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## EVA HUNTINGDON.\*

BY R. E. M.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

AFTER the first brief words of startled recognition that had passed between Eva and Mr. Arlingford, the latter silently approached an open window, pausing a while beside it, probably to give Eva time to recover herself; or, it may have been, that his agitation equalled her own. At length, however, he approached her, and as he leaned beside her with folded arms, he asked:

"Who is this Chester, Eva, and where would you have gone with him?"

The girl hushed her sobs, but she could not speak. Arlingford continued:

"You need not tell me—I know all. The man to whom your solemn vows would have been plighted in another hour, whose wife you would have been, beyond the power of recall, is a profligate gambler, and worse than that, a cold and heartless villain, who has sought and won you, not for yourself alone, but for the wealth he imagines you possess. Oh! Eva, Eva! you have erred for one who would have ill repaid your blind devotion!"

Maddened by this new and torturing pang, the terrible doubt of Rockingham's truth, Eva replied with a passionate vehemence, the offspring of her agonized despair:

"Yes, Mr. Arlingford, I have fearfully erred, but 'tis not for you—you, whose silence and neglect, united with the cruelty of others, have driven me to it, to reproach me with my fault. In the hour of my bitter, desolate need, you failed me; why wonder then, that I turned to Chester

Rockingham for the help and solace I had sought in vain elsewhere."

"Then, Eva, you turned to a frail and false support, indeed; but listen to me—I came not here to taunt or reproach, but to save you. You blame me for indifference, neglect. Your accusation is unjust, cruelly unjust. When your letter arrived at Arlingford Lodge I was absent, but on my return, the instant I had perused it, even though grave and weighty business rendered my stay imperatively necessary, though my relative lay on a sick, I might say, a dying bed, I delayed not a moment, but unrested and unrefreshed, set out at once for Huntingdon Hall. I might speak here of the want of frankness, the half-confidence displayed in a letter, that long, voluminous as it was, contained no mention whatever of your friend and lover, Chester Rockingham; but much and deeply as it has wounded me, 'tis a thing with which I have really no right to reproach you. Your secrets are your own. As I told you, I set out at once, travelling night and day, and harassed unceasingly by fears lest I should arrive too late. The second night of the journey, which was rainy and dark, I was alone in the stage, when it stopped about midnight, and two young men, whose voice and language bespoke them of the better class, entered. Either fancying me asleep, or not perceiving me, as I sat enveloped in my cloak in a dark corner, they continued conversing together with perfect freedom and unconcern. The name of 'Chester Rockingham' was mentioned, but I heeded it not. I know him, indeed, by report, as a worthless, contemptible character—one, tolerated

\* Continued from page 296.

in society on account of his high connexions, though universally despised. I little imagined the fearful interest his name was soon to possess for me. The principal speaker, who I learned from two or three words he had let fall on first entering the vehicle, was a young officer of the name of Warburton, appeared to be a very intimate friend of Rockingham's, and mentioned a letter he had just received from the latter, in which he vaunted in enthusiastic terms, 'his good fortune in having completely triumphed over the affections of some heiress, to whose wealth he had long been paying court. As the young lady had consented to elope with him, they might expect himself and his bride in London the following week.'

'Is the lady's name a secret?' was the laughing enquiry of his companion.

'Well, Rockingham did enjoin me silence,' returned the other, lowering his tones; 'but then to you I may reveal it, and, besides, the whole world will know it in a day or two.'

'Eva, imagine my maddened, my burning indignation, when I heard your name pronounced. I was on the point of felling the vile calumniator to the earth, but the fear of compromising you still further restrained me, and with an effort which drove the blood back to my heart, I fell again into my former position, vowing to myself, however, that he should pay the penalty of his slanders ere the setting of another sun. The conversation still went on—passages of Rockingham's letter were repeated, details of his plans and whereabouts given, so full and circumstantial that a vague, sickening suspicion, terrible as some hideous dream, began to steal over me. In vain I strove to shake it off, reviling myself all the while for even admitting such a thought, in connection with one whose name had ever been to me synonymous with childlike truth and innocence. The idea, however, still followed me, and last night on arriving here, instead of coming up at once to the Hall, as is my usual wont, I stopped at the small inn, which had been mentioned as the temporary residence of Rockingham. The answer to my first question respecting the inmates of the house added fearful confirmation to my fears, and without a moment's delay I asked to be shewn into his presence. What passed between us 'tis unnecessary to recount,—suffice it to say, that he is as mercenary as he is unprincipled, and the remission of a long standing debt between us, aided by a threat regarding the revelation of some disgraceful gambling transaction of his, with which chance made me acquainted, have freed you forever from his importunities, unless, indeed, you

wish it otherwise. I have his written promise that he leaves for the Continent immediately. To his open assertion, that you were betrothed to him, that you had consented to a clandestine union, I had but one reply to give him, and that was to say, 'he lied;' but he sneeringly bade me, if I still continued sceptical, to come here at the hour he would name, and my doubts would be effectually removed. I came, Eva, despite such damning evidence—still trusting, still hoping in your innocence—I came, and found, alas! that Rockingham had spoken truth. Thank God! however, I have saved you from being his wife—from a life of utter wretchedness, of endless despair and remorse, nor will I leave incomplete the work I have commenced. I will see your parents, see Lady Huntingdon, and if my advice, influence or wealth, can avail aught, you will be freed in future from the ill-judged persecutions that have already borne such deplorable fruit. Of the step you had determined on taking, they shall know nothing, at least from me. How could they who had driven you to it, with any degree of justice blame your deed? Now, Eva, before parting, in all probability never to meet again, I have a word to say to you. On receiving your last letter, containing so touching a recital of your wrongs and griefs, indignation against your parents, sympathy and anxiety for yourself, by turns contended for the mastery in my heart. A thousand plans and projects of assisting, freeing, and consoling you, did I form, and yet they were all inadequate, inefficient; for, on dispassionate reflection, what could I, a comparative stranger, do between a child and her own parents? There was but one effectual means—one which would free you at once and forever from their harsh rule, and that means which required only your own consent to be put at once into execution, I resolved on adopting. Eva, can you not divine it? It was to ask you to become my wife.'

With a wild start Eva raised her head, and fixing her dark eyes, flashing strangely in her terrible agitation, on her companion's face, she murmured, more to herself than to him—

"Your wife! what new mockery is this?"

"Eva, it was not mockery, though it may have been presumption," rejoined Mr. Arlingford, in a voice that, despite his utmost efforts, strangely trembled. "I knew not then that your heart was another's; I knew not then that your love had been already sought and won; I but remembered that you were wretched and friendless, threatened with a marriage you hated; and poor as was the alternative, I resolved to offer you my hand. Nor would the marriage have been one of simple cal-

ulation on my part, whatever it would have been on yours, for I would have loved, ay, did love you. It was the dawning presentiment of that feeling, the singular interest I took in you, the intensity of which I could not account for, even to myself, but which seemed unconquerable folly in our relative positions and circumstances, that exiled me from your presence, and prompted the constrained, reserved tone of my later letters, for which you so often and so touchingly upbraided me. But all this is idle folly. Whatever may have been the distance that separated Edgar Arlingford from Eva Huntingdon, between him and the affianced wife of Rockingham, there lies a gulf that can never be passed. The heart which, free and unengaged, might have been ultimately won by my devotion and tenderness, could never respond to it, once filled with the image of another."

Eva had again covered her face with her hands, but the flush of burning scarlet that had replaced her late ghastly pallor, shewed even between her small transparent fingers. Arlingford, fearing for her self-control, for his own, exclaimed in a rapid, indistinct tone—

"It may be, Eva, that I have erred, even more widely than yourself, in pouring this tale into your ear, but the full heart must have utterance, and mine could not be silent in such an hour as this. Let us leave the past, however; 'tis but a sad and unavailing retrospect, and turn to the future, which demands our undivided attention. 'Tis better for us to separate now, but do not mention that you have seen me. I will return in a few hours, to seek an interview with your parents, and put an end, if possible, to all thoughts of this hateful union with Sir George Leland."

Eva silently rose, and as she turned away, Arlingford took her icy hand in his, gently exclaiming—

"Tell me, Eva, that you have forgiven me for un deceiving you with regard to Chester Rockingham—that you have forgiven me for the terrible anguish I have inflicted on your heart, in revealing to it the perfidy of the man you had loved and trusted."

Had worlds depended on it, Eva could not have spoken then, but she bowed her head, and the utter hopelessness, the weary despair of her look, as she turned away, haunted Arlingford long long after. Two hours later, Lady Huntingdon was summoned in all haste to the bedside of her daughter who had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill. That fragile frame had been tasked beyond its strength, and for many days Eva hovered between life and death. At length, however, life and youth triumphed, and she was pro-

nounced out of danger. That very day, Mr. Arlingford took his departure from Huntingdon Hall. It was Seston who mentioned the fact to Eva, and the latter listened to it in silence, but an hour afterwards she asked "if he had left no word, no message for her!"

"Yes, Miss, he expressed a thousand regrets that business in Ireland, of the most important nature, compelled him to leave before you were well enough to see him, and he also gave me this small note for you."

Eva hurriedly opened it. It was brief—only a few lines:

"I have waited, Eva, till you were out of danger, but I dare not wait to risk a parting interview. It would be painful and trying to both and to you, in your present weak state, perhaps dangerous. I have done all I could with your parents, and assisted Lord Huntingdon to settle the affairs of his ward, with tolerable accuracy. I have his solemn promise, as well as that of your mother, that for the future you will be importuned no more on account of Sir George Leland. The latter received his formal dismissal in my presence, and set out an hour after for London. May the one whose image will next engross your heart, be more worthy of it than either he or Chester Rockingham. And now, Eva, before bidding you farewell, perhaps for the last time, accept my warmest prayers and wishes for your future happiness, and believe me, through good and ill,

"Your devoted and unchanging friend,

"EDGAR ARLINGFORD."

CHAPTER XIX.

EVA'S recovery was slow, so slow that the physician who attended her, abandoned in despair all hopes in the efficacy of his own prescriptions, whilst the servants, one and all, prophesied, with many a sorrowful sigh, "that dear, good Miss Eva, was not long for earth." A full month had elapsed since Mr. Arlingford's departure, and, still emaciated, pale as a shadow, she glided about, her feeble strength scarce permitting her to reach the gardens of the house. Mrs. Wentworth, her duties of course entirely suspended, occasionally sought the side of her pupil, but to the poor, heart-broken invalid, that cold and unsympathizing companionship was worse than solitude, and the governess perceiving it, left her to herself. Had the future possessed one ray of hope, one single sunny gleam, Eva might have rallied sooner, but to the young girl's spirit, it, as well as the present and past, were alike all bitterness and gloom. The maddening remembrance of Rock-

ingham's treachery, the hollow mockery with which he had won and repaid the first trusting love of her heart, was a grief that never lost its torturing sting, and yet was it even equalled in bitterness by the agonizing thought, that she had lost for ever the confidence and regard of her first and only friend, the high-souled, generous Edgar Arlingford,—he, whose noble character so gained in brightness, when contrasted with the unworthy natures around him, that he seemed to her a being almost too exalted for earth—one to worship, to reverence. On the strange and startling confession he had made to her, at their last mournful and unexpected meeting, she never dared to dwell. It caused her brow to burn, her heart to throb too wildly for that, filling her with a strange dread that what was now but a passing though acute pang, might yet become a mighty and a never-dying sorrow. And she knew, she felt that her heart, so crushed by its past trials, its own utter loneliness and desolation, would break with more. In her parents—they whose affection could have atoned to her for her other griefs—she found no comfort. True, Lord Huntingdon would pause when he met her on the lawn or stairs, to ask "if she felt better," or to utter some careless, though well meant injunction about "keeping up her spirits, and all would soon be well;" but that was all. Lady Huntingdon, suffering herself, in body, as well as mind, had little compassion for others, and the oft-reiterated commands she gave, "that Miss Huntingdon's wishes should be gratified in everything, her slightest wants carefully attended to," were all the tokens of sympathy or affection that her daughter received at her hands. Eva, however, was young, her constitution unbroken by previous illness, and nature was struggling slowly, but surely in her favour. But, with her, the body grew well before the mind, and long after she was able to go abroad, to wander mid the sweet scenes of Summer, her heart was dead to their influence. The birds and flowers, the thousand simple objects that had once so charmed her, filling life with pure, untroubled joys, were now but dried up sources, yielding naught save weariness and disappointment. In passive obedience to the counsels of her medical attendant, who strenuously insisted on the necessity of pure, invigorating air, and out door exercise, she every day left the Hall, when her strength permitted for an hour or more, and one beautiful afternoon, roused into something like animation by the wondrous loveliness of everything around her, she extended her walk somewhat farther than was her usual wont. Fatigued by the exertion, she threw herself faint and breathless at the foot of a tree, and

there lay back, her eyes closed in dreamy listlessness. Suddenly she was startled by hearing her own name pronounced in tones of energetic surprise, and raising her head in nervous alarm, she saw Augustus before her. For a moment, the brother and sister silently regarded each other, but he broke the spell by exclaiming with a laugh, that had more of bitterness than mirth in it:

"Perhaps I do wrong to address you, sister mine! Of course you have been forbidden to hold any intercourse with the out-law, the Pariah, and you are too perfect, too dutiful to disobey the injunction."

Eva's only reply was to fling herself with a convulsive sob into his arms, and as the reckless young man pressed her again and again to his heart, tears dimmed for a moment the flashing brightness of his eyes.

"How, Eva!" he said, "you, who shunned, avoided me when I had power and interest to do you good, you have affection to lavish on me now."

"Yes, Augustus, because you want that affection, because, like myself, you are shunned and neglected, and it may therefore be welcome to you."

"I have not deserved this," he rejoined in tones that trembled with deep feeling. "My dear good girl! I have not deserved this! but, Eva," and he suddenly started, as his glance rested more attentively on her features:

"How is this! You look terribly pale and altered. Have you been ill?"

"Yes, very ill, but I am well now," and she hid her face upon his shoulder, to conceal her tears.

For a moment the young man looked down on her with an expression of anxious concern, then seating himself, he passed his arm around her waist, and drew her towards him, kindly exclaiming:

"Come, cheer up, my little Eva! Indeed I could almost join you at the present moment in a hearty cry, myself, but then, it spoils the eyes and complexion, and besides, is a sad loss of time."

His sister, with some effort, regained her self-command, and was soon able to answer with some appearance of cheerfulness, his characteristic enquiries as to "How were the old people. Was his respected lady mother as crotchety as ever, and had old Hum-drum got her walking ticket yet?" On his last question being answered in the negative, he expressed his deep regret, and a short silence followed. Eva was the first to in-



and Mrs. Huntingdon. Our honey-moon is not entirely sped yet."

Reassured by his manner, she cheerfully rejoined:

"You have talked about love in a cottage, so I suppose you live in one; but you must tell me where it is."

"Tis about a mile from here, a handsome enough affair, with the usual complement of vines and cobwebs, roses and black beetles."

"A mile from here!" echoed Eva, with a start. "Is it possible? I never heard a word of it at home!"

"Perhaps they do not know themselves, for they neither go out nor receive company, and Lady Huntingdon never exchanges a word with a servant, unless on matters of absolute necessity. Yet, even if they have wilfully concealed it from you, it appears to be part of the system they have adopted—witness my letters, which were never mentioned in your presence. Naturally thinking one *mesalliance* in the family quite enough, they wish to prevent my corrupting you, and, perhaps, ensuring another."

How deeply Eva coloured, how quickly her abashed eyes sought the ground, as the remembrance of Rockingham, the spendthrift, the adventurer, flashed across her. Her brother misinterpreting her embarrassment, laughingly exclaimed:

"What, Eva, still the same shy, shame-faced little creature as ever—still so backward in your lessons, that the bare allusion to a lover, dyes your cheek with blushes. Well! I'll be more cautious for the future. What were we talking about? Oh! yes, the cottage. Well, as I was saying, 'tis pleasant enough, but my poor wife, who has neither brother, sister, or friend, sometimes finds it a little lonely. Of course, I am absent a great part of the time, and as the great are too proud, and the poor too humble to visit Mrs. Huntingdon, she has a sad enough time of it."

He sighed almost imperceptibly, and a cloud shadowed his handsome features.

"Would you wish, that is, would you have any objections to my visiting my sister-in-law," asked Eva, timidly.

"Objections!" he repeated—his countenance lighting up with pleasure. "Why, Eva, you would be received with open heart and arms. 'Tis that I have been aiming at this half hour, only pride would not let me avow it candidly. I was withheld, too, by another and a better feeling, a feeling which condemned the thought of my soliciting you to a step which might seriously, effectually compromise you at Huntingdon Hall. Tell

me, my dear, good girl, will you really run such a risk to visit a woman whom you have never known, who possesses no claims on you whatever, beyond that of being the shunned, despised wife of a truly unkind, indifferent brother."

"Augustus, dear, do not talk in such a strain! My visit will confer more happiness on myself than on either you or her. As to any danger of discovery, do not be anxious—I incur none. The physician, under whose care I still am, prescribes constant out-door exercise, so that I often spend whole afternoons wandering about the grounds, and no one remarks my absence, or questions me on my return. As your residence is only a mile distant, I can easily drive down in my little phaeton the first favorable afternoon; but do not mention it to Mrs. Huntingdon, lest anything should occur to prevent my putting my plan into execution. It might disappoint or mortify her."

"Thanks! a thousand thanks, dear Eva!" rejoined her brother, drawing her towards him, and affectionately kissing her. "God knows it will be an act of charity on your part, for poor Carry's lot is not entirely sunshine, and she has more lonely hours than often fall to the share of a young bride; but I will give you the directions to our cottage, so that you may make no mistake. There are two roads, but you had better take the least frequented one, for your expedition must not come to the ears of the Home Government. 'Tis also the shadiest and most pleasant."

Tearing a leaf from his note book, he wrote down in pencil the requisite directions, making them so minute, that Eva could not possibly mistake them. Then, after an affectionate embrace, the brother and sister parted, and returned to their separate homes, more united in heart or feeling than they once could have conceived possible. Eva's heart was strangely lightened by this meeting, and she felt that the happiness of seeing her brother and his young wife often, would fill up in a measure the dull blank her life had presented from the day of her separation with Mr. Arlingford, and the bitter termination of her day-dream with Chester Rockingham. Her still feeble strength, however, was not to be tasked with impunity, and her long walk, the agitation of her interview with her brother, was followed by a slight relapse, which detained her a close prisoner in her own apartment for three successive days. Then the weather was unfavourable, rainy and tempestuous, so that more than a week elapsed ere she found herself in her phaeton pursuing the road that led to Honeysuckle Cottage. Occupied with conjectures as to the personal appearance, the character and tastes of her

sister-in-law, the time sped with singular rapidity, and she actually started when the pretty cottage, with its green jalousies and climbing plants, already familiar to her from her brother's description, came in view. Alighting from the carriage, she approached the lowly door, and knocked for admittance. Her summons was answered by a young and rather pretty girl, apparently about sixteen, attired in deep mourning, and whose long, hanging curls, and half shy, half giddy manner, seemed to indicate still the mere school girl.

"Is Mr. Huntingdon at home?" enquired Eva.

"No," was the prompt reply. "He was out fishing, but he would be in in less than an hour." Eva half turned away, and then paused to ask, "if Mrs. Huntingdon were also absent?"

"I am Mrs. Huntingdon," rejoined the girl, with a rather undignified laugh. The visitor started back in speechless amazement. Had she heard right! Was the young giddy being before her whose looks, manners, age, all betokened the school-room as her proper sphere for years to come, her brother's wife, the ruler of his household, his companion and counsellor for life! It seemed incredible, impossible! and whilst she was endeavouring to reassure herself, by repeating the words inwardly over and over again, the young lady, who had scarcely yet entirely recovered her gravity, enquired politely enough, "if her visitor would not walk in!"

The question recalled Eva to herself, and she assented, at the same time introducing herself as "Miss Huntingdon." The name produced an almost magical effect on her young hostess. Her smiles vanished, and whilst an expression of blank dismay, of actual terror, overspread her features, she stammered:

"Miss Huntingdon of Huntingdon Hall?"

"The same," rejoined Eva, wondering at her perturbation.

"I am very sorry," at length faltered the bride, "that your brother (she seemed afraid to designate him as 'my husband,') is not at home; but if I dared I would ask you to enter our poor abode to await his arrival."

Her guest thanked her, and followed her into a very simple but exquisitely neat apartment, where a little work-table, on which lay some yet unfinished plain needle work, drawn up to the window, betokened the recent employment of the mistress of the cottage. During the first moments of awkward silence, Eva's eyes involuntarily wandered round the room, so different in its furniture and keeping to anything that she had yet seen. The simple muslin curtains, the chintz-covered sofa, the old-fashioned centre-table, with its green

covering and little hand-bell, the white mantle-piece and its quaint ornaments, china shepherdesses, solemn looking sheep, fan-tailed peacocks. All was novel and strange, and with a double feeling of interest she turned again to her young hostess, whose perfect simplicity of dress and manner seemed singularly in keeping with the apartment itself. Mrs. Huntingdon, as we have said, was attired in deep mourning, and though the material of her dress was of the very cheapest description, the make of the simplest fashion, it yet became and fitted her extremely well. Her only ornament was a very elegant gold chain, in which, by the way, she seemed to take no small pride. Altogether, there was a correctness and delicacy of taste an exquisite neatness about her whole person, that harmonized well with the childish grace of her figure, and the prettiness of her fair, though somewhat insipid countenance. After a considerable time, Eva seeing that it was hopeless expecting her hostess to break silence first, exclaimed, as she glanced towards the window, around whose sides the woodbine and the honey-suckle were raising their perfumed heads:

"You have, a sweet place here, Mrs. Huntingdon."

The bride coloured with mingled embarrassment and pleasure, and timidly replied!

"Tis very kind, very generous of you, Miss Huntingdon, to say so. Indeed I was almost afraid to ask you, who have always been accustomed to such splendour and magnificence, to enter so humble an abode."

Eva sadly shook her head, as she murmured: "Happiness seldom depends on the grandeur or loftiness of the roof that shelters us."

Mrs. Huntingdon, either did not coincide in the truth of the sentence, or else did not perfectly comprehend it for she made no reply. Again at a loss for conversation, the visitor's eyes a second time wandered round the apartment, and finally rested on the portrait of a gentleman opposite, encased in a plain dark frame. His apparent age and a strong resemblance between his features and those of her young companion left scarcely a doubt as to the relationship in which they stood to each other, and less as a question than a remark, she exclaimed:

"Your father, is it not?"

Mrs. Huntingdon bowed.

"A most benevolent countenance, resumed Eva but he is still young, is he not?"

The young bride glanced at her mourning habiliments, and then murmured, as she hastily averted her head:

"He is dead."

Sincerely grieved to have touched on so painful a chord, Eva seated herself besides her and taking her hand, gently exclaimed:

"Pardon me, dear Mrs. Huntingdon! I fear I have pained you by my thoughtlessness."

"No, no," was the half whispered reply, "still, it is so recent. I lost him but three weeks before my marriage, I am sure you think me very foolish," she suddenly added, hastily drying her eyes and glancing half confusedly, half timidly towards Eva, but in that sweet countenance she read a warmth of feeling, a gentle sympathy which soon reassured her, and ere half an hour had elapsed, she found herself conversing with her guest, in terms of perfect confidence and friendship, a thing which with one of her husband's proud lofty family, she had ever considered as utterly impossible. With the frankness of a child did she relate the tale of her first meeting with Augustus Huntingdon, when he had called by chance at her father's humble cottage to ask assistance for a slight hurt he had received in a fall from an unmanageable horse. Simply too, she told of the lively pleasure, the hopes, her parent and herself had derived from the frequency of his subsequent visits, and his evident partiality for herself, and the passionate depth of her grief when he had left them to join his family in London. True to his promises, however, of a speedy return, he was soon again among them, and when he told her that for her sake, he had braved his proud mother's displeasure, and turned away from the smiles of beauty and fashion, she felt she was more than repaid for all. The terrible loss too she had sustained in the death of her kind indulgent father, was feelingly, touchingly described. He had been called away almost suddenly, but he had profited of the few hours spared him, to hold a long conversation with his young and high-born guest, during which the latter yielding as much to the generous impulses of his own heart as to the passionate adjurations of the dying man, had willingly and unhesitatingly given the solemn sacred promises which had cheered his passage to the grave.

Three weeks after her father's death, even whilst her tears were yet flowing on his new made grave, her lover almost in despite of her own will, for she was then too much engrossed in her sorrow for the dead to think of the living, insisted on redeeming the pledge he had given to her dying parent, and she became his wife. Notwithstanding the deep interest and sympathy her simple tale awoke in Eva's heart, notwithstanding the artless simplicity that marked the recital, an uneasy doubt, a fear flashed across her, that the young girl at her side was scarcely one calculated

to ensure or promote her brother's happiness. There was an evidence of such utter, such complete inexperience of life, its duties and its trials, a tone of childish waywardness revealed even in her grieving for her deceased father, whom she mourned with the fretful vehemence of a spoiled, indulged child, and at times a heedless giddiness, a shallowness of thought and idea that plainly betrayed that for years to come she would be alike incompetent and unsuited for the responsible position, to which she had been so suddenly translated.

She was yet deep in an account she was giving her now pre-occupied listener, of the beauty and value of a silver snuff-box that had been presented to her father some years before, by his parishioners "as a token of their respect and esteem," when a shadow darkened the sunlight, and young Huntingdon joyously bounded in through the low window.

"Well, Carry, how are you to day?" he gaily asked, drawing his wife towards him and imprinting a kiss on her white forehead. "Ready, to scold me, I suppose, for playing truant so long, but what makes you look so confoundedly stiff, little lady?"

"An unexpected pleasure is in store for you, Augustus," she replied drawing herself up with an amusing assumption of dignified rebuke, and glancing at the same time towards her guest.

"What, Eva here!" he joyously exclaimed as his glance rested for the first time upon her. "You are heartily welcome my dear little sister!" and he pressed her to him in a warm embrace; "I was beginning to fear you had either forgotten or regretted your promise, but tell me how you have contrived to elude the vigilance of the dragons and duennas that guard Castle Dismal! Wait though, I must first introduce you in form to the Honourable Mrs. Augustus Huntingdon, and welcome you, with all due solemnity, to the lofty and splendid abode of him whom my mother used to delight in calling the heir of all the Huntingdons.

"'Tis indeed a very pretty place," rejoined Eva, desiring to check the reckless gaiety of her brother which seemed to both annoy and disconcert his young wife.

"Yes, and what do you say to its mistress?" he asked. "Quite in keeping with the place itself, is she not? pretty and simple." The girl notwithstanding her simplicity, saw the point of the jest, and her pouting lips and glowing cheek, showed the manner in which she appreciated it.

"Come Carry, don't commence to pout, I was but complimenting you. If you would only loop

up those luxuriant curls of yours," and he playfully ruffled her glossy tresses as he spoke, "into something like matronly decorum, and acquire a little more steadiness and gravity of demeanour, you would be irreproachable. But, tell us, Eva, how are they all at home."

"They are all well except mamma."

"What! is she still ill?" he rejoined, his countenance instantly becoming grave. "I am sorry to hear it. Overbearing, domineering as she is, I am certain no human being ever loved me as much as she once did."

"Except your wife, Augustus," was Mrs. Huntingdon's somewhat reproachful apostrophe.

"We always except the present company, Carry," he carelessly rejoined, "but, tell me, Eva, how long have you been here? An hour, aye! How sorry I am! Had I but anticipated your visit, I would have remained at home."

"You should have done so, whether or not," smilingly returned his sister, "for I found poor Mrs. Huntingdon all alone."

Young Huntingdon intercepted the eloquent glance this speech elicited from his wife, and he merrily exclaimed,

"What, combining and plotting against me so soon. Talk of the bonds of country, kindred, genius—they are as nothing to the mysterious sympathy that links all the daughters of Eve together. Here, for example, am I your brother, entitled by relationship and common interest to your support, and yet after one short hour passed in the society of my wife, I find you ranging yourself on her side. Tell me Eva, when do you intend to get married? I am resolved to fraternize, as our French neighbours have it, with your husband immediately, whoever he is. Nay, why be so confoundedly bashful on the subject. You always colour up as if charged with murder. I see plainly you do not intend to follow Carry's example, who by the way was in a precious hurry."

"Nor would I advise Miss Huntingdon to do so," was the spirited reply. "'Tis a folly I may yet have cause to grieve over."

"Bravo! my little wife," he exclaimed, patronizingly stroking down her long curls. "There is nothing in this world like spirit. I only wish my gentle Eva here had a little more of it, but do like a good girl, see if you can get me a glass of water,—I am insufferably warm."

She instantly obeyed, and then young Huntingdon, turning to his sister, exclaimed, in a tone whose playfulness seemed somewhat constrained:

"Well Eva, what do you think of my choice?"

The question was an embarrassing one, and she hesitated a moment, but at length exclaimed:—

"She is certainly very pretty, and I think equally amiable."

"Nay, speak out your mind, Eva, and say frankly that you think I have bought her at a dear rate. What! you shake your head in dissent? Well, I am glad of it,—glad to meet any one whose opinion will counterbalance the uneasy fear that has often visited me of late, that in this, as in most other transactions of my life, I have acted like a fool. Believe me, Eva, love in a cottage is a frail experiment—one I would scarcely recommend you to try,—but I should not say this, lest it should frighten you from repeating your visit."

"There is no danger of that, dear Augustus. I would regret the termination of our intimacy as much as yourself. Every afternoon available, will see me down here, seated in your pleasant little parlour, chatting with yourself or Mrs. Huntingdon."

"Thanks, dear Eva, 'tis kind of you to say so; for I know well that poor Carry, from her limited education, and her still more limited ideas, the result of her training in a country parsonage, can prove no very agreeable or congenial companion to you. Still, she is neither rude nor ill-bred, and the very simplicity—I might as well at once say, the shallowness—of her character, will render her at times an amusing, if not interesting companion—*but here she comes, so silence!*"

As he spoke, his wife entered with a small salver, containing fruits and wine, of which she pressed her sister-in-law with timid, though earnest hospitality to partake.

Eva did so, and the conversation flowed on in a lively strain, Augustus alternately teasing herself or his wife, laughing over the people at Huntingdon Hall, and jesting on every thing and every body with his customary reckless gaiety. At length Eva, warned by the lengthening shadows of sunset, rose to depart. The young wife, with a return of her early embarrassment, expressed her gratitude for the honor she had conferred on them, at the same time timidly faltering a wish that they might soon have the happiness of seeing her again.

Touched by the gentleness, the winning humility of her manner, Eva affectionately embraced her, assuring her at the same time, "that she would look forward with the utmost impatience and eagerness to their next meeting, which should be as early as fortune would permit."

Young Huntingdon's countenance lit up with pleasure as he marked Eva's affectionate farewell

to his wife, and throwing his arm around her, he whispered, as he pressed her warmly to his bosom, "Kiss me twice for that, my kind, warm-hearted sister. I must love you now on Carry's account as well as on my own."

Eva was soon seated in her carriage, and after a last farewell from her brother, and a beaming smile from his young wife, she entered on her homeward path. After a time she turned for another glance, and there they still stood, waving her adieu. The perfect confidence with which Mrs. Huntingdon's head reposed on her husband's shoulder, told of an affection without fear, if not without alloy, and tears of joy for their happiness, of gratitude for herself, that she had at length found a tie, however fragile, to endear her to life, filled her eyes. As she approached nearer home, however, every other feeling was absorbed in the anxious apprehensions that beset her lest her lengthened absence had excited any remark or suspicion. Her fears were unfounded, and on entering the drawing-room, she found only Mrs. Wentworth, who advised her to lie down for an hour or two, as she looked pale and fatigued.

What fertile subject Eva had that evening for meditation; what a host of ideas, conjectures and thoughts, thronged upon her. Honeysuckle cottage and its inmates—the extreme, nay, almost absurd youth of its mistress, her childishness and inexperience—the alternate levity and seriousness of her brother, whose character was scarcely more disciplined than that of his, young wife, one moment seeming to regret, the next to rejoice, over his union. The simplicity, too, the humbleness of their abode, so different to the splendid home of his youth, and yet how did every feeling of Eva's nature acknowledge that, that home was an Eden when compared with the desolate magnificence of Huntingdon Hall. There was a balm for her in the pleasant prospect of long happy hours, cheered by her brother's mirth and gaiety, and the timid affection of his wife, and as the picture rose upon her fancy, a heartfelt sunny smile, such as Mr. Arlingford's approach had ever called to her countenance in olden days, again irradiated it. She sought her couch, resolving to repeat her visit as soon as she could do so with safety.

(To be continued.)

#### THE SUMMER NIGHT.

The summer alone might elevate us! God what a season! In sooth, I often know not whether to stay in the city, or go forth into the fields, so alike is it every where and beautiful.

If we go outside the city gate, the very beggars gladden our hearts, for they are no longer cold; and the post-boys who can pass the whole night on horseback, and the shepherds asleep in the open air. We need no gloomy house: We make a chamber out of every bush, and therefore have my good industrious bees before us, and the most gorgeous butterflies. In the gardens, on the hills, sit schoolboys and in the open air look out words in the dictionary, and every living thing in bush and furrow and on green branches, can enjoy itself right heartily and safely. In all directions come travellers along the roads; they have their carriages for the most part thrown open—the horses have branches stuck in their saddles, and the drivers roses in their mouths. The shadows of the clouds go trailing along,—the birds fly between them up and down, and journeymen mechanics wander cheerily on with their bundles, and want no work. Even when it rains we love to stand out of doors, and breathe in the quickening influence, and the wet does the herdsman harm no more. And is it night, so sit we only in a cooler shadow, from which we plainly discern the daylight on the northern horizon, and on the sweet warm stars of heaven.—Wheresoever I look, there do I find my beloved blue on the flax in blossom, on the corn-flowers, and the god-like endless heaven into which I would fain spring as into a stream. And now if we turn homeward again, we find indeed but fresh delight. The street is a true nursery, for in the evening after supper the little ones, though they have but a few clothes upon them, are again let out into the open air, and not driven under the bed-quilt as in winter. We sup by day-light, and hardly know where the candlesticks are. In the bed-chamber the windows are open day and night, and likewise most of the doors, without danger. The oldest women stand by the window without a chill, and sew. Flowers lie about every where—by the inkstand—on the lawyer's papers—on the justice's table, and the tradesman's counter. The children make a great noise, and one hears the howling in ninepin alleys half the night through our walks up and down the street; and talks loud, and sees the stars shoot in the high heaven. The foreign musicians, who wend their way homeward towards midnight, go fiddling along the street to their quarters, and the whole neighbourhood runs to the window. The extra posts arrive later, and the horses neigh. One lies by the noise in the window and drops asleep. The post-horns awake him, and the whole starry heaven hath spread itself open. O God! what a joyous life on this little earth!

# THE CROSS ON THE SNOW MOUNTAINS.\*

A SCANDINAVIAN TALE.

## CHAPTER V.

Be still, oh North wind: howl not at the iron-bound lattice: she hears not thee. Blinding snow, sweep not in such mad gusts over the mountains, thou canst not dim her eyes and freeze her heart more than an inward anguish has already effected. If Hermolin dwelt among the rose-bowers of Provence, instead of the chill, ghostly halls of the Viking, there would be the same icy burthen on her soul—the same dark shadow over all things on which her eyes look. The heart makes its own sunshine—its own eternal gloom.

The Jarl's bride was alone. Even that day he had left her on the threshold of the palace, and the envious eyes of the wondering Norse hand-maidens had been the only welcome in her husband's hall. Through those halls she glided like a wandering spirit, shrinking from their ghastly grandeur, that filled her young soul with fear. The white-tusked spoils of the bear-hunters seemed to grin like evil spirits from the walls; and as she passed by the empty armor of many a departed Viking, spectral shapes appeared to creep within it, until beneath the vacant helm glittered fiery eyes, and shadowy hands formed themselves out of the air, wielding the ungrasped spear. Hermolin shivered with terror; her limbs moved heavily; her eyes dared not lift themselves from the ground.

One sun gleam from that bright, beloved face and the horrible phantoms would have fled like dreams,—But it came not. Hermolin reached her chamber, and was alone. Ringing through the long corridor, she heard the laughter of her retreating maiden-train; she listened while they mocked at the terrors of the Jarl's young bride, and said how much fitter had been a fearless Norse maiden, than a poor shrinking child of the South, to tread the halls of the son of Hjalmar,

Hermolin's cheek flushed, and her terror changed to pride—not for herself, but for him.

"They shall never say the wife of Olof is afraid. I will be strong—I will teach my heart to beat as it were with the bold Northern blood. My Olof, thou shalt not blush for me."

But still the young cheek blanched at the shrieks, which seemed to mingle in the tempestuous blast,

and still, when the blazing fagots cast fantastic shapes on the walls, Hermolin started and trembled. Hour after hour passed, and Olof came not. Her fears melted into sorrow, and she poured forth the tears of an aching and lonely heart.

Wild storm of the North, howl over that poor broken flower, but thou canst not wither the life-fluid which will yet make its leaves green, and its blossoms fair—the essence of its being—its hope—its strength—its enduring love.

Still, as ever, alone, Hermolin retraced the gloomy halls, as she glided, like a spirit of light come to re-animate the dead, past the mailed shadows, that kept memorial watch over the Viking's halls, with her faint gleaming lamp, and her floating hair, which every blast seemed to lift with a spirit hand.

Led by the distant sound of voices, Hermolin came to the festival hall. Her terror-stricken fancy had pictured Olof in the storm; his stalwart frame paralyzed; his golden hair mingling with the snow wreaths, and death—a terrible death—stealing over him. But as she stood in the shadow-hung entrance, Hermolin saw her lord. He sat among his young warriors, the blitheest of all, quaffing many a cup of sparkling mead, his laugh ringing loud, but still musical; and his beautiful face resplendent with mirth and festive gaiety.

But for the first time its sunshine fell on Hermolin all joylessly. There was a deadly coldness at her heart, which no power could take away. Her lips murmured a thanksgiving that Olof was safe; but no smile sealed the joyful amen of the orison. Silently as she came she glided away, and the sinner knew not how near him, yet all unregarded, had passed the angel's wing.

When Hermolin re-entered her chamber, there rose up from one corner a dark shadow. Soon it formed itself into the likeness of humanity, and confronted the young bride—a woman, not yet aged, but with iron gray locks and deeply furrowed brow. Suddenly as the thought of a terrible dream gone by, that wild face, those piercing eyes, rushed upon Hermolin's memory. It was the remembrance which had been the haunting terror of her childhood—the face of Ulva.

The nurse bent in a half-mocking courtesy to Olof's wife.

"Welcome, my lady, from the South, whose vacant chamber I have dared to enter," said Ulva. "Perchance she likes it not, but it is too late now."

"My lord's home is ever pleasant in his wife's eyes," answered Hermolin, striving to impart strength and dignity to her trembling frame.

"It is well," said the nurse. "But the Southern lady should know that it is not our custom for the wife of a noble Jarl to steal like a thief about the halls at night, and that the Northern heroes admit no woman to their feasts. The young Olof's eyes had darted angry lightnings had he known his bride intruded so near."

Hermolin shrank from the loud and fierce tones of the Norsewoman. But while pressing her clasped hands on her breast, she felt Ulrika's cross. It gave her strength; for it carried her thoughts back from the desolate present to the pure and holy past; and from the remembered convent shrine lifted them up heavenwards, as prayers. Then she turned to Ulva, and said, in that sweet meekness which bears with it unutterable weight:

"I am a stranger, and I know thee not. But I love my lord, and all that are his; therefore I forgive these discourteous words to Olof's wife. Now I would rest and be alone."

As a spirit of evil steals from the light, so Ulva crept from the presence of Hermolin, and the young wife was once more alone.

No, not alone, though she sank prostrate on the floor and laid her young brow on the cold stone, not even a silent lifting up of the eyes showing whither the heart fled in its desolation. Yet that stone was a Bethel-pillow, and there the angel-winged prayers and angel-footed blessings ascended and descended between her and God. There for the first time arose up from those heathen halls the voice of thanksgiving. The wild blast came, and bore away amid its thunders the sweet echoes of the Virgin's vesper-hymn; they floated upward toward the snow mountains, music-clouds of incense, that marked the consecration of that wild land. And far above the loud organ-voice of the South with its thousand altars and myriad orisons, arose from the desolate North the clear, low tone of one woman's earnest, loving prayer.

Then it seemed as though the holy ones, who minister unseen to man, came and kissed her eyes into a sleep as deep and peaceful as that of the babe Hermolin on the breast of Ulrika. A veil was drawn over her senses, and the mingled sounds of the storm without, and the noisy revel within, melted to the sweetest music, and became a wondrous dream.

Beside her couch, in the spot where Hermolin's fast-closing eyes had watched the first glimmer

of the storm hidden moon, the light gathered and grew, until it became a face. Pale it was, and sad; with damp, wave-bedewed hair, such as we picture the airy shades of those over whom the billows sweep; but the eyes looked out with a sweet, human yearning, and the fair lips smiled with a mournful kindness. Hermolin beheld without fear; for over the spirit-beauty of that face was cast an earthly likeness she knew well, and in her dream all that she had by chance heard concerning the mother of Olof grew clear to her. Not with human voice did the vision speak, but it seemed that the soul of the dead overshadowed the sleeping soul of the living, and taught it the wisdom of the spirit-land. Now Hermolin saw how it was that the flower had withered because it had no root—that the spirit had drooped because there was no in-dwelling love to be its life; and she learned more of love's nature—that its strength is in itself—that it stretches not forth its arms, saying, "Bless me, as I would fain bless—I give, therefore let me receive;" but it draws its light from its own essence, and pours it out in a sunshine flood, surrounding and interpenetrating the beloved with radiance, as the sun the earth, for which it asks no answering brightness, save the faint reflection of that which itself has given.

And while yet was present in her dream the pale shadow of the joyless wife, whom not even mother-bliss could keep from the land of peace, for which the broken spirit yearned, Hermolin looked toward her own future, and grew strong.

"I love, therefore I can endure all—can do all," was the resolution that shot like a sunbeam through the sleeper's soul; and at the moment a ministering angel looked into that soul, changing the proud, yet noble resolve into the humblest of prayers—"I will; O God, help me!"

Then the pale spirit seemed to rejoice with exceeding gladness, while mingling with her divine joy a human mother-love that made it still more sublime and tender. And, behold! there stood beside her another soul whose dark-glorious orbs were added to their earthlikeness, the beauty of eyes which have looked on God. And, the mortal semblance not utterly taken away, but exalted into that perfection which the smile of divinity creates out of very dust. Hermolin knew in her spirit it was Ulrika.

Then bending together over the sleeper, the mother-souls kissed her brow and fled.

Lift up thy voice again, O North wind, whose wings have been the airy chariots of God's messengers—lift up thy voice once more, but let it be in a grand, solemn, God-like hymn, such as should arise from the land of snows; and rifling through

the sublime, harmonious cloud, let there be a sunburst of divine melody, sweet as an angel's smile telling of love—eternal love—its strength, its holiness, its long-suffering, its omnipotence—love which dwells in humanity, as its life, its essence, its soul—which is God.

## CHAPTER VI.

Beyond the sea-coast, the abode of the race of Hialmar, arises a giant mountain; pine forests huge and dark, clothe its foot; above them tower the gray masses of bare rock, and higher still comes the region of eternal snows. There sits the spirit of white Death, sublime in beautiful desolation; and over it the stars creep, solemn and never-wearied watchers throughout the perpetual night. It is a land of silence, without movement, without life. Beneath a vast plain, whereon no trees wave, above a dull-gray sky, over which not a cloud is seen to float, earth and heaven mock each other in terrible tranquillity, and the wind steals between them, viewless as themselves, for there is naught to interrupt its path.

Lo! there is one trace of life on this land of death—one bold footstep marks the snow—one proud head lifts itself fearless up toward the leaden sky. The spirit that guides them is a woman's—one of the most daring of the daughters of the North. Alone, Ulva ascends through forest and rock, to that desolate snow plain, to ask counsel of the only living soul who inhabits the mountain—the priestess of the Nornir.

Ulva reached the verge of the plain where Svenska had formed her dwelling. It was said that the priestess of the Nornir needed no human sustenance, and that she had made her couch among the snows, and that from the time when two stray bear-hunters found the maiden babe lying on the white plain, she had abode there, a daughter of the unknown world.

And in truth, when Ulva stood before her, the likeness of the priestess was not unbecoming her supposed descent. Even with the spiritual beauty of her form, the dweller among the snows was of a presence that harmonized with the pallid desolation around. Life seemed to flow all bloodlessly beneath the marble frame; the features, still and colorless, were almost ghastly in their motionless and perfect beauty. The pale yellow hair fell down in stirless masses, and the drapery moved as she moved, gathering round her in white spectral folds and floating without a sound, as snowy clouds over a Southern sky.

Ulva fell at her feet, and gazed at her with a strange mingling of religious adoration and human

love. Then the pale lips unclosed, to answer and to exhort; and the whole snow statue became the inspired priestess. Long they talked—the woman of earth and the daughter of solitudes; and their speech was of the new, strange worship that was creeping in upon Odin's land, after the footsteps of the Southern maid, who had been brought into the halls of Hialmar.

"I see it coming," cried Ulva, passionately. "The shapeless horror has its foot already on the threshold of the Viking. Already Olof wars no more, but sits idly by the hearth, and listens to Southern tales from the whining lips of Hermolin. Even now the meadcup and the ments due to Odin are given to the throats of sick beggars, whom our fathers suffered not to cumber earth! And my lord, Olof, the babe that I reared hears it said that the gods of his fathers are false, and pardons the cursed lie, because it comes from fair lips. Oh, priestess to whom, if thou art the daughter of the gods, I have given year by year at least somewhat of mortal nurture, until the child I loved has grown up the sacred maiden I adore—holy Svenska, give me counsel! How I shall tread out in the dust this growing fire—how save from defilement the worship of Odin?"

Svenska lifted her face to the East, where out of the darkness, were beginning to shoot the starry battalions which light up Northern skies. Then she said "Follow," and began to traverse the snow with almost winged speed.

At last Ulva and her guide stood on the apex of the mountain!—there three peaks lifted themselves up—the utmost boundary of the visible world; beyond all was nothingness. The peculiar idealization of Norse-worship, which, in the grandest and most fearful objects of nature, found its divinities, had symbolized in these giant rocks the three Nornir, or destinies, Udr, Verthandi, and Skuld. As they stood out against the cold gray sky, imagination might have traced in each a vague outline, somewhat resembling a female form, beneath the shadowy veil of snow, which no human hand could ever lift. Thus, in these solemn shapes, abiding between earth and heaven, it was not strange that their worshippers should see the emblems of the rulers of human destinies, until at last, as in all symbolized faiths, the myth and its outward type became one.

Svenska lifted up her voice, and it rang through the still ice-bound air like a clarion—

"There is a spirit arising in Odin's land, and ye fear its might. The priest trembles beneath the temple's shadow, and the warrior's hand grows palsied upon the spear. Shall it grow up like a darkness over the shrines of our gods and

the graves of our fathers! Skuld, far-seer into the future, answer!"

But there was silence over all.

Svenska bowed herself to the ground, and then said—

"It is vain! From North to South, from East to West, between earth and sky, float the threads which the Nornir weave. They are there, encompassing us continually, and yet we see them not. We walk with our heads aloft, but it is they who guide us; our minds may will, but it is they, who control our minds. Therefore hear my counsel, though it speaks not with an airy voice, but with a woman's tongue."

"I hear—I obey," answered Ulva, tremblingly.

"There are two spirits which govern man—ambition and love. The first is ever strongest, except in those pure and noble natures which seem less human than divine. Let the sound of battle rouse the young Viking from his dreams. Let him dye the seas purple with his enemies' blood, and then Odin will be appeased. The fierce shout of Northern victory will drown the beguiling whisper of a false woman's lips, and the son of Hialmar will rejoice again in the bold faith of his fathers."

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News came to Jarl Olof that the King of Upsala was about to fall upon him with fire and sword. How the rumor reached him, the young Viking knew not, and for a long time he scarcely heeded it, but sunned himself in the placid, tender smile, that day by day was melting the frost off his stern Northern heart—the smile of Hermolin. But then, as time passed on, the nurse, Ulva, ever seemed to stand between the husband and wife. Olof shrank from the bitterness of the proud, mocking eye which had exercised a strange influence over him from his childhood; and sometimes, too, her tongue cast out its sharp, pointed stings, even among the honey words which she still used toward the son of her care.

When the Spring came on, the young Viking yearned for his olden life of free warfare. He would fain forestall the taunts of the King of Upsala, and requite his unreasoning words with deeds; and though Hermolin shuddered at her lord's danger, and prayed him not to enter on a sinful and causeless war, still he refused to hearken. And so the sails were set, the vessel danced over the waters, and Hermolin was left to the bitterness of that first parting. A parting it was, not like that when soul is knitted unto soul, to cling in true faith and love, through distance and absence, and time—nay, even through that life-severance which drops the veil of immortality

between flesh and spirit—but it was a separation when a few leagues, a few weeks are sundrance enough to blot out the past, and form a bar between the two to which the perfect bond of union is unknown. Therefore, when Hermolin saw her lord's ship fade away like a speck upon the seas, it seemed as though the first dawning dream of Olof's affection faded too, and she became overwhelmed with the burthen of lonely love.

Oh, meek woman's heart, content with so little—giving so much, who shall requite thee? Yet what guerdon needest thou, to whom the act of loving is alone bliss, and hope, and strength? Go on thy way, thou true one, and wait until the end.

The Viking's ship returned in triumph, laden with prey. Hermolin, when she flew to her lord and nestled in his breast, shedding joyful tears, forgot all but the bliss of Olof restored to her love. She sat with him in his hall of state while he apportioned the spoil, and decided the fortune of the captives; and while the duty pained her gentle heart, and almost wrung her conscience, Hermolin strove to stifle all other feelings for the love she bore to him, and comport herself in everything as became the wife of the great Northern Jarl.

Among the captives was a man who, standing behind the rest, directed every glance of his piercing eyes toward the Viking's wife. Chains weighed down his small spare limbs, and his frame was worn and wasted; yet still the lightnings of those wondrous eyes glittered above the ruins made by time. At last the prisoners were dismissed—all but this man. Olof glanced carelessly at him; But Hermolin beheld only the face of her lord, until the stern reply to the Jarl's question attracted her notice.

"My name, wouldst thou, son of Hialmar! Ask thy wife; she knows it well, if her heart has not lost its home-memories, as her tongue its Southern speech. Hermolin are thine eyes too proud to look upon Ansgarius?"

Trembling, half with fear and half with joy, Hermolin sprang forward, and would have fallen at his feet, but Olof restrained her.

"Child, what is this rude beggar to thee! Thou forgettest thyself," he said.

Break, struggling heart, which fearful love makes weaker still! What shouldst thou do! Helplessly, Hermolin sank back, and hid her face from the eyes of the monk.

"It is even so!" cried Ansgarius. "Then may the curse——"

But while the terrible words were yet half formed, he caught Hermolin's wild, imploring glance, and

saw that, half hidden beneath the robe, her fingers closed despairingly over Ulrika's cross.

"God judge thee, I dare not," he added more softly in the Provençal tongue. "Oh, daughter of my love, that I should meet thee with almost a curse on my lips! But no! it shall be a blessing—it must be, thou child of many prayers!"

The softened tone, the long-forgotten tongue, pierced the heart of the Jarl's wife. She sank on her knees and sobbed. Olof looked at her, half wondering, half angrily.

"Forgive me, my lord, my beloved! But this man's speech is that of my own far land, and it makes me weep," she answered.

"As thou wilt, as thou wilt," answered Olof coldly; "but thy tears should flow alone. Prisoner, leave the hall."

And as the followers of the Viking removed Ansgarius, the Jarl strode carelessly from his wife's presence, without another glance at her drooping and grief-stricken form.

"Oh, Mother of Mercies!" cried Hermolin, "did I pray for this joyful day and my lord's return, and lo! it is a time of bitterness and woe! And thou, the strong hearted, bold-tongued, thou wilt be slain, Ansgarius, it may be by the hand of my Olof!" Holy Mother of Consolation, all is darkness before me! I faint! I die! Oh guide me through the gloom!"

Wait, thou tried and patient one. At evening-tide it shall be light; wait and pray.

Olof sat at night, dreanning alone over the fire-light in his hall, when he heard the voice of Ulva, whispering in his ear—

"Is the Jarl sleeping while his wife is opening the prison doors? Why should my lord Olof waste his strength and shed his blood to take captives, when the Lady Hermolin sets them free?"

Olof, half roused from his slumber, spoke angrily—

"Ulva, hold thy peace! Hermolin is asleep in the chamber."

"Come and see;" and the nurse, strong in her influence, led Olof to his wife's deserted room.

"A loving welcome for a long absent lord!" said the sneering voice; "and it was no pale vision I saw gliding, lamp in hand, until it entered the prison of the Southern captive, at the sight of whom she wept this morn, as I heard from her maidena."

"Woman!" thundered Olof, "one word more against my pure wife, and I slay thee with this hand. It was a priest, a vowed, gray headed priest of her faith."

"And therefore thou wilt save him from death,

and load him with honors! Son of Hialmar, on thy fathers's tomb the phantom light burns yet, but thick darkness will fall over thine. Hialmar was the last of Odin's heroes; Olof will sing psalms in the Christian's heaven."

"Never!" cried the young Jarl. "To the prison, that the priest may meet his doom!"

Silently and stealthily as death, Olof and Ulva entered; and the keeper of the dungeon, looking on his chief's face of stern resolve, prayed Odin to save from harm that gentle Southern lady whom all revered and obeyed, knowing how pure and meek she was, and how dearly she loved her lord.

Hermolin was standing before Ansgarius. He awoke from his calm, holy sleep, and thought it had been the presence of an angel. But when she knelt at his feet weeping, and lifted up the mournful, Esau-like cry—"Bless me, even me also, O my father!"—then the stern missionary knew that it was the child whom he had taught, the young soul whom he had trained for the great work for which he believed it chosen.

"And God may fulfil that destiny yet, since thou hast not belied thy faith even among the heathen," said Ansgarius, when he had listened to her life's history since she left the shores of Provence. "He may turn even this darkness into light. Heaven works not as we. When the good King Louis of France sent me to Upsala, the glad bearer of the Holy Cross, I thought it was Heaven's call, and I went. And when thy lord's vessel took us captive on the seas, I bowed my head and said, 'God knoweth best. It may be that he leads me where the furrows are ripest for the seed,' and therefore, even here in this dark prison, I rejoice to sing for joy."

"But if danger should come, if thy blood should be poured out upon this wild land!"

"It will be but as the early rain to soften the hard ground," said Ansgarius, with a calm smile "And God will find himself another and a worthier husbandman, to follow after, and plant, and water, until the land be filled with increase."

So talked the son of Ulrika. O blessed mother whose prayers had thus brought forth such glorious fruit! And then, all unconscious of the presence of others, the two knelt down in the prison, like the saints of old, and prayed. The strong, fearless man of earth, the meek and gentle woman, were types of the two foundations on which the early Church was laid—the Spirit of holy boldness, and the Spirit of love!

Ulva and the son of Hialmar stood silent and motionless in the darkness, and heard all.

Then Hermolin arose, and Olof's name came to her lips with a heavy sigh.

"My heart is sore even to deceive him thus," she said. "I would not, save for thee. Must it ever be so, that my faith to Heaven must war with the dear love I bear my lord—my true—my noble Olof?"

Ansgarius looked surprised; his strong heart, engrossed in one life-purpose, had no room for human love. He understood it not. Even Hermolin had been to him only the instrument wherewith to work out his end.

"Dost thou love him so? he said, in a compassionate tone. "Poor child—happier are those who give Heaven all. Now, my daughter, leave me to pray. Who knoweth how soon death may come from the hands of these godless men?"

Hermolin threw herself on the ground at his feet:

"Oh, my father, my father, thou shalt not die," was her agonized cry. "If thou wouldst fly, the night is dark—my lord sleeps."

Ansgarius turned round, and fixed upon her his gaze of stern reproof.

"A wife deceives her husband—a Christian dare not confess to his God. Is it for this that we brought the Cross into the land?"

"No, no," Hermolin said—"thou must stay, and God will protect thee, O, my father! Olof—my Olof—I love thee—I trust thee—I will pray night and day that this sin may be kept from thy soul."

And while Hermolin called on her lord's name, Olof came forward and stood before them both. His face was very pale, but there was a beauty and a softness that resembled the young saint of the convent. His presence caused no fear, only an awe-struck silence. Then Olof spoke—

"Priest, I brought this sword to drink thy life's blood. I lay it now at thy feet. It shall not be said that the son of Odin was less noble than his Christian foe. Hermolin!"

She sprang to his arms—she clung there, and they folded round her as in that first embrace when the young bridegroom stood at the convent gate; and Hermolin felt that even the wild devotion of the maiden was as nothing to the fulness of a wife's love.

The prison doors closed on the retreating footsteps of three. But there was one who stayed behind, unnoticed in the darkness, gnashing her teeth, and cursing the day when a Christian foot first entered Odin's land.

#### CHAPTER VII.

There was again a footstep on the Snow Mountains, and Ulva once more poured out her passionate

soul at the feet of the strange priestess of the Nornir.

"The darkness gathers," she cried. "Odin has turned away his face from the land. Accursed be the victory that brought the Christian captives to our shores. My lord turned his foot aside; he would not crush the worm, and lo, it is growing into a serpent, whose venomous folds will fill the land. Already our warriors listen to the Christian priest, with his wily tongue. Already the worshippers desert Odin's fane; while the poor, the helpless, the weak, women and children, lift up their hands to another God than the great ruler of Asgard. And Jarl Olof heeds not, though his people cast scorn on the faith of his fathers. Svenska, thou wisest one, who hearest the voice of the Nornir, inquire what may be the end of the terrible change that is coming over the land."

Svenska answered not, but pointed silently to the place where the three rocks stood. Ulva remained at a distance, while the priestess performed her strange rites. The sound of her clear, shrill voice came borne on the air, rising at times into a cry, more like a soul in despair than a woman's tones. It seemed to pierce the heart of the Norsewoman. She grovelled on the earth, burying her head among the snows.

"My Svenska—my beloved—my soul's child," she moaned, "Oh, that I could take thee to this heart, and feel thine own answer to it with human throbs. But I dare not—the pure would scorn the impure. Great Odin, if the sin was great, how heavy is the punishment?"

When after a time she lifted up her head, Svenska stood before her.

"Have the Nornir spoken?" asked Ulva, scarcely daring to look upon the face of the Daughter of the Snows.

"They utter no voice; but I feel them in my soul," Svenska, "It is a terrible call; yet I must answer. Listen! The last of the race of Hjalmar must not bring shame on his fathers. If Jarl Olof be left to yield to the persuasions of a woman, and the guile of a priest, the faith of Odin will vanish from the land."

"And how, O Svenska, can we sway the son of Hjalmar that this evil may not come?"

The face of the young priestess was strangely convulsed; and when, after a while, she spoke, her voice was like an icy whisper.

"I told thee once that there were two ruling spirits in man—ambition and love. With Olof, one has fallen powerless—the other yet remains. The spell of human passion must stand between the Jarl and his doom,—the doom of those who despise the might of Odin."

A wild light shone in Ulva's fierce eyes :

"Would that it might be so—that a Northern maid might tread under foot the dark-browed Hermolin, torture her, soul and body, until she died, unloved, unpitied. But our pure maidens cast not their eyes on another woman's lord, and who is there to win Olof from Hermolin?"

"I!"

Ulva uttered a cry, almost of agony. "Thou, my beautiful—my pure one—white souled as the snows that name thee—thou to stoop to earth's sin—to be made the sacrifice," she muttered hoarsely.

It seemed as though a fallen spirit had entered that marble statue and animated its pale beauty with a power new and terrible to behold. Svenska lifted her arms upward, and cried with a wild vehemence :

"Dread Nornir, I feel around me the threads ye weave; they draw my feet onward, and whither they lead I go. Never shall the worship of Odin fall before that of the Christian's God. I devote myself to shame—to sin which the sacrifice makes holy—that the dwellers in Asgard may still look down upon the land, and the children of the North may not turn aside from the faith of their fathers."

Ulva sank at Svenska's feet, folded them in her arms and kissed them passionately. Then she rose up and followed the steps of the priestess in silence. Only as they passed the three rock statues her agony burst forth in a low moaning :

"Terrible Nornir, sin avengers, to whom, as atonement, I devoted this child, ye have made the precious gift an arrow to pierce my soul!"

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The Jarl Olof came home from a bear-hunt, carrying with him a strange prize. He had found in the snows a maiden, white and pale, and almost lifeless, yet of unearthly beauty. Gradually the soul awakened in that lovely form, and looked at Olof from out the heavenly eyes. His own answered to it with a vague pleasure, and sweet in his ear sounded the voice which uttered musically the accents of the Norse tongue. The young Jarl himself bore the weak and fainting form for many weary leagues, until he brought the beautiful desolate one to the presence of his wife, and laid her in Hermolin's chamber.

Hermolin bent over her in pity and amaze. She, too, was penetrated to the very soul with that dazzling and wondrous beauty—so spiritual, and yet so human, so divine, and yet so womanly. The Jarl's wife twined her fingers among the pale amber tresses with almost child-like admiration and gazed wistfully on the white round arms and graceful throat, beneath whose marble purity

a faint rose-hue began to steal, while the life-current again wandered through the blue delicate veins.

"Olof, how beautiful she is—like one of the angels, which I used to see in my childish dreams. How happy it must be to know one's self so fair!" and a light sigh thrilled Hermolin's bosom.

Olof did not answer; his eyes, too—nay, his whole soul, drank in the beauty of which Hermolin spoke. The wife saw it, and again she sighed.

Far behind the group stood one who beheld the gaze and heard the sigh, and Ulva's heart throbbed with fierce exultation, for she saw from afar the rising of that little cloud.

Months passed away, and still the stranger maiden cast the magic of her superhuman beauty over the halls of the Viking. Asluaga, when she came forth from the harp, like a Spirit of light, or when she stood before Regnar Lodbrog, enchaining the wild sea king with the spells of a lovely soul in a lovely form; Asluaga herself was not more omnipotent in power, than was the strange Daughter of the Snows. And day by day, over Svenska's beauty there crept a new charm—a softness and all-subduing womanliness, that endowed with life and warmth the once passionless form. The spell thrilled through Olof's whole nature and his soul bent like a reed before the storm of wild emotion that swept over him.

Oh, thou pure angel, who weepst all alone, on whom has faded the light of that dearest smile—who seest each day the love wane, though an innate nobleness still makes duty keep its place in the heart where it was thy heaven to rest! Hermolin! will thy love fail now?—will it sink in the trial, or will it forget itself and its own wrongs and watch over the sinner with tenderness and prayers, until it bring him back in forgiveness, repentance and peace!

Listen how that faithful, patient heart answers the bitterness which the stern monk pours out against the erring one who is tempted to betray such love.

"My father," said Hermolin, when Ansgarius would fain have dealt out reproaches and threatenings against her husband, "my father, condemn him not yet. It is a bitter struggle; he is tempted sore. How sweet her smile is!—how glorious her beauty!—while I, alas!—I have only love to give him. And then she is from his own North, and she speaks to him of his fathers, and her wild nature governs his. Oh, my Olof! that I could be all this—that I could make myself more like thee—more worthy to win thy love."

And when the inflexible spirit of Ansgarius,

in justly condemning the sin, shut out all compassion for the sinner, Hermolin only wept.

"Oh, father, have pity on him—on me. He did love me once—he will love me yet. I will be patient; and love is so strong to bear—so omnipotent in prayers; Heaven will keep him from sin, and I shall win him back. Olof, my Olof! God will not let me die, until thou lovest as I have loved, as I do love thee—my soul's soul!—my life's blessing!"

And ere the words were well uttered, an angel carried them to heaven, and then cast them down again like an echo, upon the spirit of him who had won such love. The invisible influence, fell upon him, even though he stood alone with Svenska, overwhelmed with the delirium of her presence.

She had enchained his soul; she had drawn from his lips the avowal of wild and sinful passion; she had strengthened her power over him, by bringing into the earthly bond all the influence of their ancient faith, to which she had won him back; and now, her end gained, Svenska quailed before the tempest she had raised.

What power was it which had changed the priestess, who once cast her arms to heaven with that terrible vow, into the trembling woman who dared not look on Olof's face; and who, even in her triumphant joy, shrank before the wild energy of his words.

He promised her that her heart's desire should be accomplished—that no Christian prayer should be heard in Odin's land—that the monk and his proselytes should be swept from the face of the earth.

Why was it, O Svenska, that even then, when the flash of triumph had passed from thine eyes, they sank towards earth, and thy pale lips quivered like a weak girl's?

"There is one thing more, Olof, and then I give thee my love," she said. "The shadow is passing, and Odin's smile will again brighten our shores; but the land is still defiled—blood only can make it pure; there must be a sacrifice."

Her voice rose, her stature dilated, and Svenska was again the inspired of Nornir. As Olof beheld her, even his own bold spirit quailed beneath the terrible strength of hers.

"There must be a sacrifice," she repeated in yet more vehement tones. "In the dark night a voice haunts me, and the words are ever the same; when I look on the Snow-mountains, I see there traces of blood, which never pass away. Odin demands the offering, and will not be appeased. Olof! I am thine when thou hast given up the victim!"

"Who?" murmured Olof, instinctively drooping his face beneath the glare of those terrible eyes.

She stooped over him; her soft breath swept his cheek: her fair serpent lips approached his ear; they uttered one name—"Hermolin!"

He sprang from her side with a shuddering cry. One moment he covered his eyes, as though to shut out some horrible sight, and then the tempted stood face to face with the tempter. The veil had fallen; he beheld in her now, not the beautiful beguiler, but the ghastly impersonation of the meditated sin. It stood revealed, the crime in all its black deformity; it hissed at him in that perfumed breath; it scorched in the lightnings of those lustrous eyes. Horror-stricken and dumb he gazed until at last his lips formed themselves into the echo of that one word—"Hermolin!"

It fell like a sun-burst upon his clouded spirit, and, rifling through that blackest darkness, Olof beheld the light. He sprang toward it: for there was yet a beauty and a nobleness in the young Northman's soul—how else could Hermolin have loved him? Through the silent hall rang that name, bursting from the husband's lips and heart, first as a murmur, then as a wild, yearning cry,—"Hermolin! Hermolin!"

Surely it was an angel who bore that call to the wife's ear—who guided her feet all unwittingly to where her beloved wrestled with that deadly sin. Lo! as it were in answer to his voice, Hermolin stood at the entrance of the hall. Olof glanced at Svenska; her gleaming eyes, her writhing lips, and her beauty, seemed changed to the likeness of a fiend. And there, soft-smiling on him, with the meek, loving face of old, leaned Hermolin, her arms stretched out, as if to welcome him, in forgiveness and peace, to the shelter of that pure breast.

He fled there. There was a cry such as rarely bursts from man's lips—"Hermolin, Hermolin, save me!" and the proud one knelt at her feet, hiding his face in her garments, pressing her pure hands upon his eyes, as though to shut out the sight of the lure which so nearly led him on to a fearful sin.

Hermolin asked naught, said naught—but she folded her arms around his neck; she knelt beside him, and drew his head to her bosom, as a mother would a beloved and repentant child. Then she whispered softly, "Olof, my Olof, come!" and led him away, his hand still clinging for safety and guidance to that faithful one of hers; and his eyes never daring to turn away from that face, which looked on him like an angel's from out of heaven, full of love so holy, so complete, that pardon itself had no place there.

Svenska stood beholding them, and still and fixed as stone, until Olof's form passed from her sight; then she fell to the earth without a cry or sound.

Ulva's breast was soon her pillow—Ulva, who haunted her steps like a shadow. No mother's fondness could have poured out more passionate words over the insensible form; but when the shadow of seeming death left the beautiful face, her manner became again that of distant and reverent tenderness.

"Priestess of the Nornir, awake!" said she, "Let the curse of Odin fall; we will go far hence into the wild mountains, and leave the race of Hjalmar to perish. The vow was vain; but Nornir were not wholly pitiless. No shame has fallen upon thee, pure Daughter of the Snows!"

Svenska heard not—regarded not. Drawing herself away from all support, the young priestess stood erect. She spoke not to Ulva, but uttering her thoughts aloud—

"Dread Nornir! is this your will! Ye deceived me—nay, but I beguiled myself. How could evil work out good! Odin scorns the unholy offering! the sinful vow brings its own punishment. Olof, Olof! whom I came to betray, I love thee, as my own soul I love thee, and in vain."

It was no more the priestess, but a desolate, despairing woman who lay there on the cold ground, and moaned in uncontrollable anguish. Ulva, stung to the heart, gazed on her without a word. The day of requital had come at last.

When the misty light of day changed into the starlit beauty of a Northern night, a clear sound pierced the silence of the hall. It was the Christian vesper-hymn, led by a fresh young voice, through whose melody trembled a tone of almost angelic gladness—the voice of Hermolin. Svenska, aroused from her trance, sprang madly on her feet.

"Olof, Olof," she cried, "the curse of Odin will fall; they will beguile thy soul, and I shall never see thee after death in the blessed dwellings of the Æser. Is there no help—no atonement! Ah!" she continued, and her voice suddenly rose from the shrillness of despair to the full tone of joy, "I see it now. Odin! thy will is clear: mine ear heard truly—mine eye saw plainly The sacrifice—it shall be offered still, and Odin's wrath be turned away. To the mountain, to the mountain, to the mountain!—son of Hjalmar, son of Hjalmar! I will yet await thee in the Valhalla of thy fathers."

She darted from the hall, and bounded away with the speed of the wind. Night and day, night and day, far up the mountains, did Ulva follow that flying form, until at times she thought it was

only the spirit of the priestess that still flitted on before her sight. At last she came to a wild ravine, in which lay a frozen sea of snow; on its verge stood that white shadow, with the outstretched arms, and the amber-floating hair.

As Ulva looked, there grew on the stillness a sound like the roaring of the sea; and a mighty snow-billow loosened from its mountain-cave, came heaving on; nearer, nearer it drew, and the pale shape was there still; it passed, and the Daughter of the Snows slept beneath them.

The Daughter of the Snows!—whence, then, that shriek of mother's agony, the last that ever parted Ulva's lips—"My child, my child! Let Death, the great veiler of mysteries, keep until eternity one dread secret more."

## SONG FOR AUGUST.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

BENEATH this starry arch,  
Naught resteth or is still;  
But all things hold their march  
As if by one great will.  
Moves one, move all;  
Hark to the foot-fall!  
On, on, forever.

Yon sheaves were once but seed;  
Will ripens into deed:  
As eave-drops swell the streams,  
Day thoughts yield nightly dreams,  
And sorrow tracketh wrong,  
As echo follows song.  
On, on, forever.

By night like stars on high,  
The hours reveal their train;  
They whisper and go by;  
I never watch in vain.  
Moves one, move all;  
Hark to the foot-fall!  
On, on, forever.

They pass the cradle head,  
And there a promise shed;  
They pass the moist new grave,  
And bid rank verdure wave;  
They bear through every clime,  
The harvests of all time,  
On, on, forever.

## THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.\*

BY MISS M. HUNGERFORD.

### CHAPTER XVII.

"WHERE can Gustavus tarry so long?" asked the Baroness de Lindendorf of her lord, as they seated themselves at breakfast on the morning that Francis d'Auvergne effected his escape from the castle.

"I know not, for I have not seen him to-day!" replied the baron, and turning to a servant, he bade him summon his young master. The man departed on the errand, but soon returned with the intelligence, that the young lord had gone out; nor was Otho to be found, so that it was probable they were gone out together. The baron shook his head, and his countenance assumed a grave aspect, as he said to the baroness:

"I fear Gustavus does not relish the quiet of his home; he seems unhappy, and then his long rambles on those mountains, well known to be the haunt of bandit tribes, expose him to danger, which I dread; and much I sometimes fear, that Otho, the favorite attendant of our son, is one to whom it were not always safe to trust. I hope he may not lead his master from the paths of virtue!"

"But where may they be thus early? Strange, indeed! for Gustavus never goes forth from the castle before the breakfast hour. And I can form no conjecture concerning his absence now!" remarked the baroness.

The breakfast passed gloomily, for a strange foreboding of coming evil, that faithful, but mysterious harbinger of sorrow, oppressed the parents and each feared to alarm the other by speaking their fears. When the meal was over, the mother seated herself beside an open casement, that she might watch for the return of her son, and the father went forth among the dependants of the domain, but nothing could dispel the strange dread of coming evil which oppressed his mind. He returned at length, and seating himself beside the anxious baroness, tried, in her society, to forget the gloom that oppressed him, but in vain. At length he arose, and descended to the courtyard; he walked to and fro for some time, but suddenly he paused, as his walk was terminated by the strong wall which divided from the courtyard the eastern side of the castle.

"It is long, very long, since last I visited it!" he said; "not since I led Gustavus thither to point out to him the secret passage. It may wile away a gloomy hour to visit it now!"

Accordingly he again entered the castle, and proceeded to his chamber for the keys of the eastern department. They were gone! nor could the most diligent search restore them. In vain did the baroness join in the search; in vain were the domestics summoned, the lost keys were nowhere to be found.

Astonished at an event so strange, he determined to explore at least the subterranean passage, and taking with him an old and faithful domestic in whom he could confide, he set out on his errand. With cautious steps they pursued their gloomy way until they arrived at the strong door which marked its termination. Great was the surprise of the baron to find it slightly ajar, when he had believed it firmly locked and secure. He pushed it open, and here a new source of wonder presented itself. One of the small grated windows was open and from it was suspended a ladder, directly over that fearful chasm. A deadly paleness overspread the face of the baron, for well he knew that fearful indeed must have been the fate of any, who would grasp at a hope of liberty so uncertain, as descending by that frail material presented, and he was well assured that the daring attempt had resulted in certain death. But what was to him inexplicable was, who could the hapless individual be? And who would dare without his knowledge to retain a prisoner at Lindendorf? None, save Gustavus, he believed knew aught of the secret passage, and would even his own son venture to perpetrate a deed of guilt within the walls of his father's castle? The domestic stood beside his lord, trembling in surprise and dread, for although he had grown old in the service of the family, this was the first time he had ever stood within the boundary of the eastern wall, and although his lord spoke not, he saw that some fearful emotion agitated his mind. For many moments the lord of Lindendorf, stood irresolute, and yet he knew not what he had to fear, but at length he moved onward and motioned his attendant to follow. The man obeyed in

trembling silence, and together they entered the strong door of the castle,—all was silence. With cautious steps, they proceeded to the staircase and then for a moment paused. No sound broke the almost painful silence of the place, and they ascended the staircase. The passage was dark, and gloomy, but ere they proceeded along a dozen steps, a suppressed groan reached their ears, and at its farther extremity, they could distinctly see some dark object resembling the human form, extended on the floor. But what was the horror of the baron, when on a nearer approach, he beheld bathed in his own blood, and apparently in the agony of death, his only, his idolized son. In a paroxysm of grief which only a parent's heart can know, the baron sprang to his son, and raised him from the floor. A wide and dreadful wound upon the head, from which the blood had freely issued, met his gaze, and Gustavus was supported by the arms of the wretched parent, who exclaimed to the terrified domestic, "Fly, fly for the love of heaven, and bring me aid!" And in a moment he was left alone. No sign of life, save a feeble convulsive shudder, and the groans of anguish which at times burst forth, were perceptible, even to the vigilant eye of parental affection, as he sat supporting his insensible burden, and the moment which elapsed, ere the return of his messenger, seemed ages to his anxious heart; and it was indeed long, for by no way, save through the subterranean passage, could the man reach the inhabited part of the castle, and thus the distance, through which he was obliged to pass, was great. But after a lapse of time which seemed endless to the baron, he returned, accompanied by several stout serving men, who raised their young master carefully in their arms, and with the utmost difficulty bore him through the same dark pathway to his own room. In the deepest agony the parents hung over him until the wound was dressed, and the suspended consciousness of their son restored, and then as their hopes of his recovery, in a great degree, hung on quietude and the care of others, the fond mother took her station beside his bed, while the father, still in wonder at the cause of the strange event, commanding four of his stoutest men to follow him, went forth to finish his survey of the prison department. The ladder suspended from the open window again met his anxious gaze, and he passed hastily up the first staircase, and though the long dark gallery which led to the second, but at its foot he paused a moment, for here he had found his luckless son. He conquered the emotions which came over his mind, and ascended to the second division. One door stood half open, and across the threshold appeared the

head and shoulders of a man. He hastened to the fatal spot; it was the confidential servant of his son, now cold in death. The blow that felled him had been given in a moment of desperation, and the life of Otho had paid at once the price of his villany, for, from the position in which he fell before the weapon of Francis he never moved again, but his spirit departed to meet its final doom.

The baron was utterly unable to conjecture the cause of the events which had transpired. It was evident that the room had been very recently the abode of some human being, every thing proclaimed this to be the fact! But who! and wherefore? was it possible that Gustavus, whom he regarded with a father's fondest pride, could have practised the treacherous cruelties of the former lords of Lindendorf? And if so, how, if the victim had perished in an attempt to escape, could Gustavus and Otho have fallen beneath his hand? All was mystery, which he found it in vain to attempt to solve, and the only course which presented itself, was to await patiently until Gustavus was in a state to disclose the whole affair.

Full well Gustavus knew, for while still in a state of weakness which precluded conversation, his mind had retained its powers, that his father would demand of him the manner in which he received the injury, and not long was he, in contriving a tale, which while it contained no shade of truth, could, he believed, throw a veil of mystery over the whole, and prevent his father from suspecting his villany. But still he wished to defer as long as possible the dreaded explanation, while nothing could be more ardent than his desire to be able to go forth, and learn the fate of Isabella. He felt almost certain that Francis would attempt to trace out her abode, and he cursed in his heart his own folly which in a moment of exultation over a fallen foe, had led him to point it out to him. Malcolm he knew had left Scotland with his friend, and he had daily wandered in the groves and woods around the castle, hoping that he also might fall into his power, and much had he wondered in what manner he had escaped his vigilance. The fear that Isabella had been rescued from his power was dreadful to him, and often did he call for Otho that he might send him to the mountain cottage, to learn the fate of her he so fondly loved, but Otho came not, and the parents feared to tell their son, that he in whom he so confided would attend his call no more.

Several days had passed, and Gustavus was so far recovered as to converse without injury to himself; his parents were sitting beside him,—none else were there, and Gustavus at every

word which passed the lips of his parents dreaded what might next be said, for his soul revolted against the falsehood he had planned to deceive his father:

"My son!" at length exclaimed the baron, "I would fain learn what has long been to me a mystery, the means by which you received that fearful injury, which had nearly proved fatal to your life! say, how came you at that hour in the eastern division of the castle? and whose was the hand raised against your life?"

"Otho!—tell me, my father, what has been his fate? say does he live, or is he lost to me forever?" cried Gustavus, as if to prolong the brief moment which intervened before the dreaded explanation.

"First tell me what I long to know, and then shall you hear of him!" answered the baron.

Gustavus hesitated, could he have known the fate of Otho, perhaps he might have told his fabricated tale at once, but he feared that Otho might have acknowledged the truth, or that he had fabricated a tale far different from his own, and still he feared to speak. Once he thought, that he would reveal the truth and abide the anger of his parents, for deeds he knew they would abhor, but he crushed the good resolve, and prepared his heart for still another deed of guilt; and as he saw the eyes of his parents were fixed on him, he nerved his soul to the unwelcome task:

"More than an hour before the dawn of day, on that dreadful morning" he began, "on which my life had been so nearly sacrificed, Otho, whose room adjoins my own, and who had, the previous evening, in executing a commission with which I had intrusted him, been detained until after the hour of midnight, entered my chamber, and awakening me, informed me that he had seen a man, as he was approaching the castle, enter a clump of low shrubs, and, as he did not appear beyond them, he cautiously approached, and called to know who was there concealed? No answer was returned, and he also entered there, when, to his great surprise, he discovered a secret passage leading into the earth in the direction of the castle. Father, you know that place—the entrance of the secret subterranean passage which you once pointed out to me, which leads to the eastern division of the castle! Fearful of proceeding in utter darkness, he returned, and determined to hasten hither, to give information of what he had seen, and as the nearest route, he entered the grove, and proceeded directly to the castle, which brought him to the eastern side, and as he was passing close under the wall, he heard a shriek of mortal anguish—the shriek of one, who, in the bloom of health, saw suddenly before him, a dreadful, an

inevitable death! He waited a moment, but the shriek was not repeated, and believing that some deed of guilt and violence had been perpetrated within those walls, he hastened onward to bear the tidings. But as he has ever abided my counsel in matters of importance, he came first to me, and told me all he had seen and heard. Knowing, far better than did Otho, the destination of the passage he had discovered, and fearful of alarming the household, I proposed to Otho, that we alone would visit the eastern division. To this he at once consented, as he feared the ridicule of his companions, should nothing be found to justify his tale; and accordingly I entered your chamber, by stealth, and bore away the keys of the place we designed to visit. We left the castle ere any of the family were stirring, and then in the grove, at a short distance from the entrance of the subterranean passage, that we might know if any passed from thence, we awaited the dawn of day. All remained silent, and at the earliest dawn we entered that dark and gloomy pathway, after Otho had pledged himself to keep inviolate the secret he was about to learn. We passed onward with cautious steps, but on reaching the great door, great was our surprise to find it open. We passed through, and the first object that met my eyes, on raising them, was a ladder of rope or some slight material, suspended from a window from which the gratings were removed, directly over that fearful chasm, of which I shudder now to think. One only cause could be assigned: that some helpless wretch had been held in hapless captivity in that room, by the wretches who had gained possession of the place, and that in an attempted escape by way of the ladder, of which the end was far from reaching the earth, he had met a horrid death in that pit, which reveals not the victim it has received within its bosom. Although alarmed at what we had seen, I determined to proceed, but Otho, like a faithful friend, besought me to permit him to enter alone, that I might escape whatever of danger might be within. This I would not permit, and together we entered; the door was unclosed, and it was evident that some person was within. I paused to examine the rooms in the lower division, and found them all fast-bolted, and secure; but while so occupied, Otho had passed onward, and ascended the staircase, I followed, but I never saw my faithful Otho more. At the foot of the second staircase, I encountered a man, descending in the utmost haste. I attempted to intercept his flight: I saw him raise his hand, which grasped some weapon, against my life, and until I found myself in my own room, I knew no more!"

Gustavus paused as if the effort had been too great, and the baron sat in moody silence, brooding over the strange tale. Once only, did a doubt of the veracity of his son come over his mind; but that doubt was quickly banished, and he could only infer, that some man of guilt, perhaps the leader of a robber band, had discovered the subterranean passage, and by following it, had contrived to gain access to the eastern part of the castle, and that the hapless wretch who had perished in an attempt to escape was some victim to their power. He knew that sufficient time had elapsed, after the fall of Gustavus, for the escape of the perpetrators of the deed, and a dreadful apprehension seized him, that his noble home, which he so loved, was about to be shared with fierce banditti.

At the period of which we write, the imperial throne of Germany acknowledged no legal lord. After the death of William, count of Holland, who, since the death of Frederick II, had swayed the sceptre, (the only surviving son of Frederick, having fallen either by treachery, or disease, soon after his father, and his only child being only three years of age, and consequently unfit to reign, the government devolved on Count William, who had been elected during the reign of Frederick, king of the Roman's, and who fell in an attempt to crush an insurrection in a revolted province), no German prince was willing to accept the weighty charge; and after some time, Richard, duke of Cornwall, was prevailed upon to accept the imperial dignity, and was crowned at Aix-le-Chapelle, notwithstanding the spirited opposition of a numerous party, who declared for Alphonse, king of Castile. But the princes to whom Richard owed his election, soon after withdrew from him their support, and sent him a formal renunciation of their allegiance, and he was compelled to abandon the government, and retire to England, where he ended his life.

For fifteen years after the abdication of Richard, no monarch filled the throne, and Germany was subjected to all the various and accumulated perplexities, to which a mighty state without a ruler might be expected to be exposed. The laws were neither observed nor enforced, no order was maintained throughout the land; the murderer, with hands still reeking in the blood of his fellow, went boldly forth, for no punishment was inflicted upon him; the most heinous crimes were committed with impunity; and the constitutions of the Empire were totally neglected. The princes and nobles, embroiled in quarrels which frequently resulted in deadly strife, sought not to save their country from the state to which it seemed

fast sinking, although they saw their commerce almost annihilated, and the former prosperity of the state fast disappearing, before the scenes of anarchy which were becoming completely and universally prevalent.

While the state of the Empire was as we have described it, can we wonder that robbery and murder were things of frequent occurrence; that men of violence banded together, and subsisted wholly on the spoil of their excursions; that the unsuspecting traveller became their victim; that the inhabitants of the quiet hamlets were despoiled of their little all of wealth; that even the larger villages were often attacked, and the hapless inhabitants, if they resisted, put to the sword; while in many instances the castles of the nobles, if not too strongly fortified, were sacked of their treasures by the men of the mountain fastnesses. The baron of Lindendorf had long trembled in dread, not knowing but he might next experience their power, never for a moment suspecting that a compact with his son had saved him from the fate he so much feared, and now when he believed that a portion of the castle had been appropriated to their service, great indeed was the consternation of his mind. But he wisely resolved to save his house from the gross ignominy of becoming a bandit haunt; and calling together his stoutest domestics he ordered the entrance of the subterranean passage to be blocked up, the division of the walls to be demolished; the frightful chasm to be filled up, and the eastern part restored, as far as possible, from the desolation, and gloom of its former state. Gustavus heard of these arrangements in dismay, for he had ever looked on the castle as well calculated to carry out any wish of vengeance he might form, and he saw that this was now over; but he spoke not; and closing his eyes, he lay some time as if asleep that none might disturb the painful reverie of his mind. Suddenly he opened his eyes, and fixing them on the baroness, he exclaimed:

"And now my mother, tell me, I entreat you, what was the fate of Otho on that fearful morn'?"

"He fell, my son, beneath the arm of him who sought your life; and when found by your father, and the servants, he had been long dead!"

A shade of deep, and painful anguish passed over the face of Gustavus, as he learned the fate of his faithful assistant in guilt, and he exclaimed:

"Dead! my faithful Otho dead! may all the curses of heaven rest on the wretch who wrought the hateful deed!"

The baroness sought to soothe his mind, and reason soon whispered to the heart of Gustavus,

that although he might often need the service of Otho, yet, with him had died, much which he could not wish revealed, and to preserve which in secret, had cost him large rewards. So comforting himself with the pleasant assurance, that dead men tell no tales, nor contradict unblushing falsehoods, he soon ceased his lamentations for the loss of his favorite.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was a fine clear morning in early summer, when Gustavus de Lindendorf, now fully recovered from the effects of the blow given him by the arm of Francis d'Auvergne, and once more free to go forth at will, set out to learn what had been the fate of Isabella. The death of Otho had deprived him of the only individual who knew the secret, and he had found an opportunity to attempt to bring to his interest any of his father's menials in whom he could confide. In his anxiety to learn if she was still at the cottage, or if Francis had hastened to her rescue, he had sometimes almost determined to make his mother his confidant, and implore her to send a servant to the cottage to inquire after her; but then he feared it might lead to a discovery of his baseness, and he fully believed that the baron would send her at once to her native home, should she express a desire to go thither, and this Gustavus knew, was the dearest wish of her heart. These considerations had kept him silent, and long had he sought to escape the eye of the mother, made vigilant by affection, and hasten to the cottage; but this he had found it impossible to accomplish, for if he expressed a wish to walk in the groves beyond the walls, a servant was always summoned to attend him, and thus he found himself almost a prisoner in his father's halls, guarded firmly by parental love. But early this fine morning of which we write, his parents had set out to pay a visit to the castle of a noble German Count, residing at some considerable distance, and thus Gustavus became possessed of the liberty he had so long and ardently desired.

With eager step he pursued his way, anxious, yet dreading to reach the cottage. He felt that he could hardly withstand the shock of finding that Isabella was lost to him forever, for well he knew that if Francis had traced out her residence, she was, ere this, far, far away; most probably the wife of his hated rival. With every step he passed over, the fear increased, but still on one slight foundation he built a tower of hope. It was now long since the escape of Francis, and had he succeeded in finding Isabella, it must have

been many weeks ago, and he was certain that the old woman to whom she was entrusted, would not have thus delayed to inform him, had she been taken from her charge. But then came the thought, that if Peter had come to the castle to deliver a message, it would have been in the early part of his illness, and from fear of irritating his mind, and thus increasing the danger, the message would not have been permitted to reach him. This crushed the illusion of hope, which, but a few minutes before, had thrilled his heart with joy; and almost maddened by his fears, he bounded onward, nor stayed he in his course until he reached the cool fountain, where, long months before, he had surprised the luckless Peter enjoying his calm repose. Suddenly a feeling of weariness came over him, and he sank down on the grassy turf to rest for a few moments; but no sweet sleep sought to visit him, as it did the grassy couch of the honest rustic! No, the envied lord was too much a stranger to the sweet peace of conscious innocence for that, and after the lapse of a few moments, he sprang to his feet, and pursued his way; not as before, with eager step, but slowly, and with downcast eye. He often paused in his course, as if in deep communion with his own heart; and once suddenly stopping, he vehemently exclaimed:

"Yes, I will tear her from him, although she were his bride, and all the forces of Avignon were arrayed against me!"

And then he again moved onward, while a shade, dark as night, gathered over his pale, but handsome face, and the fearful working of each feature seemed to indicate some desperate resolve. At length he gained the lofty summit that looked down on the little dell, and here he again paused, to look down on the spot which he still fondly hoped might be the home of his Isabella. All was quiet, and no living creature met his eye. The strange stillness which reigned around seemed as the confirmation of his fears, and he bounded onward with impetuous haste, with the firm resolve to have his suspense at once terminated. As he approached the cottage, not even the faithful dog, which had been his own gift to Peter, came forth to greet him, and he entered the lowly dwelling ere he was observed by the inmates. The anxious mother sat beside the bed of her still suffering son, pale and nearly worn down by care, and watching over the sick; but when the form of the young lord of Lindendorf met her eye, she started up, and uttered an exclamation of pained surprise.

"Well, good madam, how art thou? what has befallen thy Peter? and how fares thy lovely

charge!" exclaimed Gustavus, fixing his eyes upon her face, with an expression so searching, that she shrank from it abashed, and hid her face from his view.

"How, now!" he cried; "darest thou not speak! tell me at once where may I find my adored Isabella!"

"Alas! I know not! for she is no longer here!" cried the terrified creature, falling on her knees at his feet.

"Not here! where is she, if not here? I had not bidden thee to send her hence!"

"She was forcibly borne away, long weeks ago, and in trying to save her, my poor Peter got the fearful hurt, of which he is even now dangerously ill!"

"Borne away! and by whom? but thou liest! No, thou hast given her up! Say, perjured traitress, what was the price for which thou hast bartered thy duty to thy lord?"

"Nay, nay! my lord! but hearken, and I will tell thee all. Alas! that I should say it; but she was torn from us by a band of ruffians, who came rushing over the mountains! Peter had nearly fallen in her defence; and after binding me fast with strong cords, and leaving Peter dying on the floor, they departed, taking with them the beautiful lady! and but for the two kind minstrels, who came to tell the lady that your honor had received a dreadful hurt, and deliver the kindly message you sent to cheer her, we should have died, even as they left us!"

Gustavus was not long in getting possession of the whole tale. That the minstrels were none other than Malcolm and Francis, he doubted not, and he felt a malicious triumph in the pain they must have felt at the abduction of Isabella by the robbers. He spoke not as the woman concluded the tale, save to mutter a curse at his carelessness in leaving Isabella to the sole care of a simple old woman and a heedless boy; and then casting a contemptuous glance at the former, he walked out from the cottage to cool the fever of his mind in the bland mountain air, and give vent to the pent-up feelings of his soul. Even before that lonely being, who seldom looked upon a human face, save that of the son in whom was centred her whole store of fond affection, he dared not freely speak; but now when none was near, he sank upon a moss-covered rock, and leaning his head against a tree, he invoked deep and horrid curses on the head of him whom he had ever cherished as a friend—to whom he had pledged the soldier's faith to love as a brother; nor was Malcolm forgotten in that moment of bitter hate. Malcolm, the still dear friend, the abettor of the

schemes of Francis, was a fit object for his maledictions. But the wild frenzy of his soul was at last exhausted, and for some time he sat in silence, a fearful death-like paleness overshadowing each feature, while the workings of the ghastly features told how deep and painful was the struggle within. At length he clasped his hands together with passionate energy, as he murmured:

"My God! that Rodolphe should deal falsely toward me! My timely warnings have saved him more than once from the power of his foes, and now that he should tear from me the dearest treasure of my heart! Three faithful followers I added to his band of murderers! yet has he violated our treaty! but he has yet unwittingly done me a great service, for he has saved my Isabella from the power of Francis d'Auvergne, and to my arms shall he resign her, or I swear his ruin shall be sure and speedy!"

He arose, and fixed his eyes for a moment on the orb of day, now slowly descending the western sky. "No," he said, impatiently; "I cannot reach his haunt to-night, the way is long and toilsome, and I have not yet recovered my wonted strength! Oho! my curses on the hand that laid him low! but our good mistress must give me shelter to-night, and with the early morn will I set forth for the haunt of him who has torn from me the idol of my heart, and Isabella shall again be mine, or Rodolphe's doom is near, and the farfamed and dreaded bandit of the Black Forest shall cease to be a terror to his fellows; for can I not guide the officers of justice to his stronghold, even to his very door! and yet I would spare him—I would not that one born to fill a noble station should die an ignominious death! Yes, he told me he was nobly born, and he almost promised to confide to me the history of his life. Ah! much I wonder what led him to take up his present avocation! would that he would abandon it, and return to the paths of virtue!"

A gloomy smile played over his face, as thoughts of his own guilty course came over his mind; when he thought of deeds which even his soul abhorred, and which were fast fitting him to become a meet companion of the bandit chief, whose vices he regretted, and whom he even now proposed to seek in his stronghold to negotiate with for the restoration of his Isabella, for not a moment did he doubt that it was he who had borne her away from him. He walked slowly toward the cottage, where a comfortable repast awaited him prepared by its obsequious mistress, to whom his slightest wish was law; but of the humble fare he partook but slightly, for his mind was not there, he was wandering in thought

toward the rendezvous of the banditti, where he supposed his Isabella had been conveyed. At an early hour on the following morning, Gustavus de Lindendorf arose, and set forth to seek the abode of the bandit chief, and by the apparent indifference with which he moved onward, it was evident that he knew the path full well. 'Tis true, he paused at times, not to determine whether he journeyed aright, but as if to settle some strong contending purposes which agitated his mind, and then again would he hasten forward.

It was already past the noon-tide hour, and he began to feel fatigued and weary; but yet he knew that he had some distance to pass over ere he could attain the place he sought; so, throwing himself down on the grassy turf beneath the shade of a thick grove of trees, he determined to enjoy a short rest ere he proceeded. His senses were fast sinking away into the sweet forgetfulness of a gentle sleep, when his ear caught the sound of an approaching footstep, and starting up, he stood face to face with Rodolphe the bandit.

A strong sense of the injury he supposed he had sustained at the hands of the bandit rushed over the mind of Gustavus, and a dark frown gathered on his brow, while Rodolphe, not suspecting that any shadow rested on their mutual regard, moved toward him with extended hand, and a kindly smile lighting up his handsome face.

"It rejoices me much!" he cried, "to meet again the young lord of Lindendorf. Much did I fear that the wound which I had heard you had received, would prove fatal to your life, and much have I regretted thee, for thou hast been to me, indeed, a friend; but thou hast recovered, thou art again within my dominions, and with a joyous welcome do I greet thee!"

"And canst thou divine the motive which brought me hither?" asked Gustavus with a glance which seemed to penetrate to the inmost recesses of the soul of the bandit, who calmly returned his gaze, and stood unmoved before him, as he answered:

"No, in truth I cannot! unless to give me, as in times gone by, timely warning that my foes are abroad, or what were better far, to pay a visit to one whom, though the world has learned to execrate his name, thou hast honored with thy friendship, and——"

"And base indeed has been the return you have made. Oh! Rodolphe, I expected not this from thee! how couldst thou tear from me the beautiful being that I so dearly loved! but thou wilt restore her to me! thy generous soul would scorn to wrong thy friend!"

"What mean you, sir, by this, or how have I

wronged you? I, who have regarded as sacred the domains of Lindendorf, and everything pertaining to them, even though it were hard to restrain my brave followers from rushing on so fair a prize? And didst thou know the deep, the dreadful anguish, which love for a beautiful being has inflicted upon me, to me thou wouldst not impute the loss of her you so unjustly believe I have removed from your care! but, sir, the lady graces not my mountain home, but was borne away by the freebooters of Mount Jura, who, in the boldness of their daring, have ventured to cross the Rhine, and commit some daring deeds, which are all ascribed to me, and for which I have been honored by the attentions of a numerous band of my determined foes, whom I, with much difficulty, managed to evade!"

"Rodolphe! darest thou deceive me? Is not this a tale, devised to screen thyself from blame? how wouldst thou know so well by whom she was borne away? or art thou in league with the base wretches of whom you speak? But if she be indeed within thy power, name but your price and I will purchase her freedom, for dearer to me is that fair girl, than all the wealth of the barons of Lindendorf!"

The eye of Rodolphe kindled, but he met the accusing gaze of Gustavus with undaunted firmness; he subdued the rising passion of his soul, and his voice was calm and steady as he replied:

"Listen to me, Gustavus de Lindendorf, while I tell to you a tale of horror, the history of my dark and wayward destiny, and then say, if the fair face of a daughter of the North, could possess a charm for me, whose soul has once been given to one of the most beautiful children of sunny Italy? Yes, I have loved,—deeply, passionately, and with an undying affection,—and yet I slew the idol of my soul!"

(To be continued.)

## ADONBEC EL HAKIM.

It is the province of history to record actions, that of fiction to delineate character, and to unravel the intricate workings of the heart and intellect. This latter does not require a strict adherence to historical truth, but simply to the truth of nature. To apprehend this, is the design of that, and to delineate it, is the aim of the artist. Conspicuous among writers of this class, stands out Sir Walter Scott, whose prolific pen dashed off a multitude of true and lively delineations of human character. Among these, Adonbec el Hakim, the Arabian physician, by no means, holds an inferior rank.

He is one of the principal characters of the Talisman; and although he has not that bold contrast of passions in his character, which belongs to Richard, still the Novelist has succeeded in imparting to it a moral loveliness and magnanimity, which derives additional lustre from the darkness and superstition, with which it is surrounded.

The scene as represented in the Talisman takes place in the East, at the close of the twelfth century, the time when the Crusades were led on by the Lion-hearted Richard. Most of the principal events occur in the Crusader's camp situated "betwixt Jean d'Acre and Ascalon." The plot begins at the time when Richard was prostrated on his couch by a severe fever. This event changed the resolute and active spirit that had prevailed throughout the camp into one of stupid inaction. A cold policy and dead lethargy deprived the other leaders of speech and action. These circumstances added new fuel to the fever which already burned with great intensity within Richard. While in this situation a deputation arrives in the camp, bringing with them the private physician of the Saladin. By means of a potent drug he succeeds in restoring the health of Richard. During all the time of the story there is a truce between the two hostile parties.

The Hakim possessed in a preeminent degree all those qualities of wisdom and piety which were peculiar to a learned leech of these times. Although a strict and devoted follower of Allah and his Prophet, he rises above the narrow prejudices of his sect. His heart in its sympathies extends beyond the confines of Islamism. He sees the sun shine on the Nazarene as well as on the true believer, and he makes "no distinction betwixt them, when called on to exercise his art of healing." His faith is earnest and active, but he wishes for no converts to his religion, "save those on whom its precepts shall work conviction." He makes no display of inventive talents, but his mind is stored with the wise maxims of the East, while his early memory is ever supplying him with sententious proverbs, teeming with advice and consolation. At times under the enthusiasm of the Seer, he presumes to look with surprise and contempt upon the manifestation of Richard's wayward and fickle temper. In addition to all these qualities he displays an acute insight into human character, which enabled him successfully to direct the wild and inconsistent passions of Richard to suit his own purposes. A fine illustration of this is furnished in the means he took to obtain the pardon of Sir Kenneth of Scotland, a brave and gallant knight who was sentenced to death for a breach of military duty. The Queen

had used all the eloquence of a young and lovely wife, in vain; and the Hermit had tried all the power of religious enthusiasm and denunciation without making any impression. The plot, however, could not be completed without this noble knight, hence some unusual means must be used. This was the part of the Physician, and his approach to the King reveals his consummate art. In conversation he was asked by Richard what he would have! With great humility the Physician reminded him that he owed a life to the Intelligences who gave the power of healing. He then requested the life of the knight. Richard flew at once into a violent passion. He replies that he was sworn King to dispense justice. To which the Hakim adds, "thou art sworn to the dealing forth of mercy as well as justice." After using this argument in vain, he next attempts to work upon the superstition of Richard. But in this he also fails. As a last resort, he alters his whole manner, and changes his humble and stooping posture, and assumes in its stead a lofty, and commanding attitude, while he utters this terrible threat. "Though every court of Europe and Asia,—to Moslem and Nazarene,—to knight and lady, wherever harp is heard, and sword worn,—wherever honor is loved, and infamy detested,—to every quarter of the world will I denounce thee Melec Ree, as thankless and ungenerous; and even the lands if there be any such that never heard of thy renown, shall yet be acquainted with thy shame."

"Are these terms to me, vile infidel!" said Richard, striding up to him in fury,—“art thou weary of thy life!”

"Strike," said the Hakim, "thine own deed shall then paint thee more worthless than could my words, though each had an hornet's sting."

This interview which is too long to extract, here represents the acute knowledge of the Hakim, and his power over the passions of Richard, and at the same time it exhibits the consummate art of the Novelist. The working of Richard's mind, the futility of all argument, save the curse, the fury of the King when it was pronounced, and his momentary impulse to strike the Physician,—all delineate with great truthfulness, the real character of Richard. While on the other hand the words and action of the Hakim, prove with what acuteness he had studied the character of the King. He well knew when the enraged monarch threatened to strike him, that if he had exhibited the slightest fear, or had trembled in a joint, or quivered in an eye-lid his head would have been shattered with a blow like that which fell upon the gate of Acre.

The character of the Physician is so well sustained throughout, that the reader does not even suspect that it is assumed. The first suspicions are awakened during his journey to the camp of the Saladin, after the recovery of Richard. He is exposed to the danger of an attack from a superior force. It is then that the man of contemplation, changes his whole demeanor and countenance. The solemn repose of an Eastern sage becomes transformed into the prompt and proud expression of a gallant soldier, whose energies are aroused by the near approach of danger, which he at once perceives and despises. The danger is averted by his skill, and he at once relapses into the contemplative sage.

But the character is not brought out in its true nobleness until the Physician throws aside his mask, and appears as Saladin himself. In this we also see the great art of the Novelist. As a physician he was not placed in a position which enabled him to develop the real greatness of his nature. It was only when robed with the authority of state, that his true heroism found an ample field for its action. It is then that his character is brought out in striking contrast, to that of Richard. In all that constitutes manly greatness the Saladin is far superior. The passion of the one, is mighty and majestic like the lion, that of the other the surly mood of the tiger. The contrast is that of strength against skill; the one is hot and hasty, the other cool and calculating; while in both, religious fanaticism is wedded with ambition, courage, and generosity.

This character whether as the Physician or as Saladin, is true to the feelings of man. The combined agencies of religious enthusiasm, ambition and Eastern philosophy could not deprive him of his manhood. He was distinguished not only for the action of his acute intellect and tireless energy, and for the dispensation of impartial justice, but also for the affections of his heart. Strong characters rarely exist without some tender emotions, and in giving these to Saladin the artist has kept in mind a law of our nature, and at the same time imparted additional interest and truthfulness to the character. The love which the Saladin entertained for the Lady Edith was as pure as it was fervent. It burned with all the intensity of a pure passion, while it was kept in subjection to the great leading ideas of his mind.

His judgments and opinion, aside from his peculiar religious notions were superior to those of Richard. The only distinction which he recognized, was that of character. He loved nobleness for its own sake. The draught of wisdom if only pure, was truly delicious to him, whether it came

from an earthen vessel or a goblet of gold. But the true magnanimity of his act as a physician is the climax of his excellence. This was a noble, disinterested, and *Christian* act, and in his case could only have been performed from the impulse of that deep sympathy and attachment, which always exist between great and heroic characters. This was a noble conception of the Novelist, and one when apprehended in all its moral grandeur that awakens the holiest feelings of the heart.

This character, whether as the Saladin or the Physician, is true and consistent. It was no easy task for the two to harmonize, so that each should retain his proper individuality. No little skill and self command were requisite to enable the Saladin to sit beside the man whom he had so often met in the battle field without betraying emotions, inconsistent with the character of a physician. In this he succeeded, and constantly preserved that attitude of respect and dignity, which belonged to a grave and learned leech.

Another circumstance in proof of the consistency of the conception of the artist, is found in the character of the times. It was a period distinguished for debasing crimes and great virtues; a period when human nature was exhibited in striking contrasts of passion, selfishness and disinterested goodness, so that when we consider all the probabilities, the conclusion is obvious, that the character was consistent, and true to nature.

There is also a deep moral to be derived from this character. It teaches us that great and magnanimous virtue may exist in connection with a false and exclusive faith. It clearly reveals how man by the light of the law written upon his heart, may look beyond the dark clouds in which he is enveloped, and see a common humanity to which he is related by fraternal ties. It vividly portrays the struggle between a false faith, and the higher principles of our nature, and teaches that allegiance to these, brings victory even to the mind darkened in other respects by the gloom of superstition, and dazzled by the false glare of religious fanaticism.

B.

**CORRECT VIEW.**—Mankind might do without physicians, if they would observe the laws of health; without lawyers, if they would keep their tempers; without soldiers, if they would observe the laws of Christianity; and perhaps without preachers, if each one would take care of his own conscience; but there is no dispensing with the newspaper.

## COUSIN EMMA.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE;

BY H. V. G.

There is scarcely anything more dreary than to find one's self in a populous city, with few acquaintances, and but little to occupy one's time. What a strange feeling of desolation falls upon the heart, as one walks the crowded streets, meeting the gay, the busy, and the happy at every step, and not a familiar face among them all! and how ill-placed one feels, thus set down, by chance as it were, in that living world, and yet so apart from it!

Such were my impressions when I once found myself located for some few weeks in the self-styled Empire City, and, a mere unit in its thronged thoroughfares, I felt as solitary as Robinson Crusoe on his desert island; aye, more so, perhaps, for he had the sweet companionship of nature, always simple, free, and loving,—but here, everything was artificial, and—so dusty. Perhaps I was inclined to fault-finding; but the first view of that boasted city strangely disappointed me. It seemed such a dead level—covered with dingy brick houses, narrow streets, with few public squares, and such a wide departure from primitive Dutch neatness. Then the Battery, which the good citizens prate about as if it covered as much space as a German principality, why it reminds one of a square of patch-work; though it must be confessed, the sea view from its walk is magnificent, and it boasts some fine trees too, but the little caty-dids, on a summer night, piping from their branches, absolutely stun one—a colony of grave, old-fashioned frogs would denounce them altogether.

Fortunately, I learned that an old friend had lately come to the city to reside; and receiving a cordial welcome at her house, time no longer hung heavily on my hands. The city grew at once brighter and more cheerful; perhaps her pleasant residence far up town gave me a more favorable view of it; and though I twice afterwards lost myself in a labyrinth of streets, I never thought of complaining. Strange how philosophic one becomes, when there is no longer anything to disturb one's serenity!

My friend was a most cheerful companion; with a buoyancy of spirit which no misfortune could depress, and an energy of will which no re-

verses could overcome. In early life she was married to a naval officer, a frank, generous-hearted man, who disoblged his friends by uniting himself to a portionless girl, whom he loved better than any rich one whom they could have chosen for him. They lived happily during the brief years of their union; but he died suddenly, leaving her with an only child, a boy of some seven or eight years, and only a moderate pension for their support. Her husband's family were wealthy, and in the course of years, the little boy would inherit a handsome fortune. In the meantime his grandmother offered to educate and provide for the child, if his mother would give him up to her. This she of course refused to do, and as she had never felt much cordiality towards the family, their intercourse almost entirely ceased. In all her after trials, they gave her neither countenance nor aid. Bravely, however, she bore reverses, and by noble efforts sustained her position and her independence. At a suitable age, her son obtained a midshipman's commission, entirely through his mother's persevering exertions; and her cares for him have been amply repaid, by his devoted affection.

A year or two before I encountered my friend so unexpectedly in the great city, she had been visiting a near relative who resided at the seat of government, and there she contracted a second matrimonial alliance, and a very highly advantageous one. Colonel G—, though more than twenty years older than herself, was the most delightful old gentleman I ever met with. His fine head, somewhat bald and slightly sprinkled with gray, and his bland, benevolent countenance, has left a lively impression upon me. He had seen much of the world, and held a high position in public life, but retained the most perfect *bon-homme*, and the gentle simplicity of a child. He had an ample fortune, and his house was the seat of generous hospitality. I almost marvelled at my friend's good fortune; but she gravely asserted that she had twice refused the Colonel, because she had resolved never to marry a second time; but was at last obliged to accept him, to get rid of his importunity!

I found Mrs. G. one morning in her dressing-

room, looking over various little remembrances of other times, jewels, trinkets, &c., most of them gifts of friends.

"You have seen many of these things long ago, I dare say," she said, "but do you recollect this face?" and she handed me a small miniature, plainly set in gold.

"The features are familiar," I replied, "but I cannot recall the name,—yet stay, is it your cousin Emma?"

"Yes, poor cousin Emma; is it not a lovely face?"

"Lovely indeed!" and I looked with admiration on the sweet and almost childlike face,—the graceful brow, so delicately arched,—the soft, dark eyes, so full of loving confidence,—the small, ruby lips, which even then smiled almost sadly. "It must be a faithful likeness," I continued, "for it brings her again before me, just as I remember her so many years ago; her face was so attractive and peculiar, that I have never lost the impression it made on me. She was then just dawning into womanhood, and I met her often at your father's house."

"Yes, she almost lived with us. She was an only child, you know, and her mother died not long after her birth, and as my uncle Danvers was very fond of us all, we were constantly together. Do you remember Captain Maxwell? that picture was taken for him."

"It is so long since I left my early home, that I know little that has been passing there, except among my more immediate friends. I have often thought of Emma, among others who are associated with pleasant memories, and wondered if her fate proved as happy as it then promised to be. I believe she was engaged to Capt. Maxwell?"

"Have you never heard her singular fate, then? Poor Emma, no one knows all her history so well as myself, for I was her only *confidante*, and had often to battle for her rights, for she was too timid to assert them herself. It is a romance of real life, I assure you; and if you feel any interest, just sit down in that 'sleepy hollow,'—stay, let me shake up the cushions,—and then I will tell you all about it. But first, Flora shall bring a glass of iced lemonade and some refreshments,—I forgot what a long walk you have taken this morning, and it is a marvel if you have not lost yourself two or three times at least."

These preliminaries settled, and being comfortably ensconced in the "sleepy hollow,—what an expressive name for the most luxurious of all lounging chairs!—my friend commenced her narrative.

"You know, perhaps, that cousin Emma was

engaged when very young, scarcely sixteen, to Capt. Maxwell. He was then only a lieutenant, with nothing but his pay, and the hope of promotion in the course of time. My uncle was not pleased with the connexion,—he had more ambitious views for his daughter, for she was already much admired, and generally regarded as an heiress. But Maxwell was a fine fellow, handsome, well connected, and a general favorite. He pleaded his own cause skillfully; so my uncle, who was really kind-hearted, and easily swayed by others, and hated above all things to see cloudy faces about him, at length yielded a reluctant consent, on condition that they would not think of marriage till Maxwell obtained a Captain's commission. I am somewhat doubtful whether my uncle's consent was given in perfect good faith, or without mental reservation; but at any rate it was gratefully received, and never were two young people more completely happy than were Maxwell and my cousin Emma. All was sunshine, *couleur de rose*; not a thought of change, a word of coldness, or a jealous doubt ever disturbed their perfect confidence. Do you not think it must have been a very deep-rooted love to survive such a dead calm? But Emma had no caprice or coquetry; she was only too distrustful of her own attractions, too unconscious of her own power, and her timid, yielding disposition was easily subjected to a stronger will. But this very weakness endeared her more to Maxwell, perhaps from the contrast it offered to his own strong and manly nature, and he felt a generous pride in the consciousness that he was the chosen protector of that gentle girl, who thus trusted her happiness to his keeping with such undoubting confidence.

"This pleasant dream of enjoyment was suddenly interrupted. Maxwell and my poor husband,—I had then been married several months,—both received orders to join without delay the ——— frigate which was then fitting out for the West Indies, to carry despatches to that station, it was supposed. I had been somewhat prepared for this event, so it did not take me by surprise; and besides, when a woman marries a sailor, she must make up her mind to bear frequent separations cheerfully. But Emma, poor child, received the intelligence as if it had been Maxwell's death-warrant. She would not be comforted; all our arguments were but idle words—even Maxwell could not soothe her.

"I have no vain fears, no weak dread of parting," she said, "but something at my heart tells me, our days of happiness will never return—they are too suddenly disturbed—the future looks all darkness,—I know not *why*, but it is so."

"Her words, her very look, dwell in my memory as an event of yesterday. They impressed me little at the time, but have since often recurred to me as the presentiment of a loving heart, whose sensitive instinct perceives far off the shadow which is hastening on to obscure its serenity.

"After the parting scene was over, Emma acquired more firmness. She struggled hard for it, because she had promised Maxwell she would do so. According to established usage, he left his miniature with her: a perfect likeness it was, and it rested on her heart by day and night, for truly she loved, as they did in the days of old romance. This sweet picture of herself which you have just been looking at, was carried by him on that voyage, and I dare say was no less fondly cherished.

"The frigate ———, it was expected, would make but a short cruise, and so time passed on, slowly enough at first, and marked only by anxiety and weary waiting. Then came the first letters,—always an event of interest,—and they were so full of love and perfect confidence, so happy in the past and hopeful for the future, that Emma felt comforted and reassured, and resumed much of her accustomed cheerfulness. Letters were from that time frequently received, all speaking of a prosperous voyage, and as much enjoyment as was consistent in a lover, for the first time separated from his mistress. Emma wrote continually, it seemed to me; she who had always detested a pen, would sit down and fill sheet after sheet, to despatch by every opportunity, and always fancied that she had never written enough. At last the period of return began to be anticipated; weeks and days were counted with minute exactness, and even Emma smiled when reminded of her vain forebodings.

"About that time an important change took place in my uncle's house. After remaining single for so many years after my aunt's death, and manifesting no desire to change his condition, the world was suddenly surprised by the announcement of his marriage. The affair, however, was no mystery to his near connexions, for they knew that the lady whom he had now chosen was the object of an early and passionate attachment. But he was then held by a prior engagement, which he felt bound in honor to fulfil; and when my poor aunt's death at last released him, the lady whom he had loved so well was wedded to another. But she had always maintained a certain degree of influence over her early lover, and when her husband died about a year before, it is believed a secret engagement very soon took place. And though Mrs. Marvin wore her weeds with becoming gravity, yet as soon as conventional pro-

priety admitted, she exchanged them for bridal array, and assumed the management of my uncle's handsome establishment. The match was pronounced an excellent one, and my uncle's good taste and judgment highly approved. Mrs. Marvin was indeed a splendid woman; handsome, graceful, and dignified, and though somewhat haughty, she had that excellent tact which adapts itself to all persons and occasions, and rarely fails to please. Whatever were her defects, they were completely veiled from my uncle, over whom she soon acquired unbounded influence. She had no children, and affected a warm interest in Emma; but she, poor girl, had a repugnance to a step-mother, and received her proffered regard distrustfully.

My uncle's house was from that time a continued scene of gaiety. Apparently from the kindest motives, she sought to interest Emma in the amusements which surrounded her, and to cheer her spirits, which again became unaccountably depressed. Emma, gentle and sensitive in the extreme, was always averse to fashionable notoriety; and now, as Maxwell's return was delayed beyond expectation, and she was filled with anxiety, and sick with hope deferred, the heartless frivolities which engrossed her step-mother, were insupportably painful to her. She asked only for the quiet of her own apartments; but Mrs. Danvers had address enough to enlist her husband on her side, and in compliance with his importunities, poor Emma went night after night to scenes of festivity, like a victim garlanded for sacrifice. Like a beautiful statue, she moved in these gay circles, her heart far away, and her ear indifferent to the homage constantly addressed to her. Her coldness, instead of deterring the approach of suitors, seemed rather to pique their vanity, and give them a new motive for success; and among those who sought her hand, were some, on whom her father would have bestowed it with pride and pleasure. Mrs. Danvers treated her engagement with Maxwell as a mere childish affair, and affected to wonder that it could ever have been regarded in any other light, and she was not sparing in her sarcasms on those foolish girls who were so lightly won by the *gold button* and the *epaulette*.

Emma perceived with uneasiness that the suggestions of her step-mother were not lost upon her father, whose mind was unaccountably subjected to her sway. For the first time their confidence was clouded, and their intercourse restrained, but still she regarded it only as a transient annoyance. "When Maxwell returns," was always her comforting reflection, "all will go right again,

she will not dare to defy him;" and still, with many a bitter tear, she endeavored to wait patiently for that happy event. I had been sometime absent from home, and on my return was surprised at the change apparent in her. She told me she had a new source of annoyance, for that Mr. Jordin, who I knew had long been on the most friendly terms with her step-mother, had made proposals for her hand, and though she had positively rejected him and stated her engagement to another,—he still persisted in his attentions, and she had reason to believe was secretly encouraged. I could hardly help smiling at her fancied trouble; for, Mr. Jordin was a plain, matter-of-fact man, nearly double her age, without any recommendation except an ample fortune, and the social position which it commanded. I could only suppose my new aunt wished to try the extent of her power, and perhaps to annoy Emma, whose ill-suppressed dislike greatly displeased her. But I found an opportunity to speak with my uncle on the subject, and expressed my opinion rather more freely than was agreeable to him; we however parted very good friends, and with an assurance on his part, that Emma's feelings should not be trifled with.

A few weeks later, and the good frigate — returned safely after a year's cruise, and all troubles were for a time forgotten in the joy of a reunion with those so dearly loved. My uncle received Maxwell with his old cordiality, and even Mrs. Danvers was blandly courteous. But after a few days, an almost imperceptible restraint might be discerned, and Maxwell, stranger as he was to the underplot which had been enacting, felt assured that something was wrong, and that he stood in a different position to the family, than that which he had before sustained. In his daily visits at the house, Mrs. Danvers, without any apparent design, contrived to be present at his interviews with Emma, and seldom allowed them an opportunity for private conversation. The hospitable welcome which had once been given, was no longer extended to him; and under a veil of studied politeness, a material change of feeling was manifest. In answer to his questioning, Emma related the simple facts, and with many tears, described the misery she had been subjected to. She had refrained from alluding to it in her letters, only from respect to her father, and because she well knew that Maxwell would be made miserable if the circumstances were known to him. She had never disguised the distrust she felt towards her step-mother.

Maxwell, justly indignant, and not without alarm, sought an interview with my uncle, and

without betraying any suspicion, spoke frankly of his well-tryed affection for Emma, and begged permission to marry her without delay. He pleaded that his pay was amply sufficient to satisfy their moderate desires, that they wished to live for their own quiet enjoyment, not for outward display, and that the certainty of promotion before long, gave them something to look forward to for the future.

My uncle was taken by surprise and showed some embarrassment; but he urged Emma's extreme youth, against the lover's arguments,—her expensive habits, which unfitted her to meet the exigencies of a limited income, and finally begged him to remember the promise he had made, and assured him that when his rank in the service justified the step, he would give him his daughter, provided they still both desired it.

Maxwell was obliged to rest satisfied, for he could obtain no farther favor; he was too honorable to forfeit his pledged word, nor would Emma have been forgetful of her filial duty. So they made up their minds to wait patiently, and trust in Providence; and strong in their devoted affection, what power on earth could dis-unite them!

The very next day, Maxwell was ordered to a naval station, at the South, and his desire for active service was so well known, that it was thought probable he would receive an appointment in a ship of war then fitting out for the Mediterranean. The hope of advancement, made even separation comparatively light to him, for on that alone, he knew, rested his claim to Emma's hand, and he had also an innate love for his profession, which made inactivity seem a positive evil. The few days that intervened before his departure, all the happy confidence of their early love seemed restored to them; my uncle from pure kind-heartedness was disposed to allow them the sad enjoyment of their parting hours, and Mrs. Danvers had probably formed her own plans, and was quite charming in her expressions of cordial sympathy.

Emma's fears were tranquilized, and she looked forward to another separation, sadly enough, but with fewer painful forebodings than she had done on the first occasion. Maxwell, before he left, entreated me to watch over her happiness, as I would over that of a younger sister, and also begged me to write to him occasionally that he might feel assured that all was right.

Some weeks had passed away, and the interchange of letters by every mail, gave relief to absence; Emma in her quiet way, indulged her own sweet fancies, and solaced many a weary hour,

by golden dreams of the happy future which opened before her.

Winter had again come round, and Mrs. Danvers entered on its gaieties with all the ardor which a young girl might feel, on her first entrance into life. With a scheming head and a cold heart, she craved constant excitement for her selfish vanity, and to inspire admiration was her sole aim and desire. My uncle was proud of her attractions—the gratified her every wish however extravagant, and seemed perfectly unconscious that she held the reins of government entirely in her own hands. There was antagonism between my new aunt and myself at all times; my frankness too often rebuked her duplicity, and my affection for Emma led me to watch her very narrowly. Emma, however, seemed to gain more confidence in her, and she went into society with less reluctance than she had done the previous season, for though her heart was pre-occupied and far away, it gave her pleasure to gratify her father's wishes. Mr. Jordin had also been absent, which was a sensible relief; but he returned about that time and again persecuted her with his disagreeable attentions, evidently sanctioned by her step-mother's approval. Emma appealed to her father for protection from his persecution; but to her surprise he answered her evasively, and begged her to consider the advantages which a connexion with Mr. Jordin would ensure her.

Emma in vain urged her engagement to another, their devoted affection for each other, and his own consent to their union as soon as Maxwell received promotion. He replied that it was folly for her to waste her youth in waiting for an event which might never take place, or not for many years; that he had never approved her childish engagement, and if she had any affection for himself, she would give up Maxwell and accept the man whom he had chosen for her, and instead of spending her life in roving from one station to another, with an officer on small pay, she would remain near him, and minister to the comfort of his declining days.

You may well suppose that Mrs. Danvers was at the bottom of all this, and that her influence incited my uncle to conduct so unworthy of himself. I could never fully understand the motive of Mrs. Danvers' conduct in this singular affair. I have no doubt she was actuated partly by dislike to Emma, for she seemed always to have a jealous fear that she held too large a share of her father's affections. But she must have been pledged by some interested motives to Mr. Jordin; and she was not a woman to relinquish any object which she resolved to accomplish. My

uncle, like most men who once suffer themselves to be led by an artful woman, soon yielded up his better feelings, and submitted to her arguments implicitly, but she had the tact to make him believe that he was acting on his own suggestions.

I should weary you by entering into details, and you would hardly credit all that I could tell you; but it is strictly true. Poor Emma's tears and passionate entreaties were of no avail;—in vain she asserted her right of choice—her father's promise—her own solemn engagement—my uncle was deaf to all—he persuaded himself that it was a mere childish fancy, and that when all was settled, she would be satisfied and happy.

I sought my uncle, and used every argument which affection for Emma could suggest in her behalf. I did fancy that I moved him—that he was relenting—but Mrs. Danvers came to his aid, and her haughtiness roused my indignation, and many bitter words passed between us; so from that time my uncle refused to see me, and I was virtually banished from the house. Emma was no longer allowed to write to Maxwell, and his letters were kept back from her. My uncle wrote to him with his own hand, annulling his daughter's engagements, and requesting him, as a man of honor, no longer to interfere with his domestic plans. Maxwell answered him, declaring that he would never cancel the word which he had pledged to Emma, and that he would marry her against all opposition, unless she herself assured him that she had withdrawn her affection, and no longer wished to fulfil her engagement.

I wrote Maxwell a true account of everything as far as I could understand it, and, in return, he intreated me, for God's sake, to save Emma from sacrificing herself, adding that he had applied for leave of absence, and hoped soon to be with us, when he would end all persecution by a private marriage, if he could obtain her on no other terms. Several letters passed between us, and enclosed in them, Maxwell and Emma exchanged a few letters, sad enough, but filled with assurances of eternal affection. The correspondence was discovered, by what means I could never ascertain, and still more unaccountably, it was ever afterwards intercepted.

A few weeks passed away, and poor Emma watched and restricted, and hearing nothing from Maxwell, settled down into a state bordering on despair. She was no longer forced to see Jordin, nor was he ever alluded to; the only present object of her step-mother was to induce her to give up Maxwell. He was appointed to a ship then lying ready at Norfolk, and only waiting orders to sail. Vainly had he applied for leave

of absence, his post of duty was in the ship, and it was refused to him. I must do my uncle the justice to say that he was absent from home at that time, or I am sure he must have yielded to poor Emma's patient suffering. She was told that Maxwell was on the eve of sailing on a long voyage; years might pass before he returned, and where was the promise he had made to see her and claim her hand, publicly or privately? Where were his letters? not one had reached her for many, many weeks. So closely was she guarded, under pretence of illness, and ill she surely was, that I could gain no access to her personally, or by letter, though I tried often to bribe a servant, but Mrs. Danvers was too vigilant for me.

It was then that Emma, worn out with sorrow and suffering, taunted with Maxwell's forgetfulness, which in her heart she could not believe, and reduced to such weakness, that she felt assured she had not many weeks to live; then she was induced to write a few lines, saying, that "as he seemed to have renounced her, she no longer held him to his promise; that it was better they should both be free, as a long separation was before them, and that her best wishes for his happiness and prosperity would ever attend him!" Coldly was it worded, for she dared not trust herself to indulge a thought, a retrospection—her heart seemed chilled—her hand was rigid, and even his eye could scarcely have recognized the writing, usually so delicate and graceful. She had nerved herself for a stern task, for she then took from her bosom, where it had so long reposed, the miniature which had been her only solace, and without daring to look at it, placed it with a few other tokens of remembrance, beside the letter, and lastly drew from her thin finger, the plain ring which he had placed there on the happy day of their engagement! Never had it since left her finger! The thoughts that crowded on her mind were too overpowering, and in the vain effort to crush them down, she fell into a death-like faint. Mrs. Danvers, after the first momentary alarm, consigned her to a servant's care, and hastened to fold the letter and the relics in a safe package, and sent them off without a moment's delay, fearing that when she recovered, her resolution might again falter.

Maxwell was almost heart-broken; he had made every effort to get access to Emma, through the medium of some friend, but on the plea of illness she was denied to every one who could possibly bring intelligence from him. He had written again and again, and received no answer, and as a last effort, he had just sealed a letter to

me, enclosing one for Emma, which the Commodore promised to send with his own despatches. They were on the eve of sailing—orders were given to weigh anchor the next morning at daybreak. Most of the officers were on shore spending the last evening at a gay assemblage, only the Commodore remained in his private cabin writing letters, and Maxwell paced the deck in a state of inconceivable dejection. Some letters were brought on board, and Maxwell glanced eagerly at the superscriptions of those addressed to himself. There was one—the writing so changed, yet so familiar—he tore open the envelope, and in a moment all was known to him. He then, for the first time, realized that he was indeed rejected and forsaken.

For a few moments Maxwell stood like one stunned by a sudden blow—from his own lip. I have since heard it all—his eyes were riveted on the letter, the picture, the gifts of love; the deck was forsaken except by the watch on duty; and in the grey twilight he read again and again the cruel lines. A ray of hope shot upon him; she had not written from her own heart; she had acted from compulsion; he saw it all, and it was not yet too late. He went directly to the Commodore, and informed him that he had received intelligence which rendered it absolutely necessary for him to ask leave of absence for a short time—that nothing but the most painful necessity would compel him to ask it—but he trusted to his generosity for a favorable answer, and assured him he would rejoin the ship shortly, by taking passage in one of the first merchant vessels that sailed for the Mediterranean.

The Commodore was surprised at his request, but still more at the excessive agitation which he vainly sought to disguise. He, however, rightly divined the cause, for he had heard a rumour that his love had not lately prospered, and he spoke to him so kindly, and with such friendly interest, that Maxwell freely opened his heart to him.

The Commodore was a frank and generous man, greatly beloved by the officers under his command: he had also strong good sense, and a judgment not easily swayed by any romantic notions.

"I feel for you with all my heart, Maxwell," he said, "but you will gain nothing by turning back; if Miss Danvers loves you truly as she ought to do, you have nothing to fear from absence; but if her affection cannot survive that, she is not worthy of you, and you had better strive to forget her."

Maxwell in vain represented the persecution to which she was exposed, and the undue influ-

ence exercised over her; the Commodore could not understand the matter as he did, and evidently regarded poor Emma's conduct in no very favorable light. "It grieves me to refuse you," he continued, "but my duty is imperative. By quitting the ship at this time, you subject yourself to ill-natured remarks, perhaps to severe censure, and it may also retard your promotion. Under these circumstances I have too much regard for your interests, to give you leave of absence, and I must beg you to submit to your duty, and leave the rest to Providence."

The next morning the broad pendant was hoisted, and the ship, with all sails set, floated out to sea. It was three years before Maxwell again looked upon his native land.

I heard frequently from Maxwell during his absence: he wrote always in great depression, and seemed never to recover from the blow his affections had received. Though he wrote repeatedly to Emma, no answer was received, and probably his letters never met her eye. When he at length returned, she had been more than a year the wife of Mr. Jordin. I never ascertained how she was made to overcome her repugnance so as to accept his hand; my interference had given offence to the family, and our intercourse almost entirely ceased, and much as I had loved Emma, I felt that she had tamely yielded her rights, and greatly wronged a most noble and devoted heart.

It was six or eight years before I again saw her. I had removed to another part of the country, and she also resided at a distance from her early home. I was once passing through the city where she lived, and my old affection reviving, as I thought of her, I could not resist my desire to see her. She received me with great cordiality, though at first painfully embarrassed. I found her still beautiful, but greatly changed—gentle and submissive to her lot, one could still see that she had accepted it with pain, and the buoyancy and freshness of her life were gone. She had two lovely little girls, and on them her warm affections were centred. No allusion was made to the past, only once she said to me abruptly, and with a low, hurried voice:

"I have one question to ask you, Anna; is Captain Maxwell married?"

I told her that he was; but not till recently,—long after she had become the wife of another. I told her that he had loved faithfully, long after hope had ceased. She looked at me, imploringly.

"It is the first time his name has passed my lips," she said, "forget that I have mentioned it. I should feel unworthy the name of wife and

mother, if a thought of him that interfered with duty, were ever suffered to dwell in my mind."

She left the room hastily, and when she returned some minutes after, traces of tears were visible, but the sad smile, and the calm sweet manner were resumed. I saw her many times after this; circumstances brought us together, and our early friendship was renewed and strengthened. It is now two or three years ago that she left home on a winter's journey, accompanied by her little girls, then about twelve and fourteen years of age, whom she was taking with her to pass the Christmas holidays with her father. They were under the protection of an elderly gentleman, a relative, for her husband did not accompany them. Late in the evening a violent storm arose, and the steamer, in which they took passage, struck on a rock, and almost every soul on board perished. It was a frightful scene, those human beings struggling with the icy waves, and no helping hand to save them. The last time poor Emma was seen, by one of the survivors, she stood clasping her precious children, on the fatal wreck, and in a few moments no vestige of them remained.

A few weeks after her death, I received this letter, (taking up one) from Captain Maxwell, with whom I still occasionally correspond. He married an estimable woman, and has several promising children; promotion, and professional honors have come to him, and in the intervals of active service, he finds domestic comfort at a beautiful residence which he has built and adorned, at a little distance from the sea-coast of—

"On the night of that terrible disaster," he wrote, alluding to the loss of the steamer: "I was engaged with a gay party who were then assembled at my house. There were many of my brother officers, many fair ladies, and some strangers of distinction. The sound of music and dancing drowned the howling of the storm without, and in our gay revelry, we knew nothing of the awful scene, the conflict of life and death, which was passing almost within our sight. Strange that no voice whispered to my heart that she was there, struggling in the stormy wave, so near,—perishing when I might have saved her! Had we been less engrossed within, we might have seen the lights and heard the signals of distress; and my yacht, which lies always ready, could have been put out at a moment's notice, and perhaps have saved many precious lives. Could I have rescued that dear woman and her children, what heartfelt joy would have been mine forever!"

"You may suppose," resumed my friend, in her lively manner, "that I never felt much cordiality

towards Mr. Jordin. I seldom saw him, and only endured him for poor cousin Emma's sake. Scarcely seven months after her melancholy fate, he called to see me, on his way to the North, and though he spoke much of her, it was in the formal common place way that he would have treated the most indifferent subject.

"I have one consolation," he remarked with much satisfaction, "my Emma's married life was happy, for she had no wish ungratified, and she never loved any one but me!"

I could scarcely forbear smiling in his face, and really felt quite savage enough to undeceive him; but for poor Emma's sake, I kept her secret. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," I thought, and could only wonder at his wilful self conceit, or very treacherous memory.

I had at that time a very charming young friend staying with me, the widow of an officer; and as she was also going to the North with some friends, Mr. Jordin attached himself to her party. Before many weeks had passed, that *disconsolate widower* offered his hand and heart to the gay widow; but I need scarcely tell you, he was refused with contempt. So much for man's boasted constancy and unchangeable affection.

## THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

BY R. E. M.

"Thou'rt going, my son, from thy boyhood's home,  
from the home of thine early life,  
Thou art leaving its calm and peaceful bliss, for  
a world of sin and strife.  
Ah! what is the spell that lures thee on, with  
light so falsely clear?  
Or what is the unknown, wayward joy, thy heart  
may not find here?"  
Then the youth spoke out with kindling eye,  
"Nay, mother, speak not so,  
The world thou fearest, however false, that world  
I soon must know.  
Too long I've lived in glorious ease, dwelling 'mid  
field and glen;  
And now must I seek the haunts of life, to mix  
with my fellow men.  
I have read in story of cities fair, with their count-  
less marble domes,  
Their noble squares—their sparkling founts, and  
stately palace homes,  
I've heard how genius too hath won, for her ardent,  
eager child,  
Honors, which even his warmest dreams would  
once have deemed most wild."  
"Alas! my loved one! Thou knowest not the  
and life-wearing care,

That fills the city's busy haunts, and lurks in  
the palace fair."

But the mother spoke to a heedless ear, to a  
young and reckless heart,  
And the fond embrace that enclasped her then,  
was to tell that they must part.

\* \* \* \* \*

We will not follow that dreamer wild on his  
changing, strange career,  
With its transient gleams of feverish bliss, and  
its days of grief and fear;

His writhings fierce, 'neath the cruel fangs of  
bitter want and shame,

His struggles vain for to win him wealth, or a still  
more fleeting fame.

Enough, that like many who'd entered life free,  
ardent as he had done;

He was doomed to see his early dreams all wither,  
one by one.

At length, when years and gnawing cares had  
quenched that spirit high,

The wanderer felt he must return to his home,  
were it but to die,

And though the course lay through regions far,  
and across the ocean foam,

He stood at length in the well known haunts of  
his childhood's early home.

But, why does he look round with throbbing heart,  
with gaze so wan and wild,

The flowers are as fair, the skies as bright, as  
when they charmed the child;

Alas! his home is a ruined heap, concealed by  
shrub and tree,

Whilst the gentle guide of his early years, his  
mother—where is she?

His dim eye falls on a mossy mound o'ergrown  
with flow'rets fair,

No grave stone marks the lowly spot, but he feels  
that she is there,

And bowing his care-worn, furrowed brow, 'mid  
the grass so rank and wild,

His sullen pride and gloom forgot, "the strong  
man wept like a child."

Oh! many a year had passed away, since he had  
wept or prayed,

For distant far from virtue's path his reckless  
steps had strayed,

And in the worlds maddening whirl, from his  
heart had passed away,

All thoughts of that God, to whom, so oft, he had  
seen his mother pray;

But now, as he pressed his burning lips to the  
cold, unconscious earth,

Whilst his bursting heart recalled her love, her  
true and noble worth,

The lessons pure of his earthly youth, with gen-  
tle influence stole,  
Like the evening breeze, o'er the drooping flower,  
and calmed his tortured soul,

And bowing his toil-worn, weary head upon that  
holy sod,  
With an heartfelt prayer, he yielded up his  
stricken soul to God.

## VENICE.

THE silence of Venice constitutes in my opinion one of its greatest charms. This absence of noise is peculiarly soothing to the mind, and disposes it to contemplation. I looked out from my balcony last night, when the grand canal reflected a thousand brilliant stars on its water, turbid though it be; and the lights streaming from the windows on each side showed like golden columns on its bosom. Gondola after gondola glided along, from some of which soft music stole on the ear, and sometimes their open windows revealed some youthful couple with their guitars, or some more matured ones, partaking their light repast of fruit and cakes; while not unfrequently a solitary male figure was seen reclined on the seat absorbed in the perusal of some book.—The scene realized some of the descriptions of Venice read years ago; and except that the gondoliers were small in number, and the lights from the houses few and far between, I could have fancied that no change had occurred since the descriptions I referred to were written. The morning light reveals the melancholy alteration; and as I stood on the same balcony to-day, and saw the muddy canal with a few straggling gondolas gliding over it, the defaced and mutilated palaces, and the reduced population, all brought out into distinctness by the bright beams of the sun, I could hardly believe it was the same scene that looked so well last night.—Moonlight is a great beautifier, and especially of all that has been touched by the finger of decay, from a palace to—a woman. It softens what is harsh, renders fairer what is fair and disposes the mind to a tender melancholy in harmony with all around.

The endless variety in the architecture of Venice pleases me. It looks as if the natives of many lands, and as many ages, had congregated to build dwellings and churches according to the different tastes of each; here may be traced the massive piles and round arches of remote time, the fantastic and grotesque style of the middle ages, the richly-decorated Saracenic, and the state-buildings whose fronts are encrusted with fine sculptures that even still retain their pristine beauty.

Where but at Venice, could be found crowded together specimens of the Greek, Roman, Gothic, and Saracenic styles, blending into rich masses, rendering this city a place where every traveller may find some remembrances of his home?

The arcades of the Piazza of St. Mark present an amusing picture, being appropriated to cafés

and shops, principally jewellers', the windows of which glitter with trinkets, tempting many a bright-eyed Venetian maid and matron to loiter before them in longing admiration, while groups of people, dressed in the garbs of their different countries, from the turbaned Turk and quick-eyed Greek down to the staid and soberly-attired Englishman, are seen moving along, giving the scene life and animation.

This moving mass of the natives of so many countries accords well with the equally heterogeneous masses of architecture beneath which they are seated; and though this extraordinary mixture of style in the buildings cannot be defended as an example of pure taste, nevertheless the effect is, at least to me, very delightful; and while gazing on it, I find myself no more disposed to censure it than I should be to decry a bed of rare tulips of various hues, because their variety was more rich than chaste.

This strange mixture of architecture seems to tell the history of its origin. Might not the victorious Venetians, returning from distant lands, have wished to perpetuate the memory of their achievements, by imitating the buildings beheld there? and this jumble, so censured by connoisseurs, may have had a peculiar charm for them, of past glory. But though, without this *prestige*, I confess (though by so doing I give reason to have my taste called in question) I greatly admire the general effect of the Piazza of St. Mark; and that this very *mélange* is perhaps one of the causes of my admiration; so novel, and yet so gorgeous is its appearance.—*The Idler in Italy, by Lady Blessington.*

## ACROSTIC

BY O. H. M.

Let others dear maid praise your beauty and grace,  
 Each word that they say in you praise must be true,  
 'T is for me to declare in our hearts you've a place.  
 Embalm'd 'mid sweet mem'ries which time will renew  
 Then believe me, though fate may remove you afar,  
 I can ne'er make us cease to remember with pride,  
 All the bright moments pass'd void of discord or jar,  
 'Mid the friends we would wish to retain by our side,  
 And now dearest friend whilst these lines I indite,  
 Remember one pressing request which I make,  
 It is, that some parting memento you'll write,  
 Each friend that you love, to be kept for your sake.

A LITTLE management may often evade resistance, which a vast force might vainly strive to overcome.

A philosopher once told a miser, "You do not possess your wealth, but your wealth possesses you."

# WRITINGS OF THE REV. J. T. HEADLEY.\*

BY W. P. C.

THE author of the works before us is a native of the State of New York. He was born in the year 1814. He studied and graduated at Union College, and subsequently pursued a theological course in the Seminary at Auburn. He was ordained as a minister, and accepted the charge of a congregation in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. His health becoming very feeble, he was soon compelled to abandon his pastoral duties, and seek recovery in change of air and scene. These duties he has never since been able to resume. His attention, for a considerable time past, has been almost confined to literature, and the result is a number of popular productions on a variety of interesting subjects. A few of these we purpose briefly to notice.

## I. THE DISTINGUISHED MARSHALS OF NAPOLEON,

Consists of a series of biographical sketches of Ney, Murat, Macdonald, Lannes and Massena, to which are added reflections upon their respective characters and achievements. The life of Napoleon himself, which occupies some sixty pages of the volume, is contributed "by another hand." It presents, of course, no novelty, and therefore calls for no criticism. The deeds, the words, and the very thoughts of the great Emperor, are sufficiently familiar to us all. But of the brave and devoted men whom his genius called around him,—men to whose fidelity he owed his throne,—who sacrificed the noblest talents and the loftiest aspirations in his service, less is known. The principle laid down by Mr. Headley, that "nothing is more unfortunate for a great man, than to be born beside a greater, and walk during lifetime in his shadow," will be readily admitted. "Great men," he says, "like birds, seem to come in flocks, and yet but *one* stands as the representative of his age; the peak which first catches the sun-light is crowned monarch of the hills, and the rest, however lofty, are but his body-guard." It is true, that to the Marshals of Napoleon, the higher

qualities of warriors have seldom been ascribed. But notwithstanding, did they not possess them? From the nature of their position, dependent on the guidance of a superior mind, their own abilities, great as they were, were partially obscured, and alone displayed in the execution of imperious commands. But after all, reflection shows, that these men, whom the discriminating eye of Napoleon selected to be the instruments of his ambition, were by no means destitute even of the noblest faculties and the sublimest sentiments. Of Ney we are told, that "his iron will seemed to compensate for the loss of sleep, and food and rest;" that he was "daunted by no danger, exhausted by no toil, caught by no stratagem." By the most heroic army in the world crowned "Bravest of the Brave," he merited the proud distinction. To him no scene of slaughter was appalling. No object, for a single instant, could divert him from the victory he sought; this, through all the din of conflict, the shouts of the triumphant, and the groans of the expiring, he held, without another thought, in view. His "power of mental concentration" was unequalled. Mr. Headley's vindication of Ney's *generalship*, in opposition to the opinion of Mr. Alison and many others, is worthy of a close attention. Ney was firm and steadfast in his principles, beyond most men. But, alas for his reputation with posterity, his firmness was severely tired. The return of the Emperor from Elba filled the entire army with the most extravagant joy; and strange would it have been, if those whom he had raised from obscurity to eminence, had escaped the general enthusiasm. One only, of all these, beheld that enthusiasm with unshaken steadiness. Macdonald, in spite of education and the influence of surrounding circumstances, had never become a Frenchman. Commanding ardent, vacillating and easily excited soldiers, he was always cool, inflexible and cautious. After the abdication of Napoleon, like all the other officers of the army, he submitted to the Bourbons. But when the Emperor returned, how striking a contrast was displayed between his "rock-fast mind," and the volatility of his associates! When, in the wild excitement of the hour, his fickle troops deserted him, he swerved not from his true allegiance;

\* *Distinguished Marshals of Napoleon; with the life and character of Napoleon; (his life by another hand.) The Miscellaneous works of the Rev. J. T. Headley, with a Biographical sketch and portrait of the author.*  
New York: John S. Taylor.—Montreal, R. W. Lay.

faithful to the purest principles, he stood *alone*, his fortune assailed in vain, his name unstained.

The character of each of these illustrious men is thus briefly described by Mr. Headley;—"Ney, simple and austere in his habits, reminds one of an old Greek or Roman hero. The vacillation of feeling which caused him to commit the great error of his life, adds to our sympathy for him, while it injures the perfection of his character. He was a kind yet fearless commander, an untiring and skilful leader, and a warm-hearted and noble man." Of Macdonald he says,—“no ferocity marked his battles,—no indiscriminate slaughter, made in moments of excitement, stained any part of his career.”

Murat was the representative of a class of men in all respects different from those last,—a class which may be characterized as governed by impulses rather than reason,—as dazzled by imposing pageants and fascinated by a brilliant fame. Distinguished by his noble form, his eagle glance and kingly tread, “*le preux chevalier*,” was no less great than magnificent. We cannot, however, at all agree with Mr. Headley, in regarding his extravagant theatrical costume, and effeminate vanity, as in keeping with his real character. Though not a “man of deep thought and compact mind,” he still was fitted to be something more than a Parisian dandy. The story of his passion for Polish dresses, embroidered pantaloons, and heron plumes, is but the revelation of his baser nature. In spite of all this foppery, he well deserved to be the idol of his friends, the terror of his enemies, the pride of his age, and the admiration of posterity.

Lannes and Massena, are much less interesting characters to us, than Ney, Macdonald or Murat. In the former, there appears nothing very remarkable, except that they rose, through ambition, bravery and endurance, from obscurity to distinction and command. We find no pleasure in the history of battles, however valiantly and skilfully they may have been fought. The pure spirit of the Christian religion, and the genius of the age, both stand opposed to the shedding of man's blood. But from the exploits of Napoleon and his Marshals, many profitable lessons may be learned. They may teach us how inflexibility of purpose overpowers all obstacles, how freedom is subverted by ambition, and how crime is visited with punishment.

With respect to the manner in which Mr. Headley has executed his task, we have a word to say. The work now before us is among the earliest, and certainly is not the best, of his productions. We offer no complaint because it lacks

originality of thought, for that the nature of the subject, in a great degree, excluded. But its style is too elaborate, and its monotony, though artistic, is painful. Every sentence exhibits the marks of being written for effect. Still there are many highly eloquent and impressive passages, and many valuable philosophical reflections. The descriptive writings of Mr. Headley have been very much and very justly admired. His talent for this is remarkably exhibited in the glowing sketch of Macdonald's passage of the Splugen,—that memorable exploit, before which the achievements of Hannibal and Napoleon dwindle into insignificance. “We never,” says our author, “in imagination see that long straggling line, winding itself like a huge anaconda over the lofty snowpeak of the Splugen, with the indomitable Macdonald feeling his way in front, covered with snow, while ever and anon huge *avalanches* sweep by him, and the blinding storm covers his men and the path from his sight, and hear his stern, calm, clear voice, directing the way, without feelings of supreme wonder. There is nothing like it in modern history, unless it be Suwarrow's passage of the Glarus in the midst of a superior enemy. Bonaparte's passage of the St. Bernard—so world renowned, is as mere child's play compared to it.”\*

## II. LUTHER.

This is a short work in six chapters. The author introduces his subject by observing that throughout the whole history of society, Revolution has been indispensable to Progress. He is a warm progressist, and hence his opinions must be taken with caution. If by “*REVOLUTION*” he means the sudden and tumultuous overturning of existing institutions, accompanied by bloodshed and disorder, we dissent from his conclusion, that “constituted as governments and society are, they are necessary.” This seems, indeed, to be the sense in which he uses the expression; for, in the sentence following, he quotes, with singular misconception of its import, the figurative language of our Saviour,—“I come not to send peace, but a sword; to set a man at variance against his father.” &c.

“The world,” says Mr. Headley, “is full of oppressive systems, whose adherents will not yield without a fierce struggle, and the iron framework of which will not crumble without heavy blows.” The truth of this is obvious. But the heavy

\* We believe there is an edition of “*Napoleon and his Marshals*,” more extensive than that which we have noticed above, but it is not now in our possession. The one before us, however, is sufficient to exhibit the characteristics of the entire work. The former appears to be an amplification of the latter.

blows, beneath which the iron framework of these oppressive systems is to crumble, must be dealt by *moral* power and not by *physical*. "The reformation under Luther," he continues,—“ begun in silence and in weakness,—ended in revolutions, violence and war.” Our view is different. Silence and weakness did unquestionably mark its origin, and scenes of blood and terror its development. But blood and terror were the *accidental circumstances* of the movement, not its *natural effects*. The “end,” we trust, has only just begun to be accomplished.

The history of the great reformer,—his privations in the schools of Magdeburg and Eisenach, his studies at the University of Erfurt, his discovery of the Bible, his religious impressions and consequent retirement to a cloister, his bold avowal of the right of free inquiry, the persecution he endured, and the courage he displayed,—must, to all reflective and well constituted minds, afford an interest far more deep and satisfactory than that which clothes the record of the crimes and triumphs of Napoleon. The character of Luther seems to have been greatly mis-represented by writers of various sentiments. Some, in their zeal for the faith which he abjured, denouncing him as an impious heresiarch, have sought to load his memory with the vilest imputations. Others, looking on him with a blind enthusiasm, have forgot that he was mortal, and declared him wholly pure and spotless. The French historian Varillas, amongst others, speaks of him as being “rude, satirical, ambitious and ungrateful; disposed to anger on the slightest occasion, and for the most part implacable; much addicted to excesses at the table, and capable of the usual concomitant vices.” D'Aubigné, on the other hand, though usually a clear and impartial writer, regards the reformer as a novelist would his hero, or an advocate his client; and is continually exercising his ingenuity in constructing specious arguments for his defence.

Mr. Headley, in the little work before us, very properly adopts a more reasonable course. Though Luther was by no means wholly faultless, he was still a man of fixed integrity, profound piety, and extensive scholastic acquirements. The celebrated Boyle has said of him, that “his greatest enemies could not deny that he had eminent qualities; and history affords nothing more surprising than his exploits.”

The subject we are considering, though an old and familiar one, is still deeply interesting. Few things in the history of the world exceed in moral sublimity, the spectacle of the poor and persecuted monk, as he rose single-handed and alone, to con-

tend with powerful princes and learned prelates, at the Diet of Worms. The splendor of that august assembly did not dazzle, nor its threats intimidate him. Boldly he took up the gauntlet which his haughty adversaries had thrown down. Unequal as the struggle seemed, he triumphed; and the consequences of his victory are felt to day throughout the habitable globe.

### III. THE WALDENSES.

An historical sketch of this extraordinary people, cannot be at any time devoid of interest. The fearful persecutions they have endured, and the sublime firmness they have shown, in adhering to the principles of their religion, have won for them the unqualified admiration of the world. While subjected to the foulest outrages which ever disgraced humanity,—even while the smoke ascended from their burning roofs,—while mothers saw their infants dashed against the pointed rocks,—while old and young, the feeble and the strong, bound hand and foot, were hurled from precipices or impaled alive,—clinging to their ancient faith, they still remained unshaken in their fortitude—“a pure flame amid surrounding and limitless darkness,—a true and faithful Christian Church amid an apostate world.” For many centuries have they withstood the continual aggressions of the neighboring tribes, and still do they retain unchanged the features of their earliest character.

When fire and the sword had many times laid waste the fair and fertile vale of Bobi, the unhappy Waldenses at length were driven forth, and wandered in strange lands. But all the terrors they had seen, and all the wretchedness they had experienced, were not sufficient to efface the tender recollection of their former home. They returned. Arnaud a peaceful priest, whom stern necessity had made a fearless soldier and a skilful captain, led them back. Their fields were plundered and their cottages and churches lay in ruins. Still they loved the desolated valley, and once more assembled there, in solemn thankfulness, they swore forever to defend it, and pledged their full fidelity to God and to each other.

But here their troubles were not ended. An immense army—twenty-two thousand men, marched in upon their little territory. To oppose this force, only three hundred and sixty-seven could be found to range themselves beneath the banner of the heroic Arnaud. The Waldenses at last seemed devoted to annihilation; but how different was the result. The united arms of France and Savoy, victorious in innumerable battles, were powerless against that weak and persecuted

band. Heaven gave it strength, and the invading host, discomfited, retired.

Disputes occurring afterwards between their allied enemies, gave back to this indomitable people the possession of their country. They still retain it, but they are not *free*. Gallings systems press upon them, and they languish as of old.

Mr. Headley has only attempted to present to us "a few of the most striking incidents in the Walden-sian history." "Every candid reader," he observes, "must acknowledge that it is marked by extraordinary events, such as have attended no people, since the Israelites performed their miraculous journey to the land of Canaan."

We have already more than once alluded to the singular felicity of Mr. Headley's descriptions. As a specimen, we venture to select the following :

"This valley [Bobo] is so shut in by the hills, that its existence cannot be detected by the traveller till it bursts at once in all its richness and beauty upon him. The river Pelice and its tributaries wind throughout, lacing its meadows with silver veins, while all around stretches a border of green forest, which constitutes the wealth of the inhabitants. Dark chestnuts contrast beautifully with the pale willows that run in stripes across the meadows,—huge rocks rise along the outskirts, covered with moss, on the top of which the peasant spreads his threshing-floor. Higher up, crag beetles over crag—thunder-riven—here leaning threateningly over their bases, and there towering heavenward like the embattled walls and turrets of some feudal castle. In the upper end of the valley rises one immense rock, a mountain in itself. In some ancient convulsion it split at the summit, leaving a crack through which the blue sky beyond is seen. By crawling on his hands and knees, the adventurous traveller can approach the edge of this enormous crevice, when lo! all the valley below bursts on his view. There it sleeps in the summer sunlight with the bright streamlets sparkling and flashing amid the masses of green—men and cattle are seen moving across it—the peasant is laboring in the field—the cart travelling along the highway—and yet not a sound reaches the spectator, lying in the shadow of the huge cliff. Far, far below, like pigmies, the inhabitants are toiling in the sun; but they seem as objects that move through a dream, so noiseless and still are they. Up that serene height the murmurs of the valley never come, and the thunder-crash and scream of the Alpine eagle around its summit are the only sounds that disturb its repose. \* \* \* From the margin of the valley to the Po, the whole expanse is distinctly seen. Snow-capt mountains pierce the heavens with their shining helmets—peaks along peaks rolling in an endless sea of heights along the horizon, combine to render it a scene of indescribable interest. But the rock itself is a striking object when viewed from the valley; especially at evening, when the sun is going to its lordly repose amidst the hills, does its colossal form stand out in bold relief against the cloudless

heavens. Its ragged outline is subdued and softened—its black surface covered with rose tints—and it looks like a glorious pyramid of light and beauty there, over the plain slumbering in deep shadow beneath. Gradually, the gorgeous hues disappear; the stars displace the sun; and the moon, rising in the east, makes that stern rock darker than at mid-day."

This extract, however, with all its beauty, exhibits many glaring and unparadonable faults of style. We are not at all inclined to be censorious, but we cannot close our eyes to negligences which the merest school-boy would detect. The tautology of the expression,—"noiseless and still," is not excused by its euphony; that "stars displace the sun," is too poetical for ordinary comprehension, and that a rock *at night* is "darker than at mid-day," is far too common-place to merit writing down.

## IV. REVIEWS, &amp;c.

It is, in our opinion, as a reviewer that Headley has succeeded best. Reviewing, as a general thing, relieves a writer from the hard necessity of cogitating novelties. He takes up the line of argument which another has laid down, and looks to see if it is clear, precise and logical. He handles modes and tenses with fastidious care, and "gets into a proper rage," if every phrase is not expressly authorized by Lindley Murray or by Hallock. Mr. Headley's articles in this department are marked throughout by candor and good sense, rather than originality or extensive information. Those which seem the most deserving of attention, are "Carlyle's letters and speeches of Oliver Cromwell," and "Thiers' Revolution."

In the first of these, the author starts with a statement, the correctness of which we feel disposed to question. "There are four things," he says, "on either of which, till Carlyle appeared, no English writer could treat with the least justice or truth. These are, the American Revolution—the English and Irish connection—Bonaparte and his career, and Cromwell and the rebellion he represents. *He who relies on English history, or takes his impressions from English literature on these points, will believe a fable and run wide of the truth in the conclusions he adopts.*" From what source then must our impressions be derived? What literature is true, if the English be thus fabulous? What conclusions is it necessary to adopt, and whence do such conclusions come? These are questions which suggest themselves at once, and the importance of which obviously demands a satisfactory reply. If it be indeed true, as Mr. Headley plainly intimates, that all the poets, priests, historians and orators of England, have combined together, ever since the Great

Rebellion, to defame the most illustrious of their countrymen, we ought to know it. Is it so? Has the prejudice against him been so inordinate and general, as entirely to, "keep the light of truth from his character?" By no means. Furious and undistinguishing, deep seated and wide spread that prejudice has been; but still it never has been *universal*. Carlyle can scarcely claim to be considered the only English writer who has had the courage to defend the great commoner from the calumnious falsehoods of his courtly enemies. Cowley says that he was one who left "a name behind him, not to be extinguished but with the whole world; which, as it was too little for his praise, so might it have been for his conquests, if the short line of his mortal life could have stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs." Hume, representing the opinion of a class of men, in principles opposed to every thing which Cromwell advocated or practised, is reluctantly obliged to declare, that his domestic administration was characterized by ability; and speaking of his foreign enterprises, though attributing them to the most unworthy motives, admits their greatness and their intrepidity. Waller sang;—

"Ungrateful then, if we no tears allow,  
To him that gave us peace and empire too!"

We need scarcely mention now the names of Hallam and Macaulay, or the numerous other modern writers who have wiped off from the picture of Oliver, the broad blots, with which the popular infatuation had defaced it;—who present him to us, not the **MONSTER** which the ignorance of centuries had made him, but what he was, the firm defender of his country's rights, the creator of her glory,—an honest and a fearless **MAN**. One thing is clear. Carlyle is not entitled to the exclusive credit which Mr. Headley gives him. Other men have been as bold as he, and more successful. Still he has rendered an essential service to the cause of truth, and must not go unpraised. We like his book in spite of all his faults. These Mr. Headley treats as they deserve. His *Torpedos*, *Tartarean Phlegethons* and *Three-headed Dogs*, are but—to use his own expression,—“unintelligible maundering.” Such intended oddities as these, mar, if they do not spoil, his work. His influence is wide, and his position high, but therefore, as is observed, “the more carefully should his errors be pointed out and shunned; for, while few can imitate his great qualities, all men can appropriate his bad ones.”

We have alluded to the review of “Thiers' Revolution.” That work created a great sensation in the literary world upon its first appearance, and it still retains no unimportant place among stand-

ard histories. It narrates the *progress of a principle*. Of trifling consequence, compared with this, are the most tragical and thrilling pictures of ferocity and crime. The causes of each change, and the effects, political and moral, which that change produces, are the appropriate objects of the historian's attention. To these has Thiers confined himself. His book, as Mr. Headley well observes, conveys to us “no adequate idea of the horrors that were committed in the name of liberty.” “He moves straight on through his narrative, with his one main object constantly in view, namely, *the progress of the struggle*. To him the wholesale murders and massacres are accidents, while the history of the *Revolution* is a statement of its rise, progress, and termination.”

Mr. Alison, coming after him, with all his romance and affectation of philosophy, gave to us a book abounding in ingenious hypotheses and high-sounding phrases, but wanting in candor, truth, and perspicuity. To us, the production of the Frenchman seems immeasurably superior to that of the Englishman. While the latter is more animated and dramatic, the former is more serious and logical. It is not surprising that they differ; for, probably no single series of events which history records, has been so variously understood and represented as that celebrated movement, which destroyed a vigorous despotism, and gave freedom to a nation long enslaved. At the very time it was going on, this movement had both friends and enemies in every country of the world. In England, for example, Mackintosh, the statesman and the scholar, proved his moral courage and his wisdom, by encountering in its defence the fierce invectives and splendid rhetoric of Burke.

On this subject there is still, and must continue to be, an infinite variety of opinions. Our own we need not state; nor need we follow either Thiers, or Alison, or Headley, through the exposition of their respective theories. All undoubtedly deserve attention.

We may be permitted, however, to suggest to our readers, that a better work than either of those we have just referred to, is Lamartine's “History of the Girondists.” This presents to us, at one view, the entire Revolution, its origin, its philosophy, its progress, its fearful accidents, and its effects. In depth of thought, in truthfulness of narrative, and in magnificence of diction, it is unsurpassed.

Want of space compels us to conclude. Besides the works we have briefly noticed, Mr. Headley has published “WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS,”—which in many respects closely resembles “NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS,”—“THE SACRED MOUN-

TAINS," and "ADIRONACK, OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS." These are all deservedly popular. The last is a very recent production, and was occasioned by the author's visiting, as a recreation from study, an extensive tract of wild country in the north-eastern part of New York, called "Adirondack."

We will close this article by quoting a short passage, which is among the most admired that Mr. Headley has written. It is found in the Oration entitled "The One Progressive Principle," delivered before the Literary Societies of the University of Vermont, in 1846.

"Have you ever seen an eagle fettered to the earth day after day and week after week? How his plumage droops, and his proud bearing sinks away into an expression of fear and humility. His eye, that was wont to outgaze the sun, is lustreless and dead, and but low sounds of irritation escape him. But just let the free cry of a free eagle, seated on some far mountain crag, meet his ear, and how his roughened plumage smooths itself into beauty, his drooping neck becomes erect, and his eye gleams as of old. Pour that wild scream again on his ear, and those broad wings unfold themselves in their native strength, and with a cry as shrill and piercing as that of his fellow, he strains on his fetter, and perchance bursts away, soaring gloriously towards heaven. Who then shall stay his flight, or fill his heart with fear? So had man been chained down age after age, till his spirit was broken, his dignity and glory gone, and his soul marred and stained. Our Declaration of Rights was the cry of that free eagle on his mountain crag, and the fettered soul heard and answered it the world over, with a shout that rocked the thrones of Europe to their bases, and made the chains that bound it smoke and quiver beneath its angry blows. Poland stretched out her arms towards us, and fell weeping amid the ashes of Praga. Italy sang once more her ancient songs of freedom, in the Roman Forum. Ireland shouted and fell; and France took it up, and the earthquake opened under the Bourbon throne, and down sank a whole dynasty of kings."

### THE RINGLET.

The statesman's cabinet was thickly strewn  
With parchment scrolls—ambition's implements:  
The hum of passers-by—the low, quick note  
Of the rich time-piece—the fantastic play  
Of chequered light athwart the dusky room—  
The pensive strain, and the sweet aroma  
From his wife's terrace stealing winningly—  
Were all unheeded by the man of cares.  
He might have known the failure of some aim  
Of more than common import in the plan,  
Too intricately wove, of his deep schemes;  
For, fixed in troubled musing was his gaze,

And restlessly he scanned each lettered roll,  
Till thrusting back, in very petulance,  
A half-read packet on his eseritoire,  
The spring-lock of a secret drawer was touched,  
And the forgotten nook where, in his youth,  
He had been wont to store the treasures small,  
Of every dotting wish, sprang forth unbid!  
What mystic token stays his anxious gaze?  
Whence that warm, glowing flush?—that mourn-  
ful smile?  
Ay, and the tear in that world-tutored eye!  
List! list!—he speaks! mark well his thoughtful  
words—  
They may instruct thee—for men call him GREAT!

Ringlet of golden hair!  
How thou dost move my very manhood now!  
Stirring in radiance there,  
As once thou did'st above this care-worn brow.

methinks it cannot be  
That thou art mine, yet, gazing, do I feel  
The spell of infancy,  
Like distant music, through my bosom steal.

Sweet relic of that hour!  
She who so fondly decked thee, day by day,  
As some love-cherished flower,  
From the green earth, for aye, has passed away!

Oh! what unconscious bliss  
Filled this lone breast when thou wert floating free  
 Wooing the breeze's kiss!  
Symbol of early joy, I welcome thee!

Would that the sunny hue  
That gilds thy silken threads so brightly o'er—  
Would that life's morning dew  
Might bathe my restless heart for evermore!

Unto the spirit land  
Could I, in being's brightness, have been borne—  
Had her fond, trembling hand,  
From my cold brow this golden ringlet shorn—

Not, then, should I thus gaze,  
And sigh that time has weakened and made dim  
The charm which thou dost raise;  
Bright are the tresses of the cherubim!

Type of life's tranquil spring!  
Thy voice is rich and eloquently mild—  
The teacher's echoing,  
"Become ye now e'en as a little child."

Men, like columns, are strong only when they  
are upright.

SOUNDS FROM HOME,  
SOUVENIR OF THE GERMANIA COMPANY.

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

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a treble clef, a B-flat key signature, and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a bass clef, a B-flat key signature, and a 3/4 time signature. The music is written in a simple, melodic style.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a treble clef, a B-flat key signature, and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a bass clef, a B-flat key signature, and a 3/4 time signature. The music continues with a similar melodic style.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a treble clef, a B-flat key signature, and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a bass clef, a B-flat key signature, and a 3/4 time signature. The music continues with a similar melodic style.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a treble clef, a B-flat key signature, and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a bass clef, a B-flat key signature, and a 3/4 time signature. The music concludes with a double bar line. The letters "R H" are written above the upper staff and "L H" below the lower staff. The letters "D.C." are written at the end of the lower staff.

Var. 1.

8AV.....

.....*loco.*

The musical score consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system is marked 'loco.' and features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats. The second system concludes with a 'D.C.' (Da Capo) instruction and the text 'Repeat Theme to Finish'.

LINES WRITTEN IN A ROMAN CAMP IN BAVARIA.

There is a cloud before the sun,  
The wind is hushed and still,  
And silently the waters run,  
Beneath the sombre hill ;  
The sky is dark in every place,  
As is the earth below—  
Methinks it wore the self-same face  
Two thousand years ago.

No light is on the ancient wall,  
No light upon the mound,  
The very trees so thick and tall  
Cast little shade around ;  
So silent is the place and cold,  
So far from human ken,  
It had a look that makes me old,  
And spectres time again.

I listen half in thought to hear  
The Roman trumpet blow,  
I search for glint of helm and spear  
Amidst the forest bough ;  
And armor rings and voices swell—  
I hear the legions tramp,  
And see the lonely sentinel  
Who guards the lonely camp.

Methinks I have no other home—  
No other heart to find,  
For nothing but the thought of Rome  
Is stirring in my mind.  
And all that I have heard or dreamed,  
And all I had forgot,  
Are rising up as though they seemed  
The household of the spot.

And all the names which Romans knew  
Seem just as known to me,  
As if I were a Roman too,  
A Roman born and free,  
And I could rise at Caesar's name,  
As if it were a charm  
To draw sharp lightning from the tame,  
And nerve the coward's arm !

And yet, if yonder sky were blue,  
And earth were sunny gay,  
If nature wore the summer hue  
That decked her yesterday ;  
The mound, the trench, the rampart's space  
Would move me nothing more  
Than many a well-remembered place  
That I have marked before.

I could not feel the breezes bring  
Rich odors from the trees,  
I could not hear the linnets sing,  
And think on themes like these :  
The painted insects as they pass  
In swift and motley strife,  
The very lizard in the grass  
Would start me back to life.

Then, is the past so gloomy now  
That it may never bear  
The open smile of Nature's brow,  
Or meet the sunny air !  
I know not that—but joy is power,  
However short it last,  
And joy befits the present hour,  
But sadness fits the past.

## OUR TABLE.

### THE GREEK SLAVE.

We do forget thy beauty—all the grace  
Of thy most perfect shape arrests us not,  
To enhance most melancholy thought—  
Thou saddest relig of thy god-like race,  
Thy emblem of thy country—gyves in place  
Of garlands, a mournful tenderness is wrought  
Through thy frame, that whatsoever thy lot,  
Shall keep thy spirit holy as thy face.  
I had not looked upon thee had a line  
Defined of the myrtle goddess of thy clime ;  
Such a sinless, meek rebuke is thine,  
That thy mute purity abashes crime.  
How art become a soul, sweet marble life,  
A pleader for the good, not knowing evil strife."

"the best works of the antique are certainly very inferior to the SLAVE. Nature is reproduced in her most ideal beauties, in the proportions of the person, the outline of those limbs, the delicate convolutions of the muscles, the absolute truth of every detail. Not one part of the infinitely complex human organism but is here displayed. In every part the statue may challenge comparison with the most famous works that have preceded it. We speak of the Venus de Medici only from casts and copies, and the information of others, but we do not hesitate to say what better critics have said before us, that the GREEK SLAVE excels it as much in the wonderful faithfulness with which the least details are wrought out, as in the elevation and dignity of the sentiment which it expresses." We cannot do more than add our own humble, though cordial assent to this forcible comment.

Mr. Powers is an American,—a native of Woodstock in Vermont. Our neighbors have good reason to glory in his success, for in the very highest department of art, their countryman has confessedly surpassed all other masters, whether of ancient or of modern times.

The "Greek Slave" is not a solitary production of the artist's genius. His "Eve" is spoken of as a most beautiful conception, and the completion of that alone would have ranked Mr. Powers as a first rate artist. Several other pieces have been exhibited in the principal cities of the United States, and in each one of them was discerned a master hand, freely embodying the ideal beauty which his mind had preconceived.

Along with the "Greek Slave," from which one turns reluctantly after gazing on it for hours,—has been shown the "Fisher Boy;" a work of an entirely different character, but not less perfect in its kind, and equally faithful as an expression of the artist's ideal. This beautiful piece of sculpture is worthy a place beside the "Slave." It is a life-size, and represents a robust and handsome boy, perhaps some ten years old, with the free and active limbs, and frank, generous countenance suited to his age and condition. He stands on the sea-shore, for his naked feet seem to press the smooth sands, and around them are lying various marine shells, and so perfect do they seem that one almost stoops to pick them up.

The fishing net and tackle, chiselled with the most minute delicacy, are thrown carelessly across a block, against which he leans with childish grace. He holds a spiral shell to one ear, and

the past month, the citizens of Montreal, had a rare opportunity of gratifying their love of the beautiful, by gazing on that most exquisite production of genius—the GREEK SLAVE. It is impossible to convey in words any adequate idea of the impression which this statue makes on those who behold it. We had read repeatedly the glowing descriptions of its symmetry, and the most enthusiastic encomiums upon the artist's work; but never till we saw the work for ourselves, were we at all able to comprehend the extraordinary effect which it produces. No one, while looking upon that sweet, sad face, and that delicately rounded figure, would dream of criticism. Criticism is absurd. Those who visit the exhibition have been truthfully compared to devotees at a religious ceremony, as they sit in "reverential admiration," rapt and speechless. "Every line and lineament conveys ideas of loveliness and beauty which impress themselves upon the soul forever. Here art has indeed magnified its office. The secrecy of genius has expelled far hence every vulgar emotion. Even the dullest spirit owns the presence of his untainted atmosphere, when for a moment the imagination and the heart cease to be, "of this earth, earthy." The admiration everywhere excited by this matchless work of art, is singular—unconquerable—undefinable. No one, however cold and unfeeling he may be, can come unmoved within the magic circle which its purity has circumscribed. It is difficult to speak of its spiritual effect, it is especially so to speak of its faultless mechanical execution. "In this respect," says Mr. Greely,

listens intently to the low murmur which sometimes breathes, like a fairy harp, within a certain class of sea shells. His head is turned a little aside, displaying the symmetry of his neck and throat, and his countenance, in which intense curiosity and surprise are admirably blended, is singularly life-like. The fine features of the boy,—the unstudied grace of attitude, the rounded limbs, the expression of activity and freedom in every muscle, is no less remarkable than the ideal loveliness which gives such inexpressible charms to the "Greek Slave."

From the "Fisher Boy" we turn to the bust of General Jackson, and though this is also regarded as an admirable piece of sculpture, and is, without doubt, an excellent likeness, the *subject* is less attractive, and as we had no particular reverence for "Old Hickory," and discovered nothing interesting in a very un-ideal looking elderly gentleman,—except as a work of art,—we turned with pleasure to the magnificent bust of "Proserpine," which stood on a pedestal opposite, as if in coquettish contrast to the stern old veteran.

This truly exquisite bust, is the perfection of female beauty; of that outward beauty, we mean, which appeals to the senses; and never, it seems to us, was it more delicately imagined,—never was the airy grace of youth, its warmth and freshness more beautifully symbolized. The lovely contour of the head and neck,—the features so delicately chiselled, and moulded with such perfect grace,—the air, at once voluptuous and pure, delicate and free, belong to that enchanting land of poesy, where the goddess, whose ideal is thus embodied, was enthroned in the beautiful mythology of her worshippers.

The "Proserpine" may be regarded as a type of refined physical beauty, as the "Greek Slave" is, of the intellectual and spiritual. Both have received, and will always claim the highest admiration, and all who have opportunity to view them, must enjoy a most elevated and refined pleasure.

It does great credit to the taste of our citizens, that this beautiful work of art has attracted so many visitors, and excited such unqualified admiration. We trust that the more frequent and rapid communication now opened with other cities, will bring more frequently to our somewhat isolated city, similar works of genius, which may be regarded, not only as gratifying to a refined taste, but as a high intellectual treat. It is somewhat singular that the United States, which, as a nation, it must be admitted, is not remarkable for identity, has yet produced so many artists of distinguished talent Benjamin West, at the head of painters, has

been followed by innumerable others, whose names rank high in that department of art. And among sculptors, there are Powers, and Greenough, and a long list beside, who in the studios of Italy are following out their divine art, with the ardor of that immortal genius, which first shaped the marble into a breathing form, and has left its monuments for the admiration of all time.

The history of sculpture is exceedingly interesting, and carries us back to the very earliest period of the human race. It advanced gradually with the development of the human mind, and in the palmy days of Greece and Rome, we find it in the highest state of perfection. It remains for the present age of intellectual progress to improve upon the ancient models, by combining with their physical grace, which, perhaps, cannot be surpassed, the high spiritual expression that is demanded by the more refined and Christian standard of modern times.

A heathen sculptor would indeed mould the finest physical proportions with the most perfect charm of outward grace; but he could never have imparted to deity or mortal, the elevated expression of faith and resignation, which give such touching and inexpressible loveliness to the Christian "Slave" of Powers.

Mr. Powers had completed a fine statue of Mr. Calhoun, for his native State, just before the death of that distinguished statesman. We believe he is now engaged in executing one of Washington, which we doubt not will do honor to his own genius, and be worthy of the "Father of his Country." Mr. Powers has been singularly unfortunate in the transportation of his statuary. The splendid statue of "Eve" was wrecked some time since in the passage from Italy to New York, but fortunately recovered, uninjured. It is said that another production of his chisel has lately shared a similar fate, but we trust it may be as successfully rescued.

We would return many thanks to those of our friends who have favored us with valuable contributions, and assure them that their articles are at all times gratefully received. There are some names which were formerly on the list of contributors to the *Garland*, which we would gladly find replaced. Good, original articles are always desirable.

A few contributions sent in, are unavoidably deferred till another month; others we have felt obliged to reject, as duty requires us to select with care and discrimination. If desired, the authors may find them at the office of the *Garland*.