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# THE LITERARY GARLAND,

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## JANE REDGRAVE.\*

A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

### CHAPTER IV.

Home! how the memories of the heart are stirr'd,  
The bosom thrill'd, with that electric word;  
Whate'er my fate—howe'er my lot be cast,  
Here on thy bosom let me breathe my last!

A few days had elapsed since the memorable conversation between the aunt and her adopted niece; Jane Redgrave appeared more cheerful and composed, for a heavy weight had been removed from her mind; but Rose, the once gay, glad Rose, looked sad and thoughtful; it seemed as though the sorrow of many years which had bowed down her companion, had suddenly been transferred to her, and the girl had started at once into the reflecting woman. Jane Redgrave marked the change in her young friend with pain, yet she knew that it was but natural that the young creature should feel deeply the awful disclosure she had made to her regarding her parents. She did not allude to the cause of her darling's depression, but she tried by a thousand tender attentions to soothe her distress.

"Aunt," said Rose, wiping away a tear which still lingered on her long eye-lash, "where does my mother lie in the church-yard?"

"She is buried by your father, under the elm tree on the west side of the church."

"It is a pretty spot," said Rose, "and I rejoice that these children of misfortune, separated in life, are forever united in death. My heart is full, dear aunt, full to bursting. Could I weep upon their graves I should feel better, indeed I should."

The poor girl sank down upon a chair, and

pressed her small hands tightly over her breast. Her chest heaved and her lips quivered with the long suppressed agony that now shook her whole frame. A glass of water soon recovered her from the hysterical affection with which she was struggling; and Jane Redgrave, reaching down her simple cottage bonnet, drew her arm within her own, and they proceeded in silence to the church-yard.

During their walk they had to cross the heath, and the farm-house which had been the scene of her mother's death.

"Oh!" said Rose, looking sadly up at the windows, "how little I thought while playing with Rebecca Kirby in that room, that my poor mother died there; or while searching for water lilies on that horrible pond in the wood, that my father found a grave in its depths. Dear aunt, I feel as if I had grown old since you told me these horrible truths—as if I never could be happy again."

"The world is a sorrowful teacher, my child. Many painful lessons must be learned in the great book of life, and happy are they who submit to them patiently, and learn wisdom by experience."

"Yes!" said Rose; "but to do that they must forget earth altogether."

"True, my child, they must remember that they are immortal creatures—that life is lent them for improvement—that afflictions are of God, who sends these trials to subdue the proud, sinful heart, and bring it nearer to him. Much as I have suffered, Rose, I can truly say that I deserved it all, and bless the hand that smote me."

\* Continued from page 103.

They now entered the church-yard, and Jane pointed with shaking hand to two humble graves, over which a tall, majestic elm, cast its broad shadows in the setting sun. She did not follow the orphan to the sacred spot where her parents slept, but sought the thick gloom of the sepulchral yew which shaded the remains of her whole family.

"Yes!" murmured the mourner of many sorrowful years; "all my kindred are here—I am the last of my race; old in grief, though still young in years. Oh! that my weary pilgrimage were past, and that I slept with them the tranquil sleep of death. But why should I repine? Thou, oh! Father, hast given to me a mission to perform on earth; to rear the tender orphan committed to my charge, and for her sake I must cherish life as a holy thing."

While seated beside her kindred dust, many were the anxious thoughts which arose in the mind of Jane Redgrave with regard to her adopted child. She had often wished to write to Mrs. Sternfield's friends respecting her, but then the thought of parting with the dear child had been so painful that she had always banished the idea. She had found upon the person of Mrs. Sternfield, after her death, a small pocket-book, containing her marriage certificate, the register of her child's baptism, and the direction of her parents' residence in Dublin, of Armin's aunt, and several letters from that lady to her unfortunate nephew. These she knew were documents of great importance to Rose, and she had preserved them with religious care, hoping that the day might yet arrive when the orphan would be restored to the wealthy friends to whom she appeared to belong.

While pondering over these circumstances she was joined by Rose, who told her that she felt more composed, and would not distress her for the future with such bursts of grief, that if she felt sad she would visit the grave of her parents and gather consolation from the holy thoughts which the sight of their humble dwelling inspired; and, kissing her aunt, she once more smiled through her tears. The friends proceeded homewards in deep and earnest conversation; both had become dearer and more interesting to the other, and sad as their lot had been, the bright spot in the desert waste of life, was the intense, enduring love, which they owned for each other.

On approaching their humble home, Jane Redgrave was greatly surprised at finding a travelling carriage drawn up at the gate, and on entering their little sitting-room, an old lady of a proud,

but rather prepossessing appearance, rose to meet them.

"You are the mistress of the house?" she said, resuming her seat, and motioning to Jane to take a chair beside her.

"I am."

"That is all right. I want to speak a few words to you in private. Who is that girl?" glancing up at Rose through her spectacles. "Is she your daughter? A pretty, a very pretty girl, too."

"No madam, she is the child of my adoption."

"Humph! I began to think as much. Yes! there is a likeness, (talking to herself,) a very strong likeness to him. This must be his child that the farmer told me of. What is the young person's name? Who were her parents? Are they dead? Come, be quick!—I want to know all about them, and my time is precious. The night will soon close in, and I hate travelling a strange road in the dark."

"What I have to relate about her parents cannot be told in a few words," said Jane Redgrave. "If, madam, you fear the dark, and will accept a bed in my poor house, I will do all in my power to make you comfortable. I have a neat chamber and a good feather bed, and clean linen at your service; and there is a tolerable public house in the village, which is but a mile distant, where your servants and horses would meet with good accommodation."

The stately old lady reflected for a few minutes.

"Well," she said, "I will accept your offer, and pay you handsomely for your lodging, as I much wish to know all the particulars respecting this girl. Indeed it is for this purpose that I have undertaken a long, and at my time of life, a perilous journey. But first get me a cup of tea, for I am faint and tired, and we will talk over these things at our leisure."

Jane Redgrave bustled about to obey the old lady's orders, while the bashful Rose timidly advanced to disencumber their strange guest of her rich satin bonnet and mantle. The old lady watched all her motions, which greatly embarrassed the poor girl.

"How old are you, my dear?"

"Sixteen, ma'am."

"Yes, that would be her age. Do you remember your own mother?"

"Oh, no! Jane Redgrave is the only mother I ever knew. She has been more than a mother to me."

"She looks a good woman. But why do you call her *Redgrave*? I thought that that was the name your father went by?"

"My aunt will inform you," said Rose, coloring deeply. "Is there anything else I can do for you, ma'am?"

"Yes! sit down by me, and tell me how you would like to live in a fine house, and be dressed like a young lady?"

"Oh! I am happier far as I am," cried Rose, turning death pale. "I would not leave my beloved aunt and this dear cottage, to be mistress of the world!"

"So—I like you for that. It is right to be grateful to one to whom you owe so much. But you will soon be able to reward your friend for her services in a more profitable way than by spending your life with her."

"Were I to devote a long life to her comfort," cried Rose, passionately, "I could never repay her for all that she has done for me."

The old lady laughed outright at this sally, and Rose almost hated her for her mistimed mirth.

"She was a friend to me when I had no friends," she continued vehemently, "and no inducement shall ever make me consent to leave her."

"Why, what a vixen have we got here," cried the old lady, gazing admiringly upon the flashing eyes of the indignant Rose. "Had I brought you up, my lady, you would not have had such a proud will of your own—and you look so fair and meek, one would not think you would dare to contradict a woman of my condition."

"Pardon me, madam, if I have said anything disrespectful," said Rose, trembling with agitation. "The thought of being separated from my aunt, made me forget myself."

"And me too," said the old lady, tapping the flushed cheek of the beautiful girl with her fan.

"Well, I forgive you, as you are ignorant of the august personage to whom you are speaking. I suppose that I must never expect you to love me as well as you do your adopted aunt, even if nature has given to me a superior claim. But here comes the good woman with the tea; we shall soon know all about it."

Rose felt angry at her aunt being called by such a homely appellation. In her eyes she looked more like a lady than the proud stranger, and she thought that she deserved to be treated with more respect.

But the provoking old lady seemed highly amused by the poutings of poor Rose; and unconscious of having offended her, she said of her, and to her, a thousand obliging things.

At tea, she praised the grace with which she poured out that beverage, which she proclaimed

excellent, and the bread and butter and ham, the very best she had ever tasted.

"You milk the cows, of course?" she said, nodding to Rose.

"Yes!"

"And make the bread and butter?"

"Yes!"

"It is no wonder that they are so good," said the old lady. "My little neat handed Phillis, what else can you do?"

"Read and write indifferently well," said Rose, entering at last into the old lady's humour; "know a little of French and a little of music, but not much."

"Indeed! and pray who taught you these accomplishments?"

"Oh! the *good woman*, my aunt there; and many other things not worth mentioning."

"And how came you by this knowledge?" asked the old lady, turning with some surprise to Jane Redgrave.

"My mother was a clergyman's daughter," said Jane, meekly. "My grandfather was a learned man, from whom I received a liberal education."

"The more fortunate for Rose," said the old lady. "But now that our tea is over, we will, if you please, retire into another room, and leave our young friend the task of clearing away. I must have a long and earnest conversation with you, Mrs. Redgrave."

Jane led the way to the little chamber which the stranger was to occupy, the arrangements of which met with her entire satisfaction.

"Everything is so pretty and neat about you," she said, "that I quite envy your rural felicity."

"You must not judge by externals, madam," replied Jane. "Taste and cleanliness may improve our humble condition, but they can neither lighten nor remove the sorrows of the heart."

The old lady looked earnestly at the speaker.

"Yes!" she said, "you have known grief. It is written too plainly upon that fine face to be concealed. I must know your history, and how you came by this sweet child of mine. I call her mine, for I have every reason to believe that she is the daughter of my favorite nephew, the man who passed in these parts for a Mr. Army Redgrave. You seem surprised. Perhaps you knew this unhappy boy?"

"Alas, madam! but too well;" and the pale face of Jane Redgrave was suffused with a crimson glow. "If you will patiently listen to a long and painful story, I will relate to you all I know of him."

With many interruptions, on both sides, of tears and sighs, Jane Redgrave recapitulated her sad

history. After she had concluded her relation, the old lady sat for some time in deep thought. Unwilling to intrude upon her reflections, her companion unlocked a drawer, and placed in her hand the documents contained in the little pocket-book found upon the person of Mrs. Sternfield. These the old lady eagerly examined, and every doubt as to their authenticity vanished from her mind.

"She is Armyn's daughter, and the legal heir to the estate," she said. "Her grandmother may not willingly receive her, for she hated the father of the child; but the law will force her to acknowledge her rights. Excellent woman!" she continued, turning to Jane, "what do we not owe to your benevolent attention to this poor deserted child? What have you not suffered through the crimes of this unhappy man? How can I repay you for all that you have sacrificed for a cruel and worthless deceiver? And yet, like you, Jane, I cannot but love and pity him."

"I was not faultless," said Jane, in a tremulous voice, "and must bear the punishment of sin. But had I known that my lover was a married man, I never would have fallen into such an abyss of infamy."

"I believe you," said the old lady, "and pity you the more. Armyn was not without his good points, too; and had the amiable qualities of his mind been fostered and strengthened, and the bad ones kept under by judicious management, he would have realized our fondest hopes. But his mother—his mother was a fickle, vain idiot, and her injustice, and disgusting system of favoritism, made him what he was. And like most bad mothers, she hated him for the evils of her own creation. But I must tell you something of his early history in order to explain myself.

"The Sternfields are a very old family, in the county of —, and the possessors of a very large property, and although untitled themselves, are very nearly connected with many noble families. My two brothers and myself were the last of our name and race. I was the elder by many years, and was already married to a Captain Dunstanville, and the mistress of a handsome establishment, when by brothers were born.

"Although I had long been regarded as the heiress of the family, I was so proud of our old house, that I rejoiced as much as my father did at the birth of these boys, for whom I successively answered as godmother at the altar.

"Having no family of my own, I doated upon my young brothers, who regarded me in the light of a second mother. As the lads grew up, I felt the keenest interest in their welfare,

and they consulted sister Rosamond about everything. The youngest early went into the army, and rose to the rank of a general officer in India. His whole life was spent abroad; and we never met from the hour he left England, a lad of eighteen. My eldest brother and I maintained a strict friendship, until he married a daughter of Sir George Morton; the pretty, silly, weak woman, before alluded to, by whom he had two sons, Edward and Armyn. Like most weak, capricious women, Mrs. Sternfield preferred her eldest son, because he was the eldest son, and neglected Armyn. Her husband and I, as if to make amends to the poor child for his mother's unjust preference, treated him with marked affection, which awakened a jealous and vindictive feeling against him in the mind of the petted brother; so that between us, both stood a fair chance of becoming selfish, violent men.

"I was a very frequent visitor at my brother's; having lost a beloved husband, and my time hanging heavily upon my hands. Although Mrs. Sternfield felt no friendship for me, and was very suspicious of the love which her husband entertained for me, she tolerated my company, because she expected that the fine property left me by Captain Dunstanville, would ultimately belong to her sons. But interested as she was, it was with great difficulty that she concealed her dislike.

"I was so passionately fond of children, that both the boys loved me; and if I preferred Armyn, it was more on account of the coldness of his mother towards him, than from any superiority he really possessed over his brother. Never were two boys more systematically spoiled, or their interests more permanently divided—the mother and her eldest son, against the father and aunt, and the youngest. As long as my brother lived, Mrs. Sternfield's preference could not be attended with any flagrant acts of injustice or cruelty; but, unfortunately for Armyn, he lost his father while yet in his infancy—and then, commenced a series of petty tyrannies over the friendless boy, which laid the foundation of all the crimes and sorrows of his future life. While every indulgence was allowed to Edward, he was beat and ill-used for the slightest offence.

"The servants, willing to ingratiate themselves with their weak mistress, took every opportunity of exalting and praising the favorite child, at the expense of the other; and Edward would have been an angel indeed, if he had remained uninfluenced by the bad example of the rest.

"Early taught to consider himself as superior to his brother, in personal and mental qualifications, he treated him as vastly inferior, which was ill brooked by the proud and high spirited

child, who had to maintain a constant war with the household, to keep his own place among them. This unnatural state of things ended in a total alienation, and the boys regarded each other in the light of enemies.

"The only time when poor Armyn enjoyed any peace, was during the holidays, which he invariably spent with me. I loved the boy, for the likeness he bore to my dear brother; and he loved me, because, as he very truly said, 'I was the only friend he had in the world.' Many taunts I bore in silence, from Mrs. Sternfield, on his account, who wilfully magnified the bad qualities, and ill temper of my stubborn favorite, who she predicted, would turn out a disgrace to the family. Alas! poor woman—her prediction was only too fatally realized.

"The sorrows of Armyn Sternfield's childhood and youth, at length had an end. At eighteen he was sent to college, and became his own master, as my offer of paying the expense of this part of his education had been accepted by the mother, and with unaffected gratitude by the son. He spent three years at Oxford, with great credit to himself, and carried off the head prizes, to my infinite delight, and to the great mortification of his mother and brother. A few months after this event, he returned to spend a short time with his friends in the country, preparatory to entering the army, which, much against my inclination, he was resolved upon doing.

"He had grown into a very fine young man, and his mother, who was a little annoyed at the undutiful conduct of her favorite, who treated her with the disrespect which spoil children often show to those from whom they have received the greatest indulgence, welcomed him with more kindness than she had ever done before. This awakened the jealousy of Edward, and for several days they never met without quarrelling; until, tired of these unprofitable hostilities, and willing to conciliate his brother, if possible, Armyn proposed that they should take their guns and spend the morning shooting. His proposal was accepted; and the brothers went out together, but together they never returned.

"Edward, the elder, was found dead in the park, a quantity of small shot having passed through his heart; and Armyn fled, as I afterwards learned, to Ireland. Every search was made for him, but he contrived to elude the vigilance of the law. The disturbed state of that country, for it was during the rebellion, in all probability helped to further his concealment.

"It was from Dublin that I first heard from him. He assured me that the death of his brother was purely accidental, and that he blamed

himself for having left the country as he did; but knowing his mother's love for her eldest son, he felt certain that she would believe that he had murdered him, and he could not remain to witness her distraction. He requested me to state all the circumstances of his brother's death, and to make his peace, if possible, with his mother.

"These circumstances were given with a minuteness which had all the appearance of truth; and I, for one, believed the statements that he made; but his mother's heart was steeled against him, and she determined that the law should take its course; had he boldly given himself up to justice, the want of evidence against him would have cleared him of the alleged crime, while his flight condemned him in the eyes of his best friends. Months passed away, when an undated letter from France informed me of his marriage with Miss Doyle, and he requested me to forward to an anonymous address, a certain sum of money for his present support. I immediately complied with his demand, and enclosed a draft upon a banker in Paris for five hundred pounds. I heard no more of my unfortunate nephew until after his return to England; he then wrote to me again, telling me that he was residing with a farmer at —, and had changed his name to Redgrave. I was dangerously ill when I received this last letter, which indeed was the last he ever wrote to me; and he must have been dead some weeks before I was able to attend to my affairs. I wrote immediately to the farm-house from whence he had last directed his letter, but receiving no answer, I concluded that he had again quitted England.

"The following summer I took a journey into Devonshire, and saw the farmer, and learned from him what you have already told me, that his wife and child had left his house during the winter and gone in search of him, and he could give me no further account of either.

"The children of my brother in India, lately put in their claims to the estate; and information respecting the lost Armyn and his child, was advertised for in every paper. But nothing could be elicited; still I felt certain that the child of my nephew must exist somewhere, and as my brother Henry's eldest son, Dunstanville Sternfield, was still under age, and the property in trust for him, I determined to make every search for the lost heir. A mere accident the other day put me on the right track. My old house-keeper, Mrs. Derby —."

"Mrs. Derby!" exclaimed Jane. "Mrs. Derby! my kind nurse, is she living still?"

"Yes! and looks as young as ever."

"You then are the pretty Jenny Woodley,

whom she used to prate so much about, that I often wished the good woman had lost the faculty of memory, she used to bother me so, with her tender reminiscences of this incomparable child."

"Poor Mrs. Derby! how I loved her," sighed Jane; "I rejoice that she is living, and remembers me still."

"Well!" continued the old lady, impatiently; "a niece of Mrs. Derby's came up from this part of the country to see her aunt—and among other country legends, entertained the good woman with an account of the tragical death of Armyr Redgrave; and she, who knew my anxiety to obtain information respecting an individual of that name, flew with the tale to me. I questioned the girl, from whom I learned somewhat of your story; and that you had under your protection, a pretty girl, called Rose Sternfield; and though I could not imagine how you could be the wife of my nephew, I thought it worth my while to travel thus far, to unravel the mystery. Of the identity of Rose, these documents leave no doubt; but, how far her grandmother will rejoice in the discovery, is yet to be proved—as she is more inclined to favor the claims of Dunstanville Sternfield, than receive with affection the orphan child of her unhappy son."

"And, Rose?" asked Jane Redgrave, faintly. "What in the meantime, will become of Rose?"

"She must return with me. And I must beg that you, Mrs. Redgrave, place no obstacles in her path. You shall be amply rewarded for the care and attention that you have bestowed upon her education; but you are too sensible not to perceive, that a separation, however painful, is necessary."

"This parting is worse than death," said Jane, pressing her hands tightly over her eyes. "Could not I accompany her in the capacity of a servant?"

"My dear Mrs. Redgrave, when you reflect upon the connexion which has existed between this girl's father and yourself—and that many of these circumstances are known to my servants, you will acknowledge the propriety of this arrangement. I deeply sympathize in the grief which you must feel in parting with such a charming creature as Rose; but for her sake, you must consent to sacrifice your own feelings."

"It is already done," exclaimed the unhappy woman. "God in heaven! is there any greater punishment in store for me? Strengthen my heart to bear this last, worst agony!"

Staggering to the seat, from whence she had risen, she wept with such hysterical violence, that Mrs. Dunstanville opened the door, and called Rose.

The next moment, Jane Redgrave's pale insensible form was clasped to the heart of the affectionate girl.

"Oh! she is dead! You have killed her. I wish you had never entered our peaceful home!" cried the weeping Rose. "Aunt! darling aunt! speak to your own Rose!"

"She will be better in a few minutes, child. Do not distress yourself in that foolish manner," said the old lady, unclosing the window, and sprinkling the face of the fainting woman with cold water. "Your aunt, as you call her, has been greatly excited, and this temporary insensibility will do her good. See, she is coming to, already."

Jane opened her eyes, and fixed upon the pale, tearful face of the young girl, a glance of unspeakable love and tenderness; but with a strong effort she suppressed her feelings, and kissing Rose, she told her that she was better, and bade her fetch the lady a candle, and attend upon her, until she retired to rest. Then wishing Mrs. Dunstanville good night, she sought her own chamber, and sinking upon her knees, spent the intervening time in deep and earnest prayer. The aid she sought was not denied, and before Rose rejoined her, she had regained her usual composure.

Unable to sleep, she informed her young companion of the conversation that had passed between her and Mrs. Dunstanville, and endeavored to rejoice at the change which had taken place in the future prospects of her beloved child. Startled and awed by these unexpected events, Rose was silent and thoughtful. A new world was about to open upon her, and strongly attached as she was to Jane Redgrave, she could not be wholly indifferent to the novel situation in which she was placed, and the station in life which she was about to occupy. To part with her early protectress, seemed inevitable; and although she could not imagine why her new aunt should reject Jane Redgrave's offer of accompanying her, she felt that to resist her authority would be as impertinent as it was useless. She therefore offered no opposition to her wishes, but endeavored to console her companion for their temporary separation, by declaring that the moment she should become her own mistress, Jane Redgrave should rejoin her, never to part again. And Jane, in the fulness of her own love, believed the artless girl's asseverations of unalterable attachment. And hope once more rose like an angel of promise on their dreams.

Hours before the old lady had unclosed her eyes, Rose had performed her accustomed tasks, and had visited every favorite haunt in the neighborhood. She had stood in trembling horror by



the pond in the wood, the last scene of her father's tragedy! had gathered one of the water lilies that floated upon its peaceful surface—to keep as a memorial of his melancholy fate. She had turned from the gloomy spot, and knelt by his lowly grave, had pressed the turf that wrapped the mouldering forms of her unhappy parents, to her lips; and moistened it with her tears, entwining a few white daisies that decked the sod with the queen-like lily, to be hoarded as treasures of the heart, when far away.

Poor simple Rose, she wandered like one in a dream, scarcely able to comprehend the astounding truth, that she must that very day bid adieu to the dear little cottage, and the heath-covered moor, to her innocent playmates, the lambs, and the domestic pets, that came at her call, and fed from her hand. Her life, until a few days past, had been like a balmy spring day, all light and joy. The cherished darling of one fond heart, she had never been thwarted or vexed—no harsh word had ever wounded her ear, or dulled her heart; she had been ruled by the law of kindness, and was in blissful ignorance of the world and its crooked and deceitful ways. The child of nature finds the highest mental gratification in the contemplation of natural objects. A beautiful sympathy exists between the uncontaminated mind, and the works of God, producing that delightful harmony which springs from confidence and love. To such young, pure beings, the world still remains the paradise which it appeared to our first parents, and the choral voice of Nature sounds like the hymn of the Seraphim around the throne of God.

Poor Rose gazed upon the rural landscape around her, with overflowing eyes. It had been her world; she had never known any other, and oh! how intensely she loved it. What agony it was to part, to leave it perhaps, forever, behind. But the dreaded hour came too soon. She felt the last passionate clasp of Jane Redgrave's hand, the warm tears that fell upon her cheek, and deep, deep into her heart sank her last blessing as she breathed into her ear her heart-broken adieu. The horses bounded forward, and Rose Sternfield beheld the home of her childhood no more.

## CHAPTER V.

Ah, beautiful earth! thou can'st but claim thine own—  
The soul is not of thee. The breathing form  
Living and loving, modelled by a God,  
And reared upon thy breast—ere long must sink  
Back to the silent dust from whence it springs.  
But the Eternal shall survive when thou  
Art lost for ever in the void of space.

WE will leave Jane Redgrave, sorrowful and lonely, to bewail in solitude the loss of her dar-

ling child, and follow Rose on her travels, to witness her first introduction to her wealthy relatives. For several miles she never lifted her head from the handkerchief in which she had shrouded her young face, in order to conceal her tears from Mrs. Dunstanville. The old lady, who was a good kind woman, perfectly understood the state of her mind, and for a while let her weep on, without addressing to her a word of common-place condolence, or unkind censure.

"It is natural," she thought, "that a young unsophisticated creature like her, should be grieved at parting with her only friend; let the heart have its own way, the world will too soon rob her of these fine feelings, and teach her its first lesson—the selfish apathy, which may truly be termed, a living death."

When they stopped to dine at Bury St. Edmunds, the old lady called the attention of her silent companion to the beautiful ruins, which add such an intense local interest to the place.

Wiled out of her sorrow, by the imposing grandeur of a scene so new to her, Rose dried up her tears, and accepted Mrs. Dunstanville's invitation to take a walk whilst the dinner was preparing, and examine the noble, monastic gateways nearer. After a delightful ramble of an hour, Rose returned highly amused with all she had seen, while her natural observations pleased Mrs. Dunstanville, and put her into excellent spirits. Rose shed no more tears that evening, and when they retired to rest for the night, she could dwell upon the home she had left, with a serene, quiet melancholy, which was far from painful.

The next day their journey lay through a beautiful pastoral country, and Rose, keenly alive to the rural charms of a pastoral life, entered heart and soul into the delicious and invigorating excitement of travel. Exclamations of enthusiastic rapture burst from her lips at every turning of the road, and when at length the carriage swept into a lofty avenue of trees, flanked at each side of its entrance by stately columns, and a porter's lodge of elegant and classical construction, her delight appeared to have reached its climax.

"Is this charming place your residence, Madam?"

"Oh, no!" said the old lady, laughing. "It is the abode of one of my servants."

"How I should like to live in such a lovely cottage."

"You must not prefer the kitchen to the drawing-room," returned the old lady. "You must learn to forget that you have acted in a lower capacity, and by imitating in a natural

easy way, the manners of those who have moved in a higher class, you will soon rub off your rusticity. But above all things, beware of affectation. The plainest natural manner, however homely, is preferable to this worst sort of vulgarity, as a real copper coin is of more value than a counterfeit, although it may endeavor to represent silver or gold."

"I am afraid, madam, that you will never be able to make a lady of a poor country girl," said Rose. "I feel a sad misgiving that I shall never be so happy in your fine house as I was with dear aunt Jane."

"Banish all such nonsense out of your little head, and don't look at me so piteously with those blue eyes brimful of tears, nor call me so formally 'Madam.' Dear Aunt Jane, is not so near to you as Aunt Rosamond. By the bye, are you christened after me?"

"Yes, madam! I suppose so, for my name in my register, is Rosamond Dunstanville Doyle Sternfield; a dreadful long name, which my good aunt shortened into Rose."

"No wonder, it is a dreadful long rigmarole, and as I don't wish to deprive your aunt Jane, as you call her, of her little Rose, I shall have my own Rosamond. Do you hear? Henceforth I shall call you by no other name. We will leave the wild rose to its native hedge rows, and keep the newly christened flower for the garden."

"Ah! but the wild rose is the sweetest."

"In your estimation, because you have only known the waste paths of nature. After a little culture, you would find the heath and the mossy bank as little fitted to your acquired tastes as the garden is now. But here we are. How do you like your new home?"

Emerging suddenly from the deep shade of over-hanging and embowering trees, the carriage dashed into a gravelled carriage road, that swept in a semicircle round a spacious lawn, flanked on either side by the noblest forest trees, which threw out in strong relief, an ancient Hall of Elizabethan construction, which was again reflected from base to gable in a noble sheet of water, which spread out in front of the lawn, on whose silver bosom swans glided with slow and majestic motion, and enormous willows bent down to kiss their own graceful shadows in the water.

"Oh! what a paradise!" exclaimed Rose.

"Yes, 'tis a pretty place, and all this, pretty one, shall be yours," said the old lady, tapping her companion's cheek with her fan, "if you will be a good girl and love me."

"I will try," returned Rose, with an arch smile. "You hold out to me a great tempta-

"Aha! you are not so blind to your own interest as I at first thought," returned her aunt. "But I know you will love me, independent of the wealth in my gift. It is your nature, and you will be true to it, or that candid brow would give the lie to a long life of observation and experience."

They were now before the steps of the stately building, and all the old servants thronged to greet their mistress. Bustling through them, and shaking hands with all, enquiring after the health of the old and infirm, and praising the good looks of the young and healthy, Mrs. Dunstanville dragged Rosamond, as we will now call her, through the wondering and admiring crowd, into the drawing room; and kissing her cheeks and brow, welcomed her with moistened eyes to her home.

Overcome with the kind and affectionate manner of her new friend, Rosamond flung her arms about the old lady's neck, and kissed her warmly in return, while the deepest blush overspread her charming face.

"Ah! we shall soon be the best of friends, my child. You have all the frankness of your poor father in the days of his youth and innocence; but, I trust, are without those evil passions which formed the curse of his riper years. But you look fatigued with your long journey, and so am I. Mrs. Derby shall conduct you to your apartment, and I will lie down till tea. Before next week you shall have a wardrobe befitting your station."

She rang the bell, and a neat, respectable matron, in black silk gown and snow white lawn cap and apron, made her appearance.

"Here, Mrs. Derby, this is my niece. Make her as comfortable as you can. When she has recovered the fatigue of her journey she can tell you all about your old nurse child, Jane Woodley."

"That will indeed be a pleasant hearing for me, madam," said the old woman, with a deep curtsey. "But bless me! this young lady is nothing like my Jane, with her deep black eyes and auburn curls. Why, Miss, your cheeks are like the rose, and your bonny hair like threads of gold. Your mother must have been a fair woman."

"Children don't always resemble their parents," said Mrs. Dunstanville; "but don't stand prating, but show the poor thing to her apartment."

Glad was Rosamond to escape for a while to her own thoughts, and though it was impossible so easily to get rid of the garrulous Mrs. Derby, until she had told her all the news, and all the changes which had taken place for the last twelve years, in her native village, by pleading a wish

to lie down and take an hour's rest, she at last found herself alone, and mistress of an apartment, the splendour of which she had never imagined even in her dreams.

Opening her humble portmanteau, she took from thence a sheet of paper, and endeavoured to commence a letter to her dear Jane Redgrave. But Rose had never written a letter in her life, and was not a very good scribe; and although her heart was full of feeling, and her thoughts of words ready winged for utterance, she found no small difficulty in arranging them upon paper; and after a few fruitless efforts, she gave up the task, and endeavored to still the excitement under which she labored, by lying down upon a sofa and trying to sleep. But with such a state of mental fever, sleep has nothing to do; and after turning and tossing about for an hour, Rosamond arose, and bathing her head and face in cold water, and arranging her beautiful light, golden-brown hair, and changing her travelling dress, she felt considerably refreshed, and joined Mrs. Dunstanville at the tea table.

She found her aunt in earnest conversation with a shrewd looking, middle-aged man, very plain in his person and attire, but of easy manners and gentlemanly deportment. This was a Mr. Bradshawe, an old friend, and the professional adviser of the family.

A graceful looking lad of nineteen was sitting on the sofa, playing with a splendid hound, with a large open folio lying beside him. He did not notice the entrance of the stranger, and even when Mrs. Dunstanville spoke, he did not raise his head from contemplating his four-footed favorite.

"This, Bradshawe, is the young lady. Do you not perceive a strong resemblance to her father?" asked Mrs. Dunstanville, beckoning Rosamond to approach the large deep window in which she was standing. The lawyer surveyed the blooming, blushing, country girl, with a critical eye.

"No; I must confess, I see but little likeness between poor Army and this young girl; but I do see a strong resemblance, my dear madam, to yourself, such as you were some thirty years ago. Good heavens! how time runs on; it seems but yesterday, that you were a charming young bride, and I, an awkward raw student, doing the amiable to win from you an approving smile. But painful reminiscences apart, what do you intend to do with regard to your niece? You do not imagine that her grandmother, who is made up of malice and contradiction, will allow you to keep and educate this charming heiress of Westholme."

"I hope she will; you know her hatred to the

father; it is not very probable that she will wish to retain near her, his child. Besides, until the validity of her claims are established, I have as much right to her as another."

"The papers regarding her are so conclusive," returned Mr. Bradshawe, "and the evidence of her legitimacy can be so easily produced, that I see little difficulty in establishing her rights. But as she is many years under age, it is possible that she will be made a Ward of Chancery. During her minority, her grandmother can claim the care of her person, and you know it would be useless to oppose her wishes."

"Oh! I am certain that her wishes will go with mine," said Mrs. Dunstanville, "and she will leave me in the undisturbed possession of my new found treasure."

The lawyer answered with a shrug of his shoulders, and a slightly sarcastic smile:

"My dear madam, you are a babe in the knowledge of the world, which, at your time of life, is almost incredible. You always did, and always will, look at mankind, and their wicked ways, through an inverted glass; but 'tis an amiable weakness, and that is your best excuse. Well, young lady," turning to Rose; "this good fortune must appear to you like a dream. What do you think of Bramby Park?"

"Oh, sir! 'tis a beautiful place. I fear my humble breeding very poorly accords with the situation in which I am placed."

"True," said the man of realities, thoughtfully; "you shew your native good sense, in being able to discern that which is defective in your education and manners. But experience, the example of others, a little tact, and, above all, a winter in London will soon rub off your country rust, and give you the grace and polish of people of the world. You are but a child—a mere child at present, and have much to learn."

"If the world is as wicked as you say, sir, it will not be a very pleasing task. I would rather remain a poor girl in the country, than learn to be a lady, at the expense of my better feelings."

"Well said, little girl—a noble nature, and a wise spirit spoke there. But polished manners, and a most perfect knowledge of the courtesies and elegancies of life may exist, and often do, with the highest mental and moral attainments, and the virtuous rich have more opportunities of doing good, and benefiting their fellow creatures by their example, than the poor."

"This is the highest inducement which you have afforded to me for becoming rich," said Rosamond. "But the greater the trust committed to our charge, the greater the responsibility, and I am so fearful, lest I should not

discharge it well, that it appears to me an awful thing to be entrusted with a large fortune, while thousands of my fellow creatures, and many of them wiser and better than me, are starving. Oh, sir! believe me, I would rather give up these claims, than have them established. I should be so much happier if I could remain what I am."

"Very likely, young lady, you think so now, but before a year has passed over your head, you will prize the wealth you now despise, as a very excellent thing, and will value yourself more upon it than upon the good sense and fine person given you by nature, and the world will bear you out in your preference."

"Then I sincerely hope that the world and I may never be acquainted," said Rosamond, and turning from the window, she encountered the mild dark eyes of the lad with the dog, fixed intently upon her. She blushed, she knew not why, and secretly marvelled who he was, or if he were in any way related to her aunt, or her. Mrs. Dunstanville did not, however, introduce him, and though he came to the tea table, and the lawyer shook hands familiarly with him, and Mrs. Dunstanville nodded and smiled, no word was addressed to him during their meal. To Rosamond he was most attentive, proffering to her acceptance the various dainties upon the table, but no word escaped his lips; yet his features were so classically regular, and the expression of his face so intellectual, that Rose was really annoyed at his silence. "How I should like to hear the sound of his voice," thought Rose. But, Rosamond Sternfield, that pleasure will never be thine. The eloquence of that young heart, which speaks so persuasively through those mild orbs, is a fountain sealed. The lad is born of gentle kin, but is deaf and dumb.

The soft accents of maternal love never rang like heaven's own music on his dead ear. The blythe tones of childhood, its glad some ringing laugh, its wild gay shout of uncontrollable glee, are unheard, unechoed by him. The living harmonies of nature, flowing in perpetual melodies round the throne of God, never awoke a thrill of extacy in his silent heart. The bleating of flocks, the lowing of herds, the choral song of birds, the voice of rushing waters, the mournful shrieking of the strong but invisible winds, and the pealing sonorous thunder, never kindled in him sentiments of awe and astonishment, filling his soul with the consciousness of love and power. The boy is solitary—the voice of nature is silent to him—yet is he not wholly alone, or companionless. His language is in the eye, and through its medium a thousand mute things speak to him intelligibly.

The sun pours around him floods of light and warmth; he spreads forth his hands, and with uplifted gaze rejoices in the invigorating beams which afford a faint type of the omnipresence of the Creator. The vast ocean, in its ceaseless tossings and perpetual motion, shews the might of the all-subduing will, which can keep such a stupendous agent in subjection, and appoint to it bounds which it cannot overleap without involving the world in ruin. The animal and vegetable kingdoms reveal to his inquisitive glance, mysteries and miracles which are unsearchable and past finding out.

He hears not the voice of man. The language of unkindness, of falsehood and folly—the loud harsh tones in which he abuses his fellows and blasphemes his God, never have reached his ear. He is happy in his ignorance. The language in which the spirit of the universe makes itself audible to his heart, is that of benevolence, purity and love. He understands no other, and when he turns from the frowning brow and passion-distorted visage, it is with the horror of one who should meet a demon among the glorious creation of God. His countenance, all soul and intelligence, is rendered beautiful by its gentle and holy expression; and that eloquent eye which reveals the unuttered thoughts of the mind-world within.

(To be continued.)

## THE SNOW.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

"The silvery snow!—the silvery snow;—  
Like a glory it falls on the fields below:  
And the trees with their diamond branches appear  
Like the fairy growth of some magical sphere;  
While soft as music, and wild and white,  
It glitters and floats in the pale moonlight,  
And spangles the river and fount as they flow;  
Oh! who has not loved the bright, beautiful snow!"

The silvery snow, and the crinkling frost—  
How merry we go, when the earth seems lost;  
Like spirits that rise from the dust of Time,  
To live in a purer and holier clime!  
A new creation without a stain—  
Lovely as Heaven's own pure domain!  
But, ah! like the many fair hopes of our years,  
It glitters awhile—and then melts into tears!"

# GLEANINGS AFTER SAAVEDRA!

BY ANDREW L. PICKEN.

## THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR!

IN THREE PARTS.—PART THIRD.

Around Nevada's desert Alps dark hordes of eagles sweep,  
O'ershadowing like a troubled dream, the Ice-King's solemn sleep;  
The deer and bison flock no more the lake's green margin nigh,  
But mount like drifts of withered leaves on blasts that flout the sky.  
The birds that love the valleys rise on wild and eager wings,  
For a host is on its mountain march and the air with clangour rings.

The Hadji from his home may part with high and holy trust,  
To seek afar the blessed shrine where thrills the Prophet's dust.  
No weary weight is on the heart, no shadow on the mind,  
The vine and fig-tree flourish green and hope remains behind;  
But homeless as from Babel's towers, earth's scattered tribes were thrown,  
Granada's outcast multitude may turn to heaven alone.

Low at Fernando's blood-stained feet, Abdallah made salaam,  
A sad sweet smile upon his lip, a voice subdued and calm;  
No heed, within his lofty heart had he of sneer or frown,  
As coronet and caftan to the victor laid he down.  
Saying, "Could I, King, thus with my sins as with my sorrows part,  
I'd proudly bid my fallen state 'amen' with all my heart.

"Al Hambra's morning shadow on my banished footstep falls,  
And the blazon of my warrior sires is blotted from the walls,  
Far from my birth-place stranger hands shall rear my turban stone,  
While the Christian hallelujah peals o'er Muza's fallen throne.  
But from Hope the shadow fieth, Love and Peace together dwell,  
To seek a bourne with them we go, King! hail, and fare thee well!"

The golden keys above the host on the lofty crozier swung,  
And the anthem of St. Jago o'er the mail-clad legions rung,  
While first to rapine's sateless feast the monkish shavelings creep,  
Like rats of Egypt that but brave the crocodile asleep,  
And knights and dames triumphantly in gorgeous ranks advance,  
Though Jezebel grew cold beneath the dark queen's demon glance.

Soft rose the silver-toned kanoon from the Moor's long caravan,  
As through the Algaroba shades their pilgrim march began;  
While sadly chimed the camel bells responsive to sad sighs,  
And morning's tears fell mingling with the tears of grieving eyes,  
Till the bannered horse-tails on the height rose to the wind's career,  
And the Nubian cymbal and the gong burst forth in brazen cheer.

And never since from Allah's smile first fled the primal night,  
While new-born stars through festal skies sang psalms of delight,  
When Nature's throbbing heart o'erflowed with holy sighs and tears,  
And the hours 'midst Aden's paradise awoke to crown the years—  
Rose morning from the orient with loftier, brighter smile.  
Oh! marvel not that bruised hearts should yield to hope the while.

## GLEANINGS AFTER SAAVEDRA!

But when Granada's arrowy spires in fading distance lay,  
The flashing eyes grew dim, alas! the music died away,  
The pilgrims with one sad accord, knelt silent side by side,  
To gaze like Moussa\* on the land unto their hearts denied.  
The fair sweet land, where Memory had a thousand shrined domes,  
Where death had strewn so many graves, where love so many homes.

Upon the the cliff Boabdil stood, his mein enwrapt and high,  
Some spirit messenger beseeemed new lighted from the sky,  
And lightly as his azure robes swayed to the heaving air,  
You looked to see the wings spread forth his radiant flight to bear,  
At last, as spoke by heaven's command, the warrior Child of Nun,  
He flung his jewelled arms aloft, and cried, "Stand still, thou Sun!

"Rein back thy winged coursers, Sun, at Memory's dear behest,  
That this may be the land of all the blessed world most blest,  
Nor rack nor tempest more disturb its odour-baunted clime,  
Nor Nature's bourging sweetness feel the withering touch of Time,  
Till Death forsaken by the Fates shall mourn his baffled sway,  
And the streams, like Aden's Silsibel,† sing through eternal day.

"And thou, that lov'st its summer charm, go, bear it, vassal breeze,  
Where the blue whale rocks the iceberg on the lonely Arctic seas,  
Where lighted by the pale mirage thou roll'st at the desert glooms,  
Wild through the brakes of Dahomey or Petra's vale of tombs,  
And tell the lands forlorn that here, beloved of the Lord,  
The City of the Sun is reared—Earth's paradise restored.

"Yet tell them not that Allah from his chosen turned away,  
That he clothed the Infidel in might to fetter and to slay,—  
That fenceless to the mocking world our broken hearts were cast,  
And far from our deserted shrines bewailed and looked our last,  
From soil endeared—from altar reared—from grove and garner driven,  
The race of Muza hath nor home nor foothold under heaven."

"Bismillah!" scoffed the dauntless queen, "but this is sorry cheer,  
A warrior's sword may well be weighed against a woman's tear.  
Amidst an hundred darker shames 'tis bootless now to weep,  
Thy woman weakness o'er the spoil thy manhood could not keep.  
The very breeze thy citement scorns, and shouts in solemn tones,  
Thou had'st a brand—thou should'st have died above thy father's bones.

"Thou leav'st a blessing to the Glaour—the hound that tracked thy fall,  
Amen! and may thy mother's curse o'ercloud it like a pall.  
Dark as Gehennim, whence it springs, 'tis hurled against his crest,  
With all the tempest of my soul—the venom of my breast;  
Like the vampire, with cold mockery forever may it cling,  
And drain its fell libation forth from every vital spring.

"Disaster, infamy and wreck beset his chariot-wheels,  
His idols fall like stones from heaven, and crush him as he kneels;  
Snakes strangle his young bride amid Love's first delicious rest,  
And waking madness hurl the corpse with loathing from his breast,  
A mother weave his living shroud—child mix the baleful drow,‡  
With curses deep and hearted as are darkling o'er him now!"

"Vengeance is mine! hath Allah said, nor be His fiat wept,  
That wisely from our erring hands such solemn power is kept,  
He hath a balm for every wound—a charm for every sigh,  
And in the 'hollow of His hand,' our hearts and actions lie.  
He cometh with the morning—Hope's strong counsellor and sure,  
He brings the breeze on which I leave the 'Last Sigh of the Moor!'"

\* Moussa—Moses.

† Silsibel—the waters of happiness—*Ferdowsi*.

‡ Drow or Drac—a potent Egyptian poison.

# IDA BERESFORD; OR, THE CHILD OF FASHION.\*

BY R. E. M.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE succeeding day proved absolutely insupportable to Ida, who chafed like a caged bird in her splendid prison. Pushing aside in disdain the costly articles of dress, which had called forth so strongly her admiration the preceding morning, she drew another volume from her library; but in vain: two days' reading had proved more than sufficient; and, turning away, she paced the room, with a brow whose angry cloud portended, as Stratton inwardly soliloquized, "a fine storm." The sound of a carriage driving up to the door, broke in upon her disagreeable reverie. She approached the window, and, as she gazed on the splendid vehicle, whose emblazoned panels betokened the rank and wealth of the owner, the luminous idea entered her mind that she might wile away the tedious hours by watching from her window the equipages and passers-by. Drawing aside the curtain, she seated herself so as to command a full view, whilst she remained totally screened from observation. Having duly criticised and commented on the nodding plume and wrinkled countenance of the Dowager Countess who alighted from the carriage before mentioned, the latter vanished beneath the porch. Whilst Ida sat in listless expectation of her reappearance, a loud laugh and the sound of voices from another quarter, attracted her attention. She looked up, and, nearly opposite, beheld a group of young men, whose aristocratic air and distinguished appearance, indicated that they belonged to the first class. Of course, she could not even guess the purport of their conversation, but their frequent bursts of merry laughter told her that it was sufficiently entertaining. The group consisted of four, of whom only one fixed her attention. His tall figure, which towered above his companions, was of the most perfect symmetry, whilst a countenance strikingly handsome was set off by teeth of dazzling whiteness, which, whether by accident or design, were ever displayed. Whilst Ida was closely examining him, he was gaily addressing his companions, and the conversation which ensued, though of course inaudible to her, we shall take the liberty of transcribing for the benefit of the reader:

"Well, Athol, do you go to the Duchess' to-night?" he exclaimed, turning to one of his companions, who possessed nothing remarkable beyond a thin lip ever curved with the most arrogant superciliousness.

"Without doubt, Stormont."

"And may I ask the why and the wherefore? Her Grace's entertainments are the most stupid, wearisome affairs I know of."

"I have two reasons, which are all convincing. In the first place, though wearisome and stupid, they are always thronged with the very *élite*,—witness yourself, for example, who regularly attend them; and secondly, I feel anxious, decidedly anxious, to see this country *protégée* of Lady Stanhope's; this rival star, who, according to the latest accounts, is to eclipse all others of the season."

"Oh! by the bye, that Miss Stanhope, or Elmsford, or some such name!"

"Neither Stanhope nor Elmsford, but Miss Beresford," returned Athol.

"Why, by Jove, Athol! you seem quite conversant with the young lady's affairs already. But, doubtless, this is the extent of your information."

"Well, I do not know a great deal more; but what I do, I shall most generously disclose for the benefit of the public. In the first place, my lady mother, who is the bosom friend of Lady Stanhope, met her Ladyship in some fancy shop the very day of her arrival in town. In return for my honoured parent's kind inquiries concerning her health, she gratuitously informed her, that she came accompanied by a cousin, niece, or something of the sort, who, according to her account, was a perfect paragon of loveliness and elegance. Making all due allowance for her Ladyship's friendly exaggeration, there must still be some truth in the story, and I feel convinced that this new importation will prove something out of the common."

"But how do you know that she will be at the Duchess' to-night?" eagerly interrogated his companions.

"Patience, my friends! patience! I shall make open confession. Well, the day of the *rencontre*, my dear mother bored me to death, as is always the case when she has any new

crochet in her head, with the supposed attractions and qualities of this Miss Beresford, till at length an ambitious wish animated me of seeing and judging for myself. I accordingly presented myself as early as possible at Lady Stanhope's mansion. I entered the drawing-room, where her Ladyship politely received me, conversing on every topic but the one I most wished to hear brought forward. I listened with the patience of a martyr, consoling myself with the hope of momentarily hearing the light footfall of Miss Beresford approaching. But I waited in vain. Lady Stanhope was evidently growing weary of my protracted visit; and, grown desperate, I at length stammered out something about Miss Beresford. 'Miss Beresford is confined to her room by indisposition,' she politely returned. You may judge my feelings of exasperation; having wasted my sunniest smiles and most glowing speeches, and listened with heroic patience to her Ladyship's tiresome twaddle for nearly two mortal hours, and all for nothing. I was somewhat consoled, however, by the hint that Miss Beresford would probably be sufficiently recovered to make her appearance at the Duchess of Hamilton's *fête*. This, my friends, is the sum total of my knowledge. I had rashly hoped to have been able to inform you, by this time, of the colour of her hair and eyes, and the style of her features; but my hopes, like most of earthly origin, were doomed to disappointment. However, I go to-night and judge for myself."

"And I!" "And I!" reiterated his companions.

"What subject are you so vehemently discussing?" demanded a young man who had approached, and now joined the group. The new comer was tall, but slight. His features, which were fair and delicately formed, joined to a profusion of auburn hair, closely curled round his small head, imparted a most boyish air to his whole appearance. His countenance, which gave no remarkable indication of intelligence or expression, was yet enlivened by a look of indolent good humour; and the willingness with which his companions made way for him, proved that he was either a great favorite, or a person of some importance.

"Oh! you are welcome, Pemberton. You are just in time to hear a discussion of Miss Beresford's virtues," exclaimed two or three voices.

"Miss Who?" he asked.

"Nay, silence!" interrupted Lord Athol, he who had just given them the narrative of his visit. "I, who have discovered most, am entitled to the first speech." He then, with many a satirical comment, detailed to the new comer,

what he had previously related to his other companions. When he had concluded, a momentary pause followed, which was interrupted by Captain Stormont, exclaiming:

"But, can you tell us, Athol, you who seem so well versed in the affair,—does the young lady rejoice in the possession of a fortune?"

"Not, that I know of. At least, it was not enumerated in the catalogue of her virtues, the other day."

"I shrewdly suspect she does not, returned the other. Very probably her Ladyship has drawn her from country felicity, to make one."

"Who will be the happy individual she will select for her matrimonial attack?" sneered Athol.

"Not I, for one," added Captain Stormont, with a light laugh, "for though I possess qualifications which might ensure success with the young lady, my fortune, consisting of nothing but my pay, would prove an effectual barrier with the old one."

"I might stand a fair chance," said Lord Athol, his lip curving with even a more satirical sneer than before.

"Yes! ten thousand a year is not to be despised—with an earldom in expectancy; but still, my friend, you stand no chance, if Pemberton is in the field. Look to yourself, Marquis of Pemberton! Her Ladyship will infallibly make a dead set at you, or rather, your Marquisate and twenty-five thousand a year."

The young Marquis good humouredly smiled, as he replied:

"I am not at all alarmed; though I have been pretty well hunted down for the last two seasons, I have as yet got off free."

"Do not be too sure. Remember, 'tis Lady Stanhope you have to contend with, and if she once lays siege to you, you are gone. Take a friend's advice, and vacate the field in time. A combat with Lady Stanhope will assuredly terminate in her winning the victory."

Pemberton shook his head incredulously.

"Nay, I repeat, do not be too confident. Do you forget you were once all but vanquished!"

"How! when?"

"By her Ladyship's daughter—the once peerless Miss Stanhope."

A slight, very slight flush passed over Pemberton's cheeks, while Athol continued:

"Now, speak out, man! Were you not on the point of laying your coronet at her feet?—as to your heart, it was there long before—when the old Duke stepped in and saved you, by proposing for the young lady, and carrying her off? 'Tis no use denying it, Pemberton; you know I was in



Italy at the time. You cannot but acknowledge you were far gone."

A hearty burst of laughter followed, whilst the Marquis, with the most inimitable nonchalance, exclaimed:

"Yes, I really was far gone, as you remark. Miss Stanhope was a *blonde*, and I had always a decided partiality for them."

"*Blonde* or *brunette*, 'twould have been all the same, and this Miss Beresford will prove it; for I predict, if the girl possesses half the beauty and grace ascribed her, you will be the most devoted of her admirers, before the season has expired."

"Then, be it so," he returned with an indolent air. "If you will have me vanquished, there is no remedy."

"Nay, there is one, but that your Lordship seldom exerts: namely, calling upon your wits to defend yourself," said Stormont, with a covert sneer.

He had calculated on the habitual indolence and good temper of the nobleman, for allowing to pass unresented, a jest which he knew would highly entertain his companions; but he was mistaken. The blood rushed to Pemberton's temples, as he sarcastically retorted:

"'Tis better to leave my wits sometimes in inactivity, than to live entirely by them. Aye, Stormont!"

This was indeed a home thrust, for Captain Stormont, though professedly poor, always dressed well, betted high, and lived in splendid style.

"Hush! Pemberton, what are you saying! He does not mean it!" interrupted the others, who, aware of the Captain's temper, dreaded a fearful explosion. But the latter, after a second's pause, exclaimed in a frank tone:

"You are too severe, Pemberton—the more so, because you may be partly right."

"The young Marquis' countenance instantly cleared, and he replied in a tone of feeling:

"Pardon my hasty words; they were said without meaning. Shake hands, and show me I am forgiven."

The other willingly complied, and peace and gaiety were again restored.

"But, Pemberton, you have not told us whether we shall see you to-night at the Duchess'. But of course you will go," said one of the others.

"No, indeed!" he returned with a merry laugh. "I intend taking my good friend Athol's advice, and to vacate the field in time. But, jesting apart, I am going down to spend a week with Devonshire, who has invited me fifty times during the last two months. I have always declined on some pretext or other, but I must do so no longer.

Hang it! I wish people would only invite others when they want to be invited."

"Come, come, you are not going to put us off that way," returned Athol. "'Tis not to visit his Grace of Devonshire, you are going, but to escape from Miss Beresford. Already, your heart fails you. You feel unequal to the combat, and therefore wisely avoid it."

"Yes," interrupted another, "Pemberton acts on the principle:

"'Tis better far to run away,  
And live to fight another day.'"

"Just so; meanwhile, I bid you all farewell. Athol, look to yourself. You will be victim Number one. Come, Stormont, are you going my way?"

The latter replied in the affirmative, and arm in arm they gaily sauntered on, exchanging jest, and pleasantry, as if no dark cloud had so lately interposed between them, threatening to mar their friendship forever, and change it into deadly hatred, perhaps bloodshed. But Stormont reaped the reward of his forbearance, which was the more noted as he was an excellent marksman, in a cheque of six hundred, which he borrowed from his friend, and which, though the latter well knew would never be repaid, he yet willingly, joyfully, lent, to make amends for his late hastiness. Long ere the conversation above detailed had drawn to a conclusion, Ida, whom we left gazing at her window, had grown weary of her pastime, and resumed her former occupation of pacing the room. The frown on her brow grew darker and darker, as she reflected that in all probability Lady Stanhope had forgotten her. Her reverie, which was anything but flattering to the individual in question, was interrupted by the entrance of the lady herself.

"My dearest Ida," she exclaimed, approaching and taking her reluctant hand. "Pardon my apparent neglect; it was anything but wilful. As I was on the point of seeking you, Tilton arrived with my things. Between choosing and altering, I have not had a leisure moment. But here is your dress."

Stratton stepped forward, and drew from its folds the rich black satin, on which ingenuity and wealth had lavished their united treasures.

"'Tis a pity, Ida, a sad pity, that your period of mourning has not yet entirely expired," said her Ladyship with a grave look. "Your attire can admit of but little embellishment; but I have done my best."

All Ida's anger had vanished at sight of the rich robe destined her, and her heart bounded with delight as she contemplated the casket of superb pearls Lady Stanhope set before her,

exclaiming: "I'll leave you to make your toilette, and when I'm ready I'll return to see if I can be of any assistance."

Her ladyship then retired, whilst Ida seated herself before the mirror to have her glossy curls arranged. That elaborate task completed, she assumed her dress and then drew forth the contents of the jewel box. Selecting a superb bracelet, she clasped it on her faultless arm, and, notwithstanding the eloquent entreaties of Stratton, persisted in rejecting the rich girdle and other jewels she proffered. An exclamation from Lady Stanhope, who had entered the room unobserved, interrupted her.

"Ida, dearest, how very beautiful you look!" she exclaimed, as she surveyed her with unfeigned admiration.

"Yes, indeed she does, your ladyship, and if she'd only wear this wreath behind, and this pearl girdle, she'd look still better," said Stratton.

"No, no: not another ornament but her bracelet. 'Twould destroy the chaste, the faultless style of her dress. You may look for conquests to-night, indeed, my dear child. And now we must go: we will be late as it is."

Ida, as she passed out, cast another farewell glance on her mirror, and her cheek flushed and her eye sparkled with the proud consciousness of her own surpassing beauty. As Lady Stanhope had predicted, nearly all the guests were assembled when they arrived.

"So much the better," she whispered: "our *entrée* will make the more sensation. Nay, do not hurry, Ida," she continued, as the latter somewhat hastily smoothed back her tresses: "take full time to arrange even the smallest curl: remember, that your fate depends on the impression which you will make to-night. Beware of agitation or embarrassment! 'twould ruin all."

But the latter recommendation was totally unnecessary; and, with the grace, the dignity of a queen, she entered the brilliant and crowded drawing-rooms of the Duchess.

"The sensation," as Lady Stanhope expressed it, which they created, justified her most sanguine expectations. A group of friends instantly surrounded them; nominally, to pay their respects to herself, but in reality to examine the brilliant being she had brought among them; and many a lovely cheek paled with suppressed envy, as they gazed on loveliness which so far outshone their own. Among the foremost in soliciting the honour of an introduction to Miss Beresford, was Captain Stormont. Ida immediately recognized the person who had attracted her attention in the morning, and, as she looked upon him, her heart inwardly acknowledged his supe-

riority, at least in personal endowments, to those around him. He instantly solicited her hand for the next dance, and Ida made her *debüt* on the theatre of London life, with Captain Henry Stormont.

#### CHAPTER IX.

LADY STANHOPE was well satisfied. He danced admirably, and, besides, his opinion was of no trifling value in the circles in which he moved. She knew his attentions would at once stamp her *protogée* as worthy of homage. And having thus procured her a suitable partner, she seated herself quietly beside a Dowager Countess, to look on and criticise. However favorable to Ida, Captain Stormont's first impression may have been, her subsequent conduct could not have greatly tended to heighten them. The coldness of her manner amounted almost to insolent *hauteur*; and he, the man of fashion, the elegant exclusive, was fain to acknowledge, with mingled vexation and surprise, that this new importation of Lady Stanhope's, as she had been cleverly styled, was not only insensible, but contemptuous, of his fascinations. The dance concluded, he led her to a seat; and shortly after she was standing up with Lord Athol. From a distance, he watched her as she gracefully glided through the figure, and it was some balsam to his wounded vanity to see his successor treated with the same indifference as himself. He was soon joined by a few of his companions, who rallied him on the contemplative mood in which they found him.

"What are you thinking of, Stormont? I'll wager you what you like, I can guess," exclaimed one: "'tis of Miss Beresford's dark eyes."

"You are right," he replied, with a frankness that somewhat disarmed their mirth. "They are as brilliant as diamonds, but too proud and flashing for my taste?"

"Have you been introduced yet?"

"Aye, and danced the very first set with her. *Mais c'est tout*. During the whole time that we were together, though I exerted my every faculty to entertain and amuse her, I never succeeded in getting anything more in return than a cold monosyllable, or careless smile. But here comes Athol. He also has danced with her, and, doubtless, met the same success as myself. Well, Athol," he interrogated, as the young man approached, "what do you think of the new star that has appeared in our horizon?"

"Think of her! she is as proud and wayward as she is beautiful."

"And that is saying a great deal, for she is

superbly handsome," interrupted a young Baronet, who had been attentively examining her through his glass for some time.

"But, I say, Athol," continued Stormont, "was the lady more gracious to you than to me? I scarcely succeeded in getting even a word out of her."

"I was somewhat more successful," returned the young nobleman sarcastically. "Happening to address some common-place compliment to her, which I thought I might venture on to one just fresh from country obscurity, she fixed her eyes steadily upon me, and, after a moment's pause, exclaimed, in tones of the most cutting contempt, 'Did your Lordship address me?' As you may judge, I did not venture to repeat the compliment, but stammered out something and looked unspcakably awkward."

"Pretty well for a little rustic," said the Viscount Howard.

"Rustic!" repeated Stormont. "Why, the most flattered of our *belles*, who have queened it in our circles for half a dozen seasons, do not possess half the proud self-possession, the easy elegance, which she does."

"I suppose that Lady Stanhope counts on a splendid alliance for her," exclaimed the young Viscount.

"Nothing less than a Dukedom or Marquisate will satisfy her," added Athol.

"Or ten thousand a year, and an Earldom in expectancy," said Stormont pointedly.

"Nay, the Earldom does not covet her for its Countess," returned Athol, with a half laugh, half sneer.

"If her temper is as haughty as her eyes, I do not covet her either," said the Viscount.

"Nor do I," reiterated Stormont, as he turned away.

The next moment he was dancing with Miss Beresford.

The night wore on; and, whilst the other beauties of the room grew pale and faded, Ida grew more brightly beautiful. Excitement, the novelty of the scene, the admiration paid her, had imparted a brilliant tint to her delicate cheek; whilst her full, dark eyes, were, if possible, too overpoweringly bright. Lady Stanhope was in *Elysium*. Beset constantly by entreaties for introductions to her *protégée*, she beheld her the centre of a circle which counted the proudest of the aristocracy among it; commanding, not winning, their homage, by her own peerless attractions; an object of intense envy to some, of admiration to all. Never once, during the course of the long night, did one word, one look, escape Ida, in which even the most fastidious *élégante*

there could find matter to criticise; but, to the last, she was still as cold, as proud as ever. At length, Lady Stanhope, feeling she had excited as much admiration as possible, thought it better to return in the height of her triumph; and, touching Ida's arm, who was listening with an air of unmistakeable weariness to the elegant nothings with which her partner, a wealthy young Baronet, was endeavouring to entertain her, whispered her, "It is time to go."

With perfect alacrity, the young beauty complied; and bowing, with a smile which obliterated all traces of her coldness in the Baronet's heart, she followed Lady Stanhope from the room.

From that moment, Miss Beresford was enthroned on the highest pinnacle of fashion. Night after night did she glitter in the saloons of fashion, and ever with the most unbought success. Yet her manner was still the same, and none of her admirers could flatter themselves that she bestowed the slightest mark of favour on one more than on another.

One night, when the wildly beautiful drama of "Medea" was to be performed, Lady Stanhope, at Ida's request, prepared to accompany her to the opera. They arrived early, and, to the unspeakable delight of Ida, no visitors intruded themselves into her Ladyship's box. It was the first time she had ever seen "Medea" represented, and, at the end of one of the most impassioned scenes, so much was she affected, that she felt it a positive relief when the curtain dropped. Partly ashamed of the emotion which she could not control, she leaned back so as to be totally concealed from view, when she was disturbed by the noise of persons entering the adjoining box, who, when seated, commenced a lively conversation, which, though occasionally subdued, was yet perfectly audible to her. They were discussing the events of an entertainment of the preceding night, at which she had been present.

"It was a very pleasant affair," said a voice, whose clear musical tones she at once recognized as those of Captain Stormont.

"You did not seem to think so," returned another, "for you danced very little, and looked unusually *distrain*, all the evening."

"To the first charge, I plead guilty: I danced only twice. But as to the other accusation, I am not conscious of deserving it."

"But, who was the individual you deigned to favour twice with your hand, when no one else participated in the honour?"

"The individual was Miss Beresford."

"I thought as much. Stormont, you are a clever fellow, but you are not as clever as you

think yourself, or we are more quicksighted than you give us credit for. Do you think we are blind to your growing devotion to Miss Beresford? Far from it. It is too serious, too unequivocal, to be misconstrued."

"Pshaw! She is well enough and pretty enough, if she had but fortune; but were she ten times handsomer, wanting that qualification, she will not do for me. I but seek her society to wile away an idle hour."

At the moment the curtain rose, but Ida had eyes nor ears no longer for Medea. Her heart was filled to overflowing with humiliation and bitterness, and her thoughts were ever recurring to the contemptuous words and still more contemptuous tones in which she had been spoken of. That night, when she retired to rest, reflections somewhat different from the rose-tinted visions that usually lulled her to sleep, hovered around her pillow. The following day, whilst she was reading in her boudoir, Lady Stanhope entered.

"My dear Ida," she exclaimed, as she drew a chair towards her and seated herself: "I have come to tell you that you must wear your best looks, your brightest smiles to-day. The Marquis of Pemberton has arrived in town, and he will be here to call on us."

"And who is this Marquis of Pemberton?" indolently enquired Ida, as she looked up from her book.

"The Marquis of Pemberton, my dear child, is the very best *parti* in our circles. His family is one of the oldest and proudest of the aristocracy, and his wealth is absolutely boundless. More than all, he is his own independent master. The death of his father, which occurred about two years ago, has left him, at the age of twenty-four, lord of himself—free to go where he lists, to do what best pleases him."

"A very happy young gentleman, indeed; but, pardon me, I do not see how this can affect me," she coolly returned.

"Ida, you cannot be so innocent as you affect," returned Lady Stanhope. "Are you not aware why I have brought you to town, and introduced you into fashionable life?"

"Perfectly! to make a grand alliance, and your object in introducing me to this Marquis of Pemberton, is, in plain English, for me to secure him if I can."

"Your ideas are correct, though rather broadly expressed," returned her companion, somewhat out of humour; "but—if I may presume to advise you,—lay aside, I entreat, for him at least, that proud superciliousness in which you entrench yourself. Remember, Pemberton is no Captain

Stormont, to be trifled with to-day and cast aside to-morrow."

A faint flush tinted Ida's polished cheek, as she replied.

"Nay, leave me to myself, and provided I bring the Marquis to my feet, let me employ the means that suit me best."

These words were accompanied by a sarcastic smile, which did not tend to make her Ladyship feel comfortable, and reiterating her charge for Ida "to look her best," she left the room. The latter immediately walked up to the mirror, and taking from her dark tresses the jewel which confined them, permitted the rich waves to fall carelessly around her face, and thus soften the perfect, though somewhat cold outline of her classical features. For a moment she surveyed herself in silence, and then murmured with a half smile, "He will be mine!"

Carelessly resuming her book, she read with the same intentness as before, when her maid entered and informed her, that "Lady Stanhope requested her presence in the drawing room." Ida rose and descended the stairs with a slow step. She halted for a moment at the door, to recover her usual composure, and then quietly walked in. The Marquis was standing with his back to the entrance of the apartment, and was unconscious of Ida's presence, till Lady Stanhope exclaimed:

"My Lord—Miss Beresford!"

He started and turned round confused and embarrassed, but the perfect composure of the beautiful countenance that met his view, quickly tended to restore him. The first compliments over, Lady Stanhope left the room to answer a note which the servant had just presented her, and an embarrassing pause succeeded, which the Marquis could not, and Ida would not break. At length, ashamed of his hesitation, he advanced towards the harp, before which stood some ~~two~~ pieces on the stand.

"Are you fond of music?" he ventured to enquire."

"Yes, passionately so."

"Then, might I presume to ask you to favor me with an air?"

Without further hesitation she rose, and seating herself at the instrument, played some popular melody of the day, with her usual faultless and brilliant execution. Whilst thus engaged, the Marquis could examine her without fearing to encounter her large dark eyes, which seemed to possess the power of paralyzing him. Long and leisurely did he scrutinize her, from the queenly arched brow to the delicate foot, fully displayed, as it pressed the pedals of the harp. Whilst he

was yet engaged in his interesting study, Ida suddenly raised her eyes and detected him, but feigning not to perceive his embarrassment, she carelessly asked his opinion of the last opera. After a few moments he had recovered his self-possession, and when Lady Stanhope re-entered she found the Marquis conversing with his usual fluency, whilst Ida listened with her customary nonchalance. As her Ladyship seated herself, very well satisfied with the existing state of things, Captain Stormont was announced.

"How provoking!" was her inward exclamation, but she received him with her usual polished smile. On the announcement of his name, the Marquis, whose eyes were fixed on Ida's face, perceived her delicate colour deepen, but the frigid reserve with which she treated him, tended at once to overthrow the suppositions which his mind had already formed. Stormont, however, no ways daunted, remained at her side, and Pemberton soon saw that though her answers were ungracious, her smile sarcastic and cold, she listened with deeper interest to Stormont's one sentence than to all his own most polished periods. At length, somewhat annoyed, and conscious that his stay had exceeded all bounds, he took his leave, having received Lady Stanhope's kind invitation soon to renew his visit. Some time after Captain Stormont left, more thoroughly out of temper than he would even acknowledge to himself. This was owing to the cutting indifference with which Ida had treated all his attempts at being agreeable—attempts which rarely, if ever, had failed of success before.

## CHAPTER X.

ENTERTAINMENT now succeeded entertainment, and Ida was involved in a whirl of pleasure as unceasing and brilliant as even she could desire. And it was not surprising that she should enjoy scenes in which she was ever the object of flattery, of devoted homage. It was not surprising, that to one like her, whose heart was the temple of vanity, of passionate longing for admiration, the universal worship she attracted proved little short of absolute intoxication. The Marquis of Pemberton, completely on his guard, owing to the mingled advice and raillery of his friends, had at first shunned rather than courted her society, but the perfect indifference which she had on all occasions evinced towards him, overcame these prejudices, and now, to Lady Stanhope's intense delight, and Ida's gratified vanity, he was ever beside her, ready to fly at her slightest word; in short, the most devoted of her admirers. There were others, too, equally ardent, but as yet she

had favored none. By degrees, however, the observant world began to detect that Miss Beresford was ever more animated when dancing with Captain Stormont, and that that individual was more frequently favored with her hand than most others. For some time after these rumours were whispered round, Lady Stanhope only laughed at them. The absurdity of supposing for a moment that *her protégée* could fling aside the coronet of a Marquis for the dark eyes of a poor captain, was too much. Ida had already evinced great discrimination on several points. When the young Baronet, casually mentioned in a preceding chapter, had offered his hand, which he did at the conclusion of the ball on which the Marquis had first openly displayed his preference for her, Ida had submitted the matter to her Ladyship, and, in compliance with her advice, instantly dismissed him. She had acted in a similar manner with the younger son of a poor Earl, who was, however, both handsome and accomplished. These and several other instances, similar, though less important, totally re-assured her Ladyship, and she regarded her apparent preference of Captain Stormont merely as a plan to bring the Marquis to an explanation, for he had not yet proposed.

Lady Stanhope's eyes, however, were at length opened, and it was on the occasion of a large ball given at Lady Athol's residence. Ida, attired with her usual simplicity, looked if possible lovelier than ever, and Lady Stanhope inwardly determined, as she added the last twist to her glossy curls, that that night should bring the Marquis of Pemberton to a point. She was therefore well satisfied when he advanced, the instant Ida was seated, and claimed her hand. He seemed to perceive and to do just homage to the brighter and more glowing beauty of his fair partner, and with pardonable vanity he ascribed her brilliant cheek and eye, in part, to his own *empressé* homage. But at the conclusion of a couple of dances Ida's animation subsided, she grew pale and *distrante*, and at length entirely declined dancing under plea "of headache." If her object in this change was to keep the Marquis at her side, she must have been amply satisfied with the success of her stratagem, for he never left her, and exerted his every power to dispel the gloom which he saw gathering on her brow. Perhaps this new shade of her beauty, which rendered her even more fascinating, and which was so novel to him, might have added the last link to the chain which she had insensibly woven around him. Certain it is, he took advantage of a moment when no observant eye was upon them, to whisper words in her ear, whose purport,—con-

fused, incoherent as they were,—she could not mistake. For one moment a suppressed smile of triumph played round her beautiful mouth, and then raising her meaning eyes to his face, she exclaimed, in tones the cold sarcasm of which stung her listener to the soul:

"I suppose, my Lord, you are rehearsing a scene in your next play. I must say you are anything but perfect in your part. Your asking for my heart was done in the most bungling manner possible."

Her companion, who had turned pale as marble at her first words, now rejoined with a stinging *hauteur* equal to her own:

"I was guilty of sad bungling indeed, Miss Beresford, in asking for a heart where there was none to give. But I am grateful that my error is not irreparable."

With a haughty bow he turned away, and soon after he had left the room. Ida, who had thus rashly cast from her, wealth, rank and a coronet, resumed her former listless air, and with her eyes fixed on the carpet, seemed absorbed in contemplating its rich pattern, when a voice near her aroused her from her reverie.

"Why is Miss Beresford so thoughtful tonight?" exclaimed the deep, musical tones of Captain Stormont. "Is she regretting the hearts she has already wounded, or contemplating further conquests?"

Ida coloured deeply, and looked up with one of her brightest smiles as he seated himself near her. In reply to his question of "Why she was not dancing?" she returned, "that a fancied headache or fit of ill temper had prevented her."

"But why punish me?" returned Stormont. "I am guiltless of all offence. Do not refuse me your hand for the next dance?"

"I dare not," she playfully murmured. "I have refused too many others. What would the Dowager Countess of Suffolk, who is watching us so intently, and all the inveterate gossips present, say?"

"Nay, heed them not, Miss Beresford," he rejoined, in tones even more soft than before. "Brave them for my sake, as I would for yours."

A strange, indefinable gleam, shot from Ida's dark eye, but she immediately replied:

"Then be it so," and without further hesitation, she took his arm and joined the dance.

Many were the comments made on Miss Beresford's sudden recovery of her health and spirits, and many were the glances and smiles interchanged at the interest with which she listened to her companion's remarks, and the brilliant animation with which she replied to them. But the comments became graver as the

night wore on, and Stormont was still her partner. Whether dancing, sitting, walking, he was ever by her side. Lady Stanhope, at first annoyed, became at length perfectly exasperated, and finding her frowns and significant glances entirely disregarded, she crossed the room to where Ida was sitting, and exclaimed in a whisper:

"Infatuated girl! Are you unconscious of the animal aversions your ridiculous conduct is creating? Either change your conduct or return home instantly."

"I choose the latter alternative, Madam," Ida returned aloud, and bowing to Stormont, turned away. Though Lady Stanhope's words had escaped his ear he conjectured their import, and his eloquent glance spoke volumes.

Whilst Ida was cloaking in the dressing-room, Lady Stanhope preserved the most rigid silence, and even when they had passed through the lobby and stood on the steps, awaiting the carriage, she never opened her lips. The horses being rather restive a short delay occurred, and whilst her Ladyship was giving some orders to the footman, to Ida's inconceivable astonishment, Captain Stormont glided to her side.

"I have come to solicit your forgiveness, Miss Beresford," he murmured, in a low, pleading voice; "if I have been the involuntary cause of subjecting you to blame."

"Nay, you are too kind," she rejoined, with something of her former *hauteur*. "In acting as I did I consulted my own fancy only, the whim of the moment, and for that you are in no way responsible."

"Nay, pardon me again, if again I have offended," he exclaimed, raising his speaking eyes to hers with a look of such earnest entreaty that her coldness vanished, and murmuring: "Yes, yes, farewell!" she turned towards Lady Stanhope, who had just seen everything arranged to her satisfaction, and was preparing to enter the carriage.

Stormont vanished so speedily into the shadow of the porch as to escape even her Ladyship's quick eye, and the drive home was performed in perfect silence. Ida, well aware of the impending storm, longed for it to break, for the disagreeable suspense was anything but tolerable to her haughty spirit, and she was not, therefore, very sorry when, on taking her candle to retire to her apartment, Lady Stanhope exclaimed in a stiff tone:

"Might I request a few minutes conversation with you?"

"Certainly, your Ladyship," returned Ida, as with the most perfect coolness she extinguished her taper and threw herself on a silken *fautuil*.

A pause succeeded, for this *nonchalance* somewhat disconcerted Lady Stanhope's meditated attack, but at length she commenced:

"Miss Beresford, I command an explanation of your disgraceful conduct of to-night?"

"What conduct does your Ladyship allude to?" asked Ida, raising her beautiful eyes with a sleepy air.

"Ungrateful girl!" rejoined Lady Stanhope, stamping her foot on the ground. "Is this my return for the care, expense, anxiety I have lavished upon you? Need I mention the name of that coxcomb Stormont, to recall to your mind conduct which should dye your cheek with shame?"

"Oh! I comprehend your Ladyship perfectly now. So then, a harmless flirtation with poor Captain Stormont, which would have been quite excusable, nay laudable, with the Marquis of Pemberton, is the cause of all this excitement. Pardon me, but I must really say I cannot as yet perceive what harm I have done."

"You will soon discover then, young lady, when you will learn that you have driven away the Marquis of Pemberton, the highest alliance of the day, the coronet you have been pursuing for months, and on whom you have lavished your every fascination."

"And who assured your Ladyship that I have wasted so many pains on the most noble and puissant Marquis? How know you that I ever aspired so high as to be Marchioness of Pemberton?"

"You speak truly," retorted Lady Stanhope, with a bitter sneer. "Your present ambition seems to look no higher than to become the obscure wife of a poor, unknown Captain. I suppose that to-morrow, were he to offer you his hand, you would only too joyfully accept the gift."

"I know not, indeed," flippantly returned Ida, "for unfortunately he has not as yet put it in my power to do so."

This was too much for even Lady Stanhope's patience, and with a flashing eye she commanded her "to leave the room, and not to presume to appear again in her presence till she was bidden."

With her usual provoking indifference, Ida lit her taper, and left the apartment. She received the attentions of her maid with perfect composure, and when all was completed, dismissed her. Then flinging herself into a chair, she gave vent to a burst of passionate grief. Once she sprang to her feet and paced the room with the proud step of a queen, but soon she returned to her former attitude and wept with more vehemence than before. Had the circle she had left seen

her, the proud, the impassible Miss Beresford, thus prostrated, sobbing with the energy of a child, what would they have thought? And yet they could not have divined the cause of her grief or read her heart, for it was a riddle even to herself. The next morning she breakfasted in her own apartment, and about the hour their morning visitors called, seated herself at the window. As she had divined, Captain Stormont was among the earliest. He was evidently refused admittance, and with a clouded brow he turned away. That day was so wearisome to Ida, that she resolved to make any sacrifice rather than endure such another. Accordingly, after a severe struggle, she subdued her pride sufficiently to make her appearance at the breakfast table. Lady Stanhope was ceremoniously polite, but perfectly silent, and the one solitary attempt which Ida made at conversation, fell unheeded to the ground. This state of things continued after the repast was concluded, and Lady Stanhope drew forth her embroidery and seated herself at it with an air which plainly intimated she had no desire to alter it. Ida sat watching the gambols of her spaniel, which was tearing a costly wreath to pieces, and yet she made no effort to prevent it. The silence was broken by the servant's entering to say "Captain Stormont was below."

Lady Stanhope glanced meaningly at her companion. Not a shade passed over her beautiful countenance, as she carelessly exclaimed:

"As your Ladyship wishes."

After another quick glance, Lady Stanhope turned to the servant, saying:

"Not at home!"

This concession on Ida's part had quite softened her, and after a short while the conversation proceeded with something of its usual easy flow. Still, for the few succeeding days, there was a slight constraint in the manner of each, which proved that the former scene was not entirely forgotten. The next day Stormont had again called, and had again been refused admittance, with Ida's consent. This seemed to discourage him, for he did not repeat his visit. To counterbalance the satisfaction this afforded to Lady Stanhope, the Marquis of Pemberton had left his farewell card before setting off on a visit into Somersetshire, to some old uncle or aunt living there in feudal splendour. He had not even paid them the civility of a call since the last ball; but whilst her Ladyship loudly reprobated his neglect, which she attributed to Ida's late encouragement of Captain Stormont, she little knew what good excuse he had. About a week after this, she one morning asked Ida to go out shopping and make

some morning calls with her. The latter detested shopping, and pleading a headache, declined accompanying her. Not long after her departure, Captain Stormont called. This time he was admitted. It might have been he had come by accident, or what was just as probable, he had met Lady Stanhope alone in her vehicle, and judged the most favorable time to call was during her absence. On entering the apartment, he gently reproached Ida with her cruelty in refusing him admittance so long, adding, however:

"He dared to hope it was the influence of others, more than her own determination, which had exiled him from her presence."

"You are mistaken," she replied; "it was with my own free will, you were denied."

This calm reply somewhat disconcerted him, and repressed for a time, the warmer words which rose to his lips. For nearly an hour, the conversation flowed on in an indifferent strain; but gradually he led it back to the point at which Lady Stanhope had interrupted it, on the momentous night of Lady Athol's *fête*. With a flushed cheek, and averted eye, Ida listened to his eloquent words. Vividly he painted his first impressions on seeing her, his subsequent stern resolves to steel his heart against her beauty, resolves, which had vanished like mist before the sunbeams, and ended in his throwing himself at her feet.

"Still silent!" he passionately exclaimed—"Ida! Ida, speak—answer me! May I dare to call you mine?"

"Never!" she suddenly rejoined, with a flashing eye, whilst her flushed cheek faded to a deathly paleness. "Never! Henry Stormont. I am well enough, and pretty enough, but having no fortune, would never do for your wife," she replied to him, in the very words he had himself employed on the night of the opera.

Completely stupefied, he was silent for a moment, but at length, somewhat collecting his thoughts, he exclaimed:

"Do I hear aright? Do you tell me, Ida Beresford, that you have been trifling with my affections,—my happiness?"

"Yes! call it so, if you will; but blame me not, Captain Stormont. 'Tis from yourself I have learned the lesson; I have but wiled away an idle hour with your society."

"Good God!" he rejoined, as the truth at length dawned upon him. "Then your pretended preference has all been a plot to obtain my affections, that you might have the fiendish pleasure of trampling upon them. Whilst I have madly deluded myself with the idea that I was the object of your warmest love, I have been but an object of indifference."

"Nay, of scorn!" interrupted Ida, the feeling she expressed flashing forth with lightning brilliancy from her splendid eyes. "And if I have trampled on your most sacred feelings, 'tis but the just reward of what you would have once done to mine. True, you have just laid your heart and fortune at my feet, but was that what you contemplated in the first moments of our intimacy—when to amuse a passing hour, you set yourself so arduously to the task of winning my affections? 'Tis no honorable or generous feeling that has prompted you to offer me the reparation you have just done. Were your heart as yet uninterested, I should have been cast off long since; even though my peace of mind, my earthly happiness, were thus irretrievably destroyed. Even as you would have done to me, so have I now done unto you. Farewell, Captain Stormont! but let me admonish you ere we part forever—reflect, in future, ere you enter on the task of winning the affections of a young and guileless girl, but to wile away a tedious hour."

So saying, she left the room, even before he was aware of her departure. 'Twere vain to tell the mingled flood of passionate emotion, the rage, mortification, wounded affection, that swelled almost to bursting the heart of that proud man—but their fearful intensity was never revealed to human being; and the day following, Captain Stormont had left England. A short time previous to the conclusion of this interview, Lady Stanhope returned home. On the stairs, she encountered Ida's maid.

"Where is Miss Beresford?" she asked.

"In the sitting room, my lady!"

"Is she alone?"

"Not quite," returned the girl, with a peculiar smile. Captain Stormont has been there nearly two hours—she is very much engaged, for when I brought up Lady Morton's card, she told me 'Not at home to any one!' The colour receded from Lady Stanhope's cheek, but she made no reply, and contrary to her first intention, she hastily ascended to her boudoir. She stopped, however, and turning to Stratton, said:

"When Captain Stormont leaves, tell Miss Beresford I request to see her in my room for a moment. Stormont with her these two hours!—admittance denied to all others!" she exclaimed, as she flung herself on a couch. "This passes the limits of human endurance. But we'll see if she'll continue to brave me, to dare my anger as she has hitherto done. If so, Ida Beresford! the same roof shall not long shelter us both," and as she spoke, the bright red spot that burned on her brow told how deep was the anger that filled her heart. Another weary half hour passed by,



which, to the impatience of Lady Stanhope, seemed interminable; but at length, Ida's foot-step was heard approaching, as she entered the room; and seating herself, she quietly asked:

"Did your Ladyship desire to see me?"

Had Lady Stanhope been less excited, she could not have failed to mark her extraordinary paleness, and the air of cold, stern resolution, that sat on her beautiful features. But she was too much agitated for that.

"I desired to see you some time since," she replied, in a tone whose forced calmness but betrayed the tempest that raged within, "to know if you would like to accompany me to call on the Countess of Carlisle; but it is rather late now. Your visitor must have been either very interesting, or very ill bred, to fatigue you so long with his presence. May I ask his name?"

"Captain Stormont," calmly returned her companion.

"Indeed! Lady Morton called during my absence. Did she remain long?"

"I did not see her Ladyship!"

"Of course not; she would have interrupted your tête-à-tête with Captain Stormont."

A strange smile that played round Ida's lips, added the climax to Lady Stanhope's indignation, and rising, she exclaimed in stiff, measured tones:

"Since, Miss Beresford, you judge fit to act not only without consulting my authority, but in open defiance of it, I need scarcely suggest, that my nominal protection of you, is no longer necessary."

"'Tis well! I am quite satisfied with your Ladyship's decision," retorted Ida, proudly, "and 'twould have been better for both parties, had that protection never been accorded. But remember, Lady Stanhope," and here she bent her flashing glance upon her, "it was in compliance with your own wish, your own entreaty, I ever accepted of it. Truly, little as I anticipated, I have still been disappointed."

"You are ungrateful, Miss Beresford! It has at least procured you your present suitor. Without your sojourn in London, you would never have known the accomplished Captain Stormont."

"I acknowledge the debt," returned Ida with a bow, "and your Ladyship forgets I also owe you the chance of the Marquis of Pemberton, though the latter was blind enough to resist the fascinations of even Lady Stanhope's protégée."

This sarcasm stung her companion to the quick, and she replied in tones trembling with passion:

"Your success with the Marquis is perhaps as great as that with Captain Stormont. Remember, young lady, there is such a thing as trifling with hearts in this world, and your beauty, per-

less as it is, cannot secure you against the general fate. Stormont is no fool, and though he may dance with you, wait on you, as your shadow, he knows better than to take a penniless girl for his wife!"

"Your Ladyship's sagacity, unerring as it may be in other cases, is somewhat at fault in this. Captain Stormont has deigned to offer his hand to my humble self."

"And you—you have accepted him?"

A mocking smile lit up Ida's countenance, and she opened her lips as if to speak, when Lady Stanhope, exasperated beyond all endurance, interrupted her—

"Fool! fool! that you are. With your beauty, your grace, in the very spring time of life, admired, sought by all, to throw yourself away on a man, penniless, humble as yourself. Infatuated girl! I cast you off forever,—and mark me! you will live to repent—aye, bitterly repent your rash folly."

Ere her Ladyship concluded, Ida rose, and with a slow but lofty step, left the room. On reaching her own apartment, her first act was to sit down, and write a letter to Mrs. Vernon, saying, "That if it would not in any manner incommode her, she would return to her roof immediately." She then proceeded to arrange her trunks and valises, having previously selected the jewels and other gifts she had received from Lady Stanhope. These latter, she carefully enfolded, and addressing them to her Ladyship, left them on the table. Ere her task, however, was half completed, she felt overpowered by fatigue. The excitement she had endured in her interview with Captain Stormont, then subsequently with Lady Stanhope, had completely exhausted her strength, and nothing but her indomitable resolution to leave her present abode as soon as possible, could have enabled her to bear up against her weakness. At length, when the first faint streak of light was tinging the horizon, she laid her head on her pillow, haunted by dreams as feverish and unquiet as ever disturbed the couch of sickness or disease. Gradually, however, her restlessness subsided, and a deep, soothing sleep stole over her, which lasted for several long hours. At length, refreshed and strengthened, she awoke; but she thought her dreams of the night still hovered around her, when she beheld Lady Stanhope standing beside her, but with an expression of compassion on her features, which rarely dwelt there."

"Ida!" she exclaimed, "I have but ill tidings to bring you. Prepare yourself, my poor child! Stormont, your lover, and betrothed husband, has absconded from England, leaving behind him debts, whose enormous extent preclude his ever returning."

"Your tidings are indeed evil; but not so evil to me as your Ladyship imagines," returned Ida, with a smiling brow, and relieved heart. "Captain Stormont is neither my lover, nor affianced husband!"

"How! did you not tell me, he proposed to you?"

"Yes! but your Ladyship did not give me time to add that I rejected him."

In a transport of delight, Lady Stanhope caught her hand, exclaiming:

"Ida! Ida! why did you not tell me? How unkind of you; still I was over hasty in my judgment, but you must confess your conduct seemed justly to sanction my suspicions. What on earth instigated you to encourage him, so palpably, so pointedly as you did?"

Ida was silent—an innate feeling of honour, forbade her avowing her real motives, and she therefore made no effort to exculpate herself, when Lady Stanhope resumed:

"But why do I ask—it was doubtless but to gratify that feeling of vanity, that desire of conquest, so natural to one so gifted and handsome as you are. Perhaps it was even a more laudable motive—to hurry on that tardy Pemberton to a proposal."

Ida slightly changed colour, but too wise to undeceive her, and besides, feeling that honour required her to keep silence regarding a proposal she had instantly rejected, she left Lady Stanhope to enjoy her conjectures. A slight pause followed, and her Ladyship resumed in a tone slightly embarrassed:

"And now, what has passed between us in our last foolish interview, must be buried in oblivion. We were both in fault. For the future, let us be more explicit, more candid than we have hitherto been. And you, Ida, be more prudent, more politic, and I shall yet have the proud satisfaction of hailing you Marchioness of Pemberton."

A frown gathered on her companion's brow, and she coldly replied:

"Pardon me, but I have other arrangements in view. That letter," and she glanced at the epistle she had written the previous night, "is to Mrs. Vernon, and I trust its answer will soon enable me to execute the plans I have formed. Your Ladyship is aware," and here her brow grew darker, "that after the recriminations and our mutual explanations of last evening, my further continuance under this roof is impossible. Still, believe me, I feel deeply grateful for the kindness you have shewn me during my sojourn, notwithstanding the somewhat discourteous manner in which it had been shortened."

"Phaw! Ida, this is childish folly," returned

her Ladyship, taking her reluctant hand. "For a few hasty words, uttered under, Heaven knows, sufficient provocation, are you going to sacrifice the advantages you now possess? Bethink you, Ida, youth and beauty are not immortal, and if now, rashly disregarding your many advantages, you return to country obscurity, you may abandon forever the hope of attaining the brilliant station you are entitled by nature to fill. I know," continued Lady Stanhope, as she marked her brow relaxing, "I know I spoke hastily, ungenerously, if you will, but surely, you must forget and forgive an error which arose solely from the deep interest I take in your welfare."

Overcome by her conciliating manner, and secretly yielding to the dictates of her own heart, which now that her pride was appeased, spoke loudly against renouncing the intoxicating pleasures she had enjoyed since her arrival in London, Ida smiled assent. Her Ladyship then tossed Mrs. Vernon's letter into the burning embers of the grate, and they separated in a more friendly state of mind, and more satisfied with each other than they had been for many preceding weeks.

(To be continued.)

## THE YOUNG BUD OF SPRING.

The young bud of spring, as the first hope of morn,—  
Long chilled by the winter,—bright promise doth bring;  
And the heart of each songster grows glad on the thorn,  
As chirping sweet matins, he plumeth his wing.  
Then who would be sad now, while nature uncloses  
Her bosom of blessings, our hearts to rejoice,  
While all things abroad utter gladly their praises  
To Spring, lovely spring, with one soul and one voice!

Alone, by yon fount, where the glad stream is flinging  
Its light spray in dew drops upon the young rose;  
I'll spend my lone evenings, and list to the singing,  
The streamlet so gently awakes as it flows;  
And I'll think, while I number each gem in ascending,  
All dancing to light from its liquid repose:  
Of the young thoughts that ever fresh glory are lending  
To her looks, as her dark eyes their secrets disclose.  
For who would be sad now, while nature uncloses  
Her bosom of blessings, our hearts to rejoice,  
While all things abroad utter gladly their praises  
To Spring, lovely spring, with one soul and one voice!

## CHERISHED LOVE.

Go—you may call it madness, folly,  
You shall not chase my gloom away;  
There's such a charm in melancholy,  
I would not, if I could, be gay.

Oh! If you knew the pensive pleasure  
That fills my bosom when I sigh,  
You would not rob me of a treasure  
Monarchs are too poor to buy.

## PRESENTIMENT.\*

BY M. A. S.

FOR several moments after the carriage had rolled away from her view, Eleanor remained silent and almost unconscious—she was still encircled by Mary's supporting arm, and the voice of the latter poured into her ear words of well-meant kindness, alike unneeded and unfit.

"Dear Eleanor! why is it," at length said Mary, "that you are thus affected by a separation which promises to be but for a few days? Excuse your reason, my sister, and you will then learn to despise the apprehensions now so powerful as to render you completely wretched. Recollect that Arthur will probably be no more than a week absent."

"I tell you, Mary, he will *never* return! Never! never!—we have looked upon his face for the last time!"

As Eleanor uttered these ominous words, she slowly disengaged herself from Mary's arms—she seemed inspired by some strong feeling—her eye, before sunk and heavy, suddenly assumed a wild and startled expression, and she stood with her look fixed on the distance, as though endeavouring to pierce the awful veil which conceals the future from mortal eye. Mary Newburk was possessed of more than ordinary strength of mind—habitually calm, and (except on very rare occasions) almost imperturbably so—but as she looked on Eleanor's face, usually soft and feminine, and changeful in its expression,—now rigid and motionless, yet withal, wearing a look of almost sternness,—she felt a shuddering sensation creep through every limb. A sudden spell seemed to fall upon her senses, and she stood as it were transfixed.

"Good God!" she internally exclaimed, "what a strange—nay, unaccountable feeling, is this!—never before have I felt any thing like it. I can now easily understand the mysterious awe with which men looked upon the pythonesses of old, together with the implicit credence given to their revealings. What spirit can have possessed Eleanor—one who is wont to be so very gentle!"

A moment more, however, and she beheld the stiffened features relax—the strange bright light faded from the eye, and Eleanor was again herself—pale and sad she was, yet calm. Alas! hers

was the lurid calm which may either precede or follow the outburst of the pent-up storm—it had nothing of quiet repose. She turned and looked at Mary with eyes full of tears. The latter pressed her hand affectionately, while she strove to rally her shattered spirits:

"Why! I solemnly declare, Eleanor, you have much to answer for. Do you know I had begun to feel something nearly akin to superstitious dread! I could have been easily persuaded that your bodily part had been conveyed to the carriage of your huge lord, and that I did but look upon some unreal apparition. Until to-day I could have asked with the young Washington, 'What is fear?' But really you have made me sensible of some feeling sadly approaching to it. For every sake, do not again visit the other world, at least until Arthur returns!"

The first portion of Mary's address had called up a faint smile on Eleanor's face, but its conclusion served to counteract the good effect thus produced. The gloom of despondency once more gathered on her countenance, and with some brief (almost monosyllabic,) reply, she relapsed into silence. She, however, took Mary's offered arm, and they hastened their homeward steps, in order to avoid a threatening shower, of which large drops were already pattering amongst the surrounding foliage.

When Eleanor opened her eyes on the following morning, the first thing that attracted her notice was the bright sunbeam, which, escaping through a small aperture in the closely-drawn window curtain, lay calm and unbroken on the carpet.

"Ha! the weather is again fine, then!" she soliloquised, as she sprang from the bed, with something of the elasticity of former days, and having hastily donned a loose dressing gown, she proceeded to draw the curtain aside, when the room was instantly lit up with the glory of the rising sun; and even Eleanor's heart (despite its deep sadness,) received a full rush of delight, as she looked out upon the beauteous morning. The gray shades of the dawn had not yet entirely vanished, but, lingering on the air, were gradually, though slowly, dispersing beneath the fall of the

\* Continued from page 128.

sunbeams. The blue cold mist was fast curling upward from the heavy meadows which fronted the castle, while the scattered groups of trees assumed strange and fantastic shapes, when seen through the medium of the sun-lit vapors.

Desirous of inhaling the pure morning air, Eleanor threw open the window and leaned out. Dark indeed would have been the soul that such a scene had failed to illumine, and for the moment Eleanor forgot her gloomy presentiments, and her heart, relieved from its heavy oppression, rose lightly and buoyantly towards the author of all good. "Father! my heavenly father!" she exclaimed, "what a fair world hast thou spread out before us, thy children!—what lavish Beauty hast thou bestowed upon it, in order that, continually reminding us of thy love and of thy power, our hearts might never wander from thee, while our souls bow down before thee in lowly adoration! And yet how seldom do we open this volume of nature, to study thy wondrous works! As for me, how ungrateful have I been, oh! Lord, for the many and great blessings I have received—anticipating sorrows that may never come, I have but too long disregarded the enjoyments within my reach. Let me, then, endeavor at once, and forever, to fling aside these gloomy fears, and devote myself to the duties allotted me to perform!"

She thought of the approaching time when the sphere of her duty was to become enlarged, and a mother's love seemed already to awake within her. Casting yet another look on the softly reposing scene before her, she was about to close the window, when on a sudden she heard a startling sound break forth upon the stillness of the hour—it was the Irish *keene*, or death-cry; and though Eleanor, having been brought up in Dublin, had never before heard this wild cry—yet she had frequently heard it described, and now at once recognized it. Those who have heard the death-song of the Milesian Irish cannot fail to remember its thrilling sadness—they will perchance recall the effect produced upon themselves, when, in by-gone years, journeying through some remote district of Ireland, they suddenly came upon a rustic funeral, and heard for the first time "the wild *ullaloola!*" They will remember, it may be, how, though perfectly conscious that they looked upon the humble bier of an utter stranger, still they could almost have wept with the mourners, influenced solely by the deep wailing melancholy of that funeral music—which has, however, nothing doleful, being on the contrary full of plaintive sweetness. Such persons, then, will not be surprised at the effect produced on Eleanor, who no sooner became conscious of the nature of

the sounds, than she drew back from the window, pale and trembling, "like him who saw the spectre-hound in Man."\* "Alas!" she exclaimed, "am I to be incessantly reminded of death and the grave? Why is it that even when I had resolved to become cheerful as of old, and to rid myself of these harassing apprehensions, that even then the death-cry should fall upon my ear!" The sounds seemed to issue from a clump of trees, a little to the right, and there did Eleanor's eyes rest with a kind of straining eagerness. The *keene* was still continued—its undulations still vibrated on her listening ear, but yet the singer was invisible. Just when Eleanor's curiosity was wound up to the highest pitch, a soft hand was laid on her shoulder, and a kind voice spoke near her:

"Why, Eleanor! I had never given you credit for being such an early riser. And yet I need not ask what it is that has drawn you to the window so early, for who could be insensible to the charms of so fair a morning?"

"Hush! Mary—do you not hear?" interrupted Eleanor.

"Hear what, my dear?"

"Why—how can you ask! is not that the death-cry echoing from yonder thicket—listen to its wild, unearthly music, as it swells upon the air, and now—now it falls! what a melancholy cadence. Oh, Mary! what an ominous matin song!"

And Eleanor fixed her fearful gaze on Mary's face, as though seeking to discover its effect on her. What was her surprise—nay, almost indignation, when Mary burst into a merry laugh—

"Why, yes, Eleanor! the *cadenzas* are very fine, also the *crescendos*—indeed the whole piece is finely executed: no wonder that it should, for our friend Michady is quite an accomplished vocalist."

"You do but jest, Mary! it cannot be Michady who sings or cries, (which you will,)—that voice speaks of deep sorrow, and could never proceed from the lips of an idiot."

"Could it not, indeed! we shall soon see that," and Mary leaning from the window, called out "Michady!" No answer was returned, and Eleanor already began to believe her own opinion correct, when Mary having repeated her call, the unwieldy form of the poor natural was seen issuing from amongst the trees, while his large, vacant eyes rolled around in search of the person who had called him. Having once gained her object, which was only to convince Eleanor of the origin of the sounds, Mary had not the slightest

\*Scott.

wish to intrude further on Michady's matutinal meditations; she therefore closed the window.

"Confess now, Eleanor! that you are ashamed of having permitted your mind to be disturbed by a cause in itself so simple. So it is, you see—when we suffer the mind to fall into a state of morbid excitement we deprive ourselves of all repose—'trifles light as air,' acquire power to torment our very souls. Is it not too absurd that I should find you here this morning on the tenter-hooks of fear and alarm, merely because Michady chose to exercise his vocal powers on the *keene*?"

"Yes! but Mary, dear! how did it happen that he should be abroad so early, and that of all other songs and airs which he is accustomed to hear, the *keene* alone should have occurred to him this morning—is it not a strange coincidence, too, that brought me to hear him at an hour so unreasonable?"

"Why, Eleanor! how very childish are those questions—but yet, as I see you are really inclined to consider Michady as a raven, and to draw gloomy and dread meaning from his croaking, I shall take the trouble of answering. In the first place, then, were you better acquainted with poor Michady's habits, you would know that he makes it a point to attend all wakes and funerals that may take place in the neighbourhood—on those occasions, he, of course, very frequently hears *the cry*, (as it is called amongst the peasantry, by way of distinction,) and consequently catches up its tone; for the rest, it is more than probable that he has been at a wake over night, and has not yet returned to his home. Are you now satisfied that there is nothing peculiarly strange in this matter, or will you persist in believing it a warning voice addressed to yourself in particular?"

Mary smiled as she spoke, and Eleanor, if not convinced, was yet ashamed to acknowledge her doubts.

"Who could stand out against the strength and clearness of your arguments, Mary!—far be it from me to confess myself still unconvinced, so let us dismiss Michady's extemporaneous lamentation. Where do you think is Arthur just now?"

"In Morrison's hotel; and I dare say still under the influence of Somnus. Dear Arthur was never remarkably fond of breathing the morning air. I am almost sure that he never yet beheld the sun rise,—we must really try to overcome this evil habit of his—what say you, Eleanor? shall we declare war against that sluggish inertness which deprives him of the most exquisite enjoyment?"

"Most willingly would I assist, dear Mary! in bringing about 'a consummation so devoutly to be wished'—nor do I apprehend much difficulty in the undertaking, as I am sure Arthur will be easily prevailed upon to quit his couch at any hour that we might call upon him to accompany us for a walk. But I hope we shall have a letter to-morrow—I am really most anxious to hear from him."

"Why, Eleanor!" replied Mary, with unusual vivacity, "one would think, to hear you talk so, that your honeymoon was not yet expired. Here has Arthur been but one single day absent, and yet you are 'most anxious to hear from him.' I wonder you are not expecting a letter to-day; he should certainly have stopped at the first or second stage in order to despatch a bulletin as to the state of his health. Fie upon you, silly girl!" and she playfully tapped Eleanor's cheek.

Fully sensible as Eleanor was, of the kindness of Mary's intention, yet did her sportive reproaches fall far short of the desired effect. Still was the fatal presentiment whispering sadly within her heart, while the funeral cry seemed ever ringing in her ear, mingling itself with all other sounds.

"Make haste with your *toilette de matin*, Eleanor!" said Mary; "I wish you to have a walk before breakfast, as I know it will be of infinite benefit both to body and mind. Do let me assist you!"

The toilet completed, Mary drew Eleanor's arm within her own, observing as she did so, with a gay laugh:

"You must permit me to assume for the present, the *cavaliere servente*!"

They then sallied forth.

"What a glorious morning!" exclaimed Mary, when having reached the hall-door, which commanded an extensive view over hill and dale, they both stopped as it were involuntarily. "Say, Eleanor! does not the scene before us, all varied as it is, yet clad in the full uniformity of autumnal decay, does it not remind us of some haughty beauty who carries with her even into declining life, many of the charms (though none of the freshness) of youth? Wears not yonder smiling landscape, this fair morning, even such a look—radiant as it is in loveliness, though not the same voluptuous beauty which some few months since adorned it?"

"For my part," replied Eleanor, "I have long preferred the chastened loveliness of autumn, to the gorgeous attractions, the unveiled lustre of its predecessor—such a morning as this excites a glow of delight in my heart; and were Arthur here to look upon it with us, I should feel happy

—yes—happy!” she repeated, as she met the incredulous look of Mary. “How can we avoid sympathizing with the gladness of all nature! and I tell you, were my mind but freed from the hideous vampire that has so long drained away my very life springs—were I sure that no calamity impends over us, and that I should again see my husband in life and health, I should in very truth be happy.”

“Well! well—let us give up the matter,” replied Mary, who feared the turn which the conversation had taken.

“Oh! do let us walk to the church-yard, dear Mary!—it is some time since I have been there, and I do love the quiet green lane which leads to it. See how tempting it looks, as it winds yonder, amongst the trees, with its bright, refreshing verdure—Oh! do come, Mary.”

Though Mary would have willingly avoided a spot, of all others so dangerous to the morbid state of Eleanor's mind, yet had she no feasible pretext for her refusal, and was, therefore, obliged to yield, though with ill-concealed reluctance. The burial ground was situated within the precincts of the Newburk demesne, and the family vault of the proprietors (as is usual,) lay immediately under the little church. Within the edifice there was no mural monument, but without, close by the wall of the church, might be seen a plain white marble slab, raised on pillars of the same material, whereon were inscribed the names of the departed possessors of Ballyhaise Castle, (some five or six in number,) together with a brief notice of the particular virtues of each, (omitting, however, according to rule, all mention of their vices or failings.) The lane before mentioned, turned off from the grand avenue, at the distance of about a hundred yards from the house, and was shaded throughout its entire length by beech and elm trees, planted at irregular intervals. Here the sunbeam even at mid-day scarcely penetrated, and its herbage, watered by the early and latter rains, and by the fructifying dews of night, preserved an almost perennial verdure. It was precisely one of those “moss-grown alleys,” where “musing slow,” the “Saint or Moralist might tread,” without fear of having his saintly or philosophical cogitations disturbed; and hither had Eleanor been wont to wander of late, when during the frequent absences of Arthur, she had (in consequence of Mary's incorrigible coldness,) been left to her own guidance. Here had she often retired, to converse with the dark prophetic spirit which haunted her wanderings, and to give herself freely up to the melancholy excited by these fearful whispers—this lane, then, had

long been her favorite resort, and now, when she entered it, leaning on Mary's arm, she almost rejoiced—and yet hers was “the joy of grief”—most truly so, for the spot was identified with all her secret sorrow.—“Do you not love this old green lane, Mary?” she asked, as she calmly seated herself on a moss-grown stone, under the shade of a tree—“To me it appears the very temple of holy contemplation, terminating as it does in ‘the lone place of tombs,’—and then the glare of sunlight scarcely ever flashes in upon its solemn twilight; and seldom does human footstep fall upon its verdant floor—oh! I do enjoy its unbroken stillness—do not you?”

“Nay, Eleanor! I am truly sorry to break in upon your rapturous admiration of this ‘gloomy way;’ but I really must tell you that I cannot permit you to sit longer on that damp stone—had we not better return?”

“Oh! no, dear Mary! not before we have visited the church-yard!” and Eleanor rose with alacrity. The remainder of the way was passed in silence, until after a few minutes walk, Mary opened a small iron gate, and they entered the rustic cemetery. It was indeed a spot sacred to repose, and a meet dwelling-place for the dead; embosomed in the depth of the richly-wooded demesne, it was surrounded by a high brick wall, against which various creeping shrubs had been trained. Its entire area was studded with sycamores and elms of no ordinary growth, and in the midst stood the small, but neat church, its white walls gleaming through the surrounding foliage, and its “taper spire” ascending high into the clear air, far above the highest trees. Here, then, the ladies came to a stand, and for some time, no word was spoken—even Mary was impressed with the solemn, and still beauty of the scene; and then it was the last resting place of both her parents!—here had they long since mouldered away, and as Mary gazed, her eyes were suffused with tears.

At length Eleanor spoke, and her voice sounded hollow, at least so thought Mary.

“Here, then, shall I, too, rest—a few short months, nay perhaps weeks, and my name also may be recorded on that stone. Say, Mary! should it be so, will not your eyes sometimes rest mournfully upon the spot where I sleep in death? Were I dying that thought would in some measure reconcile me to leave this bright, smiling earth,—it is so sweet to be loved even in death—to have, as it were, our memory embalmed in some few fond hearts—oh! that indeed, robs death of half its bitterness.”

“Nay, Eleanor!” interrupted Mary, hurriedly, “I must insist upon your returning home imme-

diately—why, you have really almost deterred me from being again your companion on a walking excursion. I asked you to come out this morning, in hopes that the freshness of the air and the beauty of the morning might help to exhilarate your spirits, and here we are in the churchyard (no less!) talking of death—truly my intentions have been grievously frustrated!—Pray, let us go home at once.” And home they did go, for Eleanor was stricken into silence by what she termed the *brusquerie* of Mary’s manner, and no longer expressed a wish in opposition to hers.

“After all,” was her inward exclamation, “she cannot nor does not sympathise with me—our minds are cast in far different moulds. I shall, assuredly, trouble her no more with my sad imaginings.” And then she cast a parting look upon the white church and the overshadowing trees, and the soft green mounds beneath, and as she turned to quit the spot the prayer of her heart was this, that such might be her final resting-place, always providing that Arthur might in death repose near her!

The next post brought a letter from Arthur, breathing all the warm affection of his heart, and sparkling with bright hope. No trace was there discernible of the dark cloud which we have seen overshadow his mind at parting; his spirits seemed to have resumed their former buoyancy, and his mind its wonted tranquillity.

“The suit,” he went on, “is not yet decided, but from all that I have yet been able to learn on the subject, we have every reason to hope for a favorable issue. My only anxiety now is, dearest Eleanor, lest you should suffer those idle fears to retain their empire over your reason, and thus subject you to much unnecessary pain. Know you not, dear one, that your health must eventually become the sacrifice, should you not subdue these most absurd fancies? Remember, moreover, that you are now more than ever called upon to drive from your mind all melancholy musings; knowing as you do the heavy responsibility resting upon you. If you love me then, my own Eleanor! endeavor to become cheerful even as when I first knew you. I will expect from your affection for me this one effort, for it requires but one strong act of the will to throw off this heavy yoke; and if you will only meet me on my return with a gay and smiling face I shall be indeed happy. Tell Mary that I depend on her to second and strengthen you in your endeavors. I have much confidence in that firmness of mind which has ever characterized my dear sister, and distinguished her from all the women I have ever known. Be it hers to lend the supporting hand should your weaker nature seem to waver! I hope to reach Bally-

haise by next Thursday week, and shall lose no opportunity of writing when any thing of interest occurs. In the meantime, may God for ever bless you, my dear, dear Eleanor, and you, my sister,—my mother, I might say.

ARTHUR NEWBURN.

Morrison’s Hotel, Dawson St.

October, 18—.

“Heaven be praised that he is well and so cheerful, too!” exclaimed Eleanor, when, having glanced over the letter, she handed it to Mary. “So much for your *presentiments*, Eleanor!” observed Mary, with a half sneer as she re-folded the letter—“you see Arthur is in the highest possible spirits, and that no adverse occurrence has crossed that journey which you so dreaded. Are you even now cured of your apprehensions?”

“Alas, Mary!” returned Eleanor sadly, “I cannot even yet confess myself free from that fatal foreboding—nothing of evil, you say, has as yet occurred to Arthur. ‘The *ides* of March are come,’ you would say—true, but they are not yet gone! And now, even at this very moment, do I hear the sepulchral voice within assuring me that the fated hour draws nigh—and let Arthur beware of the incredulity which proved the destruction of the mighty Roman. For me, the fate of Cassandra has long been mine—pray Heaven that my prophecies be not verified, as hers were, to the utter ruin of those who mocked her!” And so saying she quickly arose and left the room, leaving Mary almost stunned by the seriousness, not to say to sternness, with which her words (ominous in themselves) were spoken.

The next day and the next passed without any further intelligence from Arthur. The weather had again become gloomy and broken, so that the ladies were necessarily confined to the house. Mary moved around as usual, her step as stately and her manner as self-possessed as ever, nor did she find the slightest difficulty in pursuing her wonted avocations. Her reading—her work—her domestic duties—all went on with their accustomed order and regularity, nor did she forget the task imposed upon her by Arthur, leaving no means untried that might cheer Eleanor, or wean her from the brooding sadness of her thoughts. But all in vain! Day after day saw Eleanor’s cheek become paler, and her eye more dim and hollow. In the morning she was always first in the breakfast-room, watching with eager impatience for the arrival of the servant who went to the village for the letters when the bag was emptied and the letters all turned over, a deadly sickness seized her very heart, and for some moments rendered her powerless as an infant. In vain did Mary put forth all her powers of persuasion; nothing

could for even a moment draw a smile to her care-worn face. Her life seemed all one hideous dream, with the fearful consciousness of "broad reality."

"The sense of death, ere we depart,  
The drear forebode before we die,  
The solemn signal at the heart,  
How dread the mystery!

"It, comes, eclipsing pleasures beams,  
A shadow from the future cast;  
'Tis secret in its source as dreams,  
And voiceless as the blast.

"It comes—the dark mysterious mood—  
The prophet spirit shades the mind,  
Which trembles as autumnal wood  
"That 'shakes without a wind.'

"It breaks on pleasure's rosy bower,  
When hope's accomplishment is near;  
And in the very bridal hour  
Oft whispers of the bier.

"On battle-eyes I've marked it rife,  
And heard it mocked as vision vain;  
But he who own'd it, from the strife  
Never return'd again!

"Whence comes the drear revelation given?  
Ere ebbs away life's parting sand?  
Say, sighs it on the winds of heaven,  
Far from the spirits' land?

"The doom predestined men forebode,  
Breathes not from aught beneath the sky;  
The dark communion is with God—  
The warning from on high!

When Eleanor was wrapt in this "mysterious mood," when the 'prophet spirit' spake within her, John Malcolm had not yet penned the above beautiful lines, and yet how aptly do they illustrate the overpowering presentiment which had for months deprived her of rest or peace. To her spirit was the "drear revelation given," and now when for several days she had not heard from Arthur, her fears increased to such an extent that her reason actually threatened to give way in some of her fits of mental torture. In the cheerful bustle of the day, and in the gloomy stillness of the night hours, did that one fearful vision arise before her—Arthur dead or dying amongst strangers! Though much of her mental suffering was concealed from view, still did Mary see enough to excite her most serious apprehensions, and there were moments when she would have given worlds, were they hers, to have been enabled to have given up into Arthur's own keeping a charge, which each passing day rendered more and more irksome. Nor were her own fears entirely silent; nine days had passed since they had heard from Arthur, and this prolonged silence began to excite doubts and apprehensions even in

Mary's strong mind. Arthur was to her the dearest—indeed the sole object of affection,—it would have been strange then if she had not caught up a portion of those fears which had all but unsettled Eleanor's reason.

One morning about twelve days subsequent to Arthur's departure, Mary entered the breakfast room somewhat later than usual, and accustomed latterly to find Eleanor there before her, she was surprised on the present occasion to find the parlor unoccupied. The butler just then made his appearance, and immediately commenced arranging the breakfast table.

"Have you seen Mrs. Newburk to-day, James?" inquired Mary.

"Yes, ma'am!" replied James, as he smoothed down the creases of his white apron. "Mrs. Newburk has been down stairs here an hour ago, but a little while ago she asked me how long Robinson had been gone for the letters, and if I thought he'd soon be back—so I told her he was gone since day-light, and that he could'n't be much longer away; she went up and put on a bonnet and shawl, and went off down the front avenue. I suppose, ma'am, she's gone to meet Robinson."

Being herself of the same opinion, Mary was about to set out in quest of the wanderer, when the latter suddenly entered, looking the very picture of despair—

"Why, Eleanor! where have you been this morning? how imprudent you are to venture abroad in such weather—you really deserve a good scolding, which you shall certainly have, should the offence be repeated."

"Mary! I shall go to Dublin, to-morrow!" said Eleanor, slowly, and without appearing to notice Mary's words.

"You cannot be serious, Eleanor, in saying so!" cried Mary, in utter amazement.

"Yes—but I am quite serious?" returned Eleanor, decidedly. "There is no letter from Arthur, to-day, nor yet from either of his legal advisers—something must have happened which they do not choose to communicate, and I cannot longer endure this racking suspense, so go to town I must, and shall. Will you come with me, Mary?"

"Most assuredly, I will!" replied Mary, without a moment's hesitation. "Could you for a moment suppose, that I would permit you to go alone, on such an errand, and at such a time?"

"Thanks—thanks, dear Mary—dear sister!" and Eleanor fell upon Mary's neck, and a torrent of tears burst from her eyes—they were the first tears she had shed for weeks, and Mary suffered her to weep undisturbed, well knowing how great is the relief of tears to a heart overcharged with grief.



"Shall we set out immediately, dear Eleanor?" whispered Mary, completely softened by the sight of such overpowering emotion.

"Oh! yes—yes—bless you, bless you, Mary! for the offer! let us go even now, now!—who knows but we may come too late, even as it is—for I know and feel that death is at work! Oh! let us haste! haste!" and she sprang from Mary's embrace.

Without further delay, Mary gave the necessary orders, and an hour only elapsed, when they were whirling towards the metropolis as fast as four good horses could carry them.

(To be continued.)

## THE YOUTHFUL MARTYR.

BY R. E. M.

Upon his lofty judgment throne the Roman tribune  
sate;  
His glittering minions stood around in all their gorgeous  
state,  
But proud as were the noble names that flashed upon  
each shield,  
Names known in lofty council halls as well as tented  
field;  
None dared approach to break the spell of deep and  
silent gloom,  
That hovered o'er his haughty brow like shadow of the  
tomb.  
And he and all his court were there for judgment stern  
and high,  
To pass the last decree of fate—to doom to live or die!  
Whilst still he mused the air was rent with loud and  
deafening cry,  
Whilst savage frown and darker smile proclaimed the  
victim nigh.  
No traitor to his country's laws, no outlaw fierce was  
there,  
'Twas but a young and gentle girl, as opening rose-bud  
fair.  
Alone she stood among those men, so dark and full of  
guile,  
And yet her cheek lost not its bloom, her lips their  
gentle smile.  
At length he spoke, that ruthless chief,—his tones were  
stern and dread,—  
"Girl, listen! mark me well—or else thy blood be on thy  
head!  
Thou art accused of worshipping Jesus the Nazarene,  
Of scorning Rome's high, mighty Gods,—speak, say if  
this has been?  
I fain would spare thee, for thy name among our own  
ranks high,  
Thine age, thy sex, too, pity move,—I would not see thee  
die.  
If thou hast dared at foreign shrine to rashly bend the  
knee,  
Recant thine errors, and thy guilt effaced at once shall  
be;  
But if thou darrest avow belief in Him of Nazareth,  
No mercy, pity, shalt thou know,—thy doom a fearful  
death!"

Undaunted spoke she, "In his steps, unworthy I have  
trod,  
And spurned the idols dark of Rome, for Him the  
Christian's God;  
I fear not death, however dread the ghastly shape he  
wear,  
The God I serve will give me strength thy torments all  
to bear."  
Darker than e'en the darkest cloud became her Judge's  
brow;  
And stern the tones he thundered forth, "What dost  
thou dare avow?  
Recant thy words, or by the Gods! I swear that thou  
shalt die."  
Unmoved she met his angry frown, his fierce and flashing  
eye.  
"Tribune! I've spoken,—hasten now, fulfil thy direful  
task,  
The martyr's bright and glorious crown is all the boon  
I ask."  
Fierce was the struggle raging then within the Tribune's  
breast,  
For she, that girl, in tones of love, he once had low  
addressed,  
And deeply as his haughty heart to earthly shrine might  
bow,  
He'd loved the being young and bright that stood before  
him now.  
With iron might he'd nerved himself to say the words  
of fate,  
To doom to death she whom he sought,—but sought in  
vain—to hate;  
And now, e'en in the final hour, spite of his creed of  
crime,  
His bigot heart and fierce belief, love triumphed for a  
time.  
"Irene! Irene!" he wildly said, "Brave not my fearful  
power;  
Wrong as thou art I'll pardon yet, aye, in the eleventh  
hour;  
Cast but one grain of incense on yon bright and sacred  
fire,  
And outraged, injured as I am, 'twill calm my vengeful  
ire.  
Bend but thy knee before the shrine where we've so  
often knelt,  
Joined in the same pure oraison, the same emotion felt;  
Forsake a creed whose very God with scorn was crucified,  
Reviled and outraged,—be again, Irene, our life and  
pride."  
He pressed the censor in her hand, of which one single  
throw  
Would have restored her all the joys, the bliss, that Earth  
might know;  
But, no! inspired by heavenly strength, she dashed the  
gift aside,  
"Tribune, I but believe in Him who on Mount Calvary  
died.  
Thy prayers, thy promises and threats, are vain as ocean's  
foam,  
I scorn them and thy gods,—the gods of pagan Rome!"  
No more she said, her cruel judge had hurled his  
glittering dart,  
Barbed with relentless rage it found his victim's daunt-  
less heart.  
She had but time to breathe a prayer that "he might be  
forgiven,"  
And in that breath her spotless soul had passed from  
Earth to Heaven.

# THE YOUNGER BROTHER.\*

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF THE FRONDE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ELIE BERTHET.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE BROTHERS.

LET us now return to the Baron de Croissi and Fabian, whom we left in the hostelry of "*The Three Pigeons*," at the moment when the Baron was about to reveal to his younger brother the object for which he had conducted him to Paris with such despatch and precaution.

Albert de Croissi having assured himself that the walls of the chamber were too thick to permit their voices to be heard in the neighbouring apartment, drew his chair as close as possible to that of Fabian, brought his lips towards the ear of the latter, and commenced, in his most insinuating tones, with the following exordium.

"I believe, brother, that I have always fulfilled towards you the duty of a good relative, and that I have not failed in the promise which I made to our father on his death-bed, to watch over you as if you were my own child. I do not desire now to recall the many proofs of confidence and affection which I have shewn towards yourself and Madame de Rieul, your mother; but you know how I behaved, at the moment when the death of the last Baron de Croissi made me master of my patrimonial inheritance, and left you no resource, but a convent for your mother—for yourself, the frock of a monk, or a page's tunic in the household of some seigneur of Normandy. I abandoned to you the complete possession of all my domains, I scarcely even demanded an account of your stewardship, and if I have not hitherto, Fabian, given you a position independent of myself, it is because I sought some such occasion as that which now presents itself, in order to assure you a brilliant fortune. I hope, then, that whatever may be the proposition I have now to offer, you will accept it as coming from one to whom, as your elder brother and benefactor, you owe affection, respect and gratitude."

We have already said that Fabian had a clear common-sense which made up in a great degree for his want of experience; he understood that

the object of these honied words and this enumeration of pretended benefits, was to lull his penetration with regard to the overtures about to be made to him, and he resolved to hold himself strictly on the watch. Already the mysterious proceedings of his brother had excited his distrust, in spite of the promise which the latter had taken care previously to secure from him. Thus, without entering into recriminations, altogether useless at that moment, he replied, in a tone of reserve, that he had not forgotten the bounty of his elder brother, that he should remember it all his life, and that he was quite prepared to afford all the proofs of gratitude which it might please his brother to demand—always provided that such should in no way derogate from his honor.

This last portion of his reply did not seem altogether to the taste of the Baron.

"Honor! honor!" he repeated impatiently, knitting his eyebrows; "might I know, fair sir, in what you deem it to consist? One, who is young and a novice in the world, is apt to attach very singular ideas to these fine words. But I hope, Fabian, that you will consider my age and superior experience, and will admit that I am as good a judge in such matters as any one else can be—not even excepting yourself."

"Sir!" replied Fabian, with firm moral courage, "I have never recognised in such a matter as this any other judge than my own conscience. But," continued he, more mildly, "there is no one in the world whose *advice* I would receive more willingly than that of my brother."

"'Tis well, Fabian!" returned Croissi, in a half satisfied tone, but yet avoiding to insist on this delicate point; "let us now come to the real object of our conversation."

Here the Baron paused, as if to reflect on the best mode of approaching a difficult avowal.

"Fabian!" he said at last, in that insinuating tone which he could at times so well assume; "yesterday, without being aware of it, you gave my fraternal heart very great satisfaction, when, at the tavern where we stopped to bait our horses, you showed such repugnance to wear that

\*Continued from page 133.

isabelle scarf which I thought it necessary for your safety to throw around your shoulders. You know, now, that we do not differ so much as you then thought, respecting affairs of state. I may have, for a time, followed the party of the Prince of Condé, when I believed him just and moderate; but I have abandoned him since I have witnessed his excesses. At present, I am devoted, heart and hand, to the Queen Regent, and it is in her service and in the service of the state, that I would counsel you to engage yourself with me."

Fabian was vividly struck with this opening, which he was very far from expecting.

"Is it possible, *Monsieur le Baron*?" he asked, with astonishment. "I avow frankly that your conduct, since yesterday morning, seemed to me to contradict your words on the subject of your breach with the Prince of Condé. You refused to render assistance to persons attached to the Queen, who were in imminent danger; you seemed not to be on good terms with the Coadjutor and his party. What could I suppose, then, but that you still belonged to the party whose colours you bore, and among whom you number your friends?"

The Baron smiled with an air of good-natured frankness, under which, however, he could not altogether conceal some little embarrassment.

"True, true!" he replied; "but where did you discover, Fabian, that to be of one faction, it is necessary to break off connexion with the friends we might have in the opposite party, when both are within the walls of the same town? Why, every day—in the Parliament itself—you will see instances of this. The gentlemen of the Coadjutor and those of the Prince may be obliged, at any moment, to cut one another's throats; but that does not prevent them, in the mean time, from occasionally emptying together a can of hippocras. This, my brother," he continued sententially, "is a philosophic view of our civil disorders. As for me, I have not openly broken with the party of the Prince; but all the world knows that I am inclined towards the court, and am become very nearly what is called, now-a-days, a Mazarin. You are about to have indubitable proofs of the sincerity of my devotion to the party I have embraced."

Although these explanations might have appeared rather obscure to any one with a perfect knowledge of the affairs of the day, they appeared to Fabian sincere, and awakened in his mind a regret for having ever suspected the intentions of his brother.

"Pardon me, Baron," he said readily, "for the opinions I involuntarily conceived of your

designs on my behalf. I confess, in all sincerity, that the party with which, in spite of your denial, I still considered you engaged, caused a fear that you might have some proposition to address to me, which would offend my loyalty and my respect for legitimate authority."

The Baron shrugged his shoulders almost imperceptibly.

"I had, however, taken every precaution," he said, severely, "to put you on your guard against any suspicion that might be excited by my conduct; but I excuse your ingratitude and distrust, Fabian, since we scarcely yet know each other, united though we be by the ties of blood. I trust that henceforth I shall have no such suspicions to reproach you with, and that you will not again misconceive the affection of your brother."

Fabian made a sign of assent, and resumed in a tone which showed nothing of that coldness and reserve he had displayed in the early part of this conversation:

"Speak, Albert, speak! I am anxious to know how it is that I can serve the royal mistress of my dear Elizabeth."

"And you may add *Mademoiselle de Montglat herself*," continued the Baron with equal warmth. "I have already told you, Fabian, that you were destined for great things; I may now add that never shall any one attain higher recompense, if you worthily fulfil the duty assigned to you. This is the matter: the friends of the Queen, in the number of whom I now count myself, have conceived the idea of a great enterprise which will bring to a close all our civil disorders; but, in order to its success, it was necessary to procure a young gentleman, who should be bold, active, robust, unknown in Paris, a stranger to all political parties, and prepared, in case of failure, to bear imprisonment, torture, death itself, without betraying or compromising any one else—whose devotion should be complete, and who could be content, if need were, with having obeyed his Sovereign, and perished for the safety of all."

"And you thought of me for this great mission?"

"It was of you I thought at first," replied the Baron calmly. "I said to myself, Fabian, that you were living poor and obscure, in your province; that this very poverty and obscurity condemned you to a miserable condition, from which my benefaction could not raise you; that you loved a noble lady, to whose hand your dependant position did not permit you to aspire, and that this hopeless love would form the punishment of your whole existence. I then bethought me

that you were one to hazard the happiness of your life on a cast, and you would readily expose your life to acquire those advantages which are awaiting to you, and which you so ardently desire. Thus, although the enterprize, I must avow, be somewhat hazardous, I silenced the whisperings of natural affection in my heart, and spoke of you to the powerful personages who have the direction of this affair, as the man, of all others, who could best carry out their designs. Without mentioning our exact relationship, which might have led them unjustly to suppose interested motives on my part, I described you such as you were, and they have accepted you for their champion, all, even the most elevated—the Queen and the Cardinal.”

CHAPTER XIII.

A PROPOSAL.

THE BARON DE CROISSI paused, as he uttered these illustrious names, and watched anxiously the effect of his words on Fabian.

“I am much gratified, Baron,” eagerly replied the latter, “that so many noble personages have deigned to place confidence in me in a matter of such moment, and I thank you for having afforded me an opportunity of exchanging my present position for a higher fortune, at the risk of an honorable death:—but you have not said what is expected of me.”

“I was just coming to that point,” said the Baron. “You must know then, Fabian, that there is in Paris a man whose disappearance the royal authority would purchase with the most magnificent rewards. This man places the state in peril every day, every hour of his life, and may at any moment cause a frightful disturbance, which would ensue in placing France in the hands of foreigners. He insults the Queen by his pride and insolence, he irritates her by his bold speech, or by the calumnies of the libellers in his pay; in short, brother, matters have come to this point, that this man must *cease to be dangerous*, or must be permitted to seize an authority equal to that of the Queen.”

“Well!” interrupted Fabian, impetuously; “has not the Queen faithful servitors to execute her orders—prisons strong enough to enclose a traitor securely?”

“Undoubtedly,” resumed the Baron, who appeared more cool and methodical as he saw his brother become more excited; “but we live in unhappy times, Fabian, and legitimate authority has not now that degree of strength and power which it formerly possessed; there are intriguers

who can successfully resist the united troops of the Regent, and he of whom we speak is of the number. He has ever near him a great number of friends and followers ready to draw the sword in his defence; and to attack him openly would probably accelerate the catastrophe which is feared. At a secret council of the partisans of the Queen, another project was therefore determined on, the execution of which has been entrusted to you. By means which will hereafter be explained to you, you will be brought into the presence of this mighty criminal, in a place where he will be almost alone with you, and—you will render a good account of him.”

“But, sir!” replied Fabian, simply, “an arrest like this is the business of an exempt, or a captain of the guard.”

A singular smile lit up the features of the Baron.

“You do not understand me,” he said, calmly. “An exempt or a captain of the guard would give to this—*arrest*, an official character which it is desirable to avoid. It must not appear—understand me well—that this enterprize is directed by the court, against the personage who is the object of it;—he must disappear suddenly from the political stage, without any one knowing what has become of him. It is for this reason that they have chosen an unknown country gentleman like yourself. Should the blow fail, those who have employed you will—I warn you fairly—infalibly disavow you, and your obscure position will compromise no one. Should it succeed, a profound mystery will shroud the deed, and you will receive in open day, under some plausible pretext, the reward of the service which you will then have rendered in secret. You now see to what circumstances you owe the choice that has been made of you.”

Fabian did not yet very clearly comprehend what service was required of him.

“Excuse me, Baron,” he resumed, “but were there not in Paris stout and resolute men enough for such an enterprize, without going so far to seek a young provincial like me, whose want of experience in such sort of affairs, might cause it to miscarry?”

“It was absolutely necessary,” replied his brother, “that the person charged with this important mission should be a gentleman by birth, and one also in whom implicit trust could be placed. You can perceive, Fabian, that if the secret were entrusted to a mere tool, or to a greedy and avaricious man, he might sell it to the very one against whom the scheme is directed, and who is rich enough to pay for it most bountifully. It was requisite, therefore, to secure a

bold and honest man—one who would give to those who employed him the most perfect safety in his discretion."

"Very true, brother! but is so much risk and danger as all this, incurred in the mere execution of a *mandate*, legally decreed by a superior authority?"

The Baron de Croissi regarded him steadily for a few moments, before replying.

"It might happen," he said at length, in a cold and sinister tone, "that this enemy of the state might offer resistance, and that, to bring the matter to an end, one might be obliged to let him a little blood, with sword or poniard."

Fabian became as pale as marble, and a cold sweat bedewed his forehead.

"And do you believe," he demanded, endeavouring to conceal his agitation, "that this personage will be disposed thus to resist?"

"There is little doubt of it," replied the Baron, "for he is not of a race of lambs—it is the Prince of Condé!"

This illustrious name rendered too strong for concealment those feelings of indignation which had filled the heart of Fabian, from the moment that he comprehended the truth.

"Is it the first prince of the blood—the great Condé—the glory of France—whose assassination you propose to me?" he cried out with vehemence.

"Peace! in the name of heaven!" said the Baron, in suppressed tones, rising from his chair as he spoke; "peace! you might be overheard."

"And is it you, my brother!" continued Fabian, "who exact that I should imbrue my hands in this noble blood,—that I should strike the hero and the saviour of France?"

"Silence, Fabian! or, I swear to you —."

"And you hoped to make me believe—me, a poor ignorant provincial—that a scheme so horrid as this was sanctioned by the Queen!"

"Wilt thou hold thy peace, wretch?" said the Baron, catching him by the arm.

At the same moment Fabian saw a dagger gleam above his head. Quick as lightning, the active young man seized the menacing weapon, and in his turn pointed it at his brother's throat; then, throwing it from him, he sank into his chair, and covered his eyes with his hands.

Silence for a few moments succeeded to this rapid scene.

"Monsieur de Croissi!" murmured Fabian, with much agitation; "what would our poor father have said, could he have seen us in the position we but now assumed against each other?"

"He would have said, Fabian," replied Albert, coolly, "that you were a positive and punctilious

fool, who, instead of calmly discussing the proposals made to you for your own interest, began shouting out imprudent words which might have secured us a snug corner in some state prison!—Come, Fabian," he continued, in a more friendly tone, approaching his brother, who was sunk in gloomy silence; "let us forget this hasty outbreak, and converse without passion and without prejudice. You have taken offence at a proposition which many nobles in Paris would have accepted without a moment's hesitation, could they have fulfilled the conditions imposed. To cite only one example, the great Duke of Guise had rendered to France much more valuable service than this turbulent and ambitious Condé, and yet, when he was poniarded in the very antechamber of King Henry the Third, no one dared to blame the gentleman who did the deed for having thus obeyed the order of their sovereign; their shield received no stain from this bold act, and I could name the descendants of more than one of them who carry their heads high at court, and who cite this action of their ancestors as a proof of their loyalty and courage. What we must all unite in deploring, Fabian, is that the blind rage of factious parties has driven the Queen to such extremity, that she cannot save France without having recourse to means which her own heart, and those of her devoted councillors, regret as much as your own."

The Baron here paused, to judge of the effect of his words on the mind of his brother.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## REFUSAL AND ASSENT.

DURING the studied speech of his brother, Fabian had remained silent and thoughtful, as if measuring the depth of the abyss into which the attempt was now made to thrust him.

"Sir!" he said, with an effort at calmness, "I am no great casuist, and I have neither the ability nor the desire to dispute with you on such matters. I pray you, however, to tell me what will happen, should I absolutely refuse to undertake the task you prescribe?"

"You may suppose, Fabian," replied the Baron, somewhat sternly, "that I must have foreseen the possibility of your refusal, and taken my measures in consequence. Now that you possess this important secret, should you believe yourself bound to reveal it to the Prince, a civil war would immediately break forth from one end of France to the other, and I confess that this might appear to the New Fronde a specious enough pretext for a rebellion. If you refuse to serve us, there-

fore, here is what will put us beyond the reach of your indiscretions."

At the same time he drew from his pocket several blank *lettres de cachet*, which he threw on the table.

"I have only to scrawl your name on one of these papers," he continued, "and within the hour the gates of Vincennes or the Bastille would close on you forever."

"What!" exclaimed Fabian, in accents of reproach; "you—Albert de Croissi—you would have me dragged to a dungeon, because I refuse a mission from which my conscience recoils? Albert, my brother, you would not!"

"I would drag you there with my own hands," muttered his brother fiercely; "you know not, young man, how insignificant you are, compared with the safety of such a secret!"

"But I am not so insignificant compared with yourself," returned Fabian, drawing himself up; "we are alone; I am more active and robust than you; I can withdraw myself from your unjust tyranny."

The Baron shook his head, with some appearance of pity; then, rising gravely, he took Fabian by the arm, and conducting him to the window, pointed out two or three sinister looking personages who paced up and down the paved court of the hostelry.

"Did I not tell you, that all my precautions were taken?" he repeated. "Look at these men! any one of them would kill you without compunction, at a sign from me—you may guess whether they will have the least scruple in conducting you to Vincennes, in obedience to a *lettre de cachet*. A chariot is stationed a few paces from the gate. Other trusty individuals surround the house, and would gather here at the least noise. At this present moment, any one who pleases may enter the hostelry, but no one can leave it without my express permission."

"Well, then! I will cry aloud—I will divulge your secret—I will rouse the people."

"If you cry out, they will gag you; if you divulge the secret to any one of your guards, you only condemn him to share your captivity, and I believe you too honorable to involve in your misfortunes a poor fellow who cannot help himself. Besides, I have so arranged, that no one will believe you, if you should speak. Lastly, if the people should attempt any obstruction, we have only to show the order of the king, and all would be quiet again. Have done with this folly, Fabian! it may chance to cost you dear."

Another profound silence followed these words. The young De Croissi had thrown himself into a seat with a countenance expressive of utter despair,

convinced that all resistance was useless. The Baron remained standing before him, unmoved and inexorable.

"Come, make haste!" he resumed, after a little; "what is your decision?"

"Sir!" said Fabian, in a low tone; "you have spoken to me of the crime, why do you not speak also of the reward?"

This question seemed to intimate that Fabian was wavering, and might yield to necessity—and though this hope was vague and uncertain, Albert caught eagerly at it.

"The reward!" he repeated. "You know already that it is immense, and all you can exact shall be added. You love Mademoiselle de Montglat—she shall be given you in marriage; together with her, you shall receive a magnificent dowry, titles, honours, estates—"

"But," interrupted Fabian, eagerly; "is it indeed true, that Elizabeth is aware of this arrangement, and is ready to ratify it? No! no! they have deceived her, I am certain—or I myself have been deceived."

"On the honour of a gentleman, Fabian!" returned his brother, "she is acquainted with the plot, and has promised to reward, with her hand and fortune, your devotion to her royal mistress."

"She, too!" murmured the young man, "she too leagues with my brother, to make me an assassin!"

As he said this, he leaned his forehead on the table, to conceal the tears that began silently to roll down his cheeks. The Baron took advantage of this moment of tenderness, and employed all the perfidious artifice he had acquired amid the intrigues of a court, to secure the assent of Fabian. He besought—he threatened—he enumerated in detail the evils which overwhelmed France, since the death of Louis XIII., and all which he attributed to the pride and ambition of the Prince of Condé. He endeavoured to convince his brother that in obeying legitimate authority, he would do nothing against justice, either human or divine—he enlarged on the immense rewards which success would ensure him. Fabian scarcely listened to him, and remained overwhelmed with poignant regret. At last, he slowly raised himself, and asked in a voice almost inaudible:

"Can you shew me an order from the Queen's own hand, charging me to strike down her enemy?"

"Such an order, Fabian, would be too dangerous to sign, and it would be absurd to ask it—but, if you will rest content with a verbal order, I promise that you shall see the Queen, and receive your instructions from her own lips."

"And Elizabeth—the Countess de Montglat!"

can you also place me in her presence, and let me hear from herself her approbation of this terrible enterprise?"

"I can, and will!"

"Be it so, then!" said the younger brother. "On these conditions. I accept the task. I will do whatever may be commanded me by these two ladies,—to one of whom I owe so profound respect—to the other have vowed so fervent love."

These words were pronounced somewhat wildly, but Albert only heard the promise so eagerly desired.

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed, his features lit up with joy. "You would not—you could not deceive me, Fabian; it would be too perilous a jest. Yes! I repeat it, you shall this night hear the Queen and Mademoiselle de Montglat, both enjoining on you this extreme measure, which is to ensure the safety of France. But in your turn, Fabian, you must promise secrecy and devotion, whatever may happen. Should the blow fail, your life will, no doubt, be ultimately saved—but we cannot provide against the violence that may be done you—the tortures you may have to suffer. You must swear that you will be as silent as the tomb. One word from your mouth might ruin the Queen, the Countess de Montglat, myself your brother, and many others besides."

"Tha' oath," said Fabian, in stifled tones, and with drooping head, "shall not be made by me to you; no one has a right to demand it, save the Queen."

"Well! you shall see her, as I have said, this evening."

"And Elizabeth?"

Ere the Baron could reply, a gentle tapping was heard at the door of the apartment, and a voice, almost breathless with haste, exclaimed "Fabian! Fabian!"

The young De Croissi at once recognised the tones of that voice.

"It is she herself!" he cried; "now we shall see, Baron, if you have played me false or not."

As he spoke he rushed towards the door, and opening it, Elizabeth, masked and enveloped in a mantle, entered precipitately.

#### CHAPTER XV.

#### ELIZABETH DE MONTGLAT.

THE appearance of this unexpected visitor seemed to stupify the Baron de Croissi; however, he saluted, with an ironical air of politeness, the young Countess, who had unmasked immediately upon entering. Pale and agitated, she looked anxiously towards Fabian, who remained gloomy and silent in her presence, and displayed none of

those transports of joy which might have been expected from a young man deeply in love, on beholding, after a long absence, the object of his passion. The Countess divined the truth.

"Fabian!" she murmured, taking his hand in her own; "I have come too late, have I not? He has told you —"

"Everything," replied Fabian, turning away his eyes.

"And in your heart you accuse me—you reproach me as the cause of your ruin? Oh! Fabian! do not condemn me till you hear me!"

"Have I addressed a single word of reproach to you, Mademoiselle?" replied Fabian, sadly. "My life belongs to you—you have done right to dispose of it!"

The Countess cast a hasty glance towards the Baron.

"Be calm, Fabian!" she hurriedly whispered; "and be not astonished at anything I may say while in *his* presence."

At this moment the Baron approached; his pale and meagre countenance wore an expression of self-satisfied cunning, mingled with some little astonishment.

"*Passez! Mademoiselle,*" he said, in that light and trifling tone which was fashionable in the court circles; "is it the custom of the maids of honour of our august Queen thus to visit young cavaliers? Saint Denis! this would be a pleasant story to amuse the idlers of the Palais-Royal; and you will admit, fair lady! that you have placed yourself, in some degree, at my discretion."

"I know you to be too prudent, Baron de Croissi, and above all too good a politician," replied Elizabeth proudly, "to fear that you will ever pervert to my discredit so innocent a step,—particularly when you know that I have come here in pursuance of an order from my Royal Mistress."

"An order from the Queen!" repeated Albert in alarm; "what means this? Some new caprice, no doubt! Oh! what a fool is the courtier or statesman who places his courage and devotion at the beck of a woman! The wisest and most resolute is sure to lack energy at the moment of action."

"Stay, sir!" interrupted the Countess, imperiously; "here, as everywhere, the wishes of your sovereign ought to be sacred to you. But unhappily," she continued, in a milder tone, "I know that it is too late to execute those with which I was commissioned."

"What mean you, Mademoiselle?"

"The Queen, on the representation which I made to her, that your brother might experience

a great repugnance to the enterprise in question, sent you an order to reveal nothing to him, and to choose some other instrument."

Fabian made a motion of surprise.

"Was this all?" said the Baron tranquilly.

"Well, my charming young lady, you may re-assure your own mind and that of the Queen, on the subject of my brother. He has not taken the matter in such very bad part; and, saving some scruples which will easily be removed, he accepts the task."

"He accepts!" repeated Elizabeth, trembling.

"Yes! he will tell you so himself."

"Oh! you have not told him the truth!" replied the young Countess, energetically. "You have misled his reason by some cunning fable!"

"Answer for yourself, Fabian!" said the Baron, smiling.

"I know," said Fabian, with a slow and solemn voice, "that I am charged to shed the purest blood in France,—that I am charged to strike to the death, meanly and treacherously, the hero who has saved the State in twenty battles, and has acquired immortal glory! But I know, also, that Elizabeth de Montglat was the first to engage me to this enterprise, and it is on the faith of her name that I will go through with it."

"Fabian! oh Fabian! do not believe—"

"What would you say, Mademoiselle?" cried the Baron, fixing on her his keen glance; "do you forget so soon the engagements you have taken in my presence, and would you now disavow your actions and your words?"

The Countess bent her head with an air of shame and grief.

"Will you deny," resumed Albert, "that you knew with what purpose I was about to bring Fabian to Paris, when you entrusted me with a billet to ensure his consent?"

"I do not deny it," replied Elizabeth, faintly.

"Is it not true that you have promised to bestow your hand on my brother, in recompense for the service he is about to render to the State?"

"Have pity, Baron!" exclaimed Elizabeth, amid her tears.

"Reply, reply!" repeated Albert, in a menacing tone; "is it true, or not?"

"It is true!"

"You hear her, Fabian!" resumed the Baron, turning towards his brother, who observed with consternation, the species of moral torture which Elizabeth had undergone; "you see whether I have deceived you. One of the conditions on which you have promised obedience has been fulfilled; the other will soon be so likewise."

The Baron paused, and cast on the silent

Fabian and sobbing Elizabeth, a look of triumph.

"Now, that we understand each other," he continued tranquilly, "we must separate. This evening, Fabian, I will come to conduct you into the presence of those who must see you before you put our design in execution; till then, seek not to issue from this house, or you may meet rough friends ere you go far. For myself, I go immediately to announce the result of our interview to some who are anxiously awaiting it; I shall be happy, Mademoiselle," he went on with overstrained politeness, "to offer my hand to lead you to your carriage."

"If it is an order you thus convey," replied the young lady, repressing her emotion with an effort, "I refuse to submit to it; if an invitation such as may become a gentleman of your birth, I avow frankly, Sir, that I wish to converse for a few moments with Monsieur Fabian de Croissi."

"Ah! yes! yes! stay here!" exclaimed Fabian wildly; "I must speak to you, or die!"

"It is—it can be—nothing more than an invitation," replied the Baron, with a sarcastic smile; "I only conceived the proprieties of society, which a noble lady ought to observe—"

"There are circumstances still more imperative than the proprieties of society," interrupted the Countess

"I leave you, then," resumed Albert. "Bill and coo as you please, my pretty turtles; but take good care to recollect the promises you have both made, and not to say too much—I give you this counsel as a friend—Adieu!"

He fixed a significant look on the Countess, and then left the room.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

#### THE LOVERS.

SCARCELY was the door closed, when Mademoiselle de Montglat, giving free course to the feelings she had hitherto endeavored to repress, quickly approached Fabian, and said to him, with despair:

"This cannot be, Fabian! It is not true that you have undertaken this horrid enterprise? Hasten to assure me of this! Oh no! you are too noble, too loyal, too generous, to be concerned in this frightful plot!"

"And you, Elizabeth!" demanded the young man passionately. "Tell me that you have never approved it! Tell me that I have not rightly understood the avowal made by you before the Baron—that it has been forced from you by violence, and that you have never desired to urge me to assassination!"



"Never, never! you are right, Fabian! Falsehood and violence *were* employed—but you will learn afterwards all that I have had to suffer. And yet, Fabian, I knew not the whole truth till very lately. Had I learned it sooner—even at the risk of your hatred and contempt, of the utter oblivion of our happy days of yore—I would never have consented that my name should be employed to engage you in this disastrous affair."

"In the name of all that is dear to you, Elizabeth! what is the mystery that thus forced your lips to bewray your heart?"

"I cannot now reveal it," replied the young Countess, sadly; "for mercy's sake! ask me no more at this moment!"

"Oh! Elizabeth! Elizabeth! have pity on my anguish. Does this secret involve aught that would lead you to blush in my presence? Must I fear your failure in those solemn engagements we interchanged amid the calm shades of Montglat?"

"No, no! if through heedlessness or ignorance I have committed a fault, it is of a nature to receive your indulgence, even though it may draw on me the enmity of the powerful. But let us leave this painful subject, I beseech you! Hasten rather to tell me that you repulse with horror this infamous proposition."

"Dear Elizabeth!" replied Fabian de Croisi, in a reproachful tone; "could you believe me capable of so dark a deed? Did you not reflect that a cruel necessity might force me also to wrong with my lips the sentiments of my heart?"

"What was this necessity? What were the motives that led you to accept this proposal without reflection and without delay?"

"No time was permitted for reflection, and, besides, it would not have altered my determination, which is to withdraw myself from the unworthy action they demand of me; I wished to gain time and lull the suspicions of my brother."

"But he will return and claim the fulfilment of the promise you have made."

"I had prefixed to this promise two conditions with which I thought it impossible to comply."

"The one —?"

"Was that you should confirm in person the interest you were said to take in this enterprise."

"Alas! you see that I cannot openly dissuade you from it.—And the other?"

"That I should receive from the lips of the Regent herself the order to strike the first Prince of the Blood; and this condition I am much deceived if the Baron, with all his confidence, can fulfil."

"Was it on the faith of this impossibility that you made this solemn engagement?" cried the Countess in despair; "unhappy Fabian! retract this promise, or you are lost."

"You believe, then, that the Regent—"

"The Regent is so maddened by hatred, so led astray by evil counsel, so stimulated by the consciousness of her own weakness and the power of her enemy, that she will calculate nothing. What would be monstrous and impossible in ordinary times, appears quite natural in periods of danger like the present. You know not how cruel a thing is faction. The Queen has received certain information that the Prince designs to render himself master of the person of the king, that he has sent emissaries into Flanders to treat with the Spaniards, that he has determined to deprive her of the regency, and treat her as the late Cardinal treated Marie de Medicis. In short, she has arrived at that pitch, that she would purchase the death of her enemy by the dearest sacrifices. There are not wanting around her counsellors to feed this devouring fire, and amongst these your brother is not the least forward—in addition to this, Cardinal Mazarin, who from the frontier directs all the operations of the court party, has approved the plan of the tragedy in which you were to play so terrible a part. Judge now, if the Queen is likely to shrink from the formality you require. What matters, after all, the verbal order she will give you? If afterwards, when you appeared before your judges, you were to divulge the truth, no one would believe you. Think what you now are—think what you would be, when, arraigned before the High Court of Parliament, you accused the Queen and the lords of her court, of having urged you to this crime. From respect to the royal power, your voice would be stifled at the first word. All whom you called to witness, would disavow you—your brother among the first; and even should I devote myself for you, what could we do, weak as we are, against so mighty a power? Besides, do you believe they would take no precaution, even before you could be brought to judgment, to render your indiscretion impossible? Who knows what would become of you in the gloomy cells of the Chatelet, when they had so much interest in silencing your voice? The Queen knows all this, Fabian, and, rest assured, she will neither refuse to see you, nor to give you this remorseless order. You know not of what a proud and angry woman is capable, when outraged at once as a mother and a sovereign."

Fabian remained silent for a few moments after she had ceased.

"You have said, Elizabeth," he replied at last, "that the Queen is led astray by evil counsel, and this resolves me in the project I have formed; I will see her, I will let her hear the truth, and perhaps Heaven may give my voice the power to

touch her heart and convince her how unworthy is such a deed of the unsullied majesty of the throne. At times a few frank and heartfelt words may suffice to calm the most violent and obstinate spirits. Seek not to dissuade me from the project; I place no account on my life. I will fulfil what I consider a great duty—what matters it, then, what they may do with me? You, at least, Elizabeth, if I should suffer for my boldness, will neither despise nor condemn my memory."

"Oh! abandon this dangerous resolution, Fabian!" exclaimed the Countess, in a supplicating tone; "it is foolish, it is fatal! Stay! there may yet be time," she added hastily; "fly, Fabian! seek in Paris some obscure retreat, and there remain concealed until the storm be past."

"Fly!" replied Fabian despondingly; "do you forget that the most rigorous precautions have been taken to prevent my escape?"

Mademoiselle de Montglat opened the window and threw an eager glance around the yard; the myrmidons of the Baron were still sauntering up and down.

"They are still there!" she murmured in despair. "Heaven help us! what can we do? Ah!" she exclaimed, with sudden emphasis; "my chariot is at the gate of the hostelry—we might easily reach it."

"They would allow you to pass and retain me by force," answered Fabian.

"But these people do not know you, and however exact may have been the Baron's description, they will perhaps hesitate ere they seize you. Now, a few seconds will suffice to place us in the chariot, and bring us beyond the reach of pursuit. Let us attempt it, Fabian! perhaps they will not dare to use violence. If they attack us, you can use your sword—if we cannot escape, we may at least perish together."

"Dear Elizabeth! I cannot suffer—"

"Come, Fabian, come! I will have it so!"

Fabian would probably have yielded to his fair companion, and attempted an enterprise which might have succeeded from its very audacity, but a sudden noise within the hostelry, arrested their attention. Hasty steps were heard on the stairs, and the Baron de Croissi rushed into the apartment, while, through the open door, the young lovers could perceive several fierce-looking individuals, who had followed him, and who remained without, ready to execute his orders. The young Countess, seeing this spectacle, feared some sinister attempt, and by a spontaneous movement, threw herself before Fabian, as if to defend him. Albert, without remarking this sign of distrust, rapidly approached his brother.

"Fabian!" he said in a low tone, "you must follow me, and quit this house immediately. A vehicle awaits us, and I suppose you will not oblige me to employ force."

"Whither are you about to conduct him?" asked Mademoiselle de Montglat, in alarm.

"That you may learn on some future day," coldly returned the Baron.

"Well, Monsieur," haughtily demanded Fabian, "what would you do, should I refuse to comply with such an invitation? Have you not already cruelly abused the authority you have assumed over me?"

"Do not force me to extremities which I wish to avoid," continued Albert, in the same low tone; "but hasten to follow me. It may be as well that you should know these people, without there, to be the blind instruments of my will. I do not even fear, so much as you might fancy, the indiscretions with which you threatened me this morning. I have spread in this house the report that your mind was weak, and that you were subject to fits of madness. Your melancholy has not belied this assertion, and ought that you could say would be attributed to your supposed malady."

"Wretch! infamous wretch!" murmured Elizabeth.

Fabian was pale with anger, and his teeth were clenched convulsively; for a moment he seemed about to yield free course to the indignation that filled his soul. In the mean time, on a signal from the Baron, his followers entered the apartment, and in a few minutes the baggage of Fabian, and that which Albert had left in the hostelry the previous evening, were transported into the coach which awaited them. The young lovers preserved a strict silence in the presence of these strangers, whose looks seemed fixed on all their motions. However, while they were descending the staircase, preceded by the Baron, Fabian furtively pressed the hand of the Countess, and whispered:

"Adieu, Elizabeth! may you be happy!"

"We must not say adieu yet," whispered the young lady in reply. "Fabian! my future fate shall be ruled by yours. We shall meet again this evening, if I mistake not."

The Baron gallantly conducted the Countess to her own chariot, whilst his attendants caused Fabian to enter the other, with an overstrained politeness that betokened excessive distrust. Albert joined him immediately; the young couple exchanged a sad parting glance, and the vehicles drove off in opposite directions.

(To be continued.)

# DEAF MOLLY.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY E. L. C.

"Yes, she is as deaf as ——." I paused hesitating for a comparison, but Mary supplied it.

"As deaf as Deaf Molly," she said, laughing.

"Ah! you are right," I answered, "for in truth the sealed ear of the dead was never more impenetrable to earthly sound, than was the insensible organ of Deaf Molly. Poor old crone! how well I remember her!"

And as her image thus invoked from its rest, passed before my mind's eye, and I mechanically repeated the name of this unknown and obscure individual, a hidden chord was touched within my soul, a thousand fond and tender reminiscences were awakened, and years long passed away rolled back, giving again to view the almost forgotten events which they had borne afar upon their wings.

Again I stood among those gently swelling hills and sunny valleys, where, in the joyous spirit of childhood, and the untamed buoyancy of youth, I had revelled in delight—that innocent and unalloyed delight which the sweet influences of nature awaken in the young and happy heart. Again I heard the sound of the Sabbath bell which had so often called me to that house of prayer, within whose consecrated walls, for many long and quiet years, my revered father broke the bread of life, patiently and faithfully ministering to the spiritual wants of his little flock.

Once more I threaded the green windings of that embowered lane which led from the village highway to my romantic and sequestered home, and caught again, through the drooping branches of the sheltering elms, a glimpse of the white walls of my native dwelling, and of the grey, irregular rocks, which, clothed with feathery locusts, and crowned with a simple summer-house, rose almost perpendicularly from the green and sheltered valley in which it stood.

And what a lovely landscape was unrolled to the view from that rustic summer-house, and how often have I stood there with dear friends, and the beloved sister who was then to me but as another self, to gaze with never wearying delight upon its picturesque and varied features. I doubt not there are other scenes as rich in natural

beauty, but none, it seemed to me in those happy days, that combined so much to charm the eye, within the same limited compass—and even now, as in the faithful glass of memory I behold that lovely picture, I can find no parallel to it in reality, nor yet in the wide stretching scope of an imagination that is often wont to soar upon a daring wing.

There it lay—I see it now—the terraced garden sloping downward with its laden peach-trees, and its white espaliers glancing through the wreathing foliage of the grape, to the simple dwelling at its foot, draped with climbing roses and honey-suckles, and embosomed in protecting elms—while far away the eye roved over the exquisite panoramas of hill and dale, streamlet and wood, shewing here and there a quiet cottage nestling amid waving cornfields and blooming orchards, or the more elegant abode of wealth, with its patrician appendages of luxury and comfort.

That beautifully rounded hill opposite is Nonantum, hallowed in the early history of New-England, by the name of Elliot—the venerable, self denying apostle, who left the pleasant homesteads of his own native Britain, to speak the word of life to the poor savages of the American forests. He it was, whose labours of love first led them to comprehend the great and glorious truths of Christianity, and that green mountain was the earliest scene of his benign mission.

Then it stood, a wild and howling wilderness; behold it now, smiling to its summit with the traces of man's toil, crowned with tasteful villas, dotted with forest trees and orchards, bright with various coloured grain, rich with luxuriant vegetation. Softly shines the star of evening above that beautiful eminence—gorgeous are the gold and purple clouds that curtain it—varied and exquisite in their swiftly changing hues, saddening by imperceptible degrees, till the dim shadows of twilight steal over the fair face of nature, and the distant outline of the landscape is alone discernible against the grey horizon,—as one by one the bright stars shine out in the sapphire sky.

But away with these softening memories of the past—memories, "pleasant yet mournful to the

soul,"—and let me hasten to sketch the brief and uneventful history of the individual, the echo of whose name, linked with the earliest associations of childhood, has awakened them, from slumber.

It was at the foot of Nonantum that Deaf Molly dwelt,—and her image now stands vividly before me, though long years have passed and gone since the grave closed over her imperfections. But time has not weakened the impression which her singular figure made upon my youthful mind, and I see her at this moment as plain as though she were still in life, such as she then appeared to me—with her small withered face, lighted by eyes of the palest blue, that snapped and sparkled with no gentle fires, and her grey hair combed back from her low furrowed brow, beneath a little cap of snowy whiteness.

Her diminutive figure was always clad in a dark petticoat of coarse stuff, over which she wore a checked apron, the corner of which she was in the habit of twitching when more than usually excited. A gown of striped blue cotton reached a short distance below her waist, and was furnished with large sleeves, loose, and scanty in length, barely extending to the wrists, and so leaving exposed to view a large bony hand, which, when she ventured abroad, usually grasped a basket of no tiny dimensions. Her feet, not fairy-like in their proportions, were covered with stout leather shoes, fastened on the instep by broad old-fashioned buckles,—and a scarlet cloak, the hood of which was sometimes drawn over her cap, but more frequently lay idly back upon her shoulders, completed her attire.

In this guise she would occasionally steal forth from her lonely dormitory, before the cock gave warning of approaching day, and cautiously gliding over field and through lane, choosing ever the most unfrequented paths, hasten to pay her customary visit to the few favorite individuals, with whom she condescended to hold any intercourse; and well she knew, that after the hospitable entertainment of a day, she should not wend her homeward way at night, without the additional encumbrance of a well-filled basket of *creature comforts*, with which to replenish her empty larder.

How often, when a child, have I risen in the morning and found poor Molly quietly ensconced in the ample corner of the kitchen fire-place; and sedulously were we taught by our parents to make her understand, by acts, for words fell unheeded on her ear, that we studied her comfort, and regarded her with kindness and consideration. She was one of those unhappy beings called a misanthrope—with a few individual exceptions she disliked her whole species,—but the

lordly part of creation were objects of her utter abhorrence. From all that I could ever learn, there were only two among them who were exempt from her bitter curse—and these were my father and a brother clergyman, the minister of a neighboring parish, towards both of whom she uniformly manifested an affection as intense in its degree as was the hatred she expended upon others.

Every boy in the country for miles around, knew the peculiarities of Deaf Molly's character, and the consequence was, that they thought her fair game for every mischievous trick they chose to play—for, considering her avowed spite towards them, wholly unjust, they revenged themselves by assailing her whenever she went abroad, with jeats and jeers, and often even, most unwarrantably, casting such missiles as came to hand, without scruple at her person.

At such times, her rage knew no bounds—for though she could not hear their shouts and vociferations, their actions were not to be misunderstood, and after enduring in dogged silence, till nature could endure no longer, at least not her irascible nature, she would turn and stand like a hunted hyena at bay, and in a paroxysm of rage, that likened her to one of the weird sisters, would grasp a handful of turf and stones, and hurl them with curses, deep and loud, at her persecutors.

It was in order to avoid such encounters that Molly always stole out before dawn when intent upon some visit, and seldom ventured back till the shadows of evening had fallen on her path—for well she knew the woe that betided her, should light enough remain for one unruly vagrant to catch a glimpse of her figure; as then a host seemed instantly to gather, and to escape from their insults with impunity, she felt to be impossible.

The same degree of caution was likewise observed by her at home, for the door of her room was never left unlocked, and if any of her few friends desired to enter, as she could not hear their knock, they were in the habit of protruding a long stick through the key-hole; though even then, so habitual were her suspicions of evil, she delayed to admit them, till she had reconnoitered their persons through that aperture, and assured herself they were not foes.

Suspicion and hatred were component parts of her character. The tender charities of life were unknown to her—she was a stranger to the gentle and feminine virtues of her sex, for instead of the milk of human love and kindness, a cold and bitter stream circled through her veins, and fed with gall the fountains of her isolated heart. And yet, with strange inconsistency of character.

she, who shunned and hated her fellow beings, loved and pitied all inferior animals, writhing ever with inward agony, if she witnessed any act of cruelty inflicted upon them. The feline race were her peculiar favorites, and she cherished always two or more grimalkins, that she caressed, and fed almost to repletion. Yet this extreme indulgence was not without alloy to the objects of her care, since she compelled them to endure the solitude to which she condemned herself—permitting them to hold no intercourse with the external world, and inflicting on them condign punishment, with a rod kept for that purpose, whenever, eluding her vigilance, they made their escape through the seldom opened door.

Yet, singular and unlovely as she was, I ever regarded Deaf Molly with peculiar interest and pity. I deeply commiserated the utter solitude of her feelings and existence, and to my sister and myself, it was a joyful event, when on a holiday afternoon, we were permitted to go, like little Red-Ridinghood, with "a pot of butter and a custard," or some equally acceptable dainty, across the green fields to the lone dwelling of poor old Molly.

How joyously we went on our way towards the swelling height of beautiful Nonantum—leaping with childish glee across the dancing streams, pausing to gather anemones in every sheltered nook, and climbing many a craggy ledge to pluck the scarlet columbine, whose tuft of tasseled flowers, nodding often on the farthest point of a jutting rock high above our heads, became a prize more coveted from the very difficulty which lay in the way of its attainment.

And then, when after many pleasant loiterings we reached at last the remote chamber of our deaf friend, and gave the usual signal of our presence, by pushing the flexile willow stick, which we had carefully peeled, through the key-hole, how impatiently we waited to hear the key turn in the heavy lock, and how gladly leaped our hearts as she cautiously unclosed the door, and with kindly greeting, motioned us to enter. But the most joyous moment of all was, when we gave the precious basket into her outstretched hand, and marked the glad sparkle of her eye as she removed the napkin and scanned its dainty contents. With shrugs and winks, and strange grimaces, would she express her thanks, pointing at the same time, with a cautionary gesture, towards the door, to intimate, with habitual suspicion, that there were listeners on the other side.

And then, to testify her hospitable feeling, she would, seeking to amuse us, direct our attention in her uncouth manner, to the various articles for

use or ornament, contained in her apartment, which certainly presented a singular *melange* to our wondering eyes. Ancient looking utensils were hung against the walls, intermingled with a few of more modern and every day shape, and on a venerable table of strange form, as it then appeared to me, beneath which skulked the frightened cats, stood various articles of old fashioned china, all of different patterns, and such as now would be esteemed of priceless worth by the fanciers of such antique *bijouterie*.

Nearly in the centre of the room stood a huge chest of drawers, carved and quaint, reaching almost to the ceiling, and looking very much as if it had just walked out of place, for some especial purpose of its own. But the objects which chiefly attracted our childish admiration were a pair of tiny brass scales, polished almost to dazzling brightness, which hung side by side with an iron tripod, invented for what use it would be impossible to say. In my simplicity, I imagined them to be composed of precious metal, and attached to them an inordinate value, from the circumstance of their being the only shining articles among the dusty and rust-eaten valuables which constituted poor Molly's worldly wealth.

When our visit ended, and we prepared to depart, Molly would bestow upon us a few withered apples, or a handful of decayed nuts, and stealthily unclosing her door, thrust us out, bidding us hasten home, and be sure to keep out of the wicked boys' way. And truly, a joyous sense of liberty came over our young spirits when we quitted the singular abode of that strange woman, and with gay and glad hearts bounded on our homeward path, talking of all we had seen, and even then planning another visit at no distant day, through those pleasant fields, to the solitary home of Deaf Molly.

No kindness or gentleness seemed to have any effect in ameliorating the peculiarities of old Molly. As time wore on, they became even more marked,—her antipathies grew stronger, and her suspicious temper more alive to real or fancied wrong. Still she might be seen at early dawn, or when the shades of evening darkened the landscape, stealing along the hill side, with a cautious step, and restless eye that glanced furtively around as if eager to detect some lurking foe, for whom she was ever on the watch. Yet they who noted her from year to year, could perceive her gait gradually falter, and her low figure stoop as though the hand of time were pressing heavily upon her. She climbed the hills with a less elastic step, and the basket which ever hung upon her arm seemed, from its weight,

to have become a burdensome appendage. Age, with its infirmities, was stealing fast upon her, relaxing the nerve of iron, and palsying the hand which had seldom done an act of Christian love or kindness.

But the decay of her physical powers wrought no change in the callous spirit of Deaf Molly. No hope of Heaven lent brightness to her secret thought, nor dread of the eternity that awaited her, made her ask of her trembling soul, what treasures it had laid up for the future? But one only fear cast its shadow perpetually over her, a strange and haunting fear, that in her declining years, she should be thrown upon the parish for support, and when, at last, death claimed his prey, her effects would be sold to pay the expenses of her burial. This, she resolved, should never be; not only her pride, but a darker feeling, her hatred to her race, rendered such a thought unendurable, and with dogged resolution, she dictated a will which, though it was neither legally witnessed, signed, nor sealed, she believed, in her ignorance, was to render her property safe from the clutch of unprivileged hands, and bestow it on the few whom she really loved.

But alas! poor Molly's day-dream proved a vain one, for the parish officers of B., foreseeing that her slow decay would leave her long a burden on their hands, and encumber them at last with funeral expenses to defray, began to suggest doubts of her having any claim to their assistance. Whereupon they made diligent search in their records, and the result was, they proved satisfactorily that to an adjoining town belonged the honor of having given her birth—upon which conviction, they forthwith consigned her, and her hoarded treasures, to the charge of their neighbors, who straightway, however reluctantly, installed poor Molly in the almshouse of N.

It was a stroke from which she never recovered. In tearing her from the spot where she had so long vegetated, the charm of her existence was dissolved—if it be possible to conceive of any charm connected with an existence so useless and unlovely as was hers. But so it was. The only link which bound her to life was broken—the old tree was uprooted, and its fibres would not entwine themselves with the strange soil to which it was transplanted. Local habits and attachments were rudely severed, the few faces which she had loved, no more beamed on her with kindness, and poor Molly pined and drooped, for a few weary months after her removal, when she closed her eyes forever upon a world, which had yielded her few enjoyments, because her own embittered and perverted feelings had taught her to

hate and defy it, abusing thus those precious gifts which a bountiful Father lavishes in rich profusion upon his children,—gifts which, if used aright, confer present happiness, and educate the soul for that higher home which is eternal in the heavens!

\* \* \* \* \*

Before concluding this brief sketch I must allude for a moment to the early history of its subject, for it is credibly asserted that the compound of oddity, ill-nature, and suspicion, whom I have attempted to describe, who exhibited features so wrinkled and morose, and moved with a pace, each step of which betrayed distrust and jealousy, was once as fair a maid as ever the sun shone upon.

I cannot describe her with graphic accuracy, because no limner has left us a portrait of her youthful form—but tradition says, that her hair was dark and soft, her eyes radiant with love and joy—that her full lips were wreathed with smiles, and that the rich glow of youth and health mantled with changeful beauty on her cheek. She was beloved, too,—and by one for whom every maiden sighed, but whom she alone with artless witchery, had power to charm.

He was frank and confiding—but that one fault which, fatally indulged, made her the unlovely being we have portrayed; that fault which blighted her life, and has with its Upas shadow poisoned so many streams of happiness,—a jealous and suspicious temper—was hers. Her lover knew it,—for even in the earliest days of their intercourse, the brightness of his happiest hours had often been overcast by its malignant influence, and more than once his companions had warned him of the wreck it would make of his peace.

Yet he could not,—he would not renounce her—he trusted to her tenderness, to his own faithful and devoted love, which though often doubted had never swerved from her, to conquer this one evil and besetting sin,—this only blemish, as he in his fondness thought, on the loveliness to which he surrendered the warm homage of his heart. But, alas! this trust was based on a foundation that failed in the hour of temptation. To the jealously disposed,

—“Trifles light as air,

Are confirmation, strong as proof of holy writ,” and thus for this unhappy girl there was ever occurring some provocation which roused the bosom serpent within her. Against one especially, her dearest friend and companion, she indulged the most lively and unjust suspicion—a suspicion which was confirmed to her own mind, by a circumstance that finally, and irrevocably sealed her wretched destiny.

She had been walking abroad one sultry summer day, and on returning to her home, found her lover ensconced in an old-fashioned arm-chair, fast asleep. He had been violently exercising, and overcome by the oppressive heat, had fallen into a deep slumber, as he sat awaiting her appearance. She moved softly towards him, for he was dreaming and murmured in his sleep,—but her step was suddenly arrested when she heard the name of her friend and suspected rival fall from his lips. She stood rigid and pale as marble, with her head bent forward to listen for the dreaded sounds, when again the name was uttered, and unable to control herself, she sprang with a vehement and passionate exclamation, eagerly towards him.

He awoke with a start—but it was to see the face he had thought so beautiful transformed by the frenzy of passion into that of a fury,—her lips were bloodless, her eye gleamed with concentrated rage, and her whole frame trembled with fierce emotion. Her voice, that voice whose tones had been so sweet to his ear, uttered now in hoarse accents the ravings of a maniac, as with wild words, and wilder gestures, she called God to witness that for his treachery she renounced and discarded him forever.

In vain he essayed to speak—she imperiously commanded him to silence, and again frantically called upon heaven to register the vow, with which she banished one so faithless from her heart. He gazed at her distorted visage with fearful astonishment, but he attempted not again to address her—the veil of love was rent rudely from his eyes, and he started back in terror from the horror of that union he had so narrowly escaped. He turned and quitted her without a word, and never but to one individual did he speak of what passed at that interview.

That evening he departed from the village, but whither he went, no one knew. It was supposed he had sailed for another land, as no tidings were ever afterwards heard from him by those he left behind. She heard that he was gone, and for a time she heeded it not; but as the stormy waves of passion subsided, the light of love again shed its radiance upon the troubled waters—but in vain, it could not lure the wanderer back—she waited and watched, for days and weary months,—but he came not, he sent not,—and the sickness of hope deferred, pointed with a fiercer barb the arrow of remorse that pierced her heart. None pitied her—she herself betrayed the story of the quarrel, and her unhappy temper was so well known that all espoused the cause of her injured lover.

Years rolled on, and no suitor again asked for

her hand. Disappointed and neglected, every unlovely trait, but chiefly that which had wrecked her early hopes, deepened and more strongly marked her character. She grew ill-natured and morose; a violent fever deprived her of hearing, and this calamity lent intensity to her ruling fault; she grew to hate and suspect all around her, and of course was hated in return, till she finally became the deserted and misanthropic old woman whose portrait I have just now drawn from the life.

And from my little sketch may be deduced a very good lesson, which, however, makes itself so obvious that it would be quite an insult to the sagacity of my readers, were I to presume to point it out.

## EARTH NOT OUR HOME.

BY G. M.

Oh! this is not our home, the spirit sigheth,  
Longing for peaceful dwellings far away,  
Where the tired soul, in bliss that never dieth,  
Shall find its rest amidst eternal day.

Fair is the earth in summer gladness,  
Bright sunshine gleaming over flower and tree—  
But autumn wears a look of sadness—  
And wintry winds sound mournfully.

Ev'n such is life, in youth's gay morning,  
Sunny and bright, as summer hours—  
Gold-tinted hopes, its skies adorning,  
And all its paths bedeck'd with flowers.

But manhood comes—dark clouds revealing,  
Faded and dead, hope's flowers are gone;  
And time with noiseless footsteps stealing,  
Brings wintry age swift hastening on.

Then what is life, but troubled dreaming,  
Restless with tossings to and fro—  
Visions that work with treach'rous seeming,  
And bitter wakings full of woe?

Well for the worn and weary spirit,  
That this is not its place of rest—  
That by God's grace, all may inherit,  
Abiding homes among the blest.

March 11, 1848.

## MARIANA.

Her bright brow, o'erclouded by waves of dark hair,  
Throws its lustre subdued, o'er a face sweetly pale,  
While the graces still modestly radiate there,  
As beauty's first blushes concealed by love's veil.

Her voice, as the echo of some blessed shrine,  
Gives back in sweet music of sorrow, each moan  
That breaks from affliction, and sheds the sublime  
Of peace, o'er the gloom of the bosom that's lone.

Her thoughts, as wing'd envoys of heaven, betray,  
By the halo that lights up their path from the skies,  
Their mission divine, as they hold their lov'd way,  
In the glory that melts from her soul beaming eyes.

# YE'RE MY AIN LOVE.

WRITTEN BY J. S. KNOWLES,—MUSIC BY J. T. MAY.

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

*Andante con Express.*

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The time signature is 2/4 and the key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The first measure of the melody is a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The bass staff accompaniment consists of a series of chords and single notes.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The time signature is 2/4 and the key signature has one flat. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: "Ye're my ain, Love; Ye're my ain! Forms sae fair, I ne'er met mon-y;".

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The time signature is 2/4 and the key signature has one flat. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: "Hearts sae fond, sae true, Love, nane! Ye're my ain!—my dear! my bonny!".



YE'RE MY AIN LOVE.

Years a score, a score a maist. Ha'e we lo'ed and liv'd together,

Ilk ane sweeter than the last; Ye're my ain, I hae nae ith er

SECOND VERSE.

Will ye mak the ae score twa?  
 Bounteous still's the power that's o'er us!  
 Bloomy Summer's scarce awa;  
 Mellow Autumn's a' before us;  
 Long 'tis then till Winter, dear!  
 Comes wi' thoughtfu' smile and greets us!  
 Far's the close! yet, far or near,  
 Ye're my ain, whene'er it meets us!

## OUR TABLE.

**NOW AND THEN**—BY SAMUEL WARREN, F. R. S.,  
AUTHOR OF "TEN THOUSAND A YEAR,"—THE  
"DIARY OF A LATE LONDON PHYSICIAN," &c.

We alluded very briefly, in our last, to this exciting work. It certainly deserved the warmest commendation that we could bestow upon it. Mr. Warren has a singular power of fascinating his reader, and chaining the most earnest attention to his story. Once begun with it, it is impossible to lay the volume down until it is completed. This is a predominant feature in all his writings, and his "Now and Then," is no exception from the rest. And yet, this story is founded upon what, at first sight appears, a subject unlikely to afford much scope for the imagination. A murder has been committed; the supposed murderer is arrested,—tried, and upon what appears conclusive circumstantial evidence, condemned. He is a young man, of an honorable, frank, and manly nature, and the clergyman believes, notwithstanding the clear and irrefragable testimony, simply upon the word of the accused, that he is innocent of the crime. Believing this perfectly, he exerts himself to obtain, if not a pardon, at least a commutation of the sentence. Upon this, the interest of the story hangs, and it is deep, intense and perfect. His more than Herculean efforts are at length rewarded, by the intervention of the King, and the sequel proves that he was right in his belief that Adam Ayliffe,—such is the hero's name—is innocent. To appreciate the interest created by the good old man's struggle, almost against hope, the book must be read—there is no other way. Its perusal will afford delight, and all who would pass a few hours pleasantly, are recommended earnestly—to read "Now and Then."

JACQUES CARTIER.

We are indebted to the politeness of Mr. Hamel for a beautiful lithographic portrait of this fearless navigator and celebrated man. It is a copy of the portrait in the possession of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, which is a copy of the original preserved in St. Malo, in France, the birth place of Jacques Cartier. The painting is bold and striking, believed to be an admirable likeness, and the lithography is as good as anything we have ever seen. Mr. Hamel, the artist, is a young gentleman of very great talent, which has been highly cultivated. He has also had the advantage of studying many of the *chef-d'œuvres* of the Old Masters, having visited Europe, and

remained for some time in Rome, with no other view than to make himself as far as possible master of his art, and to prove himself worthy of the munificence of his native country, by which he was aided in his honorable design. Mr. Hamel, we are happy to believe, will reflect honor upon those who saw and appreciated his talent, and upon the country of his birth, which so promptly adopted the suggestions of his friends.

We do not doubt that this portrait will meet a ready sale. So many associations are connected with the great original—particularly in this neighborhood, which he was the first European to visit—that there are few who will not desire to preserve a memorial of him, now that it is so easily obtainable; and we may hope also, that there are many who, from a friendly feeling for a young and highly promising painter, will desire to possess themselves of this his first published work.

It is very rarely that we indulge ourselves by speaking in eulogy of individuals, but we cannot refrain on the present occasion from calling attention to the notice on the cover of this month's *Garland*, of the Rev. Mr. Devine's school. We have the best means of knowing how well qualified Mr. Devine is to discharge efficiently and honorably the duties he has undertaken, and we do not hesitate to bear witness to the admirable mode by which he seeks to develop the intellects of the youths committed to his charge. His heart is in the work, and he is not satisfied that his pupils should obtain a superficial knowledge of anything it is his duty to make them acquainted with. It will be seen that the course of study embraces all the branches necessary either to the prosecution of mercantile pursuits, or for the learned professions; and as a classical scholar, critically acquainted with the languages and sciences he professes to teach, we have reason to believe that Mr. Devine has few superiors. We believe also that he possesses in an eminent degree, the happy faculty of winning the confidence and affection of his pupils, as well as that of imparting knowledge—the latter qualification being in our opinion no less necessary than the possession of it. It is a pleasant duty therefore to solicit attention to his claims upon those who have an interest in the education of youth, satisfied as we are that those who avail themselves of his services will with pleasure acknowledge the correctness of the observations we have felt it our privilege to make.