said his wife. "Mad or not mad, he deserves to die. I only wish I could find him out, and claim the reward."

"Out upon you, woman. I am ashamed of you," said Peter. "Would you betray the unfortunate? May God do so to you, and more also, if you could be found capable of this thing."

"I repent this conversation just to shew you the constant hazard and anxiety to which I was exposed. From many trifling circumstances, I believe that old Rovin more than suspected me of

being the person proscribed by the government. The superiority of my appearance and manners, the studious way in which I busied myself at work, and kept out of sight when strangers came to the house, made him think that I was not what I seemed. One day in particular, he found me reading at a table, before the family assembled in the morning, one of the placards describing my height and person.

"How are you able to read, my lad?" said he, in evident astonishment.

"I knew it was useless to deny the fact. 'I learned,' I replied, 'of an old Lutheran priest, who used to visit our hut, and who supplied me from time to time with books.'

"Humph!" said he, "I never found these priests so generous. Will you read aloud that paper to me?"

"I did so in as steady a voice as I could command."

"Well, the description answers exactly to your own," said the good old man, without withdrawing his keen blue eyes from my face. "God help you if you are the man. I pity you from my very heart."

"Pshaw!" returned I, carelessly. "That tells nothing. Our cabin stood within an hour's walk of the castle—I may be his brother. Such things are common."

"True," said old Peter. "But as such a striking resemblance does exist, and you, a poor goatherd's son, have hands as white as a lady's, and can read and write, withal—why, I think—the sooner you leave here, the better."

"Perhaps so—but where shall I go? I have neither friends nor money."

"Health and strength, and a willing mind, will soon make money; and as to friends—I am your friend: and if you are indeed innocent, God will raise you up more. I will get you a berth to-night as cabin boy on board a brig, sailing for Copenhagen; and when there, you will soon obtain a place on board a man of war, if you wish really to follow the sea."

"I was terribly afraid of dame Rovin finding me out, and I joyfully embraced his offer. To Copenhagen I went, and after many strange adventures, which I have not time to relate, I became acquainted with Mathias Stavers, the well known pirate and smuggler; who still goes by the name of Mad Stavers, though the billows have long since found for him a salt water shroud."

"He was a fine, daring, high-spirited fellow—and after my first voyage with him, he made me his chief mate—and what with smuggling on the coast of France, Holland, and England—piratical seizures of small merchantmen on the high seas, and gambling on shore, we both grew rich,

if such property, obtained in such a desperate way, and squandered in such a reckless manner, can ever be depended upon for an hour together. The present was all that we could call our own, and we made as much of it as we could.

"I was now five and twenty, in the very pride of youth and strength—fond of action and enterprise, and quite devoted to the wild life I led. Its dangers and excitements drowned thought, and I was beloved by my mad commander, and a favorite with the crew.

"At this period a deep anguish for a few months nearly eat out my heart; and I sought systematically to get rid of a life, which had been preserved through so many dangers.

"Our ship was riding gently at anchor in Drontheim bay, under Dutch colours, and I had gone on shore for a spree, with two or three mad comrades like myself. Whilst we were sauntering down the principal street, a lady and gentleman passed us on horseback. Years had fled away, but time had never been able to efface her image from my heart. It was my cousin Christiana and Count P—. Often and often, had I wondered what had become of her. I had flattered myself that she had not survived my loss—that when time, and my absence, had rendered the probability of my having died with the other unfortunates no longer a matter of painful speculation, but certainty, that her heart would have broke with grief. Imagine then, my disappointment, when upon enquiry I found that she had been for the four past years Countess P—, that my aunt was dead, and my uncle, as old Peter predicted, had married again, and was the father of two sons, the elder of whom, by way of penance, I suppose, bore my name.

"That Christiana, my beautiful, tender-hearted Christiana, should not only be able to exist without me, but live for so many years very happily as the wife of another, cut me to the soul. I felt that I still loved her—that I must see her—must speak to her again. I hurried back to the ship, distracted with evil passions, and told Stavers, who was acquainted with my previous history, that I had seen my first love, the only woman I ever looked upon in that light; and that she had been for several years the wife of another.

"'It is unfortunate,' he said, 'that she should have chosen the only man who treated you with kindness, when in your uncle's house of bondage. But if you wish it, I will assist you in carrying her off.'

"'No, no,' I exclaimed impatiently, 'I must see her, and reproach her with her forgetfulness; but bad as I am, I never will share the woman I love with another.'

"'Nothing can be gained by this pursuit, re-

plied he. 'In a few days we shall sail for England. The first pretty blue-eyed Suffolk girl will make you forget this poor lady, who, I doubt not, after mourning you dead for a reasonable time, married to relieve her own dulness.'

"I was shocked at the profanity of his language towards my idol; but he never had loved any particular object in his life, and only thought like most sailors that women were all alike; that one might be prettier or younger than another, but, in moral qualifications, they would all rank the same.

"After several days indefatigable enquiry, I discovered that the Countess was residing for a few months at an old fashioned hunting lodge, about ten miles from Drontheim, for the benefit of the country air, as she had been for some time in a declining state of health. That when I saw her she was accompanying her husband as far as the town, on his way to Denmark, whither he was going on business of some importance. She was then alone. But how could I gain access to her? Stavers and I thought over a thousand plans. At last he proposed that I should dress myself as a Jew pedlar, and, under this disguise, there would be little difficulty in obtaining an interview with the lady of the house, as there are few women capable of resisting their natural love of ornament.

"I had in my possession a box of valuable trinkets, which we had taken from a son of Israel in one of our piratical excursions; and when I opened the box to see if there might be anything likely to tempt a lady's eye, I was satisfied that the blaze of tastefully set, and beautiful gems, would ensure from mistress and maid the most favorable reception.

"It was one of the hottest days of our brief, but glorious, northern summer, when I mounted a horse, and, with the box strapped across my shoulders, proceeded to the lodge.

"I found, as I had anticipated, no difficulty in being admitted to the presence of the countess.

"She was lying upon a sofa, dressed simply in a white muslin wrapper. Her beautiful light brown hair, parted upon her forehead, flowed over her neck and shoulders in long silken ringlets. Her figure, no longer that of an unformed girl, was exquisitely moulded, and though she looked pale from recent indisposition, her appearance was elegant and charming in the extreme. For some minutes I stood at the door gazing upon her without having courage to advance. The agonizing thought, that she had once been mine, and was now lost to me for ever, the beloved wife of another, the mother of his infant children, so completely overwhelmed me, that I felt the tears gathering in my eyes.

"She observed my confusion, without recognizing in the tall, strong featured, athletic man, the person of the pale, melancholy, injured boy whom she had loved for his misfortunes.

"Laying aside the book which she was reading, she motioned for me to come forward. With a strong effort I mastered my feelings, and placed my box of jewellery upon a stand near her. She glanced carelessly over the beautiful gems. 'I want none of these; I have more rings and brooches than I can wear. But what is this?' she cried, her small fingers clutched convulsively a white cornelian heart, with one large deep red spot in the centre, as if stained by newly shed blood. 'Where! where! Oh! where did you obtain this?'

"Six years before she had placed that heart, with her own hands, around my neck, and there it had reposed ever since, until purposely removed that morning, to see what effect the sight of it would have upon her mind. 'Ah! my lady,' I said, 'that stone is of little value when compared with these.'

"'It is not of its intrinsic value, but the value that I attach to it, I speak,' she replied. 'Name your own price, merchant. I must have this jewel.'

"'Forgive me, madam—I fear, I must disappoint you. This heart belongs to another.'

"'Who is the possessor?'

"'Ah! madam,' I exclaimed, looking sadly and tenderly in her face. 'This little heart was once my own. It is all that remains to me of her I adored; and worlds should not buy it from me.'

"Her face grew leadily pale; she continued to gaze upon me, until large tears burst from her eyes, and the name of 'Fredwald' escaped her lips. The next moment she lay fainting in my arms. The agony, the remorse, the crimes of years, were forgotten, and steeped in a blessed Lethe for the brief space that I held that divine creature to my aching heart. At length her eyes unclosed, and she sprang from my embrace with a cry of horror. 'Oh! that you were dead! Dead, as I believed you to be. You live—and I see before me the murderer of my brother! Away, monster! I thought you innocent. For years have wept over your untimely end, have prayed night and day to God for the salvation of your soul. But I see you now stand in life before me, and I know that you are guilty.'

"'Pity and forgive me, Christiana,' I cried, sinking on my knees before her, while tears streamed down my face. 'I was sorely tempted.'

"'Forgive you. How can I forgive you? God condemns you. The laws of nature, that you violated, condemn you. Your own conscience

condemns you; and think not that I can acquit you!'

"'Think of my wrongs, Christiana. Of my love for you!'

"'Love for me! Ifad you loved me, you never could have murdered the brother who was so dear to me. Did you imagine that I could accept a hand red with his blood? Infatuated man! Did you think that I was an unnatural monster like yourself?'

"'I was stung to madness by her reproaches, and sprang indignantly to my feet. 'If I am a murderer, Countess P——, what are those who drove me, by their injustice and treachery, to commit this act? Are their characters stainless?—they who sowed the seed which produced this bitter fruit, whose ambition and avarice made me what I am! When you condemn me, you record a more awful sentence against them.'

"'Count Fredwald,' she said sternly, 'I know that you were injured; I wept for you, prayed for you, pitied and loved you. Yes, I would have become your wife, and set at naught all the sneers of the world, in uniting my destiny to one who was looked upon as a maniac. Interested Count P—— in your favour. Through him, God would have avenged your wrongs, without guilt, without bloodshed. At the very moment when you consented to this crime, your ease was before the king, and he had determined to search it to the bottom! Ah, short sighted man! Hurried on by your own thirst for revenge, you committed an act of murder against one as innocent as yourself—an act of deliberate, cold-blooded, cruel murder—and the victim, so unsuspecting, so unprepared! He was the son of those who had injured you. Is this an excuse? Was not I their daughter? Might you not as well, and with as much shew of justice, plunge a knife into my heart? Go! I will not betray you. Live to repent of your crime, but never let me see your face again.'

"'I was awed by the solemn majesty of her manner. Never had I felt the full extent of my guilt until then—then, when I heard lips that once loved me so tenderly, condemn me. But I hated her for not yielding one inch of her lofty integrity, and I answered tauntingly:

"'I perceive that I am not pleading to the beloved Christiana, the worshipped idol of my boyhood, but to the Countess P——, who, though she considered me innocent, forgot her vows of everlasting fidelity, and within the space of two short years from the time of my supposed death, gave her hand to another. Brief widowhood, I think, for one who loved so well!'

"'I learned to love him,' said the Countess, with modest dignity; 'because he loved and be-

friended you. He is now dearer to me than life; and I marvel, while contemplating his excellence, how I ever could have preferred another."

"I raised my eyes to reply, but she had disappeared, and a servant entered to show me out. This was the last time I ever beheld that admirable woman. This affair made me very unhappy, and for many months after, suicide was always uppermost in my thoughts, but the dread of the vast unknown eternal, withheld my hand. Some months after this, poor Stavers was killed in an engagement we had with the Revenue Officers, off Kessingland, and I was voted unanimously to fill his place. For four years I have been your commander, and my adventures during that period are well known to you all. I am tired of this restless life, however; I long for peace. If this sweet girl Rosier, has courage to fulfil her promise and become my wife, I shall leave for America, and my brave fellows will be free to choose another commander."

"There is no peace, saith my God, for the wicked," said a clear manly voice, which made the smugglers both spring to their feet, and grasp their swords, as the tall figure of a man loomed from out the darkness, and Ebenezer Strong stood before them. "Put up your swords," he continued. "Those who take the sword, shall perish with the sword. Captain Tasker, resent yourself; I have a message for you."

"We are betrayed!" said the Captain; "Burwood, seize the villain! The sight of his carcass will frighten his companions."

"I am alone, Captain Tasker; I came here to do you good, not evil; see I am unarmed. Have confidence in one, who, murderer as you are, dares to have confidence in you."

"I will trust you," said the Captain, re-seating himself. "How came you here, and what do you want with me?"

"May I speak to you alone?" said the minister, glancing suspiciously at the sleepers. "I like not the countenances of these men; they may awake to mischief."

"Not unlikely. If they thought themselves discovered, I could not save you from their fears. Come this way," he continued, opening a low arched door; and the next moment they stood beneath the blue star gemmed arch of heaven, beside the massy wall of the grey priory. "We are safe from observation here; now speak out boldly; what is your message with me?"

"It is from God," replied the minister, solemnly, "and is simply this: Man of blood! renounce your evil course; repent and live!"

"And you ran the risk of your life to tell me this!"

"Captain Tasker, I feel an interest in your

welfare, for my young friend Mildred Rosier's sake. All I can gather from her about you convinces me that you have been an unfortunate man; and that it would be a good work to try and save you from destruction. The sad history which you just related to your comrade in guilt has not diminished the anxiety I feel on your account. Oh! take the advice of a real friend, and quit the accursed traffic in which you are engaged; seek in repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, that peace and happiness which, through any other source, you vainly hope to attain."

"And turn preacher to obtain a comfortable living. Ah! priest, would not that make good the saying among you—'the greater the sinner the greater the saint?' Your pious labours are vainly bestowed upon me; I have seen too much of life to believe the diseases of the soul can be cured by the fables of religion. I thank you for your zeal. I even believe that your offers of service are sincere; but——"

"You prefer your own evil way, and rush upon certain destruction as a horse rusheth into the battle. But, Captain Tasker, if you have no compassion upon your own lost, miserable soul, will you not have pity upon a young and innocent girl? What has Mildred Rosier done, that you expect her to share your guilt?"

"My good man, trouble your head about your own affairs. What is that to you?"

"Much, much; I love the poor child—would save her. Aye! will save her, by the help of my God, from the impious clutches of a fiend-like you."

"Ebenezer Strong," said Tasker, flashing his sword before his eyes, "do you see that?"

"I do, and fear it as little as I fear you."

"If you dare to interfere between Mildred Rosier and me, your life is not worth a straw."

"It is not in your power to deprive me of it, without the especial permission of God. If he sees fit for me to die in the performance of my duty, I am ready for the sacrifice. But before that innocent girl shall become your victim, I would see you and your wicked crew upon the scaffold."

"I will prevent such a consummation of your pious wishes," said Tasker, his eyes flashing fire, and aiming a blow at his unarmed opponent, which, had it taken effect, would have silenced him forever. But the strong, powerful frame of the Yorkshireman, was not to be bent to the earth like a reed. Springing upon Tasker, and seizing him in his arms, with Herculean strength, he wrenched the sword from his grasp, and, breaking it in two pieces, flung it over the wall. "Now murderer!" he cried, "do your worst. I feel jus-

fished in revealing your stronghold to the proper authorities. I would have saved you, but your violence has brought this destruction upon yourself."

He sprang down the cliff, and before the mortified smuggler recovered the effects of his stunning fall, was beyond pursuit."

CHAPTER XVI.

Repentance! 'Tis too late to pray,
When life is ebbing fast away;
And reason's lamp burns faint and low,
And conscience shrinks to meet the blow
That opens on the qualling eye,
Dread visions of eternity.

"Mr dear Mildred," said her mother, the day after her daughter's return from the Lodge. "There has been a strange, fantastic, old creature, several times up to the house, during your absence, enquiring for you. Who, or what she is, Abigail and I could not make out. She muttered something about relationship—said that she had expected better things of you, but that you were like all the rest of the world, too much wrapped up in self, to care for any grief but your own, and so she went off. And I was too much afraid of her to ask any questions."

"Poor old Rachel!" sighed Mildred. "I have indeed deserved your censure. But I will see you this very day; ask your forgiveness, and try to serve you for the future."

She then proceeded to inform her mother, all she knew of Rachel Lagon, and asked her permission to visit her.

"I will go with you, Mildred," said Mrs. Rosier, suddenly rising. "If this poor woman's story be true, we should do all in our power to help her, and render the latter days of her life more comfortable."

This was not exactly what Mildred wanted. She was afraid that the old woman, in her incoherent ravings, would betray her confidence, and in order to deter her mother from this unexpected visit, she raised a number of objections, all of which had no weight with her to whom they were addressed. During Mildred's absence at the Lodge, she had received some hints from Mrs. Barnham and Lucey, of the private meetings which had taken place between her daughter and the notorious smuggler, Christian; and without appearing to know anything of the matter, she determined to put a stop to her daughter's solitary rambles, or accompany her in them herself. She knew enough of Mildred's character, to be aware that anything like violent opposition to her wishes, or harsh upbraidings, would be the very means of bringing about the evil she had so much rea-

son to dread. She loved her child, and she not only pitied the situation in which she was placed, but she blamed herself for the careless manner in which she had suffered her to form such dangerous connexions.

"Come, let us go, Mildred," she cried, adjusting her hat and shawl. "I must see your poor friend and invite her to finish her days under my roof."

"It is very good of you, mamma; but, I am sure that she will not come."

"It is our duty to make the trial," returned her mother. "Besides, I have seen so little of Dunwich, that I shall enjoy the walk."

Mildred felt that no good would come of this walk; and she gave her arm to her mother in silence. On their way they overtook old Gardner. He was in high spirits, and told them, he had been fortunate enough to discover among the ruins, an urn, containing the heart of Dame Alice Poyns, one of the ancient worthies of the ruined city.

"I wish you much joy of your prize," said Mildred. "An old woman's heart is seldom held in estimation by your sex, and with all your philosophy and learning, Mr. Gardner, you would find it difficult to describe the good and bad qualities of your new possession."

"The urn which contained this relic, for the heart itself is but a handful of dust," said the enthusiastic old man, "is a beautiful specimen of ancient pottery. You must oblige me by stepping up to my lodgings, Miss Rosier, and looking at it yourself; I am sure you cannot fail in being greatly interested."

"I will not promise," said Mildred, smiling. "The interest I feel, is in living, not in dead hearts. At all events, we cannot wait upon Dame Alice this morning, as I am going to introduce mamma to a curious living specimen of humanity, almost as ancient as the relic contained in your urn."

"Well, well, Miss Rosier, I will not detain you from your walk; but I will bring the urn up to the Brook Farm this evening, to show it you, before I send it off to the British Museum."

"Ah! do so, Mr. Gardner," exclaimed both the ladies, as they walked on. "We shall be glad to see you."

"As to Dame Alice," whispered Mildred, to her mother, "I should not care if her heart was buried in the sea. Look! there is Rachel's hut. Does it not stand in a wild desolate place? I feel a chill creep through me, when I approach this spot. God forgive me if I sometimes think that she is really a witch."

As she ceased speaking, a tame raven flew up from the door sill, to the roof of the cabin, utter-

ing its hoarse ominous cry; and a lean, hungry looking, black cat, drew up its ugly back, and swore at the intruders in a very inhospitable manner.

Mildred rapped once or twice at the door, without receiving any answer: at length she gently lifted the latch, and entered with her mother, the old woman's miserable domicile.

After the first rapid survey of the apartment, she concluded that its usual occupant was absent, until a slight rustling among a heap of straw in a corner, covered with part of an old sail, painfully convinced her that the old woman was within.

With eyes fixed and rayless, her long bony fingers clasped under her head, and her thin lips moving in voiceless gesticulations, lay Rachel Lagon, upon that bed from which she was destined never more to rise. She neither saw nor heard her kinswomen's approach, as Mildred leant over the rude couch, and gazed long and sadly, and silently upon her.

"Mother, she is dying; we have come too late."

"Poor creature," said Mrs. Rosier. "I wish I had known of her distressing situation before."

"Peter!" muttered the witch. "Peter, tell your father not to put off the boat to-night. There's a swell upon the sea, and a sough in the wind, I don't like. But the man is wilful—the man is wilful. He will have it his own way, and the storm will come and overwhelm you in an hour when you think not of it."

"She is speaking of her sons," said Mildred. "Rachel Lagon!"

"Who calls," said the dying woman, in hollow tones. "I am coming, Henry! there's room enough in the wide seas for us both. I will lie down by your side, and the boys shall make their bed at our feet: and we shall sleep soundly with the world of billows for a winding sheet. Ugh! ugh! the waters are cold; they freeze my heart. Cover me with your fishing coat, or the shark will bite me in two. Its green eyes glow like a tiger's in the dark; they light up the slimy caverns of the ocean, and show me where the white skulls lie embedded in the salt sea weeds. Rise up, my boys! and let us return to the green fields of earth. I cannot sleep in this fearful gloom."

"Rachel!" said Mildred, sitting down on the clay floor beside her, and gently taking her hand. "You are dreaming. My mother is here. We are come to take you home, that you may spend the last hours of your life in peace."

"Home!" said the dying creature. "Home! where is my home? Where will it be? I have spent a long life in sin, and now that I am called upon to give an account, I feel like a vessel drift-

ing towards the ocean of Eternity, without rudder or mast, no friendly hand to steer my shattered bark through this unknown sea. All before is dark and unknown, while the fearful past is as clear as the noonday. Yes, it is terrible to look back upon a misspent life, when the hour for repentance is gone for ever; and you want both the strength and the will, to ask God to have mercy upon your soul."

"It is never too late to repent," said Mrs. Rosier, "if you are sincere, and your heart is humbled under the sense of your guilt. Remember, Christ died that sinners like you might repent and live."

"I have rebelled against the Lord, and his hand is heavy upon me," muttered Rachel. "I am too proud to pray. I cannot humble myself. I cannot pray. My husband was a kind man to me, but he never had God in his thoughts. My boys were fine lads, but we never taught them to look beyond this miserable world. They were taken suddenly out of it. Death came upon them like a thief in the night; and found them unprepared. Yes, they died in their sins, and so they went to judgment, and there this night, must I meet them at the awful bar, from which there is no appeal. Shall I seek to be better than they? Let me share their sentence, for heaven would be no heaven to me, if they were cast out. Death! death! I have often spoke lightly of death, but I never knew until this moment, what a terrible thing it was to die."

"Rachel," said Mrs. Rosier, deeply affected by the poor creature's distress. "Trust in God, and cleave to his promises in Christ, and he will in no wise cast you out."

"Blessed words, and kindly spoken," replied Rachel. "Who are you that come as a messenger of mercy, to speak peace to my soul?"

"The widow of Edward Rosier—your nephew."

"I knew him—a beautiful lad he was; but far too proud to acknowledge the wife of Lagon, the poor fisherman, as his own blood relation. There was but one of that name who had a kind heart. But she has forsaken me in my extremity. She, the fair young girl, whom I saw and loved, who was not ashamed to weep over the sad history of the miserable, despised witch, the outcast of earth, and the rejected of heaven—Mildred Rosier."

"She is here," sobbed Mildred, "here to ask forgiveness for her fault, and to promise never to offend in the like manner again."

"God bless you, Mildred Rosier! Turn to me your face, poor child, I would look upon you once more." She stretched out her long bony hand, and slowly turned the beautiful face of the young-

ger Rosier, until it fronted her own. Your cheek is pale—there is grief at the heart, when the red rose is nipped in the bud. The shadow of the world is upon your brow. Your eye has lost its laughing confidence in your fellows—you begin to feel the cares of your mortal state. The fountain of your soul has begun to pour forth its bitter waters; it will flow on—flow on—until the hand of God chains it, and dries up its tears. Daughter! take the advice of a dying woman—one, who has loved, and wept, and agonized! Never cherish that in secret, which you are ashamed to confess openly. Conscience is a giant, whom you may lull to sleep for a season, but he awakes to kill. Do you understand me?"

"I do—I do," whispered Mildred, in accents scarcely audible to herself—but perfectly distinct to her for whom they were meant.

"Will you renounce him?" said the old woman, in tones as low as her own.

Mildred shook her head.

"There is that upon his hand, daughter, which your tears cannot wash away. If you link your fate knowingly to a murderer, you become a sharer in his crime." Mildred shuddered. "If you become his wife, my death-bed will be one of roses, when compared to the couch of thorns which will compose yours."

"Say no more about it, Rachel—I beseech you."

"Well, you must follow your own counsels, but when sorely tempted to do wrong, think upon the last advice of a dying woman,—who was herself a victim of passion—and flee from the wrath to come."

"Mildred," said Mrs. Rosier, "if you will remain with Rachel, until I return, I will send up Abigail with some blankets, and other necessaries, and your friend Mr. Strong, if I am fortunate enough to find him at home."

This proposition Mildred joyfully accepted, and in a few minutes, she found herself alone with the witch; exhausted by suffering, and the want of every comfort, the old woman had fallen back upon her rude pillow, in a state of unconsciousness, so nearly resembling death, that for some minutes Mildred could scarcely convince herself that she still breathed. It was a hot day, and the air of the cabin was suffocating. Mildred rose and gently unclosed the door. The sea lay before her, with all its glorious waves gently heaving and sparkling in the sun. Nature looked gay and happy, and seemed to rejoice in the smiles of her great Creator. What a contrast was that lovely out-door scene, to the squalid woe and wretchedness within—that poor wasted remnant of suffering mortality, writhing upon its bed of straw, anxious to be at rest, but trembling

lest the stroke which separated it from its lath- ed prison, should awaken it to a more awful state of everlasting consciousness.

A low moan from the poor sufferer again drew her to the bed. "I am going—I am going!" said the sick woman, without unclosing her eyes. "Do not lay me in the dark dull earth. I cannot sleep in that close prison. Do not ask the surly old sexton to break the green-sward for me! I will not be shut out from the light of heaven, and lie among festering bones and musty skulls! But listen, Miss Rosier! Tell Tasker to carry my body out to sea, and sink it in its depths, that the free waves may wash over it for evermore."

"Aye, bury me deep in the fathomless tide, In the red coral groves, where the sea monsters glide, And the hoarse, rattling wind, as it chases the billow, Awakens no sound o'er my weat covered pillow. There let me sleep, gently rocked by the motion Of nature's strong pulse, as it heaves the vast ocean; Unconscious of all that has been and must be; Let me rest with the unshrugged dead in the sea."

"There let me sleep, till the last morn is breaking, Till the tramp of the mighty archangel is shaking The earth to its centre—and trembling with dread, The sleepers of ocean arise from their bed— Then woe to the sinners—the children of clay, Their doom is mine own in that terrible day."

"God is merciful," said Mildred.

"He is just!"

"He will not withhold pardon from a penitent like you?"

"Remorse is not repentance," sighed the dying woman. "I have knowingly and wilfully disobeyed God's commandments, and that for the lure of gain. I knew the Scripture which saith, 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live;' yet I practised arts to deceive others into a belief contrary to the laws of nature and the word of God. I lacked the power, but not the inclination, to be all that I pretended to be. And the crime and its deserved punishment are the same. The spirit of evil, whom I have so often vainly evoked, is with me in this fearful conflict, and is, even now, standing beside me."

"Do you take me for the Devil!" said Tasker, who had unobservedly entered the hotel.

"Christian, is that you! An evil spirit you are, and have been, and will continue to be. Much wickedness have we seen and done together. But my hour is past. Yours is coming."

"Well, let it come. I care not—I never wronged others, until they wronged me. God, who knows the heart, and all its temptations, will not judge as man judges."

"Alas! for us," continued the hag, feebly. "He will judge righteously, and leave us without hope. Farewell! When we meet again, remorse

will be swallowed up in agony—uncertainty in despair!"

"I will bide my sentence like a man, whatever it may be, and will never disgrace my last moments with confessions that would prove me weak and cowardly."

"You will be given small time, man of blood! Quick as the flash of lightning precedes the bursting of the thunder, so sudden and unexpected will be your death."

"I thank you, Rachel, for these glorious tidings. I always dreaded a long, lingering death. Have you any more parting words of comfort?"

"Yes," said the woman, rising up slowly in her bed, and grasping convulsively his arm. "As you would have God mitigate your future punishment, harm not you innocent girl who loves you."

"May I perish to all eternity if one hair of her head receives injury from me," said Tasker, vehemently. The old woman relaxed her hold, fell back upon her pillow, and expired. The captain hastily threw part of the old sail over her ghastly face, and turned to Mildred, who, almost as pale as the dead, was leaning against the open door.

"You have heard what this old woman said concerning me, Mildred Rosier. If you wish to be guided by her dying advice, I will give up the blessed chain you have given me upon your heart, and we will part upon this melancholy spot for ever."

"I know not what to think," returned Mildred. "However painful to our feelings the sacrifice must be, it would be for the best."

"Calmly and dispassionately, Mildred—is this your real determination?"

There was a long, long pause. Mildred several times tried to speak, but the words, which would have divided her for ever from the man she loved, died away upon her lips. He saw his advantage. His fine dark eyes were upon her, and they read the locked up secret of her heart. "Mildred," he said, "before we separate for ever, it is but fair that you should know somewhat of the history of the unfortunate you have dared to love. Yes! here in the presence of my accuser, listen to the tale of woe and crime."

With all the pathos which passion gives to the speaker whose wrongs are the subject of his oratory, did Captain Tasker relate to his auditor, already too deeply prejudiced in his favour, the mournful history of his life and sufferings. Ah! well did he know the impression that such a tale was likely to make upon an ardent and sensitive mind. If Mildred had loved him before, her love was now blended with pity, and every tender sympathy of her nature was forcibly awakened in his behalf. She was the last tie that held him

to the world. If that tie was broken and she deserted him, what would be the result? In all probability, his everlasting destruction. No! Come what would, she never would renounce him. She would stand by him, would love him to the last; and listening only to the impulses of passion, she gave a solemn promise to that effect.

Why did she start and gaze so fearfully towards the shrouded figure of the dead? Was the coverlid really removed, and did she actually see the witch frown upon her? This was but delusion, but it possessed for her a terrible reality. Steps sounded at the door. She turned to warn her lover of the circumstance, but he had disappeared, and Mr. Strong, and a poor woman from the village, arrived, to render what assistance they could to the dying woman.

"She is gone to her long account," said Mildred; "and it is melancholy to add, that she died without hope."

"Alas! for the sinner of a hundred years," returned the minister, slowly lifting up the sail, and gazing long and mournfully upon the face of the dead. "What an humbling lesson to human pride is here! The remains of what was once beautiful, can still be traced in the fine features which composed this countenance. But, oh! the hideous lines which sin has stamped upon this face, to mar and despoil the clay of the image it first received from the hand of its Creator! Yes, Mildred Rosier! well may your tears fall down. This wretched, lost being, was once as fair, as young, as respectably born as you are. She cast off the control of parents. She followed the lawless dictates of passion, and would receive no counsel, but that which proceeded from an ill-regulated mind; and what, my child, has been the result! A life of obloquy and want, and a death of misery and despair! Take a solemn warning from this poor creature's fate, nor let your steps be found in the path of the destroyer."

Mildred felt her conscience reproach her. She knew that she had broken the solemn promise she had given to Mr. Strong; that she would hold no further communication with the smuggler without his consent, and she turned away without answering a word. The good minister concluded that the terrible scene she had witnessed had been too much for her nerves; and he hastened to her side.

"You are ill, Miss Rosier. This is no place for you. Let me see you safe home."

"Please, sir," said the poor woman who had accompanied him, "I hope you don't mean to leave me alone with the witch."

"Why, Mrs. Skelton," (for it was old Joel's wife,) "what harm can she do you now?"

"Ah! Sir, she was an awfully wicked woman,

and the devil, I've heard say, is apt to take care of his own. While you and Miss Rosier remain just without, I am willing to strait and shroud her, and that's more nor any one else dare do in the village; but as to stay all night with her in this old hovel that has witnessed so many of her deviltries, not all the money in king George's treasury should tempt me to do that."

"Cannot you get a companion?" said Mildred, who was anxious that the last rites should be decently paid to her unhappy relative. "I will pay you whatever demand you consider reasonable."

"Money will not bribe one of us to do that. There is neither man, woman, nor child in the parish of Dunwich, that would stay for an hour after dark in Rachel Lagon's lair."

"Not singly, perhaps; but together."

"No, no, Miss, it's all one and the same. If the devil came, as come he will to take her away, he would raise such a smoke in the cabin that we should not be able to see one another: and who knows but that we might all lose our wits in the dark? I will lay out the body and fasten the door, and I and my husband will be here early in the morning to see what has become of her."

Whilst the old dame was employed in this sad and revolting office, Mr. Strong and Mildred paced slowly and sally along the edge of the cliff that fronted the cabin door. Mildred's heart was oppressed almost to bursting, and it was not long before the good minister drew from her a full confession of what had passed between her and Captain Tasker. This affair appeared to her friend in such a light that he determined to lay the whole before her mother, and entreat Mrs. Rosier to send Mildred to her relations in London until Christian had left the coast.

In the meanwhile he resolved to seek the smuggler in his place of concealment, which he had learned from the incautious Mildred, and endeavour to persuade him to relinquish his pursuit of an innocent girl, whose intimacy with him must ultimately end in her ruin.

It was with this intention that he concealed himself in the vaults of the Grey Priory, on the evening of the very day which succeeded the death of old Rachel; and how this errand to the lawless robber in his den, succeeded, has already been told.

CHAPTER XVII.

I cannot yield—I will not yield.

The man I love, to thy stern will!

Those angry threats my heart have steeld

To cling to him through good or ill!

BURNING with just indignation at the manner in which Captain Tasker had received his pious and

well-meant interference in behalf of Mildred; and firmly resolved to save her at any risk from becoming his wife, Mr. Strong proceeded at a rapid rate along the path that led to the village. The compassion which he had felt for him during the relation of his eventful history, was lost in deep resentment at the unworthy treatment he had experienced at his hands. He no longer felt the least hesitation in giving him up to the doom he so justly merited; and he was intent upon reaching Mrs. Darnham's, and giving the necessary information to the revenue officer, who lodged at her house, before the smugglers could have any opportunity of removing their goods.

As he hurried along the moonlit path, he perceived a figure wrapped up in a long great coat, walking to and fro, with his face bent towards the ground, evidently searching for something which he had lost. As he approached the crouching figure, wondering who it could be, who was abroad at that late hour, what was his astonishment when he discovered the well-known features of old Gardner. The old man had just turned his back to commence a new search; and so intent was he upon the object of his pursuit, that he did not notice the minister, and continued talking to himself in a low, monotonous tone of voice.

"Alas, alas!" he muttered. "What a loss! I can never replace it. Yes, it is gone for ever. Well, I am the most unlucky creature in the world. To think that I should discover such an inestimable treasure, to lose it in such a silly way."

Knowing that the antiquary was not over-gifted with the good things of this world, Mr. Strong concluded that he must have dropped his purse, and although he was vexed at the interruption, he felt that it would be but a kind and Christian-like action to stop and enquire what was the matter.

"Ah! Mr. Strong, is that you? My good and reverend Sir, I am glad to meet with you just now, for your eyes are so much better than mine; and this confounded moonshine lies so white upon the ground, that it makes all objects appear alike. I have met with a very heavy loss. A very heavy loss indeed."

"I am sorry to hear it, my dear Sir. Where did you drop it."

"Somewhere hereabout. But I have been looking for it for the last three hours; and I begin to think that old Nick himself has abstracted it, on purpose to annoy me."

"How much money might it contain?" asked the compassionate minister.

"Money! Lord, Sir! do you think that I would have been walking here all night in search of money? Alas! the treasure that I have lost, money could not buy."

"You surprise me, Mr. Gardner. Pray, may I ask what it was?"

"My heart! my precious heart!" continued the old man in a despairing tone. "I would not have taken a thousand pounds for it—it was in a state of such admirable preservation."

"The poor man has certainly lost his senses," thought Mr. Strong. "What can he mean?"

"It is not my own individual loss which distresses me," continued the disconsolate antiquary; "but it is one which will be felt by the whole world."

"Good heavens! my dear Sir, what do you mean? Pray, speak less in parables. What have you lost?"

"The heart of dame Alice Poyns!" said the rueful old man.

"Dame Alice Poyns!" exclaimed the impatient Ebenezer, quite forgetful of his sacred calling. "And who the deuce is she!"

"Aye, 'tis enough to make a parson swear," continued the antiquary; "and it is some consolation to me to see you so moved. Dame Alice Poyns was a great woman in her day, for she founded the convent of the black nuns, which once stood upon the brow of yonder steep cliff, and she was buried in the vaults of the chapel belonging to that religious order. Who, or what she was, from whom descended, or to whom allied, tradition doth not certainly declare."

"And small consequence is it for us to know," said Mr. Strong. "Let the dead keep their dead. What is this dame Alice Poyns to us, who live in a distant and more enlightened age? And pray, Sir, how did this popish woman's heart come into your keeping?"

"I discovered it this morning among the rubbish which the workmen employed by our worthy member, M. B—, were clearing away to lay the foundation of his new house. And delighted with such a noble relic of antiquity, I walked over this evening to the Brook Farm to shew the curious urn which contained the ashes of this famous woman, to my young friend, Miss Rosier. Coming back, I chanced to stumble over some loose pieces of broken rock, and the urn slipped from my grasp, and I have been searching for it ever since, mistaking every stone and clod of earth for my heart. Oh dear! dear! if it is lost!" and the poor old man became quite childish in his grief. "I shall never know a happy moment again."

"For shame, my good Sir, to make such a lamentation about an old potsherd containing a handful of dust," said the minister. "I only wish that you felt as keen an interest in searching for heavenly treasures as you do for an old woman's heart, that has long ago perished from the earth."

"My dear Sir, do not leave me, I beseech you," cried Gardner, grasping his arm, "until I have recovered my heart!"

"Your senses, I think you should say," continued the impatient minister. "Do not detain me, Sir, I am in a great hurry; I cannot stay to listen to this nonsense." As he spoke his foot struck forcibly against something in his path.

"Ah! there it is!" cried the poor antiquary, in an ecstasy of joy.

"Is this the thing?" said Ebenezer, lifting the urn very irreverently from the ground. "I am sure you might have left it here with perfect safety until to-morrow; for I am certain that there is not a fisherman in the place who would have stooped to pick it up."

And placing the unconscious heart in the hands of its new owner, Mr. Strong sped on his way, secretly anathematizing the evil chance that had so long detained him.

He found the inhabitants of the Anchor in bed and asleep, and for a long time, all his efforts to arouse them, aided by the yelping and barking of all the curs in the village, proved ineffectual. "These people would sleep at the day of judgment!" muttered the preacher; "so difficult is it to arouse them from their heavy slumbers." Another thundering application with a large stone against the old-fashioned door, at length produced the attention he desired. A step slowly echoed along the passage, and a shrill voice demanded through the key hole, "Who's there?"

"It is I. It is Ebenezer Strong. Open the door quickly."

"You must first tell me the nature of your business," said the aforesaid shrill voice, which belonged to no other than Lucy Barriham, whose hatred to dissenting ministers was consistent with the ill-regulated tenor of her life. "We want no Methodist preachers canting and praying here, I can tell you!"

"I must see Lieutenant Scarlett immediately."

"He's ill, but not bad enough to see you nor the likes o' you yet."

"It is not with his spiritual wants I have to do, great, doubtless, though they be. I have discovered the retreat of the smugglers, and want to deliver them and their contraband articles into his hands. Quick! open the door, for there is no time to be lost."

"That's a different affair altogether," cried Lucy, unbarring the door. "I will see if you can speak with the Lieutenant directly."

Ebenezer found the man in authority sitting up in his bed, with a boat clonk wrapped about his shoulders, and a red worsted nightcap upon his head. His sharp features were wasted by the fever which a severe wound in his leg had brought

on; and although quite out of danger, and the wound in a fair way of healing, the man had a ghastly and disencased appearance. He eagerly listened to Mr. Strong's account of the scene he had witnessed in the vaults of the Grey Priory, and deeply lamented that he could not accompany his men in securing the booty. A stout seaman of the name of Charlton, who was next in command, was soon roused from his slumbers, and in less than half an hour the whole band were armed and ready for the encounter—Mr. Strong himself accepting the loan of the Lieutenant's pistols and leading the way.

"It will be a great prize," said Charlton to his men. "And if we take Christian, the reward will be divided amongst us."

"Aye, aye, if we take him," responded old Mat. "But there is one that fights for him that is stronger than us all."

"Old Rachel's away!" whispered Joel. "She can no longer help him at a pinch. By Jove!" he cried, turning his eyes towards her cabin, "if the old hag is not just commencing her journey, and is vanishing away in flames of fire!"

All eyes were turned in the direction of the east cliff. A ruddy spout of fire blazed up high into the air, casting a lurid glow upon the rugged cliffs and the ocean scenery. Then came a shout, so long and wild that it echoed like distant thunder along the cavernous shores. Showers of sparks were scattered around in all directions; and when the smoke again cleared away, a few burning brands alone remained to mark the spot where the old hag had domiciled for more than half a century.

"She'll have short prayers at her funeral," cried Joel. "By the living jingo! did not you see old Nick thrust his cloven foot out of the flames as he carried her off on his shoulders?"

"Well! that's an awful sight for a man to rise out of his bed at midnight to see," cried Mat. "I never thought that she would lie quietly and decently in her grave like other folks."

"It is all a trick of the smugglers to put us upon a wrong scent," cried the impatient Strong. "Are you a parcel of women, that you stand gazing upon a few scattered brands, with pale faces and stiffened hair. Let us push on to the place, and endeavour to apprehend the perpetrators of the deed."

"You may spare yourselves the trouble," said Ned Charlton, slinding his eyes with the back of his hand, and looking towards the sea. "I hear the dashing of oars, and there are two large well-manned boats stretching out to sea. Look! look! A fine lugger is rounding Oxford Ness. We are too late. God sink them! I believe that man, Christian, is no other than old Nick himself."

"Let us go to the Priory; they cannot have removed their goods in this short space of time," said Mr. Strong.

"Ah, ha! devil trust them," said Charlton. "Mr. Parson, you know nothing of smugglers. But we'll go, just to satisfy you; but as to any prize they have left behind them, you are welcome to my share of it."

On entering the vaults of the Grey Priory, they found, as Charlton had predicted, the place vacated, the doors unfastened, and not so much as an old stove left to inform against its recent occupants. Mr. Strong felt like a man in a dream. He almost doubted the evidence of his senses, and was not a little annoyed by the rude jokes and boisterous laughter of his rough companions, who returned to the Anchor to drink in the coming day, and repeat over, with a thousand new additions and improvements, the destruction of Old Rachel's cabin, and her flight to the lower regions upon the back of the devil!

Unconscious of what was going on in the village during the night, Mildred was suffering too severely with an intense headache to be able to come down to the breakfast table. Old Abigail brought her a cup of tea, and with many exclamations of wonder and affright, repeated the strange stories that were circulating about the village. Mildred could not doubt for a moment that the cabin had been destroyed by the smugglers, in order to divert the attention of the excisemen in that direction, while they succeeded in carrying off their booty from the vaults of the Grey Priory. Poor Rachel! Her bones were neither to rest beneath the green sward, nor under the deep waves of the ocean, but were scattered abroad upon the free winds of heaven. Had the witch been allowed to choose her own manner of burial, she could not have ordered it more to her taste. "Peace be with her ashes!" sighed Mildred; but there was something rose up in her heart and contradicted her prayer.

After enjoying several hours of refreshing sleep, she was awoke by Abigail, bidding her to rise quickly, as there was some one in the parlor whom she would be very glad to see. "Oh! it is Mr. Strong!" she cried, springing from her bed; "he will tell me all the particulars of this frightful business." Hastily arranging her dress, without even glancing at the glass, to see how she looked, or in what manner she had arranged her toilet, Mildred ran down stairs, and abruptly entered the room.

Her face crimsoned with blushes, as two officers, in naval uniform, rose to meet her.

"Is this Mildred!" cried the younger, seizing her hand, and leading her forward. "Dear little Mille, as I used to call her—good heavens! how

she has grown! I should not have known her, and she does not remember me."

"Brother!—dear brother!" sobbed Mildred, clinging about his neck, and kissing his cheeks with the eager delight of a fond child. "Oh! what a time it is since we met!"

"The world has grown three years older, and you and I, between us, three feet taller. Why, mother, you never told me what a pretty girl I had for a sister. When I left London, she was a tall, thin, pale-faced child, but she is now a perfect Hebe. Excuse me, Captain Netherby, for not introducing you before," he continued, turning to a very handsome, gentlemanly person; "but really my sister is so grown, that she took me by surprise."

"A joyful surprise, I should think," returned the other. "Lieutenant Rosier has done little else than talk of this meeting, young lady, since he joined my ship. Perhaps you are not aware of his recent promotion."

Mildred was in such a flutter of delight, she was not aware of anything in the world but her brother's presence; and the gallant Captain seemed highly amused by the frank and guileless manner in which she answered all her brother's questions.

"Well, Mille," he said, "how do you like this dull place?"

"Dull, dear Sidney! I think it a beautiful place. Is it not a thousand times better than London?"

"You will find few to agree with you there, Mille. I suppose there's no great danger of either you or I losing our hearts here. Are the reany pretty girls to be found in the place?"

"Not many. But I hardly know what constitutes a pretty girl, when I see one."

"I suppose not. You leave the gentlemen to be the best judge in such matters. Are there any beaux?"

"None that I know of," returned Mildred. "I do not think that there is a gentleman in the place."

"You forget Lieutenant Scarlett."

"Do you call him one?" said Mildred, with great simplicity.

"I should hope so. All officers in His Majesty's service have a right to that name."

"I wish His Majesty joy!" said Mildred, laughing. "He must have a great many gentlemen in his service. But, my dear Sydney, how long are you come to stay with us? And will you ever leave us again?"

"You little goose, to ask such silly questions. But I shall see you very often during the summer. Captain Netherby's ship is ordered upon this station, and we shall cruise between this and Yarmouth, in all probability, for some months. This

notorious smuggler Christian, is likely to give us some trouble. Why, child—what ails you? Are you afraid of this bold rover?"

"Oh—no! It is a sudden pain in my head, I have been suffering from it all the morning."

"Then the sea-air does not agree with you so well after all?"

"Oh, yes!—but every person is liable at times to such small ailments."

Young Rosier looked anxiously in his sister's beautiful face, and was surprised to see the tears clouding her eyes. "What can all this mean?" he thought. "The whole aspect of the girl is changed in a moment. Perhaps, she is consumptive, and my mother does not know it—she may require change of air—of scene. I must enquire into this. It would be a pity to lose a creature so gentle and so lovely."

While pursuing this train of thought, Mildred took the opportunity of slipping for a few minutes from the room, in order to compose her mind. "Ah!" she cried, as she traversed a path in the garden with rapid steps, occasionally casting a tearful glance at the ocean. "They have come to kill the beloved. To hunt him like a wild beast to his lair, and they care not whose heart they break in the conflict."

In the meanwhile, the conversation in the parlour, turned upon Mildred.

"What a beautiful girl your sister is!" said the Captain. "It is a pity that she should be buried in this out of the way place."

"She is but a child," said Mrs. Rosier. "But I have some thoughts of sending her to London, for a couple of years, to a good finishing school."

"It would spoil her heart, and substitute a formal affectation, for the charming simplicity which renders her at present so attractive," remarked Captain Netherby. "I hate boarding school misses. Do, pray, my dear madam, let well alone; the young lady is too attractive already."

"She is rather too romantic," said Mrs. Rosier.

"Better still," returned the captain. "She possesses feeling and taste, and does not attempt to conceal her admiration for what is beautiful in art and nature. But I must leave you, madam," he continued, rising. "Your son will have so much to tell you, after such a long absence, that the presence of a third person cannot fail to prove an intrusion. Make my adieus, Sydney, to your pretty sister."

After the captain's departure, the mother and son had a long confidential chat, over their worldly matters. Sydney, upon the whole, was much pleased with the change in their affairs, and thankful to providence for Providing for his amiable parent, a comfortable home in her old age. Many

were the improvements he suggested in the antiquated building, and ample were the gardens and pleasure grounds, he laid out in his mind's eye, when he should become the possessor of the Brook Farm. But these subjects were soon exhausted, and his thoughts returned to Mildred. "She is a splendid creature, mother. I am sure Captain Netherby is greatly struck with her. It would be a capital match, I can tell you. He is heir to a fine estate in Yorkshire, and an old aunt left him last year, a large property in the funds."

"He is a handsome man, my son—but too old for Mildred."

"Too old! Fiddlesticks! his age does not exceed forty. He is in the very prime of life. But, mother, what is the matter with Mildred? Is she ill—or unhappy? Did you remark how suddenly she changed her beautiful color, for a deathly paleness, and complained of a head-ache. I don't like this."

"Mildred is a foolish girl," returned Mrs. Rosier, glancing cautiously around the room, as she spoke, "and is more likely to mar, than make a fortune. I am so glad that you are home. For I think you will be able to put a stop to this nonsense."

"What do you mean?" said the young man, his fine, clear brow, contracting into a severe frown. "No low attachment, I hope?"

"Hush! hush! Sydney, don't speak so loud. I will not tell you any thing about it without your promise to be moderate. You were always such a passionate boy, that I am half afraid of you as a man. Mildred is very young, and very sensitive. Harsh measures or harsh language would have a very bad effect upon her mind, and would only serve to strengthen the unfortunate affection which she entertains for a very worthless object."

"Come, mother, cut short this long preface, and let me know the worst at once. You women have such a round about way of easing your mind of any burden, that one gets tired before the tale begins."

In a voice scarcely above a whisper, Mrs. Rosier communicated to her indignant son, all that she knew concerning poor Mildred's unfortunate love affair, nor had the indolent, good-natured mother, the least idea of the storm which she had gathered over her own head. The proud, ambitious young sailor, was in a perfect ecstasy of rage. He reviled both his mother and sister in no measured terms; and vowed, that he would take summary vengeance upon the vile seducer—for so he designated the smuggler—who had basely inveigled an innocent unsuspecting child into his snare.

"But you, mother, are alone to blame in this!" he cried, pacing to and fro, in hot anger.

"Mr. Sydney, how could I help it?"

"How could you suffer a beautiful girl to wander about by herself, exposing her, unprotected, to the lawless gaze of a ruffian like that? Oh! mother, mother! I cannot excuse you for not taking more care of your daughter."

Poor Mrs. Rosier answered this appeal by a flood of tears, and secretly accused herself of imprudence and folly, in making Sydney acquainted with this page in his young sister's history. It was just at this critical moment, that the door unclosed, and the fair culprit re-entered the room.

"Oh! I am glad the strange gentleman is gone," she cried, running up to her brother. "We shall now have you entirely to ourselves. But how is this, (and she drew back in evident surprise). You look angry, Sydney, and my dear mother is in tears. What is wrong—who has offended you?"

"My mother has been telling me strange tales of you, miss"—(sailors when angry, are so fond of that repulsive word). "It is enough to call up the blood in one's face, to find that a sister who should be the pride and ornament of her family, is likely to disgrace herself and us. Is it possible," he continued, grasping her arm, "that a girl who looks so modest and simple, is so far lost to maiden shame, that she can give her company to a notorious scoundrel, whom we are sent by government to hunt down like a noxious beast, and destroy, for the well being of society? How can you justify to your own conscience, such conduct as this?"

"I shall not attempt it," said Mildred, struggling to release herself from his grasp; but he held her fast. "I have not deserved this harsh treatment, and I will not put up with it from you or any one else."

"You won't—you have still to learn, that I am master here. That I have a lawful right to question your conduct and restrain your actions. So, my little vixen! you may bid adieu to all your moonlight walks and solitary rambles, unless I or my mother accompany you. Upon your peril, dare to leave the house! Nay, you need not smile contemptuously, and toss your head—I will not be trifled with. You must obey me, or I shall put an end to the matter at once, by locking you up in a back chamber, and keeping the key of the door myself."

"You had better try it!" said the provoking girl—a spirit of defiance rising up strongly in her heart. "It is not injurious words or injurious actions, which will tempt me to give up the man I love. If you seek to win my confidence, or ex-

pect me to yield to your wishes, you must try other means. Such cowardly threats as these only give birth to contempt. Nay, they do more, they tempt me to do all in my power to resist them. Trust to my honour, and I promise you that I will not leave the house. Lock me up but for one hour, and if I do not find some means to break the lock, my name is not Rosier."

Who could doubt the truth which her words were meant to convey, as she stood there before him, with her bright, flashing eyes, bent sternly upon him; her fair locks thrown back from her high, clear brow, and the glow of injured innocence burning upon her cheek? The young seaman felt that she was in earnest, that it would be madness to oppose her wishes by force, but naturally of a masterful disposition, he thought that it would be unpardonably weak to yield up his newly claimed authority to a wilful girl. Besides, like many of his calling, he courted contradiction, and loved to exercise by the domestic hearth, the overbearing pride displayed upon the quarter-deck. He therefore sternly ordered her to her chamber, muttering in her hearing, as she quitted the room, that her "minion should not escape his vengeance."

For hours Mildred sat by the window in her own room that fronted the sea, with her head bent down and her hand pressed tightly over her lips, in sullen and intense musing. Unused as she had been from her infancy, to severity or opposition, it was natural that her temper had hitherto been unruffled and serene as the summer heavens; but the events of the past few months had called up shade after shade of anxiety and care, until a huge mass of black clouds darkened with their sombre hues the bright promise of her morning sky. A restless, proud feeling, was nursed in her heart. She wished to be her own mistress; to decide her own destiny. She could not endure the control of others, and the treatment she had that morning received, had fixed her in the resolution she had more than half formed, of yielding to the importunities of her lover, and leaving forever with him, her home and country. But how was this to be accomplished? What chance had she now of meeting him again? All her movements would be watched by her brother, and she would not be allowed a ramble in the garden unattended. She looked at the window—it was no great height from the ground, but if she could make her escape that way, to whom could she fly for protection? Her lover had left the coast. She must wait, patiently for some tidings from him, and then bide her time. Could she but find means to make her situation known to him, she knew that he would soon open up a way of escape. "Yes," she cried, exultingly, "we will defeat all

his arbitrary measures. My brother may lock doors. He must secure windows also, for I will never submit to be his slave."

CHAPTER XVIII.

O! can you leave your native land,
An exile's bride to be:
Your mother's home, and cheerful hearth,
To tempt the main with me?
Across the wide and stormy sea,
To trace our foaming track;
And know the wave that bears us on,
Will never bear us back?

For several days young Rosier's anger burned fiercely against his sister; particularly as there were not wanting, many officious persons in the village to magnify her imprudence, and blacken in a ten-fold degree, the character of her unfortunate lover. Among the foremost of these busy meddlers, ranked Lieutenant Scarlett, who indulged his hatred to the smuggler, by endeavouring to exasperate the brother against his obstinate and beautiful sister. With this person Sydney contracted a great intimacy, and as he was able, by the help of a stick, to walk abroad, he was a daily visiter at the Brook Farm. Mildred's dislike to this man was so great, that during his visits she generally confined herself entirely to her own chamber; only appearing to take her place at the tea table, and not even then, until sternly ordered so to do by her brother.

Of Captain Tasker, no tidings had been heard since his escape from the Priory, and Mildred, a prey to intense anxiety and domestic disquiet, yielded herself up to despondency. The bloom faded from her cheek, her finely rounded form lost its contour, her springing step its elasticity, and the once sparkling, healthy girl, looked the image of despair.

This change was evident to all who beheld her but her brother, and he either would not or could not observe the painful alteration, which his unkindness had made in his once blooming sister.

Mr. Strong beheld this with deep commiseration, and more than once accused himself of being the cause of her grief. The fate of Charlotte Stainer, haunted him. "What!" he exclaimed, "if this poor girl should be driven to commit the same crime! She has more pride and mental courage, than that unhappy victim; but she is more headstrong. Oh! that her mother would see the necessity of removing her from this place."

He saw Mrs. Rosier—he spoke to her earnestly upon the subject. He pointed out the change which had taken place in Mildred's appearance, and he implored the mother to rescue her child from the evils which surrounded her. Mrs. Ro-

sier listened attentively, and even shed some tears, but she declared that she dared not interfere with her son's management of Mildred, and he had resolved upon her staying where she was, in order, as he said, that she might live down the unpleasant scandals that her imprudence had given rise to. For her to leave the place was to confirm the worst suspicions. Mildred, on her part, was quite indifferent where they sent her, or what became of her. The silence of Tasker, like the worm in the bud, was the canker in her heart. She believed that he had forsaken her, and the world became a blank. The summer slowly passed away. Lieutenant Searlett, now perfectly recovered of his wound, had retaken the command of his boat's crew. Many smuggling vessels and their cargoes had been captured upon the coast, but he for whom they were chiefly upon the alert returned no more.

Captain Netherby was a constant visitor at the Brook Farm, and his society had become almost necessary to Mildred, for it was only during his friendly visits, that she was allowed to leave the house, by her imperious brother, and then, only when accompanied by himself, or his commander.

Sometimes when her love of nature and the enjoyment which she always felt while in the fresh sea air, overcame her reluctance to these rambles, and her spirits rose above the deep dejection into which they had so long been plunged, she looked as beautiful and appeared as happy as in days gone by.

Captain Netherby listened to her enthusiastic remarks and her artless sallies, with deep interest; and although he never talked to her of love, his manly heart owned for the poor, persecuted girl, a deep and fervent passion. The kind interest he expressed in her behalf, the gentlemanly way in which he endeavoured to divert her mind from its gloom, and the delicate silence which he ever maintained upon one painful subject, had endeared him to Mildred. He was to her a friend and a brother, and had not another image been more forcibly impressed upon her youthful fancy, she could have loved the gallant Richard Netherby, and have felt proud in calling him her lord.

The month of September had set in uncommonly fine, and Mildred felt unusually cheerful. Hopes and affections which had long lain dormant, were once more astir in her breast. The image of the beloved had haunted her dreams, and now waking he came blended with every thought. "He must be near," she sighed. "I shall see him again—Yes, I shall see him again!" and she sprang forth into the glorious sunshine, to meet her brother and his friend Captain Netherby, who were advancing towards the house.

"You look yourself, lovely Mildred, to-day," said Netherby, taking her hand. "What makes you so happy?"

"The beautiful world of God's own making," said Mildred. "It would be ingratitude to him to feel very miserable on such a day as this. If cruel, but well meaning friends, would leave me to myself to enjoy my life after my own fashion, I could be very happy." Tears filled her eyes as she spoke, and bending down to hide her emotion, one of those bright gems from the heart's mine, fell upon the captain's hand. He started. The colour mounted to his brow, as raising his hand to his lips, he kissed it away.

"Oh! dear Miss Rosier!" he cried. "You could make me the happiest of men."

"I wish it were in my power," she replied, with great simplicity, "for I love you very much—yes, more than my brother, for you have been kinder far to me than he has. But you know that our affections are not entirely at our own command. If I could will to love, it would be you." She raised her beautiful eyes to his face, still moist with her tears. Her charming sincerity, accompanied by that tender pleading look, which seemed so frankly to court forgiveness for having given utterance to an unpleasant truth, completely overcame the fortitude of the strong man. His lips quivered. He turned away and wept.

"You must not distress me thus," said Mildred, unconsciously pressing his hand between her own. "I did not mean to grieve you. Oh! say that you are still my friend—that you will love me in spite of my folly."

"How can I help it, Mildred? In defiance of reason, I am indeed a captive at your will."

"Who is for a walk this fine morning?" said Sydney, who had been talking with his mother at the door of the house. "Searlett will dine with us at two. It is just twelve; we shall have time for a nice stroll."

"In which direction?" said the Captain.

"The Grey Priory, and over the east cliff," cried Mildred. "It is months since I trod that path."

"Well, let us be going," returned Sydney. "You, Mildred, shall be our guide. But I have forgotten my gun. There are plenty of partridges in the young plantation. Colonel B—— has given me leave to shoot over his grounds; walk on, and I will follow with the dogs in a minute or two."

Fearful of the conversation again reverting to the same subject, Mildred pointed out the wild and beautiful scenery around her, describing to her companion, in eloquent, and lively terms, the ancient glories of the place, and contrasting it with its present poverty and desolation. They

were standing under the great arch of the principal gateway which led to the Priory, when a man in a carrier's frock passed through into the enclosure, and threw, as he passed, a sidelong glance of peculiar meaning upon the young lady and her companion.

"Who is that man? Do you know him, Miss Rosier?" said Captain Netherby.

"I did not observe him," returned Mildred.

"He seemed to know us. His looks and his dress do not at all correspond. Perhaps we shall overtake him."

At this moment they were rejoined by Lieutenant Rosier. They all three entered the ruins, and no more was said of the man who had attracted the captain's notice.

"Look, Captain Netherby, this is the place that that scoundrel, Christian, used as a place of concealment. Will you come down these steps and examine it?"

"I will remain here," said Mildred, seating herself upon a piece of a fallen column. "I love not such gloomy recesses."

The captain sprang down into the vault. The next moment the carrier stood beside Mildred.

"Now, Mildred, now! Now or never!" and rushing down the stone stairs, he crushed to the heavy iron bound door, and securing bolt and bar, he left the naval officers to tell their wrongs to the silent dead; as, with a cheek flushed with the excitement of victory, Christian again presented himself before the astonished girl.

"Hurrah! well and fairly won! Come, my beloved! lose no time in bewailing the incarceration of these true blues; their noisy vociferations will not fail to attract the observation of some sympathizing jack tar. Our path lies across those ocean waters. My boat rocks in the surf beneath the cliff. Why this hesitation?" he continued, grasping her hand. "Why these tears? Has Mildred forgotten her vow. Has she ceased to love her Fredwald?"

"Oh! no. But I cannot. I dare not go with you. How can I leave my mother—my poor mother, without one parting kiss—one parting word? No! no—it is impossible!"

"Give me your hand, Mildred." She placed them both within his own. "Now raise those sweet blue eyes once more to mine." Again, those dark powerful eyes looked into her soul. She strove to withdraw her glance, but like a bird caught in the snare of the fowler, she struggled in vain. The clear sky, the autumnal tinted earth, the ocean expanse, faded from her sight, and she lay in his arms in the same deep mesmeric sleep which had once before enchained her faculties in old Rachel's cabin.

The harvest moon was shining down in cloud-

less glory upon that shallow, stormy bay, so celebrated as having been the scene of the great naval engagement between the English and Dutch fleets, commanded by James, Duke of York, and Admiral de Ruyter, when Mildred Rosier returned to a state of consciousness, and found herself reposing upon a couch of cloaks, spread upon the deck of a small vessel which lay at anchor under the shadow of a high headland, near Orford Ness.

"Where am I?" was her first hurried question.

"Safe!" was the answer conveyed to her in soft deep accents, known but too well.

"Ah! Christian. You have betrayed me," sighed Mildred, again closing her eyes to shut out the beaming glance which had the power to rob her of volition.

"All stratagems are fair in love and war. What is the heinous offence which I have committed? I have emancipated you from the slavery of a tyrannical brother, and made you mistress of yourself, and of my destinies. We only await the springing up of a favoring breeze to waft us forever from these shores, so fatal to my safety and your peace. I shall run our light craft into Cherbourg in a few hours. Our passage from thence is already secured in a fine merchant vessel for New York; and I have wealth which will ensure our happiness in that land of freedom."

"And have I trod for the last time my native shores?"

"Am I not also an exile, Mildred?"

"And shall I behold my dear mother no more?"

"All your affections, dearest Mildred, must concentrate in me."

"Ah! woe is me," sobbed Mildred; "for I have sinned, and violated the most holy of nature's laws."

A dark frown for a moment contracted the brow of the smuggler. It passed away and better feelings again prevailed.

"Mildred," he said; "if you do indeed repent of having given your affections to one so unworthy, if you feel no inclination to become his good angel, and lead him back by your gentle influence into the paths of virtue and peace, that boat shall convey you back to your mother's dwelling in safety. Yea, if I lost my life in achieving it."

"No, Fredwald, we will never part. I will go with you to that distant land; and our fortunes, whether for good or ill, from this hour are united forever."

As she spoke a shot bounded along the deep, and with a loud shriek she started from his supporting arms.

"The Philistines are upon us!" he cried. "My

poor Mildred! what will become of you? Burwood! Sterner!"

"Aye, aye, we are ready!" responded the deep voices of the two next in command, as they hurried upon deck.

"Call up the hands!"

"Shall we stand to our guns?"

"There's no help for it. Scarlett's vessel rounds the promontory, and Captain Netherby is bearing down upon us from Yarmouth roads. Courage, lads, there is no escape. But to surrender! Let us do, or die!"

"And the lady?" said Burwood, glancing at Mildred, who, pale as a marble statue, leant against the companion. "Her presence will unman us all."

"Right! Man the boat with two trusty hands. Yourself be one, Lawrence. And lay to at a safe distance until the danger is past. If all should go wrong run her ashore and fly for your lives. Away! not another word."

"Farewell, my love! My last forlorn hope," he cried, clasping Mildred to his heart. "If we never meet again, remember that I died blessing you."

No word broke from the pale convulsed lips of Mildred Rosier. She yielded herself passively up to the Captain's orders. In less time than it has taken me to write these few brief sentences, she was in the boat and at some distance from the hostile vessels.

"Shall I put you on shore, Miss Rosier?" said young Burwood, after a quarter of an hour's sharp rowing.

"Are we in any danger?"

"Not from this point, but my presence may be required in the lugger. Under the brow of yon tall cliff, you will be perfectly safe, and in case of our failure, you can easily regain your home. Ha! 'tis too late!" he cried, dropping the oars, and rising up in the boat. "They are already engaged."

The first discharge of their guns awoke the long echoes of the lonely cliffs. Mildred felt as if her brains were on fire; she knelt down in the stern of the boat, and rested her head upon her supporting hands, while her whole soul seemed to look through the eager eyes, whose strained glance was fixed with agonized intensity upon the hostile vessels. In a few minutes clouds of smoke hid them from her view; but anon from out the heart of that dense black shroud, the frequent flash and stunning roar of their guns, told that the work of death went on; that neither had yet yielded to a conquering foe. At length, a long wild cry, followed by a stunning bursting sound, which threw showers of red fiery particles

high up into the clear blue heavens, burst upon the sight of the terror stricken girl.

"By Jove! its all up!" cried Burwood. "That was his last shift, rather than yield himself a prisoner to a merciless foe."

Mildred sprang from her kneeling position, and shaded her eyes with the back of her hand, in order to see more clearly. Just then a heavy cloud floated over the face of the moon, and threw the objects of her intense solicitude into deep shadow, and when it again left the silver orb in undisturbed possession of the azure vault of heaven, no vessel was to be seen upon the waters but the sloop of war, commanded by Captain Netherby, which was bearing down towards the spot that had witnessed the death struggle of the once fearless Christian, and his ferocious opponent, Lieutenant Scarlett.

"What is the day of the month?" murmured Mildred, as she sank down in the bottom of the boat, and covered her face with her hands.

"The tenth of September!"

"Rachel's prophesy has come to pass, and me! — what will become of me?"

CONCLUSION.

YEARS passed away. The great conqueror of the nineteenth century had ended his career upon the lonely ocean rock. The nations, impoverished by war, and weary of slaughter, had resumed the labours of the plough and loom, and rested in peace.

Old Gardner, that notable antiquary, had been laid in his last home between his two wives. After commemorating the honor of one, and the virtue of the other, in sundry quaint lines carved upon their humble monuments, he summed up the whole by the following couplet, which forms the epitaph for his own:

"Betwixt Honor and Virtue hero doth lie,
The remains of old Antiquity."

Friendly reader, if you imagine this to be a conceit of my brain, go read it for yourself. You will find the black slab, which covers the remains of the historian of Dunwich, in the burying ground belonging to the beautiful old church, dedicated to St. Edmund at Southwold. Many a time have I mused and moralized over it, while listening to the deep music of the ocean waves, that wash the base of the cliff upon which this noble edifice has for many an age been a landmark to the fisher's home-returning bark.

Widow Barnham married a rich corn merchant from London, and with her daughter removed from the old city. Mrs. Rosier resigned the possession of the Brook Farm, for a quiet nook in the

churchyard. Her son rose rapidly in his profession, and married a young lady of large fortune, leaving the antiquated farm-house as a portion for the sister, whom he never afterwards publicly acknowledged as his relative.

And Mildred, what became of Mildred, that that disastrous night which witnessed the destruction of the conquered vessel, commanded by the smuggler, Christian, and that of his conqueror?

Having under the influence of a temporary aberration of reason, she was conveyed by young Burwood to a fisherman's cottage, and left in charge of his wife, who immediately despatched her young son to Dunwich, to inform Mrs. Rosier that her daughter was safe, but in a miserable and helpless condition.

Mildred was immediately removed to her own home, but the malady under which she labored saved her from the cruel reproaches of her brother; who, fortunately for her, was ordered upon a distant station. Before the poor girl recovered her reason, her mother was consigned to the grave; and when, at length, she awoke to the painful consciousness of the past, she found herself under Mrs. Stainer's roof, who, herself a widow, had felt a deep compassion for the poor girl, and after her mother's death, had removed her to her own dwelling, and tended her with a parent's care, and a Christian's untiring benevolence and love.

This lady had been severely tried in the furnace of affliction, which had softened down all the sterner points in her character; and finally led her to adopt a less rigid creed. To the motherless and deserted orphan she proved in her hour of need and mental darkness, a faithful and attached friend; and she hailed the first dawns of reason with tears of heartfelt joy. And Mildred learned to love and honor the stern woman whom she had once regarded with feelings of undisguised aversion and fear. Deeply humiliated by her past conduct, she turned from the world and all its soul-debasing vanities; and yielded up her whole heart to God. In cherishing the holy humanities of the Christian religion, she became an active laborer in her Master's vineyard, ever foremost in works of piety and love. Her hand was sought by many excellent men, eminent for their talents and virtues, but she yielded her heart to none, but was contented to remain despised by the world, bearing with serenity and cheerfulness, the unenvied title of an

OLD MAID.

OWN had as good go to law without a witness, as break a jest without laughter on one's side.—*Wycherly.*

SONG OF PRAISE TO THE CREATOR.

BY J. W. DENHAM MOORE, ESQ.

First Voice.

O! Thou Great God! from whose eternal throne
Unbounded blessings in rich plenty flow,
Like Thy bright sun in glorious state, alone
Thou reign'st supreme—while round Thee, as they go,
Unnumbered worlds, submissive to Thy sway,
With solemn pace pursue their silent way.

Second Voice.

Benignant God! o'er every smiling land
Thy handmaid, Nature, weedy walks abroad;
Scattering Thy bounties with unsparring hand,
While flowers and fruit spring up along her road.
How can Thy creatures their weak voices raise
To tell thy deeds in their faint songs of praise?

First Voice.

When darkling o'er the mountain's summit hoar,
Portentous hangs the black and sulph'rous cloud,
When lightnings flash, and awful thunders roar,—
Great Nature sings to Thee her anthem loud:
The rocks reverberate her mighty song,
And crashing woods the pealing notes prolong.

Second Voice.

The storm is past: our fields and woodlands gay,
Gemmed with bright dew-drops from the Eastern sky,
The morning sun now darts his golden ray,
The lark on fluttering wing is poised on high:
Too pure for earth, he wings his way above,
To pour his grateful song of joy and love.

First Voice.

Hark! from the bowels of the earth, a sound
Of awful import—from the central deep,
The struggling lava rents the heaving ground,
The Ocean surges roar! the mountains leap!
It shoots aloft, O God! the fiery tide,
Has burst its bounds and rolls down Etna's side.

Second Voice.

Thy will is done, Great God! the conflict's o'er,
The silver moon-beams glance along the sea,
The whispering waves scarce ripple on the shore,
And lulled creation breathes a prayer to Thee!
The night flowers' incense to their God is given,
And grateful mortals raise their thoughts to Heaven.

Worcester, U. C., November, 1841.

No outward tyranny can reach the mind. The tortures of the body may be introduced, by way of ornament or illustration, to represent those of the mind, but, strictly, there is no similitude between them; they are totally different both in their cause and operation. The wretch who suffers on the rack is merely passive; but when the mind is tortured, it is not at the command of any outward power; it is the sense of guilt which constitutes the punishment, and creates the torture with which the guilty mind acts upon itself.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.*

*Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, when pure and good,
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.*

WORDSWORTH.

No. IV.

CONTEMPORANEOUS AMERICAN NOVELISTS.

BY C. H.

The daily increasing flood of Cheap Literature must bring home to every reflecting mind, the question—What profit have we in these things? We suspect that the "Harper Brothers," the "New World," "Burgess & Stringer," and the "Yankee Office," with one voice would exclaim, "None whatever!" But, newspaper puffs and their own fulsome advertisements to the contrary notwithstanding, we firmly believe that these publishers, in making a "great revolution in publishing," were not the disinterested patriots—the benevolent philanthropists—which they represented themselves to be.

They looked for "small profits, quick returns," and "increased circulation"—but their cry was "Pro Patria!" Let us remind them that "*Dulce est pro patria mori!*" if they fall, they fall gloriously. And if the day should indeed come, when the overwhelming masses of Pamphlet novels, found unsaleable, whether bedecked in green or blue, or red, or yellow, cumbering the shelves of those unhappy Booksellers, should break, at one snap, both their business and their hearts, we would say over them, in effigine prose, referring to such books as those we are now about to review: "Pence be unto their ashes! May the Letho from which they sprung misbegotten, again and forever roll over them the waves of forgetfulness—may the folly of collected editions—the vain-glories of gilded calf or of green, gold be-printed cloth, or the fanciful prettiness of illustration, never be perpetrated upon them!" They are stubborn

stuff—too strong for a whole generation of publishers. Before their blighting influence "Murray's" and "Colburn's," would have withered into bankruptcy; and shall it be hoped that by the same agency, newspaper offices shall be saved? Beneath their dead weight, Paternoster Row, Ave Maria Lane, Albemarle Street! all—all would have sunk into oblivion, and shall "Congress Street" be thereby saved? "Impotent conclusion."

This is one view of the question—What profit have we in these things? Let us next regard the authors, or rather "the distinguished literary artists," as they are called by the impartial, candid Press of the United States.

Pitiable is the picture to which in our imagination, we turn. We behold, No. 30 Anne Street—we see gathered there great crowds of loafers of all descriptions, bullying, badgering, bellowing for cheap literature. "Cheaper than ever!" "Cheaper yet!"—the hawkers cry—"Only 12½ cents a number!" Then arises a rumour that Harper gives twice as much matter for 6½ cents! Hey-day! Off they scamper to Harper's. There's a run on his bank—when it is found that the New World has come down to six cents, and back flock the purchasers of "The most remarkable novels of the day"—"The Prize Book of the Season"—the works of "The greatest living authors"—to save the ½ cent! But you have not yet beheld the whole picture. Step into the Printing Office—through it. Now into this den, in the "man-

* 1. CHRISTINE; A Tale of the Revolution—by John H. Manure, author of "Henri Quatre, or the Days of the League," &c. &c. New York: William A. Colyer, No. 5, Hugue Street. 1843.

2. ARNOLD; OR, THE BRITISH SPY: A tale of Treason and Treachery—by Professor J. H. Ingraham, author of "Lafitte," "The Child of the Sea," &c. &c. Boston. 1844.

3. DIDDY WOODHULL; OR, THE PRETTY HAYMAKER: A Tale—by Professor Ingraham. Boston. 1844.

ardens"—there behold the Literary Artists! Inspiration sits throned upon their brows—for it must sit there, or they will lose their four dollars a week, to pay their board, which they draw for the authorship of the "Greatest Romances of the age." And well do they deserve their high emolument! Look at this manuscript. It is a translation of "Les Mystères de Paris;" and "Sir Walter Murph"—a Yorkshire knight, has just been translated into Murphy! "Ex uno disce omnes." We look no further.

We should not after this be surprised to see the scene among the clerks of "Jacques Ferrand," in which M. Chalomet is especially facetious, transfigured into a lively dissertation on Calomet and Jalop!

So—say we with hearty good will—the distinguished Literary Artists are worthy of their hire—of their share of the profits. It is low—*parva minima*—infinitesimally small, no doubt—but they are low also, they are "the smallest of all possible small beer." But now for the question. What do these things profit the public? The mighty public—the much be-praised—much be-thanked—much be-footed public! "Behold! O, ungenerous and thankless public," cry out Dickens and James, Marryat, Lever and Lover, Bulwer, Ainsworth, Alison and D'Israeli, "We have toiled for ye, and ye have not paid. We have piped unto you, and you have not danced—we have mourned unto ye, and ye have not wept! it is not fair that our brains should be your slaves. They were meant to be your masters." Behold on the other hand who cry, "You have pampered yourselves on the intelligence of the land. You have made your brains the tools of a trade—the tools must be used! Besides this, there is our dear Public to be taken into account. Long have you locked up the fountains of public knowledge. Seats, and coteries, and circles, alone you would have allowed to drink from the pure fountains of Literature—open them to all—"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" So cry the respondents. The reply is not wanting. In all human society there must be classes, distinctions, ranks; some must be rich, some must be poor. In most wheat fields grow up the tares—with all wheat there is chaff which must be winnowed away. So in Literature. Now the rich classes have the means of a careful education—a thorough education. One that not only instills principles, but gives the fine faculty of taste—the power of discerning between good and bad—between beauty and deformity: So, though the dross of Literature is, for them, as for all who read, mingled with the ore—the chaff blended with the wheat—they have the faculty, the acquired power, of discernment, which acts the part of the winnow-

ing machine—which removes the unclean from the clean—the dross from the ore—the chaff from the wheat.

But Cheap Literature arrays itself in the specious guise of a public benefactor. It runs into the peasant's cot—the labourer's hut—and serves in hours of leisure with some to occupy the time. But here there is almost universally to be found only such an education, as without any moral aim—without instilling any principles of religion, or rules of civil conduct, merely aims at teaching, and that barely too—to read and write. With such, need we say, that it is not possible there should be any evidences of taste—any power of discerning between beauty and deformity? Such being the case, it is not hard to imagine labourers and farmers going to the cheap book-stores. And what does the dealer? Why he finds that among the educated classes—the standard works of authors of known reputation find a ready sale. But such works as those of "Henry William Herbert," "John H. Maneur," and "Professor J. H. Ingraham," are rather a drug in the market. So he reads some of the newspaper pulls on the back of them, and effects a sale. These works, and only these—trash that no press of any respectability should ever have put forth—then become the staple of the intellectual food of the poor. We are aware that it is not so in Scotland or England—there the cheap publications are not issued by every twopenny half-penny newspaper press. They are got out by respectable dealers—they are issued under the surveillance of literary and scientific men—and whatever may be their prevailing tone, Liberalism or Conservatism, they are works which are calculated to improve and to ameliorate. But look at our free and enlightened neighbours. Behold their cheap publication presses groaning far and wide throughout the land. It is true, they reprint the best English publications. But, for the most part, in the hurry of competition, they get them out in such wretched style that they are literally not readable.

We except from this sweeping censure, the Harper Brothers, Carey and Hart of Philadelphia, and latterly the New World Office. But the rest are Vandals of the worst description—Goths, Visigoths—they overrun everything with barbarous mistakes. Their typography is a blur, their ink, smut—their compositors appear to have stood on their heads—and they themselves are cheats—villainous cheats of the worst kind! Witness the publication of the first part of "Tom Burke of Ours," as an entire and complete work! Then what do they issue?—Herbert's—Maneur's—Ingraham's, mawkish and contemptible tales; and a thousand others too numerous and too worthless to be mentioned.

Such is the reply of the opponents of Cheap Literature.

Revolving these things many times in our mind, we have not as yet been able to arrive at any conclusion. Some forcible articles on the increase of crime, which lately appeared in Blackwood, would appear to favour the opinion of those who hold that it is injurious—and those articles, it will be remembered, were founded on statistical tables. But, on the other hand, it is perfectly certain that as yet no statistics have been shewn of the increase of morality—of improvement in cleanliness, in social order, and sobriety, which the spread of a wholesome literature has engendered. That thousands of such instances have occurred is certain. We must therefore hold it to be something like the question of "Whig or Tory" where a man taking either side will be wrong in many things, and right in as many more. On one point we are perfectly prepared to express our opinion. Were there no other emanations from the Cheap Literature Press than those now under consideration, we would be perfectly satisfied to see Cheap Literature abolished. We must now proceed in right earnest to our task—and a task at once so necessary and so revolting, we have not for a long time encountered.

We say *necessary*, because if it is an admitted principle that "virtue should be rewarded and crime punished," so it *should* be an admitted principle, that literary merit ought to be pointed out and lauded—literary delinquency, exposed and decried by those who assume the task of judges. This is a clear, indubitable right—admitted and freely practised in Europe—in Great Britain somewhat lost sight of, amid the jealousies of politics. But in this country we are aware that many cry out against any censorship, and say—if you do not praise and encourage everything that appears, you nip the flower in the bud. This, in these days of the universal diffusion of literary novelties, is the very height of folly. It is not *essential* to the improvement of the Canadian people that any indigenous literature should be fostered. England is the mint. It supplies us with an inexhaustible fund. But it would be a thing to boast of—a thing in which we might feel a just and natural pride—if a literature, capable of gaining a European reputation, could spring up among us. Therefore it is well to encourage a literary tendency—with this proviso, that every thing containing bad grammar or mawkish sentimentality should be crushed with remorseless severity. Else—the alternative is obvious—a literature would spring up, similar to the garbage of Mr. Maneur, and Professor (Prokular!) Ingraham.

So is our task proved to be a necessary one.

As to turning up our nose at it, and calling it revolting—let the reader judge whether we are right or wrong.

The first of the three books whose titles we have given, which we shall bring to the consideration of our readers, is "Christine!" We are induced to give it precedence, because we have seen it noticed in an extract from the "Commercial Advertiser," of New York, after the following fashion. The Italics are our own:—

"This *delightful* tale is by the *accomplished* author of Henri Quatre, or the Days of the League, which, until now, has been universally attributed to Mr. James. We are glad to find that *such a writer*, as Mr. Maneur has turned his attention to the stirring events of our *triumphant* Revolution. The scene of this tale lies in Flarubush, and the *principal incidents* occur about the period of the battle fought in the village by the few patriots under General Sullivan, and the Hessian mercenaries of De Heister, and the British, commanded by Sir W. Howe. The localities of Long Island, and the memorable events of the period, are described with graphic accuracy, in a style as clear as it is *delightful*. The *great charm* of fine writing is ease, and no stronger instances can be adduced than the works of Irving and Scott, of whom the author of 'Christine' strongly reminds us!"

Now, he it remembered that this is a puff, but one that comes from a journal, considered, as a journal, highly respectable. We do not mean to say that the "Commercial Advertiser" has uttered any oracular sentences on literary questions—merely that it is a respectable Commercial Journal. But when a respectable Commercial Journal indulges in what the French would call a *bêtise*, and commits a most respectable mistake, it deserves a respectable castigation. Passing over the fact that no two writers whom we can recollect, except Thomas Carlyle and Southey, are more dissimilar in prose, than Irving and Scott—and with a flat denial that the author of Christine, resembles either the one or the other—being too mawkish to be named in the same day with the vilest imitator of Scott, and too impure in his style, to be considered a farthing rushlight, when compared with the luminous perspicuity of Irving—we proceed to endeavour to discover in Mr. Maneur's Christine, that great charm of fine writing—ease!

The "principal incidents"—such as they are—for we see nothing very remarkable about them, may be very briefly dismissed. There are not many of them, so we will give a brief epitome of all the incidents, fearing we might inadvertently confound some of the minor incidents with the principal ones.

The first, then, of any kind is one which occurs *before tea*, at the house of the heroine's father.

This incident is a conversation between an old *Tory*, (Christine's father,) and an old *Patriot*, Leinart—towards the close of which, the heroine (as any other saucy girl, spoiled by a boarding house, and rendered pert by republican notions, would do) interrupts the momentous discussion, by the following felicitous opinion, expressed too in the most feminine manner :

"Well I am sure," (we give it after the American style of speaking) rejoined Christine, "our forefathers toiled very much for us, on *this very farm*, and knew they should never live to reap the fruits of their labour; and it will be no great hardship, if we suffer the evils of war to make *our—those who come after us!*—free and independent!!!"

The admirable manner in which the author makes the heroine avoid tautology may be seen with half an eye. But the crowning beauties of this speech, are, as they should be, reserved for the close. Imagine a young lady saying before two lovers "to make *our—those who come after us—free and independent.*" The author, if he meant anything, except to write a most abominably worthless novel, meant to show how very delicate—how superlatively modest—how refined, was his heroine. And in shewing this, after his own fashion, he "shews up" his "Yankee Notions" "pretty considerably," and shews also the truth of the description which English authors have given of American Society! Out of the mouth of that distinguished Literary Artist, John H. Maneur, we will prove Marryat and Halliburton to have been correct.

Every body remembers the laughable story told by Sam Slick, where Miss Jemina, wanting to tell Sam that her brother was a coxswain, evades that obnoxious cognomen by every possible subterfuge; and at length, rushing from the room, screams out "Roosterswain!" No one can forget that it has been veraciously asserted, that in the United States piano legs are dressed in pantalets, and that they, the legs, are called "limbs." So, our heroine Christine, formed upon this fashionable model, educated according to this unbending and beautiful code, could not utter the word: "*our Posterity!*" Oh! no! That would involve a great many things, of which, to be a true American heroine, Miss Christine must of course think. We may imagine Miss Christine to cogitate after this fashion, just as she is about to pronounce the word *posterity*: "My gracious me! what was I going to say? Our posterity! That would include my posterity. That would suppose that I was to be married, (which of course I don't think of,) and also that I should have children! horror! Can't I avoid that word? Yes! I have it: *our* ———

a pause for the above reflections, a simper, a blush, a half giggle, and then: "*our ——— those who come after us!*" So that with this mock modesty, where the subterfuge betrays the latent and immodest thought, we recognise at once that Mr. Maneur is a "faithful learner," as well as a "distinguished literary artist." Christine is a true Yankee heroine; none other could have been at once so silly, and so truly indelicate!

The next incident we wish we could give in the author's words; it is so inexpressibly ludicrous! But we borrowed the book to review it, and really we cannot afford a shilling, (the price of this work) for cutting up such a thing; nor would we, for ten guineas a sheet, be bound to copy out Mr. Maneur's sublime descriptions. We will tell it as briefly as we can.

Christine keeps slyly looking out into the garden, the while an animated political discussion is going forward: one of her lovers detects her, whereupon she smiles, and says she will go and gather him some pears, and rises for that purpose. The other lover rises, saying he will go and help her. Whereupon she unaccountably sits down, and in the most feminine manner says "one is enough;" whereupon Mr. Corlear, the second lover, thinking himself balked, sits down again, and the heroine, again changing her intention, goes out into the garden. She stays a good while. The ardent lover, Mr. Corlear, never seems to think of following her this time; the very time when, in pity for a lover, if we had been fool enough to write a novel, we would have made him follow her. But old bachelor Ramsay, the first lover, does follow her—finds her with a third lover, Captain Andrew Van-Horne, and in the act of eaves-dropping, falls over some elderberry bushes, and makes the heroine scream. Whereupon out runs the valiant and loving Corlear, who engages the redoubtable Van-Horne; who, be it known, is the hero. But before a fight can be got up, Christine throws herself into Van-Horne's arms, and Corlear, with "a sneer," calls him "corporal," and tells him he is well protected. Thereupon the father comes out, and the wind up of this beautiful chapter makes Van-Horne decamp with a piece of braggadocio; and Christine tells her father a lie to lull his suspicions. Beautiful incident; Mr. Maneur! still more beautiful morality! We think we begin to appreciate the *charms of your* writing. Mr. Maneur calls his heroine's falsehood "paraphrasing, as she dare not render literally," &c.

In the next chapter "Flatbush is hushed in the calm of midnight." "No sound is heard, save the occasional bark of *musjid*, or shriller cry of the *feline tribe!*" The bell rings, Mr. Eneas Ramsay, in the guise of a ghost, tolls for the up-

proach of an enemy; this being the tenure of his office. Mr. Ramsay has to ring till the minister comes, so he tolls away. Now a "bunper of cherry brandy, sufficed with water" is handed to him. The British are advancing; and now the Independence men decamp, and the Tories stay behind to place themselves under British protection. And now "amidst the dire gloom," caused by the approaching horrors of war, love illumed a little corner, with his beaming presence.

What was this little corner? What the love? Who the actors? The corner must have been in the kitchen—the *locus* at least befitted such a corner—and the heroine may not inaptly be supposed to have been detected washing the dishes, by her lover, who perhaps had just been feeding the pigs. In the following beautiful words, the "illuminating love" is introduced to the reader:

"Fear not your father's seeing us—he is busy in the cellar, and has a mind not to leave so much as a supper for his red-coated allies." Was ever love so sparkling with illumination. Love to the daughter is made by low abuse of the father! Then the beauty of the allusion to the cellar! and the introduction of political rancour into a parting love speech! We begin to see the "charm of fine writing!"

"And where, Adrian, will you be?" sobs the kitchen wench heroine. "Where the battle rages, there you will hear of me!" magnanimously responds the pig-feeding hero. Van Horn goes to the wars. The British thrash the independence men off Long Island; and after taking possession, commit all kinds of horrible and atrocious depredations. Of course they did! British officers have always been remarkable for their depredations and plunder, and Yankee officers for their merciful dispositions! And why not? Britons are born to be the slaves and tools (so at least says Brother Jonathan,) of a tyrant. Yankees are the most free and independent and enlightened nation on the universal aith! We promised to give all the incidents; there are perhaps four more distinct scenes—but such scenes and such events to weave into the thread of a novel, never were imagined heretofore in the head of any but a Yankee printer! In mercy to the reader, we break our promise, and pause.

The next of these tales which we take up, and on which we shall bestow very few words, is, "Arnold, or the British Spy, a Tale of Treason and Treachery." Every body knows the principal actors, Arnold and André, to be historical characters. The story opens in the true James style. "A single horseman" opens the ball, who "for the last half hour" has had the "needle-like spire," "a prominent object in his eye!" (Would he not have done for the representative

of the noble knight of La Mancha, errant, lance in rest!) Of course he "gains the brow of a gentle declivity." It would not be copying James close enough had the author omitted this! There is a description of him so very minute that we feel certain he is the hero, or some great secondary character. Whereas we only meet him once again in the book, and he turns out to be a common farmer—the messenger of Arnold! And yet his costume was "partly yeoman—partly military," and consisted, also—we give the author's own words of "a broad flapping hat that he wore." He next "gathers the reins in his big brown fist," and "mutters a sort of subdued growl," and then breaks forth into the following chivalric appeal to his horse:

"Come, Bruin, we have loitered full long.— Stir! stir! a measure of corn and a cup of sack await us at the inn—so forward!"

Of the thread of this tale and its principal incidents, we cannot, any more than of the third on our list, give any detailed account. Suffice it to say—and we will asseverate the same thing in any court of justice—they are such as a school-boy of fourteen years would have been ashamed to have imagined, or committed to paper—and really, if "Professor Ingraham" has any thing to do with teaching "the young idea how to shoot," we pity the misguided parents whose sons attend the lectures of "this great romancer"—unless, indeed, in some other walk of literature Professor Ingraham knows more about his subject than he does when writing fiction. There is just one solitary redeeming passage in this book. It is truly American—indubitably national—full of evidence of that eloquence which is innate with the Americans. Major André's horse breaks loose, and is discovered (mark us, readers!) taking "that equine luxury, a roll!"

After this, need we give any further extracts, or say one single word more, in order to raise to the summit of literary fame "the distinguished literary artists" who could commit such absurdities to paper!

Such are the *original emanations* from the American cheap literature press. It is not one—or two—or three of these things that press has issued—but hundreds of them. America should be ashamed, and, with a determined effort, should crush such vile and abominable trash, growing like tares among the wheat—with this difference, that the cockle and the smut are abundant, while the wheat is rarely seen! The day of the Coopers and the Irvings is drawing to its close. They rest upon their well won laurels. To those days, which have rescued American literature from an otherwise well-merited oblivion, the days of the Maneurs and Ingrahams are fast succeeding.

Arouse thyself, then, thou boasted land of intelligence! Shake off the vermin—proclaim an *auto-da-fé*—put a stop to the outlandish and unmeaning words which are daily being grafted on the English language. Fine words are not half as good as pure words—and more than this, let your writers not introduce new words, without European authority. If the fountain is to cast forth waters of different colours, you must go to the fountain-head to produce the desired effect. If the language of the Anglo-Saxons is to be remodelled, let it be remodelled by the people of England. And now “farewell, a long farewell,” to the “distinguished literary artists,” and the “greatest living writers!” Peace be unto their ashes!

THERMOPYLÆ.

BY DR. HASKINS.

THERMOPYLÆ!

Proud gate of glory!

Watchword of Liberty,

Till from Time's brow be rent the scant locks hoary,

While *Æta's* steep,

Sternly majestic, frowns o'er thy dark valley,—

Still at the word, with passions high and deep,

Freedom's true sons shall to the conflict rally.

Buast of the brave—

The hero's charter!

Who—who would fear a grave

Like his—Leonidas—his country's martyr!

Head of the warrior band,

Whose blood, as swells the torrent from the mountain,

Swept slavery afar from that lov'd land,

And purified earth's border with its fountain.

Thermopylæ!

Thy fame is glorious;—

Hallow'd that region be

Where fought the few, o'er million slaves victorious.

We of this later time

Can glow e'en at the tale in hisc'ry's pages;

How felt at the great hour the band sublime

Whose daring deed shines through the gloom of ages!

Where *Æta's* form

Its brow upliftheth,

Defies the raging storm,

Frowns at the thunder, blast its erag that riseth,—

Sits Freedom on her throne,

Bas'd by the mountain on its broad foundations;

Wide o'er the world, and not fair Greece alone,

Darts her bright eagle glance through all the nations.

Thermopylæ!

Deathless example!

Like those that fought—the free—

Would that our souls the legion foes might trample!

Have we no heroes now—

Now when Heaven's light the universe hath kindled;—

Drooping his high-born brow,

Flath monarch Man to pliguy stature dwindled!

Spirit of War—

Earth's plague—still slumber;—

Not thee—not thee;—thy course afar

I deprecate;—yet, yet, ye chosen number—

On, Christians! to the fight;—

Hell with its host our heav'nward march opposes;

The Prince of *Umbriel* pow'rs displays his might—

Firm be your ranks—the front of battle close.

MUSICAL HINTS.

No. II.

ON MUSICAL ACADEMIES.

BY MUSICUS.

Indocti discant, et ament reminisse periti.

THE man who would dictate to society on any science, certainly ought to possess undoubted qualifications to entitle him to the attention and respect of his readers; but he who would only advance, without any wish of coercing the opinions of the *Oi Πολλοι*, some sentiments of regret that art is so little cultivated, cannot with justice be accused of the vanity of believing himself capable of dictating and directing the public taste.

The object of this communication is to call the attention of our professors of music to the unnaturally low ebb of the science in Montreal—in Canada. I say unnaturally, for the love of harmony is so rooted in the disposition, that the lack of its cultivation is at variance with every feeling of the educated and refined. Nor will I simply content myself with pointing out the defect, for I will also shew in what manner this deficiency can be remedied.

It is really a matter of regret that music is so little cultivated among us. This appears less remarkable when we consider the limited encouragement which is given to music in this country. To eulogise a science, the love of which is engraven in every heart, is needless. All pay it homage: the enthusiast and the crabbed—the youthful and the aged—the iron-minded and the simple—alike acknowledges its influence. Charity enlists her as her handmaid, Misfortune as her comforter; Joy courts her as a coadjutor, and Measure as an assistant; and humanity can boast of more ennobling thoughts from the science of Euterpe than any other pursuits. By the would-be wise it may be termed frivolous, or by the toiling Cæsar, unprofitable; but satire has never dared to cast its arrow at her temple; none could yet be found with the mad effrontery to stigmatise it as enervating. Montesquieu was right when he said “it is the only one of the fine arts that does not corrupt the mind.”

If antiquity give it additional zest, let it be stated that, so old is the science that fable but gives its origin. In Athens to this day can be seen two monuments erected in honour of a victory gained in music, the Choragic monument of Lysicrates—built in the time of Demosthenes, 350 years before the Christian era: and the Choragic monument of Phrysilus, erected in the 115th Olympiad, about 315 years B. C.

I wish to point out to professors and amateurs the advantage of establishing a Society for the promotion of the science of music, and to raise the standard of musical taste in this city. By these means the greatest benefit would be derived from the interchange of ideas by those who from enthusiasm for their art, are in the daily study and exercise of it. I am confident that no city can attain musical excellence without a co-operation with the professors; on the contrary, should an Academy of music be established the result of this practical experience would be naturally beneficial to professor and amateur. The humblest musician should not be deterred from bearing a part. It should be remembered that there is no "Royal road to learning"—that great labour is the price which all must pay for great excellence, and "he that would eat of the fruit must climb first the tree to get it."

Throughout Europe the principal cities maintain a luxurious hospitality for the promotion of music. In Italy and in Sweden it is esteemed one of the most polite accomplishments, especially among the ladies. It is indeed, in those countries almost a general science; musical professors are held in high repute, and their vocation is deemed so honorable, that persons of the highest distinction are solicitous of their company and acquaintance.

The Royal Academy of Music in London, is an institution founded and managed by a number of public spirited noblemen and gentlemen, who have no other object in view than the advancement of the art, and to afford means of pursuing it to a number of promising young persons who otherwise could not have studied it in an economical and advantageous manner.

I believe an institution of this kind would receive liberal encouragement from the public—under this impression, the spirit of enterprise, I trust, is still alive in the professors of our city; and in conjunction with the many amateurs, their talent may be turned into a new and better channel to elevate their art, to bring new succours to it—then the future historian of music may be enabled to mention the establishment of this Academy as a new era.

It is not my intention to trace the earliest stages of the art, when music was imperfect and crude. I have rather to consider those schools of composition which have successively affected the principles of taste, and which have eventually formed them into a determined code. By taste I mean that judgment half natural and half acquired, which enables us to decide on the merits of a production. By the progress in music is the taste regulated; the ear ignorant of the principles of harmony will be charmed by a mawkish ballad in preference to an ex-

pressive *romanza*, while the half educated mind that can compass the gaiety of a light ritornella is unable to appreciate the deeper pathos of an oratorio. But as taste will form a section in these papers, I will for the present dismiss the question and revert to those schools of composition, which as I have said above, have tended to establish it.

No art, I believe, chronicles a more remarkable revolution than that which affected instrumental music during the last century. Arcangelo Corelli, a Bolognese, was the first and only great violinist of his day, and though with little invention, was the founder of what may be termed the *Ancient School*. For his labours he was rewarded with the proud title of *Princeps Musicorum*. He died, Jan'y, 1713, aged 60 years.

The productions of this school were brought to the highest perfection by Handel. In 1704 he brought out his first opera "*Almira*," and in 1741 was produced his *chef d'œuvre*, the Oratorio of the "*Messiah*," perhaps the most perfect emanation from the human mind; and although this sublime composition was not at first duly appreciated, its merits soon procured it consideration, and it increased constantly in reputation. In Westminster Abbey stands a monument by Rouilliac, erected to the memory of the great composer, bearing the date of his death, April 13th, 1759.

Of the music of what may be called the *Middle School*, little can be said; for its authors and their works are forgotten. Of Stanhall, Stanzitz, and Sterkel, and a crowd of others, we read much but hear nothing. While at that period these musical composers were filling the world with the fame of their works, a mighty genius was preparing himself, in solitude and obscurity, to carry instrumental harmony to a degree of perfection never before imagined; thus to supersede all that had been done before, and to lay the foundation of the *Modern School*, of which he was afterwards to become one of the chief ornaments. Haydn, who was the delight and astonishment of his own time, must be regarded by posterity as one of the most creative geniuses that ever existed. This celebrated man was born in poverty, and for a long period had to endure many of its privations. "This," says an eminent writer, "was a fortunate circumstance for him and the art. Being unable to pay for instruction, he was compelled to instruct himself; and his fertile invention, unfettered by powerful example or authority, led him to the formation of a style in instrumental composition, which the voice of Europe has pronounced a model of excellence."

It was from a union of the two schools that Haydn formed the third, and by blending the heavy style of the first with the light uninterest-

ing productions of the middle, our great author not only gave a novel character to his works, but improved upon the excellencies of the earlier composers. It cannot be denied that even the most eminent of the middle school, shook off the styles of the earlier writers, without supplying the nerve and vigour, the latter not unfrequently displayed.

Their subjects were occasionally elegant but too trilling; and tedious solo passages with mere *remplisage accompagniments*, poorly compensated for the gothic grandeur and elaborate contrivance of the old school. And we cannot wonder that productions of this class should be scarcely known, while compositions long anterior to them are yet regarded with interest and often with admiration.

Modulation was but sparingly adopted by the earlier composers, and it is a matter of question whether they were aware of the effects it can produce. Haydn, rejecting those paths through which his predecessors had been content to tread, opened for himself new routes which allowed others but little more than to follow his steps, and left his predecessors but the shadow of a name when compared to the merit of his own efforts. The modulation of Haydn, though it frequently surprises, never fails to please; but it cannot be denied that in the arrangement of some of his movements there is too much licence and caprice. In that fine symphony No. 10 of those written for Solomon, the transition between the first and second movements, from *F* *flat* to *G*, diminishes in some measure the delight which the *adagio* is so well calculated to afford, and the return to the original key, is of course equally harsh. A more extraordinary licence is taken by our author in his sonata op. 78. The first movement in *E three flats*, the second in *E four sharps*. Nothing can exceed the disagreeable effect produced by the immediate succession of two scales, between which there is so little relation. All analogy is set at defiance, and we can only regard it as one of those freaks in which the greatest men will sometimes indulge, but which we must overlook on the ground of their general excellence.

Haydn's superiority appears most distinctly in the symphony and quartette, and to each he has given an elevation of character which will identify him with these compositions for ever. The style of Haydn was not formed at once, and there can be no doubt, that, to a certain extent, he was at first an imitator. Indeed, he acknowledged it himself, "Whoever," says he, "understands me thoroughly, will perceive, that I am under great obligations to Emanuel Bach; that I have studied him with care, and have caught his style."

The modesty of Haydn was equalled only by his surprising talents, and I may venture the as-

sertion that he laid a greater stress on his obligations to Emanuel Bach than the truth required.

"During a little excursion to Germany this year (1829)"—says Mr. Novello, "I was so fortunate as to meet the Abbé Stadler, who was the intimate friend both of Mozart, and Haydn, when he was requested to compose 'the seven last words of our Redeemer on the Cross,' about which he at first hesitated, feeling the difficulty of such an undertaking; he however set about it with an enthusiastic wish to succeed, and produced what the best judges in Germany considered the most profound effort of his genius, and the most lasting monument of his fame." Haydn, too, told the Abbé he thought this the finest of all his works.

Haydn was present at the performance of "*The Creation*" in Westminster Abbey, in 1791, and there heard for the first time an Orchestra of more than a thousand performers; viz:—

INSTRUMENTAL.

Violins,.....	250
Violas,.....	50
Violoncellos,.....	50
Double Basses,.....	27
Drums,.....	8
Oboes,.....	40
Bassoons,.....	40
Horns,.....	13
Trumpets,.....	14
Trombones,.....	12
Organs,.....	1
	— 505

VOCAL.

Trebles,.....	160
Altos,.....	92
Tenors,.....	152
Basses,.....	159
	— 565
Total,.....	1077

So great was the effect upon the author, it was remarked by his countrymen after his return from London, that there was no more grandeur in his ideas. Those who heard this remarkable work undertaken by this concourse of performers, pronounced the effect to have been sublime.

No musician could ever pretend to higher natural endowments than Haydn, and no one ever seems to have cultivated his talents with more assiduity. His life was a continued exertion, and he has left a name not only dear to every lover of music, but which is known in every country, even by those who cannot appreciate his excellence. The revolution which he caused in the musical world, produced Mozart and Beethoven—those wonderful luminaries of our musical age whose fame has eclipsed that of all their contemporaries, and rendered them the peculiar objects of general attention.

In my next number I shall give a brief memoir of each of these distinguished men, as belonging to the German School, alluding to their distinguishing traits, and pointing out the productions which have given them a reputation.

THE BARON OF UTTERNHEIM.

FROM THE FRENCH OF N. FOURNIER.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

ONE morning in the month of August 1838, any one passing through the public square of a pretty little village of Germany, about half a league from Freudenberg, would have found himself involved in a crowd of the villagers, gathered around a young man, who was addressing them with great volubility. He held in his hand several papers, which he occasionally displayed to his attentive auditory, and at the head of which those stationed nearest could observe an engraving, representing a magnificent castle, surrounded by rich gardens; a description of the domain was appended, and above the whole flourished in fanciful characters, the magic words:

Lottery of Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

This advertisement recalled to the villagers instances which they had seen, or heard related, of grand fortunes suddenly acquired by parties as poor as themselves, through means of this lottery.

"My worthy friends!" cried the young man—reciting from memory the printed description—"never again, perhaps, in the whole course of your lives, will a like opportunity of becoming rich and powerful, be presented to you. Of all the prizes which I have had at various times the honour of announcing, on behalf of the honorable bankers of Frankfort, the present is certainly the most magnificent. It is the superb castle of Utternheim in Bavaria, with its handsome peristyle, courts paved with marble, ornamental fountains, a gallery containing the most valuable specimens of ancient and modern art, parks and forests of immense extent, and all other dependencies; the whole valued at 40,000 ducats, and conferring on the fortunate possessor, in addition, a title of nobility! 40,000 ducats, I repeat, may be obtained for the price of one of those tickets—just 20 florins! This lottery is divided into 90 series, and I have the honour of offering for your acceptance the 90 numbers of the 12th series. Come forward young men! sacrifice 20 florins, for the chance of becoming a fitting match for the loveliest heiress in all Germany; fathers of families, spare from your savings the paltry sum, which, multiplied by

fortune, may make your son a gentleman; mothers, make an effort to procure for your daughters a dowry worthy of a princess. In my hands is possibly the ticket, which will make you possessor of all the splendid advantages I have enumerated; choose and take!"

A confused murmur replied to his harangue, but no one stretched out his hand to receive the tickets he held out. The small means at their disposal, and a sort of shame of their credulous hopes, kept back even those most inclined to venture, so that after his last address, the crowd gradually dispersed, and the orator was left alone with all his tickets unsold. Still the lottery agent was not discouraged; he felt very certain, from his former experience, of succeeding in private, with some of those who had resisted his public advances.

With this confidence he was wending his way to the *Golden Sun*, the inn at which he had taken up his quarters, when he perceived in a corner of the square, a young man leaning against a wall in an attitude of profound meditation, his arms crossed, his head bent on his breast, and his eyes steadily fixed on the ground.

"Ah!" thought the lottery agent, "here is one of my speculators meditating on his chance of profit or loss! He seems in suspense; my eloquence may perhaps determine him."

Full of this idea, he advanced towards the young man; but he had no sooner desisted his countenance, than he arrested his steps, and exclaimed in astonishment:

"Ulric Müller! my early friend, is it you?"

"What! George Arnold?" replied the other, roused from his reverie, "was it you, then, who addressed the crowd just now? I thought I recognised you. You are employed by the bankers of Frankfort now?"

"Yes, and in the fair way of making a fortune, I have a commission on each ticket I sell, and have already done a very good business. If by any chance, you have confidence enough in your star to venture in the lottery, you have only to speak. You may gain a superb castle, with handsome per-

istyle, courts paved with marble, ornamental fountains —”

“Alas!” said Ulric, interrupting his companion in the oft-recited catalogue, “speak not to me of fortune.”

“How! are you unhappy?”

“I ought not to be. Simple in my tastes, without ambition or desire for riches, I might live quietly and honourably on the produce of the small farm my father bequeathed me, if my heart were only free: but——”

“You are in love?” interrupted George.

“Yes!” replied Ulric, with a profound sigh.

“I love the prettiest girl in the village—one who richly deserves my affection. I mean Clara, the daughter of Farmer Wagner, a perfect angel—with melting blue eyes, winning features——”

“Spare me a lover’s rhapsodies, good Ulric! I well believe that she is everything good and fair, though I have never seen her. I called this morning on Maurice Wagner, her father, to offer him some of my tickets for sale, but was very speedily shown to the door, with a pretty volley of abuse from both the farmer and his wife. I am sorry your mistress belongs to so rude a family. And yet old Maurice seems very well off in the world.”

“That is the source of my unhappiness,” replied Ulric, with bitterness. “Maurice Wagner is in easy circumstances; he may even be called a rich man; and I am too poor to become his son-in-law.”

“The case of many a worthy lad, my dear Ulric! But what bewitched you to fall in love before you made your fortune? As for myself—unless I should please some rich heiress in the meantime—I do not intend to think of marriage for the next dozen of years. Still, if the girl is well disposed towards you——”

“I think she is. During the last three years I have given many tokens of my love which did not seem to displease her. I was left an orphan, as you know, at the age of sixteen, and Maurice Wagner—a kind worthy soul, with all his faults—took me into his house to instruct me in farming. For a year I had the happiness of seeing the charming Clara every day; and became, at last, so accustomed to it, that I could not think any other mode of existence possible. But, alas! the day at last arrived when my apprenticeship was to terminate. Then, when I found I had to quit the house, I experienced such trouble of mind as I had never before known. I found it impossible to separate myself from her I loved, and in my despair, I even offered to remain with Wagner, not as apprentice, as before, but—I blush to say it—as farm servant.”

“You a servant, Ulric!”

“Maurice angrily refused me, rebuking me for my want of spirit: I looked to gain nothing by my proposal; but another understood me better. Clara knew the sacrifice I made for her sake; she could appreciate the depth of my devotion; and, I believe, her heart was mine from that day.”

“Have you continued to see her often since that time?”

“Maurice could not altogether shut his door in the face of an old friend’s son. Besides, my care and attention had gained me the good graces of his wife.”

“Strange, that with both mother and daughter in your favour you could not succeed. When I think that in one of these scraps of paper may lie your fortune, your marriage——”

“Spare your phrases, George! or go spend them among the crowd in the market place. There you may find some one to believe all you say, but do not expect to succeed with me, who can reflect calmly on the matter, and can calculate the million of chances accumulated against the holder of one paltry ticket.”

“Well then, take twenty—thirty—fifty—a whole series.”

“You mock me surely. The price of my whole farm would scarcely suffice, even if I had time to dispose of it. When do you return to Frankfurt?”

“To-morrow I must restore to the banker either the tickets or their value; the drawing will take place in a week.”

“You see clearly that even your mode of relief will not suffice. In fact, my fate may be even now decided. Good Madame Wagner promised to plead my cause with her husband, who begins to look on my frequent visits with a very suspicious eye. Alas! my only expectation is to receive an absolute and final dismissal!”

“If the result is such as you expect, you will hear it soon enough. Do not go to the farm to-day, but come with me to the *Golden Sun*. We will converse of the days of our childhood, of Freudenberg, our birth-place, and of a thousand pleasant reminiscences that cannot fail to raise your spirits.”

“No; I must obey my destiny. It may be my last opportunity, for many a day, of seeing my poor Clara, and if I lose her forever, I can at least take a last farewell.”

“Go then, and success attend you. Shall I see you before my departure?”

“I will see you at your inn on my return from the farm, this evening.”

And the two friends separated.

Ulric took the road which led to the farm, his mind filled with thoughts as gloomy as the shadows of evening that were now thickening around.

When he drew near the house his agitation had increased to such a pitch that he was forced to sit down on a stone seat at the end of the house, in order to recover himself. A voice from within attracted his attention; it was the strong voice of Maurice Wagner, to which his wife replied in accents almost of supplication. He heard his own name pronounced, and unable to resist his anxiety, he raised himself up till he could see, through the lattice, Farmer Wagner pacing the apartment with rapid strides, whilst his wife, Marguerite, seated in an old wooden arm-chair, besought him with clasped hands to moderate his passion.

"No!" said Maurice, "no! I will never give my Clara, my only child, to a young man almost without patrimony, and who would have earned his bread by menial service on my farm."

"Ah, Maurice!" replied the dame, "your anger blinds you, or you would not thus interpret the devoted affection of poor Ulric."

"Devoted affection, quoth! To seek a poor girl for his wife, in order to render her miserable! To dream only of his own passion, without caring for the future life he is preparing for the person he pretends to love! Ah! it was not thus I sought thee, Marguerite; and I would never have asked thee of thy father, if I had not been able to make thee, at least, as happy and comfortable as thou hadst been in the home of thine infancy."

"I know it, dear Maurice!" replied she affectionately. "And my life has been rendered happy by our mutual love."

"I was accepted as thy husband, at thy father's instance. Let my daughter imitate thine example and obey my wishes!"

"But she loves Ulric."

"Dah! girls of her age do not know what love means. She is only sixteen, and at that time of life, impressions are as quickly effaced from the heart as made. Absence is generally sufficient to destroy them; an eternal separation is a remedy that can never fail, and that must be tried in this case. If Ulric again dares to show himself here, I will pitch him out of doors without ceremony or compassion."

These cruel words seemed to freeze the blood of poor Müller, and he was about to rush from the spot in despair, when he heard Dame Marguerite make another effort in his favour.

"Listen to me, Maurice!" she said. "To assure a happy marriage for Clara, I will add to her little dowry, my savings for the last seventeen years, and all the jewels I received at my mother's death."

"Thy savings! thy jewels! they amount to about three thousand florins, do they not? I was just about to ask thee for them, Marguerite!"

"What canst thou want with them, Maurice?"

"I also have my savings, which amount to some thousands of florins; but this sum, added to Clara's dowry, will still be insufficient for the husband for whom I have destined her."

"Another!" exclaimed Dame Wagner.

"Another!" repeated poor Ulric to himself, in fear and trembling. Anxious to learn the name of his rival, he listened eagerly at the window; but in vain. That name, pronounced in a low tone by Farmer Wagner, did not reach his ear, and he could only distinguish the reply of Dame Marguerite.

"He! a rich man like him!"

"My daughter pleases him, he has told me. But still we must present with her a proper dowry, and I reckoned on thine assistance."

"Thou wert wrong then, Maurice! The little that belongs to me shall never be employed for that purpose; never will I contribute to the unhappiness of my child."

Surprise and anger kept Maurice silent; but he knew his wife's firmness of mind, and had no hope of bending her purpose. For some time he paced through the room with an inquiet step; then, suddenly rousing himself, he seized his hat and prepared to quit the house, while Ulric hastily retreated from his post of observation.

Quite disheartened by the conversation he had just overheard, he wandered at hazard, without knowing or caring where his path led him. All at once his arm was seized by an old woman who met him, and in whom Ulric recognised a neighbour of Farmer Wagner's, one of the greatest tattlers and busy-bodies throughout the country. Catherine Keller had refused,—take her own word for it,—all the young men in the village for two generations; but her enemies asserted that she never had a single offer to refuse, and that for this slight she revenged herself with specious hypocrisy, on all the world, and at every opportunity. Her greatest satisfaction was in hearing and retailing any unfortunate occurrence; the calamities of her neighbours rejoiced her heart, while their prosperity made her sad and downcast.

"Ah! is it you, my poor lad?" was her address to Ulric. "How agitated you seem! But I am not at all astonished at it; I know what is the effect of ardent love—by hearsay only—and yours has been so cruelly thwarted."

The young man, without replying, saluted Catherine and wished to pass on, but she was not disposed to leave her victim so easily.

"I do not know how you have displeased old Wagner, but certain it is that he will not even hear your name mentioned. It is true that his futuro son-in-law has some worldly advantages."

"You know him then?" interrupted Ulric, with animation.

"Ah! I knew I would make him listen," said the old woman to herself. "I am truly sorry for you, my dear Ulric!" she continued aloud; "to my thinking you look better than your rival, even in that ploughman-like dress of yours; but then, he possesses an estate, and a castle! A castle, Ulric! is a talisman that has immense influence, not only on the minds of fathers, but on the hearts of daughters. You do not know what wonders the idea of becoming a baroness may work."

"But who, for heaven's sake! is this rival?"

"Do you not know him?"

"No! no! Do not torture me thus, my good Catherine."

"It is young Albert De Vorn."

"What! that rich and handsome young nobleman!"

"Well! now that you remind me of it, his figure and face are both uncommonly fine. His purse, his person, and his title, are enough to turn the head even of the most sensible girl."

Ulric heard no more. He tore himself from the grasp of the malicious old beldame, walked rapidly out of the village, and was not seen till two hours afterwards, when he joined his friend George at the Golden Sun. The next day he had disappeared, and a thousand conjectures ran through the village, as to his sudden flight.

George Arnold had also quitted the village, and had handed to the Frankfort banker 1800 florins, as the price of the 12th series of tickets, all of which he had disposed of.

Eight days after the scenes we have just encountered, the whole town of Frankfort was in commotion, on occasion of the drawing of the famous lottery of the Castle of Utternheim. The fortunate possessor of the castle could not, however, be known till the succeeding week, as the first operation consisted only in determining from which of the series the winning number should be drawn.

The spiteful and ill-natured character of Catherine Keller had led her into Frankfort that morning for the following reasons: A few minutes after Ulric had left her in the abrupt manner we have mentioned, she was passed by Farmer Wagner, who went straight to the Golden Sun, unconscious that he was closely watched by his observant neighbour. A quarter of an hour afterwards he re-appeared at the door, respectfully accompanied thereto by a man, in whom the spy at once recognised the orator of the public square. When these two had separated, the farmer found himself unexpectedly accosted by old Catherine, and thus caught, as it were, in the fact, Maurice could not deny that he had purchased some

tickets for the lottery, in the hope of obtaining a dowry for his daughter, that should make her a fit match for Albert de Vorn. His charge of secrecy was so strict, however, that not even she dared to infringe it during the intervening week; but on the morning of the eventful day, she set out for Frankfort, in the charitable hope of being the first to tell her neighbour that he had lost.

She was disappointed; the number 12 issued from the urn. It was from this series that a further trial was to select the fortunate ticket, and it may be remembered that this was the series with the disposal of which George had been entrusted.

Maurice Wagner had therefore, to the great grief of old Catherine, acquired a most favourable chance for the prize, and she returned to the village as quietly as possible, with the determination that her neighbour should hear nothing of his good fortune from her. But it happened, that almost the first person she met in the village, was the very one to whom, of all others, her news would prove most disagreeable, and she could not resist the temptation of imparting it.

"Let me be the first to congratulate you, my dear!" was her address to Clara, "on the prospect of having a rich and noble husband; yes, my child! fortune will perhaps render you worthy of the hand of Albert De Vorn. They say he loves you—after a manner—and would ask your hand were he not deterred by your poverty; for, after all, I must allow that he is rather fond of money. That, they say, was the only obstacle, and if, as we have reason to hope, fortune sufficiently favours your father, the high-born Albert de Vorn will be only too happy to receive the hand of the richest heiress in Germany."

Clara listened to this harangue, trembling and stupefied, and when Catherine had more clearly explained her "good fortune," she ran home to her chamber, there to weep in secret, and form vows against the fortune that threatened to elevate her above Ulric.

Maurice had, in the mean time, learned his success, and entered the house, transported with joy, and unable to contain his delight.

"Thou shalt be a great lady yet, Marguerite!" he exclaimed, striking his fist on the table beside which she was sitting.

"What?" exclaimed his astonished wife, rising from her chair as she spoke.

"A castle, a barony, basins, fountains, splendid parks, vast stables, attendants without number, feasts every day, game for the asking! Come, Marguerite! let us be merry! Run down to the market and buy a couple of partridges; and we will drink a cup of Rhenish in honor of my triumph!"

Marguerite began to fear that her husband had lost his senses, and could scarcely stammer out :

"Why—what is the matter with thee, Maurice?"

"Ah! thou knowest nothing of the happy inspiration which led me to the Golden Sun last week. I was rather ashamed of it at the time, 'tis true, and therefore I have never mentioned it; aye, and if I had failed, never would! Dost thou remember that worthy fellow George Arnold, who was in our village some days since?"

"If that had the lottery tickets for sale—was it not?"

"The same! Well! I bought thirty of his tickets."

"Thou!" cried Marguerite, in amazement.

"Yes, I!" returned her husband, "and 'tis well I did so, for the numbers I chose belong to the series that has just been drawn at Frankfort."

"And that series is——?"

"The twelfth!"

At these words, Dame Wagner fell back in her chair, pale, trembling, and stupified; and it was some time before the cares of her daughter and of Catherine Keller, who had been summoned by her husband, restored her to consciousness.

"Pardon me, Maurice!" she said, as soon as she found utterance. "Unknown to thee, I also visited George Arnold; I also yielded to the desire of becoming rich and noble, and I also have in my possession thirty tickets of the twelfth series."

This avowal, the meaning of which was scarce understood by Clara, overwhelmed Maurice with astonishment, and old Catherine with chagrin.

"Our chance of good fortune, then," said Wagner, "is twice as great as I thought it. We have two-thirds of the winning series, and can scarcely fail of success. Yes, Marguerite! either, as I told thee at first, I will make thee a great lady, or thou wilt make me a rich gentleman. Which ever of us luck may favour, we will equally enjoy our good fortune, or rather that of our child."

"Yes!" said Dame Wagner, "should I gain, poor Clara's happiness is secured."

"And the same, should I be successful," rejoined Maurice; "she will then, as the bride of Albert de Vorn, be one of the highest ladies in the land."

"Say rather, Maurice! that she will then have enough of riches and honour, to share with some one poorer than herself, and may therefore espouse Ulric Müller."

"I will never permit it," cried the father.

"And I," rejoined the mother, "will only give up the castle to her, on condition that she shall choose her own husband."

"If I should make her a baroness, she must promise to obey me."

"But the castle is gained with my earnings."

"No, I have acquired it with mine."

"Thou dost not love thy daughter."

"I will not allow her to misally herself."

"Maurice! it is not right to forget what we have been."

"Marguerite! it is wrong to forget what we are."

The dispute grew warm; reproach succeeded to argument, and their old neighbour neglected no opportunity of stirring up the fire.

"Yes!" whispered she to the husband, "stand by your rights, and show proper energy. The alliance which you propose is the only one which should be entertained for a moment, for it is the husband who should bring a title to the wife, and not the wife to the husband. The united fortunes of Albert and Clara will form a magnificent patrimony, and you may yet, perhaps, see your grandchildren princes."

"Be firm, my good Marguerite!" she muttered in the ear of the wife, "do not give up the poor girl's rights. It is the least they can allow us poor women, that when we have a castle to bestow, we should give our hearts along with it."

Maurice and Marguerite, thus incited, grew into hotter debate; but they were checked by a few words of common sense from Clara, pronounced in an accent rather of hope than of fear.

"But should neither of you win?"

This new view of the question calmed the minds of the two disputants, and reminded them that they had gone rather far in disposing of property, the ownership of which was not yet determined.

They finally agreed, that if the winning ticket should be one of the first thirty numbers,—those purchased by Maurice,—Clara should accept the hand of Albert de Vorn; if, on the other hand, the lot should fall on one of the succeeding thirty numbers,—belonging to Marguerite,—Ulric should be their daughter's spouse, always provided they could find him out.

That the next few days were passed in the greatest anxiety, need scarcely be said. It was no longer merely a castle, an estate, or a title, that was at stake, but the happiness or misery of Clara's future life.

The eventful day at length arrived, and Maurice himself went to Frankfort, where he waited as patiently as he could, till the hour when the winning ticket was proclaimed.

That hour came, and the number announced was 61.

As we have already mentioned, the tickets purchased by Wagner and his wife had been the first sixty numbers; and the farmer left Frankfort

in the afternoon with us much dejection and disappointment, as he had entered it in the morning with hope and confidence. He was somewhat comforted by the resignation with which his wife bore their defeat, in spite of the hypocritical consolation of their old neighbor Catherine. The least afflicted of the whole family was Clara, who no longer feared the marriage with which she had been threatened, and rejoiced in secret over her escape.

The next day, as they sat together after breakfast, they were surprised by the entrance of our old friend, George Arnold. After some complimentary condolences on their misfortune, which were received silently and uneasily, he begged permission to have the honour and happiness of introducing to them the new Baron of Utternheim, who wished to express his sympathy with them under their failure. Without waiting for an assent, he opened the door, and the farmer saw a young man, in a military uniform, standing on the threshold.

"Ulric!" he cried, at once recognizing him. "Ulric Müller in my house! Has he also come to mock me under my misfortune? or does he hope to profit by my position, to regain my good graces? No, no! Let me never see him more, or I will not answer for the effects of my anger!"

Clara threw herself before her father, weeping and terrified.

"Take care!" said George, with a quiet smile, "you should not thus address a Baron."

"A Baron!" cried Maurice, recoiling in amazement, "of whom do you speak?"

"Of me," interposed the soldier, advancing amid the astonished group "that is now my title."

"Your title! since when?"

"Since yesterday. I am now the owner of the Castle of Utternheim."

"But—where did the money come from?"

"From the bounty money I received on enlistment; with it I purchased the only thirty tickets left by you, my worthy friends. If I had lost, I do not know what I would have done. But I have gained. I have bought my discharge, and am now anxious to consecrate my life to the happiness of Clara—that is," he continued, with a confident smile, "provided you no longer disclaim my alliance."

Our readers may easily imagine the scene that followed—the joy of Dame Wagner, the confusion of Maurice, and the happy smiling face of their daughter.

A month afterwards the nuptials were celebrated in the castle of Baron Ulric. One of the merriest guests there was George Arnold, who took advantage of this favourable opportunity to dispose of tickets for a new lottery, to many of

the guests, whom the good fortune of the Baron of Utternheim, readily incited to the purchase.

If any evidence were necessary of the complete happiness of the young couple, we have it in the fact, that old Catherine Keller died of chagrin and mortification, a very few months after their nuptials.

WINTER.

BY DR. HASKINS.

Oh! Summer! thou art beautiful; thy glory and thy bliss
Summ'd doubly bright to memory in moments like to this,
When the winter-fiend is howling, and the tempests
fiercely blow,
And all around us earth expands a wilderness of snow.

The icicles beneath the eave break with a clat'ring sound,
The snow-flakes, from the roof by night crash on the frozen
ground;
While howls the wolf with horror, in his cavern, gaunt
and grim;
And agoniz'd, the forest writhes each massive, mighty
limb.

The monarch mountain stands against,—his heart though
firm is shaken;
While summ'd by the tempest king the cavern'd echoes
waken;
Low in the vale, where lie the lov'd, each in their narrow
bed,
Groans o'er the groves the hollow wind—strange mourn-
ing for the dead!

The wan moon 'mid the shiv'ring stars looks desolate and
dim;
All languidly the sun uplifts his brow o'er ocean's brim;
Glares with a faint eye shudd'ringly above the lurid wave,
Ghastly as human face divine that withers in the grave.

The dawn-star, like a sparkle of that mock unreal sun,
Believ'd of old to shine for those whose earthly day is
done—
Sun of the dead, whose spectral ray in Erebus gave light
To show the darkness—opens its eye with cold effulgence
bright.

Oh! hasten Summer! with thy blush of maiden beauty
bright;
Again be earth a paradise with flow'ry verdure bright;
Let the great sun look down from heav'n with an un-
clouded eye,
Again by night the moon be deck'd with silvery smiles on
high.

Arouse, my soul! though winter's frost hath chill'd crea-
tion round,
Though howls the wolf and shrieks the storm, with voice
of fearful sound;
Hast thou not better cause for cheer than summer's ra-
diant bloom,—
Cannot thy darkest dreariness a Saviour's love illumine?

LITERATURE OF NORTHERN EUROPE.

No. II.

SONGS OF THE POLISH PEASANTRY.

BY E. T. F.

AFTER the melancholy disasters, which we have recorded in the previous article, those Icelanders who had escaped the general ruin, carried into other lands the vigorous and powerful productions of their island home. To their Teutonic kinsmen the boon was most welcome. The German mind was strengthened and enlarged. There was an awakening to new life. The effect was similar to that produced by the transfusion of healthy blood, into the veins of a weak and fatigued patient. The "Nibelungen-lied," the earliest heroic poem in Germany, and the first of a long line of brilliant productions, has not merely the spirit, but the very form and structure of an Icelandic legend. The tragic conclusion of the poem, is manifestly borrowed from a half historical incident in the early traditions of the north. Nor is it to be forgotten that these islanders were, for the most part, men of far greater taste and learning than those with whom they came in contact. Europe also received from their hands the gift of no inconsiderable portion of the classic authors; works that had been carefully treasured up in Iceland, while, on the continent, they had not unfrequently been destroyed to make way for some monkish legend. Even at the present day, we are told, the traveller in Iceland finds the guide whom he has hired, able to hold a conversation with him in Latin; and, on his arrival at his miserable place of rest for the night, is addressed with fluency and elegance in the same language. It is gratifying to find that the example of their illustrious ancestors has not been thrown away. "While the little hut," says a modern voyager, "which the Icelanders inhabit, is almost buried in the snow, and while darkness and desolation are spread universally around, the light of an oil lamp illumines the page, from which he reads to his family the lessons of knowledge, religion and virtue." Amid the storms of the surrounding ocean, these poor fishermen possess an intimate acquaintance with the classical writings of antiquity and a keen sense of their beauty.

Not unlike these simple-hearted people in their earnestness of character, and intense love of country, almost in their political fate, are the peasantry of Poland, whose National Songs now remain to be considered. In this country, the most intellectual of the Slavonic nations, there are but two sorts of classes, the highest and the lowest. To the former belong the nobles of the land, that brave and romantic chivalry of whom so much has been said and written. The latter is composed of the serfs or peasantry, a race of men little conspicuous in their history, yet numbering in their ranks many who, under other auspices, might have become noted as chief poets, or leaders of armies. It is the showy part of Polish history which especially captivates our attention. We admire the beauty of the blossoming flower, without reflecting on the life-giving root which lies buried in the earth. Yet the very sap and vigor of the nation is derived from the earnest sincerity of these humble men. Nor are the annals of Poland wanting in proofs of their intellectuality. Dantiscus rose by his services to the episcopal dignity of Varmia, was employed principally in diplomatic missions, and became so great a favorite of the emperor Charles V., that he was the only foreign ambassador who accompanied him to Spain after the battle of Pavia. He died in 1548, at an advanced age: his poems have been warmly eulogised by Erasmus. Janicki, the elegiac poet, gained a great reputation before he was ten years old: his poetic effusions have been compared to those of Tibullus: when he was only twenty years old, Pope Clement VII. crowned him with a laurel wreath. How the heart of the young peasant must have throbbed, to receive, amid the acclamations of the imperial city, the same distinction which had been conferred on Petrarch! The crown of laurel was also conferred, by another Pontiff, on Szymoniewicz, or Simonides, who not only distinguished himself, towards the close of the sixteenth century, by his beautiful Polish Eclogues,

but also acquired a European reputation by his Latin poems. Justus Lipsius styles him the Catullus of Poland. From his youth he enjoyed the patronage of the eminent John Sarius Zamoyiski, who attached him to his person, made him the tutor of his son, and provided liberally for his support. Martin Kromer was also the son of a peasant, but rose by his talents and erudition, to the dignity of a bishop. He produced an elaborate work on the origin and subsequent history of Poland, which has been many times reprinted, and is held in the highest estimation. In effect, the later histories of Herbut and Neugebauer are mere abridgments from the larger work of Kromer.

It may appear wonderful that time could be spared for compositions of this kind in a country where the din of war, the struggle for independence, was incessant and unrelaxing—Tartars, Cossacks, Muscovites, and Moslems; each followed the other as the quick-succeeding waves of a tempestuous sea. But they met an immovable rock. Had it been otherwise, what might not have been the fate of Christendom! After the great victories of John Sobieski, every church in Italy, Spain and England resounded with hymns of praise and thanksgiving. The Pope was overwhelmed with joy, and remained bathed in tears of gratitude, prostrate for hours before a crucifix. All hearts overflowed with rapture: Europe was saved from the bloody and iron yoke of the relentless Moslems.

The inspiration, therefore, of the great minds of Poland, lay not in external objects, in the pictured grandeur of rocks or torrents, or the commanding majesty of natural scenery; for Poland, save in such isolated spots as the vicinity of Cracow or the valley of Pieskowa-szcza is of level and monotonous aspect. They were inspired by something greater and mightier than this,—by the sublimity of moral sentiment. The innumerable holy battle grounds, the monuments of unparalleled deeds, the tattered Moslem banners that decay above the tomb of Sobieski, are these without their inspiration? To these peasants, war was a sacred and solemn calling. Therefore it is, that amid their most peaceful and domestic occupations, stern thoughts of warfare are ever intruding. But these things will appear more clearly manifest on a consideration of their household and popular songs; a few of which, from the collection of Kasimir Brodzinski, are here subjoined. They will speak for themselves.

THE LANCE AND THE BANNER.

Friend, take this banner and fasten it to thy lance. When thou goest into battle, I would that the breeze would always blow it towards me.

May the sound of its waving always remind thee of the misfortunes of our fathers, their chains, and our devastated fields; but, friend, at the moment of combat, think also of my tears.

This banner has two colors,—white and red: the white is the symbol of the innocence and holiness of our wars: the red is the symbol of the despair which results from blood. But under the white eagle thou must engrave my name and thy own.

In the midst of the battle, think of thy friend, as well as of glory: but if thou hast the misfortune to fall into the hands of the enemy, tear our cypher off quickly, that no proud conqueror may know to whom the banner belongs.

THE MOTHER.

Glory be to God! I have brought up my son. I am the happiest of mothers. He is blooming as a flower, and straight as a poplar.

How much care and anxiety did he cost me! each moment I had to tremble for the dangers his ardor and vivacity multiplied.

But I am now recompensed by his strength and duty. My son, thou owest no more to thy mother.

But thou owest everything to the land of thy birth.

Go, my son, go where duty calls thee. Take these arms, combat the invaders.

By fighting gloriously thou wilt dry my maternal tears. Put thy trust in God, and thou wilt return to thy cottage.

Do not delay: bid adieu to thy sister: quit thy home, the combat calls thee: thou wouldst dishonor thyself by staying.

THE DETROTTED.

When his father sent him to battle, and his friends assembled together to bid a last farewell, I stole his handkerchief, and steeped it in the running brook. I wished to keep him some moments longer.

But the handkerchief is dried, and now I water it with my tears.

He is gone: the marks of his footsteps are effaced, the neighing of his charger is not heard: I am deserted and alone.

But good auguries attended his departure. The stork was making her nest, and the ravens did not croak. We shall soon see him again. The pie will foreshow us the road he will take to regain us. He will save our land and our cottage. It is here that he learned to walk: it is here that he gained strength: and it is here that his fathers are buried.

When he is returning, I shall see his lance shine, and his banner wave from the top of you

mountain. My unquiet eyes are always fixed on this mountain : they seek my beloved, my defender.

His delighted father will admire his courage. He will restore to the old man his youth and his courage. He will run from a distance to bless and embrace him. The joyous mead will flow abundantly.

For my part, I will lead him to a bank where I have planted flowers. I will shew him a field shaded by leafy trees. How beautiful will be the crown that I will weave for the day of our marriage.

THE LABOURER.

Ho! citizen, another battle : the moments are precious, let us rejoice.

When I have drunk, and I go across our fields, I weep no more, I forget that I am laboring for another.

I have a son: he is tall and upright as an arrow: he resembles a newly-blown rose. When, after the battle, he will come in the midst of us, I will forget my labors : the day of liberty will dawn. I will cultivate my field with courage, since with my son, I may have freedom.

I will have a fine coat for my son; also a sash trimmed with buttons : and all the girls in the neighbourhood will love him.

PRAYER.

Turn the oxen into the stables : let the mills cease to grind, and all labour cease in the fields.

Our priest has said that war was about to begin:—a terrible war, that will drench the soil with blood. The mother for her son, the sister for her brother, are praying together in the church. Young people cut branches of the linden tree: children, bring flowers : young girls weave garlands, and put upon you your holiday dresses.

Adorn our sons and our church : light yellow torches : let the altar be adorned with ribbons, and green leaves strewed through the temple.

To-day we will hear a new sermon. Our voices will accompany that of the priest : and he who bends his head before God, will not have to bend it before the enemies of his country, before the invading stranger.

THE DEPARTURE.

March slowly while thou art still with us. Thou wilt never return. Thy horse neighs. Thy foot has for the last time trodden our meadow.

Let me look once more over the fields. Here the scattered flock whitens the verdure: there the

shepherds tune their pipes, and the birds are skinning the lake.

A limpid stream waters these beautiful meadows : here are oxen drawing the plough: and here at the foot of this cross, my *Halina* will pray for me every morning.

She will weep, my gentle friend will shed tears for me. Her eyes will always be fixed on the road where she has seen me go away. When she will hear the foot of a horse, she will listen; she will believe that I am returning. Until the going down of the sun she will demand of the passengers if they have met a Polish warrior; and when the bells of the cattle returning through the dew are heard, she will sing plaintive songs.

In slumber, in the hours of labor, and in the hours of rest, her thoughts will be always with me. Each day she will go to consult the fortune-teller. She will ask her if I still live, if I shall one day return, and if I am faithful.

She will deem that I have forgotten her; that my duties have rivalled her in my heart. Ah! how she will torment herself.

But one day I will re-appear : a soldier in his uniform will present himself before the cross, and my *Halina*, fresh and handsome, will come to salute the Polish lancer.

Alas! before that happens my father will be a long time enslaved : and more than once he will weep over his native land, invaded and oppressed.

Perhaps fate will arrest my steps, and my embraces will not console the old age of my father: unpitied death will have taken me from him.

And thee, *Halina*, shall I never see thee more? Shall I weep alone in my cottage? The absinth will grow over thy tomb, and all the flowers in thy garden will fade.

March slowly whilst thou art yet in our fields: thou wilt return thither no more. My horse neighs : for the last time thou hast trodden the grass of our meadow.

PRAYER BEFORE BATTLE.

Lord our God, hear me thy servant. My father has put upon me this armour, and sent me to combat our invaders in thy name.

Lord our God, thou who hast suffered for the whole world, permit me to suffer for my country. Animate, redouble my courage in the day of battle, and make me bear with patience all the evils that could wound me.

If I am to die, may thy holy will be done: but if I survive the dangers of war, permit me to see my dear country free.

THE MISTRESS OF THE COTTAGE.

Daughter, rejoice with me. I bring you good

news. Evening approaches: watch well the road which leads from you forest. Our brave Polish lanciers are about to arrive.

They will come into no village to repose from their fatigue. They will see again their mothers: they will enjoy their embraces after much suffering.

Their bed was the cold earth: they had no shelter but the heavens: their repose was insensibility. Ah! how many tears did they cost their mothers!

I will search the cottage for the best provisions for these brave sons of my country. How sweetly they will slumber after so much fatigue! There is a to-morrow for them.

Go, prepare a good bed of hay. Sophia, prepare the mead. Julia, run into the garden and seek for flowers. Let my cottage be fine and neat to receive them.

They have often fought for us: let us serve them in our turn. Give them all: leave nothing for invaders. Always think that they have abandoned their hearths for the battle-field, to defend their country and us.

In the last ill-fated insurrection of Poland, the peasantry suffered dreadfully. After the severe check which the Russians, under Diebitsch, received on the plains of Grochow,—on which occasion they numbered four to one,—the Poles fell back on Warsaw. Their entry into the city is described by a bystander as something in the highest degree sublime and terrible. Their faces were burnt and blackened with gunpowder, their accoutrements rent to shreds, their armour bruised and battered, and themselves disfigured with severe wounds: yet they were chanting the war-songs of their country; one united hymn descended from the whole line. The entire population were there to receive them: they had all day been listening with beating hearts, to the thunder of the artillery; and now each awaited, in dreadful and anxious silence, the arrival of a brother, a husband, or a father. One majestic-looking woman sprang forward, with a cry of recognition, to receive her son: he was reeling in his saddle, and desperately wounded: his eyes were glazed, and he expired, shortly afterwards, in her arms. The host of pale and kneeling women, the long line of warriors, with their ghastly wounds, filing slowly through the streets, behind them the battle plain, before them the colossal statue of the third Sigismund and the palace of their kings,—lit up, for a moment, with the fast-fading glory of sunset;—the tears, the groans, the unutterable agony of expectation, and that

stern war-hymn, a nation's last despairing appeal from earth to heaven, ascending unslakenly through all! What an awful and affecting picture!

Montreal, October 2, 1844.

NO WAR 'TWTX FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

"No war 'twixt France and England!"—
In accents of despair,
Malignant sprites fled murmuring,
Along the brightening air.

"No war 'twixt France and England!"—
O'er earth the glad notes rung—
And far and wide o'er ocean's tide,
Responsive echoes flung.

"No war 'twixt France and England!"—
Should discord madden there—
The mightiest states—the loneliest tribe—
In that stern strife might share.

"No war 'twixt France and England!"—
As o'er the waves it roll'd;
Of accents caught in Western wilds,
The mellow'd murmur told.

"No war 'twixt France and England!"—
May the Peace-tree bloom in light;
And the skies around our Island Queen
Be ever blue and bright.

Peace between France and England,
Be their friendly flags unfurl'd:
In the sacred cause of human weal,
Fair omen for the world.

Peace between France and England!
To each bright sword repose;
And long may they be faithful friends,
Who have been noble foes.

ALL the entertainment of talk and history is of nothing but fighting and killing; and the honour and renown that is bestowed on conquerors (who for the most part are but the great butchers of mankind) further mislead growing youths, who by this means come to think slaughter the laudable business of mankind and the most heroic of virtues. By these steps unnatural cruelty is planted in us; and what humanity abhors, custom reconciles and recommends to us by laying it in the way to honour. Thus by fashion and opinion that comes to be a pleasure, which, in itself, neither is nor can be any. This ought carefully to be watched, and early remedied so as to settle and cherish the contrary and more natural temper of benignity and compassion in the room of it.—Locke on Education.

THE SECRET GRIEF.

"She never told her love."

[With an Engraving.]

"What a strange girl Alice Graham is; I really believe she thinks more of one of those dull books over which she is forever poring, than of all the beaux in the country round. She'll never get married—she's past nineteen now."

"The better for us, my dear. If she was as affable as she is beautiful, we should have no chance."

"I don't know that—she would be a dangerous rival certainly; but, luckily, there is no likelihood of her powers being put to the test. Do you know that I suspect her insensibility to be sheer pride. She scorns the admiration of which it is impossible she is as unconscious as she appears to be."

"Oh! now you are growing malicious—so, to save your conscience and poor Alice's good name, I propose that we set off *instanter* on our delectable mission, in search of a match for this blue silk."

"I'd rather undertake to find a match for half a dozen "*blue*" damsels, the formidable Alice included—but I suppose we must make the attempt. You are forgetting your parasol."

And the ladies departed, leaving all thought of Alice and her oddities behind them.

Alice Graham, the fair subject of the foregoing and many similar conversations, was the only daughter of the oldest and principal physician of our village. She was beautiful—with that purely Grecian outline of feature, and classic form, so rarely met with, save in antique statues; her dark soul-lit eye, and the expression of almost angelic sweetness, which ever rested on her features, betokened truly that the mind and heart within were worthy of so fair a casket. To be sure, a very close observer might have detected a slight expression of pride on that exquisite lip, but I thought it enhanced rather than diminished its beauty. And Alice *was* proud; but hers was true pride, not that petty vanity so often dignified by the name. Her life had been spent in the almost exclusive companionship of books and her own thoughts; she never evinced any inclination for society beyond the limits of her own family circle; and could it be wondered at, that with her superior mind and refined feelings, she derived little satisfaction from the idle chat, and unmeaning gallantries which often compose the chief conversation of young persons of her age. Hearing, however, that several young ladies, whose invitations she had politely declined, were great-

ly displeas'd at her "airs," she determined to avoid giving such offence in future, by joining in some of the parties to which she was always invited. But, alas for poor Alice! her conciliatory efforts only made matters worse. She possessed a brilliant wit, and happy turn for repartee, by which she often unintentionally wounded the vanity of those who found themselves unable to compete with her in the light, wordy skirmishes which so frequently arise between beaux and belles; and, therefore, she was decided to be "sarcastic." And what more formidable character could a young lady possess? Many a gentleman sat a whole evening longing to approach her, but deterred by the fear of her terrible propensity, while Alice sat apart, the perfect picture of innocent unconsciousness.

When Alice was about twenty, a gentleman of the name of Maitland came to M—, intending to remain a few months, with a view to the perfect restoration of his health, which was enfeebled by a long and severe illness. Although convalescent, he was unwilling to dispense entirely with the care of a physician, and frequently called upon Dr. Graham to obtain his advice in regard to the various little matters so important to a recovering invalid.

I was an intimate friend and almost daily visiter of Mr. Graham's, and in consequence frequently met Mr. Maitland. His appearance was gentlemanly, though not striking, but his voice was music itself, and the charm of his manner and conversation perfectly irresistible. I think he was the most fascinating person I have ever seen. His influence, though felt by all, was most strikingly displayed on the usually indifferent Alice. Her book was readily abandoned at his approach, and he soon entered the "*charmed circle*," who were allowed to hear her choice songs, and after he read "*Paradise Lost*" for us, while we plied the "*threaded steel*," Alice acknowledged that it was pleasanter to listen to a good reader than to read to one's self, which she never before would admit. But these little concessions came in quite naturally—there was nothing in her manner which Mr. Maitland, had he been a vain man, instead of the very reverse, could construe into evidences of a warmer feeling than friendship. And he appeared to value that friendship highly; though he supposed that the privileges he enjoyed were extended to many others.

"I was spending the afternoon at Mr. Graham's about three months after Mr. Maitland's arrival at M—, and we were all seated in the parlour, when he passed the house in a sulky.

"I wonder what takes Mr. Maitland to S— so often," said Mrs. Graham! "I don't think he can have business there. He must be well

acquainted with every tree on the road by this time."

"He has very interesting business there, I can assure you," her husband replied; "he goes to visit a lady who is to become Mrs. Maitland as soon as his health is fully restored, which will be soon, I think. I thought I had mentioned that to you before."

When Alice was leaving the room a few moments after, as she turned to pass through the door, I saw that her face was pale as the lily on her bosom. That glance revealed to me the nature of her new *friendship*. Poor Alice! when with a smile she placed that flower on its pure resting-place, the hopes within were bright and fair as its yet unfaded beauties—now, alas! those hopes were withered and dead, and the frail flower bloomed above their sepulchre, as if mocking the vanity of human anticipations.

Alice did not return to the parlour that afternoon, and when summoned to tea, sent word that she had a slight head-ache and thought she would be better for sleep; and, in consequence, her mother did not disturb her further. I returned home with a heavy heart, though as comment or warning were now alike needless. I did not pain Mrs. Graham, by disclosing my melancholy conviction. Alice rose next morning "perfectly well," as she said with a smile, though she looked very pale, and her mother at first supposed it to be a slight temporary indisposition; as, however, she continued to look pale several days after, and was much quieter than usual even with Mr. Maitland, her mother became uneasy, and talked of medical treatment—but Alice laughed at the idea with so much apparent merriment that, for the time, Mrs. Graham was silenced. And now Mr. Maitland, who resided about twenty miles from S—, and whose health was fully restored, bade farewell to his friends at M—, and returned to his home—exchanging with them sincere expressions of regret at parting, and promises of punctual correspondence. Mrs. Graham afterwards told Alice that she seemed rather indifferent at parting with so valued a friend as Mr. Maitland. Poor girl! she controlled her feelings so far as to reply calmly to a charge, which she felt to be so unjust—but as she spoke I caught a brief glance at her quickly averted face, and was startled at its ghastly and agonized expression.

About a fortnight after Mr. M.'s departure, we were lingering over the tea-table at Dr. Graham's, when the papers were brought in—they were quickly distributed, and soon after Alice retreated with hers to a corner where a light burned on a small table, to avoid being interrupted by a discussion which had arisen in regard to a paragraph her father had read aloud. I was gazing with

admiration upon her exquisite features, which looked pale and placid as if chiselled from marble, when suddenly the paper fell at her feet, and after burying her face in her hands for a moment, she rose and left the apartment. Her parents being still occupied with their newspaper argument, did not observe her departure; and without making any comment, I picked up the paper she had been reading, and on looking at it, almost the first line which met my eye was the announcement of Mr. Maitland's marriage. I read it aloud, and after waiting nearly an hour for Alice's return, Mrs. Graham went in search of her, to communicate to her the news. She soon returned, saying that Alice was in her room very sick, having severe headache accompanied by violent fever—and bitterly reproached herself for having, while her better judgment told her that her daughter had long needed attention, "neglected her," until, as she feared, dangerously ill. How little do we know of the secret springs of human suffering, and how often is medical skill unwittingly and unavailingly employed "to minister unto minds diseased."

Alice was long and dangerously ill, and, ere she recovered, Mr. Maitland and his bride had gone to Europe, with the intention of permanently residing there, Mr. M.'s letters, announcing his marriage and departure from America, remaining unanswered, in consequence of the confusion and distress of mind, caused by Alice's alarming situation. They never heard from him after.

Alice gradually recovered her former health, but to her wasted cheeks the bloom never fully returned again. She mingled with the happy and the gay, only when the solicitations of her friends rendered denial impossible. She sat in her chamber, alone, brooding over the unhappy thoughts which the necessity of concealment rendered doubly sorrowful. Her books, her music, her flowers, were there. But, the book lay on her lap unheeded—the strings of the harp no longer gave utterance to her joyous thoughts. Even the flowers drooped, lacking the care formerly lavished on them. But, a gentler, more cheerful, and more universally beloved old maid (for such she now is) does not exist. She guarded her secret well. No ear heard it, and to one eye only, (save His, to whom the secrets of all hearts are open) was it ever even unconsciously betrayed.

HYPOCRISY.

Who by kindness and smooth attention can insinuate a hearty welcome to an unwelcome guest, is a hypocrite superior to a thousand plain dealers.
—*Lavater's Aphorisms.*

A NEW LIFE-PRESERVER.

BY TOM HOOD.

"Of hair-breadth 'scapes."—Othello.

I HAVE read somewhere of a traveller, who carried with him a brace of pistols, a carbine, a cutlass, a dagger, and an umbrella, but was indebted for his preservation to the umbrella; it grappled with a bush when he was rolling over a precipice. In like manner, my friend W—, though armed with a sword, rifle, and hunting-knife, owed his existence to a wig!

He was specimen-hunting (for W— is a first-rate naturalist) somewhere in the backwoods of America, when, happening to light upon a dense covert, there sprang out upon him—not a panther or catamount—but with terrible whoop and yell, a wild Indian—one of a tribe then hostile to our settlers. W—'s gun was mustered in a twinkling, himself stretched on the earth, the barbarous knife, destined to make him baldier than Granby's celebrated Marquis, leaped eagerly from its sheath.

Conceive the horrible weapon making its preliminary flourishes and circumgyrations, the savage features, made savager by paint and ruddle, working themselves up to a demoniacal crisis of triumphant malignity; his red right hand clutching the shearing knife; his left frizzle top-knot; and then, the artificial scalp coming off in the Mohawk's grasp!

W— says, the Indian catchpole was, for some moments, motionless with surprise; recovering, at last, he dragged his captive along, through brake and jungle, to the encampment. A peculiar whoop soon brought the whole horde to the spot. The Indian addressed them with vehement gestures, in the course of which W— was again thrown down, the knife again performed its circuits, and the whole transaction was pantomimically described. All Indian sedateness and restraint were overcome. The assembly made every demonstration of wonder; and the wig was fitted on, rightly, askew, and hind part before, by a hundred pair of red hands. Capt. Gulliver's glove was not a greater puzzle to the Honyhymms.

From the men, it passed to the squaws, and from them down to the least of the urehins; W—'s head, in the meantime, frying in a midsummer sun. At length the phenomenon returned into the hands of the chief—a venerable grey-beard; he examined it afresh, very attentively, and, after a long deliberation, maintained with true Indian silence and gravity, made a speech in his own tongue that procured for the anxious, trembling captive, very unexpected honors. In fact, the whole tribe of women and warriors dan-

ced round him, with such unequivocal marks of homage, that even W— comprehended that he was not intended for sacrifice. He was then carried in triumph to their wigwans, his body daubed with their *body colors* of the most honorable patterns; and he was given to understand that he might choose any of their marriageable maidens for a squaw. Availing himself of this privilege, and so becoming, by degrees, more a proficient in their language, he learned the cause of this extraordinary respect. It was considered that he had by mischance of war, been overcome and tufted; but that, whether by valor or stratagem, each equally estimable among the savages, he had recovered his liberty and his scalp.

As long as W— kept his own counsel, he was safe; but trusting his Indian Dallah with the secret of his locks, it soon got wind among the squaws, and from them became known to the warriors and chiefs. A solemn sitting was held at midnight by the chiefs, to consider the propriety of knocking the poor wig-owner on the head; but he had received a timely hint of their intentions, and, when the tomahawk sought for him, he was on his way, with his life-preserver, toward a British settlement.

RELIGION AND PASSION.

The religion which mixes with human passions, and is set on fire by them, will make a stronger blaze than that light which is from above, which sheds a steady and lasting brightness on the path, and communicates a sober and desirable warmth to the heart. It is equitable and constant; while the other, like culinary fire, fed by gross materials, is extinguished the sooner from the fierceness of its flame.

That religion which is merely seated in the passions, is not only liable to wear itself out by its own impetuosity, but to be driven out by some other passion. The dominion of violent passions is short. They dispossess each other. When religion has had its day, it gives way to the next usurper. Its empire is no more solid than it is lasting, when reason and principle do not fix it on the throne.

GOD'S ESTIMATE OF MAN.

WITH God there is no freeman but His servant; though in the gullies, no slave but the sinner; though in a palace, none noble, but the virtuous; if ever so basely descended, none rich, but he that possesseth God, even in rags; none wise but he that is a fool to himself and to the world; none happy, but he whom the world pities. *Let me be free, noble, rich, wise, happy in God; I care not what I am to the world.*

MARCH.

FROM THE "BRIDES OF VENICE."

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

MODERATO.

Pia

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'MODERATO'. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature 'C'. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes with various rests and accents. The word 'Pia' is written below the first staff.

pia *Fine*

This system contains the second two staves of music. It continues the melodic and harmonic lines from the first system. The word 'pia' is written below the first staff, and 'Fine' is written below the second staff at the end of the piece.

Pia

This system contains the final two staves of music. It continues the melodic and harmonic lines. The word 'Pia' is written below the first staff.

SONGS OF THE BIRDS.

BY SELINA OLIVE.

No. iv.

SONG OF THE THRUSH.

On the tow'ring cliff of a mountain high
 Above the clouds in the azure sky,
 Is the throne of the eagle king.
 Lonely and proud o'er the air he reigns,
 Boundless and free are his wide domains,
 Ta'en by his daring wing.

He gazeth unsentinel on the glorious sun,
 In the splendour and brightness of burning noon,
 Nor droopeth his kingly eye.

He has placed his nest 'mid the stars above,
 And the rolling clouds as they onward move,
 Far, far beneath him lie.

But lovelier far, is my shady nook,
 In the wild rose copse by the shining brook
 Than the loftiest mountain cliff;
 And I would not give its fragrance sweet,
 Or the verdant hue of my loved retreat,
 For the peak of Teneriffe.

Lone on the cliff sits the eagle king,
 Down in the valley we merrily sing,
 And thus shall it ever be.

The life of the great one is lonely and sad;
 Far above the home of the happy and glad,
 He knoweth not love nor glee.

But we are the lowly, the happy, the gay,
 And merrily ringeth our blitheesome lay,
 Through the green woods at morn;
 Cheering the wearied woodman sad,
 Making the heart of the reaper glad,
 And light as the sportive fawn.

Then mount aloft on thy wing sublime,
 And the cloud-capt heights of the mountain climb,—
 I crave not the eagle's lot;

Thou bringest no joy to the troubled heart,
 Nor love nor hope to the breast impart,
 Proud eagle, I envy thee not.

No. v.

SONG OF THE LARK.

Wake! for the sun o'er the blue hill is peeping;
 Wake! for the mists of the morning are weeping,
 Dews that will brighten each flower and leaf,
 Like the teardrops of bliss, they are lovely and brief.
 Wake! for thy life is renewed from the fountain,
 In sunshine and joy, like the stream from the mountain.

Huntsman! thy horn on the breeze should be sounding,
 On moorland and heather the red deer are bounding.
 Woodman! thy axe should be heard on the hill:
 'Thou sleepest, and the deep forest echoes are still.
 Wake! for thy life is renewed from the fountain,
 In sunshine and joy, like the stream from the mountain.

Shepherd! thy flocks to the field should be straying;
 In the green dewy meadows they fain would be playing.
 Reaper! the sickle is burnished and bright,
 And the corn bendeth low to thy power and might.
 Wake! for thy life is renewed from the fountain,
 In sunshine and joy, like the stream from the mountain.

Maiden! fresh roses have bloomed in thy bow'r,
 And morn's timid blossoms, that close in an hour,
 Child, merry child, the gay butterfly's out,
 And lambskin and fawn blightly sporting about.
 Wake! for thy life is renewed from the fountain,
 In sunshine and joy, like the stream from the mountain.

But as ye waketh to brightness and mirth,
 Oh I think who giveth this beautiful earth.
 Let praise with the breath of the morning arise,
 And waft your glad hymns to the God of the skies;
 Sing, for thy life is renewed from the fountain,
 In sunshine and joy, like the stream from the mountain.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

WITH this number is concluded another volume of the GARDEN—the second of the series, and the sixth from its commencement. We trust it has been such as to gratify those who are interested in the progress of Canadian Literature. We can assure them that as far as our ability and our means permitted, we have done our best to make it worthy of the favour of those whose pleasure it is to sustain it with their support and countenance.

Constitutionally modest, as we undoubtedly are, we are, of course, sadly shocked at the necessity of adopting the chapman-like custom of crying up our own wares. But, at this present writing, we have by a strong effort conquered this constitutional misfortune. With the thunder of Britain reverberating in our editorial sanctum, giving evidence to our ears of the new dignity which has been conferred upon our well-beloved Island City—and with the knowledge that we stand alone, among the representatives of Canadian agriculture, commerce, law, physic and divinity, as the embodiment of Canadian Periodical Literature—we cannot help imagining it to be our duty to make the apathetic world aware of our claims to consideration, admiration and—support. It is a melancholy fact, that we have never been appreciated as we deserve. Had the contrary been the case, we might long ere now have secured the only reward which an admirable writer, in the number now issued, thinks worth aiming at—an “European reputation.” As it is, we think we have already been the means of ushering into light, many tales which well deserve even that reward! But, unfortunately, their Colonial imprint is not calculated to give them currency among our Metropolitan brethren, who, generally, with pertinacious blindness, persist in believing this “Noble Province” to be little else than a savage wilderness, with here and there a “patch” of half cultivated land, hewn out of the interminable forests. We certainly should like to astonish them with a few hundred numbers of the GARDEN, if the Post Office Regulations would permit the free exercise of our philanthropy. We flatter ourselves that our Canadian Magazine needs only to be known in Europe, to gather laurels as fresh and blooming as those which so luxuriously enwreath the brow of Magna. Indeed, the papers of our correspondent himself—his modesty to the contrary notwithstanding—would tell well, if introduced to public favour with a flourish of trumpets from a Metropolitan publisher, in

order to secure the candid consideration of the arbiters of public taste.

But as—with the restrictions which now exist, imposed by the jealousy (?) of the home publishers—there is little hope of our forcing the Edinburgh and Quarterly, Blackwood and the New Monthly, to “pale their inefficual fires,” we must, if possible, repress our ambitious longings, and be content, if we can make our voice heard from one extreme to the other, of the comparatively small space between the Bay of Chaleur and Manitoulin. And if, occasionally, we can “illuminate a little corner” of New Brunswick and Nova-Scotia, Prince Edward and Newfoundland, with our “beaming presence,” we ought to be proud indeed.

Since the commencement of the series we have had many additions to our valuable and clever contributors. We need not give a list of them, for their *noms de guerre* have become household words among the Canadian people: and, with the exception of E. M. M.—an authoress whose tales found favour in the sight of all who read them—not one star has fallen from the literary heaven. But we still hope she may again resume her place—a hope indulged in by many others as warmly as by ourselves. By them, we do not hesitate to assert—the Canadian Magazine has been sustained in a manner which would be honorable to a country of more than mediocre pretensions to literary ability and taste. It is not, however, as rich in good things, as, with more liberal support, it might easily be made. We say this fearlessly, because we know that there are many who cannot afford to devote their talents and their time to it, without remuneration, and who are enable of producing papers which would adorn its pages. These, in time, we hope to enlist under our banner. With the patronage now bestowed upon it, we cannot afford to be more liberal than we are. We give it a fair share of our time and labour—and we do it cheerfully. But this is as much as we can afford—“for fame.”

We set out by chronicling our modesty. For once, we have overcome it, to speak the truth. We venture to suggest to the lovers of Canadian Literature, and those who are inclined to elevate its character, that they should at once send in their names as subscribers to the GARDEN. There is no question that they will be well rewarded for the paltry outlay in the pleasure it will afford them; and they can at the same time lay to their souls the flattering imputation that they are furthering an excellent and patriotic object.