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THE RIDE OF THE WARRIORS

BY J. M. W. TURNER

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THE HALLS OF THE NORTH.*

CHAPTER VII.

* He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who does not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all."
SCOTT.

In that extensive valley between those two gigantic ranges of mountains partially described at the commencement of our little history, is many a lovely little hamlet, dignified with the appellation of village, although consisting frequently of not more than a dozen of houses, with the hall or halls—for some of them have two; and those halls, it must be remembered, are quite a separate and distinct description of strongholds, for such they are, from the ancient castles now almost universally in ruins, and originally intended for a very different purpose.

When to each of the Norman nobles, after the conquest, a large tract of country was allotted, over which they exercised sovereign and despotic sway, disputes would often arise between them, concerning perhaps the limits of their jurisdiction, or from other causes, or without any apparent or pretended cause at all; for in those days might was right, and to the sword those warlike men appealed, as we do now to courts of law, and with the same results; we have but changed the mode: the weakest then, as at the present day, were always worsted. In such a state of things, a strong, impregnable fortification—sufficiently comprehensive to afford a place of refuge not only for all the vassals of the castellan, with their families, but likewise for their flocks and herds, during an incursion from a ferocious and vindictive neighbour—became absolutely necessary, and hence the castles; whereas to captains or inferior officers free demesnes and manors were allotted, chiefly among the Saxon population, whose natural hatred of these intruders, nurtured and kept alive by the overbearing and tyrannical

conduct of such petty rulers, often broke out in open and riotous rebellion, more especially in the particular locality of which we are now speaking, not only from its being more exclusively inhabited by that brave and persecuted race, but owing to its vicinity to the Fells, infested at the period to which we allude by a lawless set of marauders, little better than banditti, who, whenever they made a descent from their wild fastnesses for raid or foray, found these dwellers in the valleys ever ready with heart and hand to plunder and destroy their common enemy. To guard against such sudden and unforeseen incursions of those nocturnal robbers, some defence was necessary; and hence some of those numerous Halls in the North; and if the others cannot lay claim to so remote an origin, they owe their existence to a similar cause—the lawless and turbulent character of the borderers. Though unlike the fortress and the castle in the outward appliances of portcullis, moat, and drawbridge, common to both, they were uniformly surrounded, at least their assailable points were, with a high wall of solid mason work, with a narrow but massy door of oak, studded thick with heavy headed nails, as the only entrance. Whether the hall itself formed one, two or three sides of a square, the courtyard-wall formed the remainder, and in every case there were no doors nor windows, except a small postern below the height of the top of the wall. In some instances indeed this wall would take a wider and a longer range, and comprise within its limits stables, barns and granaries.

Besides the reasons already assigned for the origin of these strongholds, there were others.

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and of perhaps still greater importance, arising also from their proximity to the borders. In the frequent wars between the two countries in those rude times, when the rich occupiers of these splendid mansions would have been robbed and plundered by predatory bands of soldiers belonging alike to friend or foe, the court-yard-wall and iron studded door kept off the ruthless spoiler; and paltry and untenable as such defences might justly be considered in a military point of view, they fully answered all the purposes for which they were intended—indeed there are instances of their having been maintained by a few resolute domestics against fearful odds, for days and weeks.

Such are the Halls of the North, and uniformly situated, as indeed, they are almost everywhere else, in the richest and most fertile localities, and seldom without a reference to the picturesque and beautiful. And if I have failed to exemplify this idea, in my description of those already adverted to, what shall I say of the sweetest and loveliest spot in all the green vales of that garden of Eden, with its neat and comfortable farm-houses embosomed in beech and sycamore, with their rich thriving orchards behind them, and the little church and churchyard in front on the village green? Here stands Strickland Hall, magnificent still, though its glory has lately passed away, and it is partially now in ruins; not so, however, at the period in which the occurrences and events I am describing transpired, for then, what is now a stable was the withdrawing-room; the heavy and costly plaster cornices are still to be seen, and what is now the farmer's kitchen was the great hall.

The Stricklands, to whom this splendid hall belonged, and by whom it was founded, were one of the most respectable, as well as one of the most ancient families in the north; the present head of the house, however, was not of that family, but a Netherby, brother to Philip of Hellbeck Hall, and consequently master Harry's uncle—that same uncle in whose favour the extraordinary substitution in his father's will was made.

This Netherby, whose name was Edmund, was of course a younger son, and considering his father's rather embarrassed circumstances, could hardly have expected any thing at his death, had he indeed been able to make his will; which, owing to the fatal wound he had received from his adversary's sword, he was not, as the light of reason never dawned again upon his blighted intellect; for the few days he lingered, the proud and haughty Philip Netherby was by turns a gibbering idiot or a raving maniac, and hence, most likely, those strange stories concerning his holding converse with the inhabitants of the other

world, had originated in the minds of his superstitious domestics and attendants.

If, however, Edmund Netherby entertained any expectations of wealth from this quarter, his prudent father, aware of the impossibility of such expectations being realised, if they had been entertained, provided him the means of working his own way to riches and honour, and "to add a quartering to his father's shield,"—to use an expression from his valedictory address to him on his final departure from his native hall—which should shed a lustre of additional brightness upon the name of Netherby. I doubt, however, if he had lived to see the day, whether his quartering his arms even with the Stricklands would have been a sufficient compensation for his repudiating the name of Netherby—Strickland Hall and Manor to boot; but his son was a lawyer, and a successful one in more senses of the word than one; besides he lived in a more utilitarian age, and consequently knew better. And thus was exemplified, as in ten thousand instances besides, the beautiful effects of that law of *primogeniture*, which is the fundamental principle of England's greatness—the bulwark of her glory—the mysterious anomaly in her jurisprudence, in the estimation of other nations; but which has contributed more than anything else to exalt her so far above them. Why, here are *two* noble and influential families, constituting no trifling portion of the "thews" and sinews of the state; whereas, if Edmund Netherby had divided his late father's encumbered property with his brother, what would either or both have been?—mere epyphers in the commonwealth. When radicalism and reform, the march of intellect and infidelity, all sister virtues, shall succeed in crying down this *iniquitous* law of primogeniture, I shall say—O England, thy glory has departed!

Edmund, I have said, was a successful lawyer, and from his natural predilections, he accompanied the judges in their northern circuit, and accidentally, through the absence of some older lawyer, became employed to manage and conduct an important cause, in which the late Richard Strickland was either plaintiff or defendant—I never could make out the exact nature of the case—and was particularly interested in its final issue, which, fortunately for our young lawyer, turned out in Sir Richard's favour. He was so delighted with his success, which he attributed entirely to Mr. Netherby's superior skill, that he invited him to his house, where he became a frequent and welcome guest, and he often met his daughter—his only child—the only hope on which to rest the prolongation of his name and family; and suffice it to say, in process of time they were united in wedlock, with Sir Richard's consent and

approbation; but upon one condition, on which he left them all his property—that his son-in-law should assume the name of Strickland.

Years and years rolled on. Long after Sir Richard had been gathered to his fathers, and their only children, a son and a daughter, were grown up to maturity, it became the natural and anxious wish of their parents to see them united with fitting mates, from among their own rank in life; and they therefore contemplated with secret pleasure and satisfaction an increasing intimacy between them and their near neighbours, of *Newby Hall, the Morelands, in the hope that it might eventually lead to even a double matrimonial alliance betwixt the two families, the more especially now that the only obstacle in the way of so desirable a consummation had been removed; for by the death of old Mr. Moreland and that of Philip Netherby, who did not long survive him, the arrangements and settlements they had both so resolutely determined upon, were left to be carried out and accomplished or set aside, as the parties most interested in the matter should themselves think proper. And there is no doubt, from the intimacy between our hero and the brother of the bride intended and set apart for him, that they were mutually aware of the state of each other's feelings and affections, and consequently it may easily be supposed that, on the kind interposition of Mr. Moreland, this matrimonial scheme was formally annulled without prejudice to his sister's claims for her dower, contingent though it was upon her consent to this union; and without interfering in the slightest degree with that friendly intimacy existing between the families.*

As *Newby Hall, the residence of the Morelands,* was only two short miles from Strickland Hall, a constant and more frequent intercourse, as might naturally be inferred from the circumstances I have mentioned, was kept up between the families, which soon led to a formal proposal on the part of young Mr. Strickland for Margery Moreland's hand; and while her brother was closeted with his father, to arrange about the settlements, he had also proposed, as it afterwards appeared, for the hand of Mr. Strickland's daughter, and the next day he started off for Appleby—for there was then no attorney nearer—to get Mr. Hudson to make out the necessary documents and see them properly executed. He could of course easily have sent a messenger, but he preferred going himself, in order to take Hellbeck in his way, for the purpose of informing his friend of his own good fortune, as well as of that of his sister, in whose welfare and happiness he well knew he felt a warm and brotherly interest. Besides, he thought he might otherwise rouse and cheer him out of that morbid state of melancholy into which

he had fallen since the death of his father; but why he could not conjecture, as, for aught he knew to the contrary, the only obstacle to his happiness—to the consummation of all his wishes, (he knew nothing of the fatal will), was removed by that event, and therefore, however mournful it might otherwise be considered, it was certainly attended with results in some measure consolatory. "But this cannot be the reason," he said to himself, as he cantered across the common at the foot of his native village, "there is—there must be something else at the bottom of all this, and I'll lay my life upon it, now that the thought occurs to me, that this fellow Hudson has something to do with it; it is some dark and dirty scheme of his, I'm sure; for I saw by the sneering curl on Harry's lip, when I took him there, that he had hard work of it to be even coldly civil to him; or perhaps its something about his unfortunate grandfather's room again, with which some of these cunning old gipsies have been poisoning his mind, and he's just in the right mood to listen to them."

This last reflection was superinduced by his perceiving the old-hag, the well-known mother of a gang of these same gypsies that had been prowling about the neighbourhood for some time, coming out of a thick and interminable copsewood on the banks of Little Yemmer, a small, but when swollen, a deep and rapid river; and having its rise in the mountains, this was often the case, as the slightest rains affected it. On her issuing from the cavern-looking pathway, so darkened with the thick foliage overhead that his eye could not penetrate beyond a few yards, and not knowing how many of her tall and stalwart sons might be behind her, and the whole place so lonely too, his first impulse was to lay his hand upon his pistols, for at that period no gentleman undertook a journey without them:

"Nay, nay!" she said, waving her hand as if to give emphasis to her words; "keep your pop-guns out o' see't, or the lads may not like the lunks o' them; besides, what's the use o' them against a bullet frae that brake, an' five wad be sent an' I lifted my finger, an' ye see the roaring torrent's hard by."

"Well, what do you want with me?" asked Mr. Moreland, somewhat reassured, for, notwithstanding the ambiguity of her overture, he could not help considering it rather of a pacific tendency.

"I should hae wanted to tell yer fortune for ye, had I not been in ower mickle trouble myself," she replied, as she approached a step or two nearer to him, and continued in a lower tone: "the constables are efter my puir auld man, and that's the reason we're here, where they'll have hard war."

to find us, and where they that come after them may hae harder still to find their frinds."

"Well, well," he impatiently asked, "what can I do about it?"

"Do!" she said; "why he's to be sent to jail, an' maybe somewhere else, an' ye can stop it a' by just speaking a word to the young maister o' Dunfell, if they han't murdered him, for there's seek a root; a' Ras'tondale's in arms about——"

"About what? What has he to do with it?" asked Moreland.

"Every thing!" returned the fortune-teller; "an' if ye wasn't in seek a hurry I'd tell ye. It's about naethin but a little bit o' paper, whilk that pair body went to Bi'back Fells for, an' niver come back—that's a'!"

"And what had your husband to do with that?"

"Why nowt, except to gang at 'turney Hudson's biddin' to tell Tom the poacher where to meet him, to get the paper frae him, as he wanted it hissel'——"

"And who is this Tom the poacher?" but seeing no end to the conversation, he added—"I'll speak to Mr. Netherby as well as to Mr. Hudson about this matter."

"Ye'll hae some trouble in ferretting oot that varmin', I'se thinking, altho' ye little guess how weel I ken its him ye're gaun to see; but yonder's yan' ll dee as weel; and may ye an' ye'r bonny brude prosper, as ye help a pair body in her ut-most need!"

And he plunged into the swollen ford, wondering what the old woman's trouble could be about, coupled as it was with the very persons he was thinking of at the moment he encountered her; but he could make neither head nor tail of her broken and disjointed communication. "Harry Netherby all but murdered—riots in Ravenstone-dale—Hudson gone—what could it all mean?—ravings all, most likely of the poor old woman's crazed imagination," and he thought no more about it.

CHAPTER VIII.

* * * * *

That time,

Which I had dreamed might fling around the path
On which I ventured, something of that light
Which cheers life like a lute, has but cast
A sickly shadow o'er my pilgrimage,
And made thus far what I had deemed should be
A course for men to point at and admire,
Only an upward strife of weariness—
A struggle with dark destiny.

G. MELLE.

As Harry Netherby returned from the stable to the house, he had to pass through the bar-room, as is usual in villagu inns, to the staircase leading

to the best parlour, which had been appropriated on his first entrance, by the obsequious landlord, for the sole use of so noble a guest, when he encountered half a dozen sturdy looking fellows, evidently strangers, just come in, who appeared to watch his every movement with a pert and scrutinising stare; and just as he had one foot upon the lowest step, with the door opening on the narrow staircase in his hand, he heard one of them remark in a whisper, loud enough to have been intended for his ear—"Yes, that's him!" when he immediately stepped back, and nearly confronting the speaker, asked in a stern and almost menacing manner, for he was just in that mood of mind to have quarrelled with his own shadow—"Is it me you mean?"

"It is," with unabashed effrontery returned the speaker.

"And what want ye with me?" asked Harry, firmly.

"Nothing, tonight," retorted the other, carelessly; "ye'll know more tomorrow!"

When Harry saw how foolish he had been, he immediately retreated; but he could not help wondering at the fellow's repetition of the very words upon his tongue, as he entered the bar-room. "But surely," he thought, "he did not give them utterance, and yet he must have done so, for he repeated them with such an insolent and knowing look—"But ye'll know more to-morrow!"

Tomorrow!—that little future!—how big sometimes with fate it proves!—and near as it always is and has been to the previous day or night, how thick and dark the veil that hangs before it! We claim some kindred with the day that's past, and memory dwells upon its joys or sorrows as if they still were ours—the present day we fondly call our own, although we cannot see to what each passing hour may lead—"but we'll know more tomorrow."

This trite aphorism dwelt upon poor Harry's mind with such harrassing distinctness, that he could almost fancy it ringing in his ears as he tossed and tumbled on his weary couch during what he thought must certainly have been that live-long night; and when at length frail nature sunk beneath his weariness, the words were on his lips and mingled in strange confusion with his dreams, which, in their wayward wanderings, led him far into the bosom of the Fells, in hot pursuit after a gang of ruffians carrying off the weeping Alice, he knew not whither! And then a change "came o'er the spirit of his dream," and he had snatched her from their ruthless hands, and was hastening with her to her old nurse's dwelling; but just as he was on the eve of reaching this safe asylum, his noble charger

stumbled and fell, when she was again in the hands of her enemies, who dragged her to the very edge of a deep and dizzy precipice, first tearing her from his bridle rein, to which, shrieking for mercy, she clung with such tenacity that they had to cut loose her hold, in doing which her hand was wounded. But, heedless of the pain, she raised it to her head to turn aside her auburn locks from off her eyes, as if to see the peril she was in, in doing which her pale and deathlike face was stained with streaks of blood; and this was turned on him with such a look of helplessness as words could not have spoken. On he rushed in headlong fury to her rescue, but they had done the deed; he saw her pushed from off the dizzy height—he saw her bloody hand held out for him to help—he felt the warm and purple drops upon his own, which he stretched out in vain to save her—he heard a loud exulting shout behind him, as if the voices of a thousand demons met his ear; but ere she reached the bottom to be dashed to pieces on the broken fragments of the fallen rock—for he saw her falling down, down, into that fearful abyss—he awoke, and lo, it was all a dream!

But before he could persuade himself that all this was not reality, the sun had thrown the shadow of his casement upon his chamber wall, and in a few minutes he was up and dressed and mounted and away; as if such haste could save his Alice from the fearful fate to which his feverish dream had led his waking thoughts to see her doomed. And never did master Harry Netherby's habit of early rising stand him in greater stead than on this eventful morning.

But his foot was hardly in the stirrup, when a smart and groom-like looking serving man, mounted on a good and well appointed horse, rode up to the door of the "Dun-Cow," and as he met our hero just starting on his homeward journey, looked at him rather earnestly; and before they had separated beyond a speaking distance, he stopped and turned to look again, when perceiving he was noticed, he asked, respectfully touching his hat and apologising for addressing a stranger, if he was the master of Hellbeck Hall?

"I am," was the short but prompt reply, astonished though he was at being thus recognised at every turn, in a place so far from home, and where he had never been before.

"Then, Sir, I've a letter for you," at the same moment handing him a small note, which master Harry took, and scanned with curious and scrutinising eye the superscription, which certainly shewed as plain as can be written that it was meant for him—"To Harry Netherby, Esquire, of Hellbeck Hall, to the care of the landlord of

the Dun-Cow, Orton," and on the corner was the following—"To be delivered immediately;" but the hand writing he could not remember ever having seen before; he then turned it in his hand as if to break the seal, within whose little circle some delicate flower had been depicted, and then partially defaced, yet still one leaf—one bud was left; but he was not a florist, and what it meant he could not tell.

"From whence?" he asked the messenger, who he now perceived was anxious to return: "from whence is this?"

"Its contents, Sir, I doubt not," said the man, as again he touched his hat, "will tell you more than I can."

Master Harry bit his lip under this implied rebuke, and broke the seal; but ere he read the few words of ominous warning it contained, the man was gone, as if to avoid further questioning. The tenor of the note ran thus:—

"As master Harry Netherby values his life, let him return by Oddendale Head, for there is danger, if not death, in every nearer road."

"By Oddendale Head! how strange!" he said, "that this should be the route I meant to take. Danger and death!" he repeated after reading again and again the mysterious note; "danger and death never yet turned a Netherby from his path, and shall not now, for the very road I am warned against I will take, and woe betide the crafty wretch who dares to stop me. 'As I value my life, forsooth! the writer little knows the trifling worth I set upon it. But who can the writer be? here no one knows me; and yet, were I to judge from what has transpired within the last twelve hours, I should not be a whit more certainly and readily identified in Knock or Dufton, at the foot of Dunsfelk. I will see," he continued, as on he spurred to Oddendale Head; "I will see poor Bridget Hebson, or whatever her name is now, and then for the 'death and danger' in the road to Hellbeck Hall!"

Half an hour's ride over the heathery waste, brought him to the little green spot, where, according to the directions he had received, he found the nurse's dwelling, a little lone cottage on the Fell side, surrounded with a stone wall enclosing a patch of ground of about a quarter of an acre, composing her garden, which appeared to be carefully cultivated and interspersed with well-trimmed gooseberry bushes, and each side of the narrow walk between the wicket and the cottage was ornamented with a border of strawberries, whose long trailing shoots were kept from creeping over the paths by an interminable little edging of box, cut with such neatness and precision as to indicate one of the characteristics of the

owner, while the bright crystal panes in the neat little window, with its snow-white curtain, although of the scantiest dimensions, and darned in two or three places, were sure signs of another. And early as it was, for it was not yet five o'clock, the smoke, so dim and vapoury as to shew that the fire from whence it emanated, had long been lighted, curled on the top of the chimney, and then ascended up far into the clear sky, expanding its perpendicular column, till it commingled with the thin air and became invisible. Having fastened his horse to the post of the little wicket gate, he entered the narrow garden walk, and heard the hum of the busy wheel, which stopped when he knocked at the door; but as there was no other manifestation of his summons having been heard, he knocked again, when the latch was instantly raised, the door opened, and he stood before Alice Musgrave's nurse—Bridget Hebson, or rather Fawold, after her last husband; but as the former was the only name by which he ever knew her—the only one associated in his ideas with the object of his present visit, no wonder if, when he confronted her and perceived from her abashed and retiring manner that she did not recognise him, he should have addressed her by that well-remembered name.

Bridget Hebson, as we shall be compelled to call her for a while at least, was, though poor, not in abject poverty; the cottage and the "bit garden," as she called it, through the benevolence of her nursing's father, was her own during her life at least, as well as the right of pasturage on the Fell side for a cow, the proceeds of which and from her garden almost supplied her with her plain but wholesome food; her tea and sugar, which began to be so commonly used by the poor in her day as to be considered all but an absolute necessary of life, were furnished by her wheel, as well as some of the most comfortable articles of her dress, the more expensive articles of which, however, had always been supplied by the bounty of her foster-child, who never allowed a summer to pass away without a call or two in her morning rides, at the neat lone cottage in the bosom of that wild wilderness of ling*, when her servant had always a goodly bundle for poor old Bridget; and yet she was not old, although she had been twice a widow, and she certainly was not young, nor middle-aged, but just at that undefined period, verging on the first and last of those epochs of this chequered life; for fifty summers she had seen the heather blossom, and fifty times had seen it blasted by the winter's cold. Although living all so lone, her bustling industry, aided by a cheerful and happy temperament, with health

to boot, made Bridget Hebson's lot in life, what poets may have said or sung about the golden age—a lot that riches could not purchase nor the great enjoy.

And yet poor Bridget had her sorrows too. Her darling child, on whom she doated with a mother's fondest feelings of affection, was taken from her, although it was the last remaining relic left of him she loved so well and mourned so deeply, of whom it was the very living image; but the bitter feeling of this sad bereavement was soothed, if not subdued, when the motherless little infant Alice hung upon her breast, and scanned with its tiny fingers the rich treasures appropriated to its sole nourishment, while it inhaled the luscious draught, and sunk into as deep and sweet a sleep as though it had not lost its mother. Humiliating as the conclusion may be to the pride of human nature, that selfishness is its predominating characteristic, yet how emphatically is it forced upon our convictions even in the tenderest and most endearing relations of life; but be this as it may, Alice loved her nurse as she would have loved her mother, and poor Bridget loved Alice as though she had been her own little angel restored to her again.

And Harry had been her darling too, because he was so good and kind to Alice, when looking at their lessons or when at play, and because they were so like each other, upon which extraordinary coincidence she and Maud would speculate for hours together on a summer's eve, while watching their merry gambols on the smooth and level lawn; the very spot whereon, in years long past, their sainted mothers oft had played when they, like them, were in their childhood. "And who knows," they would sometimes say, "but the breach between these two great halls may yet be healed by an alliance closer still between these darling children? Indeed this foolish scheme, so often in their thoughts and on their tongues, was, by them at least, settled and determined on, as well as some details in their establishment, such as that Maud Langton should be the house-keeper and Bridget the lady's tire-woman, and then how happy all would be! and when the stern command to part them came, it fell upon their air-built castle like a thunderbolt, and crushed it to the earth.

Five long years had passed since then, each marked by some disastrous event that seemed to make them longer, in which poor Bridget deeply shared.

The first—was the beginning of that fatal lawsuit.

The second—left her once more a widow.

The third—that lawsuit was decided.

The fourth—left her foster-child an orphan.

* Heath.

The fifth—and Forest Hall was sold; the consummation, as she considered it, of all the ills that could befall; and on the morning after this last catastrophe, while plying her busy wheel, the past came out more vividly portrayed to her imagination, and she thought upon the scheme that she and Maud had planned, and wondered how she could forget that *he* was and must be the bitter enemy of her master's house. At this moment the stranger entered, affording another proof of the truth of the old adage, and seated himself by the peat fire, on the chair offered by Bridget, who, after adding fresh fuel, waited patiently, although in bewildered astonishment, until the stranger, who she saw on his first entrance, was a gentleman of birth and station, should explain to her the object of his early visit.

Harry waited some little time, in the hope that she would have recalled his features to her recollection; but as she did not, and the pause was becoming embarrassing, he broke it by simply articulating—

"Bridget Hebson!"

She started and turned pale, exclaiming in broken ejaculations to herself, as she approached to take a nearer and a surer look.

"What!—eh! Bridget, Hebson!—that's not my name, and yet it was some five sad years ago! That voice, too, sounds as if it once had been familiar to my ear! Excuse an old woman's folly," she continued, addressing herself more directly to him; "but pray, Sir, *do* repeat that name again."

"Bridget!" he said, laying an emphasis on her name, "and so you have forgotten me!"

She knew him instantly, and flew to his side as if to clasp him in her arms, forgetting for the moment that her darling boy was now a full-grown stalwart man of high and noble bearing, and she again shrunk back confounded at her rash presumption. And then the evils he had brought upon her master's house, all rushed at once to her remembrance, and marshalled themselves in dread array before her.

"Oh! master Harry Neiberby, and is it come to this, that ye should mock us in our misery!" she said as hastily she took her chair beside her wheel, for, faint and sick at heart, she could no longer stand without support, and pressing her hands with hysterical violence upon her face, there was a long and death-like pause, so still that one might hear the tear-drops, oozing from between her fingers, fall upon the floor.

"No, Bridget!" he replied at length, "you do me great and undeserved injustice; I did not come to mock, I came to save; but because I was too late I was cruelly insulted."

Bridget shook her head incredulously, and

again there was another painful pause. At last she mustered courage to address him.

"Was it for this!" she passionately exclaimed, amidst tears and sobs—"was it for this, your two young hearts were pledged to each other?"

"I wish they had been, but they never were!" thought Harry, but he did not interrupt her.

"For this! my poor child would rather die than wed her rich and handsome cousin!"

"Tell me plainly, Mrs. Hebson," exclaimed Harry, now equally excited—

"Mistress me no mistress!" interrupted his auditor, in whose bosom grief and anger were fiercely contending for the mastery, and forgetting for a moment, in the conflict, her habitual respect and deference for a person of his rank. "My name is plain Bridget Fawold, or Hebson, if ye will," she added, in somewhat of a milder tone, as if that name brought back the thoughts of other years, to lay the troubled spirit.

"Well then, Bridget Hebson, continued Harry, "for I would not willingly call you by any other name, tell me, I adjure you by all your hopes hereafter—tell me plainly—for 'tis for this I'm here, and do not ask me why I wish to know—will Alice Musgrave wed her cousin?"

"She may be compelled to do so," answered Bridget.

"Never!" interrupted Harry; "that I will not—cannot suffer, while I wear a well-tempered blade by my side, and a right willing hand to use it. This upstart from a foreign clime may pick and choose among the fairest of the land, but woe betide him if he dare but look into that lady's eyes, without her full—her free consent!"

Poor Bridget was astounded. She thought upon her dream of former times, and said, she always hoped to see the day when—

But Harry stopped her, for he saw that she was verging on a consummation, for the accomplishment of which there could not be one ray of hope, and it would have been worse than cruel to have allowed her to proceed.

"No! no!" he exclaimed, more in answer to her manner than her words; "Forest Hall has passed away to other hands, and Hellbeck Hall would follow it, according to my father's will, were I to wed a Musgrave. And now you have my secret. And as I cannot take my poor Alice to myself without reducing her to poverty, I leave her to mate herself with whom she pleases; but let him, whoever he may be, beware, who dares to use even the semblance of compulsion, in claiming that fairy hand for his, which I so fondly hoped would one day be my own."

And Harry turned towards the door, muttering between his teeth—but loud enough to reach the nurse's ear—"If I could but see her once

again! But this may not be. It would but add another drop of gall to her cup of bitterness, already overflowing." And as he raised the latch, he dropped a guinea into Bridget's reluctant hand. He then left the cottage, and reached the little wicket gate where he had left his horse; but ere he mounted, he was assailed with screams for mercy, from a wild and frantic woman, who he soon recognized, notwithstanding her matted and dishevelled locks, and more than usually disordered dress, to be his acquaintance at the gate on the previous night. She flung herself at his feet, and clasped his knees with convulsive earnestness, and in the frenzy of despair, exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Netherby! save him! save him! 'twas for you or for your house he did the deed. They hunted him down this morn, the blood-hounds! an' a' Binstondale is out, as in the twenty, an' they'll be here anon. An' as I'm a living woman! I hear their mad shouts even now!"

When Harry listened, a confused noise, as if of a rabble rout, came wafted on the morning breeze across the heathery knoll which hid them from his view, when the poor grovelling wretch renewed with increased energy her cries for mercy. "Hang that fellow Hudson! and deed they will if they catch him, and I trust they will; it's hard for poor folks to be hanged for the crimes of their betters."

Harry Netherby was utterly confounded; he thought at first it was all a dream, and then that he was under the influence of some mighty spell; his nerves had been sadly shaken by his late distressing interview with Bridget, and he was in a state of excitement little inferior to that of the frantic wretch before him; he thought too of the mysterious warning at the door of his inn, but this only bewildered him the more.

The faithful nurse of Alice closed her cottage door when Harry left her, to ruminate alone on what she had heard, and witnessed not the strange rencontre at her garden gate; but when the furious mob had scaled the summit of the hill and saw their victim, now, as it were, within their grasp, a shout of triumph echoed down the mountain side and reached poor Bridget where she sat and wept, who instantly came out and saw at once, or thought she did, the full meaning of their dreadful outcry.

"Away—away!" she said, waving her hand, as if to deprecate any reply he manifestly wished to make. "Mount, I say, Harry Netherby, and away this minute, or it will be your last!" and she wrung her hands in agony when she saw that he hesitated, and exclaimed—"they'll tear my poor boy limb from limb, and then what will be the fate of my poor Alice!"

Harry was in the saddle ere the magic spell was uttered; but she saw him not, for at that self-same instant half a dozen of rough fell-siders cleared the garden wall, and made a desperate spring upon his bridle rein, when poor Bridget shut her eyes in fear and saw no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WICKLOW:
A POEM.

BY DR. HASKINS.

ROMANTIC Wicklow! 'e'en in childhood's hour
Thy name for me was fraught with magic pow'r;
And yet, though ocean's waves between us roll,
To think of thee brings sweetness on my soul.
Thy scenes were beauty—'e'en the very gale
Around superior freshness seem'd t' exhale.
Thy glens and groves, hills, lakes, and sparkling streams,
Haunted my heart in boyhood's early dreams.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

WICKLOW! I've wander'd far, view'd many a scene
Of loveliness; of grandeur; scenes sublime,
And of elysian beauty; still, lov'd land I
My heart reverts to thee; and for a space
I fain would dwell upon thy varied charms;
Fain would in fancy wander 'mong thy hills,
Where oft my spirit roves. 'Tis 't Atlantic wild,
That barrier of worlds, between us rolls
Its universe of waters; in the land
Where strangers find a home, I've built my cot;
And thou to me, as to all outward sense,
Art now as nothing; yet my spirit strays
Amid thy beauty; holds communion still
With scenes sublime; high mountains, uprear'd rocks,
Blue lakes, and verdant groves, and sunny hills,
And sparkling waters; hears the voice of streams,
The roar of torrents, melody of birds;
All that entranc'd my soul in boyhood's hour.
Land of my love! I view thee now again,
In visionary brightness see thee smile;
And fain would trace—haply with faltering hand—
Scenes, whose remembrance cheers my widow'd heart.
And first—that glen*—above whose darkling breast
The Gilt Spears† tow'r with points y-piercing heav'n,
Tinted by morn or evening's ruddy ray
With purest gold. Deep, deep that valley lies
Dioson'd in hills, with woods of fairest growth
Broad waving; and beneath, the mountain stream,
Soothing the soul with sound of falling waters;
Or gently gliding amid rocks and roots
Of giant trees, that shooting high from banks
Moss-cover'd, of that wauton, wayward stream,
Uplift their branching tops in upper air;
Nor wanting walks of steep ascent, and heights,
Whence the beholder gazing down below,
Starts back and shudders as afraid to fall;
Nor verdant slopes, all radiant in the sunlight
Streaming from heav'n; that o'er that valley smiles.
How wild that scene to youth's romantic eye!
How sweet the flow'rs that bloom on ev'ry bank!
How pleasantly I've wander'd there with those

* The Dargle.

† The Sugar-Loaf Hills—so called in modern days, but anciently as above.

Now dead, or distant, haply e'en estrang'd
From this sad heart by their own fault or mine!
But hush! my soul! be grief and self-reproach
Far from thee now; and sights and sounds of sweetness
Beguile my spirit in fond memory's dream.

Methinks I hear the roar of rushing waters,
As erst when first that sound my soul entranc'd;
Lo! Pow'rscourer hurls its torrent from on high!
Lo! from the brow of yon o'erhanging hill
The torrent thunders down with foaming rage
And ceaseless din: the rocks and groves resound:
All fresh with spray the vernal woods appear.

Now guide me, memory, to a wilder scene:
Yon dark and awful glen* with ruins spread,
Solemn and fearful, strange, and drear, and lone,
Glen of the Lakes: thy dark and gloomy breast
Sleeping in sombre shadows; the black wave
Surging amid the rocks; the still expanse
Of yonder sullen tide, around whose shores
Stand the eternal mountains high and bare,
Dreaming in misty vastness; black Lugdun,
Hugo Connaderry, giant Lugature,
Cloth'd in dim shadow and eternal cloud,
E'en at bright summer's noon—yon ruin'd heap
Where dreary Desolation sits and smiles,
And you tall tow'r that tells of other days—
Oppress the heart; and like yon dusky cloud,
Whose mighty masses choke the struggling day,
Nor lets one beam illumine the mountain's height;
Thus a strange spell of dark impressive pow'r
Fetters the soul while gazing on thy bleak
And solitary scene; where silence dwells,
And mighty nature broods o'er ruin's work;
Nor wears a smile, or smiles but as in scorn,
Strange scene!—how dread thou art!—the dusky shade
Of yon huge masses overspreads my heart,
That labours with the load oppressively!
Not thine is beauty, save where yonder stream,
Fring'd with young flowers, hazels, and alders grey,
Shouts wild with rapid course adown the hill:
Sole thing like life, where all around seems death—
Black mighty mounds—loose scattered rocks and cliffs,
Piercing the sky; but not with summit sharp,
Tall spire and pointed cone; but broad bare brow
Savage and stern, and grey with grief of years.
Farewell! I turn me to a brighter scene—
Lara and Amanoo, and Ashford fair,
By Vartrey's tide—Dunran—Rosanna too,
Where the sweet poetess who *Psyche sang*
Was wont to walk; sweet New-Bath Bridgelet, the haunt
Of wedded love, where blissful Hymen smiles.
But chief that glen† that reaching from the foot
Of Ballycurry, Clara's verdant slopes,
And proud Glenmore, extends its varied length
In loneliness and majesty sublime.
See how yon gloomy gorge, between the hills
Deep cleft, gives issue to the torrent tide
Of Vartrey, roaring o'er its bed of rocks;
There let us enter, and beside that stream
By darkling mountains over-shadow'd deep,
Pause for awhile. How steep yon awful hills,
With their bald brows, from whence a stripling's arm

* Glendalough.

† Mrs. H. Tighe.

‡ The favourite resort of new-married couples from Dublin.

§ The Devil's Glen—so called.

Might launch a pebble to the torrent's bed—
So steep they stand: there grows no forest there;
Nor verdure, save where hardy, stunted henth
Springs from some cleft, and waves aloft in air.
See how the torrent foams around each rock,
And, furious in its intercepted course,
Flings up its surging wave with mighty heave,
And in blind phrenzy boils within its bed;
With everlasting roar and ceaseless din
Gulphs its arms and smites th' opposing rock:
Now onward let us tread. Behold a new
And lovelier scene—but not the less sublime—
Strikes on the view. With wildering forests clad
The steep and shadowy hills on either hand
Reach to the skies; forests of ancient oak
Uprear their verdant wall; while far above
Sharp spiring cliffs upraise their heads to heav'n.
See how the slanting umbrae, as toward noon
Th' ascending orb aspires—shoots lovely down
Over yon brow, and lights with living gold
The dark green shade. How fresh the forest seems—
All wet with sparkling drops of vernal rain,
Just fallen from the clouds! What fragrance breathes
From yonder banks, where wanton the wild dews
In new-born beauty mid the waving grass!
And lo! the stream, congenial to the scene,
In peaceful calmness glides along its course,
With not a sound, save the weak, babbling voice
Of infancy well pleas'd, among islets green
Lollers; while from its crystal wave the front
Of springs in speckled pride. Now onward, on,
Let us our path continue, while each step
Bids beauty rise, or strikes with scenes sublime.
Now barren, bleak and wild, on either hand,
Huge crags arise, upon whose ledgy brow
The storms of thousand years have rudely beat—
The torrent rain for centuries hath pour'd—
Nor shook their iron strength. Supreme they stand,
In sullen glory, and beat off the blast
That hurries baffled by. Now groves succeed
In sylvan grandeur: princely pine, and fir,
And stately oak, that seated on the rock
Sends far its roots, and from old mother earth
Sucks wholesome nourishment. But hark! what roar
Strikes on the ear? Lo! where the river leaps
From yonder hill in majesty of might;
Cleaving its way between the rugged rocks,
Hark! how it thunders from yon heathy height
With mad'ning bound; then sullenly along
Sweeps its proud course. Now let us onward tend,
And o'er yon barren moor for many a mile
Our path pursue, till high o'er Glenmalur,
Stern Lagnaquilen* frowns o'er bleak Drumgoff
Magnificent! The crimson ruddy ray
Of evening slanting from the western sky
Burns on his brow—enwraps his form in flame
Of red resplendent fire; along the glen
A flood of orange tinct splendour streams.
The sloping heights, all scatter'd o'er with rocks,
Loose crags, dissever'd from the mountain's brow,
And yonder work of man—old castle-walls—
Are gilt with glory. Not a sound ascends
To heaven, save the far-distant voice
Of streamlet murmuring in some distant dell.
But see! the clouds collect; and dusky night,
Spreading her sable plumes, darts o'er the ridge
Of yon sky-piercing range, whose barrier tall
With huge proportions tow'rs above the glen—
And with o'ershadowing and raven wings

* 3,070 feet high.

Broods o'er the vale. How solemn is the hour
 Here amid mountains, lifeless solitudes,
 Broad moors and barren wastes, with you black glen
 Spreading its murky length for many a mile!
 Behold the moon with pallid, spectral, ray,
 Glares out at midnight, o'er you wildring waste
 Of mountains, crags, and cliffs, and dark ravines,
 Wide-spreading out; beneath her sickly ray,
 Not smiles but saddens all the prospect round.
 'Tis fearful thus, at the lone midnight hour
 To tread the lofty brow of some stern steep;
 And from that height look down into the chasm
 Of precipice, deep yawning far below!
 Nature! how are thy scenes diversified!
 How lovely and how fearful, side by side,
 Beauty and horror with contrasted looks—
 One with a smile, the other with a frown!

Lo! morning comes again: at her return
 Creation smiles. How fresh the dawning day!
 Sweet smell the wild-flow'rs and you heathy bells,
 All wet with dew, the golden-blossom'd furze
 Sports with the infant sun-beam born in heav'n;
 The clouds disperse; the skies are clear and calm;
 The sun rides forth—the universe is glad.

Now where Avoen's tide rolls dark along,
 Let's wander, drinking deep the dalm of day.
 What varied scenes, still changing on the sight,
 This beauteous vale presents! green meadows, lawns,
 Bounded by hills and fring'd by many a grove;
 High slopes ascending to you mountain range
 Whose waving outline curves along the sky!
 Blue streams and crystal rills, that meet and mix,
 And blend their sparkling waters; you swift tide
 Foaming o'er rocks, then tranquil in its course
 Gliding with grateful murmur by you shore.

Nor in fond memory's vision be forgot
 Pure, silvery Slaney, whose translucent wave
 By Ballyglass' high hill winds on its way.
 Nor that romantic dell where deeply roars
 The spirit's waterfall*.

But hush! my heart!
 Nor longer yet extend an idle song.
 Land of my love! farewell! No more, no more
 I'll view thy varied scenes; save in the dream
 Of memory, in her wand'ring, pensive mood.
 Once more, farewell! From the deep inmost heart
 The bard bestows on thee his benison.

Frankford, C.W.

SPRING.

BY R. J. D.

How shall we greet thee, oh, beautiful spring?
 How shall our hearts meet the gifts thou wilt bring?
 Thou art coming with wreaths of new born flowers,
 Greenness, and beauty, and long sunny hours;
 Thou art coming with light, and bloom, and song,
 Music and gladness still bear thee along.

The happy will greet thee with rapture and love,
 They will drink in joy around and above;

* Pol-a-Phuca.

The sunshine of hope in their smiling eyes
 Will rival the light of thy own clear skies;
 And the dreams of love in their hearts that spring,
 Eclipse in their beauty, the buds thou wilt bring.

But the wretched—how will the wretched bear
 To contrast thy promise with their despair?
 Brightness and freshness can only impart
 A deeper gloom to the grief-withered heart,
 And the tear that starts in their sunken eye,
 To thy thrilling call, is a mute reply.

Oh, God! the tender, the faithful, the kind,
 Do Thou to misery temper the wind;
 Oh! let not the earth and thy sunny sky,
 Be nought to the heart but a mockery;
 Let it bring at least to their wounded breast
 Visions of Thee, and heaven, and rest.

Let it breathe of another and brighter spring,
 Of joys and affections that never take wing,
 Of a land where the flowers will never die,
 Where tears are wiped from the sorrowing eye,
 Where trial and suffering at length will cease,
 And the soul in Thy bosom forever find peace.

THE HOME-STAR.

Far o'er broad ocean's tide,
 Wild, dark and dreary,
 The wanderer's bark may ride,
 Storm-tost and weary;
 Winds and mad waves may war,
 Black skies bend o'er him,
 Through storm and gloom one Star
 Beams still before him.

His Father-land's heathy hill,
 Lake, glen, or wildwood,
 Broad stream or mountain rill,
 The home of his childhood,
 Over his soul will come,
 Soothingly telling
 That fond hearts there still are some
 THERE, for him swelling.

Still shines that Star to him,
 Far though he wander;
 Clouds rushing dark and grim,
 Melt from its splendour;
 Its smile, waking musings deep,
 Spell-like has bound him,
 Till wild wave, and tempest's sweep,
 Brighten around him.

AN ARABIAN FABLE.

IN men there is a lump upon the windpipe, formed by the thyroid cartilage, which is not to be seen in women; an Arabian fable says, that this is part of the original apple, that has stuck in the man's throat by the way, but that the woman swallowed her part of it down.—*Goldsmith's Animated Nature.*

MILDRED ROSIER.*

A TALE OF THE RUINED CITY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER IV.

Ou! for a soul magnanimous to know
 Poor world, thy littleness, and let thee go—
 Not with a gloomy, proud, ascetic mind,
 That loves thee still—and only hates mankind.

JANE TAYLOR.

B—LODGE, the residence of Colonel Stainer and his family, was a large modern house, which stood alone upon a little eminence that commanded the desolate prospect of Westleton heath; and in fact was the only habitation upon which the eye of the traveller could rest for many weary miles, whilst journeying along that lonely and unfrequented road. Far in the distance, the wide extent of marsh and heathy moorland was bounded by the ocean. A screen of dark hearse-like pines separated the lodge from the London road, and the few groves of beech and oak, which had been planted to protect it from the stormy assaults of the north-east winds, were yet in their infancy. The prospect was bleak and comfortless in the extreme, and, during the gloomy seasons of the year, was enough to fill the hearts of the owners of this wealthy but cheerless domain with desponding, melancholy thoughts.

It had often been asked why a man of Colonel Stainer's wealth and standing in the country, had built an expensive and handsome dwelling in such a desolate spot? The man was a heavy phlegmatic personage, with no perception of the beautiful, or taste for the picturesque. He looked upon the world as a very wicked place; and fearful lest he should be again lured into society, he thought the best way to avoid temptation was to shut out every object which might charm the senses, or create the least interest in his heart, for the earthly happiness or prosperity of his fellow men. He had not always been so indifferent a spectator of human actions; but had in early and to middle life strove hard to gratify all the animal propensities of his nature. His wealth had been profligally lavished in catering to his passions. He had been a deep drinker, a luxurious feeder, and an unprincipled libertine. Two young

and beautiful wives had lived with him long enough to descend to the grave broken-hearted. The first, a young, proud girl, of fine talents and high family, left him, at the early age of twenty-two, to take care of her three orphan infant sons. One of these, the youngest and the best-beloved of his mother, soon followed her to the tomb. His brothers survived. One was a captain in the army, and had lately been ordered to accompany his regiment to Spain; while William, the younger, a lad of fine person and excellent accomplishments, was pursuing his studies as a barrister in London. Charlotte, was the only child of the next Mrs. Stainer, a gentle, dove-like creature, who loved her selfish, stern lord, in spite of his cold, repulsive disposition, and for sixteen years was an exemplary mother and friend to his orphan sons. While Maria Stainer retained the first bloom of youth, the colonel treated her with as much tenderness as it was possible for him to feel for any woman, however nearly connected by the most sacred ties; but when those charms began to wane, and she became a neglected cipher in her own house, it was more than her gentle spirit could endure. She breathed no sigh, uttered no complaint, but yielded silently to her fate, and the cold-hearted colonel again found himself at liberty to choose another mate.

So deeply did both of her step-sons lament the loss of their sweet mother, that they left home in disgust, and had never visited it since her funeral.

Charlotte had just completed her fifteenth year at the period of her mother's death, and receiving little notice or affection from her father, her warm and affectionate heart sustained a shock, from which it had never been able to recover. For some months after this melancholy event she appeared to live entirely in the past. Her departed friend and parent was never absent from her mind. She loved to sit for hours in the chair in which her mother died; to read from the same books, and to repeat over to herself her parting words, recalling every look and action, and dwelling with tearful earnestness upon every expres-

* Continued from page 119.

sion of love and maternal solicitude which had been pronounced by her faltering lips. Poor Charlotte had indeed lost a treasure which earth could never supply, and she felt that loss in a tenfold degree whenever she sought the presence of her father, who often chid her severely for the constancy of her grief.

Two years stole heavily away, and Miss Stainer returned from a fashionable boarding school, to pay her compliments and offer her dutiful submission to a new mother. Yes, the colonel was again a benedict! But oh, how different had been his choice on the present occasion! The lady whom he now presented to his daughter was neither young nor handsome; and though she brought him an accession of fortune, this had not been the inducement which prompted him to make Miss Montague his wife. A long illness, which had brought the colonel nearly to the grave, had effected in his mind a great religious change. He had felt and acknowledged himself to be a great sinner, and his repentance had been marked by all the bitter humiliation which a proud, sullen mind, feels when it suddenly finds itself in the wrong, trembles at its danger, and is willing to make any and every sacrifice to escape from the punishment it anticipates.

With strong groans and cries he had wrestled with the accusing spirit. His prayers had been heard—his tears accepted—and he became a new creature. His repentance was deep and sincere; but it affected by its intensity the sanity of the convert. Instead of going on his way in peace, rejoicing in the salvation he had sought and found, he thought, by severe mortification of the flesh, and constant religious exercises, to atone for the past, and keep alive the mental excitement, which now influenced all his words and actions. To enjoy more privacy and to exclude himself entirely from the world, he spent the two years of his daughter's absence in building the Lodge, which was gloomy and retired enough to have satisfied the mono-mania of St. Anthony himself.

The little village of B——, with its fine old gothic church, was two miles distant from the lodge; but it was not to this ancient shrine that our stern Neophyte carried his vows, and before which he bent his knee. The large, scattered parish, with its few inhabitants, only commended the services of the Episcopalian minister once in three weeks; besides Mr. Mason was an easy-going man, who cared little for his own salvation, and still less for the salvation of the souls which had been entrusted by a negligent vicar to his care. If he could fish and shoot, during the season, and play at whist and backgammon of an evening with the village schoolmaster, and a knot of favourite cronies, it was a matter of perfect

indifference to him whether he was regarded by his flock as a man of God or not. He received the magnificent stipend of fifty pounds a year for preaching at three churches, some five miles distant from each other, once every Sunday; and he thought, and many others were of the same opinion, that the poor parson performed a great deal for a very small remuneration. The poor people would say with a significant shake of the head that Parson Mason was a fine man, but nobody could hear what he said, for he preached like a bee in a warning-pan. It was hardly possible that such a pastor as the one I have just described, could satisfy the spiritual cravings of an awakened sinner like Colonel Stainer. He had confided to him while upon his sick bed the distracted state of his mind; and had sought comfort and assistance of one who was more ignorant and benighted than himself. In order to conceal his own gross blindness and indifference, the curate turned his rich friend's conversion into ridicule, and pronounced him a fit inmate for T—— mad-house. This insult the colonel bore with the fortitude of a martyr. He gloried in persecution, and courted the title, which the worldly priest had flattered himself would, by operating upon his pride, cure him of his folly.

If the gallant officer was mad, there certainly was method in his madness; for, having decided that whatever others did, he and his house would serve the Lord, he separated himself abruptly from all his former friends and associates; discharged his old domestics, and hired in their room people deeply imbued with the fanatical evangelicalism of that day, which condemned as light and profane all who did not wear the same gloomy livery, and adopt the same austere creed with themselves. To do the colonel justice, if he erred, he did so in the full conviction that he was right—that the sacrifices he made were serious duties which conscience demanded at his hands, and which as a consistent Christian he was bound to perform. The Roman patriot, when he sacrificed his sons for the good of his country, was not more firm in the stern grandeur of his purpose, than our awakened sinner was in his; and he endeavoured to prove his consistency by the austere manner in which he strove to bend to his will the unresisting but equally firm spirit of his daughter.

Before his conversion to his new creed, Colonel Stainer had encouraged an attachment which had been growing up from childhood, between Charlotte and the nephew of his first wife, a young man of good family, high principles, and independent fortune. So great a favourite was Lewis Chatworth, at one time with the colonel, that he seldom was suffered to absent himself

many days at a time from the Lodge; and so certain was its owner of his one day becoming his son, that in addressing him he generally styled him familiarly "my son Lewis." While *basking in the sunshine of the colonel's favour*, and certain of the affections of his lovely and loving Charlotte, Lewis little imagined that the day was near at hand, when he should seek admittance within those doors which had witnessed the sports of his childhood—and seek in vain; that the man who had so often extended to him the right hand of fellowship, would regard him in the light of an alien; and that the mistress whom he adored would listen to his protestations of unaltered and unalterable love, with sighs and tears.

For a long time after his conversion, Colonel Stainer's regard for the young man struggled against his conviction, that it was a sinful act to encourage his suit to his daughter; but the gloomy and fanatical spirit at length prevailed; and he seriously informed his astonished auditor, that he must either become decidedly pious, professing the same views as he held himself, or relinquish all claim to the hand of his daughter. At first, surprised and amused, Lewis Chatworth only laughed at his old friend's zeal; but when at length he was convinced that the matter was no jest, he implored him in the most earnest and pathetic manner, to revoke his sentence, or at least to give him time to think over his strange proposal. To this latter request the colonel gave his reluctant consent, and the young man still continued his visits, for some time after the Lodge had received its new mistress.

It is now time to say something of Mrs. Stainer, the only woman who had been able to obtain any influence over the cold, stern character of the colonel. During one of his most melancholy fits of pious self-upbraiding, he had met her at the house of a mutual friend, and, struck with the serious dignity of her deportment, and her unaffected zeal in the cause, which, to do her justice, was very dear to her heart, he had been encouraged to confide to her his own experience, earnestly soliciting her advice and assistance. This was given so frankly and effectually, that it won the heart of the obliged party, and finding that the religious lady, whose conversation had afforded him so much comfort and satisfaction, was *single, and her affections disengaged*, he in return, made her the offer of his hand and fortune. His suit was accepted, and to his no small surprise, the youthful wooer found the property of his third wife was very little inferior to his own. Mrs. Stainer was really a good woman, and had the interest of her friends sincerely at heart; but her character was stern and uncon-

promising, and she regarded all beyond the circle of her narrow and bigoted creed, as vessels of dishonour, fitted for destruction. On her arrival at the Lodge, the whole house underwent a thorough reformation. One of its spacious apartments was fitted up as a private chapel; all the pictures from the old masters that adorned the walls, were removed as sensual and profane, savouring too much of idolatry. A sober style of furniture and draperies superseded the gay and elegant decorations in which the second Mrs. Stainer once delighted; and her successor, suiting her own costume to the sober aspect of the house, was arrayed with a plainness and precision which was quite conventional. Her domestic arrangements were conducted with the utmost order and regularity. There was a time to rise in the morning, and a time to lie down at night; a time to read and a time to pray; a time to work and a time to teach; but no time for idleness—none for play. Every moment of the long summer day was used, not abused; and the ever active mind of Mrs. Stainer never rested one moment for the lack of something to do.

There was the Poor drawer, which contained every article of worn apparel, which could be converted into garments for the indigent. There was the Tract drawer, well stored with the best and most instructive of this valuable class of writing for the wants of the people—the distribution of which afforded wholesome exercise, and gave the donor an opportunity of visiting in person the abodes of the poor. There was the Medicine drawer, amply provided with the most effectual and simple remedies for the suffering and destitute, and which likewise contained a private purse, for the procuring of nourishing diet for those who were recovering from the effects of disease.

Then there was the Missionary box, the poor box, and half a dozen other boxes; the collecting and management of whose contents fell entirely upon Mrs. Stainer. Her whole existence was devoted to works of charity; and though her manner was rather dictatorial and forbidding, her heart was in the right place, and she never considered the amount of fatigue and labour she endured in a good cause. Unfortunately she expected too much of others. What she was able to perform herself she considered another might do; and she never listened to any excuse which could be urged, if it at all interfered with religious duty.

A few afternoons spent in the company of young Chatworth brought her to the conclusion that he was not a fit husband for Miss Stainer, although she at present was both personally and mentally unknown to that young lady. He was what the

world called a good young man; that is, he was steady in his habits, substituting a godless morality for vital piety; and after endeavouring to convert him from the error of his ways, and finding him obstinately adhering to his own opinions, she gave him up, and denounced him as a heathen man and publican. Her opinion was all powerful with the colonel, who had surrendered his mind and the management of his affairs entirely to her guidance; and before Charlotte returned from school, Lewis found himself no longer a visitor at the house.

This was a severe blow to the young and susceptible Charlotte; and when entreated upon by her father to give up all idea of becoming Lewis Chatworth's wife, she shewed an obstinacy of resistance, and a determination to have her own way, which greatly annoyed her stepmother, who, without meaning it, commenced a course of petty persecutions, which rendered the unhappy girl so miserable that it greatly impaired her intellect, and made her look upon the religion which her parents professed as a cruel system of tyranny; the very opposite to the merciful and gentle creed of Him whom they called their Lord and Master, and whose blessed example they professed to imitate and make the rule of their lives and actions. A sort of "antagonism" had thus unavoidably sprung up between Mrs. Stainer and her stepdaughter; and the colonel, taking part with his wife, left the poor girl no other alternative than a sullen and silent dissent from their opinions, and a fixed determination never to bestow her hand on any man, but the one who, she considered, had been unjustly dismissed from her presence, and treated with a contempt which he did not deserve.

In spite of the prohibition, the lovers had contrived to meet, and, as might have been expected, had renewed their vows and protestations of eternal fidelity.

But as the rock, in time, is worn by the constant action of the wintry torrent until it cuts itself a channel through the solid stone, the oft-repeated lectures, long prayers, and severe denunciations of her parents began to operate, in spite of herself, upon the mind of Charlotte Stainer. She began to suspect that all was not right with her—that it was sinful to resist the commands of those whom God had placed in authority over her—that however her affections were, being at variance with their precepts, they must be right, and she must be wrong. A deep melancholy took possession of her mind. In the solitude of her own chamber she spent hours upon her knees. Her tears flowed continually, her appetite forsook her, sleep departed from her pillow, and she was but the shadow of herself.

While her parents hailed this lamentable state of non-resistance, as a sure token of their daughter's conversion, strangers gazed upon her with pity, and concluded that the young, drooping, tear-eyed being before them, was slowly sinking into the grave, a bruised and broken reed, that had bowed before the force of the gale. Things were in this state when Mrs. Stainer's visit to Dunwich seemed to recall the wandering mind of Charlotte back to the things of earth. The happy smiling countenance of Mildred Rosier was such a contrast to the sad, melancholy faces, which she saw daily around her, that it broke like a gleam of sunshine through the dark clouds of despondency which had gathered over her heart. Forbidden to mention the name of one whom she had been taught to love from childhood, and whom she still held dearer than aught in this world of woe, she hailed in Mildred Rosier a friend whom she might love without sin—into whose affectionate bosom she could pour out all her griefs; and receive in return those tender demonstrations of regard and sympathy for which she had so long pined in vain.

"Shall you send the carriage for Mrs. and Miss Rosier today, ma'm'm?" she asked of her stepmother, in a tremulous voice, as they sat together at work a few days after their return from the ruined city.

"Certainly," was Mrs. Stainer's reply. "It is a duty incumbent upon us to do all we can to promote the best interests of these strangers, and advance as far as we are able our Master's Kingdom. Nature has done much for the daughter; but I fear she is entirely ignorant of the power of religion. You, Charlotte, may do much to persuade her to renounce her present errors."

"I am a bad teacher," sighed Charlotte; "instead of my being the instructor, I need myself to be instructed. Miss Rosier appears happy at present. Surely where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

"Oh, Charlotte! Charlotte! how much of the world was in that speech!—how little of vital godliness exists in your heart! Are you ever to be told that friendship with the world is enmity to God. Yet you prefer the heathen state of this poor blinded girl to the glorious light of Gospel truth."

"Oh! that that light would indeed dawn upon my soul!" said Charlotte, mournfully. "All is dark, dark as Egyptian night! My soul cleaves to the dust; and those appear to me the most enviable who are ignorant, as I was a year ago, of the weakness and wickedness of their own fallen nature."

"Until you are brought to this state, Charlotte, your conversion is utterly hopeless. While you

mourn and weep, I rejoice to see the rock smitten, and the waters of repentance gushing out."

"You cannot see my heart," said Charlotte. "You cannot know the dark and desperate thoughts that are brooding there. Papa and you deceive yourselves, when you think me progressing in piety. I believe that Mildred Rosier is both holier and better than me, simply, because she is happy, and I, of all creatures, am the most miserable."

"One great good has already resulted from the change which you have experienced," said Mrs. Stainer. "One for which you cannot be too thankful. Your father informs me that you have at last promised to give up young Chatworth; your obstinate resistance to his will has occasioned the colonel no small uneasiness."

"I am glad papa is satisfied with the sacrifice," said Charlotte, the tears gushing from her eyes. "As for me, I feel that I shall never be happy again; and now that the matter is decided, I must beg that the subject be dropped forever."

Mrs. Stainer took the hint, and instantly turned the conversation. "We expect a friend of mine to officiate at our prayer meeting tonight," she said; "a man of great talent and decided piety. I am sure your father will be delighted with the Rev. Ebenezer Strong."

"Is he a married man?" asked Charlotte, carelessly, without feeling at all interested in Mrs. Stainer's reply.

"He has not entered into the marriage relation," returned the lady. "Happy will that woman be who obtains such a guide to lead her to heaven."

In spite of her step-mother's eulogium, Charlotte set Mr. Strong down as a very disagreeable person, and she retired to her own room to anticipate the arrival of Mildred Rosier as an epoch in her existence.

But this visit, so eagerly anticipated by Charlotte Stainer, was regarded by Mildred as a decided bore, and she saw the carriage drive up to the Brook Farm, with feelings of disgust and aversion.

"It rains so hard, mamma, I am sure we cannot go," she said; "such a dreary ride upon such a dull day, is enough to give one the horrors. Pray send the carriage away, and say that we cannot come."

"Mildred, I shall do no such thing," was the reply. "What is the rain to us—we shall be comfortably protected from it. I mean to go, so you may run up stairs and make yourself ready as quick as you can."

"Oh, how I dread this dull visit!" returned Mildred, as she still loitered at the door. "What

shall I put on, mamma? I have not a single dress fit to be seen."

"Your brown silk will do."

"That old thing! I made out of Aunt Jane's turned gown! Had I not better wear the blue one, it is not quite so shabby as that?"

"It is too fine," returned Mrs. Rosier, shaking her head. "Mrs. Stainer would be sure to read you a lecture on the impropriety of your dress. The brown gown will suit you better; and you look well enough in it."

"The blue is the most becoming," said Mildred, unconsciously twisting her fingers in her long fair curls. "Let her scold; I do not mean to look a shabby fright to please her. How do you know, mamma, but that I may win the heart of the Methodist parson?" she added with a laugh. "It would be good fun to bring the saint to his knees."

And away ran Mildred to array her lovely person with as much taste as her scanty wardrobe would allow.

"Now do stand still, my darling, while I fasten your frock neatly," said old Abigail, as she stood upon a footstool (for she was very short), peering through her spectacles at her young lady's back.

"Why, my dear, you hu' grown so fat since this here gown was made that my old fingers will never be able to drag it too."

"Mildred! Mildred! are you ready?" called Mrs. Rosier, at the foot of the stairs.

"Presently, mamma. Pull away, old lady, and don't be afraid of hurting me."

"Lord bless me! there a' goes all together! Dear, dear! what shall we do?"

"Run and fetch the old brown gown—ty, ty, ty! There's the last of my best frock. Well, mamma was right, after all."

"Mildred, be quick!" called Mrs. Rosier, her patience nearly exhausted, "or I must go without you."

"I wish you would," thought Mildred, as she hurried on her shawl. "I know it will be a hateful visit."

A tall, serious looking footman opened the carriage door, and closing it after the ladies, with a very solemn air, called out to the coachman—"To progress."

"Surely he does not take us for pilgrims," said Mildred, highly delighted with this piece of grave affectation. "What fools there are in this world! I suppose this man with his long hypocritical face is Mrs. Stainer's heavenly-minded footman."

"He seems a very nice young man," said Mrs. Rosier.

"Nice!" returned Mildred; "what a perversion of that word! We talk of nice cakes, nice fruit, nice sweetmeats, and even—but not very

correctly—of nice sweethearts; but a nice footman! Of all the nondescript animals we meet with in travelling through the great human menagerie, called the world, a footman belongs to the most degraded class. As regards his independence, he is far inferior to the dog. That noble quadruped at least possesses a coat of his own; but the human biped must wear the harlequin dress which suits his master's fancy."

"My dear Mildred, you must repress that satirical vein of yours," said her mother; "it does not become one so young. Try to collect your thoughts and fix them for once upon serious subjects;" and, sinking back in the carriage, the good lady endeavoured to assume the most mournful countenance imaginable. Mildred looked inexpressibly droll, but dared not laugh outright, as she did not wish to wound her mother's feelings; and her thoughts were soon travelling back to the old ruined city; and finally halted in the vaults of the grey priory. What they wanted there, or with whom she was busily engaged in an imaginary conversation, is best known to herself; but so engrossed was she with her visionary companion, that night had shut in the wet dreary day, and the coach had stopped before the iron gates of the lodge before Mildred started from her fit of castle building.

The steps of the vehicle were slowly lowered, and the footman once more presented himself; and stretching out his arm, uttered in the same solemn tone as before—"Ladies, descend."

Without accepting his proffered aid, Mildred sprang down the steps, and bounded over the gravel walk; she was met at the front door by Miss Stainer, who received the giddy girl in her arms.

"Dear Miss Rosier, I am so happy to see you."

"Don't call me Miss Rosier; I hate that dull, formal Miss. I mean to get married as soon as I can, if only to get rid of that title—Miss. It puts me in mind of school days: if the governess was angry with me it was always Miss: if I could not say my lesson, 'Miss, you have been a very idle girl'; if I rent my frock in a bramble bush, 'Miss, how careless you are: Miss, I'll tell your mamma, and so on, through all the chapter of accidents that could happen to a romping girl, who loved play better than work."

"Well, you shall be my dear Mildred, then," whispered Charlotte, as she led the way up stairs; "if you will only promise to do as you would be done by, and call me plain Charlotte."

"You must not look so grave, then," said Mildred; "what melancholy countenances you all have. Your very servants look like nutes at a funeral. Do you really think it's a sin to laugh?"

"I don't know," replied Charlotte; "mamma says so; and were you one of us, you would feel little inclination to give way to mirth."

"I should be very sorry to be one of you," said Mildred, "if that is really the case. St. Paul, and you will allow him to be good authority, says, 'Rejoice ever more.' Religion, as I understand it, should render people happy instead of miserable."

"I thought so once," returned Charlotte, with a sigh.

"What has made you alter your opinion?"

"Experience."

"Perhaps you are in the wrong, after all. Falsehood so often looks like truth, that it requires wiser heads than ours to determine what is right or wrong; but this, without being much of a theologian, I firmly believe, that truth cannot contradict itself, and never looks like falsehood."

"It is a mystery," said Charlotte, "and the subject is one of too great importance to treat lightly: It has made me very unhappy, and I once thought as little about it as you do, Mildred; but we were not sent into the world to follow our own inclinations, and do as we please. If we would win heaven we must be prepared to give up all that is near and dear to us on earth." She sighed deeply, then turning quickly to Mildred, said—"Those who are predestined to be saved, will be saved. As to the rest they are all blinded. I feel I belong to the latter class; may you, dear girl, be found in the former."

"You surely do not hold that dreadful creed!" returned Mildred, anxiously gazing upon the pale countenance of Charlotte, whose dark eyes were at that moment flashing with a wild unearthly fire.

"It is written in the book—it must be true," said Charlotte. "But come, let me introduce you to some of the elect; those who have been accepted and are beyond the power of temptation."

Shuddering, she knew not why, and half doubting the sanity of her fair young companion, Mildred followed her down stairs, and was formally introduced to the colonel and his friends. Tea was upon the table, and after a very long grace from a Mr. Jonas Death, they were duly arranged round the evening board.

The lofty spacious apartment was dimly lighted by two tall wax candles. The fire burnt gloomily, and the heavy dark green damask curtains which concealed the windows, and fell in massy folds to the floor, gave a funeral aspect to the scene. Mrs. Stainer, arrayed with primitive neatness, presided at the table, which was covered with a plain but substantial meal. There were no cakes, nor sweetmeats, to tempt the appetites of the dainty or luxurious. Good bread, captains' biscuits,

and fresh butter, composed the repast, with very weak tea, for fear of affecting the nerves; sugar was not allowed: the mistress of the house having taken a vow never to use any produce from the West Indies until the abolition of the slave-trade, which question first began to be agitated by Clarkson and Wilberforce, those immortal champions of the rights of man.

The master of the house, who presided at the lower end of the table, was a man of large stature, with strongly marked features, a high, narrow forehead, and sallow complexion. The straight, lank, black hair, was partially worn away from his temples, and the large, heavy, dark eyes, appeared stationary, from their fixed and almost immovable expression. He seldom spoke, and his voice was deep and husky; in short, his whole appearance and manners were sullen and forbidding.

At his right was placed a raw, bony-looking Yorkshireman, with a broad, red face, flat nose, wide, good-tempered looking mouth, small, twinkling grey eyes, and deep red hair. Could this man, with his sly, sidelong glance, and look of covert humour, be a man of God? He was a Baptist minister, an excellent preacher, and discharged his duties with more zeal than many, who, from their superior personal and mental endowments, promised more. He was what an Italian would have called "an ugly servant of God."

This was Mr. Ebenezer Strong, who had been the chief instrument in the conversion of Mrs. Stainer, and who now regarded the two young ladies with a smiling countenance, and addressed them with a frankness which made Mildred almost forget his homely, vulgar exterior.

Mr. Death, a slender young gentleman, with a most benign placidity of countenance, was seated between the young ladies. A dwarf in stature, he was eulogised by Mrs. Stainer as a giant in prayer. Mildred thought; as she contemplated this diminutive Goliath, that he looked as if he had lain for three weeks in the fishy prison, from which his celebrated namesake was, fortunately for himself, ejected in three days—so wondrously spare, and pale, and lank, did Mr. Jonas Death appear. Then, what a name! It seemed like the annihilation of living hope. How could he ask a lady to bear such? Death!—it seemed enough to frighten away a whole legion of Cupids.

"I once knew a doctor of your name, Sir," said Mrs. Rosier, addressing the solemn young gentleman.

"Oh, yes, mamma!" said Mildred. "What a handsome, agreeable young man he was! and so full of wit and humour. How he used to laugh at his brother, the undertaker, and tell him that

he made work for him! Don't you remember Miss Roberts?—how pleased she was with the doctor! She told her sister that if death came in such an agreeable shape, she would like to die every day!"

"What profane people you have known!" groined forth Mr. Jonas. "Death is not a subject to be lightly spoken of; my name should give rise to serious thoughts. Death is the gate through which the soul must take its final flight to heaven or hell!"

"You must not be too hard upon the young lady, brother Death," said Mr. Strong, helping himself to a huge slice of bread and butter. "You should have compassion upon those who are without the camp. They cannot see with our eyes, or hear with our ears."

"Nor can we expect in our turn," said Mildred with a smile, "to charm with worldly eloquence, 'the dull cold ear of Death!'"

"Young lady," said the minister, "Nature has endowed you with a very dangerous weapon. The sooner you sheathe it forever, the better. The wounds which it inflicts are apt to recoil upon the possessor."

"I was wrong," said Mildred, blushing deeply. "I will endeavour not to offend in this way again."

"Young lady," said Mr. Strong, rising, and shaking Mildred warmly by the hand; "I like your candid spirit. The heart that can frankly own itself in the wrong is not far from right. Keep your heart, my daughter, for out of it are the issues of life."

"We shall be friends," said Mildred, "though I will own that I did not like you at first."

"Very probable. You think more of the beauty of the perishing body than of the graces of the soul. I was not handsome enough to please you."

"Perhaps not," said Mildred.

"And you have a natural horror of methodists and dissenters?"

"I was born and brought up in the faith of the established church," returned Mildred.

"And you look upon all who differ from you in opinion as vulgar hypocrites?"

"Nay, you must not question me too closely," said Mildred, looking archly up into her tormentor's face, "or I may happen to tell the truth."

"I would wish you always to tell the truth," said Mr. Strong; "neither am I the least annoyed or offended with you. But beware of my friend Death. He is too grave a person to trifle with."

"I will keep as far from him as possible," said Mildred. "I would rather ensure a strong friend against the darts of the enemy."

"There you are transgressing again," said the minister. "I begin to fear that there are small hopes of your conversion. Yet I could wish that you were as good as you are fair. Dismiss all bigotry and prejudice from your mind, and lend an attentive ear to the truths you are privileged to hear tonight."

"I will," said Mildred, gravely.

"May God grant you the hearing ear and the believing heart," returned Mr. Strong, solemnly; "of ourselves we can do nothing."

The tea equipage having been removed, Mrs. Stainer produced some beautiful painted chimney ornaments, which she and Miss Stainer had been preparing for a Bazaar, the proceeds of which were to further the education of native children in the East Indies.

"Have you any trifles of this kind, Miss Rosier, to contribute? The smallest donations will be acceptable," said Mrs. Stainer.

"I am sorry that I cannot draw," returned Mildred. "I should have felt much pleasure in lending my aid in such a noble cause."

"A few shillings would not impoverish you greatly," said the elder lady.

"I have left my purse at home," said Mildred, much embarrassed, for indeed she had little to give.

"That's unfortunate. But if you cannot afford money, have you not some little useless ornament you could bestow, to further this great end?"

"The maiden would look much better," said the colonel, speaking for the first time, "without that useless piece of vanity about her neck. Modesty, accompanied by a meek spirit, is the best ornament for a Christian woman."

"I am of our opinion, James," said his lady, gently unclasping a small pearl necklace, to which was suspended a locket with hair, from Mildred's neck. "Cannot you give this to aid in the extension of the Saviour's kingdom?"

"Indeed," said Mildred, the tears starting to her eyes, "I cannot give that; it was a present from my dear Aunt Jane, and the locket contains my father's hair. I would not part with it for ten times its weight in gold."

"Beware of covetousness, which is idolatry, young lady," said the minister. "The more value you attach to the toy, the more acceptable will be the sacrifice."

"Take this," said Mildred, drawing a ring from her finger. "It is not the intrinsic value of the necklace which makes me reluctant to part with it; but the value which circumstances have attached to it. God, we are told, loveth a cheerful giver: there is no charity in my gift, for I consider it extorted from me."

"It will not do less good to the poor benighted

heathen, nevertheless," said Mrs. Stainer, slipping the ring into one of the mysterious looking little boxes which graced the mantel-shelf. "It was the spoils of the Egyptians which sent out the empty and hungry children of Israel full."

"I wish my ring was on my finger again," thought Mildred, as she re-clasped the pearl necklace about her snow-white throat. "It, too, was the present of a dear friend."

The tall, serious footman, announced at this moment—"that the Lord's people were assembled in the chapel,"—and a general movement took place. In the next room Mildred found about forty people collected together, the greater part of whom were the colonel's tenants, and the poor cottagers in the neighbourhood.

In spite of herself, Mildred, who was rather inclined to scoff at all that was passing around her, felt a solemn awe creep over her spirit, as a number of simple voices joined in the beautiful hymn—"God moves in a mysterious way." The deep, clear tones of Ebenezer Strong's voice, as he pronounced a plain but eloquent prayer, appropriate to the wants of all present, thrilled to her heart, and actually filled her eyes with tears; she sighed unconsciously, and wished—sincerely wished—that she was good. This unuttered prayer was perhaps the most acceptable service of the evening, to Him who judges not as men judge, but looks upon the heart.

While Mr. Strong was expounding the chapter for the night, Mildred's attention was arrested from the preacher, by the deadly paleness which she observed stealing over the face of Charlotte, and, following the fixed gaze of her eye, she beheld standing behind Colonel Stainer's chair, a young man of noble appearance, whose fine face and gentlemanly bearing proclaimed him a person of superior rank and intelligence to those around him. The next moment Charlotte was fainting in her chair. Mildred rose hastily to support her falling friend. A slight bustle ensued. The application of strong salts restored the wandering senses of the poor girl; and leaning her head upon the bosom of her young friend, she silently wept.

"Are you ill, dear Charlotte?" whispered Mildred.

"Sick—heart-sick."

"What has affected you thus?"

"The sight of him. Good heavens! what brought him here tonight?"

A glance from Mrs. Stainer put a stop to their whispered conversation; and after a long prayer from Jonas Death, followed by another from the serious footman, the colonel concluded the services of the evening with a short exhortation: Mr. Strong pronounced the blessing and the company dispersed. The stranger alone retained his place,

and after the rest had retired, he stepped up to the colonel, and holding out his hand, said—

“Good night, Colonel Stainer.”

“Sir,” said the colonel, drawing back, “what brought you here tonight?”

“A mixed motive,” returned the other, proudly but frankly. “I came to see if I could pray with you, and to look once more upon my betrothed wife—your daughter.”

“Charlotte, leave the room,” said Mrs. Stainer, in a calm voice; “this scene is not likely to increase your devotions.”

Miss Stainer instantly obeyed. Mildred followed her into the hall.

“Stay—do stay! and let me know all that passes between them,” whispered Charlotte. “Oh! Lewis—my dear, noble Lewis! this rash step will only accelerate my fate.”

So saying, she rushed up stairs, and Mildred stepped back into the chapel; but her curiosity was ungratified; Lewis Chatworth was gone, and Mrs. Stainer informed her that the carriage was waiting to convey her and her mother home.

And thus ended the events of this dreaded evening, and Mildred Rosier's first visit to the Lodge.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PRODIGAL SON.

SUGGESTED BY AN ENGRAVING FROM SALVATOR ROSA.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

He kneels amid the brutish herd,
But not in dark despair;
For passion's holiest depths are stirred,
And grief finds vent in prayer.

Not abject, though in wretchedness;
For faith and hope supply,
In this dread hour of deep distress,
Their feelings pure and high.

While thus a suppliant he kneels,
“Cast down but not destroyed,”
A sweeter bliss his sorrow feels
Than riot ere enjoyed.

“I will arise,” his looks declare,
“And seek my father's face:
His servants still have bread to spare;
Be mine a servant's place.”

And soon each penitential hope
For him shall be fulfilled;
For him his father's arms shall open;
The fatted calf be killed.

O! Penitence! how strong thy spell,
O'er hearts by anguish riven!
Victorious over death and hell,
Of mercy's power it loves to tell,
And whispers, for despair's stern knell,
“Repent! and be forgiven!”

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. IV.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

SYLLA AT ORCHOMENUS.

When from Athens's conquer'd towers,
The Roman with his warlike powers,

To Orchomenus came—
Those dauntless legions who had given
The Piræus to the winds of heaven,
And wrapped her halls in flame—

Led on by him, whose vengeful pride,
The love of glory turned aside.

Who, viewing Athens, said—
“Not for the living would I spare
Thy princely domes and temples fair;
I save thee, for the dead!”

“The spirits of thy mighty ones
Plead for their base, degenerate sons—
I will not lay thee low!”

This tribute to the fallen brave,
The first—last mercy, Sylla gave,
To supplicating foe.

Eager for fame—athirst for blood—
Victorious both by land and flood,
He led his mighty host
To battle, on that fearful day;
But victory darkly turned away,
He saw that all was lost.

He marked his legions turn for flight,
And stung to madness at the sight,
He vaulted from his steed—
The standard from the trembling hand
Of one of that fear-stricken band,
Seized in his desperate need!

This well-known voice in thunder rose,
Above the shout of charging foes,
As dauntlessly he cried—
“My arm alone the strife shall try,
Be mine a glorious death to die,
Or live, my country's pride!”

“And, soldiers! when proud Rome demands
The fate of Sylla at your hands,
Blush when the tale ye tell—
How, panic-struck, the field ye left,
Your leader all of aid bereft,
At Orchomenus fell!”

The legions, touched with generous shame,
Now swear by haughty Sylla's name—
“To conquer or to die!”
The foe give back—the strife is o'er,
And shouts that shake the distant shore,
Proclaim their victory!

BYRON says “Friendship is a dangerous word for young ladies—it is Love full-fledged, waiting for a fine day to fly.”

AUGUSTUS O'FLINN.

A TALE OF CANADA.

BY QUIZ.

"Nay, doubt me not! let suspicion be annihilated, and confidence with her soul-cheering beams irradiate thy heavenly countenance. By the loves of Jupiter and Leda! I love you, Margaret, and I shall win thee too! though mountains of blackest opposition should raise their embattled fronts across my path. Repose upon my fidelity, I am no changeling; and happiness shall be ours forever."

"But, Augustus, you know that I am an only child, and my father has set his heart upon my marriage with Jimmy Brown, because he is rich, and his farm joins ours; and besides, we can scarcely be said to know each other, it is so short a time since you came to the country, and Jimmy Brown——"

"Perdition seize Jimmy Brown! and twice ten thousand furies tear him into rags! Margaret, hear me! I know your father's obstinacy, and that he has set his heart upon the match, and wishes to leave his property and the fair lands of Burnside to that dun monster who daily visits him, to spend his time in playing draughts, while he gazes upon your radiant face. I know of the hateful compact—I know the tyranny of sordid gold, and the chains that are even now forged to enchain you. I know that your father will press you soon to consummate the match, and thus plunge me into the abyss of woe—of dark, unfathomable grief. I know, that Brown already thinks you are his own, and has prepared his house, and decked it with fresh paint and brilliant ornaments, for the jewel of his heart. All this I know; but, by the fates, I swear——"

"Nay, Augustus! don't if you please; It's very naughty to swear, and you should be careful, for you know father is an elder and doesn't like it."

"Charmer! I am rebuked. Pardon my indiscreetness; 'tis *thy* fault, that, so transported with my rage, I talk so. I have already marked the fierce looks with which your lover regards me. Clothopper that he is, let him fear my arm when winged with love! Never shall his brawny arms enclose perfection; but let his limbo fade from

my mind; let us talk of the past in which our loves commenced, and of the future which is encircled with radiance by the thought of thee."

"Do, Augustus, for I love to hear you talk; but draw near to the stove, for it is cold, and nobody will disturb us, for father has gone to the village and will not be back till nine o'clock, and I let Betty and Dolly go out to see their friends this evening."

"Enchanting fair one! there is no winter with me in thy presence, no cold, no chill, although without the winter rages in its frightful dreariness. Alas! Margaret, I am afraid that the tedious night of your Canadian winter is but the type of my future prospects. Do you remember, dearest, the night we first met on the banks of the bright majestic Ottawa? I had landed at Quebec a few weeks before, and had wandered through its steep inaccessibilities, with the hope of discovering some channel through which my abilities might be displayed, so as to secure at once subsistence and a prospect of success. Alas! I could find none, and my glowing fancy was chilled by the ingratitude of the world. I had no success there, and at Montreal it was the same. No sheltering arms to welcome, no cheerful smile to enliven. I felt as if the desolation of darkness had folded herself up into the smallest possible dimensions and nestled in my despairing bosom, with all her train."

"But had you no letters of introduction?"

"Fairest, no! not one! I scorn not to confess, for love has no concealments, that I left Dublin in circumstances which rendered impracticable any attempt to secure such missives. Pity me, dearest, for my history is sad, and might wring tears of sorrow even from angel's eyes. But thy tender bosom shall not now be torn with the recital; rather will I bear in sorrow the rankling arrow that festers in my agonised and too confiding heart. I will be calm—I will forget the blow, the poisoned draught; the ungrateful friend; the cruel, cruel bill; the flight, and all its woe."

"Do, I beg of you, Augustus, tell me all about it, for I so delight to hear your talk, it is so like

the gentlemen in the stories I have read: you talk so pleasant, and poetry-like."

"Loveliest, and best! your wishes are commands—you to obey is life, is joy, is bliss, is everything. You are my star, my angel, and my all! Yet, dearest, would the full recital tire you; but I will trace the outline—the *Justitia prima*, as Doctor O'Doherty used to say, of my eventful tale. Know then that I was born in Tooley Street, Dublin, No. 604, right hand side going up, near the sign of the 'Harp and Piper.' Fortune smiled deceitful on my birth. My mother was the impersonation of maternal perfectibility: pure as the dew drop, and loving as the kiss of youthful love. My father was—my father; but I will not picture him in the dark colors of blighted affection. He wore a wig, and buckles on his shoes; he was stern and commanding, opposed to juvenile and adolescent pleasures; bent upon his gains, his coffers, and his orders. He wished to make me an attorney, as he had himself been before he retired from the toils of his profession in Tooley Street, to his delightful country residence—'Chancery Grove.' But my soul revolted from such slavery; I could not live on the miseries of my fellow creatures, my unadulterated soul was bedimmed and shackled by the cruel processes, of writs, and suits, and all the torturing windings of the Law. The wide fields and stately halls of 'Chancery Grove' were as nothing to me, compared with the free indulgence of delicious imagination. I was a free-souled Irishman, devoted to divine liberty, and scorned the unmanly game of tricks which lawyers deal in; and besides it was awful hard work to lag in, copying papers from morning to night."

"Oh, the lawyers are a nasty set, for I was once a witness, and they would never let me alone with their questions."

"True, dearest! thy experience is limited; but it is true. I thank fortune I am no lawyer. I had received a splendid education under private tutors; and when just nineteen, was sent from the repose and luxury of 'Chancery Grove,' its cooling grottos, its marble halls, its lawns, and parks, and battlemented glories, and all the pomp of a retired attorney's full perfected mansion, to the dingy office of Counsellor O'Leary, and the dreariness of a monotonous existence. Do you know dearest, I came near dying of the city fever; I was oppressed by its bustle, and anxiety, its crowded streets, its jostling crowds, its roar, its glitter, its ten thousand lights."

"Just as I felt when I went down to Montreal last fall, when father was going to sell his stock."

"Montreal, dearest, is but nonentity, a miserable set of crooked lanes, a petty village, a miserable, mercantile-ridden, ignorant village, com-

pared with Dublin. But you shall see Dublin, dearest, with your own sweet eyes; you shall judge of it, for your own sweet self, and see the splendors of 'Chancery Grove,' in the sweetest of the Ocean Isles, in the magnificence of unmitigated imagery. But I wander; pardon me, dearest, I forget myself when I gaze upon your loveliness, and conjure up visions of future delight for the imagination to revel in, unsatiated and unlogged.

"It was Tom Durfee that awoke me to life in Dublin. It was Tom that banished the traces of home sickness from my too sensitive mind; that expelled the soul-ennervating thought of a mother's tenderness, (she was an O'Grady and was noted for her fine feelings,) and at last purged my intellectual vision, and fitted it for the enjoyment of the splendors which crowd upon the enraptured senses. It was Tom that did this—but alas! for friendship, for gratitude, for protestations, for the bonds of mutual conjunction—Tom proved ungrateful, and deceived his friend. My feelings stagger under the recollection, my blood quivers in its innermost recesses, my judgment vaults in fiery indignation over craters of unquenchable and scorching fires; but my dearest and only hope—my enrapturing angel, for thy sake I will try to be calm—I will skim over the three years' eventful history that includes my existence in Dublin, and come to the catastrophe which hastened my departure from the land of my fathers—from sweet, sweet Ireland, and its green and classic shores: a catastrophe which I will for ever bless, because it drove me to you—to you, the perfection of my wishes, the light of my eyes, and the genius of my salvation!"

"Now don't, Augustus, don't; it aint right! Do draw your chair away!"

"Fairest of Eve's fair daughters, I forget, and may perhaps overstep myself. Alas! the blushes on thy cheek but plead for me. I will go on with my history. I will approach the fatal morning. I will nerve my spirit for the tale, and will in the meantime drink your very good health in this pitcher of Jimmy Brown's cider. Wretch that he is, he has a good orchard—but the rose-tree of his happiness shall never blossom while I live, in the encircled garden of his hopes. But to return: Tom Durfee and I were inseparable; we were Damon and Pythias, Pylades and Orestes, Brutus and Cæsar, Castor and Pollux, and all in all to each other. Never would one accept an invitation without the other. Never would the gay and festive dance attract the eyes of the one, without attracting the eyes of the other also. Never would one take a walk without the other. In vain would oysters be opened and displayed to my eyes, as I wandered up and down the street; not one would I touch unless Tom were

with me to share them. Scarcely would I smoke a cigar without Tom, or he without me; we roamed through the alleys of fair Dublin; arm in arm would we range through its gay saloons, enter its operas, its theatres, its cider-cellars. We would note with equal eyes, its gay and dashing beauties, displayed in wintery or in summer dresses on its crowded pavements. Together did we write at the same desk, parts of the same declaration, plea, demurrer, or replication. The same grate warmed us, the same solitary lamp enlightened us. In a word, we lived and loved together, in sunshine and in shade. But the tempest that was about to sever us already hung in gloomy grandeur about the tops of the mountains of Disappointment, ready to descend and sweep us from our moorings into the ocean of Despair.

"Tom was an extravagant dog, fond of speees, and a devil among the pretty girls. Pardon me, dearest, the expression. It is, I confess, improper for me to utter, or an elder's daughter to hear. Upon my soul, I take it back! I only meant to convey the idea that my friend Thomas Durfee, both by inclination and constitutional habit, and by daily practice, was designed and fitted to create an impression upon, and to be devoted to, the fair sex. He loved them dearly, and it cost him dear. Tom's father was a parsimonious dodger—more so than my stern sire—and Tom's expenses were tremendous. Little bills would be sent in so often, and raps would be heard at the door so frequently, that Counselor O'Leary was at last disposed to wonder at the crowd of well-dressed men (Tom called them *beggars*) that besieged his office. Besides the various little expences that naturally attend upon devotion to the sex, tailors' bills, cigar bills, hatters, mercers, shoemakers—broken gigs and broken windows—every thing conspired against poor Tom, until at last he was fairly run down. Behold him, my dearest angel, in prison—your faithful Augustus, with the devotion of a Quintus Curtius, in broken-hearted friendship, offering him his little all, to rid him of his debt. But the rogue of a creditor, at the instigation of a rascally attorney whom Tom had thrashed one fine night, had bought up all the little bills he could find, and the sum amounted to more than our united purses could supply.

"Should friendship be sacrificed at the base calls of self-interest? No, dearest never! and it was on this account that I drew a draft in my own name, which happened to be the same as my father's, on my father's banker. The draft was paid, and Tom released; but, alas for the ingratitude of mankind! I have reason to think that Tom was necessary to the reckless and unmerited persecution which rendered it necessary for

me, in the flower of my existence, to remove from an ungrateful country, to the wilds of Canada. Nay, let not the sympathetic tear drop for your Augustus! let the past be engulfed in Lethe's darkest waters! let it be forgotten in the ecstatic bliss of the present delightful moment, when to the ear of Love, the tale of violated Friendship is breathed, with fond affection and undoubting faith!"

But why continue the conversation further? Augustus, in most delightful and emphatic language, poured out his tale into the bosom of the half-consenting and admiring Margaret. Alas! that Jimmy Brown, and the stern decree of an unbending father reared a barrier to the hopes of the devoted pair. Fathers have flinty hearts,—icy, cold, calculating hearts,—which respond not to the inspiration of youthful affection; and it is to be regretted that the sanctions of law, or of parental authority should ever interfere in the least with young hearts moulded into delightful union by mutual passion. To say the truth, too, Margaret had also a favourite lover—Timothy Higgins—who had been driven to seek his fortune in the Far West, by the stern resolution of her father to sacrifice her at the shrine of Mammon. Not that Brown was an ineligible match; on the contrary, there were many reasons, which, to the eye of worldly wisdom, pointed out the advantages of an union. Brought up with Margaret, of a kind and affectionate disposition, warmly attached to her for years, possessed of a handsome property, contiguous to that of the cruel father, of prepossessing appearance, and unblemished character, it might have been supposed that a mutual passion would have grown up between them. But Love decreed otherwise, and rather than allow prudence or convenience to interfere, Margaret had fastened her youthful affections on Timothy Higgins. True, Timothy Higgins had nothing but his handsome figure; but then he danced admirably, and was the admired of the whole neighbourhood—that is to say, of the youthful fair sex, who judge so much more correctly on such points, than their calculating parents. But Timothy had been gone for three years, and the flame of love, which had at first burned so brightly in Margaret's bosom, was getting low, when the arrival of Mr. Augustus O'Flinn brought fuel to the expiring flame. Augustus had been glad to veil his talents in obscurity, and had condescended to stoop to the ignoble task of teaching a school in the vicinity of Burnside. Here he had become intimate with his adored one, and had pressed his suit in the warm and enthusiastic manner of his countrymen. His appearance was in his favour. Tall and graceful, he would have been beautiful, had

it not been for his red hair, and a cast in his left eye, which somewhat impaired the effect of his beautiful language, and his eloquent and forcible conversation. But his high intellectual acquirements more than counterbalanced any little defects of person, and it was no wonder that the loving, unsophisticated Margaret, was fascinated ere she was aware! Happy power of Genius, which gilds over the otherwise common and poor personal appearance, with the radiance of divinest beauty!

But to proceed: Augustus O'Flinn was not the lover to allow matters to rest in such an unsatisfactory position. He pressed his suit, he urged, he remonstrated, he begged, he prayed; nay he even hinted about the dire and fatal step—a step which I cannot in conscience recommend to my loving readers—that of leaping through a hole in the ice into the capacious bosom of the majestic Ottawa. Margaret was at last won over by the ardour of his generous, disinterested affection. She swore perpetual fidelity one night they met at the corner of the barn; the silent stars bent their clear eyes from heaven to gaze upon the delighted but shivering pair. Augustus returned home in extacies; but unfortunately got one finger of his left hand frozen from having dropped his glove, as he knelt upon the transparent snow. But what was that to such a lover? Nothing but a trifle, which fortunately did not disable him from setting his copies next day in school.

“On the evening of Thursday, the 24th day of December, at half-past seven o'clock, one of those delightful reunions called “Singing Schools,” was to be held about five miles up the river Ottawa from Burnside. It was the good fortune of Augustus O'Flinn to be allowed, with the consent of her father, to conduct the beautiful heiress of Burnside to the said singing school. Nay, old David Gray had furnished him with his favorite old horse, with his sleigh and buffaloes, (meaning by buffaloes, the hides of that animal properly prepared,) and high the heart of Augustus O'Flinn beat, as he drove off the clips in the farm-yard, and turned his horse's head up the river.

It had been all arranged between him and his adored Margaret. They were, on that happy evening, to give the slip to David Gray, to Jimmy Brown, and to Timothy Higgins; to bid defiance to fate and fortune, which had so long frowned upon them, and to have their hands and hearts united by one of her Majesty's Justices of the Peace in Upper Canada. It was a fine winter's evening, the moon was up; and to the eyes of the happy O'Flinn the fair Margaret looked still more beautiful than ever. With prudent forethought she had managed to smuggle into the

sleigh her favorite trunk, covered with calf-skin, with the hair outside; a beautiful little box, seventeen inches by twelve, beautifully ornamented with brass nails, and it contained all the paraphernalia of the happy pair. But they were rich in love, in hope, and joy. They were all in all to each other, and the cold thoughts of worldly prosperity never intruded into their happy hearts.

“My darling and most bewitching angel, the fates smile upon us. The river but separates us from Upper Canada, where I have secured a justice, whose omnipotent fiat shall clasp us together in the adamantine bonds of undying affection. Cheer up, my best beloved, and keep your hands under the buffalo. It's very cold; but it cannot freeze the fires that glow in my faithful bosom. You shall be mine; mine in spite of a Brown, or a Higgins; mine for life or death; mine for ever, in the indelible sympathies that comprise the most unbounded and heart-yearning affections of our common nature. Cheer up my love!”

“But, Augustus, what will you say? I'm afraid he won't be ever reconciled to us, and what shall we do if he don't?”

“Charmer! away with melancholy! Heaven suffers not its favorites to be long in distress. I feel within me the fires of genius that will awake the lyre of song, and ravish the astonished world with the melodies that spring from its deep, pure founts. Besides, dearest, love will trim his inextinguishable lamp at our happy fireside; we shall be blest as angels, and happier than the Peris that swim on the lucid lakes of Castalia. Should thy father cast thee, his only and well beloved child, from his flinty bosom, should he prove inexorable as Cerberus, and fierce as the fates that cling round the neck of Ulysses, I can earn at least eight dollars a month—a fortune to two devoted hearts. But David Gray dare not reject the impulses of our holiest humanity, he shall receive us back, with his horse and sleigh, into the bosom of his affection, and the vales of Burnside shall re-echo to our roundelay of love when the spring has released this solid river from its icy chains.”

“Well, Augustus, you know best; but I guess we had better have stayed to home. But I rather guess you're out of the track. Keep him to the left; do, for the road's never very safe here.”

“Nay, fear not, dearest; thy Augustus will lead thee to the haven of your fondest hopes. Get up, you lazy animal, you seem as if you wanted to go back. The poor brute, dearest, knows not the impatience that spurs on our loving hearts. Do you feel cold, sweetest? let me wrap the buffalo about you. There, that will keep you warm till the Rubicon be passed.”

“It is not very cold; but it looks as if we were

going to have a storm, and I think we had better go right to singing school."

It was indeed true. The night had suddenly changed. The water wraiths were shrieking, the moon hid herself every now and then, and then came out again with renewed splendor; the wind swept in gusts down the river, and the powdery snow drifted under the buffalo to the feet of the adorable Margaret. The horse, too, seemed less and less disposed to face the tempest. Gradually he turned his side to the wind, yielding to the blast, and the happy pair began to wish that they had chosen a fairer night for their enterprise of love. But still they drove on, and the old horse, astonished by the whip, drew them. At last, one of these deceitful pitches that abound in Canadian rivers, where the ice blocks up, so as to render it a labour of some difficulty to make a road over it, suddenly upset the sleigh, threw the adorable Margaret, and her beautiful hair trunk, into the snow. It was a pitiful and most melancholy sight; but Augustus O'Flinn, with that presence of mind that marks a truly great man, and distinguishes him from the crowd, righted the sleigh and picked up the trunk and his adored fair one, both partially covered with snow. He soothed her agitated spirits, he pressed her hands in his, he wrapped her again in the warm buffaloes, he tenderly tied her green veil over her beautiful features, he whipped the old horse, and again he was advancing to the left bank of the Ottawa.

"Now, dearest, we are safe; here we are."

Presumptuous mortal! Scarcely had he spoken when the ice, over which he was travelling, suddenly gave away all around. The ice had shoved, and the unfortunate pair, with the horse and sleigh, were careering over the foaming waters. They were above the rapids of the Long Sault, where the ice is always treacherous, and were rapidly borne towards the open waters where the ice never takes. It was a perilous moment—a moment doubtless of great anxiety to the noble O'Flinn; but never for an instant did he flinch at the appalling prospect. For an instant he muttered between his teeth—"Hang Burnside, I am a precious fool!" but it was only for an instant. His great soul rallied as the danger became apparent; he took the hair trunk from the sleigh, and prepared for a jump. An instant more would have finished them; but in far shorter time than we have related the thrilling catastrophe, the ice on which they were perched, struck against the solid ice, the lower edge tipped downwards into the water, and Augustus O'Flinn, his adored Margaret, and the hair trunk, were thrown upon the bank.

In an ecstasy he raised his grateful hands to

heaven, and was nearly fainting, overpowered by his feelings, when Margaret exclaimed:

"There's the old horse sloping off for home, and here we are; and who will carry the trunk and the buffalo?"

"Here's a pretty fix," replied he, rubbing his cold hands; "where are we? and which way shall we go? What a tremendous cold night; we shall be frozen to death as sure as fate. What shall we do?"

"Take you the trunk, and don't let it open, it's not locked, and I'll take the buffalo, and we'll find a track. Come along: it's no use to be scared—it's no use crying for spilled milk."

In such homely but powerful language did the noble minded Margaret infuse courage into the now despairing bosom of O'Flinn. He followed on in silence. She, like a second Helen, leading the way; and after some search the track was found, and they discovered they were within a short distance of Burnside, where they arrived just in time to prevent a general turn out in search of the lost ones.

"You're a pretty fellow—you're a nice young man!" said old David Gray, as Augustus came into the house with the hair trunk. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish! the sleigh upset, (had it not been for the better sense of my old horse it would have been smashed); and what's more, you might have got into the Long Sault and been drowned like a rat. Why, man, the horse himself had more sense than the driver; he would never have upset the sleigh had you let him alone; and as for you, you wandering creature," addressing this complimentary remark to Margaret: "off with you to bed, and be satisfied that you are not left in a snow-drift or in the river. To bed, and Betty shall bring you something warm. And as for you, master teacher, you had better stay till morning, for fear you should lose your way in gazing at the stars, going home, like a wise man as you are."

This was the reception that the gallant Augustus received from the flinty hearted father, and it was no wonder if the cream of his disposition turned sour, and foul revenge began to rattle in his bosom.

"Old man!" said Augustus, who was now being thwed out; "you laugh at the accident which an untimely chance superinduced; but know that mine is a heart that can bear its fate without a murmur, but not without retaliation. Look to yourself, and beware how you arouse the sleeping lion that slumbers within me."

"Why, man, you're crazy! take a glass of something warm and you'll come to. We can't expect you could drive a sleigh as readily as you make use of these dictionary words; but I must send

one of my boys to give you a lesson some fine day."

"Beware, I say, beware! rouse me not, for were it not for the angelic flower that blooms within the precincts of this spot, I would not fail to give you an awful warning of the vengeance of disappointed love!"

So spoke O'Flinn, indignation swelling his manly bosom, and the tide of his wrath rising to its full height. More was said, and more and more was he excited. His scheme of love was disappointed; he had been disappointed in securing the heiress of Burnside; his heart was in flame, and his brain began to get heated with whisky punch—that detestable compound.

Moodily he sat by the fire, pondering on some direful plan in consonance with his feelings. The warm drink was being prepared by the careful Betty; and Augustus O'Flinn, unobserved, dropped a few drops of a reddish liquid into the pan in which the said drink was simmering, and a few more into his own glass of whisky punch, which had just been replenished. A grim smile of satisfaction passed over his fine countenance, and his eyes, especially his left eye, shot forth gleams of supernatural fire. It was plain that something of an unusual nature was passing in his mind, for he started as he saw Betty pour the drink into a bowl and carry into the square room where his beloved Margaret was warming herself by the stove. He fell into a deep reverie, his hand clutched convulsively his glass of whisky punch. With a determined air he raised it to his mouth, sipped a little of its contents, set it down; and then slowly raising it to his mouth, drank it half off, and threw himself back in his chair.

David Gray had gone out to look at his cattle, and have them "fixed" for the night. Betty still remained in the room with Margaret; and there was a dead silence for about the space of twelve minutes and three quarters. David Gray entered, followed by a stranger, wrapped up in a coat of Canadian gray.

"Certainly," said David to the stranger; "you are welcome to rest for the night, and as for your horse, he shall be taken care of. Sit down and warm you, and I'll tell John to have your sleigh put in the shed. It's a bad night out, and I wish that all travellers were as sure of good quarters as you are."

The stranger took his seat, barely thanking the flinty-hearted father for his hospitality, and busied himself in pulling off his cloth boots. Augustus O'Flinn was too much occupied with his own thoughts to heed the stranger or his cloth boots. A direful secret weighed upon his soul; he seemed oppressed by something more sickening than whisky punch; his eyes wandered from his glass

to the door of the square room, and anxiety began to be depicted upon his manly brow, which seemed to grow paler and paler, as his fine locks were scattered in profusion over the collar of his brown sturteut.

David Gray had entered the room where his daughter still sat, and was engaged talking with her on the events of the evening, when Augustus O'Flinn, with his empty glass in his hand, and his eye in fine frenzy rolling, burst into the apartment. Placing himself in an attitude that displayed to advantage his well-developed form, Augustus raised his right hand, (in which he still held his glass), and addressed himself to the old man in a hurried and yet powerful voice:

"Old man!" said he, "your love for Mammon has undone you! Your dearest hope is destined to wither from before your eyes, and your cherished plans to be shattered into the dust of annihilation. In vain will Jimmy Brown try to console you, for his faithless heart will be stung through and through by the scorpions of disappointed love! Behold this glass! it late contained whisky punch, and with it a liquid still more fatal and deadly! Know, old man, that I have mixed a fatal poison in the glass!"

"What is the fool speaking of?"

"Nay, interrupt me not! I have done the deed, and a few minutes more will reveal the whole! I loved your daughter. She was to me the pearl of matchless worth, the flower of unsurpassed beauty, the mine from which I dug my happiness! She was the star of my affections, and my vow to heaven was registered on high, that she should never be given up whilst I live, to Jimmy Brown or Timothy Higgins. This night was to have completed my happiness, and filled to overflowing the cup of my earthly wishes. We were to escape to Upper Canada to be united, when the vagaries of a miserable hack almost engulfed us both (with the hair-trunk of my adored one) in the rolling Ottawa! Nay, interrupt me not, the sands of my life are ebbing fast. Margaret, hear me! you are my only love, and we will never be separated. Our united spirits will soar aloft together, to a higher sphere, where sleighs never lose their equilibrium! I feel faintish, for my hour is come. Embrace me, my beloved, let us die together."

"Die! what do you mean?"

"Dearest and fairest! Idol of my heart, and gem of my affections, we are poisoned! The fatal liquid poisons even now the life-springs of your existence and of mine. I put it with my own faithful hands into the warm drink which Betty brought you, and which you have drained to the bottom. I put it into my whisky punch. I feel it in my every vein—it burns my very liver!—

and will soon end my existence in this weary world!"

"Poisoned! He is mad! Poisoned!"

"Who talks of poison?" said the stranger, rushing into the room. "What has happened thus to disturb you? Speak, and let me know what means all this."

"That fool of a teacher is talking of having poisoned my daughter and himself; but he must be drunk!"

Augustus O'Flinn roused himself.

"Drunk! sayest thou? I scorn the imputation! I am going fast—your daughter is poisoned—I am poisoned. I took it in the whisky punch—fatal draught; and my adored one in her warm drink, of the composition of which I am ignorant. In a few minutes we shall be gone where no flinty-hearted father will oppose our mutual flame. Speak to me, dearest Margaret!"

"Speak to you? Why we could have run away tomorrow, if you hadn't acted so. Oh, dear! I feel as if I was going up——"

It was too true. The high-minded Augustus had indeed given a well-merited lesson to the flinty-hearted father. Already the subtle poison had commenced to do its fatal work; Augustus became dreadfully pale; the dose he had taken was more powerful, and in all probability its fatal effects were accelerated by the whisky punch.

The stranger gazed for an instant at the lovely Margaret, and then hastily opened his carpet bag, taking therefrom a small phial, marked with some cabalistic symbols.

"Quick!" said he; "some water, not a moment is to be lost! Warm water is best; not too hot—quick! delay is death; a spoon, a spoon! or she will never stir. There, take this—over with it—don't be afraid; it won't hurt you—come, down with it—down with it, or you perish!"

Margaret took the potion, and was carried by Betty and her distracted father to her bed, where she fell into a stupor. Augustus, meanwhile, gazed with vacant eyes upon what was passing. He felt himself overpowered by the fatal draught. He was carried into the kitchen and stretched upon the "bunk," over which a buffalo had been spread. Here he lay for some time; nor would he by any means permit the stranger to approach him; nor would he taste a drop of his antidote.

The wind raged fiercely without, the snow was swept by the blast in dreary desolation over the fields; and all without was in sad unison with all within the farm-house of Burnside. On Margaret the potion seemed to be operating favourably. She lay still and tranquil, the stranger watching her every breath with an anxiety too evident to be concealed. But Augustus grew every moment worse. At last his senses seemed to wander. He raised

himself, on the bunk, and called for whisky punch. Water was offered him, but he exclaimed:

"Stuff and nonsense! None of your flim! Come, Tom, let's have it. Here's your health, and hang Counsellor O'Leary! Snakes and furies! where is she gone? There, there! she's drowned! Save her! save her! The hair trunk! See, she sinks! she sinks! save her! Ah! you hard-hearted monster! Away! away!"

And the poor unfortunate young man gave Betty, who was passing by, a slap on the face. At last his intellects seemed to return. He became more composed, although evidently weaker. Faintly he called out—

"I'm going! I'm going! victim that I am of too ardent feelings! I charge you to write to Dublin to my friends. Tell them I die innocent and happy! Write! write! addressed to 'Chancery Grove!'"

"Who talks of Chancery Grove?" said the younger of two strangers, wrapped up in buffalo coats, who had entered unperceived during the progress of this melancholy scene. Turning to his companion, he added, half to him, and half to the company:

"Here's a pretty go! What's to pay here, every one looking like a stuck pig? This infernal night has set them all crazy. What a rimm-lookin' cove that is, to be sure! Here, Betty, Mary, Sally, John, Timothy, help me off with this coat; for, I'll be hanged if the powers of mud shall get me out of this, this blessed night! Don't take away the bottle—give us some hot stuff—for, may I never be Master of the Rolls! if I was ever so near being frozen, since I came to this cursed country. Blow me, if I ever leave Dublin—if I get back again!"

And the young man threw himself upon a seat and began to stir the fire. The elder stranger, however, still stood enveloped in his warm apparel, and gazing upon the unfortunate Augustus, who was by this time senseless. The gaze at last grew more intense; he approached, and turned round the head of the unfortunate youth, so as that he might see the left eye, and at last he threw himself upon the body on the bunk, and exclaimed:

"Thank Heaven, he squints! 'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis my son, my darling, my only child, my long lost Augustus. Answer me, my beloved son! that thy loving father may add the replication. Alas! alas! the verdict seems to be final; we are foredoomed, and there is no appeal! He hears me not! and *de non apparentibus, et non existentibus eadem est ratio.* Oh! oh!"

The unfortunate man sank down quite overpowered by his feelings. The younger man seemed quite *magister sui*.

"Here's a pretty row! The old fellow's gone into fits. Take off his skin, and rub the soles of his feet—give him a little whisky, and he will come to. By the powers! here is Augustus—drunk as a piper! What could have brought him here? What liquor was it, old fellow? and why did you let him take so much? I never saw him so far gone before."

It was no wonder if Thomas Durfee was deceived. But we must hasten to a close. Old Augustus O'Flinn soon recovered, and heard the frightful tale, at which the pious attorney shuddered as he listened.

The stranger forced a large quantity of his antidote into the mouth of the senseless O'Flinn, which at last seemed somewhat to relieve him. The tale was soon told how the venerable Augustus O'Flinn left Chancery Grove with all its battlemented glories, to seek his erring son. He had been travelling on snow-shoes with Thomas Durfee, when he lost his way, and arrived in the very nick of time. But how to break the news to the sick man. He was evidently becoming convalescent, by the powerful doses of the antidote. At last, when he awoke, the ingenuity of Thomas Durfee hit upon a plan. All the strangers retired from the room, and something was placed upon a chair near the patient's bed. He awoke, and called for drink, and while he drank, his eyes seemed fastened upon the darkish object that lay on the chair. He dropt the mug, and broke it, (thereby costing David Gray the sum of 3½d. Halifax currency,) his eye dilated with unusual lustre. He raised himself on the bunk, and exclaimed:

"Can it be possible? Gracious powers! do I see aright? Am I in my senses? Where am I? Do I dream? Is there no illusion? No phantasmagoria? Is my brain on fire? Do I deceive myself? No. It cannot be. I am right! It is my father's own grey wig!"

"My son! my son!" exclaimed the owner of the wig. "Here I am! But why did you abscond, when your mother did not know you were gone?"

"Here you are, my old chum!" cried Tom—"large as life, and handsomer than ever! You must come back with your father and me, to Dublin. Counsellor O'Leary has forgotten all—and you were a fool to leave as you did, when I had made arrangements to stop all trouble."

We leave it to the imagination of our readers to picture the scene. No pen of ours can portray the thousandth part of the happiness of that eventful evening. Nor will we try. Margaret had almost entirely recovered from the effects of the draught, and came out leaning on Betty's arm, to see what was going on. Jimmy Brown

had joined the circle, and the whole group gathered round the blazing fire in the square room where they had assembled. All poured forth their gratitude to the stranger whose healing draught had prevented such unutterable woe. The stranger modestly replied:

"Nay, my children, thank not me. I am but a feeble mortal, and have learned the remedies against poison by a residence with the Indians, among whom I have laboured as a missionary. It is long since I was here before. I left this part of the country in disgust, and was fortunately induced by my better angel to become a priest. My name is now Father Ambrose, but it was Timothy Higgins!"

"Timothy Higgins!" exclaimed all.

"Yes, my children—that was my name in the flesh, which I have renounced. I am married to the church forever; but as I was going down to Montreal, I was induced to call to see if my old friends would recognise me."

"Happy to see you, sir," said Thomas Durfee. "Here's your health! Take a little something to drink; it will do you good, and your wife can't give you a certain lecture, even if you do take a drop too much. Cheer up, Augustus! your father and I came out to fetch you. Old O'Grady's dead, and the heiress is dying for love of you. Two thousand a-year! Think of that—"

"Never will I wed her!" said Augustus.

"Come, stuff and nonsense! none of your humbug! We'll go tomorrow, and leave Boston in the first steamer."

"Yes; and the sooner the better!" added Margaret; "for, since Higgins has married Miss Church, and Augustus has poisoned me, I'm determined to take Jimmy Brown!"

"Hurrah!" cried David Gray, "that's sensible like; to bed with you at once."

"Aye, that's right!" said Tom; "to bed with all the sick folk. And you, my worthy friend and attorney, retire to thy rest. Father Ambrose and Jimmy Brown will keep it up till morning, with this fine old chap. Betty, fetch the hot water—put the kettle on the fire—kiss me, and go to bed. Hang me if we don't do things in prime order!"

Montreal, March, 1844.

SENSATION.

THE mind cannot well attend to two or more sensations at the same time. "Hold your peace," said a Frenchman, "you talk so fast that I cannot taste my meat." The Frenchman was right; for attention to sound is not less necessary to full perception than a healthful state of the organs of sense.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

No. VII.

POOR POETS—CRABBE.

In calling Crabbe "the Poet of Poverty," I mean, of course, to use the designation, not as *exclusive*, but as *distinctive*. The concerns of the poor have constant reference made to them in all modern English poetry. Thompson in his "Seasons," deals with the annals of humble life, as he does with everything, with a luxuriance of phrase, and a luxuriance of heart. And Goldsmith sings of the same in his gentle pathos, which touches emotion without stirring the passions—in his happy style, that wins attention without solicitation, that never taxes and that never tires. But Cowper, yet more than Goldsmith or Thompson, had strong sympathies with the trials of the English poor. His benignant genius and simple habits fitted him to take peculiar interest in matters of lowly life. The objects amidst which he lived, and of which he loved to write, were unpretending and retired. The shaded walk—the neat-trimmed garden—the sunny corner—the nest of flowers—the grassy valley and the woodland hill—the social parlor—the cheerful winter fire—from these and such things as these, his loving heart extracted a poetry which cannot fail of readers while goodness has any place in letters—while the grace of purity can give any comeliness to human speech. The poor man's labors and the poor man's cares, were with him in his familiar thoughts. He painted with true hand and inspired eye the poor man's home; the virtues and the pleasures of his fireside; the beauty of humble rectitude; the griefs and joys that lie along the path of laborious life. Of all writers, he is most sinless in wit and humor. What others turn to mockery or gull, he turns to joy or gladness. In expression, polished and effective; in fancy, playful; chaste, rich—he stirs up mirth from the very bottom of the heart, until the shaking sides are wred—and the laughing eyes are dim; yet in no word or hint does he leave a trace upon the soul which could shame the holiest memory in its holiest hour. Pungent, but not envenomed; uncompromising, but not uncharitable; grave in truth; gentle in ridicule; he makes nothing odious but guilt; and he makes nothing laughable but folly.

The first poems by which Crabbe became known were "The Village" and "The Library." They are both compositions which evince force and sagacity of mind. And besides this, extraneous circumstances give them interest. "The Village" secured him the patronage of Burke, and "The Library" was written under his roof. It was, perhaps, well for the author that "The Village" was the poem which he presented; for "The Library" could scarcely have gained the same attention, or procured for him so ready an esteem. Touches of sweetness and pathos abound in "The Village," which at once made themselves felt by one who had such genuine sensibility as Edmund Burke.

"The Library" has some pungent satire in it, and the idea was not a bad one; but Crabbe's knowledge of books was not equal to his ideas. His observations on books are, therefore, trite and common-place. Quaint remarks are made on their subjects and sizes; and the differences between the appreciation of the authors and that of the world, is often suggested with keen ridicule. But this matter is as obvious as it is old. We all know well enough, that what costs many an author wakeful hours, will perhaps cause a few to doze, who make the experiment of reading, and then slumber itself, for ever. Systems of philosophy, which were to resolve all difficulties, lie untouched in their venerable dust; and systems of divinity, which were to end all controversies, are left unprofaned in their sacred repose. The shelves on which they rest are as so many sepulchres, and few are guilty of rilling the dead. There is a sly and droll humor in the manner in which Crabbe treats these worthies:

"But here the dormant fury rests unsought,
And zeal sleeps soundly by the foes she fought;
Here all the rage of controversy ends,
And rival zealots rest like bosom friends:
An Athanasius here, in deep repose,
Sleeps with the fiercest of his Arian foes;
Socinians here with Calvinists abide,
And thin partitions, angry chiefs divide;
Here wily Jesuits simple Quakers meet,
And Bellarmine has rest at Luther's feet."

Great authors for the church's glory fired,
Are for the church's peace to rest retired;
And close beside, a mystic, madd'ning race,
Lie 'Crumbs of comfort for the babes of grace.'"

If you will not be offended at a conceit, I will tell you a fancy which this poem of "The Library" has suggested. I have at times imagined that the character which marks the literature of an age might be determined by the sizes in which its books are printed. Who can think of Scelus or Aquinas writing in duodecimo? And they yet are left in all the dignity of folio. Daring as our modern system of cheap publication is, it has not yet laid its sacrilegious hand on these hoary worthies. Calm, majestic, tall, stately, and bound in calf, they remain in quiet silence in college libraries, like so many bearded senators. To reduce such writers to small copies, to send them abroad in pamphlet editions, would almost, methinks, cause them to start in madness from their graves, or afflict them as bitterly, as it would the spirit of one of the old Pharaohs to see Stephens cook a mutton chop with his mummy on the banks of the Nile. Indeed, between such writers and small copies there is to me a special incongruity which I cannot overcome. It shocks all my ideas of the fair and fit; it confuses all my associations of harmony and order. Weighty scholastic writers belong as by a law of nature to folios; and folios to them: I can no more think of them in connection with duodecimos, than I can of the Jewish High Priest playing a Scotch reel upon the fiddle, and a dowager countess in full court dress, dancing to his music. The thing is inconceivable. The ages of folios were grave ages. But ours is an era of trifling: no wonder—when we consider what small volumes we read. Who would have dared to jest in folio? It is true Rabelais did; but the jesting of Rabelais was solid jesting; it was an opaque humor—not like our soap-bubble witticisms, which are no sooner puffed into their glittering existence, than they perish in the breath that wafts them. I almost instantly know a reader of massive editions: there is a firmness in his step, and a dignified confidence on his brow; there is a scholar-like authority about him, which as Sancho Panza said of sleep, comes round him like a cloak and covers him all over.

"The Village," this first of Crabbe's poems, exhibits all his characteristics, and gives promise of all his power. Crabbe's "Village" is as different from romantic descriptions as can be well conceived: so different indeed from Goldsmith's, that some critics have thought it a kind of answer to that sweet poem. Yet Goldsmith wrote in as great poverty as Crabbe; but he wrote in the light of a heart which no suffering could obscure. Crabbe had a spirit more sombre; he pictured life

with the truth in which he saw it, and he saw it where truth was misery. The characteristics of Crabbe's Village are dark and dismal—and they are painted with a remorseless fidelity. Take one single object—say a field labourer. Goldsmith shews you such a character in more of light than shade; but Crabbe presents his condition to us, such as it too often is in England, with all its grave and sad realities. Goldsmith shews him to us sporting on the green; or whispering love beneath the hawthorn shade, and when the worst is to be told, he sends him from our sight to exile, and invests his fate with all the mysterious interest which imagination can give to it. Crabbe opens his story in the work-house; or in a home almost as dreary. We behold him on a farm where he toils away a life which knowledge never gilds; we find him in an ignorant contentment which dreams a peace ideas never disturb; in a slavery that has no redemption, until the life that, perhaps, opened in a work-house, ends in one—and the poor wretch, worn out in muscle and blank in memory, a wreck of physical manhood—withers out his last years in neglect, and approaches his grave with almost a few social affections around him, as the decrepit Hindoo, whose relations abandon him to the mercies of the wilderness. Crabbe will have nothing to do with Arcadian music:

"Yes; thus the muses sing of happy swains,
Because the muses never knew their pains;
They boast their peasant pipes—but peasants now
Resign their pipes, and plod behind the plough."

There is a poem of Crabbe's, called—"The Newspaper." The title is what struck me most. A poem on a newspaper! Why should there not be one upon an Act of Parliament? Why should not some person write cantos on an Ink Bottle? What an ample subject for imagination! You go, for instance, into a stationer's shop. There, jars are around you, quiet and spruce, and labelled with as dashing letters as the best Japan ink could desire. There they lie, snug, sly and silent—yet all manner of mischief is lurking in their hearts. There they are, like the spirits corked up in the vials that lay in the Necromancer's library, celebrated by Le Sage, waiting only to be opened to fly over the earth in every direction, and in every kind of prank. Released by a screw, and touched by a goose-quill—or given to a tube of steel—they become transmigrated into all shapes and forms; and constitute a world of comedy and tragedy, upon which, in brief space, I dare not venture. If any care to use the hint, they are heartily welcome to it.

"The Parish Register" is a poem of very original conception, and one very suitable to the cir-

stances of a clergyman. Genius always selects, with a happy ingenuity, topics which ordinary observers overlook—and yet wonder afterwards, why they had overlooked them. In the application which genius makes of existing realities, it is not so much the remoteness that strikes us as the nearness; not so much the complexity as the simplicity. It was for Crabbe to find tragedy in the records of a country church; it was for Dickens to find subjects for prose epics in St. Giles'. Crabbe, in this poem, has taken the three great eras of existence—birth, marriage and death—for his topics. These are universal; have much in common; and in all conditions are of solemn import. In these the joys and sorrows of rich and poor come most nearly to a level; and in these the inequalities of society are most absorbed in the community of nature. In these narrations the figures pass before us as in a mirror; we see their faces and their costumes; they are to us a real world, and we cannot drive them from our thoughts. There is in this poem much of the philosophy of poverty, and much of the pathos of life. Many pictures are in it, beautiful as well as sad, to give it interest—the smile of infancy as well as its tears; the joy of maternity as well as its anguish; the bliss of marriage as well as its afflictions; the hope of death as its sadness. Crabbe's own observation is, however, a true and a just one:

"When these thy records I reflecting read,
And find what fills the numerous births succeed,
What powerful griefs these nuptial ties attend,
With what regret these painful journeys end;
When from the cradle to the grave I look,
Alas, I conceive, a melancholy book."

What two awful lines are these, telling the end
of a rich and voluptuous public house keeper:

"'Twas not less sudden—in the night he died—
He drank, he swore, he jested, and he fled."

After the death of a worldly and bustling widow
comes that of a

— "A lady, wise, austere, and nice,
Who showed her virtue by her scorn of vice;
In the dear fashion of her youth she dressed,
A pen-green Joseph was her favourite vest.
Erect she stood, and walked with stately mien,
Tight was her length of stays, and she was tall and lean."

The series of rectors who successively occupied the parish, are well depicted. The author-rector, intended for Crabbe himself, is a faithful and pleasant likeness. Among other traits, we have this of him, which tends very strongly to shew that the poet was indeed at once the painter and the original:

"Careless he was of surplice, hood and band,
And kindly took them, as they came to hand;
Nor like the doctor, wore a world of hat,
As if he sought for dignity in that.

* * * * *

Of questions much he wrote, profound and dark,
How spake the serpent, and where stood the ark;
From what far land the Queen of Sheba came,
Who Salem's priest, and what his father's name.
He made the "Song of Songs" its mysteries yield,
And revelations to the world revealed."

But among all the sketches in this or any of Crabbe's poems, the most finished, the most touchingly, and the most exquisitely drawn, is that of Phebe Dawson, the beautiful, generous, affectionate, and confiding girl—who gives her youth and love to a tyrant, and who endures every affliction which a drunkard and a sot can cause her. After all, her portrait comes to this:

"See, now, the red rent cloak, with bonnet black,
And torn green gown, loose hanging at her back;
One who an infant in her arms sustains,
And seems in patience struggling with her pains.
Pinched are her cheeks, as one who pines for bread,
Whose cares are growing, and whose hopes are fled;
Talo her parched lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
And tears unnoticed from their channels flow.
Serene her manner, till some sudden pain
Frets her meek soul, and then she's calm again.
Her broken pitcher to the pool she takes,
And every step with cautious terror makes;
For not alone that infant in her arms,
But nearer cause her anxious soul alarms,
With water burdened then she picks her way,
Slowly and cautious, in the cling clay,
'Till in mid-green, she trusts a place unsound,
And deeply plunges in the adhesive ground;
Thence, but with pain, her slender foot she takes,
While hope, the mind—as strength the frame forsakes;
For when so full the cup of sorrow grows,
Add but a drop, it instantly o'erflows:
And now her path, but not her peace, she gains,
Safe from her task, but shivering with her pains.
Her home she reaches, open leaves the door,
And placing first her infant on the floor,
She bares her bosom to the wind, and sits,
And sobbing struggles with the rising fits—
In vain they come, she feels the inflating grief,
That shuts the swelling bosom from relief—
That speaks in feeble cries a soul distressed,
Or the sad laugh that cannot be repressed."

I shall return again to these profound and melancholy studies of our human heart and our human life: I shall venture to follow, for a few passages more, the scalping knife of our stern moral anatomist:

The subscription raised to compensate Miss Harriet Martineau for her disinterested refusal to accept a government pension, has been closed. It amounts to the handsome sum of thirteen hundred and eighty pounds.

THE PENITENT.

"FASTER, faster! your horses creep like snails! drive for your life!" cried the impatient Morley as the noble animals he so slandered dashed along the pebbly turnpike-road, while the sparks flew from their iron-shod hoofs like a flight of fire-flies.

The postilion, with voice and whip, put them to the top of their speed; and the chaise, in its rapid course, left behind it a trail of light, as though its wheels had been ignited.

A high and steep hill in front, at length enforced a moderate gait, when Morley, as if struck by a sudden recollection, turned his head anxiously towards his companion, a lovely young woman, who, pale, silent and motionless, reclined on his shoulder.

"Ellen, my love," said Morley, tenderly, "I fear this will prove too much for your delicate frame."

There was no reply.

Morley leaned his face nearer to hers, and, by the moonbeams, saw that her features were fixed, her open eyes gazing on vacancy, while the tears which had recently streamed from them seemed congealed upon her bloodless cheeks.

"God of heaven!" exclaimed Morley, "what means this? Ellen, beloved, adored! do you not hear me? will you not speak to me—to Morley, your Morley?" and he gently pressed her in his arms.

The name he uttered, like a charm, dissolved the spell that bound her. A long-drawn sigh, as if struggling from a broken heart, escaped her cold, quivering lips; a fresh fountain of tears burst forth; and with an hysterical sob she fell upon the bosom of her lover.

The alarmed, but enraptured Morley, folded her in his arms, and bent to kiss away her tears—when with a sudden start she disengaged herself from his embrace, and, drawing back, looked wildly and earnestly in his face.

"Morley," she said, in a voice of thrilling tone, "do you love me?"

"Dearest, best Ellen," he replied, "do you—can you doubt it?"

"Do you love me, Morley?" she repeated, with increased earnestness.

"Truly—devotedly—madly!" cried Morley, on his knees. "By the heaven that is shining over us!"

"No more oaths—enough of protestations. Are you willing by one action—at this moment to prove that I am truly dear to you, Morley?"

"I am! though it carry with it my destruction!"

"I ask not your destruction—I implore you to prevent mine. Return!"

Morley gazed at her, as if doubting his sense of hearing.

"Return!"

"Return instantly!"

"Ellen, are you serious—are you?"—he might have added, "in your senses?" but she interrupted him.

"I am serious—I am not mad, Morley; no, nor inconstant, nor fickle," she added, reading the expression that was arising on Morley's countenance. "That I love, and in that love am incapable of change; do not, Morley, insult me by doubting, even by a look. But, oh! if you love me as you ought, as you have sworn you do, as a man of honour, I implore you to take me back to my father——"

"To your father!" exclaimed Morley, almost unconscious of what he said.

"Ay, to my father, my grayheaded, my doting, my confiding father: take me to him before his heart is broken by the child he loves. I have been with him," she cried, in wild agony, "even now, as I lay in your arms, spell-bound in my trance, while the carriage rolled on to my perdition. I could not move—I could not speak; but I knew where I was, and whither I was hurrying: yet even then was I with my father," she said, with a voice and look of supernatural solemnity: "he lay on his death-bed; his eye turned upon me—his fixed and glazing eye, it rested on me as I lay in your arms; he cursed me, and died! His malediction yet rings in my ears—his eye is now upon me. Morley, for the love of heaven, ere it is too late——"

"Compose yourself, my beloved—my own Ellen."

"Do you still hesitate?" she cried; "would you still soothe my frantic soul with words—your Ellen! Short-sighted man, your Ellen! what shall bind her to a husband who would abandon a father—what power may transform the renegade daughter into the faithful wife! Morley, listen to me: as you hope for mercy, do not, do not destroy the being who loves you—who asks you to preserve her soul!"

Morley caught her as she sank at his feet; and she remained in his arms in a state of insensibility.

He was confounded—subdued.

The fatigued horses had laboured about midway up the acclivity, when Morley called to the postilion:

"Turn your horses' heads," he said; "we shall return."

The steeds seemed to acquire renewed vigour from the alteration in their course, and were pro-

ceeding at a brisk pace on their return, when Ellen again revived.

"Where am I—whither am I carried?" she wildly exclaimed.

"To your father, my beloved!" whispered Morley.

"To my father, Morley! to my father!—can it be?—but no, I will not doubt; you never deceived me—you cannot. God bless you, Morley! God bless you, my brother, my dear brother!" and with her pure arms around his neck she imprinted a sister's holy kiss upon his lips, and, dissolved in delicious tears, sank with the confidence of conscious innocence upon his bosom. The ethereal influence of virtue fell like a balm upon the tumultuous feelings of the lovers; and never in the wildest moments of passion, not even when he first heard the avowal of love from his heart's selected, had Morley felt so triumphantly happy.

"Where is he—let me see him—is he alive—is he well?" shrieked Ellen, as she rushed into the house of her father.

"For whom do you inquire, madam?" coldly asked the female she addressed, the maiden sister of Ellen's father.

"Aunt, dear aunt, do not speak to me thus. I am not what you think me. But my father—my dear father—is he alive, is he well? O my beloved aunt, have pity on me—I am repentant I am innocent——"

"In one word then, Ellen, tell me are you not married?"

"I am not."

"Heaven be praised! follow me—your father is not well——"

"For the love of heaven—before it is too late!" and the distracted girl rushed into the room and knelt at her father's side.

"Father! do not avert your face—father, I am your own Ellen! I am restored to you as I left you. By the years of love that have passed between us! forgive the folly—the crime of a moment. By the memory of my mother!——"

"Cease," said the old man, endeavouring, through the weakness of age and intimacy, and the workings of agonized feelings, to be firm—"forbear, and answer me—is this gentleman your husband?"

Ellen was about to reply, but Morley stepped forward. "I am not," he said, "blessed with that lady's hand; she has refused it, unless it is given with your sanction; and, without that sanction, dearly as I love her, and hopeless as I may be of your consent, I will never hereafter ask it."

"Do you pledge your word to this, young man?"

"My word, as a man of honour: I may have

inherited your hate, but I will never deserve it."

"Children, you have subdued me!" exclaimed the father; "Morley, my daughter is yours!"

Morley seized the old man's hand, scarcely believing the scene before him to be real.

"My father!" said the weeping Ellen, on her knees, her arm round his neck, her innocent cheek pressed to his.

The good aunt partook of the general joy, and even Ellen's favourite dog seemed to thank her father for his kindness to his dear mistress.

The happy father sat with his arm around his daughter's waist, and, as he pressed her lover's hand, he said:

"Behold in all this the goodness of God; behold the blessings that follow the performance of our duties. Your father, young gentleman, before you saw the light, had entailed my hate upon his offspring. I had nourished this bitter feeling even against you who had never offended me, and whom every one else loved. This very day the cherished hostility of years had given way before my desire to secure my daughter's happiness. I felt that age was creeping on me—and but this morning I had resolved to prove my contrition for my sinful harbouring of hatred towards my fellow-creatures, by uniting you, my children, in marriage. The tidings of my daughter's elopement scattered to the winds all my better thoughts, and revived my worst in tenfold strength. I did not order a pursuit; I did more. I felt, at least I thought so, the approach of my malady to a region where it would soon prove fatal. No time was to be lost. My will was hastily drawn out, bequeathing my beggared daughter but her father's curse; it would have been sighed this night; for over this book I had taken an oath never to forgive her who could abandon her father."

"O my father!" interrupted Ellen, to whom the horrible images of her fiancée returned; "in pity, my dear father——"

"Bless you! for ever bless you, my excellent Ellen! Your filial obedience has prolonged your father's life."

VALUE OF BEAUTY.

At the Newcastle Bazaar, a young gentleman lingered for some time at one of the stalls, which was attended by a very handsome young lady. "The charge for your inspection of my wares," said the fair dealer, "is half-a-crown, sir." "I was admiring your beauty, ma'am, and not that of your goods," replied the gallant. "That is five shillings," responded the lady, with great readiness; and no demand, perhaps, was ever more cheerfully complied with.

DRAMATIC SKETCH.

FROM

SCRIPTURE HISTORY.

BY E. L. C.

SCENE—An apartment in the Royal Palace at Jerusalem

IMLAH.

MADAME, upon thy brow a shadow rests,
Cast from some grief deep cherished in thy heart,
And brooded o'er in solitary thought, as though
with thine
Suffered in sorrow, and rejoiced in joy,
No sympathising soul. Have I done aught
To bid thee wound me thus? failed in my duty,
Recreant proved in faith, and loyal love,
That thou, my queen, should thus thy servant
doubt,
And bar him from thy heart?

ATHALIAH.

I doubt thee not!

But ah! I walk as in fearful dream,
Which fancy peoples with most horrid shapes.
The past, how terrible! What human life
Can shew a page so dark with crime, as mine?
A record dire, of thoughts to shudder at,
Of deeds might paralyze the tongue to tell,
And make the eyeballs from their sockets start,
But to behold, the vision of such sights!

IMLAH.

Doth not my breast, great queen, as in a glass,
Reflect the thoughts that in thy bosom rise?
And this right hand, hath it not shared the deeds
That bathed in blood thine own? And gazed I
not,
E'en with an eye where triumph sat enthroned,
On every daring and heroic act,
To which thy woman's heart, with courage high,
Urged thy less resolute lord?

ATHALIAH.

But, at what price,
Earned I thy stern participation
In those deeds, that drenched in royal blood
The courts, the temples, nay, the very soil
Of this fair realm? Ay, at what price, I ask?
Scarce dare I name it; for dishonored vows,
Faith basely broken, solemn wedded faith,
And love betrayed, where deepest trust repaced,

These it involves! Yes, I at thy demand,
Proved a base recreant to my chosen lord,
Gave him such smiles as wreath the harlot's lip,
And wound caressingly around his neck
My twining arms—thus seeking to achieve
The power I loved—while on my cheek still
burned
Thy lawless kiss, and the light pressure
Of thy nestling head, was scarce withdrawn
From the fond pillow of my sheltering breast.

IMLAH.

Dost thou then deem our secret love a crime?
If none are written in thy book of life
Darker than this, its pages are unmarred.
Surely no common tie unites our souls,
A tie, 'twould outrage nature's self to break.
One is our faith—our country, too, the same,
For the same heavens that smiled upon thy birth,
Bore witness unto mine—those azure heavens
Which canopy fair Tyre, the queenliest
City of the orient, within whose walls,
Beauty and wealth abide, which from afar,
Kings haste to seek. Its cloths of purple dye,
Its gems and gold, furnished rich trappings
For the mightiest king, Israel e'er saw.
Its stately cypresses, and towering trees
Of perfumed cedar-wood, form the light shafts
That with such airy grace, support the dome
Of fretted gold, which crowns the temple
Raised by Solomon, unto the God
Whom he adored. We, to another god,
Our worship give—to Baal, great and good;
And on this soil, (thanks to thy power, how won
It matters not, since worthy ends make holy
Basest means), a temple to his name,
Our hands have reared, within whose sacred walls
Clouds of sweet incense, and the mingled songs
Of priest and worshipper in praise arise.

ATHALIAH.

Aye, it is reared, that temple's shining walls,
On heaps of slain! each stone cemented
By the reeking gore these hands have shed!
Amid the echoes of its choral songs,
I hear the shrieks of victims I have slain.

And through the fragrant clouds of wreathing
smoke

That from its altars rise, I meet the gaze
Of their imploring eyes, fixed, as in death,
On mine. Oh, fell remorse! there is no pang
So terrible as that which thou dost wake!
No mortal agony that rends the soul
With such a deadly strife!

IMLAH, *(with contempt).*

The voice I hear

Is that of Judah's queen,—but not the words,
They are a feeble woman's timorous plaint;
My royal mistress hath a hero's soul,
And speaks in trumpet-tones, that stir the heart.
Madam, the deeds wrought by thy dauntless hand,
Were for thy faith,—that thou mightst plant it
Where with pompous rites the Hebrew knelt
In homage to his god. Thou hast prevailed,
And root and branch of David's hated line
Destroyed for aye; and reiguest now alone
O'er Judah's realm, a queen whom all obey;—
Gladness should then be thine, and notes of joy
Rung in proud triumph forth.

ATHALIAH, *(apparently regardless of his words,
sits with her eyes fixed on vacancy, and murmurs
to herself.)*

They perished all!

Strong manhood in its prime, and hoary age,
Its gray locks wet with gore, and the fair child
In its first dawn of life, smiling with joy
At the bright glitter of the cruel knife
Upraised to pierce its heart. Why haunt me
thus,

Visions of terror, fearful to behold?
At morn, at noon, and when the silent night
Falls like a pall upon my shrinking soul,
Ye pass, a ghastly train before mine eyes,
Pass and repass, circling me round and round,
With ghastly shapes, and pointing mutely
To the bleeding wounds my hand hath made.
Dominion! power! ye are not worth the price
Of peace, of rest, my soul hath paid for ye;
Life hath become to me a phantom dream,
A scene of guilt and fear. 'Mid festal songs
And the enticing dance, my straining eye
Sees but death's grizzly form, and in the waving
Of each jewelled robe, seems to behold
The glittering point of the assassin's steel.

IMLAH,

Madam, cast off these sickly fantasies,
Fit food for weaker minds, but not for thine;
Scarcely know I thee, while thou dost utter them,
So strange they seem, coming from lips, whose
words

Have lit a beacon-fire, to guide brave hearts
To high exploits. Why wail ye o'er the past?

Fearful its deeds, yet I again declare
Them sanctified, by the great ends achieved.
Have they not crushed those hostile to thy house,
And to the faith most dear unto thy heart?
Since then, thou hast held rule six peaceful years,
Swaying the sceptre which thy royal lord,
And then thy son, swayed o'er this princely realm,
And none have raised against thy power a voice,
Or failed to give obedience to thy laws.
Why then call forth the ghosts of buried crimes,
From their deep graves, to haunt thy path,
And cast dark shadows on the dazzling light
That shines propitious o'er thy sun-bright course?

ATHALIAH *(as if awakened by his words from a
dream, suddenly raises her head with a look of
recovered courage and animation.)*

Now, by the gods! thou sham'st my coward heart!
I will press fearless on in my career,
And be its issue, glory or disgrace,
With friend so firm and trusted by my side,
I'll bite the trial with a dauntless soul,
Nor shame my life, if it should come to that,
By fearing to meet death.

IMLAH,

Why talk of death?

Enough, to know the spectre comes at last.
Let us defy him 'till we hear his tread,
And drown in pleasure's cup, the thoughts that
chill,
E'en like his icy breath, our joyous souls.

ATHALIAH,

Were there no evil worse than death to dread,
My peace were undisturbed; but hatred, ven-
geance,
An unseptral hand—a crownless brow—
Deem'st thou thy mistress hath a heart of steel,
To look on these unmoved?

IMLAH *(earnestly.)*

What mean thy words?

And whence doth peril threat? All are at peace,
No murmur in our streets, no voice of treason;
In the busy marts where men resort,
To traffic and get gain. Whence, then, thy fears?
Or what light word, dropped by some idle lip,
Hath moved thee thus?

ATHALIAH,

Imlah, I am not one

By light words to be moved, as well thou knowest;
But yester-eve, as musing lone I sat,
Beside the fountain in the cypress-walk,
Words of deep import, waking a dark thought
Within my breast, fell on my listening ear.
Rememberest thou, on that triumphant day,
When fell the princes of the royal house

Beneath our swords, one 'mong the prostrate
slain,

No search could find. That one, an infant still,
The child of her I from my soul abhorred,
Of young Zibiah; the Rose, so named by some,
Of Deersheba. The boy was gentle—fair—
But he was hers, and so I hated him—
As I did all, in truth, within whose veins
The taint of David's blood, sullied the stream
Which flowed from my pure fount. Strict search
we made;

But never to this day that babe was found—
Him nor his Hebrew nurse. 'Twas said by some,
Jehosheba, his aunt, had borne him forth,
To lay him in the earth with her own hands,
And plant with fragrant flowers his little grave,
For he her idol was, the last bequest
Of his young mother, in her hour of death,
Unto her love. And from that hour, the maid
Lived much apart, until the day she wed
Jehoids, the high-priest—nor even now
Joins in the revels, which our palace make
A scene, where youthful joy finds glad resort;
Yet oft alone she threads these garden walks,
In childhood loved; or comes with him, to whom
Her vows are given, to sit at eve, beneath
The jasmine bower, whose lithe and verdant
shoots,
Her mother's hand o'er the light lattice trained.
But, as I erewhile said—last eve I sat
Musing o'er thoughts that come with twilight's
hour,

When voices near I heard, and breathless listen'd,
To drink in their sounds, some word of which,
Plans might unfold, or purposes make known,
Touching my safety, or the public weal;
Nearer the speakers came, yet screened from view
By a high aloe hedge that rose between
Myself and them, a thick, impervious wall.
But well I knew Jehosheba's sweet tones,
And those of the high-priest—my open foe—
Whose life I would have crushed long years ago,
But that I deemed it wiser not to rouse
The nation's ire, which holds him sacred,
Who anointed stands, a servant of their God.
Few words I caught, but they were words of fear,
For 'mong them audibly breathed forth, I heard
The name of Jehosh!—that youngest born
Of Azaviah's house, whose course was sought
Vainly among the slain. Ever, a fear,
From that dark hour to this, of his escape,
Hath like a spectre haunted me with dread.
'Mid life's most joyous scenes 'twould still intrude,
And in night dreams, oft have I seen that boy,
Radiant in beauty, his young head adorned
With Judah's crown, and in his hand the sceptre
Of her realm—and when this vision broke
Upon my sleep, starting, I have awoke,

My forehead bathed in agony's cold dew,
My pulses wild with dread!

IMLAH.

Pray thee, be calm,

Thy brain is touched, or thou wouldst smile in
scorn

At the disordered fantasies of sleep.
Sure 'tis no marvel if amid that scene
Of mortal strife, a child thy notice 'scaped—
A tiny thing, crushed 'mid the sterner forms
That o'er it fell, and blotted it from view.
Hast thou no cause stronger than this for fear?
Heard'st thou nought else, dropped by these He-
brews,

In their evening walk, thy doubts to stir,
And move thy steadfast mind?

ATHALIAH.

Slight tokens, oft.

Are omens to the wise, of dread events—
And autumn's fitful gusts, bring needful warning
Of cold winter's winds, and tempests wild.
Therefore give ear; I said, they named the boy,
Jehosh; then on a sudden fell,
Or seemed to fall, the fountains silvery spray
Into its marble shell with louder noise,
And drowned their words. Yet still again, the
breeze

Of evening wafted to my ear, Jehosh!
And once more, Jehosh! till in my heart
Each pulse throbb'd audibly, like the dull music
Of the muffled drum, that for the dead
Beats solemnly and slow. Then came a hush:
And low they spake, yet earnestly; in tones
That told of some grave theme, a thrilling one—
For in a passionate voice, Jehosheba
Exclaimed: "Yes, when this last act of our task
Is done, the innocent avenged—and she ——"
Then sudden broke from a rose-thicket near,
The nightingale's clear strain—ne'er dissonant
Unto mine ear till then; but ere it ceased,
The speakers had passed on, and I was left,
That slow suspense to bear, which tortures
Guilty souls.

IMLAH.

Self-torture, madam, this!

Baseless, and shadowy, as an idle dream,
Thy doubts and fears; cast them afar, I pray,
And show again that *kingly* courage
Which becomes a queen. Lived there a remnant
Of the ancient line, dost deem, in peace
Thou hadst thy sceptre swayed through six long
years?
Yet still unclaimed within thy grasp it rests,
Firm stands thy throne, and none thy right dis-
pute,
Thereon to sit.

ATHALIAH.

I look beyond the surface,

And I see, strange movements 'mong the people;
Whispers and sighs, 'tween those who coldly
brook

Submission to our laws, and gatherings oft
Within their temple courts, where strangers mix;
Rulers from distant provinces, and priests
Of unfamiliar mien,—earnest, intent,
Seem all, on some great plan, that soon will burst,
Like the dread thunder-cloud, whose murky folds
Are charged with fearful doom. Thou smilest in
scorn,

And art incredulous. May the gods grant
Thou have no cause to weep thy mistress' fall,
Thy own disgrace and woe, ere the young moon
That now her crescent hangs amid the glories
Of yon twilight sky, fill to the brim
Her urn with silver light, and shame the host
Of heaven's refulgent stars with her clear rays.

(*Exit queen, followed by Imleh.*)

SCENE—*An apartment in the palace of Jehoida the high-priest. Jehosheba, with an attendant maiden, sitting near a door which opens into a court filled with flowers and ornamental trees, a fountain in the centre, the whole enclosed by high walls. A boy of seven years old playing on the terrace before the door of the apartment.*

TIME—*afternoon.*

JEHOSHEBA, (*gazing after the child.*)

How beautiful he is! how light his step!
Scarcely touching the green earth, as swift he follows
In its airy flight, yon gorgeous insect,
Glancing in the sun with purple sheen.
That glorious eye! mark its uplifted glance:
And those dilated nostrils, and that head
Of cherub loveliness. The brow e'en now,
In its broad lines, doth shew the noble impress
Of his mighty race, the seal and sign
Of his high destiny.

ZILPHIA.

A princely boy!

Full of bold daring, and as beautiful
As Absalom from whom he sprang, and whose
Fair type he is. Yet, hath he too, a touch
Of his young mother's beauty—her arched brows,
And delicate mouth, the full, rich lips,
Like the pomegranate bud—her's too the hair,
Which floats like golden light around his head,
Bright as the day-star's beams.

JEHOSHEBA.

'Therefore is he,

For his sweet mother's sake, knit to my heart.
Close as fond love can bind—though there are
thoughts,

More holy e'en than this, garnered in him,
Which stir hope's deepest fountains, and memory's
too,
Within my soul.

ZILPHIA.

It were enough that he
Resembles her, to win our love. She was
So pure and bright—so like that lovely rose
Which Sharon boasts, passing in beauty
Every flower of earth.

JEHOSHEBA, (*with emotion.*)

My sweet Zibiah!

Beautiful she was, and sensitive
As that rare plant, whose shrinking petals, fold
With delicate instinct o'er the tender germ,
If but an insect's wing, with gossamer touch,
Athwart them sweep; or the soft wooing wind
With zephyr kiss, ruffle their silken plaits.
Thank God, her rest was won ere that dread day,
When the fierce she-wolf and her pagan crew,
O'erpowered the weak, and slaked their savage
thirst
With royal blood!

ZILPHIA.

I happy for her, that ere
Those horrors burst upon her startled sight,
Her youthful form in earth's green lap was laid,
And hushed her heart, in death's unconscious sleep.

JEHOSHEBA.

Aye, thanks to God, who sent her peaceful death,
Ere evil days drew nigh. Gently she sank
Upon her quiet couch to her calm rest.
Fond arms were round her, fond looks bending
o'er,
To catch through blinding tears, her dying glance
Of quenchless love. Life was to her young feet
A path of flowers, where not a thorn lay hid;
Yet when death came, she meekly turned aside
From every joy; to follow his dread steps
Through the dark vale, whose shadows chill the
soul.

Mutely, she saw him break the golden links
Of that bright chain, which bound her to the earth;
But clung her heart, till its fond throbbing ceased,
To that bright boy, whose new-born life she pur-
chased

With her own; yet smiled in death, that she
The mother was, of thing so fair—a son,
To bid her image live, undimmed, and dear,
Within her lord's sud' breast. 'Twas to my care
She solemnly consigned her helpless babe,
And solemnly I vowed, o'er it to watch,
And guard it, with a mother's care, from ill.

ZILPHIA.

Thou hast fulfilled the promise of that hour,

Nobly and well. Scarcely, methinks, would she
Who bore the child, have for his safety dared
What thou hast done—tempted extremest peril,
And looked death with steadfast eye in the face,
To snatch him from that fate, which swept from
earth

The princes of his house. Madam, thou oft
Hast promised to relate what at that time
Befell; which I, abiding on those days
In Beersheba, do now but know in part.

JEHOSHEDIA.

Thou shalt hear all, though 'tis a weary thing,
Thus to live o'er again that night of woe;
But yet I would that thou shouldst see how God
Fulfills his promise to his chosen race.
'Twas near the morning watch, when sudden broke
Upon my quiet sleep, a ringing peal,
A death-shriek long and loud, and torches glared,
And hurrying steps went past, breaking the si-
lence

With such sounds, as chilled my soul with fear.
Instant a thought, an agonising thought,
Of that dear child, rushed wildly to my soul;
Trembling in every limb, quick I arose,
Nor summoned my attendants, who still slept
Despite the fearful sounds, and without speech
To break their rest profound; I left them there,
And gliding forth, through secret passages,
The distant wing of the vast palace sought,
Where with their governors and nurses, dwelt
The royal children of my brother's house.
As I drew near, wide open stood the doors
Of those apartments, but no sound came forth:
And with a cautious step I ventured in.
God! what a sight was there! the floors o'er-
strewn

With prostrate forms, each gashed with horrid
wounds,
Whence flowed life's vital tide—a crimson flood!
Familiar was each face, beloved ones all,—
The offspring by descent, of that foul fiend,
Who with a ruthless hand grasped at the crown,
And to secure it to her pagan house,
Essayed this deed of blood; trusting thereby,
The royal race of God's anointed kings,
Forever to destroy. But as of old,
So now His watchful eye, which slumbereth not,
Guarded his own, and from that slaughter foul,
A remnant saved of David's kingly seed,
O'er Judah still to reign.

ZILPHA.

The young Jehoash!

JEHOSHEDIA.

Aye, e'en he! but list;
'Trembling I stood, within that ghastly room,
Alone amid the dead! My lamp's pale rays
A sickly gleam cast o'er the fearful scene,

As on I moved, scanning each well-known face,
To find in one the quivering flame of life;
But all in vain—silent they lay, rigid
In death's last agony, those cherish'd ones,
Whose beaming smiles, and tones of youthful joy,
Fell like the summer sunshine on my heart.
Yet hope forsook me not—for still my eye
One cherub face had earnest sought in vain,
Among the dead. Had he then scaped this doom,
That youngest darling of my brother's love,
Zibiah's child, the purchase of her life?
Afar I heard the tumult, raging loud,
As fled each victim from the murderer's steel;
But round me all was still—a brooding silence,
Deep and terrible, sat us with wings
Of raven blackness folded on my soul,
Shutting out light, and all but one dear hope,
Which bade me linger on, and search untired
For that dear child, whom, with a yearning love,
My heart embraced.

Sudden a whisper soft
Stole on my ear. I paused—it came again—
It breathed my name in accents clear—distinct—
And from a window's heavy drapery stole
Zibiah's nurse, the faithful Dilla,
Clasping in her arms the young Jehoash,
Wrapped in baby sleep, as sweet, as sound,
As though no murmur, save that breathed by love,
Had ruffled the calm air that round him hung.
No word we spoke, but with a sign I turned
And glided on, and like a shadow, she
Pursued my steps, till my own chamber gained,
I hid her safe—safe, till the twilight
Of another eve, stole o'er the earth,
When to Jehoida's care my charge I gave,
And he by private ways conveyed them straight
To a secure retreat, far, far remote,
Where clad in rustic garb they dwelt unsought,
Till the boy walked, and lisped in accents sweet,
His childish thoughts.

Then I my plighted troth
Sealed by the holy vow which marriage claims,
And hither came, the bride of him I loved;
And then, once more, that blessed child I clasped
Within my arms, henceforth with me to dwell,
Here in my guarded home, till the day came,
To dispossess of her usurped rights,
The guilty murderess, who o'er Judah reigns,
And on his father's throne place this young scion
Of a royal house.

ZILPHA.

And saidst thou, shortly,
Would that welcome day, dawn on our sight,
When from her proud seat hurled, this naughty
queen,
Should to the dust bow her degraded head,
And for that mercy which she scorned to give
In subject misery sue?

JEHOSHABA.

Aye, soon! e'en now,—

Behold, the avengers come!

(As she speaks, the door opens, and Jehoida, accompanied by a group of priests, levites, and rulers, enters. They salute Jehosheba reverently, and then range themselves around the high-priest, who addresses them):

JEHOIDA.

Rulers in Israel,

And ye men of God, I register your oaths;
Jehosheba, bear witness that they swear,
Those here convened, to hold inviolate,
That which my lips to their astonished ears
Shall soon declare. Nay more, that they have
pledged
Their solemn vow, our enterprise to aid,
To lend their power, their wealth, their strength
of limb,

Their energy of will—all these, and more,
If need shall be, our object to achieve—
That object one, involving rights most dear,
One, which shall purge idolatry's foul stain
From this poor realm, crushed by so many woes,
O'erthrow the shrines where Baal is adored,
Unerown the daughter of that Jezebel,
Who slew by scores the prophets of the Lord,—
And to the throne she hath so long defiled,
Restore a prince of David's royal line.
This is our purpose; high and holy sure,
And worthy to be aided by true hearts,
That to the One God bow, and loyal faith,
E'en 'neath the oppressor's sway, still cherish
For that race, by heaven upraised, o'er us to reign.

ONIAS, *(one of the principal rulers present, steps forward, and looking towards his companions, exclaims):*

I speak for all!

(They make a gesture of approbation.)

Mine then the general voice,

Which now declares, we shrink not from our oath,
But swear anew, before the living God,
To this great cause, to lend our strength—our
lives,—

Faithful and earnest, shall our watchwords be,
And come from whence he may, this prince thou
namest,

So he be sprung from Jesse's ancient root,
Our swords we'll draw, nor ever sheathe their
blades

Till yon usurper yield his birthright up,
And cower beneath our wrath.

JEHOIDA.

True men, are ye!

Let such be on our side, and God himself
Assists our righteous cause.

(He turns to Jehosheba.)

Bring forth the boy,

My brave Jehosheba, he whom thy hand,
Snatched from the murderess' grasp, when o'er
him hung

Her sharp destroying sword, whetted to cut
The thread of his young life.

(Jehosheba makes a sign to Zilpha, who passes through the door into the court.)

ONIAS.

Oho then was saved?

Thanks be to God for this! I deemed that all
In that foul slaughter fell—all the high race
Of heaven's anointed kings; that none survived,
To sway the sceptre of this hapless realm.

JEHOIDA.

Where slept thy faith, when fears like this were
thine?

Rememberest thou God's promise, and dost think
He is a man, to falsify His word?

(Re-enter Zilpha, with Dilba conducting Jehosheba, who, holding a small bow, and bunch of arrows in his hand, pauses at the door, and looks upon the strangers with a wondering air. Jehoida gently leads him towards the group, saying, as he presents him):

Behold your king! born of that house, of which
Jehovah said, its princes through all time
Should o'er us reign. Mid perils manifold
God watched this child, warded the death-blow
From his infant breast, and made the love
Of tender woman strong to aid and save,
In danger's darkest hour.

Bow we to him,

Our sovereign lord and king—let us his right
Uphold, in his young hand the sceptre place,
And pluck the crown from that unhonored brow
It now adorns, to grace this princely head.

(The rulers, priests, &c., bend toward the child with a gesture of obeisance, simultaneously exclaiming, as they touch their lips to the border of his robe):

Long live our king! his be our homage,
And our duty his, till life shall end!

JEHOIDA.

Amen! Amen! Tomorrow we will show
This tyrant queen, to whom our faith is due;
Tomorrow shall make glad, thousands of hearts,
Crushed 'neath her iron sway. Let us stand firm,
United close in purpose and in act,
So shall success our earnest efforts crown,
And joy and peace, again our country bless.

ONIAS.

We but thy bidding wait, our swords to draw
In this high cause—the sacred cause of God,
And of our king, for so this princely child
Ere long shall be, who on his broad brow bears
In noble lines, that tell of strength and power,
The signet of his race.

JEHOIDA.

For his sake then,
We brave the peril of this bold emprise,
Nor brook defeat, but still our end pursue
Till it be won. Nor shrink we from the light,
In aught we do, as evil-workers would;
But on the morrow, in noon's broadest glare,
We will with holy oil anoint the brow
Of our young prince, observing all due pomp,
And solemn rite, such as the scene befit;
Then on his sacred head the ancient crown
Of Judah set, and to the listening throng
Proclaim him king!

ONIAS.

May we with safety
To ourselves and him, venture thus far?
The queen —

JEHOIDA (*interrupting him.*)

Her power is gone; all is prepared—
The people ripe for this. Around the king
We'll range a guard of strength—Levites and
priests,
Bearing unsheathed their bright and glittering
blades.

To smite the bold intruder, who shall dare,
With iron tread, and armed heel, profane
The temple's precincts, where our swords defend
Th' anointed of the Lord. A second guard
We at the gates will place, of dauntless hearts;
And still again, beside the brazen gate
Of loftiest height, which to the palace leads,
Where dwells the queen, in haughty state,
Yet trembling lest each hour some vengeful hand
Should smite her for her crimes—there, too, shall
stand

A phalanx strong, armed at all points—watchful
To ward impending peril off, and bar
All ingress to the temple's courts, of those
Who come with deadly weapons armed,
But suffering such as wear the garb, and utter
Words of peace, to pass unchecked.

ONIAS.

All is arranged
With most consummate skill, and such the hate
Which burns in every breast, towards the queen,
I doubt me not, as with one blended voice
From all our nation, will the cry burst forth,
For David's heir to sit on David's throne.
Yet for these thousands who our cause espouse,

Whence can we arms obtain? Doth not the queen,
She and her minions, hold in their own power,
The realm's rich armories? Whence, then, shall we
Equip our soldiers for the coming fight,
If fight should come, as seemeth me, it must,
Ere Athaliah yield, without a blow,
Her sceptred power?

JEHOIDA.

And if she strike, 'twill be
With palsied hand, by desperation urged,
To clutch the crown she sees with wild affright
Torn from her blood-stained brow—so let her
strike!

We too have weapons, bright as those she wields,
Whose points shall reach her heart. Hast thou
forgot

The royal armory, which in David's reign,
He built within the temple—to be closed,
Save when some great emergency, like this,
Made it expedient, for the public weal,
To draw its treasures forth? Well stored it is
With weapons of all kinds—javelins and spears,
Quivers with arrows filled, and well strung bows,
Hamburks and coats of mail, and swords whose
blades

Were tempered true, by cunning artisans.
Who ply their trade within Damascus' walls.
Of these, I will draw forth a full supply,
For all who need—for Levite and for priest—
And to each captain of a hundred men,
Arms in abundance give, for the brave soldiers
Who beneath him serve.

Now know ye all—

So with unswerving faith, stand to your oath,
And form a living bulwark round your king,
Or in his cause yield up your latest breath.
Upon this eve, a solemn sacrifice
Of prayer for aid, we offer in the temple,
To our God. There will we meet again,
A brief hour hence. Duties elsewhere, await
My presence now.

(*Priests, Levites, &c. with a parting salutation
to Jehoshaba, and the young prince, retire.*)

JEHOIDA, (*advancing towards Jehoshaba.*)

My own fair wife, see now
Thy blessed hopes unto fruition ripe.
Nought, nought hath proved in vain thy love hath
wrought.

To our eyes visibly, as when it led
Our fathers' wandering steps, or Moses snatched
From the engulfing Nile, when lone he floated,
In his bulrush ark, on its broad breast,
Yath Goff his hand outstretched, to pluck from
death,
This helpless child, to be to us, we trust,
As Moses was to the oppressed tribes,

A prince, and a deliverer from our woes.
 And thou, Jehosheba, my best beloved,
 Thou; and this faithful nurse, who with her own,
 Shielded his infant life, the instruments
 Have been, honoured by God, his purpose
 To fulfil, his word, which never fails,
 Inviolate to prove, unto our hearts,
 So prone to doubt, and to believe so slow.
 He is a goodly shoot from that proud tree
 Whose spreading branches o'er our land have cast
 A grateful shadow through long ages gone,
 To our own day.

JEHOSHEBA.

God grant this verdant shoot.

May far and wide its healthy boughs extend,
 Protecting Judah with its leafy screen,
 From scorching blast, and from the mildew blight
 Of foul idolatry, that crying sin
 Which brings down vengeance on our guilty land.

JEHOIDA.

Doubt not thy prayer will reach the throne above,
 Whence winged blessings, even now, descend,
 Upon thy head—blessings for all thy love
 To this fair boy, since first thy gentle arms
 Raised him a wailing infant, from the breast
 Of his dead mother, and unto thine own,
 Clasped him with tender vows, how sweetly
 Fulfilled! Precious the guerdon thou wilt reap,
 Ere long, for dangers past, when thou shalt see:
 Upon his father's throne, thy darling sit,
 And hear a nation bless thee for their king.

JEHOSHEBA, (with emotion.)

Ah, my Jehoida! be that guerdon mine,
 And scarce my heart will own a wish unblest.
 Yet, oh! 'twill trembling lie within my breast,
 Till to my sight the morrow's sun hath set,
 And sealed my hopes or fears. Then grant, great
 God!

My soul may triumph meekly, or bow down,
 Resigned to woe, if, thus thy will ordains.

JEHOIDA.

Courage, my own! courage and faith, like that
 Which stayed the patriarch, when he led his son
 Up to the mount of sacrifice, prepared
 To offer him a victim to his God.
 We have a promise, too, which no'er hath failed,
 And which in whispers says "all will be well!"
 Do thou prepare thy young, unconscious charge,
 For the new scene, soon to be opened
 To his wondering view. See how his eye,
 Moist with affection's tear, turns from his sport
 To seek thine own; in this thy serious mood,
 Missing the smile which long hath sunshine shed
 Upon his heart—but yet he meets it not,

And courts again his play. Go to him, love;
 I must not linger here. Farewell awhile.

(*He goes out, and Jehosheba sits for a few minutes after his departure, in a musing posture, then raises her eyes, in which tears are standing, and looks earnestly at Jehoshaphat, who, seeing her abstraction, has taken up his bow, and stands with his little arrow drawn to its head, about to shoot through the open door, at some object in the court.*)

JEHOSHEBA, (addressing him):

Come hither, my dear boy,—
 Didst thou not hear thy uncle say, thou soon
 Shouldst be a king?

JEHOASH.

Aye, in good troth, I did,
 And so I would be, when I grow a man,
 E'en as my father was. But is't for this
 Thou weep'st? for here are tears now on thy cheek,
 Though I had thought them pearls fall'n from thy
 hair,

So bright they gleam, as they lie sparkling there.

JEHOSHEBA.

Joy's tears must needs be bright,—and such are
 these,
 For how could I be sad, and thou, my child,
 So soon to be restored to all thy rights?

JEHOASH.

But yet again I see a gathering tear;
 And now it falls! Sweet aunt, I pray thee:
 Let me kiss it off!

(*He throws his arms caressingly around her neck.*)

Didst thou not see

How true my arrow sped, grazing the crest
 Of yon old dial-stone, on the green terrace
 Just a moment since? I'm sure thou didst—
 Well then, when I'm a king I'll shoot my grandam,
 Who hath caused thee grief, and makes thee weep,
 Aye, every single day, when thou dost speak
 Of all the wicked things her hand hath done.

JEHOSHEBA.

Dear child! how precious is thy innocent love!
 A cordial to my heart! God keep thee pure
 'Mid the temptations, and the snares of power,
 That soon will lay in wait for thy young feet!
 But let me tell thee, what tomorrow
 Hath, for thee in store, if all prove faithful,
 And our hopes are blest.

JEHOASH, (sadly).

Nay, not tomorrow!

Not so soon, I pray, make me a king.
 They must do mighty things, who sit on thrones,
 And, yet, this hand is small. Oh! leave me still,

Close by thy side; I am so happy here,
Where I can read thy fond and smiling eyes,
And hear thy song of love. Send me not hence
To dwell in that proud palace, whose high towers
Rise like tall giants 'gainst the dark blue sky.
When thou dost take me to our palace roof
At twilight's hour, I look at them with fear,
And fancy oft I hear my brothers' cries,
And my fair sisters, who as Bilha says,
On one dread night were murdered in their sleep,
All by my wicked grandam, who must be
As terrible as Eudor's wrinkled witch.

JEHOSHEDA.

Yet that proud palace, which thou drest'st so much
Is a fair dwelling—and hath fountains bright
To cool its marble courts, and garden glades,
Where flowers of every clime their perfume shed,
And stately trees, from the tall cedar
To the lowliest shrub earth's bosom bears,
Spring graceful forth.

There dwelt thy father,

There thy mother died, in her sweet youth,
A flower of beauty blighted in its bloom.
There perished all thy kindred, by her hand,
Whose presence now pollutes those regal halls.
But soon, the vengeance justly due her crimes,
Shall drive her forth, to meet a righteous doom,
And thou whose heritage this kingdom is,
Shall enter in, to sit where David sat,
And with his line, safety and peace restore
To every palace home, and cottage hearth
Throughout the land.

JEHOASH, (*thoughtfully*).

Wilt thou go with me,
To that other home, where I must dwell,
When I a king shall be?

JEHOSHEDA.

Aye, my sweet boy—

And all whom thou dost love—all the fond hearts,
That cluster now around thy daily path,
Shall there be with thee, shedding o'er thy life
Affection's balm, and filling thy young soul
With noble thoughts, and such resolves as make
Kings great and good, and those they govern
blest.

JEHOASH, (*with animation*).

Well, thou shalt see, when I am tall and strong,
And well can bear the weight of spear and shield,
How brave I'll be. I'll rein my war-steed
With a touch, as light as that, which holds
My pretty mule in check. And chariots too,
I'll have—and gardens, beautiful as those
Planted in Etham by King Solomon,
Where thou hast told me, grew such wondrous
plants,
And cedars lofty as the temple roof.

JEHOSHEDA.

Yes, all that filled the soul with sweet delight,
Or to the grosser senses ministered joy,
This mighty monarch gathered round his throne;
Yet when life's fitful dream drew to a close,
What said he then? That "all was vanity!"
And to the spirit, formed for higher things,
Vexation sore, and weariness of heart.
Fear God! my child; walk in his holy ways;
Fulfil his will, preserve his worship pure,
Guard thy own soul from sin, and rule thy people
With a righteous rod. This is true wisdom;
And the noblest aim of a good king.

Be this then, thine, and tongues unnumbered
Shall speak forth thy praise, in tones as sweet
As Solomon's is sung. Come forth with me;
Low sinks the sun, the garden walks are cool,
And thou shalt hear, amid their pleasant shades,
The counsels of my love.

(*She leads him out.*)

SCENE—*The court of the queen's palace, filled with armed soldiery. Athaliah descends from a balcony, and appears suddenly before them, her countenance pale with rage and terror, as she vehemently addresses them.*

ATHALIAH.

Said I not so? The city's in revolt!
The traitor-priest Jehoida, hath unlocked
The temple's armory, and taken thence,
Stores of equipments for his rebel crew,
And with his armed myrmidons, each gate
He now defends. Hark, to those deafening shouts!
Gods! how the tumult swells! 'Tis ye be men,
Soldiers, whose duty 'tis to guard your queen,
Her word obey. Rush on where she shall lead,
Heed not their spears, but mark how at my frown
Their serried ranks shall quick as thought divide,
For my free passage through. This traitor vile,
This base, seditious leader, shall be seized,
He, who would stir the people to rebel,
That he may gain thereby his own foul ends.

IMLAH (*enters the court abruptly, pale and disordered.*)

Madam, thy crown is lost! thy sceptre gone!
And thou, no more a queen, must bend to fate.
Hear how they shout aloud "God save our king!"
Again they cry "Long may Jehoash reign!"
Thy fears were just—one of that royal line
Thou deemed extinct, escaped thy wrathful sword,
And by Jehosheba till now concealed,
Lives to demand the goodly heritage
By thee usurped. Thronged is the temple—
And each avenue, and crowded street,
Shews but a living sea of faces, raised
In thankfulness to heaven—faces of joy.

And lips that echo forth, "God save our king!
Let the usurper die!"

ATHALIAH.

They have no king!

My arch-foe coined the lie—that cursed priest,
Whom may the furies tear! His daring hand
Essays to grasp the crown of Judah's realm;
But we will crush him ere his foot be placed
Upon our neck, or he can, mounting, rise,
O'er this boy minion, whom he names a king.
Brave soldiers, why delay? Let us speed forth,
Straight to the temple, through their armed hosts;
We too have arms, and I will lead you on,
Though demons barred my way. The temple
gained,

Strike for his life, who aimeth at my crown;
Let his heart's blood, like a libation flow
Over the altars, where he daily lights
The sacrificial fire! To him, whose steel
First pierces that false breast, my thanks are due;
Nay, more, honours and wealth unbounded
I will shower upon his head. Again, that shout!
It fires my blood—away! be vengeance mine,
Though purchased with my life!

*She issues through the inner gate of the court,
surrounded by her guard, with Imthah at their
head, and followed by the soldiery.*

SCENE.—*The interior of the Temple, filled to overflowing with the multitude. In the porch are seen two enormous pillars of wrought brass, erected by Solomon, supporting a brazen sea-fold, on which stands a throne of state. Upon the steps of this throne, wearing a royal robe and mantle, kneels the young Jehoshaphat; a multitude of priests and Levites, with drawn swords, form a guard around him, and beside him stands the high-priest Jehoida, holding in one hand the sycamore of holy oil, and in the other the crown, which he is in the act of placing upon his head; the instant it rests upon his brow, the people break forth into joyful acclamations. When the tumult subsides, Jehoida raises the child, and seats him upon the throne, where he may be seen by all.*

JEHOIDA.

Men of Jerusalem, behold your king!
And praise the Lord, who, when oppression,
With her iron hand, bowed down your souls
In sadness to the earth, stretched forth his arm,
Mighty to save, and to deliver strong,
And from the murderer, drunk with royal blood,
One victim snatched—him thou beholdest here!
The lineal offspring of your ancient kings,
By God anointed, and decreed to reign,
Despite the pagan's treachery and wiles.

Through years unnumbered, o'er our favoured
realm.

*(Cries of "Long live our king!" from those within,
and the throng around the Temple, interrupt him;
as they cease, he resumes:)*

Ye all have heard how the young prince was
saved,

How nursed in love his helpless infancy,
By her, the daughter of a race of kings;
For you her care hath reared him, and to you,
People of Judah! she entrusts him now,
Bidding you guard him, as ye would the Ark
Of the Most High. Be lenient to his youth,
And round his throne, now in his childhood's

dawn,
In manhood's prime, and in his life's decay,
Stand like a bulwark strong.

The pillars massive,
Which support this floor of sculptured brass,
One on each side—Booz and Jachin named,
Were reared by mighty Solomon, to keep
In memory long, that miracle of old,
The cloudy pillar and the fiery flame,
Which, one by day, the other when the night
Shed o'er the silent earth its gloom profound,
Guided our fathers in their desert march
To Canaan's promised shore. So unto us,
As wisdom comes with years, may our young king
A guiding pillar prove, when day its radiant light
Sheds on all hearts; and ah! a living flame,
To cheer, enlighten, vivify, direct,
When murky night, the realm's horizon wraps
In deepest gloom!

*(Again loud acclamations, which are suddenly
checked by a distant tumult, and cries of "the
queen!—the queen!")*

JEHOIDA, *(speaks authoritatively).*

Stand back, and give her entrance!
But forbid her guard to follow: He, who
With arms passes this threshold, instant dies!

*(Athaliah ascends the steps of the temple, com-
manding her guard to attend her, but they are
forcibly prevented by the Hebrew soldiers. She
enters the porch alone, and perceiving the child
Jehoshaphat sitting in kingly state upon the throne,
she exclaims with frantic gestures:)*

ATHALIAH.

This is foul treason! an accursed plot,
Framed by Jehoida to subvert my power,
And on its ruins, rear the glittering pile
Of his aspiring hopes. Deem not, ye child,
With idle mockery tricked in royal state,
The offspring of your kings. From some low
kennel
Hath this wily priest dragged forth the boy,
His purpose base to serve, in making him

A plea for foul rebellion, which once raised,
He moves, this traitor arch, amid the storm,
Its master-spirit,—swaying at his will
The elements of strife, till o'er them all,
He rides triumphant—planting firm his foot
Upon your necks, and in his outstretched hand
Grasping the sceptre of a ruthless sway!

JEHOIDA.

Peace, lying tongue!—thou shalt not thus pollute
The sacred air within these holy walls,
With thy false breath. Madam, thy reign is o'er!
The measure of thy crimes, filled to the brim,
And God—our God, whom thou hast dared defy,
Leadeth thee here to meet thy doom deserved.

ATHALIAH.

Ha! threat'st thou thus? I scorn thee, treacherous priest!

Despise thy malice, and thy boasted power
Smile at in pity, for its impotence.
Nay, stands there here, where treason dares upheave
Her crested head, one who with loyal heart
Will for his queen, danger and scorn defy,
Uncrown that baby minion, and the head
Of yon arch-traitor cast beneath my feet;
Mighty, or lowly, be his name and rank,
It matters not—for henceforth he shall be.
Aye, from this hour, a partner of my throne,
An equal sharer of my regal state!

(She looks around triumphantly upon the multitude as she pronounces these words, but a murmur of indignation is her only reply, while the guard circle moves closely around Jehoiash, turning with menacing gestures the points of their weapons towards Athaliah.)

JEHOIDA.

Madam, thy promises are based on sand,
All golden as they seem. Thy reign is o'er!
Thy sceptre hath departed, and thy power
Is but an empty shade. This royal child,
Whom from thy cruel hate our God preserved,
Is our anointed king; the youngest born
Of Azariah's house—the latest shoot
From David's mighty tree, which thou in vain,
Essayed to pluck, both root and goodly branch
From Judah's soil. See with what joy
All hearts acknowledge him. Vain then thy glittering bribe—

It calls forth scorn, aye, thirst for vengeance too,
In every breast—for terrible the past!
And as its bloody phantoms rise to view,
A thousand swords, their sharp and deadly blades,
Point to thy heart—one look, one word from me,
And instant thou art stretched, a bleeding corpse
Upon this marble floor!

ATHALIAH, *(becoming pale, but still with an air of defiance).*

Art thou a man
To threaten a woman thus, and she thy queen?
Shame to thy manhood, stained by act so foul!
Yet I defy thee, for I boast a heart
That scorns to quail beneath a traitor's frown!
Ho, there! my guards! Who hinders their approach?

Inlah, show forth thy boasted zeal and love
By hastening hither to protect thy queen!
Why comes he not? I hear his voice without—
Ye dare not bar him from me! I command—

JEHOIDA, *(interrupting her).*

Madam, 'tis vain! all are forbid, save those
Who guard the king, to enter here.
Resign thyself to the decree of heaven;
Aid cannot reach thee now. Thou hast withheld
From all the mercy craved, and now to thee
Mercy we must deny. But yet not here,
Not in these sacred courts shall flow thy blood:
Pure victims here, are offered to our God,
And no polluted sacrifice shall stain
The pavement of the temple where He dwells.
Haste! Abisim, and with thy hundred men,
And other captains of their hundreds joined,
Bear forth this blood-stained woman, to receive
The measure which we mete to crimes like her's.
Take her far hence, to Cedron's lonely vale,
And there let her be slain!

Should any dare
Stretch forth a hand to snatch her from this doom,
Let his blood flow with her's—justice decrees
We purge the realm of all who pity lend,
Or aid, to guilt so deep. In sorer straits
Our God hath succoured oft his faithful ones,
But Him she hath despised, and to her cry,
Now will his ear be deaf! She trusts in Baal;
Let her call on him, and if he answer,
Life shall still be hers, and we will burn
Incense upon his shrine;—but, he be mute,
And we will raze his temple to the ground—
Upon his altars, slay the priests who serve
Their idol dumb, and cleanse our nation
From the damning stain of heathen worship,
Sacrifice accursed, to blocks of wood and stone!

(While Jehoida speaks, the queen, though she repeatedly tries to interrupt him, is restrained by those who guard her, and when, in obedience to his command, she is borne forcibly away, she utters a piercing shriek, and rending her mantle, and casting her dishevelled hair about her shoulders, exhibits, by the frantic violence of her gestures, the rage and despair that possess her heart.)

JEHOIDA (*when she has disappeared, and the tumult has subsided.*)

Now to the palace, where his fathers dwell,
Let us conduct our king, Bid streaming banners
Herald our approach, and martial music
In triumph strains, breathe forth our joy,
At this glad victory o'er our pagan foe,
This restoration to their ancient throne,
Of that high race, ordained by God to reign,
O'er Judah's realm. On to the palace! On!
The way is strewn with garlands of choice flowers,
And wide the gates unfold to bid us pass,
While a bright band of maidens beautiful,
With song, and graceful dance, our steps precede.

(They move forward. Jehosh is borne on a magnificent litter, surrounded by his guard, the princes, and high officers of the kingdom, with Jehoida in his pontifical robes at their head. The people follow with shouts and acclamations of joy. The whole procession presents an appearance of great pomp and splendour. The way is strewn with flowers, and a band of maidens, crowned with garlands and led on by Jehosheba, precede them with graceful dance and song.)

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE FERRYMAN.

A PHILOSOPHER stepped on board a ferry-boat, to cross a stream. On his passage, he inquired of the ferryman if he understood arithmetic. The man looked astonished. "Arithmetic! No, Sir, I never heard of it before." The philosopher replied, "I am very sorry, for one quarter of your life is gone." A few minutes after, he asked the ferryman, "Do you know anything of mathematics?" The boatman smiled, and again replied, "No." "Well then," said the philosopher, "another quarter of your life is lost." A third question was asked the ferryman, "Do you understand astronomy?" "Oh! no Sir, never heard of such a thing." "Well, my friend, then another part of your life is lost." Just at this moment, the boat ran on a snag, and was sinking when the ferryman jumped up, pulled off his coat, and asked the philosopher, with great earnestness of manner, "Sir, can you swim?" "No," said the philosopher. "Well then," said the ferryman, "your whole life is lost, for the boat is going to the bottom."

HABIT.

It is odd enough what children we become beneath the influence of habit. A very second nature to us seems this thing of custom. Things that at one time of life we hold in the very deepest abhorrence, we can grow step by step so fa-

miliar with, that at length it will seem like parting with life itself to take them from us. There is no slavery known so despotic as that imposed on us by ourselves, by easily yielding ourselves to the tyrannical grasp of habit. We fall into the power of a monster whom we at once love, fear, and detest, and from whose iron clutch we in vain endeavour to escape.

OLD NEWSPAPERS.

MANY people take newspapers, but few preserve them; yet the most interesting reading imaginable is a file of old newspapers. It brings up the very age, with all its bustle and every-day affairs, and marks its genius and its spirit more than the most laboured description of the historian. Who can take a paper dated half-a-century ago, without the thought that almost every name there printed is now cut upon a tombstone at the head of an epitaph?

CUSTOM.

CUSTOM, though ever so ancient, without truth, is but an old error.—*Cyprian.*

MUTUAL ASSISTANCE.

A man very lame,
Was a little to blame,
To stray from his humble abode:
Hot, thirsty, heated,
And heartily tired,
He laid himself down in the road.

While thus he reclined,
A man who was blind
Came by, and entreated his aid;
"Deprived of my sight,
Unassisted, tonight
I shall not reach home, I'm afraid."

"Intelligence give
Of the place where you live,"
Said the cripple, "Perhaps I may know it;
In my road it may be,
And if you'll carry me,
It will give me much pleasure to shew it.

"Great strength you have got,
Which, alas! I have not;
In my legs so fatigued every nerve is;
For the use of your back,
For the eyes which you lack,
My pair shall be much at your service."

Said the other poor man,
"What an excellent plan!
Pray, get on my back, my good brother;
I see all mankind,
If they are but inclined,
May constantly help one another.

There is in the above a valuable moral—what a pity it is that the men of this world will not profit by the lesson it teaches.

OLONAISE.

FOR THE FLUTE AND PIANO FORTE.

BY GABRIELSKY.

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is for the Flute, the middle for the Piano (right hand), and the bottom for the Piano (left hand). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The Flute part features a melodic line with slurs and accents. The Piano accompaniment provides a rhythmic and harmonic foundation.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features the same three-staff arrangement. The Flute part has a more active and technically demanding passage with many slurs and accents. The Piano accompaniment includes some chords with diagonal lines through them, indicating a specific voicing or texture.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. It maintains the three-staff format. The Flute part ends with a melodic phrase that includes a sharp sign (F#) in the key signature. The Piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic resolution.

This musical score is for a piece titled "POLONAISE." It is arranged for piano and violin. The score is organized into three systems, each containing three staves: a single violin staff on top, and a grand piano staff (treble and bass clefs) below it. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The first system consists of four measures. The second system also consists of four measures, with the violin staff featuring several slurs and accents. The third system begins with a double bar line, followed by two measures, and then concludes with the word "Fine" written above the piano staff and "Fine più" written below it. The final measure of the piece is a whole note chord in the piano's bass clef.

THE CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS.

BY E. C.

Hark! that wild rushing sound! 'Tis the spectre of war
 Billing fearlessly by on her blood-sprinkled car,
 The wail of deep anguish is heard o'er the plain,
 For the widow and orphan are seen in her train.

"And must we be conquered? Shall England no more
 Wield her powerful sceptre o'er Canada's shore?
 Shall our sons and our daughters as captives bend low
 'Neath the treacherous grasp of a cold-hearted foe?"

"Is there none who will aid us?—none here who will save?
 Must America's banners o'er British hearts wave?
 Shall our Island-home Queen, when she heareth the tale,
 The fate of her children, as cowards, bewail?"

"No, never!" the deep voice of loyalty cried,
 'Till the sword of the foe first in life-blood be dyed;
 'Till the heart, in its country's cause daring and bold,
 On the red battle field lieh throbbless and cold!

"Rise, Canadians, rise! loyal hearted and brave,
 Let your glory be heard o'er Atlantic's blue wave,
 Let Britannia rejoice, and to far distant years
 Bear the undying fame of her brave volunteers."

The loud call was heard and directly obey'd
 By the warm noble hearts ne'er in danger afraid;
 The sword was unsheath'd, and a patriot band
 Stood ready to fight for their own native land.

What a soul-stirring time! then the spirit of prayer
 Was breath'd out in ardour and fervency there,
 That the God who gives courage—the God of all power
 Might shelter those heroes in war's fearful hour.

Still onward they march'd, nor the wild northern blast
 That swept in such merciless tyranny past;
 Nor winter enwrap'd in her garment of snow,
 The hosann could rob of its patriot glow.

Toll and danger they slighted; but grief warmly proved
 O'er the slaughter'd remains of the comrades they lov'd,
 The soul's best emotions no courage can steel,
 For the true noble hearts still in battle will feel.

'Tis over! 'tis over!—the contest is o'er;
 Hark! the Volunteers' praise rings on Canada's shore,
 Right bravely they fought, and for ever shall claim,
 A page in Britannia's bright annals of fame.

McGill College.

OUR TABLE.

IN our last number an extremely pleasant and interesting tale appeared, under the title of "Christina Steinfort." It was a translation from the French, by "Edmond Hugonnot," a contributor who is deservedly a favourite with the readers of the *GARLAND*, as he is with ourselves. No sooner, however, did the eye of Mrs. Moodie light upon it, than, with the instinct of maternal affection, she discovered, through its transparent disguise, and the new name it had assumed, that it was a well beloved "bairn of her own,"—one which had been ushered into the world in the *Gem*, a London Annual, for 1832, under the title of "The Disappointed Politician." Not being aware that the story had ever been rendered into French, and being unacquainted with the gentleman whose *nom de guerre* appeared over it, she, perhaps naturally enough, imagined that there was piracy and plagiarism in the matter. Somewhat indignant at what she considered so very unworthy a proceeding, she roundly accused him of it, and called upon us to confound him, by republishing the tale, as it originally appeared, with her name as author, for which purpose she obligingly furnished us with the volume containing it. We, however, believed this to be unnecessary, knowing that the gentleman who furnished us with the translation, was utterly incapable of the sin laid to his charge, and that he would promptly acknowledge Mrs. Moodie's right to the original proprietorship of the tale—while, at the same time, he would fully and satisfactorily remove from himself the imputation of wearing for a single hour, honours which were justly the property of another—although, as in this case, fairly won, in perfect unconsciousness of any formerly existing claim.

To this end, we laid before him Mrs. Moodie's letter, confident he would not allow a day to pass without furnishing a satisfactory explanation. We were not disappointed; and his letter, in reply, which we now subjoin, will satisfactorily convince all who take an interest in such matters that to him no shadow of blame attaches; while to Mrs. Moodie the whole can only be attributed as a very high compliment indeed, seeing that her story was first admitted in France sufficiently to induce a translation into the language of that country, and afterwards so truly appreciated as to cause a re-translation into the language of her own land.

The conduct of the French translator, who published the story, without acknowledgment, is indefensible.

"Edmond" gives us *carte blanche* to apologise in his name to Mrs. Moodie. We think no apo-

logy necessary. His vindication is so complete, and at the same time, so gentleman-like and well tempered, that we are satisfied Mrs. Moodie will frankly withdraw the charge.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *GARLAND*.

Stout, 27th March, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am extremely sorry to learn, by your letter of yesterday's date, that I have, however unwittingly, given cause of displeasure to a lady whose writings have taught me to esteem and admire her, as I do Mrs. Moodie. To the charge of plagiarism, however, I can at once reply, with a conscience void of offence—"NOT GUILTY!"

The tale which appeared in the pages of the *GARLAND*, under the title of "Christina Steinfort," was taken from the French, as there announced; and although I cannot for a moment doubt the claim which Mrs. Moodie prefers to its authorship, I had not the slightest reason previously to consider it a translation from the English. It appeared in a French periodical—"La Tribune Littéraire," of the year 1838 or 1839, under the title of "Un Soutlet," and signed, if I remember aright—"Marceline Desbordes-Valmore." The tale, from the time I first perused it, about four years ago, has always been a favourite of mine, and I was persuaded, would meet a favourable reception from your readers, in an English dress. I therefore translated it, not however binding myself strictly to the diction of the piece, and handed it to you, as Editor of the *GARLAND*. In the French version, neither the heroine nor her father, are designated by any surname, and I thought to give them further individuality by bestowing one upon them. You may remember that I mentioned this to you, and explained the change of title; expressing at the same time a doubt that the name I had adopted had not a sufficiently Swedish sound.

You are now acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, which will enable you to explain the matter in your next number, as Mrs. Moodie requests. You have my full concurrence in any apology you may think it necessary to insert in the *GARLAND*, or to tender to that lady direct.

I regret that my present absence from Montreal may postpone for a week or two your receipt of the periodical I have mentioned. Immediately on my return, however, I shall place it at your disposal, and I sincerely trust that the perusal of the tale as it appears therein, together with the explanation I have now given, may exonerate me, in Mrs. Moodie's opinion, from the charge of any intentional appropriation of this leaf from her chapter.

I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

EDMOND HUGONNOT.

The engraving in this number represents a scene which will be familiar to the mind's eye of those who have read "Guy Ranninger,"—the Attack on the Smugglers. The picture is well conceived, and graphically illustrates the scene, as described by the great novelist. It is not, however, so good as we could have wished, or as we bargained for; but, the expense having been incurred, we could not afford to suppress it. As a work of art, it is not equal to those we have hitherto issued; but, from its connexion with the works of the Northern Wizard, it will not lack admirers among the patrons of the *GARLAND*.