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# THE LITERARY GARLAND.

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## MATRIMONIAL SPECULATIONS.\*

No. II.

### THE MISS KINGS.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

#### CHAPTER IV.

I fain would qualify my daring suit,  
By making love its object and reward.—  
I cannot do it. The dishonest word  
Sticks in my throat, and nature gives the lie  
To my profession.

Miss Liddy and Miss Polly King, had just mixed for themselves a drop of comfort, preparatory to their retiring to bed. Miss Lydia was reposing herself in the old leather high-backed chair which had witnessed the death scene of her brother. A lean tom-cat was lying upon the threadbare rug at her feet; and the little black tea kettle was drumming lazily upon the small fire.

"A leetle—a very leetle, more brandy, Polly," she said, sipping from the large tumbler, the contents of which were strong enough to have satisfied a boatswain; "you are so stingy,—surely you can afford that!"

Miss Polly was standing before an old cupboard, with her broad back to her sister, the better to conceal the fact, that she was conveying some of the contents of the black bottle, which she was returning to the case, down her own throat. Almost choking in her haste to swallow the delicious draught, she croaked out:

"I gave you as much as I gave myself; but you are so greedy you are never satisfied. If you get any more you will go tipsy to bed!"

At this moment a modest rap at the door made both ladies start, and Polly hastily closed the cupboard, and looked the door.

"Was that at our door, sister?"

"I think so."

"Gracious! who can be wanting us at this hour of the night!"

"It may be a thief coming to rob the house."

"Lord, sister! I forgot to pass the bolt. Quick! do not let them in."

But John Andrews, who was very impatient and not valiant, had grown tired of rapping; and opening the outer door, he knocked gently at the door of the room in which they were—

"Are either of the Miss Kings at home?"

"What do you want with the Miss Kings?" demanded Polly, putting her back against the door.

"I want to speak to them upon very particular business."

"Then you may come to-morrow. The Miss Kings transact no business with men at night."

"Do not be alarmed ladies; I am a friend and neighbor—John Andrews, at your service. Open the door, and allow me five minutes private conversation."

"We owe him for the last brandy, Polly," whispered Miss Lydia; "he is a very civil, handsome man; you had better let him in."

"This is no hour for paying up accounts," returned Polly. "I bought an old tea tray at his sale, this morning, and as he leaves the town to-morrow, he most likely wants the money. I hope he has brought a receipt along with him, for I will not find him pen and ink and paper, upon his own business, I can tell him."

Then carefully unclosing the door, she admitted the unwelcome intruder, observing as she did so:

"You need not have been in such a hurry for your money, Mr. Andrews; we should not have run away."

"Bless me, ladies," cried John, glancing has-

\* Continued from page 307.

tily around the shabby apartment; "money was the last thing in my thoughts."

"Then what in the world brings you here."

"A little private business of my own."

His eye fell upon the ghastly apparition of Miss Lydia, and a cold shiver ran through his frame. "First impressions are always the best, or—the worst." On turning to Miss Polly, she appeared at least ten years better looking than her sister. "This is the woman for me," he thought, "but by *Jove!* how can flesh and blood bear either of them? How can I pretend to love either of these hags? Honesty is the best policy! I will tell the plain truth."

"Well, Sir! what do you want with us?" demanded Polly, still standing with the door in her hand.

Andrews threw himself into a chair, and wiped the perspiration from his brow. "Now or never!" thought he. "But if I look at her, my courage will fail me altogether. Did I ever feel afraid or ashamed of speaking to a woman before? Shall I ever be able to look a pretty woman in the face again?" Banishing these reflections, he made a desperate effort at composure, and turning to Miss Polly, he said:

"Miss Polly King! I want a wife. You are a young woman, in the very prime of life; have you any objection to take me for a husband?"

Polly was taken by surprise. It was the first time in her life that such a question had ever been put to her, and in all probability, it would be the last. She hesitated, looked down, swayed the door to and fro in her hand, and made no reply. Miss Lydia thought if the question had been put to her, she should not have made him wait long for an answer. Miss Lydia was always matrimonially inclined—

"Well, Sir," said Miss Polly, at length, raising her head, and looking her suitor boldly in the face. "You are no hypocrite; you have told me no lies, nor pretended to admire a face, which nature for some wise end, best known to herself—I am no philosopher in these matters,—made hideous. It is not me, but my money you want. Say so at once, and I will give you a candid answer."

"You are right," said John, thinking that his suit was at an end. "I have not a shilling in the world. Your wealth would be very serviceable to me, and in return for it, I would treat you with kindness and gratitude. More than this I cannot promise; I have been a good husband to two women, whom I loved. I might respect—I fear I could not love you."

"I am not such a fool as to expect it," said Miss Polly. "Love at the best, is but a weakness that the fondest grow ashamed of. But I like your frankness, and I feel very much inclined to

accept your offer, as a matter of convenience. If we die without children, our immense wealth will go to strangers. My sister has no chance of a family; should I become the mother of either son or daughter, all this large fortune would belong to me and mine. I could not choose a more agreeable looking person for the father of my child. Your great personal advantages might perhaps remedy my defects. For these reasons, and these alone, I consent to become your wife."

John Andrew, was thunderstruck. He was astonished; yea, even disappointed with his unparalleled success. There was no remedy for it now. She was to be his wife; and he tried to make the best of the bargain. Taking her round the waist, and shutting his eyes, he imprinted a kiss upon her coarse cheek; and sitting down by the little table, he chatted till midnight, over their future prospects; and when he left the house, Polly King did not appear quite so hideous in his eyes as when he entered it.

"So you have made a pretty piece of work of it, sister," said Miss Lydia, spitefully, "by letting that drunken fellow into the house; I wonder that you are not ashamed of yourself for accepting his insulting offer."

"Mind your own business," returned Polly; when you get such a chance, I shall not interfere with it. I will call my first girl Lydia, in compliment to her aunt."

Perhaps Miss Polly was counting her chickens before they were hatched. This, the sequel will shew.

Late as it was, when John Andrews drew near to the dwelling of Ben Boyce, he found that exemplary early riser, Mrs. Boyce, still up, and impatiently awaiting his arrival. Her ear, sharpened by intense curiosity, caught his step before he reached the door; and she was already there, to receive him—

"Come in! come in!" she cried; "tell us the news! how did the old cats receive you? What luck have you had in your wooing?"

"Pray, my dear madam, use more respectful language of the future Mrs. Andrews," said John, laughing. "I have only been too successful."

"No—sure—it can't be possible. They must know how ugly they are, and that it could only be for their money; they would never be such old fools as to accept such an absurd offer."

"Faith, the one I have chosen, or rather, who has chosen me, is not such a fool, either. She is a deuced shrewd, clever woman; and if she were not so dreadfully ugly, I could almost fall in love with her, for her wit!"

"You are humbugging us, Andrews," cried Boyce; "she can't have accepted you."

"Seriously, she has, and next Monday week, I hope to lead to the altar, Miss Polly King."

"Well! you are a fortunate man," returned the other; "the people may laugh at you for a few days, but the respect which wealth always commands, will reconcile them and you to the absurdity of the thing. But sit down; take another glass of punch, and a bite of bread and cheese, and tell us all about it."

John's courtship had made him hungry; and when he no longer beheld the homely features of his affianced, his spirits rose in proportion to the advantages which must accrue to him from the union. He told his tale with great humour, beginning at the beginning, and describing the scene with much comic effect. "The only drawback to my happiness," he said, in conclusion, "was being obliged to kiss the lady, and that she was too stingy to repay me for the sacrifice, by offering me a glass of her brandy and water."

"You will have need of it, by-and-bye," said Ben. "On the wedding day, I will keep your spirits up, by pouring spirits down!"

"You think my love will be cured, like the landlady's, with brandy," returned John; "But courage! Miss Polly is not the pig-faced lady, after all, and I heard of a handsome young fellow who married *her* for a very small consideration, when compared with what I shall get by my wife."

Taking up his hat, and thanking his friends for the interest they felt in his affairs, Andrews, took the path to his solitary home, humming to himself, in rather a dolorous voice—

"Such a wife as Willie had,  
I wadna' gie a button for her."

CHAPTER V.

Pray, madam! will you take this man, your wedded lord to be?

Right gladly, sir! I only fear, he never will love me.

THAT night, John Andrews had a fearful vision; and as he had no one to tell his dream to, and he was ashamed of telling it to Mr. and Mrs. Joyce, for fear of being laughed at, it lay very heavily upon his mind.

He thought that the marriage between himself and Miss Polly was over, and that he was reposing in the neat white bed, which had been decorated by the hands of his pretty first wife, for their happy bridal. The third Mrs. Andrews was asleep, and her horrible face looked more horrible still, reclining upon the snow white pillow. John unable to close his eyes, was contemplating the spectacle in silent wonder; when he was startled from his reverie, by a soft and well-remembered voice, murmuring

in his ear, "Is she anything like me, John!" and bending over him, almost near enough to kiss his lips, he beheld the fair, bright face, of his first love.

Overcome with terror, Andrews was too much excited to speak, when she whispered again, in a sad and plaintive tone: "Tell the old witch to be kind to my poor little boys." John uttered a deep groan, and the vision faded; and he only beheld the coarse features of his bride, now doubly frightful in his eyes, reclining near him, "Oh! my dear, lost Catherine!" he cried; "how could I put this ugly toad in your place?"

"Have you forgotten me, John?" whispered a gay, blythe voice; and standing by his bed-side, dressed in a gala costume, with rosy cheeks, and sparkling black eyes, he beheld the handsome young widow—

"Who gave that angel boy, on whom he dotes,  
And died to give him—*aphan'd* in his birth."

"Ah, Maria!" he cried, starting up in his bed, and holding out his arms towards her, "are you come to upbraid me with my folly?"

"Tell that woman, who now fills my place, to take care of my motherless babe."

Andrews tried to clasp her to his heart; but his bride awakening with a loud yell, flung herself upon his breast, like a weight of lead. Down! down! down they went, to the very confines of eternal night; and the wretched man aroused himself from his horrible dream with a shriek of agony.

"This is a warning from heaven!" he cried. "May I be lost if ever I take that hag to my bed and board; though she had money enough to pay off the national debt."

But the morning came; and the gay sunlight dispelled the gloomy visions of the night. John was ashamed of his own weakness. He thought of all the fine things that could be purchased with Miss Polly's wealth; and he tried to think himself what his neighbours thought him. But for ever in his ears, he heard the soft voice murmuring, "Is she anything like me, John?" He was literally haunted by the ghosts of his former wives. He lost his appetite, and his sleep went from him.

"You look ill, Mr. Andrews," said the bride elect, with more softness in her look and manner than could have been expected from her. She was really half in love with her handsome suitor. "I must insist on your taking some of my cough lozenges; and I will send you over a basin of hot brandy *caudle*, to-night. It will do you good, if you take it the last thing before you go to bed."

Poor John's malady was one of the heart, not

the lungs. He thanked the sympathizing Polly, with the best grace he could; and said that he should be better in a few days.

"I hope so," resumed the fair one; "I am a woman of small experience in these matters, and I fear that I should not make a very good nurse!"

John heard her not, for at that moment the soft blue eyes of his first wife were looking into his very soul.

"I was thinking," said Miss Polly, who did not know how to account for his strange abstraction, "that it would be a useless expence for us to hire a separate house. My sister has consented for us to share this with her; and it would be as well," she continued, with a significant look, "to take her at her word."

"But the children!" cried John, starting from his fearful dream; "where shall we stow the dear children?"

"Children!" screamed Miss Polly; "I never knew that you had any children."

"My dear madam! you knew that I had been married twice—that my wives were young and handsome. I am happy to say that I am the father of three fine boys!"

"I hate children," returned Miss Polly, with a frown; "boys in particular."

"But my boys are beautiful."

"So much the worse. Children are a great pest; and handsome children are always spoilt."

"Their aunt would take care of them, for a trifling consideration."

"And pray, who is to pay it?"

"The person who considers them such a trouble," returned Andrews, rising, and taking his hat. For the same voice was murmuring in his ears, "John, tell the old witch to be kind to my poor boys."

"Where I am, I am determined that my children shall be also."

Now, Miss Polly did not wish to lose her husband; so she smoothed down, and told him that she would do the best she could by them, which doubtless, would be bad enough, if we might judge by her treatment of the poor donkey.

John went away with fearful misgivings; but the wedding was near at hand, and it was too late to repent, when the licence was bought, and the guests invited.

"Good heavens!" cried the unfortunate bridegroom, dashing the tears from his eyes, as he flung himself for the last time, as a single man, upon his sorry bed. "That night-ware of a woman will be the death of me."

Contrary to his expectations, he quickly fell asleep, and forgot all his sorrows until near day-break, when fancy began to play him some of

her old tricks. He was carried by her capricious ladyship, into the parish church, before the altar of which he beheld his bride elect, standing deeply veiled, and magnificently arrayed in a fawn-colored silk gown, a proper emblem of her youth and innocence. Two young women, clad in white, stood on either side, to assist her in the trying moment, when her veil had to be raised, and her glove withdrawn to receive the symbol of eternal love. The priest, too, was there, in his white stole, with the sacred book open before him. But John thought there was something very queer in his physiognomy; that the black locks that clustered profusely round his head, rose rather mysteriously on either side, vastly resembling in shape the short horns of a wild bull. He glanced intuitively towards his lower extremities, but the long gown, like charity, covered all defects; yet Andrews felt a perverse curiosity to ascertain if his feet were in harmony with his head. A lean slippered pantaloon, marvelously resembling a baboon in a frock coat; was to give away the lady. As Andrews approached, he greeted him with a sardonic grin; and pointed with his fleshless hand to the bonny bride.

The service commenced, but it sounded in his ears like blasphemous ribaldry. At length came the moment when he was to put on the ring. One of the white robed females raised the bride's veil, and suddenly displayed a death's head, still retaining a startling likeness of Miss Polly; while the soft voice whispered in his ear, "Is she any thing like me, John?" He staggered and would have fallen to the ground; but was caught in the arms of the other female, who said to him, in a bantering voice—

"Some marriages are made in heaven. But this was made in t'other place."

At this announcement loud peals of laughter shook the place, the priest vanished in a flame of fire, and John awakened in a cold sweat.

"Come, Andrews! get up, get up," cried the merry voice of his friend Ben. "Are you not ashamed of sleeping so long on your wedding day? This is a poor compliment to the bride."

"She may be ———, for what I care," returned Andrews. "But my mind is made up; so here goes!"

And springing lightly from his bed, he commenced whistling a lively tune, and cutting a thousand mad antics round the apartment.

Ben Boyce stared at him in astonishment, thinking to himself that his friend's mirth was too extravagant to be genuine. But how did his wonder increase, when, flinging down his shaving brush in the midst of that important operation, which covered his new pants with lather, he

snapped his fingers, and burst into a long continued roar of laughter.

"Why, Andrews! what is the meaning of all this?"

"You will know that by and bye," said John, laughing afresh; "don't I look jolly!"

"Yes! quite different to the appearance you cut yesterday; you looked like a lamb going to the slaughter."

"To-day! I feel like a lion, going forth to conquer," cried Andrews. "I will see if I cannot outwit that old gentleman, in my dream."

"You speak in riddles."

"No wonder; I have been a riddle to myself for the last fortnight. I have only just recovered my senses; so you must excuse me for playing the fool a little on such a joyful occasion."

John had now adjusted his toilet; and he looked a smart dashing fellow, fit to carry by storm the heart of widow or maid.

"Am I not too handsome for that old shrewdell!" he cried, glancing at his fine person in the glass. "Answer me that, Ben."

"Tut, man! you have forgotten the seventy thousand pounds, and contingencies."

"That's the bright side of the picture. I was looking at the reverse," returned the bridegroom. "I wonder what my charming Polly is thinking of this morning, and how she looks—"

"She never drinks, and seldom swears, Now is not that a pleasure?"

"Don't go on this mad way, Andrews. One would think you were tipsy."

"Drunk with anticipation and delight, Ben. Do let a poor fellow enjoy himself while he can. The dull days are coming, when he cannot work. The dark nights are coming, when he cannot sleep. Let me laugh while I can; and drive away care."

Ben Boyce seriously thought that his poor friend had lost his senses; for he saw nothing so very terrible in a man marrying an ugly woman, who had seventy thousand pounds to begin the world with.

They now proceeded arm in arm, to the house of the bride. Miss Polly received them, with a singular contortion of face, which was meant for a smile, and this contortion almost became a spasm, when she glanced at the fine manly figure of her future husband. She was dressed in the identical fawn-colored silk, and white veil, which she had worn in his dream, and John thought that the substance appeared far more frightful in its dark reality, than the shadow. He gazed upon her steadily—the first time he had ever done so to her, and a half smothered laugh escaped from his lips.

"You seem in good spirits to-day, Mr. Andrews," said the bride.

"How could it be otherwise, my dear Mary," returned the bridegroom, turning his head partly away, to conceal the roguish smile which gave the lie to his honied words.

Miss Lydia was dying with spite and envy; but she was to be her sister's brides-maid, and was dressed very gaily for the occasion. Mrs. Boyce made one of the party, and Ben was to act as daddy, and give the bride—poor timid young thing—away.

They then proceeded in the following order to church, the whole town turning out its population to see them pass. First came Ben Boyce, leading the bride, then followed the bridegroom, supporting upon his arms, Miss Lydia and Mrs. Boyce. Three uglier women never proceeded on such an errand to the hymeneal altar. Nor were admirers wanting, on their way thither.

"Here come the three graces!" shouted one graceless lad, the son of the clergyman of the parish, who should have known better. "That is Venus in the middle," cried another. "That's a man. Venus was a man," said a third. "Why, he's the only good looking one among them. The bride should have given him her petticoats," suggested a fourth.

"Is the man mad!" shouted a fifth. "Hush! he's money sick. Gold pills ain't bad to swallow. 'I wish he'd give me a few of them,'" said another voice. "He'll want them all, to sweeten that bitter cup," said a grave, grey-headed man.

Now, this was gall and wormwood to poor Andrews, who rather piqued himself upon his popularity. He felt dreadfully ashamed of his present degraded position; and really longed to knock all the impertinent boys on the head, but he held his peace, and the party entered the church.

The ceremony proceeded, and all went on very smoothly, until the clergyman, with a half-suppressed smile, demanded of Andrews: "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" There was a long pause. Ben gave the bridegroom an admonitory jog of the elbow. Still, no answer. The bride turned her eyes upon her spouse, but she squinted so awfully that he thought she was looking out of the window. The clergyman frowned, but thinking the young man might be deaf, he repeated the question, commencing with; "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife."

"No, sir! I cannot," said Andrews, respectfully. "I thought I could, but it was all a delusion of Satan! I am sorry to disappoint the lady; but there is no forcing nature."

A shriek of rage and disappointment from the

bride; a hoarse laugh of gratified spite from the bride's-maid; and a hasty "By Jove!" from the astonished Ben, were unheard by Andrews, who was far on his way to his own lodgings.

Collecting his effects in a small bundle, and placing the children and their aunt, in a cart, lent by a friend for the occasion, he removed for ever from S—, and when we last heard of him, he was carrying on a thriving business, as perfumer and hair-dresser in the city of Norwich.

## BOYHOOD.

BY CLAUD HALCHO.

Oh! boyhood's days—young holy-days—how merrily ye flew,

When we roamed beneath the woodland, where the bright flowrets grew;

When hidden from the sunlight, we reposed beneath the shade,

By royal oak, or sycamore—or spreading linden made:—

When by our side—our joy and pride—fair lasses sat and laughed—

When from the running brook, our lips the clear bright waters quaffed;

When first we felt, as ne'er again our withered hearts shall feel,

The nameless thrill of our first love upon our senses steal:—

When by the brawling rivulet, with hazel rod and line, Standing, we saw the golden-fish in the sun-lit waters shine;

Or when amid the meadow grass, we shunned the mid-day heat,

Scenting the fragrant odor of the clover fields so sweet.

O! boyhood's days—bright sunny days—how can we e'er forget,

The pleasant thoughts of olden times, that linger round us yet?

How think not of your noisy Joys, or of your glorious dreams,—

The music of your wild-woods, or the gurgling of your streams?

How can the warbling of the birds by us forgotten be? Or the rippling of the sunny waves, that murmured on the lee?

How can we e'er forget the day, when Mary's eyes and ours

Met with the love-glance eloquent, in yonder wood-land bowers?

How think not of the thrilling touch—the rapture and the bliss,

When first our young lips met, and clung in one long lingering kiss?

O, never! never! can we lose the memory of that day,

That green leaf on our temples, when our withered hairs are grey.

## A DREAM OF DESTRUCTION.

A FRAGMENT.

BY P. J. ALLEN.

Deep in the forest glade, I laid me down,  
And slept: then did this vision come on me,  
Sublimely terrible! Methought, I saw  
The earth a prey to devastating plagues,  
And all her children writhing on her breast  
I' the death throes. I saw a lovely girl,  
Whose face and form were beautiful as light,  
Kneel by her lover—one, whose warrior heart  
Had never stoop'd, but once, to love; and now,  
Disease had wound him in her scaly folds,  
And breathed her poisonous breathings into his.  
But late, to gentle Rosalind he sued:

For bliss which woman's love alone can give!  
And now, fierce o'er his heart had come the flame  
Of wild delirium, and he raved and strove  
To tear the dry white flesh from off his bones,  
Griming with clenched teeth, and cursing life,—  
And her who had been more than life to him—

That patient one, who kiss'd away the drops.  
Of anguish from his burning forehead. She  
I saw, ere long, like to a propleless vine,  
Drop in the arms of death, whose touch was here—  
But merciful. The man liv'd yet a while,  
And staggering to his feet, uprear'd to heaven  
His fiendish eyes, and loathsome countenance,  
All leopard-like, bespotted with the plague,  
Fiercely blaspheming, 'till his swollen tongue  
Burst,—and he sank in speechlessness to die.

—And now, I saw a king. I knew him not  
So much by his apparel, bright with gold  
And purple, like the heart's blood he had shed,  
As by the look of horrible despair

That drew his lips apart, and fill'd his eyes  
With the intensity of hell. He lay  
Upon the threshold of his palace gate,  
Whither, with faltering footsteps, he had crept,  
Even like some ailing cur, to seek for those  
Who erst had pander'd to his appetites,  
However vile, with ready slavery.

They had deserted him to seek for gold—  
The yellow dross to purchase which, their king  
Had paid the price of Præce. Blind fools! ye clutch'd  
The sparkling metal, merry with the thought  
Of all the joys which ye should taste ere long.  
Ye clutched and—died! Death was their only heir.

And he, a Monarch, lay like Lazarus  
One living sore; and he was trampled down  
Beneath the feet of thousands, who afar,  
Rushed onward, vainly seeking an egress  
From a doom'd world, by any other path  
Than that of dissolution. Hark, that owl

Echoing abroad throughout the spacious earth,  
Like the voic'd misery of ten thousand years!  
And lo! a shadowy form comes floating on,  
Borne on a moving couch of lurid flames  
That sweep the globe's whole surface thoroughly  
Of every living, every growing thing,

Leaving them heap'd in ashes. From the heav'n  
That giant figure gazed full fix'dly  
Awhile, and then with one heart-burst of woe  
That shatter'd into gaping ruins, earth,—

The phantom spake—"Time, all thy offspring dent—  
Thou too must die!" Then from his burning throne  
Hurlling himself, he seiz'd with wide-spread grasp

The motionless remains of what was earth,  
And vanished, exhalation-like, away.

Fredericton, June 12, 1846.

# THE MISANTHROPE.

BY H. J. FRIEL.

"All the world's a stage."—*As you like it.*

On a lovely evening in spring, when the smaller feathered songsters of our bowers might be heard indulging in the "treble" and "alto" of sweet nature's true and melodious music, aided by the thorough "bass" of the no less happy denizens of the neighbouring swamp, and the distant "tenor" croaking of the sable thieving crow,—an animal of the class denominated "biped," yet dignified as being from old Adam's day endowed with superior and commanding powers, wended his way towards the confines of a settlement near the base of the Hull mountains. Sadness sat upon his brow, and the many furrows in his features seemed to give the observer an idea that worldly care, and deep, sublime and anxious thought, had done what, from his appearance, age had not yet commenced. Suddenly, he halted, and, drawing himself up to his full height, he gazed with fond emotion upon the scene before him. He would have been a fitting subject for the pencil of an Angelo. His lips parted, and from the recesses of his soul, he poured out that which seemed to me incomprehensible. His voice was sepulchral, and his features assumed a serene, yet pleasing appearance, as he communed in solitary loneliness with himself. Concealed from view, I overheard the philosopher unburthen his mind of ideas of creation and its lords, which none but a gifted mortal could have entertained:

"Inanimate nature," he exclaimed, "I have made my study. When the thoughtless and gay creatures of a less inquisitive organization have resigned themselves to the lethargic pleasures of the couch, have I stolen forth to view even the darkest features of thy system; and when Sol arrayed them in a brighter garb, I have roved on rivers' banks, and mountains' tops, through valleys and o'er hills, to revel in admiration of the wondrous and benevolent works of thy great Creator."

He turned, and gazed with a glance of seeming disgust and abhorrence upon the town, villages and settlements, in the distance—

"Ah!" soliloquised he, "there are the dwellings of the children of man—of the mortals placed here as masters of all else, that constitute the world and its inhabitants. But how debased—how humbled—how low—how degraded is the

standard by which, in most cases, they regulate their conduct to the all-bountiful Providence—the supreme Being—the Great Eternal,—who dubbed them lord and master of this sphere, and all that dwell therein. Those feelings of gratitude; benevolence, resignation and piety—those powers of endurance, invention and knowledge—those gifts of perseverance and possibility, joined to the numerous virtues which they are capable of exercising, are sacrificed at the unhallowed shrine of the demon of discord, choosing instead the baser and more ignoble passions and vices which had sprung up like so many mushrooms—so many foul weeds, to destroy the growth of the more blessed and health-invigorating influence of the true gifts of Providence. Yet, such will be man's frailty. What may be his destiny, time alone can determine; though all may believe that no good can arise from such a demoniac course. Conflicting opinions, conflicting ideas, outrageous chimeras, float about like so many visions of a morbid fancy, fed upon the fierce and brutal vices of a hell. Such is the climax. There are those who profess the creed of the conquerors of the Saracens, and the civilizor of the heathen, opposed to others who claim true faith by lighting up the darkness, and driving away with fiery breath, the imaginations of superstition. These have their opponents in the creeds of the Moslem, and the faith of those who still expect to see a powerful and royal head to lead them on to victory, and each of the majority of the whole have their several different notions; and general discord, ruin, devastation, plunder, havoc and massacres, mark the efforts of those would-be philosophers of this dark and dismal age."

Now, here was information. I felt half inclined to fall in love with nature myself. I had listened to a sage, and determined to listen a little longer; but, alas! nature itself, I thought, had been at fault. The mosquitoes buzzed about, like so many demons, chanting their infernal war-song. With opened palm, I caused them to retreat, only to renew the charge with redoubled vigor. They seemed to receive new allies, and defence was now almost impossible. I had no resource, but to move my position. Aye! man, the king, the paramount lord, of mosquitoes and all



else that flutters in the air, or treads our mother earth, was in my person, hurled from his station by the attack of a crowd of determined "nothings." The rustling and crackling of dry twigs broke the silence hitherto kept, and I stood before the soliloquizer. He stared upon me, with seeming amaze, while I felt truly humbled in thus being detected acting a part not very unlike the "caves-dropper."

"My youthful friend," he said, "you have heard my repining—'tis well; though I should have wished it otherwise. Yet, it may have done thee service; and I am to infer from your cautious silence, you have been an attentive and willing listener."

His words sank deep into my soul, and I attempted to excuse myself; but with a slow and cheerful voice, he bade me keep my peace, and leave him for the present to his meditations.

"When the shades of evening are about to descend on the morrow, bid thee hither, and to thee, as I have already formed of thee a good opinion, shall I unburthen the scenes, dark and drear, bright and lively, in the life of an adventurer."

#### CHAPTER II.

TRUE to appointment, I sauntered through the groves on the evening after the day which formed the subject of the preceding chapter, awaiting the approach of my mysterious friend. He came at length. His countenance seemed lit up with an unusual glow of animation. We sought a pleasant shade, and when seated, he clasped my hand with great energy, exclaiming:

"I have studied human nature, and art; the sciences are with me favorite subjects, and if my research avail me, I have found at last a confidente."

Taking from his vest a memorandum, he bade me exert my patience, and thus detailed his narrative:

"I was born in the year 1800. My parents were persons of some consequence in the world, both as regards heritage and ancestry, and I, their first born, was when young almost idolized by them. I shall pass over briefly the events of childhood, which is at least a season of blessedness, and totally distinct from *actual* life. After undergoing the usual routine, I was promoted from the nursery to the drawing-room, and very early exhibited quite a taste for all kinds of mischief. I was sent to school, and played the truant as often as possible. Somehow, by dint of engaging private tutors, and a due course of rewards and punishment, I made some progress in my studies; and at eighteen, was declared by the

young ladies of the neighborhood to be a very engaging—in fact, quite an accomplished, fascinating young gentleman. This came to my willing ears in due time, and when the fixture head of the house of Recklessberg eyed himself in his mamma's large mirror, he felt as if the pretty damsels could have had no intention of quizzing.

"Now came the season of pleasure—a continual round of gaiety. One night, I shone at a select party given on the occasion of my birthday. Of course, I monopolized the homage; I was the hero. I waltzed with Lady Miles, and danced a minuet with the beautiful Miss Hedge. A quadrille was proposed—the belle of the city, and the heiress of some twenty thousand, accepted with seeming pleasure the offer of my hand, not to join in 'Hymen's silken bonds,' but *à la quadrille*. I was charmed; I had been asked to attend several parties in the neighborhood, and accepted several invitations. At an entertainment given by Mrs. Pliant, I met with Jane Moldart.

"Deem not that I am about to harass your apparently stoic mind with a tedious love-tale; but yet, I can only look back upon those youthful scenes with pleasure. They seem so like a dream in comparison with the occurrences of a more mature age. Aye! sages may deride—philosophers may reason—stoics may frown—logicians may preach—and shakers may moralize; but love, as the poet has it—

"Rules the camp, the court, the grove,—  
For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

"Enough—I fell in love. And first love, too! How dangerous, how exciting, how grand, how sublime and pleasing, is first love! It is a hallowed subject, and most of men have felt its effects. I shall attempt no description. Myriads of writers, male and female, have described their experiences in stately prose, and our immortal poets have sung its praises in thrilling and noble verse. But to my narrative.

"On entering the ball-room, I recognized, and received several friends. Harry Brumot, took my arm, and we walked to the upper end of the apartment. My heroine was seated opposite a window, chatting with a widow lady of my acquaintance. I was struck with her beauty, and turning to my companion, enquired who the young lady was.

"What!" exclaimed Harry, 'not know Miss Moldart! Why, I am surprised, that of all men, Phil Recklessberg should be so backward. Shall I introduce you?"

"Will you do me the favor?"

"Come along,—no pressing required."

"We crossed the room, and were received very graciously, as Harry happened to be an old acquaintance. Miss Moidart and your humble servant soon got acquainted, under favor of that never-failing subject, 'the weather,' and I begged her hand for a waltz.

"Why, how provoking that I should be engaged," said she, "but I shall consider you the next on the list."

"That look repaid all; I murmured I don't know what, perhaps acknowledgments, and Harry Brumnot gave his arm to the beauty. She bowed, and smiled an '*à la revoir*,' and I joined the giddy throng, and enjoyed as a relief

"The gay voluptuous waltz.

"I have not described this lady of my love; and why? Because I have already disclaimed all attempts at description. Enough that she appeared to me an angel—of tall and graceful mien—the usual sylph-like form—the splendid bust—the exquisitely chiselled features—and such eyes! Poets would have immortalized them, and they pierced my very soul; in fact, take a professed novelist's completest heroine, and Miss Moidart was at least her equal. We waltzed; and while my nervous arm encircled her taper waist, and her hand lay confidently in mine, I was in the Paradise of imagination. We walked, we chatted, and we laughed; and I returned to my home, not to my couch, but to a sofa, to think and dream of Jane Moidart.

"As etiquette required, I called shortly after. We had a charming *tête à tête*. I returned home more fully determined than ever, that I and Jane Moidart were intended for each other. I had to absent myself for a period from home, and the idea cost me a pang. I determined to make a declaration of my love, and expected to receive what the vulgar merchants call a 'ditto.' A few evenings previous to my departure, I paid her a visit. On enquiring for Miss Moidart, her maum, with whom I had become a favorite, conducted me through the mansion to the garden, where she pointed out *Mademoiselle* enjoying a stroll through the flowers. Could Flora, the queen of flowers, seem more unjust? Or was she not superior to the goddess of the ancients? This is not the time for such a question.

"Ah! truant, you have come at last; I have been expecting you so long, and just walked out to inhale the fragrance of the flowers," said Miss Moidart.

"I believe, I tried to venture for answer that she was

"By far, the sweetest flower there."

"But I was so occupied with the purport of my visit that all else vanished, or was at least 'second best.' We strayed towards a summer shade, and seated ourselves very innocently and complacently together. I held her hand, and with my arm around her waist, her eyes beaming with loveliness, and seeming fondness in my face, I must have been in extacies. 'The truth is, that I fancied myself in the presence of an angel, and felt any thing but miserable.

"I leave for the metropolis, in a few days—how will my Jane feel, when I am absent?' I ventured to inquire, after we had exhausted all the late gossip.

"Well, now! how presumptuous you young gentlemen are—*your* Jane! ha! ha!—how funny," was the reply, at the same time, bestowing on me a look of coquetish archness. "She may feel a little lonesome, but you are not gone for life, and a short absence cannot break her heart."

Oh! that look—that smile, and manner at once decided me. With all the eloquence I could assume, (and in such case, youth and nature, set at defiance the laws of education,) I poured into her willing ear, the story of my love. The object of my adoration grew quite thoughtful—hinted a suspicion of doubt, as to my sanity; but at last, overcome by her own emotions, threw her head upon my bosom, and scarcely breathing, ejaculated—

"I am ever thine!"

"Oh! moment of transport—oh! hour that made me blessed for at least that once. With a beating heart, and flushed countenance, I stooped to gaze upon her features, and was tempted to seal our mutual confession by an endearing action. 'My friend, 'tis as you suppose—our innocent lips met, and we enjoyed what the curious world terms—

"The first kiss of love."

"I hurried off, and started *en route* the following morning for that emporium of commerce, and of capitalists—that city of light and shade—that receptacle alike of misery, and comparative happiness—of wretchedness and of affluence—of pride and of poverty—of heartlessness and of seeming charity—the residence of the patrician and plebeian—of royalty, and of beggary—of crafty politicians, and men of worthy name—where midnight prowlers, assassins, house-breakers and pick-pockets are hidden in dens of ferocious aspect, bearing contrast with the lowest pedlar of small wares—the regular huckster—the smiling shop-keeper—the industrious mechanic—the useful artisan, and the shabby-gentle office-clerks. In this pile of dwellings, amid the bustle, din and war of busy life, in their various locations, are the miserly users—the

bankrupt merchants—the briefless barristers—the smooth-faced attorneys, and medical quacks; in juxtaposition with whom may be placed the trader, who has established an honest reputation—the rich, because punctual, banker—the careful lawyer, and the discreet physician. There are statesmen to be bought and sold, devoid of talent and of soul—brilliant orators and gifted geniuses—sceptics and pious Christians: in fine, all that can be required to constitute happiness and misery—love and hate—riches and poverty—blessings and curses—light and darkness are here crammed into what has been termed the first city of the world—LONDON.

In London, I arrived, as a very popular ballad thus appropriately explains,

“On a visit.”

“I saw the ‘lions’—went to the opera—visited, joked, and attended evening parties, in company with my cousin Tom Moxeville; in fact, my time was passed away gaily, yet I retired to rest only to enjoy the pleasure of thinking of Jane Moidart and the future.

“All things must have an end. Three months had passed, and your humble servant received a summons to attend his father on his death-bed. Moxeville was sitting with me—we were enjoying a cigar, and chatting over our evening visits.

“Here, Phil, this is for you—a letter from home, I presume, said my cousin.

“I tore it open—the letter fell from my hands, and Moxeville observing my haggard appearance, demanded the cause of my agitation. I explained all—orders were instantly given. In a few hours, I was journeying homeward with a beating heart. *Alas!* for human happiness. My father, oh! my father! might now be cold and lifeless—I an orphan! The thought was excruciating.

“I arrived in time to receive his latest breath. With heavenly resignation, he consigned his soul into the hands of his Creator, invoking upon me, his only child, a thousand blessings.

“I am thus brief in detailing my misfortunes, as tales of woe, I have found from sad experience, cause but slight emotion in the human breast in this *enlightened day*, and the season of youth need not be shocked with what is alone fit for companions in sorrow, and partners in affliction. Let it merely be thy motto, as you will hereafter doubtless see its utility,

“Life is chequered, and each pleasure has its pain.

“I became my father’s heir. Though yet a minor, I had sufficient penetration to know my station. I had still a parent left, and I devoted my time to soothing her grief; but endeavored in vain to restore her wanted cheerfulness. Sad-

ness made vast inroads upon her constitution, and but a short period elapsed ere she lay side by side with the ‘partner of her life.’

“My patient listener,” said the hero of the tale, “I am overcome, and the dews of night will chill our nerves—return again to the usual place on the morrow, and I will read you a brighter page from the life of man.”

#### CHAPTER III.

“There is a strange mixture of grief and pleasure—thought and forgetfulness,” said the narrator, as I resumed my place beside him. “It was a long period since I had gazed upon that fair beauty—the lovely creature who had caused my youthful breast to burn with ‘the enchanting fire of love.’ Love—well may the ancients have dubbed thee a deity, if in their ignorance they had recourse to the passions for a guide.

“Cupid, the heathen deity of love and smiles! How appropriate the selection of thy supposed parentage. Thy sterner parent, Mars, the supreme of war and havoc, massacre, roar and rattle, joins hands with Venus, who rules over beauty, marriage, and all minor pleasures; and thou, thou roguish half-grown youth, they claim as their descendant. Endowed with their united powers, you carry on a perpetual war; making all efforts on the father’s part, and on thy mother’s side set all to right again, by mingling in thy own peculiar way the charms of loveliness, smiles, tears and kisses.

“But, this is awkward. Mine should be a sterner tale. As soon as grief for the loss of my parents had begun to wear away, I again sought the residence of her I loved. I met her returning from a walk. On seeing her at some distance, I stood awaiting her approach. She seemed to be musing pensively, her eyes directed to the ground. In her hands she carried flowers. A simple hat to shade her lovely face from the scorching sun, seemed to reveal the more pleasing love-lines of her features. She came near, and I felt satisfied. There was the same splendid symmetry of form.—the same delicacy of countenance, tinted with a pretty blush; and the same blue eyes, full of tender sweetness, and expressive intelligence.

“Those tender throats that shun the eye,  
And in the world’s contagious circle die.”

“We met; and, the first greetings over, Miss Moidart enlarged on the subject of my late bereavement, condoling with me, and ending by requesting me to visit her often, to pass away the dull and lonely hours which must naturally weigh upon my spirits. I returned for answer, that I would be indeed too happy to be allowed that privilege. We returned, and were received by

Mr. Moidart and his lady with great condescension. From that day, I became the constant companion of Miss Moidart, in her walks, rides, and at home. What follows, you may easily conceive; my love increased ten thousand fold. She seemed willing to converse upon any topic but the one nearest my heart; and I, simple soul, imagined it arose from delicacy, and ceased to doubt; I felt certain of her faith, and basked in the sunshine of felicity.

"A circumstance occurred about this period which, although of no great moment, forms a portion of the history of my attachment. I had been some distance from home on business of importance, and spent a few weeks at the seat of a relative, some twenty miles from my own residence.

"One evening, I mounted my horse, and rode through the country. Returning late at night, I threw the reins aside, meditating a speedy return home, for peculiar reasons. I heard the sounds of music. Being passionately fond of 'sweet sounds,' I caught the reins and hurried on, till I reached the mansion from whence the sounds proceeded. Beneath a portico, sat a lady, who from her attitude, I thought must be the musician. The instrument was touched by the hand of taste, and she played a plaintive air, the exquisite melody of which chained me to the spot. My horse grew restless; poor animal, his ears were insensible to the charms of waltz or song, and I was about to give my charger the rein, when, casting my eye upwards, I beheld the roof of the house in flames. I leaped from the horse, and he, impatient and frightened, started on his course. I rushed towards the house, entered the portico; the lady had disappeared. I tried the inner door to no purpose. Out again; the vaults of heaven seemed one sheet of flame. I made a rush towards the door once more—it yielded to my strength, and I rushed through the burning tenement. Hark! the beams gave way. On I went, satisfied there must be mortals perishing. Through an open door, I perceived a figure pacing an apartment. The fire was nearing her, having already gained the flooring between the two apartments. I looked again. Gracious Heavens! it was she; I heard her cry:

"Save me, Philip, or I die!"

"Enough—I darted forward—crossed the burning room, and caught her in my arms. 'Twas the work of an instant. I endeavoured to gain the hall, and succeeded; amid smoke, fire, and broken and burning timber, I found a passage, and emerged almost suffocated, bearing the nearly lifeless form of Jane Moidart in my arms. The family had all esaped, but an aged servant, who had perished in the flames.

"Miss Moidart had recovered by degrees, and I

received her acknowledgments, and those of her aunt, Mrs. Dumal, whose dwelling had been the scene of the catastrophe. Having accompanied them to the house of Madame De Clarence, a French lady, who resided close by, it was arranged that I should accompany Miss Moidart home the following day; and having procured a horse, as my own had taken leave, I returned to my relations, gratified that I had thus an opportunity of proving my attachment in an hour of danger. One look from that bright eye repaid me all; I looked forward with impatience to the drive to-morrow. I slept but little, ere the morning dawned, so excited were my feelings.

"The prosaic relation seems to weary you. For this evening, I am done! Yet ask yourself—

"Who hath not felt the harmony of grace,  
The sweetness of that bright and lovely dower?  
Who hath not gazed on woman's beautiful face  
Until his inmost soul hath owned her power?"

## CHAPTER IV.

THE mysterious stranger paced the green, as I advanced, humming in a low tone, that melancholy, yet harmonious musical composition, poor "Weber's last,"

"The soul of music, in sweet sadness dying."

He greeted me cordially, and, taking my arm, resumed his walk, and continued his narrative—

"True to appointment, I waited upon Miss Moidart. She received me with a smile, expressive of the most refined emotion. After mutual inquiries, and congratulations on the occurrence of the preceding evening, we bade adieu to her friends, and started on our journey.

"Our route lay through a lovely country. To those satiated with city life, a drive through the open country is a relief, which can be hardly equalled. The change from crowded thoroughfares, and piles of buildings, where the balmy air itself is contaminated, to groves, meadows, fertile fields, and all the beauties that complete the varied and impressive face of nature, is, to say the least, refreshing. But how much more lovely will it seem if one of creation's brightest ornaments—the betrothed of your affections—the creature who forms the very essence of your existence—the star of all your anticipations, very innocently happens to be participating in your pleasure, and expatiating in glowing language upon the beauty of the scene. With real enthusiasm, we discoursed on the beauties of the landscape. A river at some distance, ran its ceaseless course—

"Swift and silent as an arrow  
Through a channel, dark and narrow,  
Like life's closing day."

"And yonder is the spire of the village church. I have often attended 'service' in the old building. Its shadowy aisles—its dark oaken panneling—its mouldering monuments—all shadowed with the gloom of departed years,—seem fit for the haunt of solemn meditation. It seems so holy in its repose; such pensive quiet reigns within its precincts; that every restless thought is calmed down, and one feels all the natural religion of the soul springing up within him. It stood on a knoll in the centre of a vast extent of soft meadow scenery, and was surrounded by trees which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall spires shot up lightly, and the rooks paid many visits to its casements. At a distance, we observed a crowd approaching with slow and solemn step. As it neared, we found it was a funeral. We determined to await the interment. They were the obsequies of poverty. A plain coffin was borne upon the shoulders of four men, and the sexton led the way with an air of apparent carelessness. There were but few mourners indeed—the only one that seemed to feel the loss was an aged decrepid creature, who struggled on behind the coffin, supported by another woman, rocking her body to and fro in all the phrenzy of despair. That coffin contained all she prized on earth—an only son; and she a widowed mother. Soon all was over. When I saw the aged creature slowly quit the grave, returning in sadness and destitution, my soul felt for her. But if I was so sensibly affected, what emotions did not arise in the bosom of that angel form, who stood sorrow-stricken by my side?

"Philip!" she exclaimed, "what are the distresses of those who roll in affluence—who have friends to soothe their woe, countless attentions to beguile, and a whole world to dissipate their grief? What are the sorrows of youth? Their young minds grow about the wound. But the sorrows of the poor—the distresses of the aged, with whom life is like a wintry day,—are indeed sorrows, which should make us feel the impotency of consolation."

"I clasped her hand in an extacy of chastened joy, while I replied to her sentiments; and we left the receptacle alike of riches and poverty—the last resting place of man; sending my purse after the poor widow, for which I received a look, that almost transported me incontinently into the elysium of delight.

"We arrived at Mr. Moidart's just as the evening was on the wane. I declined entering, and sought the pleasures of my own 'sweet home,' promising to make a visit on the ensuing day.

"Having now detailed our drive, I fancy your countenance expresses disappointment, in not being treated to a dish of particular conversation, both pleasing and interesting, which your very sagacious penetration enables you to fancy, occurred between Miss Moidart and myself, during our excursion. Now, I have avoided disclosing that for reasons which are too apparent. I shall sum all in a few expressive words. My lady love deemed herself most lucky in my love, and I fancied myself the most happy dog alive. But lovers must have secrets. And though love is mingled with my narrative, it is because my evil destinies willed it so: and love has 'its poison as well as sweets.'

"A few weeks passed in perfect happiness. One bright moonlight evening, I sauntered through the back grounds on the domain of the estate which contained my soul's treasure. Approaching the garden walls, I meditated surprising 'my pretty Jane' in a summer bower, which stood in the centre of the grove. I passed the gate and advanced within a few yards of the retreat. I thought I heard voices. I listened attentively, and detected a strange voice, lamenting his long absence, and inquiring anxiously concerning her health. I acted a base part, but the fiend jealousy would have it so, and I peeped into the bower; two persons were seated, one of whom was Miss Moidart, and the other a young man of noble appearance, and commanding beauty. Suddenly he seized her in his arms, and imprinted kiss after kiss upon her ruby lips. I was horror-struck; making an involuntary exclamation. I hurried from the spot, but not before I was perceived; and Miss Moidart, followed by her companion, detected me in the act of making my exit. She saluted me with a loud, and to my ear fiendish, laugh, which brought me, and to my senses. Bestowing a look of terrible resentment upon her companion, and coolly bowing to herself, I left the grounds.

"Here was a crash! Desperation suggested to my agitated mind, many a dreadful course to be pursued. I resigned them all, and determined to banish the fatal remembrance by travelling. Yet, she might be innocent. Alas! the proofs were already too strong. As my old tutor used to exclaim, when he detected me at fault, 'I have had ocular demonstration of the fact.' Vowing vengeance on my opponent, I arranged my affairs; and ere the sun had twice gone its destined course, I was on my way for the sunny shores of Italy.

"The evening is far                      and I shall for the present drop the subject, for

"This is the hour, when memory wakes  
 Visions of joy that could not last—  
 This is the hour, when fancy takes  
 A survey of the past!"

## CHAPTER V.

THE clouds of heaven had almost retired beyond the shade of distance, ere I had once more resumed my station by the side of the reflective misanthrope.

"You have tarried beyond your usual time," he said, "but the sky is serene, the air clear and healthy; Luna already begins to emit her lustrous and brilliant agency around, and we can with safety indulge beneath her guardianship for a longer period than is our wont.

"A short time elapsed, subsequent to my last detail, when I roamed a willing exile from country—from friends—and, what was more poignant grief than either, from the object of my love and being; faithless though that object was, her fairy form and enchanting features, still flitted o'er my vision; and memory, that indefatigable, unceasing, often useful, yet oftentimes disagreeable agent, oft carried me back to happy hours, spent under the magic influence of that greatest of all human passions—*Love*.

"I travelled through Italy, with all the speed possible. Venerable antiquities—colossal remains—the remnants of ancient greatness, or the splendor of its modern painters, had no charms for a mind torn by conflicting passions. At Naples I spent some time, visiting the awful ravages in its neighborhood, caused by the eruptions of that natural evil—*Vesuvius*. This just suited my wayward fancy, and here I might revel in my own sad and gloomy reflections. It seemed as if nature had chosen this devoted spot for the exercises of different powers from those displayed in other and more favored portions of this sphere. Nature's vengeance seemed to rankle in the bowels of this mount; and her eringing creature man, had, in my person, ventured to approach her throne, daring to bring his baser passions and still baser person in contact with her anger.

"To the west of Naples, is shown a mountain, where the bones of *Virgil* are said to repose. Thither I hied, determined to spend a portion of my weary time near the tomb of so great a specimen of my species. Here I meditated upon the ills and blessings of life, and the renown of the being whose remains are said to grace this humble corner. And such is human greatness! *Virgil*—he whom all scholars hold as their model—he who has earned for himself an undying reputation—whose strains are heard all over the globe, where learn-

ing has exercised its benign influence—here lie the poet's bones, unheeded and forgotten! But his name lives, and will live while classic lore exists. An idea seized me—I must endeavor to indite, and figure before man as a genius. Yes: 'twas so. But then my time was short—my mind unused to mental exertion. *Virgil* had his day—a different one from the present. I should in vain attempt to win what thousands have given up in despair. The frowns of the vile, unfeeling world, and the miseries of a distracted mind would be my only reward. And what should be my subject—what the strain I would assume? Ah! that destroyed my nerve—that question staggered my resolution, and dissipated my imaginings. My rage returned, and I inwardly vowed that it would be an impossibility for me to paint the joys of worldly happiness; and, alas! man, foolish man, can relish naught else.

"Strolling along one evening by the coast of *Pain*, I met a party enjoying the fragrant breeze, wafted from the ocean wave. As they advanced, I was struck with amazement, in fancying that I observed a person, whose features I had before scanned. Another look, and I felt satisfied. It was my opponent in the affections of *Jane Moirdart*. He smiled, as he recognised me, and half inclined his head towards me, as if in salutation. My phrenzy knew no bounds. In a paroxysm of rage, I made up to him—drew off my glove, and struck him on the face. He seemed surprised, but instantly returned the blow. His friends interfered. I would listen to no words. A challenge was given—accepted; and in two hours we met in deadly combat.

"In about a week after, I came to my senses, and found myself lying in my chamber, severely wounded. The physician entered shortly after; he informed me that I was not yet out of danger, and that quiet could alone ensure my recovery. But, how vain were his entreaties. That quiet could not secure a place within my breast, while the contending fires of love, hatred, injured honor, and ungratified revenge, worked their demonic influence on my system. A raging fever ensued, and I fell into a state of comparative insensibility.

"I awoke one lovely morning, as heaven's brightest eye peeped through the casement, and wondered at my situation. My nurse was whispering to some one at the door. A voice exclaimed, 'poor fellow!' and I thought I detected something familiar in the tone. I called, and the physician entered; and pronounced me 'out of danger.' He said that a friend of mine had arrived, and had almost refused to quit my bed-side, for the last few days. The same evening he was

allowed to visit me, when Tom Moxeville arose before my vision. This kind friend seized my hand, and gazing on my wan and pallid visage, burst into a flood of tears. This visit revived me—the usual sprightliness of conversation, and the detail of news from England eased my feverish mind. I inquired if he could tell me aught of the faithless creature, who had been to me ‘the root of all evil.’ He promised to gratify my curiosity, and detailed it as follows:

“After I had received your epistle, informing me of your intention of leaving for this country, I posted down from London to accompany you, as I had got into a *rumpus* with Capt. Bolron, the consequence of which was a meeting, and the worthy Captain lay for dead, when I left for another country, to fly the fangs of law. By my letters, I understand he has now recovered, and expresses the greatest friendship for myself, stating that the quarrel was the result of wine, and want of a proper understanding. But, of your own affairs. On my arrival at your seat, I had learned that you had made your exit, and I started in pursuit; but, you must have borrowed the wings of Pegasus, for I found it impossible to track your footsteps among the dwellings of man. I heard accidentally of your being in Naples, and I posted here to seek you out. The first intelligence I received, was of your late affair with Broekwell Moidart.

“Gracious heavens! with whom did you say, or did I hear aright?”

“With Broekwell Moidart, the brother of your innamorata, whose charms I heard you paint in such glowing colours, when you visited me in London.”

“Now, here was food for reflection. I felt almost crazed; and Moxeville, dreading a renewal of the fever, requested me to be calm.

“Tell me, I cried; have I committed murder—does he live, or must I be doomed to suffer the horrible pangs of remorse? Nay, that is too unmeaning—is my bitter cup not filled?”

“All is well,” he said; “he too was slightly wounded, but recovered in a short time; I found him out, and he has been a daily visitor to your bed-side. You will yet be friends. Compose your spirit, and to-morrow he will be here in *propria persona*, and all can be satisfactorily explained.”

“I seized his hand in a transport of joy, and shed tears of gratitude.

“The morrow came, and brought Moxeville, and my late adversary, but now my friend, Moidart. After mutual explanations, he informed me that he left England immediately after the affair of the summer arbor. His sister had accompanied him, and with her parents was now in Naples.

*This raised my drooping spirits, and I looked forward to a reconciliation with her, as now certain. They were about to set out for Rome, and it was arranged that I should follow them as soon as I would be sufficiently recovered.*

“The air is chill—the screech-owl emits his vulgar shriek—the hills are lessening in the mazes of the shade—a cloud obscures the moon—and the dew is falling heavily, as if to warn us that the wise man spoke truth, when he exclaimed, ‘there is a time for all things.’ This is the time for rest. *Adios.*”

## CHAPTER VI.

EARLY the ensuing evening I met my strange acquaintance. He resumed the detail of his experience, promising to be now more brief than he at first intended, as he complained that discoursing of woes and frailties, now long passed away in the swift and steady march of time, wounded his blunted feelings, by throwing his memory back with injurious effect upon remembrances which should have been long since forgotten.

“As soon as I had regained my wonted vigor, my friend Moxeville and myself left for Rome, where we were to meet with the party, composed of Mr. Moidart, his lady, my friend Broekwell Moidart, and his loved sister.

“While journeying, the image of Miss Moidart hovered around my vision. Perhaps she might yet receive me. She might reproach me. Certainly I had apparently trifled with her purest affections. Yet she had not been deceived—degraded—deserted. No! there had been palliating circumstances. I fancied she loved another. It could not be. There could not be another to whom she poured forth her heart, as to myself—none to whom she had pledged her pure and passionate soul. Ah! no. I could not think that all that beautiful flow of fascinating and unrivalled emotion, of which I had been the recipient, had been the result of her meditated deceit or graceless coquetry.

“On our arrival at Rome, we resolved to wait upon our friends on the succeeding day. They had taken up their residence in the most distinguished quarter of the city. We strolled through the Eternal City. It was the Italian spring, with all its splendor. The smiling sunbeams illumined the glittering palaces and domes; and nature and art, the work of ages, seemed to have been her antagonists. This great city, the origin of which is traced from the period when a few shepherds’ huts formed its only structures, is still the pride of Christendom. Once the mistress of the world—now a mere principality; still, her greatness stards the wreck of time. Numerous pal-

ces and villas, churches, and ruins of ancient pillars and amphitheatres, merely denote the existence of Pagan Rome. Yet, in the person of the head of Catholicity, Christian Rome holds still a lofty station. Here, where religion has established its seat, have dwelt the heathen warriors of an earlier period—patriots and traitors—conquerors and tyrants—freemen and slaves. Here, in all the dread majesty of death, the conqueror of Britain—Cæsar—lieth. Vespasian and Titus, who caused yonder triumphal arch, now crumbled into ruins, to be erected, with Augustus and Anthony, on whom Cleopatra's charms drew dark destruction, have within those walls breathed the breath of life. And here have scenes of horror under brutish tyrants been enacted. Here, Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, and Domitian have perpetrated unheard-of enormities—crimes which led more to the fall of the Roman empire than even the incursions of the Alani, Sarmatians, Dacians, Huns and Goths. Immorality and luxury are poor weapons with which to repel an invading enemy.

"We paid our promised visit to our friend. I was kindly received; I fancied Miss Moidart looked paler than usual. An air of fear and distress seemed impressed upon her features. After partaking of some refreshments, a walk in the garden was proposed; Miss Moidart accepted my arm, and we entered the gardens. We strolled into a solitary walk, and discoursed upon various subjects. By degrees we entered upon that nearest our heart—our mutual love.

"The news of your having been so severely wounded very much distressed me," she exclaimed, after a short pause.

"Oh! a mere nothing compared to the joy I experience in returning to those feelings consecrated by the finest emotions of our souls."

"Our misery has been great, indeed; but I am sure you must admit I was innocent. I would not have believed that you could have doubted me."

"'Tis true; yet I dare recall the past—I wish not to dwell upon it. We can yet be happy," I replied.

"Our eyes met at the same moment, and once more our vows were plighted. Ere three short weeks had elapsed all had been arranged. We departed instantly for England, and on our arrival our nuptials were to be celebrated. *Vive l'amour.*

"Moxeville congratulated me upon my good fortune, and over our cups we toasted and discussed the merits of my intended bride till all was hushed in silence, and the world lay in slumber.

"I shall pass over the particulars of our voyage o'er the ocean wave, as they would be uninterest-

ing. Nothing of consequence occurred before our arrival at the old family seat. My affairs were considerably out of order, as my steward, whom I had left in management of my concerns till my return, had made free with his trust, having sailed for America, carrying off a large sum of money—another proof of the enlightenment of the age in which we live.

"I paid my visits to Miss Moidart, and we were to be united during the next month. Blest in her love, and bestowing upon her my real affections, we must have been truly happy. Alas! for human happiness—'tis short lived!"

"The eventful morning came, and we awaited the performance of the ceremony. Never had I beheld her look so lovely. She seemed an angel descending to warm the heart of man. And in a few minutes I should call her mine—what a spring of thought! How sublime the idea that love!

"Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfined,  
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind."

"What pleasures our union conferred may be imagined. We revelled in a perfect ecstacy of delight for many months. Pleasures of the most persuasive kind took possession of our dwelling, and peace reigned there profound. A lovely boy, possessing the exact features of my Jane, was now growing rather interesting, and on it was lavished all the fondness which enraptured parents can conceive.

"I have detained you longer than usual, but you are young and lively, and may tread your path of leisure. Come hither earlier to-morrow, and we can stroll around to enjoy the breeze on the border of yonder silver lake which you observe in the distance."

## CHAPTER VII.

AT an earlier hour next evening we occupied our station, and Recklessberg resumed the thread of his discourse.

"When I began this mysterious tale I had determined to confine myself in the strictest manner to its narration; but fancy, feeling, interest, and an inkling of the remembrance of times departed, had caused me to enlarge, and paint the scenes more bright than reason dictates. Yet so it is. Man in vain seeks to control his passions; and futile, therefore, are his efforts in search of worldly happiness.

"In our neighbourhood dwelt Sir Augustus Bronow. He became a frequent visitor at our residence, and as the circle of our acquaintance was small, owing to our retired dispositions, we courted his society, and felt pleasure in his frequent visits.



"Sir Augustus Brouow was some years older than myself, and had inherited an estate in the immediate neighbourhood, capable of supporting all the requisite dignity of an ancient family. Devoted to pleasure, he at an early age became quite a favorite in the social circle. Confident in his manners, possessing a consummate knowledge of character, and with unrivalled powers of dissimulation, his course had been seemingly praiseworthy; but the hidden knavery, and base intrigue which rankled in his soul, by degrees broke forth, and stamped him truly. He was a villain dark and hidden.

"Perhaps you may say I have spoken hastily. It is not so. I would that I might have drawn a veil over the melancholy and tragic scene in which he was the principal character. The friend of my bosom, as I had imagined, he proved my bitterest and most cruel enemy. He robbed me of all that constituted my earthly happiness. Demon-like he broke all the ties of friendship, and in doing so, tore asunder the very bonds which society and religion had ratified. With brutish malignity he boasted of his deeds, and revelled in the delights of a course dedicated to the infernal passions of a hell.

"I had placed the greatest reliance in his honor, and my fond partner seeming happy in his society, I had never suspected that treachery had been his intent. Having to leave at a certain period for the sister kingdom, I felt assured that he would act as became his professions during my absence. The day of my departure I rose very early, and was prepared to set out about noon. My lovely wife sat near me with tears in his eyes, whether of regret or compunction 'tis difficult to determine now; but I would still believe that she was guiltless. Heaven grant it may be so. It was our first and last parting, and sore indeed had been the consequences. I spent some time endeavoring to soothe her mind, and laugh away her fears, but, as if forewarned, she grieved the more. The carriage came—"Really I must away." I bestowed a kiss upon her lips, another upon the lovely creature in her arms. I rushed out, and at the gate I met Sir Augustus. I grasped his hand, and besought him to endeavor to subdue her agitation. Commending her to his protection, I bade him adieu.

"I arrived in Dublin, and having transacted my affairs, which occupied about a month, I had determined upon leaving for home, being anxious to return to the bosom of my family, with whom I had not corresponded since my departure. Along with some letters from my solicitor, I received one from cousin, Tom Moxeville. I tore it open—ran my eyes over its lines,

and gasped for breath. I raved—I cursed—I stamped—and groaned with mental agony. I snatched up the letter again. Aye! there it was. Misery, double distilled, was showered upon my devoted head. Curses loud and deep, fell upon the cause of all. Revenge—speedy and full revenge—should be the lot of both. It might be false. Alas! the details were precise. I was ruined—utterly, irretrievably ruined.

"The letter contained the particulars of the elopement of my wife with Sir Augustus Brouow about a fortnight after my departure. She had been his victim. But he had met with his reward. The chivalrous Brockwell Moidart, exasperated at his conduct, and disgusted that the hitherto unsullied honor of his house should be abused, had followed in pursuit—overtaken the fugitives,—challenged Sir Augustus, and closed his career by shooting him through the heart. The partner of his guilt, my faithless wife, had taken refuge in some secure retreat, as her whereabouts had not been discovered.

"I reached home a suffering mortal. A mind racked with torment of the most excruciating character, was mine. A keen sense of the bitterness of my complicated misfortunes rendered my agony if possible more complete; and a want of resignation—a stern hatred of its cause—drove all glimmerings of hope and resignation from my bosom; as the conquering heat of summer melts the snows of winter. I gave way to my many passions, and cursed the unlucky hour that gave me birth.

"To complete the picture of my miseries, my child—my only son,—he that I fondly imagined should be my solace and my joy, the soother of every chance sorrow, the pride of my declining years, and the bond of true affections—had been the victim of that unfeeling wretch who had robbed me of my happiness.

"After spending months in a vain effort to discover the retreat of her who had dishonored her reputation and my own, I failed in all; and resigned all hopes of ever being successful. I had already determined upon disposing of my effects and quitting for ever the green hills and valleys of my native country—my once happy home—and to seek out some bourne to hide my thoughts—some calling, I cared not what or where it might lead to, so that the sight of danger or the calls of busy life might drive from memory the remembrance of the past. Returning from a fruitless search I received a package from an unknown hand. Hope gleamed for once through all my feelings, and I broke the seal. The package contained the portrait of my child, and a jewel of value which I recognized at once as being a gift from myself to my faithless wife in happier days.

Poignant with rage, I cast it from me, and trampled it beneath my feet, wishing that I could as easily banish all trace of my miserable happiness. In my rage I had forgot the letter; perhaps it contained intelligence of the whereabouts of my lovely child. I tore it open, and it bore the simple signature, 'Jane.' I read it. Conceive my emotion when I read as follows:—

"**MISERABLE BEINGS.**—If the lines which I am now about to trace should ever reach your hands, read them carefully, for on them, the last which I, an unfortunate wretch, can ever hope to pen,—all that relates to my child and yours alone depend. Oh! that my oft repeated prayers may be heard, and his course through life be like yours, pure and spotless.

"Writhing under affliction of mind and body, from which I must in the course of nature be shortly relieved, let me beseech of you to forbear from cursing the memory of a creature whose misfortune it has been to err, and whose only chance of forgiveness may be the confession of her guilt. Philip! best beloved of men! hurl me not from the station I once occupied within thy bosom, when virtuous innocence was mine, without bestowing a charitable pardon upon a faithless creature who has atoned fully for her error, if the pangs of a guilty conscience and months of misery and wretchedness are sufficient. What happiness might not have been my lot if innocence had not forsaken me. What blessings attended us if the arch fiend of darkness had not by his infernal agency changed them into curses dark and deep.

"But ere my spirit wings its flight to other, and kind heaven grant it! more happy realms, let me entreat of you, for the sake of all you held most dear—for the sake of our lovely boy, now weeping at my feet,—as you hope to inherit happiness hereafter, and in consideration of the joys we once experienced—look with compassionate forgiveness on me for the crimes I have committed. Oh! breathe not to the child of my bosom—the only pledge of our former happiness,—aught of his mother's guilt. And though much I have wronged you, I have, if heaven will deign to listen to such appeal, prayed for blessings upon your head; and that the miseries which I have most cruelly inflicted may pass from your memory, and with it all remembrance of myself.

"Oh! when memory brings to my fevered mind the recollection of happy hours—of the period when love first entered my youthful heart, and there imprinted your image,—when I knew nothing of deceit, and fondly pictured scenes which, when realised, I myself destroyed,—I feel the ignominy of my situation! Yet human nature is frail, and a mind gifted with intelligence such as yours, will,

if you cannot see room for palliation, at least acknowledge the difficulty of combating successfully with the ills of life.

"Oh! misery complete—oh! infamy detested—oh! compunctions soothing—yet I fear too late! A mind consumed by suffering can make but poor amends on paper for the commission of a crime; yet no other resource is left to me, a miserable wretch.

"The circumstances, too, how revolting! Left in a peaceful home, surrounded by every luxury, and attended with every comfort, I might have resisted all attempts at treachery. But my evil destiny was such. He who participated in my flight has met his doom; and a contrite spirit and humble resignation forbids me to curse his memory. Enough that he was a villain of the blackest dye. Deeply versed in the world's duplicity, he enticed me from the path of virtue, and the vengeance of an all-ruling power has avenged the deed.

"But my strength fails fast. A few short hours must close my career upon this earth, and to what more holy purpose can my time be devoted than that of informing you where you may find our innocent child, once the pride of a loving father, and dear to his unfortunate and guilty mother.

"In the work-house of the Parish of H—my last moments are hastily flitting; where, bereft of friends and comfort, your once beloved Jane is about to breathe her last sigh. Poor child! your piteous cries have no effect upon any save the heart of your unfortunate parent, and soon she too will be free from worldly care. I cannot write—my nerves are fast failing me, and I feel death creeping over my frame. Welcome, monster! if, indeed, thy torments can rid me of far greater and more acute agony.

"I shall breathe my last prayer for you, my injured husband, and our child: and will put my trust in the Ruler of all hearts that you have already pardoned your erring wife—her who once claimed your name, but who, feeling now that she has forfeited all claims to family or kindred, signs herself simply

"JANE.

"P.S. As you value your child, hasten to reclaim him,—and, Philip, lay my lifeless clay under the old oak tree on the river's side, where in time gone past our happiest hours were spent. I can—Adieu, adieu.

"JANE.

"I have detained you late, and we must now retire to rest; the detail is long, and the narrative perhaps to you uninteresting; yet you have been well pleased, and perhaps my life may be to you a lesson. I trust it may, and that your path through life may be devoid of evil, much of which

will undoubtedly depend upon your own exertions.

"The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve."

CHAPTER VIII.

RECKLESSBERG did not make his appearance till some time after the usual hour of meeting. I amused myself strolling through the bushes, and meditating upon the many curious passages in his history. I felt a strong interest in his life, and determined to hear it through, if nothing should interfere to deprive me of the pleasure. In the distance I espied him coming forward. He soon joined me, and proceeded:

"Imagine, if it is possible for a mind such as yours to comprehend the extent of such horrid and misery-entailing misfortunes, my wretched feelings on reading this letter. But I had arrived at the highest point of misery ere its receipt. I had stood upon the outer edge of the dreary gulf of despair—had resigned myself to the stern decrees of fate, and felt prepared to meet and combat with future mishaps as best I might; little dreaming that aught remained to complete the machinery of mental torture. How vain are the attempts of men to unravel the intricacies and mysteries of the future! Beneath its veil may be hidden scenes and visions yet unknown, the foreknowledge of which would cause a world of deadly preparation, and ages of still more dreadful anticipation, neither of which would have the least tendency to remove or defend us against the approaching danger.

"I hastened to the work house of H—to discover my wife, and rescue my child. Both to me were forbidden. My wife had been interred the day previous, and my child had been taken by a gentleman who claimed him as his nearest relation. This was the final stroke. I now thought my misery complete, and resigned myself to all the dread workings of despair. I prepared for travel—bade adieu to the shores of England, and shaped my course for Spain.

"I entered the Carlist service; and amidst wholesale massacres, and murders of every kind—amidst robberies and plunder, I revelled a willing actor. Twice had I lain a prisoner in the hands of the Christians, and escaped by the reckless course I pursued. My last had nearly proved fatal to my career, for I had been condemned to be shot in the public square of Barcelona, a sentence then quite common among the military judges on both sides. The human passions require very little stimulus, but throughout this unfortunate civil war they were certainly too readily supplied. Just as I was about to end a mad career, for which, indeed, I had no

great time for atonement, I received a pardon through the intervention of General Evans, then commanding the English Brigade in the service of Queen Christina. I was compelled to leave the Kingdom, and embarked for South America, where I expected from the disorganised situation of the governments, I might have room to exercise the only calling which had any charms for me.

"Amid the din and rattle of martial strife I felt ever at home, and whether the enemy were Texan or Mexican, natives of Peru or Chili, or the wild aborigines of the country, all were alike to me. After engaging in the petty quarrels of those states, I went to Florida and joined the savages in their war with the United States. After many hair-breadth 'scapes, all occurring through my own folly and madness, I resolved upon quitting America, and sailed once more for the land of my nativity, determined that I would endeavor, by engaging in the mazes and intricacies of politics, its apparent strife and noise, to lose all thoughts of my previous afflictions.

"My mind had certainly undergone a change. From coming in contact with the most debased and ignorant of my fellow men, I had contracted a dogged ferocity, and my dissolute life of late had certainly contributed to injure the finer feelings of my nature. I arrived at home, and being now eased of all my property, which I had turned into money on my departure, and of which I had deposited a considerable sum in the banks, I began my political career under good auspices. I labored incessantly, and had the pleasure of being seemingly honored by my patrons. But I made little progress in my own advancement. I had been a mere tool in the hands of others, and in a short time I became completely disgusted with the corrupt minions and deceitful sharks of party. Personal aggrandisement, and a total disregard of the very principles they pretended to support, might have been by many truly styled their only motto. Deceit, falsehood, hypocrisy, dissimulation, avarice, and treachery, without a single redeeming quality, marked their course. They would abolish all right of conscience—all freedom of election—all social relations—all privileges of amendment—all constitutional liberty: in fine, they would reduce their fellow-men to the condition of the brute, and raise themselves upon the ruin of human right. False as King James, they would be as smooth-tongued as Rochester, his favorite; and their very organs of speech held venom as poisonous as the sting of the wily serpent. Disgusted with their conduct, I resigned all pretensions to nationality—became a cosmopolite, and took every opportunity to thwart their measures. I assumed disguises,

and observed and reported their proceedings; satisfied that in acting what, under other circumstances, would be base, I treated them as they deserved. The confession might cause multitudes to exclaim that I acted on a low and disgraceful principle; yet they dare not 'throw the stone,' for their whole course is a tissue of duplicity, knavery and treachery.

"I have merely sketched the many incidents of my life. A minute detail would fill whole volumes, and would cause no sensation but grins of demonic pleasure at the sufferings of mortals. 'All men are not born to be lucky' was the only balm I received from one to whom I had unburthened my mind some time since. I feel that men are also born who are devoid of soul, and whose greatest pride consists in inflicting injuries upon their fellow creatures. But this is digressing.

"My political squabbles engendered hate and personal animosities, and in one of those election contests so common in the Mother Country, I quarrelled with a supporter of the opposition candidate, and 'went out' at the dawn of morn—shot my antagonist, and had, as the laws against duelling were then strictly enforced, to take farewell again of 'home.' I determined upon trying America again, and arrived in the City of Montreal, after a short passage.

"Not long after my arrival I received in answer to a letter addressed to my banker the disagreeable intelligence that he had 'failed,' and I was at once reduced to beggary. I felt at once the bitterness of my lot, and gave myself up for lost. Unused to exertion—in a strange country—without friends, and tortured with remorse of conscience for having been the cause of the death of my fellow mortal, although in so-called honorable combat, my situation was truly miserable. Something again to hide the mental agony was necessary. The 'troubles' of '37 and '38 were brewing, and I joined with those who raised the cry of 'Liberty,' I attended secret meetings, and, having seen some service, I was appointed to a leadership.

"One evening I met by appointment with some of my associates in one of the suburbs of the City. We were to receive some friends who had signified their intention of joining our ranks. Among them I observed a youth of prepossessing appearance, whose age could not have exceeded sixteen. I became interested, and questioned him as to his intentions, and from whence he hailed. He told me his sad story, and produced letters. Imagine, if you can, my delight, my consternation, my surprise and chagrin, at discovering my own son—the lost child of my faithless spouse. The gentleman who had taken him under his

protection had paid the debt of nature, leaving him without any means of sustenance, and he had arrived in this country at the same time with myself. Influence was exercised, and for want of other resources he had joined our ranks. I had pledged myself, or I would have sought some other occupation; but it was now too late, and both of us determined to 'hide our time' and await the issue.

## CHAPTER 15.

"With a heart bursting with emotion, I heard the tale of my son's woes and miseries, and felt satisfied that his lot had been a hard one. I felt all the ignominy of my situation; but so it was, and fate would have it so, to demur at whose commands would be useless.

"Dissatisfied with the quietude and apparently peaceful determination of the discontented in the city, I formed the resolution of leaving for the quarter where, from the aspect of affairs, a little service might be required. Indeed, excepting a few blows in the Faubourg St. ———, between the Loyalists and the '*Fils de la Liberté*,' nothing had taken place at 'Head Quarters.' I set out for the country, and was present at the only engagement where a stand may be said to have been made against the regulars. With some of the—— I occupied a position in the 'stone house' when the passage of 'the bridge' was made by the troops, and from it a heavy fire was kept up upon the advancing columns. But to contend against superior power has ever been impossible, and my men began to give signs of flight. I endeavored to rally them, and succeeded for a short time; but the Artillery being brought up and brought to bear upon the walls, the danger became apparent, and the panic soon became general. In this critical position I called upon them in the name of all that might instil valor or the fire of patriotism in them, but to no purpose. Enraged and maddened, I seized my boy—the son of my bosom—my former pride and solace, now the partner of my sorrows and miseries—and held him up where the fire raged the hottest. 'There is no danger—see here is a proof; come on, *mes braves! Avancez!*' The boy smiled like a hero; but, alas! his heroism was at an end—it was his death smile. A cannon shot took effect, and his headless trunk remained in my arms. With a yell of agony and affright, I jumped from my position—my men had already fled, and I followed, bearing in my arms the lifeless body of my son, whose murderer I had been. Under cover of night I laid his remains in 'mother earth'—myself the only mourner; and as a pursuit of all concerned in the late affair now took place,

I was forced, with a maddened brain, to seek safety in flight. I succeeded in escaping after several days of hunger and hardship, and crossed the 'lines,' or boundaries between the dominions of Queen Victoria and the 'Sovereign people.'

"When safely lodged, I reviewed my past life, and determined, though late, to amend it. But it was no easy task. A mind like mine, condemned to the pangs of poverty and affliction, instead of ease and affluence—to vice and its numerous agents, instead of virtue and social happiness—required great diligence to create a feeling of true compunction and amendment. Although I had never been particularly pious, I applied in my difficulty to a Clergyman. He, perceiving my intelligence to be of an interesting kind, spent many hours with me; the consequence of which was an ardent desire to pursue the philosophic authors of the day. My Reverend friend supplied my wants from his library, and placed in my hands the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Hobbs and, above all, the infidel writer in America, the renowned Tom Paine. With such companions as these and my Reverend friend—who, although a minister, professed to believe the idle fancies and absurd conclusions of those fiends—I imbibed his feelings, and became a determined sceptic.

"I was hailed by 'the enlightened' as one of the 'superior systems of organisation;' and flattery, presumption and recklessness completed my determination. I became a 'genius'—an 'original'—a 'gifted creature.' I felt elevated above the mere animals that constituted the great majority of mankind. My fellow-men were little elevated above the brute, and I felt a sort of hardened pity to see them 'strut their hour' in such miserable ignorance. I became, for once in my life, possessed of a 'poetic temperament,' and soared far above my station. But, all things must have an end. I must have done an immensity of evil by argument, example, &c.; but the ruler of our destinies can crush in a moment those who presumptuously dare to question his prerogative. I fell sick from the effects of the excitement caused by the novelty of my situation; and it was when the medical men suggested to me the propriety of making my peace with God, as I had not long to live, that I first looked dispassionately into my conscience. I thought of the deaths of the '*philosophers*,' and found that in almost every case they proved by their conduct, when about to quit this terrestrial sphere, that their philosophy was but an idle chimera; and that fear of that punishment which they knew, notwithstanding all their assertions to the contrary, is certain to follow the evil doer, prompts them to change their 'ideas,' and repent upon their

death bed. So it was with me. I followed the example of my forerunners, and was about to die a pious Christian. I sent for a Clergyman, and employed the short period which I supposed remained to me, in joining in communion with the 'true believers,' and I embraced the faith of my forefathers.

"On my recovery I received a letter from the executors of my late cousin, Tom Moxeville, enclosing me a sum of money, the legacy of my friend and relative. After some time I crossed into Canada, and resided in seclusion in the Eastern Townships, where my piety and Christian philanthropy has won the praise of the 'multitude.' I have roved here on a tour of amusement, and a wish to drive from my still feverish mind the remembrance of the past, and to study, among the sublimest of nature, the power and goodness of its great Creator.

"The detail of this lengthened narration is hard upon me, yet I have given myself pain that you may be benefitted thereby, and avoid the rocks upon which I split. Oh! if it were my lot to begin life anew; what a course would I not steer—what miseries might I have avoided, and what blessings might I have conferred. But my fate is sealed; yet I trust it may be the end of the just. I oft feel crazed when remembrance carries me back to the scenes of the many crimes I have committed, and I feel a double excitement now when detailing the whole, as if it were the 'Journal of a Day.' May you, my son, never know the miseries I have endured. May your path be bright and happy; but it will depend much upon your own exertions. I can go no further. I would fain commune within myself. A warning voice seems to herald in my ear my approaching end. I shall meet it fearlessly. Welcome death with all thy terrors, for life to me is now almost insupportable!"

Recklessberg, as he concluded, seized my hand and pressing it warmly, looked me in the face, and pointing in the direction of the little lake, he turned about and said :--

"I would that on those Hull Mountains I might dwell—on the borders of yonder lake my time would pass much easier. But it may not be so. This is our last interview, my friend, but you will receive at the cottage in the valley a letter—the only one I have written—read it carefully, and obey its instructions as you value your peace of mind. Farewell! farewell, my friend! Recklessberg says farewell!"

He departed, and I watched his retreating form till lost in the distance, and turning about I walked homeward, ruminating and meditating on the strange story I had heard, which I determined

upon committing to writing while fresh in my memory.

I must bring this chapter to a conclusion.

"Few words of mine remain to close the tale."

I attended at the cottage, and received the letter. It contained simply the following:--

"My friend,—Recklessberg will be no more when this letter reaches your hands. Keep his last secret till the busy world is careless as to his fate. My evil destiny has called me hence. Adieu!"

A paragraph appeared in a weekly journal, a short time after, to the effect that the body of a respectably dressed man had been found floating on the waters of the Ottawa. A Coroner's Inquest had been held, and a verdict of "found drowned" returned. I happened to be present—Reader! it was RECKLESSBERG!

## THE HAYFIELD,

A SERIO-COMIC POEM, WRITTEN IN ENGLAND,

BY CHARLES GREATREX.

Earth and heaven, how serene!  
Not a cloud is to be seen.  
We shall have a sultry day,  
To the meadow let's away,  
Where the new-mown hay is lying  
Sick, and withering, and dying;  
For surly Dick, and drowsy Ned  
(Always loth to leave his bed,  
Bestirred them yesternorn at three,  
And played their scythes so manfully  
That ere the moonbeam slyly crept,  
To kiss the blue lake as it slept,  
Every blade which, dew-besprinkled,  
In the golden sun had twinkled,  
O'er the spacious field lay strown,  
Like an army overthrow'n.

Brightly bloom, and quickly pass  
Tender tufts of meadow grass!  
One bright sunset saw them there  
Tall and sprightly, green and fair,  
And the next will see them—where?  
They have seen their little day:  
Are we longer-lived than they?—  
As those sturdy mowers, thus  
Stealthy Death doth steal on us,  
Steps among the young and blithe,  
And, O! how merciless his scythe!  
Scorning those who long to go,  
And laying half the lovely low!  
Often as the tyrant's roved  
Near some few whom I have loved,  
I have trembled, lest his eye  
As he stalked triumphant by,  
Should have marked them blooming there,—  
And he is not wont to spare!

Four and twenty in a row,  
Tossing up the new-mown hay,  
All their faces in a glow,  
Even surly Dick looks gay;  
Mirth and merriment abound,  
And many a pleasant joke goes round,  
Which quite convulse fat Tom with laughter,  
And tickle Ned two minutes after.

Who is this comes jogging up  
On a sleek and ancient hack,  
With a keg and drinking cup  
Swinging gaily at his back?—  
Briskly round the field he canters,  
With some he talks, and some he banters,  
Then casting an enquiring eye  
Up the blue and burning sky,  
Asks five old crones grouped together  
What they think about the weather;  
But ere they have time to ponder,  
Phew!—away he scours down yonder!

Underneath an old oak tree,  
(Which the sun so hot and fierce,  
All the day long you might see  
Vainly struggling to pierce;)   
See the cheery keg unstrapped,  
Berry brown, and newly tapped:  
Mark the pleasant stir it makes,  
Watch the old crones drop their rakes,  
Five abreast, the pretty dears,  
Very nimble for their years!

Rosy Kate, the village toast,  
Is the first to kiss the cup,  
Then Dame Meg, a walking ghost,  
Deafest too than any post,  
Jerks it dexterously up;  
Next, with many a bob and sink,  
While those about her nod and wink,  
Noisy Jean, (and while she speaks  
Modest blushes paint her cheeks  
To the border of her cap,)   
Says that she'll take a "wee drap—"  
When the jade could drink an ocean!  
Set her tongue, too, once in motion  
(That behind a neighbour's back)  
And it soon will drown the clack  
Of the mill-wheel grumbling so  
In the green dell down below.

Briskly now the ale-cup passes,  
All have drunk, both lads and lasses,  
All except teetotal Jem,  
What have we to do with him?  
A sudden faintness has come o'er him,  
And a cordial may restore him!  
So a cup he also begs,  
Drains it to the very dregs,  
Then smacks his comfortable lips  
And tingles to the finger-tips.

Another sun must rise and set,  
Another mount the heavens yet;  
Then surly Dick and drowsy Ned  
Wheel both waggons from the shed,  
While fat Tom and nimble Joe  
Bustle busily about,  
And the willing team bring out;  
First the black horse, then the bay,  
Then the cream, and dappled grey.  
Off then to the field they go,

Where the Squire, with shining locks,  
Helps to put the hay in cocks.  
Up jumps nimble Joe again,  
And begins to load the wain,  
While another hobnailed clown  
Jumps in, too, to tread it down.

Groaning with its mellow freight,  
Often has each heavy wain  
Toiled along the shady lane,  
And the hour is growing late,  
For the sun has long since set  
And over the blue hills taken flight,  
And purple eve and dim twilight  
Like two pensive friends have met.  
And now the last rich fragrant load  
Is seen winding down the road,  
With a glowing garland crowned  
Of happy faces, red and round !  
There's little Bess, and laughing Giles,  
With jocund Jack, and sober Miles,  
And merry Nan, one mass of smiles ;  
There's Alice, Dick the surly's daughter,  
(Who whined and whimpered till he brought her,)  
There's Nell, and Lilliputian Harry,  
(Who came to-day, to help them carry)  
With bashful Bob, and sprightly Peter,  
To make the party the completer.

Joyous scene ! a bliss bestowing  
Which fills the heart to overflowing ;  
To this peaceful valley stray  
Ye who toil the livelong day,  
In the dull close city pent,  
Where your wretched years are spent,  
Hoarding up deceitful wealth  
At the price of ease and health.  
Cease awhile through life to plod  
With hearts cold as churchyard sod ;  
Loose the chains that long have bound them,  
And let the fresh blue breeze blow round them.

A moment linger here with me  
Underneath this hawthorn tree,  
Watch this humble train wind through  
The shady old elm avenue.  
Hear the soft melodious hum  
Of their voices as they come—  
What does all their joy bespeak ?  
Mark the glow their faces wear,  
These a moment then compare  
With the sickly, sallow cheek,  
That feeds upon your city air !

They are passing---slowly now  
In the gloom they disappear,  
And as they sink beneath the brow  
Of the dimly out-lined hill,  
"Fainter ! fainter ! fainter still,"  
The murmur falls upon the ear.  
Hark ! some hand now open flings  
The gate that always seems to lock  
At its shadow in the brook,  
Creaking gaily, back it swings,  
And the watch-dog's deep alarm  
Floats by upon the dewy gale,  
As they gain the simple farm,  
Which, decked with every rural charm,  
Peeps from the bosom of the vale.

### LOVE AND INDIFFERENCE.

WHEN the favoured one enters a room where a lady is seated at her work, she rises and extends a tremulous hand, a crimson blush suffuses her neck and brow, her voice falters, and her sentences are confused, her eyes are cast down, and with a struggling heart and throbbing bosom she endeavours to escape from the beloved object ; and she, from the purity and depth of her attachment, is the last who can exert her pleasing influence or acquirements in his presence. When the heart is really concerned, its language pleads powerfully, and the tell-tale blush at the approach of the person, the announcement of his name, or his well known knock at the door, speak volumes ; and to a close observer the very beatings of her heart are audible ; neither is she rendered less interesting by her endeavours at composure.—Such is true love. Let a stranger enter the room, for whom she cares not a straw : she receives him with a courteous bow and smiles of affability, reseats herself at her occupation, and chats upon the topics of the day ; by her amusing conversation and suavity of manners she wiles away a couple of hours to the surprise of both, when he, poor man, who has succeeded in raising a blush or occasioned a pleasurable sensation in her bosom, reluctantly bids her farewell, descanting on the merits of so charming a companion.—Such is indifference.

### CONVERSATIONAL POWERS OF A WIFE.

How pleasantly the evening hours may be made to pass, when a woman who really can converse will thus beguile the time. But on the other hand, how wretched is the portion of that man who dreads the dullness of his own fireside ! who sees the clog of his existence ever seated there—the same in the deadening influence she has upon his spirit to-day, as yesterday, to-morrow, and the next day, and the next ! Welcome, thrice welcome is the often invited visitor who breaks the dismal dual of this scene. Married women are often spoken of in high terms of commendation for their personal services, their handiwork, and their domestic management ; but I am inclined to think that a married woman, possessing all these, and even beauty too, yet wanting conversation, might become "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable," in the estimation of her husband ; and, finally, might drive him from his home by the leaden weight of her uncompanionable society.—*Women of England ; by Mrs. Ellis.*

# EIGHT BELLS.

BY CHARLES GREATREN.

"Well, shipmates, if I'm to spin this here yarn," said Bill Blake, hitching up his inexpressibles, and dropping anchor on his favorite spot in the fore-castle, where he was immediately surrounded by his usual audience of half a dozen bluff and weather-beaten old tars; "if I'm to spin this here yarn, just avast a bit, while I purwides myself with a fresh quid, and gets my jawing tack aboard. There—now I'm all clear and ready for action. You must know then, my lads, that at the time what I'm going to relate to you took place, I was a foremastman aboard the Saldanah; a wery pretty little craft, as we took from the French, which was arterwards blown up, and all hands perished!"

"Were you aboard her at the time o' that misfortin?" inquired Joe, knocking the ashes out of an old greasy pipe.

"In course I were not," replied Bill Blake, contemptuously, and evidently much disconcerted, "Just haul in the slack o' that sweet voice o' yourn, Joe, and don't take me aback arter that ere way agin! Well, as I was n-saying, messmates, afore Joe corrupted me, I was then foremastman aboard the Saldanah, which was laying off Plymouth; the ould ship's crew had been paid off that morning, and I was taking a bit of a cruise ashore. Ever since I was the height of a belaying pin, I was always captivated with the beauties of natur, next to those of the softer sex, God bless 'em! and I had steered a nor-nor-west course, till I brings up in a wood, unsartin how the hind lay. So I drops anchor at the foot of a venerable oak tree, and pipes all hands to splice the main-brace. 'Your health, Sir,' says I, n-talking to myself, and taking a long suck at the flask, "your health, Sir."

"Thank you, Bill," says a voice close at my elbow, "I'll trouble you for a toothful of that ere too; perhaps it'll rewie me."

"With that, no-ways disconcerted, I bouts ship, and who should I see, but our second lieutenant, Mr. Peck, standing with his arms folded over his buzzom, and his back leaning agin a tree, just in my wake. So up I jumps on to my pins, hands him the rewiver, and touches my hat in a respectful way.

"This does one good," says he, taking a long

pull, and stopping for breath. With that, he rules his chest, and takes another pull; arter that, he heaves a long sigh, and gave his larboard top-light one of the knowigest winks I ever see.

"Love is a rum thing, Mr. Blake," says he, sighing agin, and looking wery sorrowful at the flask; "it never runs smooth, Mr. Blake, and its a blessing to fall in with something as *does* run smooth." And then he fell to once more at the flask, and threw his eyes a reglar somerset; I was half afeared, messmates, they'd never come up no more in the right place. "Were you ever in love, Mr. Blake?" says he.

"I was once taken in that ere way, Sir," says J, "and was pretty near gone up by the doctors; howsomever, I got over 'it, principle owing to a good constitooshun."

"Then you can feel for me," says he, putting the flask into his buzzom, and stretching out his grappling irons, to board me; so I throws myself into his arms, draws out the flask quietly, and then shakes him wery solemnly by the fin. "You're the man I want," says he. "Hark'ee, Mr. Blake,"—and then he tells me, that arter a stout engagement on both sides, and a good deal of hard fighting, his heart had struck to one of the loveliest little crafts ever launched from the dock-yard of natur. "Do you see that house there among the trees?" says he. "Aye! aye! Sir," says I; "if you're for a cutting out expedition, Bill Blake's your man—when is it to come off, Sir?" "To-night," says he, "but we must be wery cautious what course we steer, as the ould gentleman has a partikler projection to us tars, and if he maneges to lay hisself alongside us, there'll be nothing left but to upstick and run. But I've hit on a plan, Mr. Blake, which is as follers: He's a bit of an antiqueerum—"

"An antiqueerum," suggested Joe; "an anti-quarian, Bill."

"Antiqueerum, or antiqueerarian, it comes to the same thing, I suppose," said Mr. Blake, angrily.

"As he's an antiqueerum, Mr. Blake," says the lieutenant, "and sets a great store by all sorts of outlandish things, I means to rig myself out as a nummy, and get you and one or two more of your shipmates to lend a hand, and bear me up



in a coffin, arter dark this blessed evening; if I can only get a interview with the young lady, unbeknown to the ould gentleman, the thing's done. Are you agreed to it, Mr. Blake?

"Here's my hand, on it," says I, shoving out a fin. "You're a good fellow," says he, boarding me agin, and substracting the flask out of my pocket. "Here's success to our new undertaking, Mr. Blake." My word was passed, and it was no time for flinching, messmates, so that werry evening we rolls the lieutenant, like a sore leg, all up in bandages, claps him in a box, and makes all sail away for the ould gentleman's crib. The lieutenant walks a good part of the way, but as soon as we comes within hail of the house, we lays him comfortably down, and claps the hatches over him.

"Vast heaving a bit," says I. "Mayhap his honor would like a whiff of fresh air; how do you do by this time, Sir?"

"All right, my boys," says he, sitting up and looking round him; "let one of the hands keep a sharp look out a-head, and see the coast's all clear—then shake another reef out of your topsails. So, my lads—give way again."

"Sail ho! on the harboard bow!" cries the look-out. With that, we all drops into kiver of the trees, but the lieutenant sot bolt upright. Just then the suspicious craft heaves in sight, and, catching a glimpse of the lieutenant, hollers out surpris', and hoists every stitch of canvas. Another tack or so, and then we claps our helm hard a-starboard, and steers right into port.

"Steady's the word," whispers the lieutenant; "keep your countenances, my lads, and if the ould gentleman diskivers the manoever, leave matters to me—Blake, my boy. just ease away this bandage round my figure-head a bit—belay there—so!"

"Ship, a-hoy—a-hoy!" sings I. "What cheer there, what cheer?" Up goes a winder aloft, and out pops the ould gentleman's head. "Its pirates," says he, softly. "Gregory, give me my blunderbuss, and fetch my spectacles. *I'll* circumvent the willans."

"Avast there, ould feller," says I. "by your leave—if you'll overhaul this here dokkyment, it'll dewelop the mystery, without recourse to bloodshed." So down comes the ould gentleman, with the blunderbuss under his arm, and begins perooosing of the letter.

"Gregory!" says the ould gentleman.

"Sir!" says Gregory.

"Hold this here blunderbuss to that rasenl's head, and if ho moves a muscle, blow his brains clean out on the spot—d'ye hear?"

"I hear, Sir!" said Gregory.

"I'm wery much obliged to you for your po-

liteness, Gregory," says I, "but don't put yourself out of the way on my account, my dear feller. With that I tupt him a wink that almost took him off his legs with fright, and made him pretty near pull the trigger by mistake.

"Is it possible?" cries the ould gentleman, cutting a eaper over the coffin. "A mummy! and brought over expressly for me, by my old friend, Captain Jollyboat! Are my fondest hopes at last realized? or do I dream? I'm afearid its a dream," said the ould gentleman, wiping the perspiration off, "and that I shall awake presently, as I did yesterday morning, and find myself hanging out of bed, with my head on the floor, and my legs wery much exposed. Step this way, gentlemen, if you please." Well, messmates, in we goes, to what the ould gentleman calls his mooseum, and we claps the coffin, according to orders, upright agin the wall, and away went the ould chap to get his galvanic battery. While he was gone, in comes one of the sweetest little gals I ever clipped eyes on, and cast rayther a longing and timbersome glance at the coffin—in another minute the door of the coffin gives way, and out jumps the lieutenant, all over bandages, enteches her up in his arms, and squeezes her in a way that brought the tears rolling down our cheeks.

"My dear Mary!" says the lieutenant.

"Dear—dear John!" cries the young lady, and then they begun overhauling one another agin, and twice more arter that, till the young lady screaked out; "Hark! I hear my uncle's step—fly, if you love me, dear John—fly!" So, in goes the lieutenant agin, but in such a hurry this time, messmates, that ho placed himself wrong side afore, and made the coffin roll and pitch like a Dutch dogger in a head sea.

"Unship the lid," says the ould gentleman, entering with his galvanic apparatus. "We'll try a shock—what do you suppose his age to be, my lads?"

"Two million, six thousand, three hundred and seventy-one year, come next Michaelmas, your honor," says I. "He was the eldest brother of King Fayer, and superintended the construction o' them pyramids, of which you may have heard."

"A wonderful age, indeed," says the ould gentleman; "and in such excellent preservation, too!—eh? why, what's that?—dear me—did—did you hear anything? I could have sworn that I heard somebody sneeze."

"Perhaps he may have cotched cold in the woyage over, sir," says I; "and mummies' lungs is always delicate."

"No! but are they?" says the ould gentleman.

"In course they are, Sir," says I. With that he shoves two little bits of metal under the ban-

dages, and brings the battery to bear on 'em. I've seen a three-decker blow up, messmates, but that was nothing to this here galvanism. Afore you could have said 'Jack Robinson,' over went the battery, down came the coffin, and away went the old gentleman, with all stunsails set, and the lieutenant in chase—he didn't go far, howsoever, for in he comes agin presently, with the little gal in tow, and laughing as if they'd have both shook to pieces.

"'It's all over,' says she—'fly, dear John, or my uncle will kill you.'

"'Let him, if he dare, my love,' says the lieutenant. 'I'll tell him all, then he'll laugh too, and forgive us—here he comes. How do you do, Sir?—Allow me to hold that ere blunderbuss for you.'

"'This is a plot, Sir,' says the old gentleman, biting with fury, and clapping his finger on the trigger: 'this is a rascally plot, an infernal conspiracy—damn you—damn you every one! Who are you, Sir?'

"'My name is Peck, Sir,' says the lieutenant, making a scrape; 'Lieutenant Peck, Sir, of His Majesty's ship Saldannh. I love this young lady, Sir,—your niece, I believe,—and if I might be allowed to hint as much, I have some grounds for supposing that she entertains a similarly agreeable sensation for myself. Join our hands, make us happy, and give us your blessing, old gentleman!'

"'I will, Sir!' says the old gentleman, looking to the priming of his piece, and stepping a foot or two back—'I'll teach you to practice on an old man's credulity, Sir.'

"'Don't interrupt him, Mary,' says the lieutenant coolly, as she rushed in between 'em.

"'Beg my pardon Sir!' says the old gentleman, busting with rage.

"'For what?' says the lieutenant, 'for loving your niece, Sir?—never!'

"'Then you are my prisoner,' said the old gentleman, grounding his piece; 'now my lads, look alive there! right about-face—quick march! Gregory, lock the door.'

"'You—you're not going to leave me here with this young lady, Sir—are you?' says the lieutenant, rubbing his hands;—'pray don't!'

"'Yes, Sir,' says the old gentleman, with a frown, 'and when you both know how to conduct yourselves you can walk down below.'

"'But they was a long while fust, shipmates,' said Bill Blake, 'for we had all got werry groggy, and the old gentleman had sung three comic songs, and given us the double shuffle and cut on the top of the piny, afore the door opened, and the culprits appeared—and when they did, they was both werry red in the face, and the old gentleman

kissed the young lady, and shook fins with the young gentleman at least twenty times over. A week arter that, the lieutenant and Miss Mary was spliced, and the old gentleman invited the whole ship's company to a general jollification.—'Joe, give us a light, my boy!'

## HYMN OF THE CONVALESCENT.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

My eyes have seen another spring  
In floral beauty rise,  
And happy birds on gladsome wing  
Flit through the azure skies.  
Though sickness bowed my feeble frame  
Through winter's cheerless hours,  
Life's sinking torch restores its flame  
With renovated powers.

Once more on Nature's ample shrine,  
Beneath the spreading boughs,  
With lifted hands and hopes divine  
I offer up my vows.  
My incense is the breath of flowers,  
Perfuming all the air;  
My pillared fate these woodland bowers,  
A heaven-built house of prayer;

My fellow-worshippers, the gay,  
Free songsters of the grove,  
Who to the closing eye of day  
Warble their hymns of love.  
The low and dulcet lyre of spring,  
Swept by the vagrant breeze,  
Borne far on echo's spreading wing,  
Stirs all the budding trees—

Again I catch the cuckoo's note  
That faintly murmurs near,  
The mingled melodies that float  
To rapture's listening ear.  
While April like a virgin pale  
Retreats with modest grace,  
And blushing through her tearful veil  
Just shows her cherub face.

'Tis but a momentary gleam  
From those young laughing eyes,  
Yer, like a meteor's passing beam,  
It lights up earth and skies:  
But, ere the sun exhales the dew  
That sparkles on the grass,  
Dark clouds flit o'er the smiling blue,  
Like shadows o'er a glass.

But ah! upon the musing mind  
Those varied smiles and tears,  
Like words of love but half defined,  
Give birth to hopes and fears.  
The joyful heart one moment bounds,  
Thou feels a sudden chill,  
Whispering in vague uncertain sounds  
Presentiments of ill.

When dire disease an arrow sent,  
And thrilled my breast with pain,  
My mind was like a bow un bent,  
Or harp-strings after rain:  
I could not weep—I could not pray,  
Nor raise my thoughts on high,  
Till light from heaven, like April's ray,  
Broke through the stormy sky!

# LA DERNIÈRE FÉE.\*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE BALZAC.

BY T. D. F.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE LAMP STOLEN.

ONE morning Catherine stole again to the cottage which contained all her life and happiness. Abel was seated on his bench, and the instant she saw him the sad expression of her face changed to one of joyous animation. But Abel was unhappy, and she immediately perceived it, and was again saddened, for she was like those clouds in the sky which receive their colours from the sun.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked in a tender and compassionate tone.

"Alas!" said he. "it is three days since I have seen my fairy. Oh! my dear Catherine; she could restore me to life by one look. When I am away from her all is cold and colourless, dead; nothing pleases me; almost every hour I have said something unkind to Caliban, and the poor man has wept. Then I would have thrown myself at his feet and begged his pardon, but when he saw my grief he would pretend he liked to be so treated, and then I wept; and now to get away from my grief I have placed myself here to think of my pretty Fairy of Pearls."—

"Is she then so pretty?" said Catherine, forgetting in that moment the petitions of the inhabitants.

"I hardly know," replied Abel, "for when I see her I think it is a celestial vision which shines upon me; a pure soul disengaged from the human form."

"You love no person in the world?" asked Catherine, trembling.

"Yes!" said Abel "she is *love* to me, but I feel that I love thee also, Catherine."

Catherine seemed pensive. These words, though they conveyed not the sentiment she desired, caused her much emotion; she at last broke the silence by asking Abel to go to the nuptials of Juliette. He refused for some time, but she begged so earnestly that he could no longer refuse.

"Ah! well, Catherine," said he, "I will go, on one condition. I have never given thee anything to prove to thee how deep and sincere is the affec-

tion I bear thee; but I wish at this fête where every one will be dressed in their best, that you should be the most brilliant, so come with me."

He took her by the hand and led her to the magic stone. After going through the usual invocation, the flower-crowned fairy appeared, and Abel demanded a beautiful dress to wear at a bridal. The fairy gathered a long blade of grass, and measured the slight graceful figure of the young girl, who blushed deeply, and promised to obey her master's commands as soon as possible.

Poor Catherine went home so joyously to tell the news to Juliette. "He will come to thy marriage," said she, clasping her hands in delight; "every body will see him, but I alone shall press his hand,—I alone shall know him. Oh! this happiness is too much; it is all I can ask of heaven."

Some days after, as Catherine was preparing to go to her bed, she heard a great noise in the street: she looked out, and by the light of the moon saw a cavalier stop at the door of the house; she hastily descended the stairs, opened the outer portal, and an unknown person placed in her hands a packet addressed to Miss Catherine Grandvoin. She could hardly wait till she reached her chamber, before she broke the seals; but then how great her astonishment!—it was a charming dress,—an under-robe of white satin, and an over-dress of embroidered tulle; a row of false pearls formed the heading to the trimming, and the corsage was so elegant that Catherine was enchanted. A gold comb, inlaid with pearls, white satin slippers, and white kid gloves completed the costume. At the bottom of the box Catherine found a superb jet necklace and ear-rings. This toilette, in which nothing had been forgotten, had evidently been chosen by a woman's hand, for fairies are women, and women are sometimes fairies. The fairy had evidently thought her skin would become the pearls, but why was the jet collar sent? Was it an epigram to a rival, or a polite attention? The question is difficult to decide. It was the only thing Catherine ventured to try on, but she took off her own collar, and clasped the jet necklace around her snowy throat. As she looked in the glass she

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leaped with joy; her alabaster skin looked whiter than ever, from the contrast.

She ran to the window which looked towards the hill, and her heart permitted a thousand tender thoughts to be borne on the air to her cherished love. Then returning to her mirror, she would look again and again at herself, muttering, "Ah! it is very true, a young girl has quite a different air with ornaments; they give her so much more tournure;" and the *naïve* child gazed with a pride very pardonable, because no perfidious designs were connected with it. She thought of the effect she should produce at the bridal fête, and she could not refrain from running to wake up the faithful Francis, that he might also see and admire her beautiful costume. She enjoyed it still more from the astonishment and delight of the old servant. "Ah!" said she to herself, when she at last retired for the night, "he who gives me so beautiful a dress ought to love me."

The so much longed for day of the marriage of Juliette and Antoine at last arrived. It would have required the genius of one of the Flemish painters, to depict the view the scene before the church presented; under the elm trees a large square had been made with white sand—at one side two empty hogsheds covered with planks served as a gallery for the violinists of the village, whose instruments were garnished with flowers of all colors. Around this rustic orchestra, a crowd of young men and maidens were gathered, sparkling with that fresh heart-gaiety, which marks those not worn out by dissipation and folly. In another corner were tables round which were clustered the old men, chatting, drinking, playing cards; many others were looking with folded arms upon the sports of the young people, and making half sad, half pleasant reflections upon age and infirmity. These faces, though wrinkled by labour, smiled on all around them, and their broken voices often joined in the joyous sports of the young.

The happy couple had not yet arrived; Catherine also was missing. After the morning mass, she had dressed herself secretly, and gone out to meet her dear Abel. The young people began to grow uneasy at the protracted absence of the sovereigns of the fête; and unquiet glances were cast up the street; an eager curiosity was in all their minds, for Juliette had promised them, they should see her handsome benefactor, the chemist's son.

"Do you think he will bring his lamp?" said one young peasant.

"They say he is beautiful as an angel," said another.

"Do you know," said one burly farmer, in a corner, to one of his companions, "the big Mat-

thieu is not sure of being able to renew his lease for the beautiful farm of Madame the Duchess of Somerset, which he has so long improved. It will be a good thing for him, who can offer 12,000 francs; but if this lamp, of which they talk so much, had the power to sign leases, it would be still better!"

"Do you believe those foolish things?" answered the former.

At this moment, a troop of little children were seen running down the street, stopping every instant to look behind them, as if they were heralding some very extraordinary thing. Soon Catherine, in her brilliant toilette, was seen advancing, leaning on the arm of Antoine, while Juliette followed, led by the chemist's son. After them came Antoine's father, who kept his eye upon Abel, with a look of earnest reverence, for a person who would give a dowry of 20,000 francs to a young girl he had never seen before, was not to be disdained. At the appearance of the party, the most perfect silence fell upon the assembly; they seemed to have eyes only for Abel, whose singular beauty astonished all the peasants. The lamp which rested in his hand, and was to him the most precious thing in the world, because the gift of the Fairy of Pearls, seemed to the humble villagers, a brilliant sun. But the first ardour of curiosity soon subsided, and then a low murmur ran through the crowd, as they noticed how lovely Catherine appeared in her exquisite dress.

The collector was at the side of Jacques Bon-temps, who at the appearance of Catherine so sumptuously dressed, frowned and shook his head. The collector said to one of his partizans, in a voice loud enough to be heard by the quartermaster—

"See what it is to know the enchanters,—what beautiful robes they give; look at Miss Catherine! She too has struck the lamp!—they say it is only necessary to strike it three times, and one can have all they desire."

The ironical tone in which this was said, aroused the anger of the quartermaster, who turning quickly towards the poor collector, and looking furiously at him, said:

"By my sabre! if I hear one disrespectful word against Catherine, I will cut off the ears of the speaker; do you understand?"

Jacques really loved Catherine; he loved her deeply and truly; incompatible as such a sentiment seemed with his coarse manners. He would have died for her with the same readiness with which he would have obeyed his captain's orders. Abel and Catherine stopped near the temporary balcony, and Jacques drawing near to the sweet girl, looked at her with an air of interest and grief; he then said in a low tone:

"Catherine! I love thee from the depths of my heart, and when thou shalt be despised by others, I will cherish thee; but my child, vanity will be thy ruin; those beautiful dresses will betray thee, and all the world will slander thee; perhaps thou wilt look more beautiful to others in them, but not to those who truly love thee. To them thou art the same under whatever form—Where did'st thou get this dress?"

"The lamp," said she blushing.

"The lamp!" replied the old soldier, shaking his head. "Oh! Catherine, Catherine! I must convince myself of it."

The pretty girl heard not these last words, for the presence of Abel, who spoke only to her and never left her side, filled her with inexpressible happiness. She was gay, lively and animated, and her frolic spirit diffused itself over the whole assemblage. She talked constantly to Abel; she tried to read his very soul; she played with the lamp which hung suspended by a silken cord around his neck, and he, with the *naïveté* which distinguished him, played with her hair, pressed her hand before all the people, while they all envied the poor girl her happiness, for none, not even the mayor himself, durst speak to the beautiful young man.

"Thou art very pretty, my Catherine," said Abel, and Catherine smiled upon him; then turning to Juliette she said, "I am the happiest being in this world,—he loves me!" Never had Catherine known so happy a day. It was a beautiful epoch in her life; not an incident, the simplest word or action, escaped her mind; they were engraved indelibly on her memory. While she was dancing in a charming style, the jet collar unclasped, and fell at the feet of Abel. He picked it up, and held it some time in his hands. After the dance was over Catherine perceived her loss; she sought for it, and Abel hid it in his bosom, and left her some moments a prey to her anxiety. "My collar!" said she in an agonized tone, and all hastened to look for it. "I would not lose it for any price," said she to Abel, "because it came from you." Abel took it out, kissed it, and himself clasped it around her neck. From this day it was a sacred treasure to her. After every dance she returned to Abel, with the playful joy of a young fawn who flies to its mother after a play upon the fresh grass. Such were the delicious nothings which filled the day. It is necessary to have loved as Catherine did, to appreciate her joy and happiness,—her joy exalted all the best sentiments of her nature, and from compassion she would often go to Jacques and play with him a little while to put him at ease, and make him feel happy, and she did it so charmingly that he was made quite content by this reflected happiness. In the midst of the fête the

quarter-master had a packet brought him, stamped with the crest of the minister of finance. Catherine was by his side when he received it, and seizing it playfully from his hands, she said:

"Ah! you often tell us of your correspondence with the ministers, but I wish to know how they speak, or at least write. Give it to me, Mr. Jacques."

"No, Catherine, no!" replied the quarter-master, who, seeing the collector running towards him, feared the letter announced the nomination of his rival.

"When one truly loves," replied Catherine, "he will not deny anything to the beloved," and the little traitor fled to Abel with the letter in her hand pretending to open it.

"Well, Catherine, promise to marry me if it contains my appointment," said Jacques, following her.

"Marry you!" repeated Catherine, looking alternately at the quarter-master, the letter, and Abel. All the people gathered in a circle; but then, poor Jacques was not very easy. He feared they would discover the truth, as to his pretended credit at court, and Catherine held his fate in her hands. Catherine looked at the lamp, and thought if she promised, it could do no harm, because the giver had so much power that he could easily absolve her from it, if Abel loved her; she therefore promised before all the village, to marry the quarter-master, if the letter gave him the hope of being collector, and the father Grandvoni, pledged his word also. Jacques changed colour, as he saw the envelope fall, and Abel regarded the scene with a lively curiosity, without understanding it. During the *fête*, his heart had been filled with melancholy, and he thought only of his fairy; yet he had enjoyed the happiness he was conscious of having created. Hardly had Catherine glanced at the first line of the letter ere she folded, and returned it to Bontemps, who now felt sure Catherine would become his wife. The collector shuddered; but he had in truth, reason to rejoice, for the face of Bontemps, when he had read the letter, indicated anything but pleasure. Thus it read:

SIR,—His Excellency is indignant at the manner in which you have claimed his protection, and nothing but the remembrance of the obligation he once incurred to you, prevents his highness from visiting upon you his anger. Calumny, with a soldier, is a bad means of arriving at an end; the person whom you have sought to injure is an honest man, and has well performed all his duties. He has not yet remained long enough in the service to be dismissed, and the style of your letter prevents his Excellency from bestowing upon you any other employment."

Jacques was perfectly confounded. He could not but bless the delicacy of Catherine, which had saved him the public exposure, but when Grandvoni asked him what news his letter contained, he recalled all his audacity, and boldly asserted that he had been named collector, and that his excellency had promised to find some other office for the present incumbent.

"Ah! well," said the good natured collector, "the steward of L—, is just dying; let them give me his office, and I will relinquish the collectorship with pleasure."

"We will see! we will see!" said Jacques, with the air of one in high favour. But the old soldier did not feel quite as easy as he affected to. He could not but shudder, as he looked upon Abel and Catherine. Suddenly he noticed the riband which fastened the "wonderful lamp," and the idea of getting possession of it entered his mind. "If this lamp," said he, to himself, "can get money, robes, and jewels, it is powerful enough to secure me the place."

When the twilight had come, and Abel began to speak of leaving, Jacques crept behind him, with a pair of scissors, cut the riband, and caught the precious talisman, without Abel's perceiving that the quarter-master had been with him.

Juliette and Catherine walked with Abel to his cottage, where Callian was impatiently waiting for him. When he bade adieu, he quietly kissed them both, and Catherine, when she had retired into her modest chamber, threw herself upon her knees to thank heaven for the happiness of this day.

## CHAPTER XI.

## ABEL AMONG THE FAIRIES.

THE crafty Bontemps could not contain the joy he felt at having the lamp in his possession; he communicated his good fortune to one of his comrades, and during the night, he felt like La Fontaine's cobbler, with his hundred shillings; he knew not where to hide his treasure; he was ignorant of the formalities by which to invoke the genius of the lamp; he had struck it, and called upon the spirit many times, but in vain, and he found he must wait till morning, when he thought he could learn from Catherine the manner in which to use it. Early in the morning, he presented himself before her, gradually led her to speak of the chemist's son, and then, feigning to disbelieve the power of the lamp, he drew her on to detail the manner by which Abel had summoned the genius. This was all he wanted, and the following night, the old soldier and his comrade went to the stone on the hill, and using the proper ceremonies, the little fairy appeared, singing her hymn

of obeisance. Jacques and his friend remained with open mouths, gazing in silent wonder upon the apparition they had conjured up, and in their surprise at the beauty of the fairy, who evidently looked at them with astonishment, they almost forgot to ask for what they wished.

"What do you wish?" said the Fairy of Flowers. "I wish," said Jacques recalling his self possession, "that you would obtain for me, Jacques Bontemps, formerly quarter-master in the guards, the place of Collector to the Commune of V—, and if possible that of Steward of L—, for the present Collector, for I would not injure any one."

The fairy looked at the negro, who disappeared instantly and immediately reappeared with pen and paper, and wrote down what he desired, then the little fairy waving her golden scarf, said:

"Before you have slept three times, before you have breathed six thousand times, before you have seen three risings of Aurora, and three settings of the sun, your request will be granted. I will run through the air, and traverse the heavens." A blue flame played for a few moments around them, and they disappeared, leaving the two soldiers bewildered with surprise.

"Jacques," said his comrade, "you have not done well to think only of yourself. I would marry Antoine's sister if I had the money. The farm of Madame the Duchess of Somerset is to let; ask the lease for me; the big Thomas wishes it for 15,000 francs. Ask that the duchess may give it to me for 12,000."

Jacques again struck the lamp, and recalled the fairy; she appeared with the same forms of submission.

"Go," said Jacques, "find the Duchess of Somerset, and make her let her farm to Jean Leblanc, a hussar of the Guards, for 12,000 francs, and bring the lease to me with fifty bottles of Champagne, which we will drink to the prettiest woman in the world. And I wish still more that the law suit between the two communes should be decided in favour of the Commune of V—."

"Before you have purchased what is necessary to furnish the farm, you shall have a good lease properly signed," and again they disappeared.

"It is a true miracle," said the quarter-master, "for it cannot be a falsehood she has told us."

They tried to raise the stone that they might discover if possible the secret, but it was in vain, and they returned home, filled with a thousand projects, Jacques happy in the thought of being the Collector; and the husband of Catherine, and his comrade rejoicing in the idea of having the farm, and marrying Suzette. The collector fancied himself sending out his advertisements, and the farmer counting his cows and sheep.

While they were joyously building their cas-

ties in the air, Abel was plunged in the greatest unhappiness. He had lost his dear lamp, and had sought everywhere, in vain, aided by Caliban; he had looked over all the path between the cottage and village; he was sure if it had been found by any one, it would have been returned to him. Never were the complaints of a lover who had lost his mistress more heartfelt than the regrets of Abel. Half way to the village he met Catherine, who was warbling a love song.

"What is the matter, my Abel?" said she, taking him by the hand, "thou art sad, what makes thee suffer. I feel I shall be happy, if thou but tell me thy trouble?"

"Catherine! I have lost my lamp!"

At these sad words, the Mayor's daughter was thunderstruck. Fear came over her, but in a moment she remembered the questions of Jacques Bontemps, and she thought she had a clue to it.

"Ah! Abel, it is my fault, for had it not been for my prayer, you would not have come down to the village. It is I who have been the cause of your losing the precious talisman; but wait in hope my return. In a little while I will come back."

She sprang over the rough rocks and stones taking the shortest, though most difficult path back to the village. Her love for Abel gave added swiftness to her movements, and Caliban gazed after her, fearing she would fall, but love sustained her. She ran across the fields, went to Bontemps' house, opened the door suddenly, and saw Jacques and his comrade absorbed in looking at the wonderful lamp. She caught her dear Abel's treasure, and casting upon Jacques a look full of lightning:

"How!" said she, "have you deprived Juliette's benefactor of his talisman? He will die, the poor child!"

Jacques and Jean were stupefied. Catherine escaped, and ran more swiftly than ever towards the hill, the villagers seeing her hurrying on so rapidly with the lamp, thought she was borne along in the air, and they ran to tell Grandvoni.

She arrived breathless at the foot of the hill, and called to Abel—

"Be tranquil! behold your talisman—" and she was soon by his side. "Ah! Catherine is happy, if she can give thee a moment's pleasure?"

"Pleasure!" replied Abel; "ah! I owe to thee the greatest joy of my life."

"Oh! that I could now—" answered she, her whole soul speaking from the glance she cast upon Abel; "Oh! that I could die!"—

"Is it not the present of my fairy?" said Abel, kissing the lamp.

These words chilled the heart of poor Catherine, who remained silent and motionless.

"Abel!" said she at last, "permit thy little Catherine to ask thee a favour." She stopped a moment, and looked sadly at him. "I wish thou would'st promise to do what I desire, before I tell thee what it is."

"I promise it," said he.

"I wish," continued the pretty peasant, "to see this fairy without being seen. I wish to know if she is so pretty,—so pretty that nothing in the world can eclipse her."

"I will try," said Abel; "some night thou shalt hide thyself in my laboratory?"

"She loves thee well—this fairy?" asked Catherine.

"I am content to love her, and dare not hope she will love me."

"Can you be happy in cherishing a love for a supernatural being, who loves you not?"

Abel answered not, and this silence gave some little hope to the poor peasant, who after looking at her beloved Abel a little while, slowly returned home, where she seated herself by her father, and told him all about the robbery of the lamp.

Three days after, a courier rode rapidly through the street of the little village, and stopped at Jacques Bontemps' door, where he left a packet, bearing the official seal of the Minister of Finance, which, on opening, the quarter-master found to contain his appointment to the collectorship, that of the collector to the stewardship, an ordinance of the king terminating the law suit, and a lease of the farm, signed by the Duchess of Somerset; all that Jacques had desired was granted him; there was also a letter from a notary, naming a day on which Jean Leblanc should register the lease.

"Where is the champagne?" shouted the quarter-master to the departing courier.

"It is in your cellar," replied the messenger, who putting spurs to his horse, soon disappeared. The quarter-master descended to his cellar, and there found the champagne carefully arranged. Perfectly triumphant, he went immediately to Grandvoni's, followed by the collector and Leblanc; he gave the Mayor the ordinance of the king, and claimed Catherine's hand as his reward. At this demand, the poor girl blushed, and trembled, and could do nothing but ask the delay of a few days, which was granted.

We must now leave Leblanc and Bontemps regretting they had not asked for 100,000 francs from the fairy. We must leave the villagers struck with wonder and astonishment, regretting that the Curé was absent, because they wanted to see what he would say now about the fairies. We must leave too poor Catherine in the intensity of her grief, mourning the rash promise she had made,

and cast down like a broken lily, in the presence of the general joy. We must leave all these to return to Abel and his charming, "Fairy of Pearls."

Some days had passed without Abel's having had any interview with her whom he adored. His melancholy became extreme, and Caliban was very uneasy at his master's pale cheeks, and total languor and loss of spirits; he feared he would lose his senses.

"I cannot live without her," he would say: "life is insupportable to me; I have read that life is a bouquet, but such a bouquet I do not desire, where there are only sweets which I do not touch or care for."

One night as he slept very profoundly, he felt himself as it were whirled along at a rapid pace. It seemed to him as if he had wings and flew; he put his hands instinctively to prevent his falling, and the exertion and painful sensation awoke him; he found himself at the side of the fairy in an aerial chariot; she was watching him with her sparkling eyes. Winged horses seemed to be drawing the chariot, which floated along like a cloud borne by the wind.

"Where am I?" said he at last, recovering a little from his amaze.

"Near your fairy," answered she, in a slightly agitated voice.

"Where are we going?"

"To the empire of the fairies. Do you not wish to witness one of those magic festivals at which are gathered all the enchanters, fairies and genii. My chariot will carry you to one of the most brilliant of these assemblages."

"What! shall I see them face to face?"

"Yes," replied the fairy, "but only on one condition. Listen! When I tell you to do it you must close your eyes, else you will run the risk of losing your sight, if in a certain moment the light bursts upon you."

Abel promised what the fairy required, by a simple nod of the head, for he was plunged into a trance of admiration at her rare beauty. She was sumptuously dressed, in a style which embellished, though it could hardly add to her grace and loveliness; her head was wreathed with flowers and fruits, artistically arranged; the ringlets of her dark hair fell in front and played around her eyes and cheeks, setting off the delicate whiteness of her skin; she was silent, and the glances she cast upon Abel seemed to bid him speak, and to say all he could utter would be well received. Their thoughts were the same, their hands involuntarily met and clasped, and Abel cried:

"My heart is full—I suffer!"

"Have you my pain?" asked the fairy.

"No, I believe it is too much happiness."

The fairy blushed, and turned away her eyes without replying, and this movement was never forgotten by Abel. He felt then almost equal to declaring his love, but the same fear, the same graceful but insurmountable modesty and diffidence, withheld him.

During the continuance of their ride, they spoke only with the eyes. How delicious is the language of the soul! this powerful sympathy which, without the aid of the human voice, can make us divine the thoughts, the wishes, of those we love. In this pure region, disengaged from the grosser sensations of the body, there reigns a charm more subtle than human words can convey. No language can give an idea of the mystery which can be only felt; it seems as if in these rare moments an invisible flame passes from one heart to the other, carrying freshness and indescribable delight. Abel and his "fairy" tasted this superhuman happiness, and these two miracles of nature had hearts worthy of the perfection of their bodies.

"Ah!" said Abel at last, "I know nothing more delicious than a love which is born and nurtured in the midst of elegance and luxury. To see you always so beautiful, exhaling the sweetest perfumes, surrounded by the wonders of your power,—oh! it is too much. If I am only your protégé I wish to die."

"You die! oh, live, Abel! live, live for me!"—At this moment she placed her hands upon his eyes, and Abel heard a confused noise—a multitude of voices and sounds. In a few moments they stopped; the fairy bade him still keep his eyes closed, and taking him by the hand she led him across galleries and up staircases. At last they came to a place where the fairy sented him, and then told him to open his eyes, but to look only at her.

"When the heavens are opened I shall see only you," was his whispered reply.

As he spoke, delicious music burst upon his ear, and the fairy, drawing aside with her pretty hand a panel directly in front of Abel, he started with surprise at the beautiful tableau before him.

A large circus-like hall, decorated with columns of marble, with garlands, plinths, and ornaments of gold, contained an innumerable crowd of enchanters and genii. The circus rose stage above stage; a crowd of fairies, each one prettier than the others, filled the seats. To Abel's unaccustomed eye they seemed surrounded by a halo of light. Between each range of fairies sparkled a diamond lustre, which shed a soft and wonderful light; their toilettes rivalled each other in elegance and richness: they laughed, talked, and joked with the enchanters and genii, who



were at their side or behind them. Again the most ravishing music was heard, and silence reigned among the throng. Abel thought himself in heaven, and that he heard the songs of the Angels; he was awe-struck and could only clasp the hand of the fairy, who enjoyed his astonishment and delight.

"Hide yourself well in the angle," said she, "for if the fairies, my companions, were to see a mortal like you by my side, I am lost. I should have had great trouble in getting you here, if you had not been clothed like a genius." In truth, Abel was dressed in a costume exactly resembling the most beautiful ones among the genii; he looked at himself in a mirrored panel with delight and surprise, for he could not but see he was handsomer far than most of the genii and enchanters around him.

Suddenly the music ceased, and at a movement of the wand of the genius, who presided over the music, a magical scene rose suddenly up, and Abel gazed with still more delight on a new wonder—a palace ornamented with a profusion of marble and porphyry columns, sumptuously decorated, appeared as if by enchantment before him; many fairies and genii, splendidly dressed, sang a song of joy, which almost stunned him, but the "Fairy of Pearls" whispered to him that he must be a genius, indeed, to enjoy this rare music, and feel its full beauty; mere mortals could not enjoy the immortal harmony of the enchanters.

"In a little while," she said, "you will see all the genii a prey to a sort of frenzy which will make them raise their hands and strike them together with a loud noise; here many things will happen which will surprise you much."

In fact, in about a quarter of an hour there was such a fracas that Abel closed his ears to keep out the jarring sound; while one wonder succeeded another rapidly, filling his mind with astonishment. The palace was replaced by a forest, country and cottage,—the cottage by a garden, the garden by a prison, the prison by palaces which delighted him by their beauty. He had hardly eyes enough to see all the beautiful things, or ears to hear the flood of melody which was ever poured forth. And then the dances of the fairies! These magical tableaux were rendered more fascinating to him by the frequent remarks of his fairy, who, in the intervals of the performance, explained to him the meaning of what he saw, and many of the habits of the Empire of the Fairies.

"The genii whom you see collected," she said, "have many singular customs; they can touch each other's hands, arms, shoulders; all the body but the cheeks; but if these are ever so slightly

grazed by a touch, nothing can wash it out except blood. They have too a sentiment among them which they call patriotism; it consists in priding themselves on their courage, their glory, whilst they will not recognize the courage or glory of any other nation of genii. You see among those before you certain persons with a red ribbon over their dress; this ribbon is one of the passions; they fatigue and weary themselves to obtain possession of it, but when once possessed, it loses its value. You see others also, finely clothed with linen white as the lily, and with sparkling ornaments upon their hands and necks. These proclaim what most interests them,—their whole aim is concentrated upon being better dressed than their neighbors—to arrive first at a fashion; yes, their immortal being is given to this low pursuit. Ah! Abel—noble, and good as you are, in spite of all the cortège of virtues and graces which accompany you, if you were not dressed with the care you now are, the most insignificant of these genii would have the preference before you. Among the multitude of strange customs, they have the art of learning to kill each other in the most elegant manner possible. In general these genii place their happiness and grandeur in little things, and think nothing of the truly great. Their religion consists in kneeling, reading in a book, listening to hymns,—but to do good, to relieve the wretched, to deny themselves!—these higher laws they forget. Ah! it is fortunate there are some good genii who unite the exterior worship with the interior which lies in the conscience, but to the most of them the exterior is all, and they think they shall gain heaven as one gains a game of chess, by manœuvring and calculation."

"The things you tell me, surprise me more even than what I see," said he.

"Ah!" replied the fairy, "you will learn many more wonderful things."

"Tell me of them now; I prefer listening to you to all the harmony which comes from the orchestra of the genii."

"We have now no time to talk, for the fête will soon be finished," replied the fairy. "Look, look!" and she pointed to an enchantress who had just arrived. Abel gazed in wonder at the spectacle which now presented itself; he saw a young fairy whose feet seemed to spurn the ground, so light were her motions. He thought it must be a spirit separated from the body, but her movements were as nothing to the play of her features, and the affections which were expressed by the slightest attitude of her supple form. She was mourning a cherished lover who had died in the wars, and she so faithfully painted the anguish of her soul that all wept who looked

upon her. At last, she became deranged, and Abel grasped the hand of the Fairy of Pearls, who enjoyed the emotion of the young man, for it spoke of the innocence and goodness of his soul. The young girl wandering in her insanity, met a marriage procession, which recalled to her her own marriage,—which with the most exquisite truth she depicted by her gestures and movements, her robes of white, the bridal procession to the church; and the return to the happy thought was expressed by a lively and graceful dance, checked in its midst by the grief which stole over her. These reminiscences of sadness and happiness so expressed by the steps, sometimes lively, then slow, drew from Abel a cry of grief and admiration; finally, in the midst of a paroxysm of agony, the husband whom she believes dead returns; she thinks it a dream, a delusion; she dare not approach him; she creeps to him slowly; she timidly touches his hand; she leans upon him, feels his heart beat, looks at him, sees his eyes fixed upon her, full of love; her reason returns. With a conviction that he is living, she faints and dies from happiness.

At this moment the fairy was obliged to lead Abel away, for he wept so much that the assembly began to turn their eyes to the box.

"Shut your eyes," whispered she, as she drew him away. Soon Abel found himself seated once more in the fairy's chariot.

"Where are we going?" asked he.

"To my palace," she replied, "and for a little while you shall live the life of the fairies."

The chariot soon entered a vaulted passage. Abel and the fairy descended from it, and she led him through a magnificent hall, supported by marble columns.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

It is not better to repent and marry, than to marry and repent?

Congreg.

How much of human hostility depends on that circumstance—distance! If the most bitter enemies were to come into contact, how much their ideas of each other would be chastened and corrected! They would mutually amend their erroneous impressions; see much to admire, and much to imitate in each other; and half the animosity that sheds its baneful influence on society, would fade away and be forgotten.

It was one day when I was about seven years old, after an unusual bustle in the family mansion, and my being arrayed in a black frock, much to my inconvenience, in the hot month of August, that I was told my asthmatic old uncle had gone

off like a lamb, and that I was heiress of ten thousand per annum. This information, given with an air of infinite importance, made no very great impression upon me at the time, and in spite of the circumstance being regularly dwelt on by my French governess, at Camden House, after every heinous misdemeanour, I had thought little or nothing on the subject, till at the age of eighteen, I was called on to bid adieu to Levizac and pirouettes, and hear uncle's will read by my guardian.

It furnished me, indeed, with ample materials for thinking. Dr. Marrowfat's face, neither human nor divine—I see it before me, while I am writing—appeared positively frightful as he recited its monstrous contents. It appeared that my father and uncle, though brothers, had wrangled and jangled through life; and that the only subject on which they ever agreed, was, supporting the dignity of the Vavasour family. That in a moment of unprecedented union, they had determined that, as the title fell to my cousin Edgar, and the estates to me, to keep both united in the family, we should marry. And it seemed, whichever party violated these precious conditions, was actually dependent on the other for bread and butter. When I first heard of this arrangement, I blessed myself, and Sir Edgar cursed himself. A passionate, overbearing, dissolute young man, thought I, for a husband—for the husband of an orphan—of a girl who has not a nearer relation than himself in the world—who has no father to advise her, no mother to advise her!—a professed rake, too, who will merely view me as an incumbrance on his estate—who will think no love, no confidence, no respect due to me; who will insult my feelings, deride my sentiments, and wither with unkindness the best affections of my nature. No! I concluded, as my constitutional levity returned—I have the greatest possible respect for guardians—revere their office—and tremble at their authority—but to make myself wretched merely to please them—No! No! I positively cannot think of it.

Well—time, who is no respecter of persons, went on. The gentleman was within a few months of being twenty-one, and on the day of his attaining age, he was to say whether it was his pleasure to fulfil the engagement. My opinion, I found, was not to be asked. A titled husband was procured for me, and I was to take him and be thankful. I was musing on my singular situation, when a thought struck me. Can I not see him, and judge of his character unsuspected by himself. This is the season when he pays an annual visit to my god-mother, why not persuade her to let me visit her *incog.*? The idea, strange as it was, was instantly acted on,

and a week saw me at Vale-Royal, without carriages, without horses, without servants; to all appearance a girl of no pretensions or expectations, and avowedly dependent on a distant relation.

To this hour I remember my heart beating audibly, as I descended to the dining-room, where I was to see, for the first time, the future arbiter of my fate; and I shall never forget my surprise, when a pale, gentlemanly, and rather reserved young man, in apparent ill health, was introduced to me for the noisy, dissolute, distracting and distracted young baronet! Precisely have I been hoaxed, thought I, as, after a long and rather interesting conversation with Sir Edgar, I with the other ladies left the room. Days rolled on in succession. Chance continually brought us together, and prudence began to whisper, "You had better return home." Still I lingered—till one evening, towards the close of a long *tête-à-tête* conversation, on my saying that I never considered money and happiness as synonymous terms, and thought it very possible to live on five hundred a year, he replied, "One admission more—could you live on it with me? You are doubtless acquainted," he continued, with increasing emotion, "with my unhappy situation, but not perhaps aware, that revolting from a union with Miss Vavasour, I have resolved on taking orders, and accepting a living from a friend. If foregoing more brilliant prospects, you would condescend to share my retirement—" His manner, the moment, the lovely scene which surrounded us, all combined against me, and Heaven only knows what answer I might have been hurried into, had I not got out, with a gaiety foreign to my heart—"I can say nothing to you till you have, in person, explained your sentiments to Miss Vavasour. Nothing—positively nothing."—"But why? Can seeing her again and again," he returned, "ever reconcile me to her manners, habits, and sentiments,—or any estates induce me to place, at the head of my table, a humpbacked *bas bleu*, in green spectacles?"

"Humpbacked?"—"Yes, from her cradle. But you colour. Do you know her?"—"Intimately. She's my most particular friend!" "I sincerely beg your pardon. What an unlucky dog I am! I hope you're not offended?"—"Offended! offended! offended! oh no,—not offended. Humpbacked! good heavens!—Not the least offended—Humpbacked! of all things in the world!" and I involuntarily gave a glance at the glass. "I had no conception," he resumed, as soon as he could collect himself, "that there was any acquaintance."—"The most intimate," I replied; "and I can assure you that you have been represented to her as the most dissolute, passionate, awkward

ill-disposed young man breathing." "The devil!" "Don't swear, but hear me. See your cousin. You will find yourself mistaken. With her answer you shall have mine." And with a ludicrous attempt to smile, when I was monstrosly inclined to cry, I contrived to make my escape. I heard something very like "D— Miss Vavasour," on the way to my own apartment. We did not meet again; for, the next morning, in no very enviable frame of mind, I returned home.

A few weeks afterwards, Sir Edgar came of age. The bells were ringing blithely in the breeze—the tenants were carousing on the lawn,—when he drove up to the door. My eye was taken. With a large pair of green spectacles on my nose,—in a darkened room,—I prepared for this tremendous interview. After heins and halis innumerable, and with confusion most distressing to himself, and the most amusing to me, he gave me to understand he could not fulfil the engagement made for him, and regretted it had ever been contemplated. "No—no," said I, in a voice that made him start, taking off my green spectacles with a profound courtesy, "No! no! it is preposterous to suppose that Sir Edgar Vavasour would ever connect himself with an ill-bred, awkward, humpbacked girl." Exclamations and explanations, laughter and raileries, intermixed with more serious feelings, followed; but the result of all was—that—that—that we were married.

## SONG TO ECHO,

FROM THE "LOVES OF THE PLANTS."

I.

Sweet Echo! sleeps thy vocal shell,  
Where this high arch o'erhangs the dell;  
While Tweed, with sun-reflecting streams,  
Chequers thy rocks with dancing beams:

II.

Here may no clamours harsh intrude,  
No brawling hound or clariion rude:  
Here no fell beast of midnight prowl,  
And teach thy tortured cliffs to howl.

III.

Do thine to pour these vales along  
Some artless shepherd's evening song:  
While night's sweet bird from yon high spray  
Responsive listens to his lay.

IV.

And if, like me, some love-torn maid  
Should sing her sorrows to thy shade,  
Oh! sooth her breast, ye rocks around,  
With softest sympathy of sound.

## GABRIELLE D'ESTRÈES.\*

BY C.

From that hour the thought of vengeance never left the mind of Margaret. The old fortress no longer rung with the shouts of the revellers, with whom Margaret was wont to pass the greater part of her time in disgraceful orgies. For, though constrained to reside in Jisson, it was now some years since she had freed herself from all the outward forms of captivity. Indeed in the fortress, she had ruled with absolute authority, ever since her victory over the Marquis de Canillac, who brought her thither as his prisoner; but Margaret made herself so agreeable to the Marquis that soon the jailor was the captive. When thus in her power, by a skillful *coup-de-main*, she actually ejected him from the fortress, and, notwithstanding his subsequent efforts, succeeded in retaining possession, and had it so well fortified that it was now almost impregnable. Hitherto Margaret had with true philosophy striven to make the best of her condition, enjoying with apparent zest all the sweets within her reach. But now she passed whole days alone with Clotilde, the young girl of whom we have spoken, who was now her only counsellor, revolving in gloomy silence, impracticable plans for at once ridding herself of the hated duchess, and her abhorred bondage.

Some weeks had passed, and yet in those day and night meditations no plausible scheme for the accomplishment of her design had presented itself. But, one day, as Margaret, to nurse and keep warm her resentment, stood gazing on the road that led to Paris, that road from which she was debarred, she saw advancing at a slow rate a company of twenty or thirty gentlemen with their attendants. With listless eye the captive glanced upon them; but as they drew nearer her gaze suddenly became fixed with the most intense interest, on one in that gay cavalcade, who would perhaps have been the last to attract an ordinary observer's attention. When Margaret's glance rested on him, her face at first assumed an expression of terror; she turned pale and actually gasped for breath. But when the first surprise was passed the blood sprang to her cheek, her eyes sparkled, and her lip curled as in triumph and derision.

"Yes," said she, turning towards Clotilde, yet scarce seeming to perceive her; "yes! I have it now, at last! Why can I not raise a tempest that will perchance hurl him from his throne—and me? The world—ay, and France too—is still full of men, whose ambition, vain or not, has been disappointed and on whose weakness, on whose vanity, a master hand might well play. There is well nigh a score of them present now to my mind's eye—Biron, Bouillon, d'Epemon, Entragues, and last not least, thee, Charles de Valois. And my hand, yes the captive's hand, shall collect these scattered brands of vengeance! her breath kindle the fire, she,—unseen, direct its course. Nor will I forget or spare the blight that is to fall on heart and hearth. My power shall be felt if not acknowledged."

He who had thus excited, and fixed, Margaret's attention, whose presence seemed to have suggested some scheme of vengeance, was a man somewhere between twenty and thirty,—but where it would have puzzled the observer to determine. For while his tall, slender, seemingly undeveloped figure, and long wavy hair, suggested the idea of extreme youth, there was a something which contradicted this, in the expression of the broad massy forehead, the large dark grey eye, which, slow in its motion, seemed to read as a scroll the thoughts and purposes of those on whom it fixed itself. But it was the expression of the mouth which riveted the observer's attention, if he dared a second look after encountering the glance of that fathomless eye. For on those thin, delicately chiselled, restless lips, every thought and emotion seemed traced. Yet this very versatility of expression, served only to puzzle the observer as to the real character of the individual, for while one moment an angel smile would hover there, the next might see them curled in cynical contempt, or white and quivering from otherwise unrevealed emotion. This man was Charles de Valois, Grand Prior of France, and Count d'Anvergne, the natural son of Charles IX. and the celebrated Marie Touchet. It was his extraordinary resemblance to that most unfortunate monarch which had awakened such strong emotion in Margaret's breast.

\* Continued from page 315.

"Go!" continued Margaret to Clotilde, "give orders, that to-night the banquet be prepared, with all of sumptuousness that our poor state will permit. Spare nothing! to-night, let the wine flow freely, though our lips should parch for months to come. Go thou also; for in such matters thou art an excellent negotiator, and say from me to the Marquis de Canillac that to-night we humbly crave his company, and that of any of his household or guests who will so honour us."

A few hours later and the old fortress seemed a not unworthy or ungraceful abode even for the daughter of the Valois, bred in courts, where every art served as handmaid to luxurious taste. The gloomy prison had been converted by the word and direction of the queenly Margaret, to a fairy bower. As if at the stroke of a magician's wand, waving groves and blossoming flowers sprang from the stony floor, streams issued from the marble,—while through the air, laden with rich perfumes, soft music floated, and the softened shadowy light poured on all a magic and dream-like beauty.

Never even in the hey-day of pomp and power, had Margaret seemed more beautiful than to-night—her splendid beauty rendered yet more brilliant by the fever of excitement. Habited as the Queen of Love, of whom she was even yet a glorious type, she half reclined upon a couch, striving to conceal her agitation by an even unwanted gaiety. Her attendant nymphs, only less beautiful than herself hovered around their mistress, who could scarcely conceal her distaste and impatience. Many of her guests had already arrived—but not the *one*—and Margaret's restless eye still wandered anxiously to the door. At length it opened, and the Marquis de Canillac with the train of gentlemen she had that morning reconnoitred, entered. A triumphant expression lit her face as Canillac, accompanied by d'Avvergne, advanced towards her. With most winning affability she replied to the Marquis' strained and trite compliments,—with most touching grace to d'Avvergne's salutation.

And now the banquet proceeds; the goblet is crowned with wine; it sparkles in the cup, and soon flashes in the eyes and on the tongues of the guests. But two amid the company, though perhaps the most anxious promoters of the revel, let the wine cup pass untasted by their own lips. At length an opportunity offered, and they found themselves side by side. While Margaret still paused, hesitating how to commence her revelations, d'Avvergne, with a calm self-possessed smile, said:

"Nay, Madame, we can spare all preliminaries: I understand the object of this interview. I should have sought it if you had

not. Nay, do not start—you will perhaps think me yet more of a wizard when I reveal my knowledge of other thoughts and purposes which you deem secret. Well I know them! and for a little way at least our plans go hand in hand. I need you, though I could perhaps do without you—yet I know none is so trusty a worker as one who has a private interest to advance.

"You most surely need me!—you tire of your captivity and yet your pride will not permit you to step aside for that d'Estrées. You shall be free without that sacrifice; your revenge shall also be gratified—not for the sake of your revenge, but for my ambition—you see I do not flatter. It is necessary for the advancement of both our plans that the Duchess be removed. As to the way, I suppose we are also agreed. I will provide the means; and you will use them."

"You have fairly and unceremoniously stated my purposes," interrupted Margaret? "Will you now honour me by proceeding with your own? Whither does your ambition point? Who are your accomplices?"

"The plant has as yet scarce begun to germinate, I know not what height it may attain; you are at present my only accomplice. My head conspirators shall all be women. My mother and step-sister follow on the list."

"How! what mean you!"

"What I say. I have told you the future was merely sketched in my own mind. Yet to gratify your curiosity and satisfy you of the necessity of our union I will retrace it. The removal of the Duchess of Beaufort is the first step. When she is gone, my sister, Henriette d'Entragues must be introduced to the monarch. She will soon take the Duchess' place; her ambition will aspire to a higher, perhaps attain it. Nay, you need not shake your head thus doubtingly; it is sure as destiny. She will win him, even though against his will. He will soon be completely in her power. She will be his scourge. He will at one and the same time love and hate, admire and detest, worship and loathe her. Then—but we are observed—I will see you tomorrow night, if not before."

They met on the morrow night, and then Avvergne partly unfolded to Margaret the scheme which promised such noble fruit to their daring ambition. And treacherous—infamous though it was—yet was it boldly conceived. He dared to hope that his sister would not only fill the Duchess' place but that she would ere long win the diadem. And then so far had the ambition,—which was yet only in the gerin—stretched—if an heir were born to that crown, the assassin's knife should ere long deprive France of her king—then would follow a long regency. *Who* should hold the reins of power? The question to the priest count needed no answer.

## CHAPTER XV.

It was the commencement of the year 1599—the peace of France had just been sealed by the treaty of Vervins. Foreign wars and domestic broils seemed at length terminated. The comparative leisure of peace now afforded Henry an opportunity of accomplishing the design ever nearest his heart—a legal marriage with the Duchess of Beaufort. Though many of the nobility disapproved his intention, yet Henry, victor of a League so powerful as that of the Pope, the Emperor, the King of Spain, the Duke of Savoy and almost all the higher nobility of France, felt himself sufficiently strong to combat with and subdue this shadow of a difficulty. The only real obstacles now were that Margaret still pertinaciously refused her assent, and the sovereign pontiff, Pope Clement VIII., deferred any proceedings. Fixed in his purpose and vexed at these long delays, Henry at length signified to his Holiness by his ambassadors, Sillery and d'Ossat, that, if he did not immediately proceed with and terminate the affair, he would commence a suit, which would force him to a decision. Convinced of his power to do as he threatened, and conscious that the result must be in Henry's favour, the holy father promised immediate compliance. The king's marriage was now then about to be dissolved, and all foresaw the Duchess' elevation to the throne.

The hour of triumph was fast approaching—and yet the thought cast no brightness on the path of Gabrielle. Oppressed by some deep yet secret woe, her cheek became thin and pale, her eye and step languid. Often, even when standing amid the courtly circle, the rosy flush that excitement had called to her cheek, would suddenly fade, and her eyes grow dim with scarce restrained tears. A prey to the darkest melancholy by day, night brought no relief, and her startled attendants were frequently awakened by cries of anguish and terror. But one among her train of gentlowomen, and she almost a stranger, to whom Gabrielle had of late attached herself, had power to soothe her. This was Juanna de la Enzina, an only child, so ran the tale, of a noble but impoverished family, who was at an early age left an orphan, under the guardianship of her uncle on the maternal side, who also possessed a name more noble than his estate. Crushed by poverty and naturally sordid, he had forced his niece to enter a convent. But its gloom and the cold austerity of its inhabitants were but little in accordance with the feelings of the young and ardent Juanna; she fled thence, and had wandered she scarce knew how, from Madrid to Paris. A fortunate chance

had introduced her to the Duchess, who, struck by her extreme beauty, moved by her youth and romantic tale, at once became her protector. And never, at it seemed, did benevolence receive a richer reward of gratitude. Night and day she hovered around, never appearing to feel fatigue when serving her. As though by an instinct of love, she divined Gabrielle's wishes ere they were uttered,—her smile of approval was her sunlight—her word of thanks, music. This touching devotion on the part of the young Castilian ripened Gabrielle's interest in her protégée into enthusiastic friendship. By nature timid and confiding, with little self-reliance, she was delighted to find in the young Spaniard not only a heart devoted to herself, but a commanding intellect, united to a daring though firm spirit. But though the favorite and friend of the Duchess, Juanna had gained but little favour with the ladies of her train. Affectionate and humble to her patroness, she was equally imperious and haughty towards every one else; so that jealous dislike soon became absolute hatred. Doubts as to the truth of her tale were ere long whispered, for of late she who affirmed she knew of no friends, or even relation, save those from whom she had fled, had been seen perusing with the most intense interest letters which she seemed desirous of concealing—for on finding herself discovered she betrayed the utmost confusion and anger. These reports at last reached the Duchess' ears, but the result was very different from what had been hoped. After a long private conference with her favorite, who entered carrying a small casket in her hand—the Duchess made her appearance pale and trembling, but leaning with an air of the most confiding affection on the arm of Juanna. The day was passed in her company—and that night, by the Duchess' orders, the apartment adjoining her own was prepared for her.

Henceforth they were inseparable. The information Juanna had given seemed not only to have dismissed from the Duchess' mind all suspicion as to her integrity, but wrought a strange change in her manner towards every one else. The hitherto gentle and confiding Gabrielle suddenly became captious and suspicious.

It was, as we have said, the beginning of the year 1599—the Carnival was at its height. Many a year had passed since Paris, alternately the sent and prey of each fictions, domestic or foreign, had witnessed so gay a scene. Night and day gorgeous though fantastic processions thronged its garlanded streets, while the sounds of revelry and mirth met the ear on every side. But the grand entertainment of the season was the fête given at the Louvre, for which preparations had

been made on a scale of unparalleled magnificence. To all, this was a matter of interest, for Henry, gracious and benevolent, would that on this occasion of public and private rejoicing all should share his bounty. Temporary buildings were erected to accommodate the crowds that flocked from all parts of the country to partake of the royal munificence. There tables groined beneath their substantial loads, and fountains, in lieu of water, poured forth every variety of wine. The fête had now lasted three days—this, the fourth, was the last. The earlier part was consumed in trials of strength and dexterity among bourgeoisie and peasantry, Henry himself distributing the prizes; then followed the gorgeous *carrousels*, but just then introduced by the monarch. Whatever might have seemed splendid before, was eclipsed by the closing scenes. Reviving the ancient custom\*, Henry arrayed in his royal robes, and surrounded by his peers, ecclesiastic and civil, dined in view of the assembled multitudes. Each course, placed upon the table amid the sound of flutes and hautboys, was served by high officers of state, arrayed in cloth of gold, and mounted on richly caparisoned steeds. At the conclusion of the banquet, numerous heralds went forth, bearing in their hands cups filled with gold and silver coins, which they scattered among the crowd, crying "*Largesse du grand monarque!*" Then merry laughs and jests rung on every side. Henry, elated at the sight of this innocent gaiety, advanced, leaning on the arm of Duke de Biron, his friend and companion in arms, towards the multitude. At the sight of the monarch, who was now the popular idol, and the majestic Biron, the people's favorite, shouts and "vivas" long and loud rent the air.

"We my friend," said Henry addressing Biron, "can remember a scene very different from this. Instead of the laugh and song, we then heard the moans of starving wretches, and the cries of savage fury. My heart bleeds even at the remembrance of the horrid sufferings of my people. Accursed be he," continued the king, gazing full into Biron's face, "who would again kindle the flame of war."

"Amen!" replied the Duke in a firm voice, while the prince warmly clasped his hand, in renewed confidence.

To the banquet succeeded the ball; but of it we will now only say it was the crown of an entertainment every way worthy of the magnificent Prince who gave it.

Conspicuous by her beauty and grace even amid that brilliant throng, was seen the Duchess

of Beaufort. In the busy excitement of the hour, her melancholy had disappeared. Glances and murmurs of admiration followed her, as she moved onward in the majesty of beauty. And as soldiers who had stood the brunt of a hundred battles gazed upon her with an expression of reverent awe, and haughty nobles humbly proffered their homage, warm and varying blushes mantled her cheeks; her deep blue eyes beamed with proud pleasure, thoughts of her destined glory thronged her brain, and unconsciously her step and mien assumed more of majesty. Accompanied by Henry, the Princess Catherine, the Count de Soissons and others, Gabrielle passed from the grand Salle de St. Louis to the room in which the masquers were assembled. Here every variety of costume and character met the eye, from the assumption of more than oriental splendour and power down to the rags of the whining mendicant. For some time the royal party, who before entering had disguised themselves in black dominos and masks, which were too common to attract attention, amused themselves by striving to penetrate the disguises of this motley crowd. But their gaiety was for the moment checked by an exclamation of terror from Gabrielle. Addressing some remarks to the domino at her side, supposing it to be Henry, and receiving no reply—even on the repetition of her question, she had playfully attempted to unclose the mask, when to her amazement, her hand was rudely thrown aside, and the instant after the domino glided away and was lost amid the crowd. The exclamation of terror escaped her when she perceived that her own party was still complete. On hearing the cause of her alarm, her companions only laughed, declaring that this abdication of all dignity and form, these startling rencontres, only gave zest to the entertainment. But though forced to confess there was no apparent cause for fear, Gabrielle could not dismiss from her own mind a feeling of distrust for the intruder; and though, leaning on the arm of Henry, she remained with the party, her gaiety was past. But the attention of the group was now attracted to a person advancing towards them, dressed as an ancient sybil and bearing in her hands three volumes. As she approached she demanded if any among them would that she should read their page from the book of fate.

"That would I, fair dame," said the Count de Soissons in a whisper, the better to conceal his voice, "for spite of thy wrinkled visage and bent form I greatly err if thou couldst not transform thyself into one so beautiful that Apollo would again kneel at thy feet."

"I came not for jest or idle compliment," re-

\* For a more particular description of these *Cours féodaux*, as they were called, see Froissart's account of the coronation dinner of Charles VI.

plied the mask. "If thou would'st hear of thy future fate, retire with me to yon grove."

"Nay why not here?"

"As thou wilt! but pause—for I neither flatter nor conceal, and there be few who can bear to hear the page read even in private."

"Be it as ye list," said the Count, and he retired with the sybil to the spot she had indicated.

The next instant the Count and sybil were forgotten by all the party save Gabrielle, as they listened to the wild and spirit-stirring music of a band of jongleurs, who were performing at the other end of the apartment, in connection with a troop of those wondrous pantomimes whose fame, has even descended to us. But the performance was unheeded by Gabrielle, as she followed with an anxious glance the Count and strange masque. Several minutes had elapsed when the Count, still accompanied by the sybil, returned.

"Well! what has she told thee, cousin," said Henry; "hath she promised thee, knowing thy fancy, the diadem of Spain, the Ottoman Empire Austria or China?"

"None of these. But she hath told me strange things."

"It is her ware."

Here the sybil, who during this conversation, had stood a considerable distance from the royal party, again advanced, demanding as before, if there were any there who wished to hear a page from the books of fate.

"Not I!" said Henry; "I read my fate in a brighter page—the eyes of those I love."

"Not I!" answered Catherine d'Albret, with emotion; "the future, gradually as it unveils itself, hath ever been revealed as fast as my wearied eye and soul could bear to look upon it."

"But I would read the page," interrupted Gabrielle. "I would know the worst."

"Say rather the best," said Henry gaily.

"Wilt thou follow me?" inquired the sybil of Gabrielle.

"Yes."

"No! Gabrielle, no! do not go!" said Henry earnestly. "Have you not promised to desist from these idle annoying questionings of the future?"

But before Gabrielle could reply—one of those incidents, the result of this abnegation of all dignities and distinctions, occurred to the royal party. The jongleurs and pantomimes who during the performance were gradually ascending the room, had just reached the spot occupied by Henry and his party, when one of the pantomimes, uttering a piercing cry, fell down in a fit. The crowd pressed forward, and in the rush, the group of black dominos were

scattered hither and thither. In a few minutes after, when the crowd had dispersed, all the party save Gabrielle and the Count de Soissons were returned to the spot from which they had been jostled. They remained for near a half hour vainly watching for their reappearance and were just about commencing a search for them when the Count de Soissons joined them.

"Where is the Duchess?" inquired Henry; "have you seen her?"

"In the midst of the mêlée I saw her clinging to the arm of that strange woman—but I have not seen her since."

"Have you seen the sybil since?"

"Several times. This instant, Sire, she passed me, and I think she then went into the grand Court. She is a strange woman, Sire, very strange," and the Count drew Henry aside and said to him in so low a tone as not to be heard by the rest of the company: "I would advise your majesty that if she have not already escaped, she be arrested. It was not what she told, surprising though it was, that moved me, Sire, but I more than suspect, I am confident, the voice, disguised though it was, is familiar to me. That she is in truth, none else than Queen Margaret."

"Impossible!" ejaculated Henry. "Yet her malicious wit may have so contrived it, and if really here, her presence bodes no good. Have you seen her with any one else?"

"Yes, Sire."

"With whom?"

"I could not be confident, although I followed them, but from the size and gait I judged to be Biron."

"Nonsense! your suspicions are always too quick, cousin; you were certainly deceived. It could not have been Biron," continued Henry, in that particularly decisive tone, which one uses when they would fain convince themselves of a dubious question, "No, it could not have been the Duke; or even though it were, be sure he is not playing the conspirator. I feel confident of him again."

"Again," said the Count sarcastically.

"We waste time in this parley, cousin," said Henry, without appearing to notice the Count's ejaculation. "Go now, order that strict though private search be made throughout the palace. Keep your secret, do not breathe your suspicions even to Catherine."

The Count departed on his mission, which he was all but sure would be fruitless, while Henry and the rest of the party proceeded on their almost hopeless search for the Duchess, among the numerous black dominos.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## INFANT TRAINING.

NY 17.

THAT the attainment of happiness in this life, and a reasonable hope of attaining it in the life to come, are the great objects of all reflecting men, there can be no doubt. How this happiness and this hope can be most surely attained, is best taught by the Holy Scriptures.

But the interpretations of many of the most learned commentators have led to so many diversities of opinion, and consequent diversities of practice, as to cause much unkindly controversy among Christians.

For more than fifty years have these controversies continually occupied my thoughts, and more than any other subject have they been considered by me;—and chiefly with the view, and in the hope, of finding some yet untried way, or means, whereby peace on earth and good will among men could be more generally realized than they ever yet have been.

In early life, very soon after twelve years of age, I had much to do in the management of infants, and of young children. At the age of seventeen, I became a teacher of a military company. For nineteen years after, without any intermission, I had the teaching of military men, from the most ignorant and awkward peasant to the educated scholar from Oxford or Cambridge. Subsequently, for more than thirty years, in civil life, have I continued so to exercise my mind. During the whole of this time, I studied the human mind in every point of view in which I could regard it; and above all as to the best means of forming it to habits of gentleness, love to parents, good will to one another; and this good will so strong as to give an eager desire to *do good to one another above all things*; and these dispositions to be founded on a deep and an affectionate sense of gratitude to God, our Heavenly Father.

I soon, however, became painfully impressed with the many evils I saw from day to day arising up before my view. I watched continually to discover the causes of those evils; and I desired above all things to discover the best means of preventing, or removing, or abating them. I exercised my mind incessantly, to discover if there were any one course of conduct, which, more than any other, would be acceptable to The Deity, that I might, as much as possible, adopt and pursue that course.

After many years of inquiry, search and reflection, I became convinced that *to do good to my neighbour*, *το πο σοον το μη νειγνουν*, was, as it were, the one thing needful in this life. For, if every man "*loved his neighbour as himself*," where would be the motive to impel any one to injure his neighbour? Would not all men meet one another with joy and gladness, because their happiness would consist in blessing one another?

How best to bring the human being to love his neighbour was the next greatest question with me. I early discovered that the older men became the more difficult was it to induce them to change or alter their habits of thinking or acting:—that in youth, and *above all in infancy*, was the mind most easily impressed or biassed by appropriate training. I saw that infant children were little attended to beyond the ordinary attention to feeding and clothing them; the mind being almost entirely left exposed to the effect of every casual or accidental impression made by surrounding circumstances. The anxious, or the angry expression of the parents', or the nurse's face, was not studiously kept from the observing eyes of the curious and watchful infant. The harsh and the startling tones of an angry voice were not carefully suppressed within its hearing. The utmost care and precaution were not taken to keep these and the like causes of disturbance, or of painful emotion, from all knowledge of the infant; while, on the other hand, as it advanced in observation and in physical power, it was led into evil habits by the erroneous teaching or treatment of the parent or the nurse: as for example, when the child began to walk, on its falling or tumbling against a table or a chair, forthwith it was shown how to be revenged, by beating the supposed offending object. Was not then the passion of anger roused into activity, and the first impulse given to it? and did not every succeeding repetition of angry excitement soon ripen this tone of the feeling of anger into a fixed, or at least into a strong, habit, such as should have been guarded against with the most diligent and constant care? Let every observer note how numerous and painful are the evils which, in after life, afflict the domestic and the social circles, and which are chiefly caused by the ungoverned, or ungovernable exercise, in in-

fancy, of this baleful passion. Thus considered, is it not wonderful that we have not, long ago, ascertained this one great cause of our slow progress in the improvement of mankind, in the domestic and social virtues?

Let me request close attention to another great evil, too often caused by the very affection of the mother, which affection, if wisely exercised, would sedulously guard her infant from the influence of the feeling of vanity to which I now advert; and from all danger of its being exercised over the child in any of the ways by which the feeling can be called into activity.

Instead, however, of the infant mind being so sedulously guarded, how general is the practice of dressing the infant in finery, so soon as it can distinguish colours, or be pleased with scarlet or green shoes, or ribbons? And this practice is generally continued for many of the early years of the child's life.

In many other ways is the feeling of vanity inordinately cultivated or exercised, by those having the care of children; and a great majority of mankind are thus reared up in social life with the most craving appetite for praise, or for distinction, in some or all of the many ways by which it can be attained. A careful observer, having good judgment, may soon be convinced that a very large proportion of the ills of this life are the result of the indulgence of this passion, either in dress, carriages, household furniture, or in some other of the many ways in which the feeling may be gratified. Many of the families brought from comfort to poverty, and of those who never emerge from poverty, owe their sufferings to the undue activity of this powerful, and almost universal feeling. I believe that more pecuniary distress and suffering are caused in the world, by the wrong training of this feeling, than by error in the training of any other of our feelings or propensities.

Now, apply similar reasoning to the several other propensities, and you may form a tolerable estimate of the vast amount of injury done to the infant mind by want of care, and by mismanagement of unskilled parents and nurses. Take, for example, another propensity, and see how great, and almost universal, is the desire to acquire and to possess all things in this world which we covet. No other propensity calls earlier and louder for its due training than does this of covetousness. Until the power of this feeling be well subjected to the controls—the religious, moral and social sentiments, avarice and fear on the one side, and penury and hatred on the other, will afflict mankind, as they have ever heretofore done.

To one more, only, of the propensities will I

further call special attention; and that is to the appetite for food. The injury done to infants by the overfeeding of them would surprise and shock mothers, could they but know it all. By overfeeding, the young and tender stomachs of their children are distended beyond their natural dimensions; all the humours and the blood are thereby vitiated; and the health of the child is more exposed to the attack of every disease to which childhood is liable, and that, too, in an aggravated form, than if the infant were sparingly fed. Even if positive illness be not brought on, yet the temper and tone of the child's mind are greatly injured,—the effects of which injury to the mind, if it become habitual, are most probably felt during all the future life of the child. And in this way, very often, is the tendency given to future gluttony or drunkenness.

It cannot too often be impressed upon the minds of parents, that in infancy and early childhood, only, can the foundation be laid for producing health, cheerfulness, and benevolence in after life; or else for establishing an irresistible tendency to gratify some insatiable desire or tyrant passion.

The subject may, perhaps, be stated more clearly in this way: Man possesses propensities, some of which have been now particularly mentioned. From these propensities proceed many of our most craving desires. Let these desires be but indulged in infancy and youth, and, day by day, in after life, he will become more or less their slave, and his intellectual faculties are then forced into the slavery of these tyrant feelings; and if the intellectual faculties be powerful and much exercised, in this slavery to the passions, then we have a clever but a bad man.

But man possesses, also, religious and moral sentiments; but if these be well cultivated in the infant and juvenile mind, while the propensities are kept inactive, and thereby feeble, then will these sentiments soon out-grow the propensities, and thus have strength to keep them in due subjection in all after life. Then, too, will the intellectual faculties be made the servants of the religious and moral sentiments, instead of being the slaves of the propensities, and will be employed in devising the best means to gratify their legitimate desires; and thus will be reared a clever and a good man.

Should the religious and moral sentiments, and the propensities, be unequally and unfavorably balanced in the mind of an infant, yet, by cultivating the sentiments, and keeping the propensities inactive, such discipline will soon cause a disparity in their growth and powers, and, if continued, that disparity will soon be strongly, if not unchangeably, established.

In infancy, therefore, can training be certainly made most productive, either of good or of evil. This is the great fact which should be proclaimed to the world from every house-top. The want of a *thorough knowledge* of this fact among the Mothers of the World account to me, fully, for the slow growth of kindness and good will among mankind, in this hitherto discordant and unhappy world of ours.

I have no doubt but that every child born with a sound mind, may, to a moral certainty, be trained to be a gentle, a benevolent, and a pious adult. Many to whom I have expressed this conviction have called me a visionary; yet I daily grow more and more convinced that I am right.

I am sometimes asked, if I desire to do all this without the aid of religion; to which I answer, God forbid! Yet I do not hesitate to say, that even without religion much good may be done by gentleness and good will in all the treatment of the infant. But add to all other cultivation, the cultivation of the religious and moral sentiments, so soon as the child is capable of being influenced by their exercise, and you increase your power, and insure a degree of success and certainty, which, without their cultivation, you could never attain. Even before the infant is capable of entertaining any definite idea of religion, yet by witnessing its parents engaged in meek and earnest prayer, it is, I have no doubt, thereby favorably affected. In fact, it is influenced favorably or unfavorably by every thing it sees or hears, from the first moment it is capable of noticing what is passing around it. Every act, every word, every tone, every look, affects it for good or for evil. Let parents and nurses never forget this, nor be ever heedless of their conduct in the presence of children. Let them be assured that they are the teachers to whom infants will be most indebted for weal or for woe during all their succeeding lives.

Let me add here, by way of maxim to mothers:

"What you wish a child to be, be that to the child."

Now, as mothers are, of all human beings, the most affectionate, how important is it, that they should have their hearts and souls filled with the hope and the belief that they have the actual power, if they only knew how to exercise it, of thus, to a moral certainty, bringing up their children in the fear and nurture of the Lord. Can there be a doubt but that ninety-nine out of every hundred of them would most anxiously and delightedly exert their every faculty to secure such blessings to their beloved children, to themselves, and to their country? I have no doubt of it. And often as I have reflected on all this,

have I lamented that systems of teaching mothers are not established and held in far higher estimation than Harrow, or Eton, or Cambridge, or Oxford; for such institutions as these, great though they be, will never produce abundant fruit, until the children come from the nursery with well subdued propensities, and carefully trained religious and moral sentiments. No school teaching can ever be a sufficient substitute for the infant training here recommended.

To the absence, hitherto, of this good training, during the first, second and third years, but chiefly in the first year, of the child's life, do I impute the great want of general success in the improvement of our hitherto unhappy race.

Let this be now considered as a great discovery of the present day; and let pastors, and parents, and teachers, every where, begin to act upon it as upon an established truth, and they will find their endeavours blessed to them beyond all their former endeavours. I name pastors, because the great influence would be as a tower of strength to this good cause.

If every man's chief happiness consisted in doing good to his neighbour, would not the axe be laid to the roots of nine-tenths of the evils of our present existence? Would not our jails and our other prisons be left untenanted by criminals? Now, as I firmly believe that every child can be so trained as to become thus benevolent and pious, am I justified in not endeavouring to convince every one else that children can be so trained? And even though I were a visionary in thus believing, can the cultivating such a belief in others be productive of anything else than good? It is clear to me, that good only can be produced by this belief becoming universal.

Supposing, even, which no thinking man can imagine, that the children were not improved by the treatment here recommended, would not the parents themselves be greatly improved during the time they were thus employed, not only in training their children, but also in training themselves? Surely they would. This system, therefore, appears to me to be worthy of universal and immediate adoption.

I have long desired to proclaim this view to the public, so far as the publications of the day may give it currency; but from various causes, I have not hitherto done so to this extent. Even now, I cannot bring myself to put my name to this paper; for, however insignificant a name may be, yet I believe a paper will attract more attention, having one subscribed to it, than if it appears anonymously. Still I shrink from encountering such publicity.

In the present state of comparative quietness and calm among the gentlemen of the Press in

our Province, may I not hope that every one of them will find room for what I have here written, and give it to their readers.

## THE WISE THOUGHT.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"We may as well give it up, Morris Donovan; look, 'twould be as easy to twist the top off the great Hill of Howth, as make father and mother agree about any one thing. They've been playing the rule of contrary these twenty years; and it's not likely they'll take a turn now."

"It's mighty hard, so it is," replied handsome Morris, "that married people can't draw together. Norah, darlint! that wouldn't be the way with us. Sure, it's *one* we'd be in heart and soul, and an example of love and——"

"Folly," interrupted the maiden, laughing. "Morris, Morris, we've quarrelled a score of times already; and, to my thinking, a bit of a breeze makes life all the pleasanter. Shall I talk about the merry jig I danced with Phil Kennedy, or repeat what Mark Doolen said of me to Mary Grey?—eh, Morris?"

The long black lashes of Norah Clary's bright brown eyes almost touched her low but delicately pencilled brows, as she looked archly up at her lover; her lip curling with a half playful, half-malicious smile; but the glance was soon withdrawn, and the maiden's cheek glowed with a deep and eloquent blush, when the young man passed his arm round her waist, and pushing the clustering curls from her forehead, gazed upon her with a loving but mournful look.

"Leave joking, now, Norry; God alone knows how I love you," he said, in a deep voice, and broken by emotion. "I'm ye'r equal, as far as money goes, and no young farmer in the country can till a better stock to his share than mine; yet I don't pretend to deserve *you*, for all that; only I can't help saying, that when we love each other (now don't go to contradict me, Norry, because ye've as good as owned it over and over again); and ye'r father agreeable, and all, to think that ye'r mother, just out of *divilment*, should be putting betwixt us, for no other reason upon earth, only to 'spite' her lawful husband, is what sets me mad entirely, and shows her to be a good-for——"

"Stop, Mister Morris," exclaimed Norah, laying her hand upon his mouth, so effectually as to prevent a sound escaping; "it's my mother ye'r talking of, and it would be ill-blood, as well as ill-bred, to hear a word said against an own parent. Is that the pattern of ye'r manners, sir,

or did ye ever hear me turn my tongue against any one belonging to you?"

"I ax ye'r pardon, my own Norah," he replied meekly, as in duty bound; "for the sake o' the lamb, we spare the sheep. Why not; and I'm not going to gainsay—but ye'r mother——"

"The least said's the soonest mended!" again interrupted the impatient girl. "Be good even, Morris, and God bless ye; they'll be after missing me within, and its little mother thinks where I am."

"Norah, above all the girls at wake or pattern, I've been true to you. We have grown together, and, since ye were the height of a rose-bud, ye have been dearer to me than anything on earth. Do, Norah, for the sake of our young heart's love, do think if there's no way to win ye'r mother over. If ye'd take me without her leave, sure it's nothing I'd care for the loss o' thousands, let alone what ye've got. Dearest Norah, think, since ye'll do nothing without her consent, do think—*for once* be serious and don't laugh."

It is a fact equally known and credited in the good barony of Bargo, that Morris Donovan really possessed an honest, sincere and affectionate heart—brave as a lion and gentle as a dove. He was, moreover, the priest's nephew,—understood latin as well as the priest himself; and better even than that, he was the beau, the Magnus Apollo, of the parish;—a fine, noble-looking fellow, that all the girls (from the housekeeper's lovely English niece at Lord Gort's, down to little deaf Bess Mortician, the lame dress-maker) were regularly and desperately in love with; still I must confess (perfection certainly was never found in *man*) Morris was at times a little—the least bit in the world—stupid;—not exactly stupid either, but slow of invention—would *fight* his way out of a thousand scrapes, but could never get peaceably out of one. No wonder then, that, where fighting was out of the question, he was puzzled, and looked to the ready wit of the merry Norah for assistance. It was not very extraordinary that he loved the fiery creature—the sweetest, gayest of all Irish girls;—light of heart, light of foot, light of eye,—now weeping like a child over a dead chicken or a plundered nest, then dancing on the top of a hay-riek to the music of her own cheering voice; now coaxing her terragant mother, and anon comforting her hen-pecked father. Do not let my respected readers imagine that Mr. and Mrs. Clary were contemptible *bo-trotters*, with only a plot of *pratees*, a pig, and a one-roomed cabin. No such thing; they rented a *hundred good acres of bright meadow land*, and their comfortable, though somewhat slovenly farmyard, told of abundance and to spare. Norah was their only child; and had it not been for

their most ungentle temperament, they would have been the happiest as well as the richest family in the district.

"I'm not going to laugh, Morris," replied the little maid at last, after a very long pause; "I've got a wise thought in my head for once. His reverence, your uncle, you say, spoke to father to speak to mother about it?—I wonder (and he a priest) that he had'n't more sense. Sure mother was the man; but, I've got a wise thought—Good night, dear Morris, good night."

The lass sprang lightly over the fence into her own garden, leaving her lover perdu at the other side, without possessing an idea of what her "wise thought" might be. When she entered the kitchen, matters were going on as usual—her mother bustling in glorious style, and as cross (her husband muttered) "as a bag of weasels."

"Ye'r a pair of lazy hussies!" she exclaimed to a pair of fat, red-armed, stockingless handmaids; d'ye think I can keep ye in idleness? Ten cuts to the dozen!—why, that would'n't keep ye in pratees, let alone salt—and such illigint flax too! Darney Leary, ye dirty ne'er-do-good, can ye find no better employment this blessed night, than kicking the turf ashes in the cat's face! Oh! ye'll be mate for the ravens yet, that's one comfort! Jack Clary!" addressing herself to her husband, who sat quietly in the corner, smoking his *doodeen*, "it's well ye've got a wife who knows what's what! God help me, I've little the good of a husband, barring the name! Are ye sure Black Nell's in the stable?"—(The sposo nodded.) "The cow and the calf, had they fresh straw?" (Another nod.) "Bad cess to ye, man alive, can't ye use ye'r tongue, and answer a civil question!" continued the lady.

"My dear," he replied, "sure one like you has enough talk for ten."

This very just observation was, like most truths, so disagreeable, that a severe storm would have followed, had not Norah stept up to her father, and whispered in his ear, "I don't think the stable door is fastened."—Mrs. Clary caught the sound, and in no very gentle terms ordered her husband to attend to the comforts of Black Nell. "I'll go with father myself and see," said Norah, "That's like my own child, always careful," observed the mother, as father and daughter closed the door.

"Dear father," began Norah, "it isn't altogether about the stable I wanted ye—but—but—the priest said something to ye to-day about Morris Donovan."

"Yes, darling, and about yourself, my sweet Norry."

"Did ye speak to mother about it?"

"No, darling, she's been so cross all day. Sure

I go through a deal for puce and quietness. If I was like other men, and got drunk, and wasted, it might be in reason.—But that's neither here nor there. As to Morris, she was very fond of the boy 'till she found that I liked him; and then my dear, she turned like sour milk all in a minute. I'm afraid even the priest 'ill get no good of her."

"Father, dear father," said Norah, "suppose ye were to say nothing about it good or bad, and just pretend to take a sudden dislike to Morris, and let the priest speak to her himself, she'd come round."

"Out of opposition to me, eh!"

"Yes."

"And let her gain the day, then?—that would be cowardly," replied the farmer, drawing himself up—"No, I won't!"

"Father, dear father," said the dunning lass, "you don't understand me.—Sure, ye're for Morris; and when we are—that is, if—I mean—suppose—father—you know what I mean," she continued, and luckily the deepening twilight concealed her blushes,—“if that took place, it's you that would have your own way."

"True for ye, Norry, my girl, true for ye; I never thought of that before!" And, pleased with the idea of tricking his wife, the old man fairly capered for joy. "But stay awhile—asy, asy," he recommenced; "how am I to manage? Sure the priest himself will be here tomorrow morning early, and he's out upon a station now; so there's no speaking with him, he's no way quick either—we'll be bothered entirely if he comes in on a sudden."

"Leave it to me, dear father—leave it all to me," exclaimed the animated girl—"only pluck up a spirit, and whenever Morris's name is mentioned, abuse him—but not with all ye'r heart—only from the teeth out."

When they re-entered, the fresh-boiled potatoes sent a warm curling steam to the very rafter of the lofty kitchen; they were poured out into a large wicker *kish*, and on the top of the pile rested a plate of coarse white salt; noggins of butter-milk were filled on the dresser, and on a small table a cloth was spread, and some delf plates awaited the more delicate repast which the farmer's wife was herself preparing.

"What's for supper, mother?" inquired Norah, as she drew her wheel towards her, and employed her fairy foot in whirling it round.

"Plagny *snipeens*," she replied, "bits o' bog chickens, that you've always such a fancy for—Barney Leary kilt them himself."

"So I did," said Barney, grinning, "and that stick wid a hook, of Morris Donovan's, the finest thing in the world for knocking 'em down."

"If Morris Donovan's stick touched them, they shan't come here," said the farmer, striking the poor little table such a blow with his clenched hand, as made not only it, but Mrs. Clary jump.

"And why so, pray?" asked the dame.

"Because nothing belonging to Morris, let alone Morris himself, shall come into the house," replied Clary; "he's not to my liking, any how, and there's no good in his bothering here after what he won't get."

"Excellent!" thought Norah.

"Lord save us!" ejaculated Mrs. Clary, as she placed the grilled snipes on the table, what's come to the man?" Without heeding his resolution, she was proceeding to distribute the savoury 'bird-cens,' when, to her astonishment, her usually tame husband threw the dish and its contents into the flames; the good woman absolutely stood for a moment aghast. The calm, however, was not of long duration. She soon rallied, and with blazing face, and fiery tongue, thus commenced hostilities:—"How dare ye, ye spalpeen, throw away any of God's mate, after that fashion, and I to the fore?—What do you mane, I say?"

"I mane, that nothing touched by Morris Donovan shall come under this roof, and if I catch a girl of mine looking, at the same time, the road he walks on, by the powers! I'll tear the eyes out of her head, and send her to a nunnery!"

"You will! and you dare to say that to my face, to a child o'mine—You will—will ye,—we'll see, my boy! I tell you what, if I like, Morris Donovan shall come into this house, and, what's more, be master of this house; and that's what you never had the heart to be yet, ye poor ould snail!" So saying, Mistress Clary endeavoured to rescue from the fire, the hissing remains of the poor snipes. Norah attempted to assist her mother, but Clary lifting her up somewhat after the fashion of an eagle raising a golden wren with its claw, fairly put her out of the kitchen. This was the signal for fresh hostilities. Mrs. Clary stormed and stamped, and Mr. Clary persisted not only in abusing Morris, but Morris's uncle, Father Donovan, until at last the farmer's helpmate swore, aye and roundly too, by cross and saint, that before the next sunset, Norah Clary should be Norah Donovan. I wish you could have seen Norry's eye, dancing with joy and exultation, as it peeped through the latch-hole;—it sparkled more brightly than the richest diamond in our monarch's crown, for it was filled with hope and love.

The next morning was clear and frosty; long, slender icicles hung from the branches of the wild hawthorn and holly, and even under the light footsteps of Norah, the glazed herbage crackled like feathery grass. The mountain hill

murmured under a frost bound covering, and the poor sheep in their warm fleeces, gazed mournfully over the landscape, beautiful as it was in the healthy morning light, for neither on hill or dale could they discover a mouthful of grass. The shrill December breeze rushed unheeded over the glowing cheek of Norah Clary, for her "*wise thought*," had prospered, and she was hastening to the trysting tree where, "by chance," either morning or evening, she generally met Morris Donovan. I don't know how it is, but the moment that the course of true love runs smooth, it becomes very uninteresting except to the parties concerned. So it is now left me to say, that the maiden, after a due and proper time in teasing and tantalizing her intended, (a practice, by the way, which I *strongly* recommend as the best mode of discovering the temper, &c. of the gentlemen,) told him her saucy plan and its result. And the lover hastened upon the wings of love (which, I beg my readers to understand, are swifter and stronger in Ireland than in any other country) to apprise the priest of the arrangement, well knowing that his reverence loved his nephew and niece that was to be (to say nothing of the wedding supper, and the profits arising therefrom,) too well, not to aid their merry jest.

What bustle, what preparation, what feasting, what dancing, gave the country folk enough to talk about, during the happy Christmas holidays, I cannot now describe. The bride, of course, looked lovely and sheepish, and the bridegroom, —but pshaw! bridegrooms are always interesting. One fact, however, is worthy of recording. When Father Donovan had concluded the ceremony, before the bridal kiss had passed, Farmer Clary, without any reason that his wife could discover, most indecorously sprang up, and seizing a shillela of stout oak, whirled it rapidly over his head, shouting, "Carry me out!—By the powers! she's bet!—we've won the day!—Ould Ireland for ever!—Success, boys! she's bet—she's bet!" The priest, too, seemed vastly to enjoy this extemporaneous effusion, and even the bride laughed outright. Whether the good wife discovered the plot or no, I never heard; but of this I am certain, that the joyous Norah never had reason to repent her "*Wise Thought*."

AIM HIGH.—A high standard—an elevated aim—this is the safeguard of character, and the main-spring of excellence; this makes the skilful mechanic, the enterprising merchant, the useful citizen, the learned jurist, the eloquent orator, the wise statesman.—*Dr. Hawes.*

# THE VILLAGE BELLS.

Extracted from Dr. GARDNER's "Music of Nature."

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

How sweet 'bells in the

The first system of musical notation, consisting of a treble and bass clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics 'How sweet 'bells in the' are positioned below the treble staff.

Somers Town, How sweetly they do chime; They seem to say those days are gone. Those

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'Somers Town, How sweetly they do chime; They seem to say those days are gone. Those' are positioned below the treble staff.

days that once were mine: And as they roll their notes a-long, by brake and breezy

The third system of musical notation. The lyrics 'days that once were mine: And as they roll their notes a-long, by brake and breezy' are positioned below the treble staff.

bourne: They whis-per soft in tones of woe, Those days will ne'er re - turn.

The fourth and final system of musical notation. The lyrics 'bourne: They whis-per soft in tones of woe, Those days will ne'er re - turn.' are positioned below the treble staff.

THE VILLAGE BELLS.

And as they roll their notes a-long, by brake and bree-zy bourne, They

whisper soft in tones of woe, Those days will ne'er re-tu.....

will ne'er re-tu- turn. How sweet the bells in Somers Town, How sweetly they do

chime; They whisper soft in tones of woe, Those days will ne'er re-tu-



# THE SIREN.

A BALLAD—BY J. AUGUSTINE WADE.

(WITH AN ENGRAVING.)

I.

Come hither, come hither, sweet linnet ;  
 Look here, what a nice golden cage ;  
 'Twere better by far to dwell in it,  
 Than bear with the rude tempest's rage.  
 Here are hands that will feed and caress you,  
 And fond lips that will say, "Pretty dear!"  
 You shall have every joy that can bless you ;  
 So fly into my cage without fear!"

"Oh, no, pretty maid," said the linnet ;  
 "No golden-barr'd cages for me ;  
 My prison's the wild-wood, and in it  
 My songs are all happy and free!  
 Happy and free! happy and free!  
 My prison's the wild-wood, and in it  
 My songs are all happy and free!"

II.

Away flew the bird : the poor maiden,  
 Disconsolate, envied his wing—  
 And with chains of captivity laden,  
 Thus, thus her poor heart tried to sing.  
 "You're right, pretty warbler ; a palace,  
 Though rich, like the cage, it be found,  
 Is nought without Liberty's chalice,  
 To pour its sweet nectar around!

"Alas!" sigh'd the maiden, "dear linnet,  
 A golden-barr'd homo is for me ;  
 Oh, were it thy wild-wood, within it  
 My songs would be happy and free!  
 Happy and free, happy and free!  
 Oh, were it thy wild-wood, within it  
 My songs would be happy and free."



THE SIREN.