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CLARENCE FITZ-CLARENCE.*

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF AN EGOTIST.

CHAPTER XI.

Open could render the effect produced on Fitz-Clarence by the Marchesa di Colonna's startling disclosure, that she was no other than the forsaken love of his early days, the trusting, and the wronged Blanche Castleton.

Like one suddenly deprived of speech, of a motion, he stood there, gazing stedfastly on the beautiful being before him, whilst memory

busily called up the past, lending familiarity to every feature, accounting for the dream-like reminiscences, the secret and unaccountable sympathies he had felt for the Italian Marchesa. Yes, it was all plain to him now. Those clear and haunting eyes he knew again, even that striking figure, though the stately dignity of womanhood had long since replaced the fragile grace of the girl. Yes, Blanche Castleton was really before him, but he could not speak. A dull, heavy bewilderment was over him, a torpor he could not shake off, whilst his companion, fixing her flashing eyes on his face, continued:

"Yes, Fitz-Clarence, I am Blanche Castleton, though not Blanche Castleton as you left her, as you made her, blighted, broken-hearted, dying. No, my eye has regained the brightness, my cheek the bloom you robbed me of, but your guilt is not the less for that. You may wonderingly ask yourself what sustained me through the ordeal of fiery suffering, you, yourself, had in cold deliberate

cruelty planned and prepared for me. You may ask what supported me through the fearful moments that followed my waking from the utter trance-like prostration of soul and body, in which I had fallen at your feet, at our last terrible parting. Listen, Fitz-Clarence; I will tell you, and in it you will find the secret of the courtesies, the favors, the proud Marchesa di Colonna lavished on an unknown foreigner, the seeming friendship, the outraged Blanche Castleton vouchsafed the destroyer of her young peace. Listen! it was pride, womanly pride. You thought me a weak, romantic girl, a vain fool. So I was, Clarence, when I listened to your false vows, and believed them, but the bitter lesson you had given me, was not without effect. It transformed me at once from a pining school girl, to a resolute woman. It called forth the strength of heart and will, the firmness of purpose that lay dormant in my nature, and when I rose from the couch of mortal suffering to which your falsehood, for months, had chained me, it was with the firm determination to forget you, at once and for ever; an easier task, perhaps, than might have been at first imagined, for my heart had already learned to despise your very name. As strong in mind as I was ailing in frame, I went abroad with my poor, broken-hearted father, who wondered sadly each day what change had come over his little Blanche, what fresh cold or neglect had thrown her back so entirely. He never knew the secret of that change. I brooded over it in silence, resolving though, even in the midst of my misery, to live, to live to cherish him, and mark me, Fitz-Clarence, to punish you, I have done both. Physicians recommended change of air, the mild breezes of

* Continued from page 169—Conclusion.

Southern Europe, my father took me to Nice without delay, and weeks, months, we dreamed away our existence there. The rose of health at length gradually returned to my cheek, my step lost its spirit-like lightness, my eyes their ghastly, unnatural lustre. No efforts did I spare, on my side, to promote my prompt and entire recovery. One hour, nay, one moment, I never gave to indulgence in morbid revery, in idle regrets. Books, not silly, enervating romances, or false, overwrought poesy, but books of truth, of high moral bearing, works that taught me to struggle manfully with, and vanquish suffering, to rise as it were above it, filled up the tedious hours of convalescence, and to the period I spent at Nice, I owe the literary and intellectual stores that have won for me the proud title of the *Aspasia of Naples*. The Italian language too, of which I had acquired some slight knowledge at school, occupied a great portion of my time and attention, and I was soon able to speak it almost as fluently as the Italians themselves.

About this time, the Marquis di Colonna sought the life-restoring clime of Nice. Chance threw us together, and my father and he soon became friends. Mark me, Fitz-Clarence, he was neither a young nor a handsome man, but he was an upright and an honorable one, and as such I respected him; not that there was ever question at first, of aught but friendship between us. He looked on me as a child, pleasing himself with listening for hours to my untutored remarks, and imparting the stores of literature and knowledge, with which my mind so eagerly sought to fill the aching void within it. The strain of sadness, which despite my efforts, ever pierced through all my thoughts and words, escaped not his observation, and one day he kindly, closely, questioned me, and I told him all. Deeply he felt for me, patiently, gently, he sympathized with me, and, Fitz-Clarence, you could neither know or believe, how widely, how immeasurably inferior you appeared to me, at that moment, even with your brilliant outward gifts, in comparison to that plain, gray-haired, but honorable man.

Well, this life which I would have been contented to lead for years, yes, for ever, was not destined to last long. My poor father, my last and only friend, was stricken by a sudden, a mortal illness, and from the first hour of his attack, convinced that it would end fatally, he was haunted ever by the terrible thought that his young and friendless daughter would be left alone in a foreign land.

The Marchese di Colonna, with the prompt generosity of a noble heart, came forward at once

and offered to make me his wife. The proposal I rejected at first, with almost frantic abhorrence, but my dying father's agonized entreaties and commands, my own sense of utter loneliness and desolation, at length won me over, and the nuptials of Blanche Castleton and Andrea di Colonna, were solemnized in the church of Nice, one short week before a simple marble tomb-stone was raised in its cemetery to the memory of William Castleton. Kindly, tenderly as my own father would have done, did my new husband bear with my first frantic grief, my obstinate, wayward rejection of all consolation, my sinful murmurs against the will of Heaven, and the bitterness of my own lot. But, with time, better feelings came. I struggled with my grief, and again, resolute and determined, I conquered. Soon we left Nice, to seek our princely home in Naples, and the *Marchese* acquiescing instantly in my wishes, promised to keep the country of my birth a secret, never to revert to my former history, and thus annihilate every link and tie that bound me to the hated past.

The Italians received me with the ready hospitality of their warm-hearted country, new friends and ties grew up around me, and if they failed to remove entirely the secret sorrows and memories that prayed upon my inward soul, they at least enabled me to conceal their existence from the world. From the hour I entered the splendid abode of Andrea di Colonna, I lived but for him and gratitude. In the hour of my utter and desolate need, of my childish waywardness, he had borne patiently, lovingly with me, and now it was my turn to cherish and enliven him in health, to cheer and tend him in sickness. He died blessing me, and since then, I have passed through life with a heart, dead, as it were to every feeling or emotion. One passion, one desire, has of late, alone disturbed its serenity, and that feeling, be it good or evil, has this day been amply gratified.

"Do you understand me yet, Fitz-Clarence? You do not!"

"Well,

"I will be plainer. As you once deliberately deceived and misled me, winning my holiest feelings and affections but to trample them remorselessly under foot, so have I again done to you, and now that I have won what love your cold egotistical heart could give, I fling it back on you with scorn, and bid you leave me at once, leave me to never cross my path again."

As the Marchesa spoke, she proudly swept from the room, leaving Fitz-Clarence standing, pale, breathless as a marble statue, against the cornice which afforded him support. Another moment

and he sprang from his position, exclaiming with almost frantic violence :

"Blanche, listen to me, you shall, I swear you shall," but even as he spoke, the door opened, and Lord Orford entered.

"Why, where is the Marchesa?" he exclaimed, looking round. "The servants told me I would find her here; but Fitz-Clarence, man, in Heaven's name, what ails you? You look as white and spirit-like as Hamlet's ghost. Has our beautiful Italian enchantress been weaving some unholy spell around you?"

"Cease your folly, Orford, but lead me home quickly," returned Fitz-Clarence, in a low, unsteady voice.

The young nobleman glanced again earnestly in the egotist's pale, troubled face, and then with a consideration the latter never would have displayed under similar circumstances for himself, gave him his arm, and with some careless, common-place remark, passed out.

And where was Bianca di Colonna, meanwhile? Did gratified pride and revenge, bring all the happiness the troubled delight she had anticipated? Alas, no! When did they ever satisfy heart like hers? Alone in that regal room, she sat, her dark hair thrust back from her throbbing temples, her small hands clasped till every blue vein stood out apparent.

"Yes," she murmured, her pale lip quivering as she spoke: "I have punished the traitor, I have retaliated on him some few of the many agonizing pangs he so ruthlessly inflicted on myself, but am I the happier for it? Has it filled the aching, dreary void within my breast—has it cancelled the past with its bitter, haunting reminiscences, its undying sorrow—has it restored to me the freshness of feeling, the trusting confidence he, the cruel, false dissembler robbed me of? Alas, no! It has not, it never will. And Adrian," she murmured, after a short pause, with a convulsive sob: "Adrian, the warm hearted, noble lover of my girlhood. Adrian, whose pure, devoted affection, I daringly spurned, whom my mad infatuation for a worthless rival, condemned to an exile, perhaps, a grave in a foreign land. Oh! Clarence, Clarence, I could have forgiven thee for all the misery, the wretchedness thou did'st cause myself, but not for the wrong thou did'st him."

Long, Bianca di Colonna wept, and when her passionate sorrow had exhausted itself, she turned to seek the mournful consolation she ever found in the study of the simple picture which we have already noted as forming so strange a contrast to the glorious *chefs d'œuvres* of Italian art around

it. That painting was a boyish gift of Adrian's, and faithfully she had preserved it through change of clime and scene, finding a sad resemblance between their mutual fate, and the desolate gloom that hung around the outward bound ship; fancying, too, that so must the vessel have looked that bore him for the last time from England's shores, unblest, unprayed for by any loving or friendly heart.

The fashionable world of Naples were electrified by hearing the following day, that the handsome *Signor Inglese*, the supposed lover of their idolized Marchesa, had left Naples for ever, the result of the lady's unqualified rejection of his suit. Lord Orford, too, it was rumored, had made a similar offer to Linda di Rimini, but the latter for reply had only opened her large eyes still larger, and asked him, wonderingly, "if he had never heard that she was affianced to her kinsman, the Prince di Mentoni."

The intelligence fully confirmed, the Neapolitan's rejoiced with even more than their customary enthusiasm over the certainty of retaining Bianca di Colonna among them, and never had music resounded oftener through the aristocratic halls of Naples, or glittering crowds thronged its palaces. The remembrance of Fitz-Clarence, however, soon passed away, and Linda di Rimini, happily forgetful of Lord Orford, soon gave her hand to her young betrothed. Six months sped their course. The Marchesa di Colonna, calm, stately as ever, pursued her olden course, unchanged, mingled in the revels of the gay, gathered around her the great and gifted, continued still the boast of her adopted city, but a change had been gradually stealing over her, a change which all slow to perceive, were at length fain to notice. Her step was stately as ever, but its buoyant elasticity was gone; the rose of her cheek had grown more faint and delicate; and the look of dreamy sadness, which, in the previous years of Italian career, had only shadowed her sweet face at rare intervals, was now its constant expression.

It was first whispered, then openly averred, that she was pining for the foreign lover, whose suit, pride and national prejudices had induced her to reject, and there were hearts noble enough to regret, notwithstanding their distaste for Fitz-Clarence, and attachment to herself, that she had not left them as the Englishman's bride, instead of remaining to pine and perish, day by day, among them. Public report and rumor, however, wronged Bianca di Colonna. Fitz-Clarence, the traitor, the hypocrite, the false egotist, retained no place in that high heart, but his coming, and his stay, had brought back the eventful past too

forcibly on her, had reminded her too vividly of early days and scenes almost forgotten, of joys and sorrows which had passed like a fiery simoom over her soul. The monotonous tranquillity she had enjoyed in her adopted land was now dispelled forever, and replaced by a weary feeling of home sickness, a fevered desire to behold again the pleasant fields, the hawthorn hedges, among which her childish steps had wandered. There were now times, when she turned with impatience, almost loathing, from the fragrant orange groves, the bright glowing vegetation of the South; times, when she closed her eyes, to shut out the marble domes, the stately palaces around her, longing with a heart-sickening hopelessness, to behold again, if only for a moment, even the bleakest, wildest moor of her own Northern home. Oh! Bianca di Colonna, gifted, superior as she was, could not live without human sympathy or affection; and the homage that surrounded her, was now, at best, but a cold, empty mockery. A great grief, too, a grief, though perhaps, unacknowledged to herself, the greatest of all, was the haunting remembrance of Adrian Woodville. She thought of him, an exile in a foreign land, isolated, lonely like herself, and she sighed—she thought of him, the centre of a happy home, surrounded by the endearing ties of wife and children, and she sighed still deeper. The truth was, the childish love which had grown up in her heart for the companion of her young years, and which Fitz-Clarence's arts and spells, had for a time, diverted so entirely, so engrossingly to himself, had returned to its early object, and Adrian Woodville was now beloved, as he had once so eagerly, yet vainly desired to be.

CHAPTER XII.

I DEEM'D that time, I deem'd that pride,
Had quench'd at length my boyish flame;
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
My heart in all, save hope the same.

BYRON.

ONE evening that the Marchesa had yielded even more entirely than usual to the mournful thoughts that now formed her constant companions, her friend, the Duke di Rimini entered.

"Why, Bianca," he kindly exclaimed: "Why are you not abroad in the gardens to-day? This dull, darkened room is enough to inspire melancholy thoughts, and you look very pale, *amica mia*. I fear your solitary reflections are not as pleasant as your friends would wish."

"I miss Linda, sadly," replied the Marchesa, her faint color deepening: "When she was with me, I had no time for lonely musings."

"Well, you must have her again, my child, if you think her companionship would do you good. Mentoni will willingly spare his little wife to us for a few weeks, for your sake, but I have a message for you. Raselli desires his respectful courtesies to the Marchesa di Colonna, and solicits the privilege of introducing to her, a friend of his."

"Be it as he wishes," rejoined the lady, listlessly. "I like not new faces and acquaintances, but Raselli is a good friend, and must not be refused. Have you seen his *protégé* yet?"

"No, he is a foreigner. 'Tis poor Raselli's weakness always to run after the latter. Some say he is a German, others assert that he is from England."

"From England!" repeated the Marchesa, with a slight shudder; "Then, I want not to see or know him."

"Perhaps you are right, my child," rejoined the Duke, fixing his kind, earnest eyes upon her face. "In meeting Fitz-Clarence, you saw and knew one Englishman too many for your happiness."

"You mistake me, Rimini," she rejoined, coloring, as she spoke: "No thoughts or affections of mine are lavished on him, but, with regard to this stranger, tell Raselli that I will be engaged for two or three days, and cannot possibly receive any visitors."

"You will meet him though, *figlia*, at Raselli's to-morrow night. Of course, you go"

"Well, I think not," she rejoined, with a weary sigh. "The very anticipation of it, fatigues me."

The Duke slightly sighed, too.

"Ah! *mia povera*, I fear, Linda with all her gaiety, will never be able to make you what you once were, but listen, *carissima*, to my counsel, and attend this ball to-morrow night. You have refused many, of late, and Naples wonders and conjectures the cause. The wounded bird does well to cover with its wings, the arrow that is preying on its vitals."

The burning blush that mounted to the lady's cheek, was his only reply, and anxious to spare her confusion, he rose, saying as he pressed her hand in parting:

"I will meet you, then, to-morrow night, at Raselli's!"

"Yes, perhaps 'tis as well," rejoined Bianca; "and tell the Count he can introduce his friend to me then."

With a heavy heart, the Marchesa submitted to the attentions of her tire-woman the following night, and as the latter adjusted the glittering tiara of diamonds, she wondered much, how any brow could look so sad beneath such jewels. The

Signora di Colonna's appearance in Count Raselli's saloon, was hailed with universal delight, for her presence had now become a rarer thing than in olden days, and she was instantly surrounded by a group of kind, joyous friends. Whilst answering their warm congratulations and enquiries, her eye fell on her host, who was standing near a distant door in earnest conversation with a stranger, a tall, elegant looking man, whom she instantly conjectured, must be the friend he was so desirous of presenting to her. In another moment, the latter turned, and the heart of Bianca di Colonna bounded wildly, and a mist swam before her eyes, as the well known, well loved features of Adrian Woodville met her gaze. But no time was given her for thought or wonderment. Raselli was already advancing towards her with his strange guest, and with a desperate effort, she mastered her overpowering agitation, at least in outward seeming.

Calmly, proudly, Woodville approached, and even in that hour of fearful emotion, Bianca could not help wondering at the stately calmness that had replaced the mirthful recklessness of his youth. The instant, however, his glance fell on herself, his whole countenance changed. Pale as marble he became, whilst his dark eyes emitted a sudden gleam, so flashing, so meteor like, that it almost startled herself. Raselli, however, quietly pronounced her name "the Marchesa di Colonna," and with a smothered sigh, Woodville bowed, and turned away. Blanche was too fearfully agitated to bear more, and hurriedly telling her friends, "that the heat of the rooms had rendered perfectly insupportable the headache which had tormented her all day;" she ordered her carriage, and drove home.

The thousand varying feelings, the wild agitation and surprise that shook her very soul, as she recalled in the solitude of her apartment, the eventful last half hour, were indescribable. Adrian Woodville her early friend and lover—Adrian Woodville the secretly mourned and loved—he in Italy, in Naples, breathing once again the same air as herself, but why should she rejoice. What was she to him now. Years had surely changed him, had obliterated her memory and the memory of his early attachment. Perhaps some closer and more irrevocable bond, separated him more hopelessly from her. Oh! 'twas madness to indulge in joy at his coming. That coming would but tear open the wounds of the past, render more insupportable the life which was already a heavy enough burden. No, she would see him no more, she would seek no scene where she might meet him, where she would even hear his name spoken

of. And he, he knew her not. She would beware of revealing the truth, but would remain to him the Italian Marchesa, the unknown daughter of another land.

Though the night was far advanced, she sought not her couch, but leaning against the casement, through which the fragrant air from the gardens beneath, stole up, cooling her throbbing temples, she stood in silent communing with her own breast and the mighty past. Now, she was a child roaming through the woods and fields of her distant English home, with her boy lover Adrian Woodville, again he stood beside her, pouring the love and vows of manhood into an ear, which listened alone to the false Fitz-Clarence's winning words, again breathed his agonized farewell, a farewell, generous, compassionate to her, even in the midst of her own utter misery, and as Bianca recalled that mournful parting scene, she covered her face with her hands and wept as if her very heart would break.

When Rosetta entered her mistress's room the following morning, she wondered strangely to find her standing beside her casement, in her festal attire, looking so wan and spirit-like. The lady however, took no note of her surprise; she only glanced towards the mirror when the girl uttered a startled exclamation concerning her deathly appearance, and murmured, low to herself:

"Yes, I now resemble more the Blanche Castleton that he once knew, and I am glad of it."

Wearily that morning passed to the beauty and idol of Naples, and the humblest *contadina* that tripped through its streets, would scarcely have exchanged places with her had they also to take her saddened brow and heavy heart. The sun had mounted high in the heavens, marking the flight of time, but the lady still sat in the same bowed position, her mournful gaze fixed on the casement, her thoughts far, far away. At length she was disturbed by the entrance of a servant, who came to announce a visitor in the salon.

The Marchesa's first impulse was to refuse seeing the guest under plea of indisposition, but a moment's thought told the necessity of endeavoring to banish the olden reminiscences, the dawning feelings which were beginning to assume so distinct a form. This was easiest achieved by seeking distraction, society, whatever might banish thought, and with a quick step she rose and passed from the room. On nearing the saloon, the first object on which her startled glance fell, was Adrian Woodville, standing before the picture, his early love token, and gazing on it with a fixed intentness, her own devoted interest had never rivalled. Oh! how familiar, how friendly

did every feature of his face seem now. The cold new found dignity, which his manner had worn the preceding evening was gone, and he looked as Adrian Woodville had looked long years before. Time, change of scene and clime had affected him little, and as her tearful eager glance rested upon him, every feeling of estrangement, timidity, or mistrust, which had agitated her previously passed entirely away.

With a light footstep she entered the salon and approached him, but absorbed in thought he heard her not. Then lightly, confidently, as she had done in childhood, did she lay her little hand on his shoulder, and softly whisper:

"Adrian."

Quickly he turned. One moment he looked, wildly doubtingly at her. Was she not the Italian Marchesa, but no, that smile, that voice, he could not mistake.

"Blanche, my heart's sister, my first, my only love," he murmured, clasping her passionately to his heart.

Oh! never had the beautiful and courted Marchesa di Colonna, in the proudest moments of her brilliant career, surrounded by the flattery and homage of the high-born, the *élite* of Naples, experienced a feeling of happiness approaching even to the exquisite bliss of that moment. It was some time before either spoke, and then a half finished sentence, an impassioned exclamation of joy, of affection, was all that was uttered, but at length Adrian became calmer, and described with an eloquent tongue, the events and sorrows of the last six years. Briefly, though forcibly, did he speak of the despairing grief which had filled his heart after his last parting with Blanche, that parting which had definitely assured him of her love for another. Briefly too, he told of the dull, hopeless sorrow that had weighed him down like an iron chain, as he bade farewell to the loved shore of England; that shore he had never revisited since, but oh! with what burning eloquence did he dwell on the truth of an affection, whose devotion and fervor, neither time or change had ever diminished, an affection proved in the long moonlight nights on tropic seas, the lonely days in foreign lands, spent in thoughts of her alone.

Blanche all the while spoke not. Sometimes she smiled, oftener she wept, but pressed as she was to that true manly heart, her tears were no longer the offspring of sorrow but the overflowing of a grateful, happy heart. Not long did the exiles linger in sunny Naples.

Wearied of other lands, longing for home and tranquil happiness, they soon set sail for England,

and as Blanche, leaning on the arm of her husband, watched from the deck of the vessel, the stately terraces and cupolas of the Villa di Colonna receding from view, no mournful thought, no sigh of regret did her woman's heart give to the fame, the regal splendor she was leaving behind. Bitter tears she certainly shed, but they were tears given to the kind friends of her adopted land, to the faithful Rimini and his gentle-hearted daughter, to the many loving hearts, in the atmosphere of whose affection, her own hopes and happiness had again recovered from the terrible shock, the heartless Fitz-Clarence had inflicted on them. Adrian Woodville murmured not at the mournful shadow that rested on the brow of his bride, at the tears that dimmed her brilliant eyes as the last speck of Italy faded from their view, and when she threw herself into his arms in a paroxysm of grief, he only pressed her closer to him, tenderly murmuring:

"Weep not, my beloved, I will atone to thee for all."

He was true to his promise, and never once did Blanche, in the seclusion of her happy English home, give one regretful thought to the honors and titles that had been hers in a foreign land. Years sped on their course, and Blanche Woodville heard nothing of the absent Fitz-Clarence.

With his sister, Mrs. Eshton, whom Adrian had so propitiously befriended during their early sojourn at Brighton, she had become acquainted through the instrumentality of her olden friend Charlotte Woodville, now Mrs. Henry Sternfield; but Mrs. Eshton had not heard from her brother for years. Tales she had indeed been told of his reckless extravagance abroad, of property mortgaged till not one acre of the fair broad lands which once had called Fitz-Clarence master, remained to him, and his splendid seat, Wolverton Abbey, had passed long since into other hands. Even such tales ceased entirely after a time, and Fitz-Clarence's name, at length became an almost forgotten sound.

CHAPTER XIII.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set, ——— but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thy own, O Death!

Mrs. HEMANS.
SHAKESPEARE.

It was a dreary November evening, and Blanche Woodville was seated alone in her quiet, cheerful parlor. The needle-work had fallen from her

fingers, for the early twilight that had crept into the room, was dispelled only by the glow of the fire, and that shadowy light imparted a strange, dreamy expression to the calm happiness that rested in her earnest eyes. Suddenly, the sound of the hall-bell rang through the house, and the silent dreamer raised her head with a happy questioning glance, for she thought it was the welcome truant, whose return, ever called to her lip so bright a smile of joy. It was not Adrian Woodville, however, who now entered the apartment, but Fitz-Clarence's sister, Mrs. Eshton.

A friendly greeting passed between her and Blanche, but the latter, almost immediately exclaimed:

"Why, Clara, dear, what is the matter! You look strangely unlike yourself, to-night."

Mrs. Eshton's only answer was, to place a small strip of paper in the hands of her companion, who instantly knelt down beside the flames to decipher it. The writing was cramped, almost illegible, and yet she read it without effort or hesitation. It contained but the words:

"Come to me—I am dying.—CLARENCE."

The paper fell from Mrs. Woodville's hands.

"Fitz-Clarence in England—dying!" she murmured.

A pause followed, and then Mrs. Eshton hurriedly exclaimed:

"'Tis but too true. I must go to him at once."

"And I will go with you," whispered Blanche.

In a few moments the carriage was ready, and she then left word for Adrian, in case he should return during her absence, that she had gone out with Mrs. Eshton, and could not possibly be home for a couple of hours.

As Mrs. Eshton entered the vehicle, she hastily exclaimed:

"Where is our little guide—we can never find the way without him?"

"Here, ma'am," rejoined a weak, shrill voice, and a pale, squalid looking child stepped out from the deep shadow of the porch.

The wretchedness of the boy's appearance evidently suggested some sudden thought to Blanche, for she whispered a few words to the servant, who re-entered the house, and shortly after returned with a parcel, which he deposited in the carriage.

"Where to, ma'am?" he enquired, springing into his seat. His mistress looked at Mrs. Eshton, who, in her turn, glanced towards the child.

"Never heard on such a place," replied the driver, doggedly, as the boy replied to the enquiry, mentioning a name and street, totally unfamiliar to his listeners.

"Well, take the child up beside you, and follow his directions," said Mrs. Woodville.

No conjectures, no words passed between the latter and her silent companion. They were both too anxious, too agitated for that. Once only, Mrs. Eshton murmured, "God grant we may not be too late! The child said he was very ill. Poor, poor, Fitz-Clarence."

A long drawn sigh was Blanche's only reply. Slowly they journeyed on, the heavy shades of night thickening all the while around them. The streets became stranger and more obscure, till at length, all traces of familiar things or place, vanished, and it seemed to them, they were in the midst of a country they had never known before. As the horses floundered on through the wet clinging soil, stumbling every step, over the heaps of stones and other rubbish that obstructed the way, the driver muttered more than one angry imprecation to himself, and more than one muttered threat to the child at his side, regarding the awful punishment he would entail on himself, by any attempt to mislead or deceive them.

Either innocent or indifferent, the little fellow listened without a reply, and as the carriage drove slowly past the entrance of a narrow, dark alley, he suddenly touched his companion's arm, exclaiming:

"Down there. Five doors to the left."

The man losing all patience as he gazed down the steep, gloomy passage, angrily declared the utter impracticability of a vehicle proceeding farther, Mrs. Eshton instantly proposed they should alight, and in another moment she and Blanche, were following their guide on foot, the coachman remaining in charge of the horses. Soon the child stopped before a low, gloomy-looking house, the door of which stood open, dimly revealing an obscure passage. The heavy smell of mouldy damp, the decaying staircase, slippery with the greasy fog of a November evening, the darkness and utter wretchedness around, struck too forcibly on Mrs. Eshton, and turning towards their guide, she vehemently exclaimed:

"Child, you are misleading us! Mr. Fitz-Clarence, does not stop here."

"Who said he did?" replied the boy, peevishly, "The man that sent me is called Horton."

"A feigned name," whispered Blanche, pressing Mrs. Eshton's arm. "The writing was Fitz-Clarence's. I recognized it at once. Let us delay no longer."

"Well, if you wants to see Horton, follow me at once, and take care of the third step from the top, 'tis broken," exclaimed the boy, as he rapidly mounted the stairs.

With some difficulty, his wearied companions groped their way up in safety, and as they reached the landing, he pointed to a door on the left, briefly exclaiming, "In there!" and disappeared.

The two ladies looked at each other in silent perplexity.

"What, if it should not be Fitz-Clarence," faltered Mrs. Eshton. "However, I shall knock."

Twice did she repeat the summons, but it remained unanswered. The third time, a well known voice, which still retained, notwithstanding the changes of sickness and suffering, much of the clear melody of olden days, impatiently bade them enter.

"Tis he! 'tis Fitz-Clarence!" exclaimed Blanche, hurriedly. "Go in first. I will wait here till a favorable moment presents itself for following you."

Mrs. Eshton pressed her hand in silence, and then entered the room, taking care to leave the door ajar, so that Blanche might profit by the faint light that streamed through it.

Timidly as a criminal would have entered the presence of a judge, did Mrs. Eshton steal into that miserable apartment. No note took she of the damp, discolored walls, the bare, cold floor, the fireless grate, and with a pale cheek and beating heart, she glided up to the miserable pallet at the other end of the apartment. On that wretched couch, his faultless features wasted by care and suffering, his brilliant eyes, dimmed by the gathering shadows of the grave, lay the once elegant and refined, the envied Fitz-Clarence. Softly, tenderly the intruder bent over him, and as her lips touched his icy brow, she murmured:

"My poor, poor brother!"

The sufferer started, looking earnestly at her a moment, and then, with an impatient movement, turned his face towards the wall.

"Clarence, will you not speak to me?" she whispered, gently taking the white emaciated hand that lay outside the coverlet. "Will you not bid me welcome?"

After a moment's inward struggle, he turned towards her, exclaiming:

"Well, I sent for you, Clara, and now that you are come, I know not what possessed me to do so. I have nothing to reveal—nothing to give—nothing to ask of you."

"But I, dear Clarence, cannot I watch and nurse you? Who could do so more lovingly, more devotedly, than a sister?"

"Pshaw! talk not to me thus," he abruptly rejoined, "It annoys, humbles me. I never acknowledged your claims on me as a sister. What is my title of brother to you, then? No, speak

to me coldly, calmly, as you would to a stranger. Address me as Clarence, if you will, but without any terms of love or endearment; but, sit down, there is a chair beside you, the only one, by the bye, my splendid abode can offer.

Oh! how painfully the laugh of forced gaiety with which this was said, struck on Mrs. Eshton's heart. She seated herself, however, and humoring the gloomy caprices of the invalid, exclaimed:

"Well, I will address you as you wish, Clarence, but you must, at least, allow me to show you the same consideration and kindness I would evince for the most perfect stranger. In the first place, you must be moved at once, from this."

"Never, never. When I do leave it, 'twill be for a still darker and narrower home. Had it been otherwise, you would not have been sent for; and now, listen to me. I do not want what time we are left together, to be spent in idle proffers of assistance or help, that will never be needed. The physician who left me some hours ago, honestly paid, for I have no farther need for deception or dishonesty, candidly told me I could not last beyond to-morrow's sunrise. When I heard that, an assurance my own heart fully confirmed, I somehow thought I would wish to see you. A small reward to one of the many occupants of this den of wretchedness, soon ensured my message being delivered to you, but the bearer had not left the door ten minutes, ere I regretted my precipitation. What consolation could your presence bring me? Nothing, nothing, beyond adding to the crowd of uncomfortable, worrying thoughts that haunt my pillow, night and day. Nursing, assistance, I seek not from you. The dying have no wants. No tears, Clara, you were always, with the exception of some few singularly absurd ideas, a sensible woman, and I know, when I tell you that tears and sighs annoy me, you will trouble me with none. As I said, a moment since, I already regret having sent for you—regret that I did not die under the fictitious name I had adopted, unknown and unpitied, however, as you are here, let the closing period of my existence be as undisturbed as possible."

"As you will, Clarence, but I have a request to make first, one which I fear, indeed, which I scarcely dare to propose."

"Speak it, speak it," he impatiently rejoined. "This is no time for idle ceremony."

"Well, a friend has accompanied me here, one whom you knew long since, Clarence, and who, whatever your mutual wrongs and faults, has sought you to-night, with feelings of sincerest compassion and friendship."

"Can you mean Blanche Castleton?" he asked

with a violent start, whilst his pallid cheek became crimson. "And what does Mrs. Adrian Woodville do here?" he vehemently continued. "Who sent for her to exult over my dying agonies—to triumph over the wretched dupe, who fell as readily into her snares, as she had once fallen into his? And yet, why should I care?" he continued, whilst a smile of bitter scorn curved his white lips; "In a few hours I will be beyond the reach of human censure or applause. Admit her, admit her at once."

In another moment, Blanche Woodville and Fitz-Clarence were face to face. It was a solemn, a trying moment for both, and the cheek of Mrs. Woodville rivalled in ghastly whiteness that of the dying man. But his hand trembled not as hers did; no inward emotion shook his frame, and his dark piercing eyes, which had regained in a measure their olden brilliancy were bent steadily, unflinchingly, on her agitated countenance.

"Well, Mrs. Woodville," he at length exclaimed, uttering every word with slow, bitter distinctness: "Are you satisfied? Am I fallen low enough to content your vengeance?"

"Clarence, in mercy speak not so unkindly," she falteringly rejoined. "Ah! believe me, I am grieved, grieved to the inmost heart to meet you thus."

"Ha! like a true woman you cannot enjoy your triumph, when 'tis attained," he rejoined.

"Why, this is as proud a moment for you, as when you informed me in the lofty halls of the Colonna, that the foreign Marchesa I had loved with such impassioned devotion, was no other than the simple English girl whose love I had once contemptuously cast aside. Why, does not your cheek flush, your eye sparkle as it did then? Why do you stand before me, pale, silent as a criminal? 'Tis as I said, your revenge was satisfied ere it was half completed. "Well, 'tis better so, for I can look on you without cursing again and again the hour that first I met you—I can endure you in my presence, but, before proceeding farther, I must apologize for the poor accommodations I have to offer you. 'Tis but an unworthy return for the magnificent hospitalities of the Villa di Colonna."

Again that laugh of bitterness struck fear and anguish into the hearts of his listeners, and Mrs. Eshton, anxious to divert his thoughts, handed the chair she had previously occupied to Blanche, asking the patient permission to seat herself on his couch. He assented by an inclination of his head, and Mrs. Woodville soon exclaimed:

"You look pale and exhausted, Clarence. We

have brought wine and refreshments with us—you must take some."

"No," he rejoined, "I feel neither hunger nor thirst, nor I suppose ever will again in this world, but sit down, both of you, you worry me moving about thus."

His fretful injunction obeyed, he continued: "Well, Mrs. Woodville, but, no, I hate that name I will call you Bianca, as I used to do in distant Italy, when I whispered my words of devotion in your ear, when I first yielded to a love that has proved my curse and your triumph. Bianca, then, do you not feel curious to know what became of yourwhilome lover after the fearful disclosure which came upon me, mighty, overwhelming as a thunder bolt from Heaven. I left you, my heart swelling almost to bursting with rage, mortification, and wounded feeling; yet, I will frankly acknowledge to you, that even in that bitter hour I loved you still, and had you but recalled me, willingly would I have waited seven years long for my bride. I had read my fate, however, too plainly for hope, in your bitter words, in the scorn and abhorrence that had flashed from your eyes, as you detailed to me your past sufferings and anguish—your long cherished, long planned revenge."

I took my departure from Naples with Lord Orford, but we journeyed not long together for though he knew not the particulars of my last interview with yourself, he was well assured that you had rejected my suit, and to my proud spirit that was insupportable. We parted then, and for some weeks longer, I lingered in the environs of Salerno, shunning completely the intercourse of my fellow-men, and forming plans of revenge, as absurd as they were futile. A letter from my agent in England, in answer to one I had sent him some time previous, demanding pecuniary supplies, awoke me from my lethargic existence; and loving and hating you as much as ever, I set out for Rome, to accomplish my olden project of wedding Flora Cavendish, an heiress whom I had followed from England.

Here I was foiled again. She had heard of my inconstancy to herself, my devotion to the beautiful Italian Marchesa, and had accepted the hand of some poor but titled foreigner, who had pleased her volatile fancy.

From that moment, dates my down-fall. Desperate, furious, I wrote home word to sell Wolverton Abbey, to sacrifice it at any price as I wanted money without delay. The command was promptly obeyed. Extravagant I had always been, I now became desperately, recklessly so. Again, and again I demanded, insisted on remittances—sacrifice after sacrifice was made, and at length the

natural consequences of all this madness arrived, and I was informed I was a beggar.

Over the years of misery and desperation that ensued, I will pass in silence. Two months ago, ruined, hopeless, wearied of life, I formed the wild project of returning to England, wild I say, because I returned to it, shattered in health and fortune, an outcast, a beggar, without one friendly heart to welcome me. Something of the pride of olden days prevented me wearing my own high name of Fitz-Clarence in the wretched abodes that have alone for months sheltered me, and I passed here under the appellation of Horton. One week in England was enough for me, one week prowling a penniless outcast around the scenes where I had once ruled as sovereign master, and I was preparing to leave my native land for ever, when a sudden and mortal sickness overtook me. For nearly a month I have been a tenant of this miserable abode, an abode which the meanest hind on the estates of the Fitz-Clarences' would have disdained, and during that time, no word of human kindness, no glance of sympathy has lightened the gloom of my sick room, or alleviated the agony of my sufferings. What I have endured in body and mind, in frame and spirit, during the last three weeks, no tongue could tell; suffice it to say, that rather than undergo it again, I would descend at once into the regions of perdition. This morning, when told my earthly course was at an end, my predominant feeling was one of relief—relief that the fiendish pangs which had tortured me, and the burden of an existence, now a curse, were at an end. Sigh not so deeply, Blanche, nor you, sister mine; interrupt me not. I know what you would speak of—of a future suffering and retribution, of an everlasting fire, a worm that dieth not, but, I do not, *I will not* believe. 'Twould madden me. I look forward to death as a happy release from suffering—endeavor not to shake my last hope with your idle admonitions and fears."

He averted his face from his companions as he spoke, with a fretful restlessness that betokened his mind was not as calm, his belief as steadfast as he would fain have represented them. A glance of mournful intelligence passed between them, and after a pause, Mrs. Elton whispered, gently smoothing back the thick curls that clustered, damp and neglected, around his brow:

"My poor, dear, Clarence, for dear you are to me, at least, now, in the hour of need and desolation, talk not in this wild, sinful strain. Ah! in childhood, in the days of your youth and innocence, you were taught otherwise. Think of the

lessons you heard then, the prayers a mother taught you."

"A nursery governess, you mean," he rejoined with a bitter sneer. Our mother thought more of her mirror and herself, than of her children or their prayers, and I had more admonitions from her as a child, in one week, regarding my curls and complexion, than she ever gave me in the whole course of her life about my spiritual welfare. But, enough of this, Clara, I have already regretted having sent for you, do not force me to insist on your leaving my presence. Do not seek my bedside to trouble my dying moments—to worry me with doubts and fears, it would be utter madness to listen to."

"Clarence, you have not sent for me," exclaimed Blanche, gently, yet impressively laying her small hand on his: "Unasked, unsolicited, I have intruded on you, and yet I will venture to repeat, what a sister, who dearly loves you, has just whispered. Clarence, Clarence, tis not with such thoughts and feelings, you should prepare to appear in the presence of your Almighty Judge. A life like yours must have been displeasing in his sight, and it must be expiated by penitential tears. Turn then, to the mercy-seat—it is not yet too late; even in the eleventh hour, may you seek for pardon and find it; even in the eleventh hour, will the God you have outraged, listen to your prayers and receive you again into his love and mercy."

"Silence, Blanche, silence!" he gloomily rejoined, endeavoring at the same time to free his hand from the light pressure of hers; "You weary, irritate, nay more, you torture me. Every word you utter, false though I know each to be, falls on my shrinking soul like molten lead. Talk if you will, but talk of sunny Naples, of the Villa di Colonna and its marble fountains, its fairy like grottoes. Talk, and I will listen and dream away quietly the few hours of existence left me, or, perhaps, Mrs. Woodville," and a brighter light illumined his dark eyes, and a strange smile of mingled irony and triumph stole over his face as he spoke: "Perhaps you would like to talk of our moonlight rambles, our blissful summer walks together, long ago, on the golden sands of Brighton; of those days when the careless Fitz-Clarence's smile made your shadow or your sunshine, when you worshipped him in your inmost heart, more as some shrined Divinity, than as an erring fellow-mortal."

As Fitz-Clarence spoke, he fixed his mocking eyes full upon Blanche, but the gentle dignity of her high, calm brow, never varied for a moment, and without even a trace of hesitation, she rejoined:

"Yes, Clarence, then I did love you, love you too dearly for my own happiness, and the bitter lesson you needlessly taught me, well nigh proved too much for my strength. But deeply, cruelly, as I suffered, I forgive you from my inmost soul, and earnestly implore you to extend a like indulgence to myself. Tell me, then, that you will pardon the events that marked the renewal of our intimacy, in Italy, that you will overlook the vain, false pride, that led me to seek so perseveringly, a triumph alike unworthy a woman and a Christian."

There was something so lofty in the very humility of that high souled woman, something so noble in her very abasement, that even the sceptical, cold-hearted Fitz-Clarence, was softened, and in rapid, indistinct tones, he rejoined:

"Enough, enough, Blanche! You but make me blush for myself. Talk of other things, other subjects, but hand me some water, my lips are parched."

Blanche hastened to comply, whilst his sister gently raised and supported him. His aching head again carefully adjusted on the pillow, a long silence succeeded. Even during the short interval that had elapsed since their entrance, a great change had passed over the countenance of the sufferer, and as his two companions gazed on those features, so shrunk, so wan, despite the traces they still retained of their once matchless beauty, and recalled him as they had known him some short years previous; neither found strength or heart to speak. Soon he restlessly moved:

"Clara, I am cold. Why have you removed the coverlet?"

Without a word, Mrs. Eshton took off her heavy shawl, and gently adjusted it around him, whilst Blanche turned to the door to see that it was closed tightly, to exclude the raw evening air. As she lightly crossed the room, Fitz-Clarence's heavy eyes, over which a dim film had been stealing, followed her, and soon he raised his hand and passed it slowly across his forehead.

"Yes, 'tis the Marchesa, 'tis Bianca," he murmured: "But, surely I am not in the Villa di Colonna—this dark, wretched room, this miserable bed. Ah! I remember all now. I am the outcast, the beggared Fitz-Clarence, and I am dying, dying fast. Ere to-morrow's sun will have risen, mine will have set for ever, set in shame and darkness. Why do you weep so foolishly, Clara, and you, Blanche, you so cold and passionless, why do you cover your face with your hands, in such despairing grief? Ye think that I am unfit to die, that my words and thoughts are too light, too earthly for such an awful moment. Well, to

please you, I will moralize a little. Indeed, my history is, in itself, a striking moral, an impressive lesson. Five years ago, you remember me, Bianca di Colonna, you remember the striking, the elegant English stranger, who attracted all eyes in the salons of the high born Count di Raselli. That stranger was gifted in mind as well as person, elegant in manners, experienced in life, he called Wolverton Abbey and its broad lands his own, and counted his relatives and friends among the richest and noblest of the land. Well, look at him now, a beggar in fortune and health, a wretched outcast, without hope in this world, or in —," he paused and shuddered, but his tongue pronounced not the word his heart had already framed, and he hurriedly resumed: "Look at those damp, mouldy walls, that black, fireless grate, yon miserable rush-light—look at all, and remember that 'tis the last abode of that child of luxury, the aristocratic Fitz-Clarence, who once slept on down and satin, whose foot pressed naught but carpets of velvet, whose commands were obeyed by a retinue of servants, and who yet, but for a mere chance, would have been left to die without one friendly hand to hold a cup of water to his dying, parched lips. Does not all this speak eloquently, forcibly of the vanities of earth, of the penalties awaiting a life mispent—a fortune squandered in reckless extravagance—a heart given up entirely to unworthy aims and objects."

"Yes, dear Clarence, but oh! repentance will wash away guilt even tenfold as great," and Blanche gently took his hand in hers, as she spoke. Mrs. Eshton suffocated with emotion, could not utter a word. "You have already acknowledged your faults, your follies, repent of them now. Ask forgiveness of that Great Being you have outraged; offer to him the willing sacrifice of your life, if He desires it, or your promises of amendment for the future, if He mercifully spares you."

"What, you are not tired of preaching yet, Blanche? Well, to satisfy you, I will amend, but listen, why! Not from the childish, absurd motives you would fain inculcate, but from the great motive which has guided me through life, and which, indeed, guides the whole world; the motive which forms the main spring of public, as of private life, *the love of self*. I would amend, to avoid the sufferings and wretchedness I have already entailed on myself by my own folly, I would amend for my own sake alone, but Mrs. Woodville, why will you persist in removing the wretched coverings? I am cold—cold to the heart."

As Mrs. Eshton had already done, Blanche, without seeking to correct his error, divested herself of her rich, warm shawl, to wrap around

him, and as the egotist saw a slight shudder run through her frame, as the damp air struck coldly upon her, he discontentedly exclaimed :

"I cannot understand, how you, in the full possession of health and vigor, can suffer from chilliness. 'Tis absurd, incredible! Leave that to me."

Blanche assured him she was sufficiently warm, and then, when he was soothed and calmed again, she strove to lead his wandering thoughts from the things of earth, to higher and holier cares. Vain was the effort. An angry movement of impatience, a sullen murmur from time to time, was his only reply, and when at length all exterior tokens of impatience ceased, the dim shadow that had gathered over his eyes, betokened that he listened, because he comprehended not. Once only, he started, and turning towards her, asked in a voice of mingled tremulousness and fear :

"What was that you were saying, Blanche, about a lake of fire, and weeping and gnashing of teeth?"

"Nay, I was not speaking of that, dear Clarence. I was talking, instead, of the mercies of an indulgent Redeemer, of the glorious home he has prepared for his children beyond the tomb." The dying man shuddered.

"Strange, strange!" he muttered; "I hear an other voice beside yours—a voice that tells of despair, of vengeance, of everlasting perdition. Oh! shut it out! shut it out! 'tis dreadful!"

He groaned heavily, and buried his face in the pillow as he spoke. Blanche redoubled her efforts, renewed her promises of hope and peace, but the sufferer was soon again insensible to her words. The night wore on, and the last act of the tragedy was now rapidly drawing towards a close. About midnight he awakened from his lethargy.

"Norris, are you there?"

He called on a servant who had separated two years previously from the fortunes of his master.

"What, dear Clarence?" whispered Blanche.

"No! who are you? Miss Castleton, no, the Marchesa di Colonna; but I am dreadfully ill. Send for a physician, quick, quick. Good God! can it be that I am dying? No, no, it is not possible. I cannot—I will not die! but raise me up, will you, I am suffocating."

Hurriedly his companions obeyed, affording him all the assistance and tender cares in their power, but vainly: that spirit, whatever its faults or virtues, its good deeds or evil, was already before the Judgment Seat of its God. For some brief moments, the two watchers knelt there beside that lifeless clay, absorbed in humble, voiceless

prayer; and then, Blanche rose, and gently drew the weeping Mrs. Eshton aside.

"Clara, dear, we must send for Adrian immediately. William is awaiting us in the next street, and we can close this door till our return."

Sadly, silently, they descended the stairs, and too much engrossed with their own sad reflections even to entertain a thought of fear, they passed down that dark, obscure lane. Having given the servant the requisite directions, enjoining him to return with Mr. Woodville as soon as possible, they returned to keep their lonely vigil by the dead. No words passed between them in the gloomy chamber, but, oh! their thoughts were busy and varied. Blanche especially, Blanche, who had once so deeply, so wildly loved him, who had so frantically mourned his desertion. Ah! the thousand thoughts that passed through her heart in that silent hour were known but to herself and God alone. As she looked upon the rigid corpse before her, and recalled the sad perversion of talents—the ill use of the rarest personal gifts—the criminal egotism that had distinguished Fitz-Clarence through life, contrasting him with the high-souled, generous Adrian Woodville, an humbling feeling stole over her, of her own utter unworthiness of the happiness vouchsafed her, a feeling that Heaven had been merciful to her, far, far, beyond her deserts.

At length, Adrian arrived, and gently, yet, lovingly, chided his wife for seeking without him; that scene of death and suffering, and then he approached the silent couch. Long and mournfully he gazed on that countenance, beautiful, even in death, though the cold cynical smile which habit had already imparted to the chiselled lip, still lingered there, as if even yet the sceptic sneered at the nothingness of life, and the emotions of those around him. 'Twas a sad sight, indeed, and Woodville soon hurriedly turned away.

"Blanche, dearest, you and poor Mrs. Eshton must leave this mournful scene at once. Ye can do no more for him."

Mrs. Eshton, hushing her sobs, rose from her knees, and parting the waves of rich, dark hair from that high brow, severed from it one glossy curl. She then imprinted a last passionate kiss upon his icy cheek, and silently followed Adrian and his wife.

The few preparations necessary, were soon made, and the corpse was interred the following day, under the superintendence of Woodville, in some obscure burial place. No tomb with sculptured Armorial bearings, or high sounding titles was erected above his silent dust. A simple white stone, without day or date, alone marks the last resting place of Clarence Fitz-Clarence, the Egotist.

THE OLD MANUSCRIPT; A MÉMOIRE OF THE PAST.*

BY H. V. G.

"The faint-hearted never win," thought Adolphe Valois, as he stood before a mirror, adjusting his sword-knot with *studied* negligence; and withdrawing a few steps, so that the glass presented his full length figure, he remained a moment surveying himself with manifest complacency. We will not, of course, attribute to Valois the *feminine* weakness of vanity; but, if mirrors could tell tales, perchance some odd secrets might be revealed of Narcissus like youths, who—without any mistake—fall in love with their own shadows.

Valois, to do him justice, was as little of a coxcomb as most young men, either plain or handsome; but there was a heart at stake, on that bright July morning, and perhaps he adopted the error, even now current, that women's affections are biassed by external attractions. Another image too, rose to mind; a tall, fine elderly figure, powdered and embroidered, decorated with orders, and holding a purse well filled with glittering gold pieces. Adolphe touched the hilt of his sword—it was his only wealth,—but he was in a complacent mood that morning, so he smiled courteously on the shadow, which disappeared frowning, and left him victor in the field. Valois accepted the fanciful vision as an omen of success, and buoyant with hopes, rekindled on the preceding evening, he proceeded with rapid steps to the house of M. de Beausejour.

Passing the gate of the citadel, and the outer fortifications, which extending from Cape Diamond encircled the Upper Town, Valois entered the rural suburbs, where many opulent citizens had fixed their residence. On the side of a declivity, sloping to the Lower Town, stood the mansion of M. de Beausejour. It was built of massy stone, in the low, irregular fashion suited to the condition of the times,—the iron shutters to doors and windows suggesting fears of Indian surprize, and the thick walls protecting it alike from the severe cold of winter, and the brief, scorching heat of summer. The steep sloping roof, contrived to prevent the lodgement of heavy snows, looked like a huge extinguisher; but the Sun was glancing brightly from it, and slid in cheerfully among thick foliage, throwing chequered shadows on the

smooth-shorn turf. The wide landscape was clearly defined from that eminence, the outline of dark forests, cultivated fields, and broad meadows bordering the little River St. Charles, which came sparkling and winding through tufted underwood,—now hid—then shining out as if frolicking with the golden sun-beams, while hastening on to lose itself in the great St. Lawrence. On the other side, rose the fortress which has since earned a proud name in history,—the town, bustling and active with the renovated life of spring, and rising from narrow streets and above scattered houses, were seen the spires and domes of Church and Convent,—Notre Dame, the Hotel Dieu and La Fabrique. The queenly river, bearing the tribute of Niagara and the Northern Lakes, as if wearied with its burden and the turmoil of its vast travel, flowed slowly past, clasping the beautiful Isle of Orleans, still abounding with wild grape vines, as in the day when Cartier gave to it the cognomen of Bacchus. The house opened on a pretty lawn which was shaded by forest trees, and adorned in the quaint style then observed in European gardening; native evergreens being dwarfed and clipped and tortured into verdant statues, of the most grotesque and questionable forms. A beautiful display of flowers—blossoms of a fairer clime—graced the parterres, and the low portico was blushing with Provence roses. Valois paused a moment at the entrance; and while in the act of plucking a lovely bud, a powdered lacquy opened the door, and he was directly ushered into a room, already occupied by several visitors. Cheerful voices met his ear, and bright forms passed before his eye,—but he *felt one* presence only, and scarcely heeded the angry flush on Mad. de Beausejour's cheek, crimsoning through her rouge, nor the brief, haughty accent with which she returned his courteous salute. Clarice felt his presence too;—else why that rosy tint stealing over her face, or those unfinished words trembling on her lips, as he bowed before her. Could it be that the Count la Vasseur, looking boldly into her maiden face, had thus disturbed her? or M. Mavicourt, with his admiring gaze, and idle flattery?

* Continued from page 187.

Adolphe detected her slight confusion,—for a lovers' eye is keen as Ithuriel's spear,—and words were gushing from his heart, but the cold rules of formal etiquette restrained expression. He forced his lips to utter some common-place conventionalism, and heedless of the rose bud he had just gathered, it dropped from his hand, and fell quietly at her feet.

"A floral offering," exclaimed Mavicourt gaily, and snatching it up, with a low bow he offered it to Clarice. She looked at it a moment admiringly, and with a quiet smile returned it to Adolphe.

"A floral offering, M. Mavicourt truly calls it," said Adolphe with vivacity, "too delicately beautiful for our rude touch; will Mademoiselle de Beausejour do me the honor to accept it?"

Clarice received it with a graceful smile, and placed it in her bosom. The Count la Vasseur bit his lips.

"Ah! lovely rose," said Mavicourt affectedly,

Lovely on thy parent stem,
Lovelier now thou little gem,
Resting on that breast of snow,
Who would not with pleasure glow?"

"An improvisateur!" said Clarice with a merry laugh, "prithce M Mavicourt art thou too from fair Provence, the land of song and minstrelsy, as well as the birth place of our sweetest roses?"

Mavicourt placed his hand on his heart, and replied with a tender air,

"Wherefore seek a softer sky?
Love is ambushed in thine eye;
Land of song and minstrelsy?
'Tis where'er I look on thee!"

"Absurd!" said M. la Vasseur with a sneer, "Mademoiselle de Beausejour must have infinite good humor to listen patiently to such nonsense."

"Indeed I am vastly amused!" said Clarice smiling. "But," she added coldly, "pray, my lord Count, do not feel obliged to subject your wisdom to the penance of listening to our badinage."

"Confess, M. la Vasseur," said Mavicourt gravely, "that it recalls fading recollections of your own early experience, which you would perhaps gladly bury in oblivion, since

Times wing once spread
Is folded never;
And young joys fled,
Are gone forever!"

"Really, M. Mavicourt," said Clarice, "you deserve to be crowned on the spot; such charming impromptus bespeak an excellent wit, and genius quite unrivalled in our poor Colony. Pray M. Valois, can a myrtle wreath be procuréd forthwith, think you?"

"Your approbation, Mademoiselle, is abundant

reward, I doubt not;" said Valois, "to me, at least, it would exceed all honor which the world could offer."

The last words were spoken in a low, earnest voice, and called a blush to the fair girl's cheek, not unremarked by Count la Vasseur, who stood regarding them,—jealousy rankling in his heart, kindled less by thwarted affection, than by wounded pride and humbled self-esteem.

Mad. de Beausejour was also watching them with secret annoyance; and beckoning the Count to her, with a bland smile she requested him to lead Clarice to the harpsichord, as her friends waited to hear a new air which she had brought from Paris. He returned with studied *empressement*; but Clarice haughtily declined his hand, and Adolphe would have sprung to take his place, had not a deprecating glance from her restrained him. Mavicourt with ready tact and a careless assurance that sits gracefully only on a favored few, relieved her embarrassment by gaily stepping before the Count, and bearing her in triumph to the instrument. Half envious, half amused by his friend's finesse, Valois yet felt dissatisfied and in a false position, for his frank nature rebelled against all artifice and secrecy, and his honorable attachment to Clarice he was ready to avow openly before the world. But experience told him that such confession could only compromise her peace, by placing her at variance with her family, and perhaps tend to restrict the limited intercourse which was now reluctantly suffered to exist. For her sweet sake he could bear any sacrifice, save banishment from her presence;—to see her on any terms was happiness, for, thank heaven! lover's have eyes, and *they* can speak if the tongue is doomed to silence!

Mooily and depressed in spirits Adolphe Valois left the house, certainly with a much less buoyant step than he had entered it; for love's sky was overcast, and with strange inconsistency he was ready to quarrel with Clarice, that she appeared so smiling and light-hearted, little dreaming that her heart, poor girl, was heavier than his own, and called on daily to battle with more real trials. As he was slowly crossing the lawn, he heard quick steps behind him, and Mavicourt's voice humming a favorite air, which he rhymed extempore;

"Bright eyes, bright eyes,
Who would not prize?
And a mouth so smiling and sweet!
The violet blue
And roses hue
In my lady-love, love to meet!"

"That last line is as lame as *le diable boiteux*!" he exclaimed laughing and passing his arm care-

lessly through Adolphe's; "can't you help me to a better one, Valois?"

"Nonsense Mavicourt, I am in no mood for rhyming now, even if I had the foolish gift at my tongue's-end, as you have."

"Lachrymal Valois? beshrew me thou art as fickle as an April day, or a spoiled beauty! Who so happy as M. Valois when he led the fair mademoiselle de Beausejour last night through the mazes of that interminable dance;—or who wore a brighter smile than that same friend of mine, when he placed a rose bud in the delicate hand of the dark-eyed beauty some half an hour ago! in good faith there must be witchcraft at work here!"

"Can you not exercise it?" "I will try," he replied, and making a circle with his hand, he began,

Evil spirit flee away,
Come not in the light of day,
By the smile on beauty's lip.
Sweet as honey dew to sip.
By the pure light of her eye,
Spirit false—I bid thee fly!"

"It is gone!" said Valois laughing, "in good truth Mavicourt one must be cynical indeed to withstand your invincible bonhomie."

"All the better, Valois; I own myself a disciple of the laughing philosophy, and mean ever to remain one. But I have food for merriment this morning I am overflowing with delight at the Count la Vasseur's vexation when the pretty Clarice accepted my hand and so quietly left him to his meditations. Suppose I take up the gauntlet, against that old coxcomb, in behalf of our young chivalry,—for what right has he to presume on his wealth and station, as if they entitled him to the hand of a young and lovely woman, who—all the world can see—heartily despises him?"

"You speak truly, as far as her feelings are concerned," said Valois, "but in her parent's estimation wealth and station outweigh all other advantages, nor would they listen to a suitor for their daughter, who did not possess them."

"What then?" asked Mavicourt, "mademoiselle de Beausejour is not a silly child to be held in leading strings:—she has a will of her own, a very decided one, or those dark flashing eyes speak falsely, "come Valois," he added gaily "let us try our chance against the count,—we will put our light years and merry wits into the balance against his gold and coronet, and lands, and then see if the latter do not kick the beam."

"You Mavicourt? you seek the hand of mademoiselle de Beausejour! You are right," he added bitterly, "you have wealth, and a title in expectance,—you may aspire to her hand, and

her parents would not frown on you. And she—why should she not accept one whose pleasant wit has already made so agreeable an impression."

Poor Adolphe! scarcely could he keep down the angry feelings which this new phantom of jealousy conjured up; but Mavicourt perceived them clearly, and with a mischievous smile he continued:

"You do not like the proposal then? thank the saints! I shall have one rival less, and the count is not half so formidable as a handsome young militaire like yourself.

"You take unwarrantable liberties with the lady's name," said Valois with forced calmness, "nor can I deem it consistent with knightly courtesy to treat the affections of a virtuous woman with the gay badinage suited only to a light amour."

"You have reason," replied Mavicourt frankly, "I may have carried my jesting too far, but it was only a jest, believe me. If I have discovered a secret, it remains in safe keeping, nor have I any desire to interfere with your lady-love, for much as I admire her, one might as well fall in love with a statue of Diana.

The fair, pale moon in yonder sky,
Her image well may be,
I gaze with calm admiring eye,
She sheds no warmth on me.

Are you satisfied now Valois?"

"Perfectly," he answered, "and I pray thee, think no more of my testy humor. My feelings were chafed,—many vexed thoughts crowded on me, and you pardon me,—your levity was ill-timed and added to my annoyance."

"Yes, I have too much levity, I confess it; but you know my sincerity, Valois; we have served long under the same colors, and been tried friends these many years. How can I aid you in this affair? Suppose I attach myself as sentinel to the menage of Mad. de Beausejour, and with a battery of light words and idle rhymes, keep all dangerous rivals from approaching the fair Clarice?"

"It would be an enviable post, certainly; but what security can you give for your own heart?"

"Oh never fear for that;

My heart is my own,
And my own it shall be;
My freedom I love,
And I'll remain free."

"Wait till the day of trial comes; " said Valois, "and we shall see!"

The friends had now reached the barrier, and they parted on their different ways.

The long twilight of a northern summer lay like a golden veil on hill and valley, and though evening was far advanced a clear, amber light still lingered in the west, dimming the few stars that came out twinkling one by one, "like gems on the pale brow of night." The wild notes of the little rossignal had ceased, deepening shadows lay upon the lawn, and the many-colored flowers of the parterres had all folded their leaves and rested in fragrant slumber, till returning sun-light.

Clarice de Beausejour sat at her casement looking out with dreamy eyes upon the quiet landscape, sweet thoughts stirring the pulses of her heart, and giving a brighter rose tint to her soft cheek. She was partly disrobed, and had thrown around her a brocaded *négligée*; and as she leaned thoughtfully with one arm, upon the windowsill, her dark hair fell in rich curls over her neck and shoulders. There was no light in the apartment, but the evening star, shining bright as twilight waned, stole through the open window, and rested on a drooping rose bud which she held in her hand, and tenderly regarded, as if waiting for its petals to unfold and reveal some loving tale.

A door softly opened, and a young girl, half shivering in a snowy night dress, bounded into the room, and threw herself on a cushion at Clarice's feet. In her dawning beauty, one was reminded of Raffael's pictured angels;—the same light, wavy hair,—the same clear blue eyes, and lily fairness of complexion. She had also a most sweet and innocent expression, with almost childish grace, relieved by the ever winning charm of fresh and impulsive feeling. It was Estelle de la Salle, a daughter of the famed traveller of the Mississippi and a favorite companion of Clarice, and though the latter was only a few months older than Estelle, her more mature intelligence gave her decided influence over the warm-hearted and confiding girl.

"Clarice, may I sit here a little while?" she said, "I cannot sleep yet, I have have so much to think about to night!"

"And what problem has my little Estelle to solve to night?" said Clarice, stooping down to kiss her fair brow; "it must be some weighty affair truly to keep these bright eyes from closing."

"And why should not I keep awake, as well as you Clarice? ah! if you knew all my thoughts!" and she sighed deeply.

"Will you tell me some of them, Estelle! you must not have any secrets from me, you know; am I not your petite maman?"

"Oh you would think me so foolish! But tell me Clarice, who gave you that rose bud, and why do you hold the faded thing so tenderly in your hand? 'Is it a gage d'amour? how I wish *somebody* would give me one!"

"And from whom would you like to receive such a gift, Estelle? is it from young Louis Tennier?"

"Oh no he is a coxcomb; do you know he gave me a tulip one day,—as if he would have me believe *he* has a heart to consume!" and she laughed merrily.

"Poor Louis! well, I will guess again; perhaps it is that mad rhymier, M. Mavicourt?"

Estelle made no answer, but cheek and brow were suffused with crimson.

"Ah! he is a foolish mad-cap," said Clarice gravely; "do not heed his idle verses Estelle,—they have no meaning—he would recite them to a pretty squaw if he chanced to meet one. But pray what sweet couplets has he been pouring into your ear, *mignonne*?"

"Shall I repeat them?" Estelle began, with great naivete; but Clarice touched her lips expressively, and pointing to the window leaned forward to listen. Voices were heard in a balcony just below them, and directly two figures stepped out on the lawn, and stood conversing a few moments in a low tone, then walked slowly away, apparently in earnest discussion. Clarice heard her own name repeated, and draw back to escape observation. The speakers, she perceived, were her father and Count la Vasseur, and her heart beat violently for it foreboded fresh annoyance from this unseasonable conference. She watched them as they threaded divers paths, sometimes crossing before her window; but they spoke in subdued though earnest tones, and no distinct words reached her ears, to give a clue to their discourse.

"You know well," said the Count, pursuing an argument, "that it is in my power to serve you, and that I am disposed to do so; there is but one favor that I ask as a condition."

"You have named it, and my consent is already given, my lord, provided it does not involve the entire sacrifice of any daughter's happiness."

"A man may dispense with dainty scruples," said the Count with a sneer, "when his reputation, perhaps his life is at stake. Methinks *mademoiselle* Clarice would herself scarcely hesitate to accept a suitor—though not altogether to her taste, when convinced that her refusal must bring inevitable disgrace, if it did not compromise the life, of one, to whom she must acknowledge some filial duty and obedience."

(To be continued.)

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

BY MISS L. A. MURRAY.

CHAPTER VI.

Behold the birds fly,
From Gauthed's strand,
And seek with a sigh
Some far foreign land.
The sounds of their woe,
With the hollow winda blend,
"Where now must we go,
Our flight whither tend?"
'Tis thus into heaven that their wailings ascend.

The Scandian shore
We leave in despair
Our days glided o'er
So blissfully there!
We there built our nest
Among bright blooming trees,
There rocked us to rest
The balm-bearing breeze,
But now to far lands we must traverse the seas.

THE LAMENT OF THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.



HE Eastern wind
blew fresh and
fair, the white
sails, not yet em-
browned and
soiled by age and
foul weather, and
without even a
single patch to
tell of former
encounters with
the fierce ele-
ments of the
stormy Atlantic,
were set,—stud-

ding sails, top-gallants,

royals and all, and the good ship "Buoyant" sped
fleetly on her first voyage to the shores of the world
of Columbus; riding the curling billows with a
lightness which did no dishonor to her name, and
dashing the spray off her coppered sides like show-
ers of frosted silver. On her poop stood her skip-
per, daring, determined, and good-humored look-
ing, as true British sailors ought always to be, turn-
ing his gaze from the men who were busy on her
yards, towards the distant horizon which blue,
without a cloud, met the equally blue waters
beneath, which seemed to spring upward to meet
its embrace. So intimately were sky and sea
blended, that the eye of a landsman could with
difficulty distinguish the line where they appeared
to mingle, and two or three little fishing boats,
whose snowy canvass touched by the sunbeams,
shone in beautiful contrast to the sapphire sky in
which they were embedded, might have been

transformed by fancy's power into bright-winged
wanderers through the upper air.

Leaning over the vessel's side between the
shrouds, was a lad about fifteen or sixteen, of
short stature, but an active and well-knit form
which his white barragon jacket and trowsers
shewed to advantage. His Jim Crow sat jauntily
on a mass of tangled dark brown curls, from be-
neath which his clear grey eyes, full of penetration
and intelligence, largely mixed with fun and mis-
chief, shot their restless glances. The rest of his
features did not contradict the expression of his
eyes, and his mouth contained a set of the most
brilliant white teeth. As he leant over the ship's
side with an air of indescribable nonchalance,
indicative of thorough indifference to Fortune and
her wheel, while he whistled an air he called, "The
Green Fields to America," with great apparent
enjoyment, he could never have been mistaken for
anything but what he was, a young Irishman work-
ing his passage to that land which is still an Eldo-
rado in the eyes of so many of his countrymen.

At a little distance from this boy, a group stood
on the deck of the "Buoyant," of whom the reader
has heard before. It consisted of Mr. Blachford
and his family. His looks, though sad, were firm
and serene, and while he gazed on the hills of his
native Isle which were rapidly becoming less dis-
tinct to the eye, with visible melancholy, it was
evident that his regret was softened by hope.

The glance of Alice was rivetted in the same
direction, but while her sweet countenance had
lost none of its mild placidity, large tears every
moment burst from beneath her fringed lids.

Cold and loveless must be the heart which can
leave its native land, for the first time and for an
indefinite period, unmoved. The land where the
eye first beheld the rich and over-flowing beau-
ties of creation, and the treasures of the soul first
opened to the mental gaze; where innocent child-
hood and aspiring youth has been passed. There
we learn the name which childhood first lisps, and
which in age recalls a something of the freshness of
infancy; a name whose associations are at once
the holiest and the sweetest on earth, the name
of mother; there the first wild lay of lady's love
or knight's devotion has been devoured with a
rapturous feeling which the highest works of
genius, the noblest acts of heroism can scarcely
excite in after days; and oh! there has the
young spirit first found an idol on which to pour
forth the hoarded passion of his soul, with that pure

* Continued from page 159

deep fervor which can be given but once, and is too often expended in vain—there he has drunk the nectar of enchantment which plunged him into that witching dream by mortals called first love! And are not the pleasant dwellings, the bright flashing waters, the green secluded valleys, the shadowy forests, and rock-crested mountains where he has felt these emotions, a part of his very being, never to be divided therefrom? He whose heart is not bound with enduring cords of love to his country, can never have known those purifying and ennobling influences which elevate our spiritual nature above the material frame that links us to the dust, for they never fail to excite a strong affection for the places in which those divine emotions awoke in the soul, and thus to lay the foundation of that hallowed sentiment which binds us to our native land. "Weep not for him who dieth," said the prophet, when his countrymen were led into captivity and exile, "but weep sore for him who goeth away, for he shall return no more nor see his native country!"

As each moment carried Alice farther from the beautiful Isle to which till now all her hopes and affections had been confined, all the joys and sorrows, thoughts and feelings of her whole life seemed crowded into that little space of time; and when its last cloud-like shadow vanished from her view, she turned to the pathless expanse over which her course lay, vainly seeking to pierce the impenetrable horizon which bounded her gaze. Visions of the ocean of life and all its multitudinous allegories, floated before her eyes, mingled with recollections of the dangers which puny man encounters when he goes forth to war with "the great strength" of its waves. On that shore she had left one who was dear to her heart as ever was youth to maiden, whom she dared not hope to see again for years, and whose chances of success in the profession he had chosen were immeasurably lessened by the same blow which had driven her so far from his side. Fancy conjured up his image, pale and harrassed with labor and anxiety, uncheered by the applause of the world, or the sweeter voice of love, while the fame and independence for which all these toils were endured might never come. And not only of Ernest did she think, but of her father, already past the meridian of life, seeking amidst privations and disappointments, a new country and a new home. She thought of her brothers, robbed of that fair inheritance which by right should have been theirs, and of Helen torn from those bright scenes in which she was so eminently fitted to shine. But though her thoughts were sad, they were not bitter, for this her sweet and gentle

temper, her unselfish and loving heart prevented, and she had besides one source of happiness which to those who possess it renders all sorrows light, and guards them against despair, as armour of proof wards off the arrow's point—her sure faith in Ernest and in his love.

"The game of life
Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart,
The inalienable treasure,"

says the noble Thekla to her lover, and the most inalienable of all possessions is a faithful heart of which neither time nor chance can deprive us.

Helen stood beside her sister, but, unlike Alice, she gazed not on the fading mountains of the bold Welsh coast, on whose tops the empyrean now seemed to rest, but kept her eyes immoveably bent on the swelling waters which bore her from their sight. Marble could scarcely have been paler or more passionless than was that face, of late so brilliant with expression, so radiant with life and soul. She had as yet borne sorrow with a proud and impatient spirit, her days had been restless and her nights sleepless, while the fire within seemed turning her heart to ashes. Her figure had lost its round contour, and her step its elastic lightness; her dazzling complexion had faded, and though the beauty of feature and outline yet remained, their softness and brightness had fled. She looked like some rare piece of sculpture, and might have represented the idol of Pygmalion before the gods had heard his prayer, and sent a soul to animate the marble nymph of his workmanship into a living breathing woman. Bitter it is to behold the idol to which we have erected an altar in our hearts, crumbling to dust; to watch the green leaves fading one by one from the tree under whose shadow we have learned to dwell, and which we fancied in the summer of our hearts would remain for ever green, till all are gone! No agony which earth can inflict on the young and innocent is equal to this, and it is on such that it chiefly falls!

The moment Mr. Blachford's failure became known, Lord Arlesford, Lord Embsdenburg's uncle, wrote in the most courteous manner to beg Miss Blachford would release his nephew from his engagement. The propriety of doing so he was sure she would at once see, as there was no longer that equality between her and Lord Embsdenburg which it was desirable both parties should possess when entering the marriage state. There was also a letter from her faithless lover, and strange it seemed that an epistle couched in such elegant language, and so exquisitely written could contain words so selfish and so cruel. He insisted

much on the stern decrees of Fate, and the harsh command of his uncle, but plainly confessed that he could not disobey Lord Arlesford. He concluded by an assurance that he should never love any but Helen, and that his agony was beyond any words. It was evident that while he wished to break his engagement, he would not give up his claim to her affections, and selfishly sought to retain the heart which he at the same time cast from him. But though Helen was endowed with deep and lasting affections, and the most devoted generosity of soul, she was yet of too haughty and determined a character to sink beneath the wound she had received; she resolved to dismiss from her heart one who had proved himself so unworthy of her love, and she succeeded, but the painful effort had subdued her gaiety and shadowed her beauty. Truly hath the mighty master of romance said that "Pride when it heals the wounds of love acts like caustic—though it heals, it sears." Such was the change which had now transformed the warm, fresh enthusiastic heart of Helen into a cold and joyless void. Several of Mr. Blachford's friends, possessing ministerial interest had used much persuasion to induce him to remain in England, and offered to procure for him an official situation in London which would have insured him a handsome income; but to such offers Mr. Blachford gave a decided refusal. He was of too reserved and contemplative a temper to endure the turmoils and vexations which a political satellite must encounter, and he resolved, with that small remnant of his property which he could conscientiously retain, to spend in the wilds of Canada the remainder of his days, cultivating the rich primeval soil, which philosophers assure us, is man's worthiest and most congenial occupation, and bringing forth from earth's bosom comfort and independence not only for himself and his children, but for generations yet unborn.

CHAPTER VII.

A glorious form the shining city wore.—ROSE.

THE "Buoyant's" passage to the western hemisphere, was short and prosperous; one or two days of perfect calm, a seaman's purgatory, alone interrupted her swift course. Then it was beautiful to gaze on the broad expanse spread like an ocean of molten glass, without a single ripple to disturb its surface, and with naught to break the trackless immensity save a few snowy-winged vessels resting movelessly along the horizon, or the columns of vapour, shot up by some stray whale, brightened by the sunbeams into a fountain of shining silver! Evening came, and the

sun sinking below the western waves left sky and sea filled with golden light varied by the beautiful and vivid hues peculiar to the hour, and painting a scene of such mingled calmness, softness, beauty, and sublimity as words could not picture. Twilight fell; the moon came forth to reign with her pure lustre while the king of day went to brighten other seas with his glory; around her gathered the radiant stars; the unruffled mirror beneath reflected their beauty, and thoughts, sweet, solemn and holy came crowding on the heart. And at sun-rise, when the shadows and mists which veiled the heavens fled before his rays and hung floating in the air, clinging to the masts and yards of the vessels, shrouding them from view and forming the most graceful and fantastic figures in the sky, till at last, as if by magic touch, they vanished and the tall ships burst forth like mighty birds of the sea, spreading their bright pinions as if about to soar into the blue and cloudless empyrean, who that has ever beheld can forget the glorious beauty of the sight? At other times when the wind blew high, and the waves rose,

"Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deafening clamours in the slippery shrouds,"

myriads of stormy petrels floated and dived and wheeled around the vessel, exulting in the gale; and the porpoises tumbled over and over, as if they were playing all sorts of clumsy gambols, for very joy, while the sailors whistled and sung, and the Irish boy chanted the "Green Fields to America" with redoubled glee.

Suddenly, the clear sunny weather which they had hitherto enjoyed, was changed for mist and cloud,

"And it grew wondrous cold."

Then a cry resounded through the ship which brought all hands on deck, and seemed to excite sensations of awe in the breasts of the sailors, and anxiety in that of the captain. An immense berg of ice rose about a mile distant as if an island had just sprung from the deep. Its sides were broken into numberless grottos and caverns, veined with azure, green, and gold, and polished by the friction of the waves to the semblance of the purest and smoothest marble. On its summit rose what might seem a magnificent palace, with castellated towers and turrets as if wrought of dazzling crystal, and as the mist cleared away and the sun bursting through the clouds, cast his rays full on this wanderer from the mysterious Arctic shores, no tale of Araby ever painted so glorious a vision.

"It looks like a fairy tale," said the Irish lad to little Frank Blachford, who had taken a great

fancy to the merry-hearted Hibernian,—“It is just like a fairy tale, only there's no fairies on the sae,” and with all the imaginative superstition of his country, he almost believed it to be the work of some wonder-working magician, in his simple faith more potent than nature.

“It's ice,” said Frank, in all the pride of knowledge, “nothing but ice.”

“Ice! well if that isn't wondherful! To think that all them lovely fine chapels and palaces should have been wather ous, and will be wather agin. If that doesn't bate Banaghar! Oh! the Lord bless us, what sort of a counthry is this we're comin' to at all, at all.”

The next instant the grey pall which had so lately enveloped the heavens, gathered again, and shut out the beautiful vision from their curious and admiring eyes.

A wind to their wish, as an old writer expresses it, bore them into the great gulf. The sun was setting in a bed of brilliant clouds, which repaid him for the beauty they borrowed from his radiance by adding to his sinking splendour, as they passed the little light-house of St. Paul's, looking at the foot of its wooded hill, like a dove nestled among green leaves, and when twilight fell over the waters, and the stars began to peep through the blue ether, they marked its warning light gleaming in the distance, like one of the host of heaven. Ere long the shores became visible, though beheld at that distance which served to heighten interest and curiosity. At one side they were covered with forests of pine down to the very shore; at the other, wild rocky mountains towered into the sky, full of hollows and ravines, and indented with bays and inlets, while huge wreaths of mists floated down their sides, like cascades glistening in the sun-beams, and rolling to mingle with the great river. Occasionally white houses interspersed among the dark pines, and looking in the distance like sheep reposing in green meadows, heightened the picturesqueness of the scene. As they advanced, the shore became more distinct, especially the southern shore, which though not so grandly beautiful as the northern, is much more full of villages and farms. Our travellers were never wearied gazing on the various and novel prospects that now opened to their view. Groups of wooden houses, painted every color of the rainbow, a verandah and garden in front of each, clustering round the little church with its conspicuous cross, its tinned roof and steeple, now lined the banks, and replaced the wilder and more majestic scenery which they had first beheld. Beautiful weeds, pieces of birch bark, and freshly cut branches of pine or maple were continually floating past their

vessel; shoals of white porpoises tumbled around, and sea-fowl floated on the river, while ships, bound like themselves for Quebec, or returning from it to their native countries, constantly met or passed them. They gazed with delight on Kamouraska, whose picturesque appearance assimilates so well with its euphonious name; on the rocky Grosse Isle, bearing in the centre a wooded hill, like a verdant crown, and on the richly cultivated and fertile island of Orleans, with fair meadows and fruitful orchards; and at sunrise one morning, clear and brilliant as ever dawned on the Canadas, the “Buoyant” dropped her anchor, before the city of their destination—a scene of enchantment rising before their gaze.

The houses, tier above tier, resting against the steep sides of the rock; the platform where stands the remains of the ancient chateau; the castle garden, amidst the shady walks and flower beds of which rises the monument to the heroic Wolfe and his chivalrous foe; the tinned roofs, domes and steeples catching and reflecting the sun-beams; the fortifications of the lofty Cape Diamond crowning the whole; the broad and majestic river bearing on its bosom the ships of many lands; the numerous steamers passing and repassing each other; the skiffs and canoes, and all the bustle incident to a sea-port town; the smooth estuary of the river St. Charles, the pretty village of Beauport, and the shore of Point Levi, whose rocky and picturesque side is studded with hanging woods, gardens and cottages,—these all combined to form a scene equally striking and beautiful. To add to its attractions it was beheld beneath a sky of the most intense and brilliant blue, without a single flake of cloud to dim its radiance, from which a burning sun poured his rays with almost tropical power. This dazzling brilliancy of sun and sky, the glittering of domes and steeples, the blue and scarlet woollen shirts, striped trowsers, and broad sun-hats which formed the costume of the boatmen; their loud and voluble Canadian patois, and abundance of gesture as they surrounded the vessels in their wooden canoes; the ringing of bells in every convent and Catholic church, which came musically across the water, gave an oriental character to the view.

Those who had gazed on the glorious form of Constantinople, or “Cadiz rising o'er the dark blue sea,” or Lisbon “sheening a-far,” might not perhaps have felt the sensations of wonder, delight and admiration which filled the minds of Alice and her sister when they first beheld this beautiful old city; but bursting on their view, after a long and weary voyage, and seen under so favor-

able an aspect, the effect upon them was almost magical. They were tempted to believe that the gorgeous prospect so suddenly presented to their gaze, was as unsubstantial and unreal as the wondrous creations of the Fata Morgana, and was about to vanish from their eyes or assume some new form. With very different feelings did an old and faithful servant, who had accompanied them, gaze on the spectacle so strange, and therefore so disagreeable to her English eyes.

"My goodness gracious, ma'am," she said to Alice, "what a queer town, and what queer people. Are them the Indians, ma'am?"

"In troth are they," said the Irish boy, Brian O'Callaghan, to a young girl, an orphan, whom Mr. Blachford had also brought with him under the guardianship and tutelage of Mrs. Grace, and who stood quietly by, half amused, half frightened at the novelty of all around.

"In troth are they. Don't you hear their gibberish? an' look at their yallow faces. An' as for the houses sure they're all built in the face of the rock, like St. Kavin's bed, at the Seven Churches. I hope it's not as hard to get at them."

"But I thought the Indians were all black, ma'am," continued Mrs. Grace, "and wore nothing but blankets."

"Sure you wouldn't have'em wear their blankets undber a sun that's fryin' the fishes in the river," interjected Brian, "they keep'em for the cowl'd weather, av course."

"Not the Indians!" was Mrs. Grace's next exclamation, "gracious me, ma'am, and are all the people of this country as wild and uncivilized like as these be? Oh! deary me! but it must be a fearful place. Are you sure our lives will be safe, ma'am?"

"I hope so, Grace," said Alice, smiling, "these people, though not English, are a very quiet and courteous race. They are French Canadians."

"French!" cried Mrs. Grace, "oh! then excuse me, ma'am, but I never could abide the French. They are a cruel people; ma'am, and a dirty, and eat snails and frogs. No, ma'am, I never could abide the cruel French, nor the dirty Irish, nor beggary Scotch. There's no nation like the English."

"Then, I'm sorry to tell you, ma'am, that there's plenty of frog eatin' Frenchers, and beggary Scotch, and dirty Irish, in this fine country you're comin' to," said the young Hibernian, with an affectation of much humility, "not forgettin' a thick sprinklin' of red savages, and black niggers, and cheatin' Yankees, and some purse-proud pud-din'-eatin' John Bulls."

"Oh! I didn't mean any disparagement to you, my good lad," said Mrs. Grace, "seeing that it was not your fault to be born an Irishman; you seem a good sort of feller, and I dare say you would have been English if you could."

"I'm much obliged to you, ma'am, but if it's all the same to you, I'd rather stay as I am than change places with yer ladyship; I'm used to it now, as the man said when they wor goin' to hang him the second time."

Who knows not that line of Campbell's which has passed into a proverb,

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,"

and when our travellers climbed the wooden steps of the wharf at which they landed, and entered Champlain street, they were not disposed to dispute its truth. For

"Whoso entereth within this town
That sheening far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down
'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee."

But this only applies to the Lower Town, for when the rocky hill is surmounted, the Upper Town is found to possess better houses, better streets, and a situation which is visited continually by the pure breath of heaven,—the air around Quebec being the clearest and most invigorating imaginable.

From the windows of the hotel where they stopped and which was rendered delightfully cool by the large piazza which separated it from the burning street, Alice and her little brother, Frank, watched the passers-by; amused by many groups interesting to their unaccustomed eyes. The high and awkward calèches and waggons from the country, were almost the only vehicles which appeared. Numerous gentlemen, whose complexion shewed the influence of the Canadian sun, and attired in linen blouses and straw hats, were visible, but ladies were few and far between. Occasionally a smart servant girl, whose stout form and ruddy hue shewed that she was but newly arrived from the "old countries," tripped past; sometimes with a sallow dark-eyed Canadian by her side. Two groups of Indians, however, were, to the new-comers, the most interesting objects they beheld. The first consisted of a man and two squaws, one of the latter having a papouse slung at her back in a highly ornamented cradle, and the other carrying a string of moccasins and reticules, worked with porcupine quills, and the hair of the moose deer. They wore blankets, straw hats, and leggings of black cloth. The man carried a quantity of chip baskets, and several skins of the musk-rat and racoon. He

wore a blanket coat shewily bound with blue, and a sash of the same color.

While she was yet gazing after these poor unfortunates, literally strangers in their own land, Alice felt her sleeve eagerly pulled by Frank, who pointed out to her their fellow passenger, Brian O'Callaghan, standing in the street, examining with visible curiosity and admiration two Indian girls, who had paused near him with baskets of bark filled with tempting wild strawberries of the brightest red. These girls had soft dark eyes, and a gentle and modest expression which most of the squaws possess. They were shewily dressed in bright-colored calico gowns, and scarlet cloth mantles tastefully drawn over their heads, and they laughed with great glee at the very evident surprise and interest they excited in the young stranger. One of them held the basket towards him, as if inviting him to take some of her fruit; Brian, apparently nothing loth, accepted her offer, and when the girls moved away he followed them down the street. In the mean time, Helen had been attracted by a case of books which stood in the apartment, the lid of which had been removed. She stooped to read the titles of those which were uppermost, and saw that it contained works in almost all languages. The collection seemed especially rich in poetry. The *Divina Commedia* of Dante reposed next to Milton's *Paradise Lost*; the *Faerie Queene* of Spenser, beside the *Gerusalemme* of Tasso; the works of Goethe rested close to those of Shakspeare. Shakspeare crowned perennial king alike over the broad regions of reality and the boundless realms of imagination. Coleridge's lofty and speculative dreamings; the ethereal imaginings of Shelley; the powerful and impassioned muse of Byron, and all poesy worthy of the name, had found a place there. There also were engravings from Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Flaxman, Thorwaldsen, Dannecker, and all the admirable painters and sculptors of our own and ancient times, and there too were the illustrations of Retszch.

While Helen gazed on these treasures, she heard a door open, but believing it to be her father, she moved not till she caught in a mirror which hung opposite, the reflection of a strange and motionless form. Then she looked hastily round. Standing in the open door way, was a young man of a figure and countenance sufficiently remarkable to excite the attention of the most casual observer. His rich dark brown hair fell in waves about a brow whose breadth and massiveness proclaimed the treasures of intellect and imagination which lay within. His eyes were of

the deepest shade of blue, and of that clear transparency which made the gazer deem he could look through their crystal depths into the unsullied soul of whose divine essence they seemed such fit interpreters. Those eyes when once seen could never be forgotten, and those who had once met their glance, long years after beheld in dreams those pure, benign, spiritual orbs. His mouth was formed to express all the sweetest and best emotion: of humanity, yet it could speak high disdain and indignation, but a disdain and indignation unmingled with aught of hatred or revenge; but rather that species of immeasurable superiority which the countenance of a divinity might betray when witnessing the sins of an erring mortal, and which the pitying language of his eye contradicted. His figure was tall and graceful, though hardly sufficiently athletic for the ideal of manly beauty, and his whole bearing indicative of gentle birth and breeding. As he met Helen's glance of unaffected, but haughty surprise, a slight shade of embarrassment stole over his face. Bowing respectfully, he said in a voice whose rich music Helen often afterwards recalled, though nothing could be simpler than his words,

"I beg your pardon. I thought this room unoccupied," and retreating, closed the door behind him.

CHAPTER VIII.

Rosalind. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touchstone. Aye, now am I in Arden. The more fool I. When I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Rosalind. Aye, be so, good Touchstone.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

At a short distance from the shores of one of the vast lakes, which are the pride of the American continent, stood a comfortable dwelling-place, newly built and which though formed of wood was plastered to resemble stone, and roofed with large shingles to which that slate-color kindly imparted by time, had been artificially given. Round the house was a broad green verandah, in which stood several grape jars and wooden vases tastefully painted, containing shrubs and flowers which bloomed luxuriantly under the influence of a Canadian July sun. These flowers, so rare in the back-woods where this house was situated, were the only articles of luxury that appeared. Behind the house was a yard partly enclosed by the out offices usual on a farm, and partly by a high boarded fence. At one end was a garden too new to be very beautiful or productive, but neatly arranged, and surrounded by a strong rustic paling formed of young pines unstripped of

their bark. Rich beds of melons, cucumbers and tomatoes, were the most conspicuous objects there, with the exception of a magnificent hickory which had been preserved from the axe, and from its majestic shape and great size was worthy the veneration of all admirers of sylvan beauty. Beneath its trunk, boughs rough from the forest formed a picturesque seat, round which roses, mignonette, and sweet pea were clustered. In front of the dwelling was a small green lawn, bordered with flowers and enclosed by a rustic fence similar to that which protected the garden. From this piece of sward as well as from the garden and yard, the unsightly stumps, (remnants of the green woods which once waved there) had been removed, but in the surrounding fields they lifted their charred and blackened heads in great numbers, though now partially concealed by ripening corn, blossoming potatoes, and all the rich vegetation of mid-summer. At intervals, a huge, blasted and branchless tree raised their skeleton forms, some destroyed by the fire of the woodsman and black as ink, others withered by age, or smote by lightning, and bleached to a snowy whiteness. The rough, straggling and disorderly snake fences which deform all cultivated Canadian scenery separated the fields, and the deep forest shut in the scene on every side with all its variety of trees, and consequent diversity of tints and foliage; the majestic hemlocks with their feathery wreaths of dark bright green, and the stately swamp elms whose smooth glossy bolls wear crowns of light and silken leaves, towering above the rest as if to support the blue dome over head with their column like stems.

About a hundred yards from the house a steep bank upreared itself scattered over with tall young hemlocks; a rude natural path led up its broken and picturesque side, and on its summit was a limpid little lakelet where the denizens of the wilderness had come to drink before the foot of the white man had ever pierced their solitudes, or the sound of rude axe or murderous gun, frightened them from their accustomed haunts. An outlet from this tiny pond poured over a rough barrier of limestone, in a mimic fall, and flowed murmuring to the valley, its banks tapestried by graceful trees, gemmed by mossy and lichened stones, and embroidered by innumerable wild flowers, and creeping plants, while natural bridges were formed by the ancient and moss-grown trunks of trees which had fallen across the stream.

From this hemlock-clothed hill the farm had received its name of Hemlock Knoll. The house had been built by a gentleman, who for a short

time had been enamored of the delights of a state of primitive simplicity, in "shadowy deserts, unfrequented woods;" but finding the reality of a bush life widely different from what his fancy had pictured it, and disgusted with the privations and inconveniences he had to encounter, returned to "the flourishing peopled towns" which he had prematurely abandoned, and soon after found a purchaser for his property in Mr. Blachford.

The settlement in which Hemlock Knoll was located, was of small extent with little cleared land and thinly inhabited. The nearest town was at forty miles distance, but on the Yankee side of the lake was a thriving village, ambitiously yeclipt Heliopolis, and containing a school-house, meeting house, saw and grist mill, and various stores and taverns. Between the projecting point of land on which this village stood, and the Canadian settlement, the distance was but three miles, and every settler kept a skiff in which he could convey goods from the stores, or bring his corn to the mill when he chose.

Though comfortable and convenient, Mr. Blachford's new residence was a very humble abode compared to that he had left in England, but pleased with its aspect of rural peace and beauty, his daughters felt more than satisfied, and assisted Mrs. Grace and Lydia to arrange everything to the best advantage with great alacrity.

"Though mercy knows its no great matter," said Mrs. Grace, gazing sorrowfully on the draperies of the window curtains which she had been endeavoring to hang in a tasteful form, "for who is to see them here but the wolves and bears."

"You forget the Indians, Grace," said Alice laughing.

"The savages, Miss Alice!" exclaimed Lydia, "why are there any of them here?"

"Yes, I dare say there are."

"Oh! Miss Alice! and are not you afraid?"

"No, not in the least, Lydia. They are generally exceedingly quiet and inoffensive if uninjured."

"They may be as quiet as lambs," said Mrs. Grace, "but I'm sure the less I see of them the better pleased I'll be; and if they're the only neighbors we have besides wild beasts, the less often we open our doors the better."

"Oh! we have other neighbors," said Mr. Blachford who was unpacking some books, "there are Yankee, and Irish, and German settlers."

"Yankee! Irish! German!" reiterated poor Mrs. Grace, in an accent of despair, "God knows it's not for myself I care, but is there not a spot in the country where there are some Christians?"

"And why should you suppose they are not so?"

"Why, sir, I've always been told that the Yankees were Freethinkers, and the Germans Jews and atheists, and we all know the poor blinded papishes have not any right to the name of Christian."

"But those who judge them so uncharitably have, I suppose," said Mr. Blachford.

Mrs. Grace looked rather puzzled. "To be sure you know best, sir," she said, "but it grieves me that my young ladies are to be no better than buried alive in this wide wilderness, for I'm sure there's no one here fit society for them."

"And how can you possibly tell that, Grace?" asked Alice, laughing.

"Why, ma'am, the people here may be all very well in their way, they may be honest, and industrious and all that, but as to rank, or family or the elegance you and all your ancestors before you were accustomed to, they can understand nothing whatever about such things."

"But they may have cultivated minds, and pleasing manners notwithstanding," said Mr. Blachford.

This assertion was far beyond the range of Mrs. Grace's philosophy, but as it was Mr. Blachford who had made it, she maintained a respectful silence, for a minute or two, as if endeavoring to swallow her dissatisfaction.

"Well, sir," she exclaimed at last, "I hope you'll forgive me, but I'd rather see my young ladies in their graves much as I love them, than married to such as *them*."

"But, Grace," said Alice, still laughing, "is it absolutely necessary that we must marry?"

"I don't know as to that, Miss Blachford," said Mrs. Grace, with dignity, "I never was married myself, though many's the good offer I put by me, but please God something will turn up to bring you back to your own country again and place you in your proper station once more, and then such young ladies as you, may choose among the noblest of the land."

For the first two or three weeks after their arrival at their new abode time sped rapidly to all. Mr. Blachford, who had always taken great pleasure in farming, was busily engaged in all the operations of the season. Frank was inexpressibly delighted with the change of scene, novel occupations and simple style of living at Hemlock Knoll; Mrs. Grace was quite in her element putting the house and dairy in order, and arranging the domestic economy on the best possible system according to her ideas, and so many works

of necessity and supererogation did she find to execute, that she had scarcely a minute to regret her native land and her master's altered situation. On Sundays, however, accompanied by Lydia, she visited the growing crops, and made many lamentations over the snake fences, stumps and rough husbandry which smote her eyes, ending by a eulogium on the daisied fields, thorn hedges and scientific farming of her own dear country.

Alice had not only many trifling domestic matters to occupy her time, but also much that was new and interesting in all she saw to employ her thoughts and gratify her fancy. As she was an enthusiastic lover of nature and a botanist, she found great enjoyment in rambling as far as she dared ventured on the skirts of the forest, exploring its wild and picturesque recesses, and gathering the wild flowers which fill the woods, many of them boasting beautiful colours and graceful forms, but nearly all lacking the sweet breaths which fill with fragrance the meadows and hedgerows of the fair British Isles; so that Alice felt if it were even possible, to divest

"The woodbine, the primrose, the violet dim,
of that sweetness,

"By antique song,
"Breath'd o'er the names of that flowery throng,"

she must still prefer her old favorites for the sake of their balmy perfumes. In these rambles she was generally accompanied by her little brother, Frank, and a great Labrador dog, called Jason, which had belonged to the young midshipman; and sometimes when she seated herself on the mossy remnant of some giant tree, from whose mouldering trunk a young pine was springing, while the wild strawberry or raspberry found nourishment from the same source, with Frank exhausted by the heat, at rest by her side, and Jason, equally tired out, reposing at her feet, she would close her eyes and dream that she was still in her own land, and that all which had lately seemed bitter reality was in truth the creation of a dream,—till roused by the shriek of the brilliant but unmelodious blue jay, the quick chatter of the squirrel, or the sudden and reiterated tap of the woodpecker, with scarlet cap and snowy wings, knocking the knell of death against some time-worn ancient of the woods.

During the first few days, Helen, excited by the necessary bustle and employment, had regained much of her lost health and spirits, but as that excitement subsided she relapsed into abstraction and apathy; she would wander whole days through the deepest wilds of the forests, marking the route she had followed by tying strips of mus-

lin on the trees as she passed along, and far preferring its pathless recesses to the romantic and cheerful beauty which hangs about the borders of the wilderness. There, clusters of graceful beech or sunny maple grow; the flower-hung bass and elegant locust; rich-leaved hickory and walnut, and clumps of tall hemlocks through whose feathery branches of velvet green such deep shadows and glowing lights fall—while the sumach, the raspberry, the wild-rose and that species of honeysuckle called by the Americans twin-flower, the wild vine, and ivy form fantastic bowers and arcades around them.

Many Europeans have been disappointed on first seeing the far-famed forests of America, but Helen felt her expectations more than realized. It is true they cannot boast the spreading beech, the rugged elm, and umbrageous oak with widely extended arms, which sometimes attain so magnificent a size in the parks and lawns of England, retaining at the same time such graceful proportions; the rich deep glades, the sunny openings, the masses of embowering foliage which constitute the charms of woodland scenery there, but the very absence of these gives to the American wilderness its own distinctive character of beauty which is solemn and often sublime. In its dark solitudes the trees rise to an immense height, shooting upward without branches like the pillars of some lofty temple, and surmounted by massive canopies of leaves, forming a fit dome to the columns of that sublime fane; while the ground beneath is strown with moss, creeping evergreens and faded leaves which no foot, save that of the deer or wolf, has ever trodden, or it may be of some lingering red man, who still solaces his fallen pride by calling those wilds his own. And, though America has not the heroic and mythological associations of classic lands, or the glorious recollections and poetic legends which hallow our own,

“ Such as raised

To heights of noblest temper heroes old;”

no time-honored relics of the mighty past, save some remnants wrapped in mystery without history or tradition to consecrate them and with which the present lords of the soil can have no connection—and born too late

“ For antique vows

Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,

When holy were the haunted forest boughs,

Holy the air, the water, and the fire.”

Yet over its mighty lakes, and through its boundless forests, float voices whispering of the

mightier more mysterious future, in which the great problem of *life* is yet to be solved—its wondrous and maddening mysteries made clear, and those hopes and aspirations, which in France were quenched in guilt and blood, shall rise pure, unsoiled and deathless.

Alice was grieved and alarmed by the increasing love of solitude her sister displayed, but she herself loved nature in all her phases too well, not to have faith in her soothing and strengthening influence on the mind of Helen. Nor was she mistaken, for in these long and lonely wanderings Helen's thoughts turned inwards, and she learned the real aim and object of life, which before had been to her but a dream—as bright and beautiful, but as vague and unsatisfactory. She felt that it was not a pageant in which our highest end is to shine the most gorgeous and admired of the throng, but a deep reality spreading serious truths before us, and teaching to each his necessary lesson while on all is enjoined the task, like the vestals of old with the sacred lamps, to nourish and brighten the divine flame—the ideal, the spiritual soul of our existence, which allies us to God and to eternity. Soon, too, she ceased to regret her faithless lover, for the spell which can alone bind a noble heart, a belief in the worthiness of the object beloved, was broken, and her love fled with it. By degrees her cheeks resumed their damask tinge and her eyes their glad brightness; once more she tasted the pleasures of confidence and affection in the society of her father and Alice, and again found delight in the pursuits which had been used to charm. But though she was outwardly the same as before, Lord Embsdenburg had thrown so dark a shadow on her bright path, she was in reality much changed. Her mind had been strengthened and exalted, her heart purified, and her haughty temper, though not yet wholly subdued, had been softened and modified; while her beauty, always full of intellectual light, now bore a thoughtful seriousness, like a light veil floating over its loveliness that hallowed without marring its radiance.

CHAPTER IX.

“ It were a blissful thing, if on a day,
When we were wandering far, far away,
A spirit of the waters were to rise,
And look upon us with large bright black eyes !”



J. WALKER.

NE morning about a month after their arrival at Hemlock Knoll, Alice and Frank wandered through a blazed road, full of picturesque turnings and windings, till they found themselves on the lake shore. The day was bright and breezy, a thunder-storm having refreshed and purified the air. The mid-heaven was of the purest and most transparent sapphire tint, and cloudless, save for a few slight feathery wreaths of the most snowy whiteness, floating gracefully across the zenith, from whence the sun cast down his rays with intense brightness. But around the horizon's verge, appearing above the tall tops of the pine, were huge masses of vapor with dark and rugged edges, in which still slumbered volumes of the electric fluid as if waiting till with new force and fury, they might with one accord rush together, blacken the blue sky, wrap up the beams of the glorious sun in their dark canopy, shoot out anew their arrowy lightnings, and give a voice to their rage in the echoing thunder.

But at present all was beauty and sunshine, befitting the rich and luxuriant month of August into which the year had just entered; the leaves rustled in the light south-wind with a

pleasant and whispering sound, and bright colored insects spread their wings in the sun.

On reaching the lake, so calm and transparent did it lie beneath the blue vault, whose color and transparency it reflected, and so rich were its banks with wild flowers and reeds from among which several species of wild fowl started at their approach, that Alice readily agreed to Frank's entreaties to pursue the tangled path that lay along the water's edge. The opposite shore was broken into numerous small bays and inlets, promontories and headlands, whose tops were covered with lofty pines. Behind them lay the forest, and the path which they had just traversed could faintly be discerned receding into its bosom. So wild was the scene and so deep the solitude, that they might have fancied themselves the first whose steps had ever pressed the margin of the grand inland sea which slept so peacefully in the sunshine, the American village on the farther shore being concealed by a promontory from their view.

But as they slowly followed the windings of the lake, an abrupt turn round a tiny headland brought suddenly before them a sight which filled Alice with surprise and curious interest, not wholly free from fear.

In a small inlet or creek, lay a light canoe so

gracefully moulded and tastefully finished that its beauty and symmetry struck even the unpractised eye of Alice; and leaning over its side, splashing the bright water into spray with his fingers, was a figure sufficiently wild and singular to have excited astonishment and admiration in a far less susceptible breast than that of Alice Blackford. He wore a shooting jacket of forest green, embroidered with yellow and white trowsers; a sash of twisted silk, in which the colors of green, scarlet and gold were mingled, was twined round his waist, and his cap was of scarlet velvet with a green and gold band. A knife in a sheath of fine deer skin worked with the hair of the moose-deer hung from his sash, and in the canoe lay a hickory bow, beautifully polished, and a quiver, wrought with stained porcupine quills, filled with arrows. The canoe lay just beneath the bank on which Alice stood, and involuntarily she caught Frank's hand and looked at the dog, Jason, who stood a pace or two in front, gazing quietly yet watchfully at the stranger. As she hesitated, the youth ceased his childish sport, and looked up, for his glance had before been turned on the water, and if his romantic situation and picturesque attire had at first somewhat interested the fancy of Alice, the impression was heightened when she beheld his extraordinary beauty. His complexion was a deep brown with a rich crimson hue dying his cheeks, and Alice thought his features were slightly marked with the characteristics of Indian physiognomy, though not sufficiently so to lessen in the slightest degree the effect of their rare attractions. Neither was there aught stern or savage in his face; on the contrary, both in feature and expression it was soft, gentle, and decidedly feminine, though at the same time, bold and haughty, especially in the curve and character of the mouth. His lips were full but delicate, and in color the brightest vermillion, but in his eyes lay the chief charm of his countenance. They were large, wild, melancholy and impassioned, black as night and shaded by deep lashes of the same ebon hue, while a species of irresistible fascination dwelt in their glances.

For a second, he gazed stedfastly on Alice who was hastily turning to retrace her steps when he spoke:

"Do not fear, blossom of the pale faces," he said, "though the red man has wrongs to avenge, the braves of my nation injure not such as you."

His voice was inexpressibly sweet and soothing, and with a soft and plaintive cadence in its tones which at once reached the gentle heart of

Alice. She turned again to the young Indian and said quietly:

"I am not afraid. I never wronged any of your nation, nor would I do so for worlds, therefore I have no cause to fear."

"Yet you tremble—the blood which flows in your veins is as white as your snowy forehead. But yonder is a ridge of earth; climb it and you will see a lodge and a clearing of your own people, there you will get shelter from the red lightnings which I see already playing in the sky."

Alice thanked the young Indian, and gladly hastened in the direction he had indicated, more eager to escape from his presence, than to avoid the coming storm; for though nothing could be less calculated to excite terror than his soft looks and gentle words, there was a species of wildness in his manner and appearance, which added to the solitude of the scene, filled her with undefined apprehensions. On ascending the hill, she beheld, beneath, a piece of newly cleared land, about ten acres in extent, in one angle of which lay a log-house and barn, and feeling at once relieved, she gave way to the inclination she had before felt to look behind her. The creek in which the canoe lay was no longer visible, but on the bank with folded arms stood the young Indian. Alice did not look again, but hastened down the declivity. It was thinly scattered with beech and pine interspersed with juniper bushes, she had therefore little trouble in reaching the clearing, and after passing through a field of maize and pumpkins, she gained the log-but just as a few heavy rain-drops fell, and a clap of thunder broke at no great distance. The door was open, but Alice knocked before entering, and her surprise was great when the keen, intelligent and merry features of Brian O'Callaghan presented themselves before her. At that moment she recognized them with joy, instead of the strange and perhaps, inhospitable looks she had expected to encounter, and the joy of little Frank in thus meeting the lively, kind-hearted Irish boy was excessive.

Poor Brian's face became a perfect chaos of emotions on the instant, surprise, joy, bashfulness all mingled, and as he afterwards said, "more nor all, Miss Alice, when I seen you, I remembered the day I left ould Ireland, as if it wor that blessed hour, and my heart jumped up to my mouth as if I wor sthrukk wid a flash of lightning."

When the poor fellow was able to speak, he poured forth his words with true Hibernian volubility "Oh! good jewel! and is it yourself that's in it, mather Frank Blackford! and the young lady too! To see the like o' you in such a

place as this, in the wild woods at the very end o' the world. Oh! holy Vargin. Give ye shelther is it? It is the proudest hour o' my life to think that me or mine should give you shelther, ondy sorry I am it is not fitter for the likes o' you. An' how's the ould masther, sir, an' the other young misthress? Oh! masther Frank, honey, isn't this a quare place for you to be in? God be with the time we wor in the ould counthry!"

In the mean time a young woman had advanced, blushing, curtesying and smiling, though her smile was scarcely the expression of a glad heart. "Will you be plazed to walk in, my lady," she said "though it's but a poor place to be sure. It does well enough for the like of us, but I'm sorry it's no better for your sake."

"My sisher, miss," said Brian, by way of introduction, and giving Frank a stool while his sister dusted another with her apron for Alice.

She was a young and pretty woman, scarcely beyond girlhood, though toil, privation and sorrow had paled her rosy cheek and sallowed the fairness of her complexion. Her eyes were of that bright, rich dark blue, so peculiarly Irish, with black lashes; her dark hair was smoothly banded on her forehead, her parted lips displayed teeth white and even as pearls, and her countenance expressed great modesty, ingenuousness and simplicity with something of arch and piquant vivacity which anxiety and grief had now nearly subdued. She had been making bread on a board which placed across two empty flour-casks, served as a table.

As this was the first time Alice had ever entered one of those American log-houses, of which she had so often heard, she looked around with curious interest. The walls were formed of rough logs laid on one another, and the interstices stopped with mortar and bits of wood. The roof was unplastered, but as it was a new building all looked clean and white. In one end yawned a great aperture, faced with brick, in which lay a few half-burned logs, and with a huge fronting of wood by way of a chimney piece. Round the walls were placed great wooden pegs, on which hung divers articles of clothing, and other "odd notions," of a nondescript character condemned in household matters far more than "a double debt to pay." A few stools, and round logs which also served for seats, a rough deal table, a saw, hammer and plane, a couple of axes and spades, an iron kettle and pot, a camp-oven, heating on the fire to receive the bread; a few plates, cups, knives &c., arranged on a shelf against the wall; a rifle suspended over the fire-place, and two or three boxes were near-

ly all the contents of the hut, with the exception of a rude bedstead, on which lay a young, but sickly-looking man, and a species of rough cradle in which a child, apparently not more than a year old was sleeping. "That's my husband, on the bed, miss," said the young woman, "you needn't be afeard of the sickness he has, which plaze God you'll never have,—it's only the weary ague."

Alice enquired how long he had been ill, and if he was getting better with benevolent sympathy which at once warmed the young Irishwoman's heart.

"Many thanks to you for axin', my lady, he's entirely better this last fortnight, glory be to God, and plaze goodness he'll soon get over it now, but it has been heavy on him all the summer. Only for Brian I could never have held up as I did, but sure it was God's goodness sint him to us."

"Whisht now, Moyna, acushla, say no more about what's past and gone; sure the worst's all over now and Michael's a' most well, and look at little Con what a darlint fine fellow he's grew in spite of all the throuble that was round him. Aye, plaze God, an' he'll be able to ride to his saddle skirts in his own goold yit, an' go home to Ireland and be a greater man than O'Connell—beggin' the English lady's pardon."

"What you say's thrue enough, Brian, barrin the last part of it, which to be sure's only, nonsense,"—and she looked deprecatingly at the smiling face of Alice and proudly at her boy, who just then awoke and stretched out his arms to his mother. He was a laughing, crowing, chubby urchin as if he had been reared on the green mountains of their own lovely isle instead of in the dense and sombre forests of Canada. "Michael is able to walk a little now," Moyna resumed, "and when he gets strong we'll all be happy and pleasant wonst more—more especially since we've got you with us, Brian, though to be sure," she added with a slight sigh, "we can never forget ould Ireland."

Alice could not refrain from wonder at the contentment and hopefulness displayed by these people in what seemed to her a state of such utter wretchedness, but had she known the Irish peasantry better she would have felt less surprise. One of the most remarkable features in their character is the patience and resignation they exhibit under every form of adversity, and though generally ascribed to their careless and slovenly habits, and want of forethought, it has perhaps its origin in a higher source; in that spring of enthusiasm and imagination swelling up in every Irish breast which causes them to live rather in their affections and fancies than in external cir-

cumstances; in their belief that all events come directly from the hand of God, that all things are intended for their ultimate good, and that in the next world they shall receive a recompense proportioned to what they endure in this. The idea that the bliss of the poor in heaven shall be according to their miseries on earth, is exhibited in a somewhat more refined form in the Vicar of Wakefield's sermon to the prisoners, and it is this which imparts to so many of Goldsmith's countrymen a truly martyr spirit.

When the storm cleared off, Brian insisted on seeing Alice and Frank to their own clearing, lest they should lose their way in such an *outlandish* place. Recollecting the strange Indian she had encountered, Alice willingly accepted his offer, though she couldn't help smiling as she thought of the astonishment some of her fashionable acquaintances, especially Lord Embsdenburg, would feel could they see her wandering through the wild forest with her squire of low degree. "Yet," she mentally exclaimed "even he could not be more courteous and polite than my friend, Brian, and I am sure he is not half so honest and true-hearted.

On passing the creek where the canoe had lain, she looked for it with eager curiosity, but it had disappeared, and though she strained her eyes over the lake in every direction, she could not discover the least trace of the picturesque little vessel. Brian could not give her any information about the stranger, for though he had several times seen Indians in the neighborhood, he had never seen any dressed as she described.

(To be continued.)

PHYSIOLOGY OF A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

BY YORK, JR.

I. WHICH INTRODUCETH THE SUBJECT.

READER, have you ever had an album thrust into your hand, with a plaintive request for a "verse or two" from your pen, to enrich its gaudy pages? Have you ever raked and "cudgelled" your unhappy brain to produce them? If you have, you can form some idea of my every day sufferings, and perhaps will pity me. Albums have made my life miserable—they have been the cause of me losing fifty-three situations. Instead of attending to my business, I have been invoking the Muses, and penning love verses! Often have I cursed that unhappy day from which I date my sufferings—for ever since I perpetrated those "Lines to a Teapot," which appeared in

"The Curmber Gazette," of Smuggsley-on-Lee, under the signature of a "X." Ever since I wrote verses for that paper, my name has been stamped, and my life has been rendered miserable. Albums were showered on me by dozens, with scented requests for an "impromptu; or a few verses."

It is, then, with much knowledge of these (to me) detested albums, that I venture to present the results of my experience to our readers.

II WHICH TREATETH OF "THE ALBUM."

The album is of many varieties: There is the album with its pages possessed solely by poetical pieces; then we have "the cross" between that and the scrap book. The one before us is of the latter order; its pages are strewn with dauby views in some place abroad, with flaring blue skies and yellow grounds. There is one or two coloured lithographs, which you immediately recognise as having once held a conspicuous position in "The Lady's Pocket Book for 1845;" one of them a scorching view in Arabia, or the Lord knows where, with one or two palm trees in the distance, looking like the skeletons of a lot of umbrellas, and a camel or two in the foreground, more like animated lumps of dough than anything else. Then you are sure to have "a view of Mount Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples." Also, a water-colour painting, on a lace-edged sheet of paper, (most probably an odd valentine,) which you, in your excessive ignorance, fancy to be a red cabbage, but which, on a closer inspection, turns out to be a rose. All these are, doubtless, much prized by the fair possessor, who, in the innocence of her heart, imagines them to be first-rate specimens of artistic talent.

III. WHICH TREATS OF THE CALIGRAPHY.

There is, interspersed with these, a variety of specimens of caligraphy; and we ourselves consider this by far the most amusing part of the volume. There may be found an almost endless fund of amusement in criticising and inspecting this portion of the album. There is every variety of hand-writing, from "cramp penmanship" to the faint and angular hand of the young lady, who indites a variety of pieces "to Friendship," with a crow quill and fair ink.

IV. WHICH TREATS OF THE CONTRIBUTORS.

THE SENTIMENTAL YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

All albums possess a contributor, who gives vent to his feelings in bitter verses, railing against the whole of the female sex, and who fancies by that means to make you believe he has been disappointed in love,—that his life has therefore, of necessity, been embittered. Doubtless, this gen-

tleman is a melancholy youth, who brushes his hair off his forehead, wears "Byron collars," and a melancholy scowl. He says much about a harp that he possesses; and in a heart-broken manner, begs and implores them not to insist upon his passing his fingers over the strings, as it can give forth nothing but misanthropic sentiments. He usually howls out his anguish after the following fashion:—

I wish I were a feather'd bird
That rises on the wing;
I wish I were what I am not—
A cold, unfeeling thing!

I wish I were a star above,
To glitter in the sky;
I wish the welcome hour was come
To lay me down to die!

Altogether, it would be a happy thing for *both* parties, if the unfortunate young man could obtain any one of his numerous wishes.

THE SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY.

Next we must rank the young lady who is in an interesting state of unrequited affection, and writes some soul-harrowing little verses, which principally consist of a determination to devote herself to a life of celibacy; or else, as before mentioned, she indites faint "Lines to Friendship," with an invincible resolve to die, *if needs be*, for the sake of the friend (the fair owner of "The Album.") Albeit, perhaps the next week or so, after the perusing of the following verses, there is a violent quarrel, and each comes to the determination "of never speaking to *that minx* again!"

Friendship is the strengthening link
Which binds the ship together,
Friendship keeps her safe and strong,
Despite of wind and weather.

Then all through life I hope to sail,
Serene upon life's ocean;
Friendship sailing safe and strong,
In undulating motion.

THE GENTLEMAN IN LOVE.

There is also a gentleman who seems solely to exist for the purposes of falling in love with every lady he meets, and thereby rendering himself "intensely miserable." His style does not need much particularizing. He evinces great partiality for "Ariostics;" the following will serve for a specimen:—

Anne, with thy glancing eye,
My poor heart is pierced through:
More potent than love's quivering dart,
Are thy dear eyes of blue.

THE FUNNY CONTRIBUTOR.

Again, we have the funny friend, who "is such a *naughty* man, and *will insist* upon writing such *ridiculous* nonsense!" This gentleman fancies himself "a wit;" and when he is invited out to meals, he thinks it necessary to bore the unhappy company, and make them *swallow his stale puns!* His style is not very difficult to imitate:—

A SOLEMN THOUGHT.

The winds are roaring like to some old giant,
Who shouts and yells because his limbs *aint* pliant;
Now hoarseley bawling now in tones of shrillness,
As if recovering from a recent illness.
And now the rain in buckets-full comes down:—
"Heaven help the man whose hat has got no crown!!

THE IMPOSTOR.

The number of gentlemen ranked under this head, are, we are sorry to say, extremely numerous. They copy Byron, Moore, and the other poets, by wholesale, inasmuch as they are utterly unable to pen an original line. His contribution in the album before me consists of a scratchy pen and ink drawing of a stag in full career, and about twenty verses of rather a suspicious character, of which, as a specimen, the following *one* will be found quite sufficient:—

And onward still without a pause,
And with a noble bound,
The stag came leaping through the copse,
Close followed by the hound,
The crackling copse-wood, breaking short,
Did through the woods resound.

V. AND LAST.

However imperfectly I have executed it, my task is finished. Yet before we part, I must perforce add my own verses, for which I have harrowed up my feelings, clinched my hair, and rolled my optics "in a fine phrensy," to get the "steam up." With these I humbly close "*the Album*" and this paper:

Fleeting are the sweet spring flowers,
Fleeting is the brilliant day:
Alas! these happy flying hours
No sooner come but pass away:—
Those happy times, my love, when we,
On just another such a day,
Came forth into the fields, I see,
Which stretch beyond and far away.
Those happy times are past my love,
And with them you are gone;
'Twas like a flickering sunny glance,
Which for a time hath shone,
But shaded by an envious cloud,
Leaves all in deeper gloom;
For me there's no more happiness,
But that beyond the tomb.

THE ROSE OF PROVINS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE LITERARY GARLAND.



EARLY one morning, three persons might be seen entering Provins by Cæsar's Gate, the one through which, according to the *savans* of the place, the illustrious conqueror of the Gauls, when here, had himself been accustomed to lead his horses to water. They sought in Provins a retreat under those reverses of fortune which had driven them from Paris. Their entrance was quiet and unobserved, except by two or three of the old gossips of the town, who enjoying the morning sunshine before their door might be heard to whisper as they passed, "Who can this beautiful young girl be, followed by an old servant, and accompanied by such a handsome young man? Surely they are not husband and wife, but they make a charming couple."

Their dress was simple, and their whole appearance without the least pretence, but there was an air of cultivation and refinement about them, which could not be mistaken, and one might easily judge that fortune had dealt sternly with them.

But they were not husband and wife as the gossips had supposed. Henrietta Verneuil, was the daughter of a notary, and the misfortunes which brought her to Provins, were happily very rare, at that period, that is, about 1820. Her father had speculated upon the public funds in the full expectation of reaping such a harvest as should enable him to repay with ample interest all that he had taken. But his hopes were disappointed, the step proved a fatal one, and instead of the wealth he had expected, he found himself reduced to poverty. Preferring flight to public dishonor, M. Verneuil stopped payment, and the same evening disappeared, leaving as the only inheritance of his daughter, his entangled and ruinous affairs.

Among the clerks of the office, was one, who had always shown towards his employer, and still more his employer's daughter, the most devoted interest, and attachment, and who proved, at this crisis the sincerity and truth of his professions. Oscar Dupuis, seeing that now there was no longer anything to be gained, those who had before been loudest in their professions, being now the first to fall off and desert the friendless daughter of one whom they had before appeared so anxious to serve, resolved himself to take charge of the settlement of the estate, and do all in his power to preserve to the young orphan some remnant of the former wealth of her father. This generous effort, however, was fruitless; at the end of two years, Henrietta found herself alone in the world, with eight hundred francs as her only fortune. She received the intelligence with the same firmness and gentle resignation, which she had shown through all the difficult circumstances in which she had been placed for the last two years, and even in the midst of her own misfortunes could not forget the gratitude she owed to one who had proved himself such a true friend.

"Mr. Dupuis," said she, "you have my warmest thanks for the generous care you have given to my interests. I shall never forget what you have done for me, and in the retirement I have chosen for myself, shall remember your kindness always with the deepest gratitude."

"You go into retirement," exclaimed Dupuis, involuntarily.

"Surely you do not think I could live in Paris on such a reduced income, and besides, I should have to be separated from my good old nurse, Marguerite. She brought me up from a child, and I should wish to have her always remain with me."

"Yes, you are right," said Dupuis, in a softer tone; "it is not well to remove far from us those who are so attached, as good Marguerite, but you cannot think she is the only one who has an interest in you? Oh! I beseech you, let me too, follow you! Wherever you wish, I will go. For the last two years I have worked for you, do not so suddenly take from me my greatest happiness."

Henrietta was confused and agitated, and knew

not how to reply to this unexpected appeal. At length, recovering her self-command, she said:

"But, Oscar, how can you think of following me? You must leave your business; your prospects for the future will be ruined."

"And can I not work there, as well as here?" he exclaimed, passionately interrupting her; "I will make my own fortune; with such a stimulus I could not but succeed. Only let me go. Ah! you do not say no. I see you will consent, and I shall be tenfold repaid for anything I have done. But, farewell, I must away, and give orders for our departure," and he left her happy in the thought, that their separation was no longer to be dreaded; he might go with her now, and perhaps, never leave her.

"He loves me, Marguerite, he loves me!" were the first words of Henrietta, after he had disappeared, as she threw herself into the arms of her kind old nurse.

"*Pardieu!* did I not say so," replied Marguerite, "you see miss, old women are very sharp sighted sometimes. I knew it long ago, and was rejoiced at it, for he is a fine lad, and you will make a pretty little couple."

"But, nurse, he has not asked my hand."

"Give the young man time, and he will ask it. He does not wish you to think that he would take advantage of the services he has rendered you, and it is only delicacy which prevents him, for I am sure it is his intention."

"Do you really think so, Marguerite?" exclaimed Henrietta; but the old nurse had disappeared to make some preparations necessary for their journey, and she found herself left alone to her not unpleasant reflections.

It took three days to complete the arrangements for their departure, during which, Dupuis, encouraged by old Marguerite, made an offer of his hand to Henrietta, which as the reader may suppose, was not refused. It was agreed, however, that their marriage should not be celebrated till after their arrival in Provins (where they had decided to go,) and till Dupuis, by his exertions, had made enough to start them comfortably in life.

Thus it was that these three persons happened to be entering Provins together, and under such different circumstances, from what their appearance seemed to warrant.

About a week afterwards, a house in the Ville Haute, which had formerly been gloomy and unoccupied, began to assume a more cheerful aspect. The blinds were thrown open, the dust and cobwebs carefully wiped from the doors and windows, and, now and then, (so it was whispered

among the neighbours) the sound of a guitar had been heard, accompanied by a female voice, the softest, the sweetest, ever heard. We need not, doubtless, tell the reader that it was Henrietta's; and not far from there was Oscar, who had obtained employment in the office of a wealthy notary, and who spent every hour he could spare from his duties, by the side of his beloved Henrietta, pouring into her willing ear words of love and tenderness, and talking with fond anticipation over all their plans for that future which seemed so full of happiness. The bright promises, however, were destined soon to be clouded, and that too in a way which Oscar least expected.

One day as he entered the office rather before the usual hour, he found the clerks standing idly together engaged in animated discussion on the various merits of the belles of the town, and before long, the conversation turned on the mysterious occupant of the house in the Ville Haute, whose beauty had not failed to attract their attention.

"It seems to me," said Auguste, a foppish little fellow with an air of the most conceited importance; "it seems that none of you know there is a new attraction in Provins!"

"Indeed, my dear fellow, do you think you are the only one that has found it out?" replied René the principal clerk, contemptuously!

"She hides herself so effectually, that it seemed to me very likely. She never goes out, and there is an old woman, a kind of drag on who guards her, and will not so much as allow her to show her face at the window; notwithstanding, all her precautions, however, it does sometimes happen, for it is thus I have seen her, and she is charming, I assure you."

"*Parbleu!* we know that as well as you, and have no need of your information. She is so lovely that I have named her the *Rose of Provins*. Is it not so?" said he, appealing to the rest of the party, who stood by, apparently too much interested in the conversation of the principal speakers, to take any part in it themselves.

"It is! It is!" exclaimed several voices. "And we can tell him more than he knows yet," continued another; "for I have been told that though she apparently leads such a secluded life, her evenings are by no means lonely, some privileged friend no doubt being admitted to the favor of her society."

Oscar heard this accusation against Henrietta, whom he had immediately recognized as the subject of their curiosity, with the utmost indifference except that an almost imperceptible smile crossed

his features, for he could not doubt for a moment that the *privileged friend* was himself.

"And is that all?" rejoined Auguste, with a sneer, "I know more than you do after all, I see, and if you will but wait until to-morrow I will give you such proof of it, that it will no longer be possible for you to doubt my word."

"You give proof" exclaimed René "contemptuously," I should like to see it! If it were any one else I might feel jealous, but fortunately I know you too well."

"You feel jealous! I should like to know what right you have."

"More than yourself, as I will show you ere long, in spite of all your insolent boasting."

"You lie, both of you!" exclaimed Oscar, no longer able to control his anger, "and none but villains would dare, thus without reason or proof to scandalize an unprotected female; for though he had hitherto remained apart from the rest, and apparently engaged at his desk, a dispute upon a subject which so nearly concerned himself could not escape him, and the various feelings which agitated him, were as we may suppose not of the pleasantest nature.

"What champion of the fair sex have we here?" cried several voices at once, "and by what right does he take so much upon himself?"

"I do so, gentlemen, because I am a friend to the young girl of whom you speak so lightly, and if within three days you cannot prove satisfactorily what you have so boastingly asserted, I must demand of you either reason or apology;" and he left the office abruptly, leaving the clerks in a state of profound astonishment at this unlooked for interruption.

We may easily imagine that the feelings of Auguste and René, through that day were not the most agreeable in the world. Without the least intention of doing so, they had involved themselves in an affair in which their honor was nearly concerned, and having committed themselves so far it was impossible to draw back. The only step to be taken seemed to be to obtain an introduction to Henrietta, and this they resolved separately to accomplish if possible; how the plan succeeded the sequel of our story will show.

Oscar in the mean time had hastened to Henrietta, and recounted to her, not without some feelings of jealousy which he in vain endeavored to repress, the conversation he had heard, and the unceremonious manner in which he had brought it to a termination.

"And so you have allowed three days to prove to you their false accusations, and for me to refute them," she exclaimed indignantly; "can it be

possible that you too distrust me? But, no, I will not believe," and she added, "I will teach these mean spirits, to know that the purity and innocence of a woman's own heart is her best and truest shield from every breath of evil and suspicion."

"If that only were needed, you, I am sure, would have naught to fear, dear Henrietta," said he, gazing at her with admiration, "but farewell, I must away, and be assured, he added tenderly, that whatever evil the world believes, one heart will still remain ever true to you alone."

Oscar arrived at the office next day, with heavy eyes, and a pale and weary countenance, for he had not slept, and in spite of all his efforts, the words of the two clerks would keep presenting themselves to his mind. We may judge then what his feelings were, while, as he sat at his desk busily engaged in copying a deed, he saw Auguste enter with a triumphant air, crushing in his hand a note which he appeared to have just finished reading, while René on his part stood still engaged in perusing a small billet indited in neat and delicate hand, and whose contents seemed to afford him extreme satisfaction.

"Come let us go to breakfast," said René to Auguste, as soon as he had finished reading, that is "if the *Rose of Provins* has not taken away your appetite," he added in a mocking tone.

"By my faith no!" replied Auguste with ill-concealed triumph, "only I have an important engagement to-day—but it seems to me you are in a great hurry."

"Yes, rather," said René, with a satisfactory smile, "I have some pressing business."

"But we cannot both leave together. Mine is at noon."

"And mine at two o'clock, you will have returned before I wish to go, and if the patron enquires for me you can make some excuse."

As he went out, René turned to Dupuis and said,

"What were you thinking of yesterday? do you know you acted like a madman? But meet me presently in my room, I have something to say to you."

At that moment Auguste turned back and approaching Oscar said to him in an under tone, "follow me in a few moments, I wish to speak to you."

Dupuis hardly knew what to think of all this mystery; however, he went immediately to find the head clerk.

As soon as he saw him, he exclaimed, "what a foolish fellow you were to get so out of temper about a woman yesterday; you were too hasty; see now if I had no reason for saying that to-day

I should be able to give you some more information, read this letter."

"An appointment," exclaimed Oscar in surprise, after having read it hastily.

"Yes, for noon; as to Auguste, I do not wonder you doubted *him*, he is a vain impertinent fellow."

Oscar was somewhat troubled, but yet scarcely knew what to think of the affair; he went out, however, crossed the study and gained the street; Auguste awaited him.

"So you have come at last," he exclaimed as soon as he saw him, "I have been thinking over the affair of yesterday, and think you did quite right with regard to René; he is always boasting, but I have proof as I assured you before; just read this.

"Another appointment!" exclaimed Dupuis involuntarily, "I begin to think that Henrietta is making fun of them both."

"At two o'clock, you are convinced of it, and tell me, if I was not right in enjoining secrecy upon you."

"I need be uneasy no longer, thought Oscar to himself, as he re-entered the office and seated himself at his desk, with a much lighter heart than when he had entered it in the morning.

As soon as twelve o'clock struck, René arose and went out, after requesting Auguste to make an excuse for him if enquired after, and with his head two inches higher than usual, and a most self-satisfied air directed his steps towards the residence of the Rose of Provins.

On the morning of the same day, Henrietta had called her old nurse to her, and said, "Marguerite, I wish you to see that every thing is neat, and in order about the house, and then come and dress me; I expect two visitors to-day."

"Two visitors!" exclaimed Marguerite in the utmost astonishment, "but we have never received any."

"We will commence immediately, my good nurse; these are young gentlemen."

"Young gentlemen!" said Marguerite, raising her eyes to heaven: "Two visitors, and young gentlemen, but what will Mr. Dupuis say?"

"Never mind that, good Marguerite, I will tell you about it while you dress me."

"I know very well, my dear young lady, that you will not do any thing but just what you ought to, but then these young gentlemen! and two of them! well, well!"

She followed her young mistress, however, and when an hour after there was a knock at the door, she smiled knowingly as she went to open it.

"I have come," said the head clerk, for it was indeed he.

"I know why you come sir," said Marguerite, interrupting him; "My mistress expects you."

She showed him into the drawing room, where after waiting about half an hour, Henrietta made her appearance. She was charming, and René was at first a little disconcerted, but soon regaining his assurance he said:

"For a long time I have sought the pleasure of an introduction."

"Be seated, sir," said Henrietta, inviting René by a gracious gesture to seat himself on a couch which stood near.

"Ah! I had forgotten to warn the young gentleman," said the old nurse to him in an under tone, "that if he wishes to be heard he must speak very loud."

"What?" demanded René in astonishment, but Marguerite was already at the other end of the room, "surely, thought he, she is not deaf." At that moment Henrietta addressed him.

"You have come to see the house" said she with great indifference. It is rather a pleasant one, perhaps a little damp, but by making a good fire."—

"But Mademoiselle I care not about the house."

"It is an expense I know, but I will give up my lease on favorable terms, which will allow you."—

"Ah, Mademoiselle, you mock me!" exclaimed René rather impatiently.

"It does not suit you, sir? said Henrietta hastily, rising," we need then speak no further."

"But, Mademoiselle, I care nothing about the house or its convenience, and I do not want the lease. I have seen *you*."

"No apologies are necessary, sir, I am sorry the house does not suit you. Marguerite, shew the gentleman out," and bowing gracefully, she went away leaving René perfectly confounded.

"Deaf as a post!" he exclaimed as soon as he was in the street. "How they will laugh at me in the office if they find it out."

Scarcely had he entered the office when Auguste took his hat, and went out. About fifteen minutes after, the old nurse opened the door for him also.

"My good woman," said Auguste, "I should like to speak with your mistress a few minutes."

"Oh! Sir," exclaimed Marguerite, affecting a most melancholy tone, "I see very well that you do not know my poor young lady, or you would not say *speak* with, but speak to her, for alas! she cannot answer you, she is dumb."

"Dumb!" repeated Auguste with some surprise "it surely cannot be."

Henrietta made her appearance immediately.

"Mademoiselle," began Auguste rising—but

before he could finish his sentence he was interrupted by old Marguerite, who said :

"It is of no use to speak to her, sir, you must tell me what you wish to say, and I will act as interpreter."

Auguste was completely taken aback. The very thought of remaining there and carrying on a conversation with Henrietta through an old woman of sixty-five was ridiculous, but he had fairly committed himself, and could not draw back now, so he did the best he could to get through it with a good grace. At the end of a half hour, however, when he found himself once more in the street, he gave vent to his feelings.

"Mute, indeed!" he exclaimed impatiently, "one might as well try to talk with the telegraph!"

The next morning, the time expired which Oscar had allowed to the young men to produce their evidence, and the first words which he pronounced on entering the office were:

"Gentlemen, I hope you have not forgotten the promise you made me three days ago, and I come now to claim its fulfilment."

"What?" exclaimed René, "after the proof I gave you yesterday?"

"That letter proved nothing," replied Oscar, "Auguste had one like it."

"Impossible!" exclaimed René, with rather a blank expression of countenance.

"What, you one also?" cried Auguste in his turn, "this then, was your important business."

"And yours also, I suppose?"

"The proof, gentlemen, the proof which you have received!" said Oscar, interrupting them. "It was before all these gentlemen that you slandered this young girl, and it is before all of them, that I demand the proof of your assertions."

"Yes, the proof, the proof," exclaimed Auguste impatiently, "it is very easy to give, and you who know her, will know that I speak the truth when I say that she is infirm."

"By my faith, yes," added René, "I see clearly that Auguste has seen her; she is infirm, indeed, and as deaf as a post."

"You are wrong, you should say mute."

"It is you that mistake, she is deaf not mute!"

"I tell you she is mute, I am certain of it!"

"You need dispute no longer, gentlemen, she is neither deaf nor mute, but has been making fun of you both."

"What an unheard of thing!" exclaimed both the young men at once.

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Henrietta herself, who making a sign to Oscar to remain quiet, advanced

towards Auguste, and asked if she could see his master.

He looked at her in astonishment.

"You see it is as I said," whispered René, "she is not more mute than I am."

"Nor deaf either," replied Henrietta turning towards him, "but I had been apprised that some impertinent young men had boasted of knowing me, and endeavoured to injure my reputation which is my only fortune, and to prove to them, how vain was all their boasting, and to save my only treasure, I have acted as you know."

She then retired hastily into the notary's cabinet.

"We are fairly imposed, imposed upon!" exclaimed at the same moment René and Auguste, but their conversation was soon interrupted by the notary himself, who calling to the former said, "René, I wish you to prepare a contract of marriage between M. Oscar Dupuis and Mademoiselle Henrietta Verneuil."

"Well, but this is rather a ridiculous affair all together," muttered René to himself as he returned to his place, "and then after all to think of that half-mad-man taking such quiet possession of the Rose of Provins!"

LOVE AND THE ROSE.

WRITTEN UNDER A PAINTING OF A CUPID
EMERGING FROM A ROSE.

HIDDEN away in a wild wood nook,
Where woodbines and blue bells were twining:
A rose by the side of a murmuring brook
Was gracefully o'er it inclining.

The brook sang on in its happy play,
But the rose drooped sadly above it;
Unseen she had blushed from day to day,
With no eye but the brooks to love it.

A wanderer came to that wild wood dell,
And the rose looked up in gladness;
But the limped brook, knew 'twas love too well,
And she rippled along in sadness.

The god sprang up to the rose's look,
Down deep in her cup he hurried;
She turned in *disdain* from her faithful brook,
Whilst love in her bosom was buried.

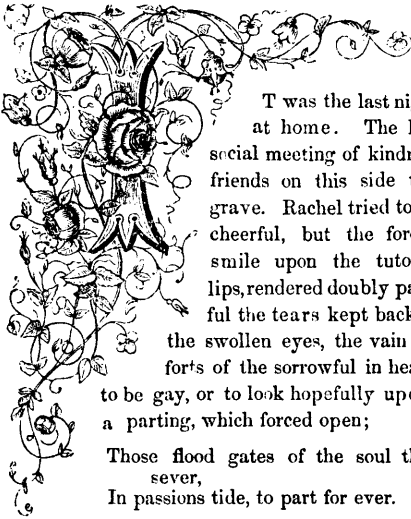
Hidden away in her fragrant folds,
On his rose couch love reposes:
But short is the spell that the love flower holds,
Love leaves her for other roses!

Deep! deep! in that wild wood nook
The neglected rose is pining;
Still the murmurs of love gurgle on in that brook,
Where the woodbine and blue bells are twining.

TRIFLES FROM THE BURTHEN OF A LIFE.*

BY MRS. MOODIE.

AN ICAT AT SEA.



It was the last night at home. The last social meeting of kindred friends on this side the grave. Rachel tried to be cheerful, but the forced smile upon the tutored lips, rendered doubly painful the tears kept back in the swollen eyes, the vain efforts of the sorrowful in heart, to be gay, or to look hopefully upon a parting, which forced open;

Those flood gates of the soul that sever,
In passions tide, to part for ever.

Alas! for the warm hearts, the generous friendships, the kindly greetings of dear old England, when would they be hers again. Mother—sisters—friends—all took leave and Rachel was left with her husband alone.

It was the dawn of day, when Rachel started from a broken sleep; aroused to consciousness, by the heavy roaring of the sea, as the huge billows burst with the noise of thunder upon the stony beach. To spring from her bed and draw back the curtain of the window that commanded a full view of the bay was but the work of a moment, Her worst fears were confirmed. Far as the eye could reach, the sea was covered with foam. Not a sail was visible, and a dark, leaden sky, was pouring down torrents of rain—

High on the groaning shore,
Upsprang the wreathed spray;
Tremendous was the roar,
Of the angry echoing bay—

"What a morning!" she muttered to herself, as she stole again to bed, "It will be impossible to put to sea today."

The sleep which had shunned her eyelids during the greater part of the night, gently stole over her, and wrapped her senses in forgetfulness.

Old Kitson, two hours later, thrice threw a pebble against the window, before she again awoke.

"Leeftenant M——! Leeftenant M——!" shouted old Kitson in a voice like a speaking trumpet—"wind and tide wait for no man. Up, up, and be doing!"

"Aye! Aye!" responded M—— rubbing his eyes, and going to the window.

"See what a storm the night has been breeding for you," continued old Kitson. It blows great guns, and there's rain enough to float Noah's Ark. Waters is here, and wants to see you. He fears that his small craft won't live in a sea like this. So, I fear you must put off your voyage till the steamer takes her next trip."

"That is bad," said M—— hurrying on his clothes, and joining the old sailor on the lawn. "Is there any chance of this clearing up?"

"None. This is paying us off for three weeks fine weather, and may last for several days, at all events till night. The steamer will be rattling down upon us in an hour, with the wind and tide in her favor. Were you once on board, you might snap your fingers at this capful of wind."

"We must make up our minds to lose our places."

"You have taken your places there?"

"Yes, and made a deposit of half the passage money."

"Humph! Now, Leeftenant, that's a thing I never do. I always take my chance! I would rather lose my place in a boat, or a coach, than lose my money. But young fellows like you, never learn wisdom. Experience is all thrown away upon you. But as you can't remedy the evil, we had better step in and get a morsel of breakfast, this raw air makes one hungry. The wind may lull by that time." Shutting one eye he gazed intently at the sky with his other keen orb. "It rains too hard for it to blow long at this rate, and the season of the year is all in your favor. Go in, go in, and get something to eat; and we will settle over your wife's good coffee, what is best to be done." M—— thought with the Captain, that the storm would abate; and he returned to the anxious Rachel, to report the aspect of things without.

* Continued from page 177.

"It is a bad omen," said Rachel, as she poured out the coffee.

"The belief in omens has vanished from the earth, Rachel. It is an exploded superstition. Don't provoke me into impatience by talking in such a childish manner," said her husband.

"Women are so fond of prognosticating evil, that I believe they are disappointed if it does not happen as they say."

"Reason may find fault with us," said Rachel, "if she will. But we are all more or less influenced by these mysterious presentiments, and suffer, what to others appears a trifling circumstance, to give a coloring for good or evil to the passing hour."

Rachel's defence of her favorite theory was interrupted by the arrival of two friends, who had come from a distance through the storm to bid her good bye.

The elder, Mr. Hawke, an author of considerable celebrity in his native country, and a most kind, and excellent man, brought with him a young son, a fine lad of thirteen years of age, to place under the Lieutenant's charge.

James Hawke had taken a fancy to settle in Canada, and a friend of the family, who was settled in the Backwoods of that far region had written to his father, that he would take the lad, and teach him the mysteries of the axe, if he could find a person to bring him over. M—— had promised to do this, and the boy who had that day parted with his mother and little brothers and sisters, for the first time, in spite of the elastic spirits of youth, looked sad and dejected.

Allen Ritston, a young quaker gentleman, who had known Rachel for some years, and who felt for her the most sincere esteem, accompanied the Hawkes to see her off. "Friend Rachel," he said, taking her hand and shaking it affectionately, "This is a sad day for those who have known thee long and loved thee well; and a foul day for the commencement of thy long journey. Bad beginnings, they say, make bright endings, so there is hope for thee yet, in the dark cloud."

"Rachel, where are your bad omens now?" said M—— rather triumphantly.

"Either you, or friend Allen, must be wrong."

"Or the proverb I quoted, say rather," returned Allen, "Proverbs are but the wisdom and experience of past ages condensed. But the ancients might err as well as us poor moderns, some of their proverbs, even those of Solomon, involve strange contradictions."

"What a day," said the poet, turning from the window, while his eye fell sadly upon his son.

"It is enough to chill the heart."

"When I was a boy at school," said Allen, "I used to think that God sent all the rain upon holidays, on purpose to disappoint us of our sport. I found that most things in life happened contrary to our wishes; and I used to pray devoutly, that all the Saturdays might prove wet days; firmly believing that it would be sure to turn out the reverse."

"According to your theory, Allen, Mrs. M—— must have prayed for a very fine day," said Hawke.

"Do you call this a holyday," returned the Quaker, shily. Poor Mr. Hawke suppressed a sigh, and his eyes again turned to his boy, then hurrying to the window, he mechanically drew his hand across his brow.

Here the old Captain again bustled in, full of importance, rubbing his hands and shaking his dripping fearnought, with an air of great satisfaction.

"You will not be disappointed, my dear," he said, addressing Rachel; "The wind has fallen off a bit; and though the sea is too rough for the small craft, Palmer, the Captain of the pilot boat, has been with me; and for the consideration of two pounds, forty shillings (a large sum of money by the bye, I will try and beat him down to thirty) he says, that he will launch the great boat, and man her with twelve stout young fellows, and will take you, bag and baggage, safely on board the steamer, though the gale were blowing twice as stiff. You have no more to fear in that fine boat, than you have sitting at your ease in that arm-chair. So make up your mind my dear, for you have no time to lose."

Rachel looked anxiously at her husband and child, and then at the black pouring sky and the raging waters.

"There is no danger, Rachel," said the Lieutenant, "These fine boats can live in almost any sea. But, the rain will make it very uncomfortable for you and the child."

"Oh, I don't mind a little discomfort," said Rachel, "It is better to bear a ducking than to lose our passage in the Chieftain. There cannot be much to apprehend from the violence of the storm, or twelve men would never risk their lives for the value of forty shillings. Our trunks are all in the boat house. Our servants are discharged, our friends have taken leave. We have no longer a home and I am impatient to commence our voyage."

"You are right Rachel, I will engage the boat immediately," and away bounded the Lieutenant to make the final arrangements, and see all their luggage safely stowed away in the boat.

Captain Kitson, seated himself at the table, and began discussing a beef steak with all the earnestness of a hungry man; from time to time, as his appetite began to slacken, addressing a word of comfort or encouragement to Mrs. M——, who was wrapping up the baby for her perilous voyage.

"That's right, my dear, take care of the young un, 'tis the most troublesome piece of lumber you have with you. A child and a cat, are two things which never ought to come on board ship. But, take courage, my dear. Be like our brave Nelson, never look behind you after entering upon difficulties. It only makes bad worse and does no manner of good. You will encounter rougher gales than this before you have crossed the Atlantic."

"I hope we shall not have to wait long for the steamer," said Rachel, "I dread this drenching rain, for the dear child, far more than the stormy sea."

"Wait!" said the old man speaking with his mouth quite full. "The steamer will be rattling down in no time." But, Mrs. M—— my dear," hastily pushing from him his empty plate, "I have one word to say to you in private before you go." Rachel followed her leader into the kitchen, wondering what this private communication might be; when the old man shutting the door carefully behind him, said in his usual mysterious whisper: "The old clothes. Do you remember, what I said to you last night?"

Rachel colored, and looked down hesitatingly, as if fearful of wounding his feelings. Simple Rachel, she might have spared herself such apprehensions. The man was without delicacy, and had no feelings to wound.

"There is a bundle of things, Captain Kitson," as she at last faltered out, "in that press, for Mr. George. Coats, trowsers, and other things, I was ashamed to mention such trifles."

"Never mind, never mind, I am past blushing at my time of life; and really, (he always called it *reelly*.) I am much obliged to you; my dear." After a pause in which they both looked supremely foolish, the old man said: "There was a china cup, and two plates (pity to spoil the set,) that your careless maid broke the other day, in the wash-house, did Mrs. Ritson mention them to you, my dear?"

"Yes, Sir, and they are *paid for*," said Rachel, turning from the avaricious old man in deep disgust, "Have you any thing else to communicate?"

"All right," returned the Captain. "Here is

your husband looking for you." "Rachel, we only wait for you," said M——.

"I am ready," said Rachel, and placing the precious babe in her husband's arms, she descended to the beach.

In spite of the inclemency of the weather, a crowd of old and young had assembled upon the beach, to witness their embarkation; and to bid them farewell.

The hearty "God bless you!—God grant you a prosperous voyage, and as good a home as the one you leave now, on the other side of the Atlantic," burst from the lips of many an honest tar, and brought the tears into Rachel's eyes, as the sailors crowded round the emigrants to shake hands with them before they stepped into the noble boat that lay rocking in the surf.

Rachel did not disdain the pressure of those hard, rough, weatherbeaten hands, that never could have come in contact with her own, under other circumstances—they expressed the warm sympathy felt by a true hearted set of poor men in her present situation, and she was grateful for the interest they took in her welfare.

"My good friends," she said; "I thank you sincerely for your good wishes. I have been brought up among you. I leave you all with regret, and I shall long remember with gratitude and pleasure your affectionate farewell."

"You are not going without one parting word with me!" cried Mary Grey, springing down the steep bank of stones against which thundered the tremendous surf; her hat thrown back upon her shoulders, and her bright auburn curls streaming in the wind.

The agitated, weeping girl, was alternately clasped in the arms of the Lieutenant and his wife.

"We bade you good bye last night, Mary. Why did you expose yourself to weather like this?"

"Don't talk of weather," sobbed Mary; "I only know that we must part. Do you begrudge me the last look. God bless you both!"

Before Rachel could speak another word, she was caught up in the arms of a stout seaman, who carried her through the surf, and safely deposited both the mother and her baby in the boat. M—— followed with Mrs. Hawke, and Allen Ritson, who were determined to see them safe on board the steamer. Three cheers rose from the sailors on the beach; the gallant boat dashed through the surf, and was soon bounding over the giant billows.

Rachel resolutely turned her back to the shore.

"I will never," she said "take a last look of the dear home where I have been so happy."

The novelty of her situation soon roused her from the indulgence of useless grief. The parting, which, while far off, had weighed so heavily upon her heart was over. The certainty of her present situation rendered it not only tolerable, but invested it with strange interest. The magnificence of the stormy ocean. The consciousness that they were actually upon their way to a distant clime, and the necessity of exertion braced her mind, and stimulated her to bear with becoming fortitude this great epoch in her life.

The effects of the stormy weather, soon became very apparent among the passengers in the pilot boat. Sickness laid its leaden grasp upon all the fresh-water sailors. Even the Lieutenant, a hardy islander, and used to boats and boating all his life, was unable in this instance to contend with the unrelenting friend—pale as a sheet, he sat with his head bowed forward upon his clasped hands, and Rachel often lifted the cape of the cloak which partially concealed his rigid features, to convince herself that he was still alive. The anxiety she felt in endeavoring to protect her infant from the pouring rain, perhaps acted as an antidote to this affecting malady; for Rachel, although a weakly creature, and just out of a sick bed, did not suffer from it.

Hannah, the maid, lay stretched at the bottom of the boat, her head supported by the ballast bags, in a state too miserable to describe; while James Hawke, the lad that was to accompany them on their long voyage, had sunk into a state of happy unconsciousness, after having vainly wished for the hundredth time, that he was safe on shore, scampering over the village green with his twelve brothers and sisters; and not tempting the angry main in an open boat, with the windows of heaven discharging waters enough upon his defenceless head to drown him; letting alone the big waves, which every moment burst into the boat, and gave him a salt bath upon a gigantic scale. After an hour's hard pulling, the King William, (for so their boat was called,) cast anchor in the roads, distant about eight miles from the town, and lay to, waiting for the coming up of the steamer.

Hours passed away—the day wore onward, but still the vessel they expected did not appear. The storm which had lulled at noon, toward evening increased to a gale, and signs of uneasiness began to be manifested by the crew of the pilot boat.

"Some accident must have happened to the steamer," remarked Palmer, the Captain of the King William, to Craigie, a fine, handsome young seaman, as he handed him the bucket to bail the

water from the boat. "I don't like this. If the wind increases and remains in the present quarter, we may be thankful if we escape with our lives."

"Is there any danger?" demanded Rachel, eagerly, as she clasped her poor cold baby closer to her own wet bosom. The child had been crying piteously for the last hour.

"Yes, Madam," he returned, respectfully; "we have been in considerable danger all day. But do you see, if night comes on, and we do not fall in with the Soho, we shall have to haul up the anchor, and run before the gale; and with all our knowledge of the coast, we may be driven ashore, and the boat swamped in the surf."

Rachel sighed, and wished herself safe at home in her dear snug little parlor, the baby asleep in the cradle, and M—— reading aloud to her, or playing on his flute.

The rain again burst down in torrents; and the dull leaden sky looked as if it contained a second deluge. Rachel shivered with the cold, and bent over the now sleeping child to protect her as much as possible by the exposure of her own person to the drenching rain and spray.

"Ah! this is sad work for woman and children," said the honest tar, drawing a large tarpaulin over the mother and her infant, who, blinded and drenched by the pelting of the pitiless shower, crouched down in the bottom of the boat, in patient endurance of what might befall. The wind blew piercingly cold, and the spray of the huge billows enveloped the small craft in a feathery cloud, effectually concealing from her weary passengers, the black waste of raging waters that thundered around, above and beneath her. The baby again awoke, starving with hunger; and all its mother's efforts to keep it quiet proved unavailing. The gentlemen were as sick and helpless as the infant, and nothing could increase their wretchedness. They had been now ten hours at sea, and not expecting the least detention, or anticipating the non-arrival of the steamer, nothing in the way of provisions or drink had formed any part of their luggage. Those who had escaped the evils of sea-sickness, of which, Rachel was one, were dying with thirst, while the keen air had sharpened their appetites to a ravenous degree of hunger. In spite of her forlorn situation, Rachel could not help being amused by the lively conversation of the crew, and the gay, careless manner in which they contended with these difficulties.

"Well, I'll be blow'd if I an't hungry!" cried Craigie as he stood up in the boat, with his arms folded, and his norwester pulled over his eyes,

to ward off the down pouring of the rain. "Nothing would come amiss to me now, in the way of prog. I could digest a bit of the shark that swallowed Jonah, or pick a rib of the old prophet himself without making vry faces."

"I wonder which would prove the tougher morsel of the two?" said Mr. Hawke, raising his languid head from the bench before him, and whose love of fun overcame the deadly pangs of sea sickness.

"If the flesh of the prophet was as hard as his heart," said Craigie, "the fish would prove the tenderer bit of the two."

"A dish of good beef steaks from the Crown Inn, would be worth them both, friend," said Allen Ritson, who, getting the better of the seasickness, like Craigie, began to feel the pangs of hunger.

"Keep you the plate, Mister; but give me the grub."

"Ah! how bitter!" groaned James Hawke, raising himself up from the furled sail which had formed his bed, and yielding to the horrible nausea that oppressed him.

"Aye, Aye, my lad," said old Howe, an ancient mariner, on whose tanned face, time and exposure to sun and storm, had traced a thousand hieroglyphics, "Nothing's sweet that's so contrary to nature. Among the bitter things of life, there's scarcely a worse than the one that now troubles you. Sick at sea—well on shore. So, there's comfort for you.

"Cold comfort," sighed the boy, as he again fell prostrate upon the wet sail. A huge billow broke over the side of the boat, and deluged him with brine, he did not heed it, having again relapsed into his former insensible state.

Night was fast closing over the storm tossed voyagers. The boat was half full of water which flowed over Rachel's lap as she sat, and she began to feel very apprehensive for the safety of her child. At this critical moment, a large retriever dog that belonged to Captain Palmer, crept into her lap, and she joyfully placed the poor wet baby upon his shaggy back, and the warmth of the animal seemed to revive the cold shivering babe.

Palmer now roused the Lieutenant from his stupor, and suggested the propriety of their return to S——.

"You see, Sir," he said; "I am willing to wait the arrival of the 'Soho;' but something must have happened her, or she would have been down before this. Under existing circumstances I think it advisable to return."

"By all means," said M——, and the next

minute to the inexpressible joy of Rachel, the anchor was pulled up, and the gallant boat was once more careering over the mighty billows,

Those things of life, and light, and motion,
Spirits of the unfathomed ocean.

Yes, her head was once more turned towards that dear home to which she had bid adieu, in the morning, as she imagined for ever. "England! dear England!" she cried, stretching her arms towards the dusky shore. "The winds and waves forbid our leaving thee! Welcome! welcome once more!"

As they neared the beach, the stormy clouds parted in rifted masses; and the deep blue heavens studded here and there with a paly star, gleamed lovingly down upon them. The rain ceased its pitiless pelting, and the very elements seemed to smile upon their return.

The pilot boat had been reported lost, and the beach was crowded with anxious men and women, to hail its return. The wives and children of her crew pressed forward to greet them with joyful acclamations, and Rachel's depressed spirits rose with the excitement of the scene. "Hold fast the baby, Mrs. M——, while the boat clears the surf," cried Palmer. "I warrant you, that you'll get a fresh ducking!"

As he spoke, the noble boat cut like an arrow through the line of formidable breakers that thundered on the beach; the foam flew in feathery volumes high above their heads, drenching them with a misty shower, the keel grated upon the shingles, and a strong arm lifted Rachel once more upon her native land. Bnumbed and cramped with their long immersion in the salt water, her limbs had lost the power of motion, and Mr. Grey and Captain Kitson, carried her between them up the steps that led from the beach, to the top of the cliffs, and deposited her safely on the sofa in the little parlor of her deserted home. A cheerful fire was blazing in the grate, the fragrant tea was smoking upon the well covered table, and dear and familiar voices, rang in her ears, as sisters and friends, crowded about her to congratulate her upon her safe return and proffer their assistance.

And did not this repay the poor wanderers for all their past sufferings?

"The baby! where is the baby!" cried Rachel, after the first rapturous salutations were over.

The baby was laughing and crowing in the arms of her old nurse; looking as fresh and as rosy, as if nothing had happened to disturb her repose.

"Welcome once more to old England, dear Rachel," said Mary Grey, kissing the cold cheek

of her friend. "I said, that we should meet again. I did not, however, think that it would be so soon. Thank God! you are all safe. For many hours it was reported at the look-out house, that the boat was swamped in the gale. You may imagine our distress, the anguish endured by your mother and sisters, and how we all rejoiced at the blessed news that the boat was returning, and that her crew was safe. But come up stairs my Rachel, and change these dripping clothes. There is a fire in your bed-room, and I have dry things all ready for you."

"Don't talk of changing her clothes, Miss Grey," said old Kitson, bursting in. "Undress and put her to bed immediately between hot blankets; and I will make her a good stiff glass of hot brandy and water, to drive the cold out of her; or she may fall into a sickness which no doctor could cure."

"The Captain is right," said M——, who just then entered, accompanied by a group of friends all anxious to congratulate Rachel on her safe return to S——. "My dear girl go instantly to bed."

"It will be so dull," said Rachel, glancing round the happy group of friendly faces. "I should enjoy myself here so much. Now, John, do not poke me away to bed, and keep all the fun to yourself. The bright cheery fire, and all the good things."

The Lieutenant looked grave, and whispered something in her ear about the baby, and the madness of risking a bad cold, and his wishes were instantly obeyed.

"Ah Mary!" she said, as Miss Grey safely deposited her and the precious baby, between the hot blankets; "It was worth braving a thousand storms to receive such a welcome back. I never knew how much our dear kind friends loved us before."

Whilst sipping the potion prescribed by the old Captain, Nurse came running up stairs, to say that Captain Kitson thought that the Steamer was just rounding the point; and wanted to know, that if it really proved to be her, whether Mrs. M—— would get up and once more trust herself upon the waves to meet her?"

"Not if a fortune depended upon it, Nurse. Tell the good Captain, that I had enough of the sea for one day, and mean to spend the night on shore."

But, Rachel, was not put to the trial. The Captain had mistaken the craft, and she was permitted to enjoy the warmth and comfort of a sound sleep, unbroken by the peals of laughter, that from time to time, ascended from the room

beneath, where the gentlemen seemed determined to make the night recompense them for the dangers and privations of the day.

A GAME AT HIDE AND SEEK.

The morning brought its own train of troubles; and when do they ever come singly? Upon examination, the Lieutenant found that the salt water had penetrated into all their trunks and cases; and every thing had to be unpacked and hung out to dry. This was dull work, the disappointment and loss attending upon it, rendering it doubly irksome. M—— lost no time in writing to the Steamboat Company informing them of his disastrous attempt to meet the "Soho," and the loss he had incurred by missing the vessel. They stated in reply, that the boat had been wrecked at the mouth of the Thames in the gale, and another vessel would supply her place on the Sunday following. That she would pass the town at noon, and hoist a signal in time for them to get on board.

The intervening days passed heavily along. A restless fever of expectation preyed upon Rachel. She could settle to no regular occupation. She knew that they must go, and she longed to be off. The efforts made by her friends to amuse and divert her mind, only increased her melancholy. But time, however slowly it passes to the expectant, swiftly and surely ushers in the appointed day. The twenty-ninth of May dawned at last and proved one of the loveliest mornings of that delightful season. The lark carolled high in air, the swallows darted on light wings to and fro, and the sea vast and beautiful, gently heaved and undulated against the shore, with scarcely a ripple to break the long line of golden sunbeams, that danced and sparkled on its breast.

The church bells were chiming for morning prayer; and the cliffs were covered with happy groups in their holiday attire. Rachel, surrounded by her friends, strove to look cheerful. All eyes were turned towards the old ruined city of D. in which direction the steamer was first expected to appear. A small boat, which had been engaged to put their baggage on board, lay rocking on the surf, and all was ready for a start.

In the midst of an animated discussion upon their future prospects, the signal was given, that the Steamer was in sight, and had already rounded the point. How audibly to herself did Rachel's heart beat, as a small black speck upon the horizon, gradually increased to a dark cloud of trailing smoke, and not a doubt remained that this was the expected vessel.

Then came the blinding tears, the re-enact.

ment of the last passionate adieu and they were once more afloat upon the water.

But the bitterness of parting was already past. The human heart can scarcely experience for the same event an equal intensity of grief. Repetition had softened the anguish of this second parting, and hope was calmly rising above the clouds of sorrow that had hung for the last weary days so loweringly above our poor emigrants. Mr. Hawke and James, alone accompanied them in their second expedition. Allen Kitson, had had enough of the sea, during their late adventure, and thought it most prudent to make his adieus upon the shore.

James Hawke was in high spirits, anticipating with boyish enthusiasm, the adventures which he thought would befall him, during a long voyage and his sojourn in that distant land, which was to prove to him a very land of Goshen. Thus many gay hopes smiled upon him, which like that bright day, were doomed to have a gloomy ending although at the beginning it promised so fair.

The owner of the boat, a morose old seaman, grumbled out his commands to the two sailors who rowed, in such a dogged sulky tone, that it attracted the attention of Mr. Hawke, and being naturally fond of fun, he endeavored to draw the old man out—but an abrupt monosyllable was all the reply he could obtain to his many questions.

The Lieutenant, who was highly amused by his surly humor, thought that he might prove more successful than his friend, by startling him into conversation.

"Friend," he cried. "I have forgotten your name?"

"Sam Rogers,"—was the brief reply, uttered in a sort of short growl.

The ice once broken, Hawke chimed in. "Have you a wife?"

"She's in the church yard," with another growl.

"So much the better for Mrs. Rogers," whispered Hawke to Mrs. M—.

"You had better let the sea bear alone," returned Rachel in the same key. "The animal is sworn to silence."

In a few minutes, the little boat came along side the huge Leviathan of the deep; a rope was thrown from her deck, which having been secured, the following brief dialogue ensued:

"The City of Edinburgh for Edinburgh?"

"The Queen of Scotland for Aberdeen, Captain Fraser."

A look of astonishment and disappointment

from the party in the boat. "Where is the City of Edinburgh?"

"We left her in the river. You had better take a passage to Aberdeen?" said Captain Fraser advancing to the side of the boat.

"Two hundred miles out of my way," said M—, "fall off." The tow rope was cut loose, and the floating castle resumed her thundering course, leaving the party in the boat not a little disconcerted by the misadventure.

"The city of Edinburgh must soon be here," said M—, addressing himself once more to the surly owner of the boat. That sociable individual continued smoking a short pipe, without deigning to notice the speaker. "Had we not better lay to and wait for her coming up?"

"No, we should be run down by her. Do you see that," and he pointed with the short pipe to a grey cloud that was rolling over the surface of the sea towards them. "It is them sea rake; in three minutes, in less than three minutes, you will not be able to see three yards beyond the boat."

Even while the old man was speaking, the dense fog was rapidly spreading over the water, blotting the sun from the heavens, and enfolding every object in its chilly embrace. The shores faded from their view, the very waters upon which they floated were heard, but no longer seen. Rachel strove in vain to penetrate the thick, white curtain, which covered them like a shroud her whole world was now confined to the little boat, and the figures it contained; the rest was a blank. The mist wetted like rain, and was more penetrating, and the constant efforts she made to see through it, made her eyes and head ache, and threw a damp upon her spirits, which almost amounted to despondency.

"What's to be done," asked M—

"Nothing that I know of," responded Sam Roger, "but to return."

As he spoke, a dark shadow loomed through the mist which proved a small trading vessel bound from London to Yarmouth. The sailors hailed her, and with some difficulty, ran the boat alongside. "Have you passed the 'City of Edinburgh'?" "We spoke her in the river. She run foul of the Courier Steamer, and unshipped her rudder. She put back for repairs, and won't be down till tomorrow morning."

"Pleasant news for us," sighed Rachel. "This is worse than the storm, and it is so unexpected. I should be quite disheartened if I did not believe that Providence directed these untoward events."

"I am inclined to be of your opinion," said M— "and in spite of my disbelief in signs and

omens, to think that there is something beyond mere accident in this second disappointment."

The sailors, now turned the boat homewards, and took to their oars; the dead calm, precluding the use of the sail. The fog was so dense and bewildering, that they made little way, and the long day was spent in wandering to and fro, without being able to ascertain where they were.

"Hark!" cried one of the men laying his ear to the water. "I hear the flippers of the steamer."

"It is the roar of the accursed *Barnet*," cried the other; "I know its voice of old, having twice been wrecked upon the reef, we must change our course, we are on a wrong tack altogether."

It was near midnight before a breeze sprang up, and dispelled the ominous fog, the moon showed her wan face through the driving rack, the sail was at last hoisted, and cold, and hungry, and sick at heart, the wanderers once more returned to their old post.

This time, however, the beach was silent and deserted, and no friendly voice welcomed them back. Old Captain Kitson looked cross at being routed out of his bed at one o'clock in the morning, to admit them into their old house, and muttered as he did so, something about unlucky folks, and the deal of trouble they gave. That they had better give up going altogether, and hire their old lodgings again. That it was no joke, having his rest broken at his time of life. That he could not afford to keep open house at all hours for people who were no ways related to him." With such consoling expressions of sympathy in their forlorn condition, did the worldly, hard old man, proceed to unlock the door of their former domicile; but food, lights and firing he would not produce until M—— had promised an exorbitant remuneration for the same.

Exhausted in mind and body, for she had not broken her fast since eight o'clock that morning, Rachel for a long time refused to partake of the warm cup of tea, her loving partner provided, while her tears continued to fall involuntary over the sleeping babe that lay upon her lap. Mr. Hawke, who saw that her nerves were quite unstrung with the fatigue and disappointment of the day, ran across the green, and roused up Rachel's nurse, who hurried to take charge of the babe, and assist her once dear mistress. Little Kate was soon well warmed and fed by the good old woman, and Rachel smiled through her tears when the husband made his appearance with a plate of ham which he had extorted from their stingy landlord.

"Come, Rachel," he cried, "you are ill for the want of food, I am going to make some sandwiches for you, and you must be a good girl and eat them, or I will never turn cook for you again."

The sandwiches proved excellent. Mr. Hawke exerted all his powers of drollery to enliven their miscellaneous meal. Rachel got over the hysterical affection, and retired to bed, fully determined to bear the crosses of life with more fortitude for the future.

The sun was not above the horizon when she was roused from a deep sleep, by the stentorian voice of old Kitson, who, anxious to get rid of his troublesome visitors, cried out with great glee: "Hollo! I say, here is the right steamer at last. Better late than never. The red flag is hoisted fore and aft, and she is standing in for the bay. Tell Mrs. M—— to dress as fast as she can. These big dons wait for no one. I have got all your trunks stowed away into the boat, and the lads are waiting. Quick! Quick, Lieutenant M—— or you'll be too late."

With all possible despatch, Rachel dressed herself, though baffled by anxiety from exerting unusual celerity, every button insinuating itself into a wrong hole; and every string tying into a knot. The business of the toilet was at last completed, and she hurried down to the beach. In a few minutes she was seated by her husband's side in the boat, uncheered by any parting blessing, but the cold farewell, and for ever, of old Captain Kitson, who could scarcely conceal the joy he felt at their departure.

The morning was wet and misty, and altogether comfortless, and Rachel was glad when the bustle of getting on board the steamer was over; and they were safe upon her deck.

(To be continued.)

PERISHING BEAUTY.

AH! boast thee not of thy beautiful eye,
And its lustre of languishing blue;
For know, the beam of its brightness must die,
As the flower that is lost to the view.

Ah! boast thee not of thy beautiful hair,
As in ringlets it falls on thy breast;
For its auburn tints one sad doom must share
With the leaves of the forest at rest.

But boast of thy soul in purity bright,
As at first from thy maker 'twas given:
'Tis the only flower can survive the night
Of death, to awaken in heaven.

MONTAGUE SEYMOUR.

FLOWERS.

"The ever-loved, the ever-jovous flowers,
Whose blossomings are laughter."

To the lover of nature nothing strikes the eye with so much beauty as flowers, and in no other production do we see such a pleasing variety. They seem designed by their Creator as his peculiar gift to all, for they bloom not for the few alone, but to all who have a love for the beautiful, they offer their treasures freely; and their voiceless lips speak a language of hope, love and beauty to every heart. They are delicate flowers, that expand their buds amid the common herbs of the pasture, sending up as grateful an incense to their Maker, as if they bloomed in the parterres of the wealthy. Little children gather them with joyful hearts, and even the bosom of the aged glows, as he recognizes the simple flower that blossomed around his childhood's home. It brings back the past like some cherished memento, and he lives again "life's young years," in all their freshness. Even as these little flowers adorn our summer walks, so there are some virtues, that brighten our pathway through life; some hearts that delight only in ministering to the happiness of others. In Eastern Countries, the Rose, for its eloquence and delicious fragrance stands pre-eminent among flowers. In the wilds of North America, the stately Magnolia rears her queenly head, crowned with clusters of pure white blossoms contrasting beautifully with the rich dark foliage that surrounds them.—Thus every clime has its peculiar flowers, and every country boasts its Floral queen or consecrated flower. How beautiful must have been the prospect of our first parents, on entering the garden of Eden, where every variety of flower flourished in their first freshness and beauty. Beautiful indeed, is the scene as it is drawn by the life-giving pen of Milton, yet how far must even this delightful description have fallen short of the original. There bloomed the immortal Amaranth; there bloomed every variety of Roses without thorns; innumerable buds and blossoms formed a living carpet beneath their feet.

To Eve was given the delightful occupation of training the vines and cultivating the flowers, and probably she gave them many of those names that have descended to us. The custom of planting flowers over the graves of our friends is a beautiful and appropriate one. It is a pure and holy feeling that prompts us to place these memorials over loved and departed ones.

Like the flowers they have had their day of sunshine and showers, till the withering hand of death came and swept them from this bright earth.

LUCILLE.

FRIENDS.

BY FRANCIS BROWN.

LIKE pillars tall and brown
The old trees stood, and the leaves of June
Were dark above, as we four, at noon,
On their mossy roots sat down,
Where woodlarks sang, and our talk was free
As talk in the forest's heart should be,
Though of different moods and years were we.

P perchance old memories came
Through the silent shades and the breezeless day
That glorious thereon the woodlands lay,
For all our thoughts and theme
Were friends; but each in that forest dell
Had a tale of his own heart's to tell,
And some were there who had loved well.

One said—"I will have friends,
For my home is rich in kindred now,
And they call me blithe of heart and brow;
While favoring fortune lends
Her sunny smile to my youth's glad cheer,
And I know that such to men are dear,
For their love still flows where its course is clear."

"I have had friends," said one,
"But time tried some, and fortune more,
And they that stood when the storm was sore,
Fell off before the sun;
Yet some on my faith had firmer hold—
The young, but now they are far and old—
Brave hearts, their place is low and cold."

Then musingly one said,
"I had a friend—'twas a strange mistake
In a poor false world like this to make—
And how our friendship sped
It matters not;—but my days are lone,
And weary the waning years have grown,
Since the vanity of that trust was known."

And one spake low but clear—
"I have a friend, though there long hath been
Much cause for doubt and change between;
Yet I will not strive or fear—
For the sower's toils have a time of sheaves,
And the love that sees not yet believes
Hath as sure return as the stars and leaves."

So freely spake each heart,
In its native tongue, the wisdom taught,
At that wondrous school of life and thought,
Wherein men learn apart;
And which came nearest to the way
Of the strong old truth, let sages say,
If they e'er take note of a minstrel's lay.

RONDO A LA RUSSE.

J. N. Hummel.

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

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef, and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 2/4 time. The music begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The first measure contains a quarter note G4, followed by a dotted quarter note A4, and an eighth note B4. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff starts with a half note chord of B-flat and D-flat. The dynamic marking *fp* is placed above the first measure of the bass staff.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves in the same key and time signature. The melody in the treble staff includes a trill on the G4 note. The bass staff continues with chords and single notes. The dynamic marking *for.* is placed at the end of the system.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves in the same key and time signature. The bass staff includes a dynamic marking *Pia* above a measure. The melody in the treble staff continues with eighth and quarter notes.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features two staves in the same key and time signature. The bass staff ends with a dynamic marking *pp*. The melody in the treble staff concludes with a quarter note G4.

RONDO A LA RUSSE.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a trill in the final measure. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. A dynamic marking of *fp* (fortissimo piano) is placed above the lower staff.

The second system continues the musical piece with two staves. The upper staff maintains the melodic theme with various rhythmic patterns. The lower staff provides accompaniment with chords and eighth-note patterns. The key signature remains two flats.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic development. The lower staff features a more active accompaniment with eighth-note patterns. Dynamic markings of *for.* (fortissimo) are placed above the lower staff in two locations.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line. The lower staff provides accompaniment with chords and eighth-note patterns. A dynamic marking of *pp* (pianissimo) is placed above the upper staff in the final measure.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line. The lower staff provides accompaniment with chords and eighth-note patterns. The key signature remains two flats.

8^{vo}.....*loco*

cres. *for.*

ff

THE HORSE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

The horse! the brave, the gallant horse
Fit theme for the minstrel's song!
He hath good claim to praise and fame,
As the fleet, the kind, the strong.

What of your foreign monsters rare?
I'll turn to the road or course,
And find a beauteous rival there
In the horse, the English horse.

Behold him free on his native sod,
Looking fit for the sun-god's car;
With a skin as sleek as a maiden's cheek,
And an eye like the Polar star.

Who wonders not such limbs can deign
To brook the fettering girth
As we see him fly the ringing plain,
And paw the crumbling earth?

His nostrils are wide with snorting pride,
His fiery veins expand;
And yet he'll be led by a silken thread,
Or soothed by an infant's hand.

He owns the lion's spirit and might;
But the voice he has learnt to love
Needs only be heard, and he'll turn to the word,
As gentle as a dove.

The Arab is wise who learns to prize
His barb before all gold;
But is *his* barb more fair than ours,
More generous, fast, or bold?

A song for the steed, the gallant steed—
Oh! grant him a leaf of hay;
For we owe much more to his strength and speed
Than man can ever pay.

Whatever his place—the yoke, the chase,
The war-field, road, or course,
One of Creation's brightest and best
Is the horse, the noble horse!

OUR TABLE.

TIME, THE AVENGER; BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO OLD MEN'S TALES," "LETTICE ARNOLD," &c. &c.

We confess, though with reluctance, that we like this book less than most of Mrs. Marsh's writings. It is certainly far inferior to "Emilia Wyndham" or "Norman's Bridge."

"The word dwelt with me and its inward light,
By anguish aided, and adversity,
Wrought in my heart an inward change entire."

This is the motto of the story; and the object of it is apparently to illustrate the operations of this "inward light," in the heart of the harshest and strangest of heroes. There is a marked resemblance between the Craiglethorpe of this book, and the Rochester of "*Jane Eyre*." Both characters are stern, selfish and unlovable. But Craiglethorpe has not even the few redeeming qualities of Rochester. His is a heart which never throbs with love or pity,—an intellect which never soars above the means of gaining gold or pleasure. The whole story is a continued retrospection of this man's life. In the opening pages, he is introduced as suddenly awakened from "the seeming, unsubstantial, futile shadows which had surrounded him, to truth, reason, reality,—to the perception of that truth, that substantial reality, which lies under these fleeting things." "He had been aroused—dead as he seemed to be—dead as to all appearance he utterly was—lost and buried under the secular, every-day, material habits of material life—he had been awakened—suddenly, violently, providentially, to the perception of a new life,—to the real new birth of another and a far superior man." This awakening—this arousing—springs from some internal prompting towards the good and true, mysteriously hinted at as a native element long dormant, but whose action, even in the end, is but imperfectly developed. To shew this action many columns are devoted—many periods elaborately rounded.

This style of writing, manifestly in imitation of Mr. G. P. R. James, is one which modern story tellers have delighted to adopt. But few, however, have attempted it successfully. The action of the human heart is very complicated and obscure; what superficial thinker can describe it!

We cannot appreciate the affection which the heroine is made to entertain for the repulsive hero. It has become fashionable to strain such incidents, but certainly it is not natural. Let the reader judge.

Having spoken thus severely, we, nevertheless, cannot close this brief notice without saying, that there are many things in "*TIME, THE AVENGER*," which go far to excuse its faults,—many beautiful thoughts beautifully expressed. It will at all events repay a perusal. It is sold by Mr. Dawson.

THE ANGEL WORLD.

This is the title of a new poem by Philip James Baily, the celebrated author of "*Festus*," a work greatly admired by many, and which has perhaps received from the critics and reviewers of the day, warmer and more unmixed commendation than the productions of any other modern author. For ourselves, though we admire its many sublime and exquisite passages, we do not like its machinery, nor the misty grandeur which envelopes much of it in hopeless darkness; and the "*Angel World*" is equally wanting in simplicity and clearness. Its rhyme is melodious, and its thoughts and style are often mystical and overwrought. Still it will gain many admirers, but never we think attain the celebrity of "*Festus*." The subject "*Redemption*" is a sublime and inspiring one—but what mortal pen could treat with the grandeur and dignity it merits a theme so vast and overwhelming—still the poem under notice contains many passages of singular beauty and abounds with the most gorgeous and striking images.

It is a work of undoubted genius, and a new proof of Mr. Baily's rich imagination, and lofty intellect, which will gain him thousands of admirers, and add another leaf to the already well deserved laurel which adorns his brows.

We have received a tale entitled, "*Autobiography of an Irish Earl, in the eighteenth century*," from the pen of M. A. S. a former contributor to *The Garland*, and a lady well known in the literary world. Some other articles of interest are on file, which will also appear next month.