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(ORIGINAL.)

WOODLAND MANOR; OR, THE DISPUTED TITLE.

BY E. M. M.

Continued from our last Number.—(Conclusion.)

On the return of Mr. Neville from his visit to the Priory, he narrated to Blanche the happy change he had found in the beloved Rosetta, whose mental sufferings had caused them all so much anxiety.

"She is still an invalid, owing to her imprudent exposure to the rain," he said, "but on her sweet face are expressed peace, tranquillity and holiness. God be praised for His rich mercies in preserving so dear a child from woe irremediable."

"God be praised, indeed," replied Blanche, fervently; "dear, dear, Rosetta, by this timely repentance and confession, how has she saved us all, as well as herself, from the bitterest sorrow. My father, I must go to see her."

"I have promised her that you shall this evening, my child," replied Mr. Neville; "she is longing to see her cousin, whose parting words last Thursday, she says, so impressed themselves on her heart, that they can never be forgotten—when I came away, I left Lord De Melfort and Colonel Lennox with my sister, who wishes me to seek an interview with Captain Forester, to whom she has already written. He has behaved in every way most unworthy the proud appellation of a British officer—a term to which I have always affixed high honour, and every thing that is noble—may he live to see the error of his ways—he is but young."

Blanche felt impatient till the hour came to set out for the Priory, and she sprang into the little phaeton after her father, with a gladdened thankful heart, her own anxieties being almost forgotten in her sympathy for those of others. The meeting between the cousins was full of affection and confidence, and as Blanche listened to the contrite Rosetta, who bewailed the many precepts she had slighted, in trusting so presumptuously to her own strength—she clasped her in her arms, and shed tears of heartfelt joy over her.

"I have dearly purchased the lesson, it is true," continued Rosetta, raising herself from her reclining posture, and gazing earnestly and sadly on her cousin; "and in the pale carc-worn face of my beloved mother, am I punished; yet henceforth I shall know how utterly incapable I am of myself to think

a good thought, or perform one action aright, without His restraining grace; help me, dearest Blanche, to seek for this and to love religion even as you do."

"God can alone effect this, my dear Rosetta," replied Blanche, "and He will, now that he sees your own willingness to come unto Him; those that are meek and gentle He will guide—to the proud and self-confident He only hides Himself."

Grace Harman at this moment entered with a cooling beverage, sent by Lady Neville to the invalid, her grandmother having spared her for a few days, to supply the place of the unfaithful Lumley, who had been dismissed.

"See, I have none but good angels hovering near me now," said Rosetta; "it is quite delightful to behold the happy smiling face of Grace enter my room."

"And it is quite a pleasure to serve my sweet Miss Rosetta," returned Grace, offering the glass; "shall I go now and gather you some fresh flowers?"

"Yes, dear Grace, pray do—and bring some also from the green house for my cousin—she loves to deck her rooms for Sunday."

Lady Neville had been delicately informed by her brother-in-law of the sacrifice Blanche had made in declining to listen to the declaration made her by Lord De Melfort, and her reason for so doing—she was much shocked and distressed on hearing it, though her affection for her niece seemed augmented by the noble and magnanimous conduct she had shown. She drew her into her own room, and folding her to her bosom, expressed her deep regret that she should unconsciously have caused her so much pain.

"You alone, my excellent child, are deserving such a being as Algernon De Melfort," she said, in a saddened tone; "the dreams in which I used to indulge for Rosetta are all faded away—and it is right—I required the chastisement I have experienced to humble me yet more—for I well know there still lingered too much of pride in my stubborn heart. God knows I am now bowed down to the dust—yet I may not murmur. If He opens the gates of righteousness to my dear and erring child, shall I

not be richly repaid for all my care; but tell me, Blanche, have you not seen Lord De Melfort since the evening you were here together?"

"Oh no, I could not expect it," replied Blanche, sorrowfully; "particularly now that his thoughts are so exclusively engrossed by domestic anxiety—Colonel Lennox kindly called to take leave of me this morning—but let us wave this subject now, my dear aunt." she added, endeavouring to force a smile; "we have too much cause for gratitude this day, to repine that *all* our wishes are not given to us."

"May yours still be fully realized, my Blanche," returned Lady Neville, again embracing her; "and they will, or I am greatly mistaken in the strength of De Melfort's attachment to you, which I have long perceived. United to a sound mind, he possesses all the sensitive tenderness of his mother—this you have wounded, but not destroyed—when the affections are fixed on an object in every way worthy, they seldom change. But we must not linger from my poor Rosetta, who needs our full support this trying day. She is aware that I have written to Captain Forester—I have for the present spared her the pain of seeing his answer, which proclaims him to be a heartless young man, whose politeness to me is too evidently constrained and forced—thank Heaven he leaves E— in a short time. I am told that Colonel Forester is incensed against him, on account of his extravagance; I am sorry for this, and I have requested your excellent father to see him before his departure, as I would gladly serve him, if he permits me."

This being Saturday, the good Rector was anxious to return home early, that he might prepare for the duties of the Sabbath. Soon after tea, therefore, he rose, and laying his hands on the fair head of Rosetta, he impressively blessed her, while she affectionately embraced both him and her cousin, entreating them to come to the Priory soon again, as she would not be suffered to leave the house for some days. Many kind words and promises were uttered, ere Blanche, laden with flowers, which the smiling Grace handed to her as she once more stepped into the carriage with her father, and drove away. On their return home, Mr. Neville retired at once into his study, while Blanche amused herself, with the assistance of Newton, in arranging her flowers for the drawing room. The thought that Lord De Melfort might call to see her on the morrow, rendering her employment still more pleasing—from such reflections she was roused by the loquacious Newton.

"Good heart alive, only to think of Lumley, Miss Blanche," she began, "well I never saw much good in her, I confess, and I am only astonished that Lady Neville should have been so deceived; such airs as she would give herself to me, dressed forsooth in her white gown, her veil, and her parasol,

like any fine lady of a Sunday—she did not get them for nothing, I warrant. I am heartily glad she is gone—Donald Grey is so aspirated against her, that he says he would like to give her the ducking stool."

"My dear Newton, the less we say upon the subject the better," replied Blanche; "they who are without sin themselves, can alone have the right to cast a stone at their neighbour. Tomorrow, remember, is the Sabbath; let us strive to feel at peace with all the world, ere we presume to enter God's temple. Now do not my flowers look beautiful," she continued, on completing her task; "it is impossible to express the happiness I derive even from their perfume. Oh, Newton, I often think that in Paradise itself they would prove a delight to me."

"God bless your sweet face," replied Newton, affectionately; "earth never produced a fairer bud to blossom in Paradise than my own dear Miss Blanche—may the Lord forbear the blight."

Blanche pressed the hand of her faithful old nurse, then joined her father in his study.

On retiring to her own room this night, it was with lighter happier feelings than she had experienced for a considerable time. Her anxiety for the beloved Rosetta, which had been great, was now removed, while the words of her aunt respecting Lord De Melfort, were to her full of encouragement and hope. Blanche did not forget to offer praise for all these blessings, where alone it was due; after which she trimmed her lamp, and remained sitting up until a late hour to read. While thus engaged, she suddenly heard the sound of voices beneath her window—she closed the volume, and turned her face anxiously towards the door to listen—presently a quick light footstep ascended the stairs.

"Which is Miss Neville's room?" demanded a voice, whose tones thrilled on every nerve of her heart.

Her cheek became deadly pale—she started up, clasping her hands, when her door was thrown open, and Lord De Melfort stood before her. Had a spectre risen up from the earth at that moment, she could not have been more struck or astonished, yet she spoke not, moved not, but continued gazing on him with distended eyes. He immediately advanced towards her, and taking both her hands in his, said with considerable agitation of manner:

"Miss Neville, this is no time for forms or apologies; your house is on fire—already have the flames cut off our retreat through the front entrance; you must not linger an instant, but come with me."

Blanche uttered a cry of horror at this fearful announcement.

"My father, oh my father, where is he?" she exclaimed.

"I know not yet; I came to you first—nay, you must indeed be quick," and he gently impelled her

nearer the door, through which volumes of smoke were wreathing.

"I cannot leave my father. Oh, for mercy's sake, only let me give the alarm to him," cried the agonised Blanche, endeavouring to free herself from his hold, but in vain.

"You must pardon me, Miss Neville," he persisted, in a decided tone; "in a few more minutes it will be too late—your resistance is but adding to your father's danger. I will return for him when I have saved you,"—but Blanche heard him not—her head fell heavily upon his shoulder—her senses fled. In this state, he raised her in his arms, and ran down the passage leading to the back stairs, at the foot of which he paused to gain breath. He looked in the pale face of Blanche, and pressed her convulsively to his bosom, then hurried on through the terrified domestics, who were running to and fro with buckets of water. The flames had by this time fearfully increased, while the dense smoke impeding all objects from his sight, nearly suffocated him; at length he gained the glass door opening into the garden, where he met Colonel Lennox, who appeared actively engaged in giving directions to the people already collected on the spot to render assistance. Lord De Melfort consigned to his charge, the helpless Blanche, saying as he did so:

"For Heaven's sake, do not leave her for an instant, Lennox, or she will return to seek her father; I am now going back to his rescue; tell her so."

Remonstrance in such a moment was vain, for he had already disappeared within the burning house ere Colonel Lennox had time to answer him. The night air soon recalled Blanche to consciousness, when she gazed wildly around her, distractedly calling her father.

"Be composed, my dear Miss Neville," said Colonel Lennox soothingly; "De Melfort has gone to seek your father, rest assured if human efforts can avail, his will not be wanting."

"Oh, no, no, no, they will both be lost—they will both be lost!" cried Blanche, sinking on the ground, and resting her face on her knees to shut out the scene of terror. "Hark, how awfully the flames are roaring—what a moment of trial is this."

"It has passed," quickly returned Colonel Lennox, "look up, Miss Neville, and behold your father."

Blanche sprang to her feet—the agitated minister, his white hair floating in the night breeze, was seen approaching hastily towards her; she tottered forward and fell into his arms, exclaiming:

"Oh, my own dear papa—thank God, thank God. Now let the flames rage on, I care not—but where is Lord De Melfort?" she added, looking round; "ah, Heaven, is he not with you?"

"Merciful God, where is De Melfort?" repeated Colonel Lennox, rushing towards the house.

"I have not seen him," returned Mr. Neville,

tremulously. "I was awoke by the cry of fire—I flew into your room, and found you gone, they told me my noble young friend had borne you thither."

"Alas, he went back to seek you—all gracious God, spare him, spare him, and I will eternally offer praise," cried Blanche, casting herself on her knees. At the same instant, a great portion of the roof fell in with a violent crash, followed by loud screams, all who were within rushed forth, while Blanche overcame with the intensity of her feelings sank with her face to the earth. From this position she was gently raised, and unclosing her eyes they met the anxious gaze of Lord De Melfort, who supported her. What a sudden revulsion now took place within her. One cry of joy burst from her lips, as she eagerly clasped his hand in hers with the affection of a sister. He smiled, then giving her to her father's care, said to him:

"We had better not linger here, my dear sir, I have given ample instructions to my own people to guard your property. My carriage waits, and will convey you both to Woodland, where you must do me the favour to sojourn while it suits you."

Mr. Neville, confused, bewildered, and agitated by his sudden misfortune, could only express his deep sense of his lordship's kindness. He cast a lingering look on his home, now a heap of ruins, and softly sighing, he led his daughter away; Lord De Melfort assisting to support her, followed by Colonel Lennox. They all entered the carriage, which immediately drove off at a rapid rate, Newton receiving orders to follow with the rest of the Rector's domestics, as soon as possible.

During their short drive, Blanche sat with her head reclining on the bosom of her father, her hand locked in his, while a few natural tears were stealing down her cheeks; but she had too much cause for gratitude to give way to vain regrets, now that the most beloved were near her and in safety. Mr. Neville had been taken by surprise, nor could he yet know to what extent he might be a sufferer; but the constant state of preparation in which he lived, kept him (after the first shock was over) from yielding to uneasy thoughts.

"I have trusted thee, oh, God, with my soul," mentally said the pious man, "and shall I not trust thee with all things else which are of so much less importance; do, therefore, what seemeth good in thy sight, and teach me to bow in all humility to thy divine will, and to exclaim with the Christian poet:

"Oh, thou bounteous giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown,
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor,
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away."

Mrs. Gibson, the worthy house-keeper, had been duly warned to expect her guests, and received the fatigued and still agitated Blanche, as she entered

the superb mansion, with every kind attention. She ushered her at once, by Lord De Melfort's desire, to her apartment, and summoned an attendant to assist her. It was with a heart overflowing in its thankfulness, that the wearied Blanche laid her head down on her pillow, and found herself once more alone. A silver lamp was left burning on the table, and as she looked around her, she remembered that this was the state bed-chamber, leading to the favourite room of the late Lady De Melfort, and which had ever since her death been closed to all casual visitors at the Manor House. How flattering to her, was the reflection that she was the first for whom they had been opened. The walls, covered with rich tapestry, presented many curious and interesting designs, while the curtains and draperies were composed of pale green satin damask—the Earl's coronet surmounting the splendid canopy of the bed. Blanche continued to gaze until her eyes weighed down with fatigue, beheld only confused images; the last sound she heard was the distant closing of doors, when a deep sleep happily stole over her, and all became forgotten.

She awoke from this on the following morning, with a start of surprise, nor could she at once recall the scene of the preceding night, which seemed to her disturbed fancy like some frightful vision; soon, however, it came in all its reality to her memory, and she shuddered as she covered her eyes with her hand at the retrospection—she knew not the hour, but as the sun was shining brightly into the large gothic window, she arose, and throwing on a loose wrapping dress, passed into the next room, the door of which had been left open—with what deep interest she looked on every thing here—for in this very apartment had the child Algernon spent hours with his beloved mother, and first wept her loss. Nothing had been changed since that period, even specimens of her work were still to be seen lying on the marble table; Blanche turned from these to examine some fine oil paintings—one especially rivetted her attention, representing a full length portrait of Lady De Melfort, and the young Lord Drummond kneeling by her side; his childish hands clasped as if in prayer, his full dark eyes fixed on hers, while on his round cheek mantled the ruddy hue of health. The expression of his face was beautiful, possessing all the sensibility usually given to the youthful Baptist; in hers were delineated intense love and fervent piety, as she looked down upon her child, one hand resting on his fair shoulder, the other pointing towards Heaven. Blanche could not forbear being struck with the resemblance in this last to herself, and which Lord De Melfort had frequently mentioned to her—the discovery pleased her. The view from the windows of this room was one of perfect enchantment. They opened on to a wide terrace adorned with numberless beautiful exotics; from thence the eye looked down upon a sloping velvet lawn, terminating in a

deep glen of wild loveliness, while in the distance rose the magnificent ruins of an old Abbey. Blanche stood enraptured, forgetful of the time, until the sudden entrance of Newton put to flight all her delightful meditations.

"Oh, dear Newton, I am rejoiced to see you," she exclaimed, "how is my father this morning—have you seen him?"

"Yes, my dear young lady; he is even now walking in the grounds with my lord," replied Newton, who appeared laden with packages, which she immediately commenced opening, saying as she did so:

"Dear heart alive, Miss Blanche, only to think of our being burnt out of house and home in this manner, and all owing to that careless girl, Susan, who went into the drawing room last night after you had gone up stairs, and while admiring your flowers, set fire to the muslin window curtains, then, instead of giving the alarm she must needs rush out of the house like mad. I was so aspirated with her. Fortunately for us Lord De Melfort was returning from a dinner party, and perceived the flames bursting through the lower windows. He did look so terrified when he asked which was your room. Well he is a noble gentleman, be the other who he may; I am sure we have all reason to say so."

"We have indeed, Newton," replied Blanche, earnestly; "never, never, can I forget his kindness. But you tell me he is walking with my father. Is it then so late?"

"It is nearly ten o'clock, miss; but as I had orders not to disturb you, I would not come in before." Newton then proceeded to detail all that had been rescued from the fire—amongst which were Mr. Neville's books and plate, a small cabinet belonging to Blanche, containing many things of value, and a portion of her wardrobe; "very little of the furniture is saved," continued Newton, "and all your beautiful china is gone, Miss Blanche, owing to that potatoe headed Irishman, Patrick, who put it in a large sack and threw it out of the window."

"That was an Irish mode of saving it, truly," replied Blanche, smiling; "my dear peaceful home it seems like a dream, that I shall never see it more."

"Ah, well a fairer one will open to receive you, or I am out of my latitude," returned Newton, "you should hear what Mrs. Gibson says, she is quite charmed to have you here, you remind her so of her late lady."

Blanche made no reply to this remark, but when her toilet was completed, she dismissed her attendant, that she might pour forth in secret her grateful thanks to her Almighty father for all the mercies He had conferred in sparing those so dear to her, and softening the trial he had seen fit to send in so many gracious ways. This duty performed, she re-entered the boudoir, having sent a message to request Mr. Neville would come to her there. She at once

saw from the serenity, depicted on his benignant countenance, that his mind had regained its wonted peace, and as she flew forward and pressed her lips on his cheek, she said :

"You have often told me of the power of religion to support us under trials, but now I see it with my own eyes."

"I humbly trust through God's help, that no tribulation may have power to shake my faith in His mercy, my precious child," replied Mr. Neville, "but in this instance He has displayed so much goodness, and has showed me so many blessings, that I can only exclaim : ' what reward shall I offer unto the Lord for all the benefits that He hath done unto me ; I will receive the cup of salvation and call upon His name ; and pay my vows in the presence of His people.' But it is time to join our kind and noble host, who waits for us in the breakfast room, after which I am going to read prayers in the private chapel. Mr. Dalton will officiate for me in my church this morning."

Blanche felt a little nervous at the idea of meeting Lord De Melfort, and gladly accepted the support of her father. As they descended the staircase, Mr. Lewis met them, and conducted them to the breakfast room, where she was welcomed with courtesy and kindness, both by the Earl and Colonel Lennox. She tried to express her grateful acknowledgments to the former, but the words died away on her lips, which quivered from the emotion she felt. Lord De Melfort pressed her hand tenderly, and leading her towards the table, said smiling :

"I expected to receive a good scolding rather than thanks, for running away with you so unceremoniously last night in spite of your will—you see I can have one of my own sometimes, and that I am not always to be refused with impunity."

Blanche ventured to raise her eyes to his, as he uttered this in a low yet playful tone, and in their soft expression her affection was so visibly revealed, that a doubt as to the real state of her feelings could no longer exist. One answering look from him told her his discovery, and brought the crimson to her before pale cheek ; but his conversation during the repast, he chiefly directed to Mr. Neville, while Colonel Lennox, who had been by no means an unobservant spectator, restored her to self possession by discoursing on indifferent subjects.

At the appointed hour, the Earl's numerous household were assembled, and the chapel doors thrown open, and as Blanche, hanging on his arm, looked timidly around her, she discovered amongst the group, the hunchback, improved certainly by dress and care, yet possessing a face so completely in contrast with that of Lord De Melfort, that the well known fairy tale of beauty and the beast, recurred to her instant recollection. Her sudden start directed the attention of the Earl to the object of her remark ; "do not fear him," he said, in a saddened tone, "it is

my earnest desire to humanise him if possible, he has been cruelly treated, and is very sensible of kindness."

Most beautifully and impressively was the service performed by the good minister, who while thus engaged, suffered not a thought of earth to interfere with his duty, to his Divine Master. His great aim was to preach Jesus Christ as the sole means of our salvation—to convince sinners of their lost state, and that they must look to him alone to be saved, even as the Israelites looked on the brazen serpent in the wilderness, and were healed. The most earnest exhortations to repentance, would avail little, he knew, to produce amendment, unless the power of the Saviour was thus enforced, since this is the only style of preaching which God blesses. None could hear him unimproved, for the whole tenor of his life was a practical illustration of his creed.

The attention of Lord De Melfort, and Colonel Lennox, was profound. Amongst the congregation, Blanche noticed with interest the blind grandmother of Grace, and the saint-like expression of her venerable countenance as she listened to words which gave promise of such imperishable happiness in another world. On the conclusion of the service, Blanche walked over to her and pressed her hand ; but not a word was spoken by any one until they had left the chapel. On again passing through the hall she paused to admire its beautiful structure. It was rather low for the size, and was supported by marble columns, while its light was received principally from the brilliant staircase, where windows of stained glass reflected their bright colours along the whole gallery. On ascending these, Lord De Melfort led her into the drawing-room, the airy cheerfulness of which particularly struck her. All the windows were thrown open, and the elastic step of Blanche told the happiness which reigned in her pure breast, as she advanced towards them.

"Often as I have admired this lovely spot," she said, turning to her father, "never did it appear so perfectly beautiful as today. Do you not agree with me, papa?"

Mr. Neville smiled at her enthusiasm, and fondly stroked her animated face, while Lord De Melfort replied with much feeling :

"I have seen it look as beautiful, but never since my childish days, when the presence of one fair and good threw over it the same charm which now it wears in your presence."

"You will turn this young head, my lord," said the gratified father, drawing his daughter towards him. "She is not proof against the vanity allied to her sex, rest assured." The embarrassment of Blanche was relieved at this moment by the entrance of Lady Neville, who came, full of affectionate anxiety, to enquire after Mr. Neville and her beloved niece, whose misfortune she had learnt only a few hours previous, and she could not rest until she had seen them both.

"I have not ventured to tell it to my dear Rosetta yet, as she still continues depressed and far from well," she proceeded, "but I trust your cheerful society will soon help to restore her, dear Blanche, as you will of course take up your abode with your father at the Priory, until you are once more established in a place of your own."

"Now, this is what I feared," said Lord De Melfort, with an air of vexation, "and for the first time I wish the Priory had been miles off."

"Nay, you might have spared that ungallant speech," returned Lady Neville smiling, "since you are going to leave us all tomorrow, and could not benefit by the presence of your guests."

"I have postponed my departure," said Lord De Melfort, fixing his eyes on Blanche. "The cause which would have hurried me away is removed, may I not then oppose my influence to yours, Lady Neville, and try to retain my visitors?"

"My dear lord, your kindness is unbounded, and appreciated as it deserves," said Mr. Neville pressing his hand warmly; "yet I think you will allow that her aunt's house is the natural home for Blanche, under existing circumstances, particularly as my duties oblige me to be very frequently absent." Lord De Melfort reluctantly assented to this, when Lady Neville, as she rose to take leave, observed:

"Now do you not merit that I should close my doors against you for the next month, yet as the punishment would fall heavily on myself, I suppose I must forgive you," then turning to Blanche she arranged the hour, she would call for her on the following day, soon after which she departed, waving her hand to the happy group, who had accompanied her down to the Hall.

Blanche now regretted every hour as it chimed, and told of the fleeting time. Never had a day seemed to fly so rapidly as this, and when she retired from the dinner table, and returned to the drawing-room alone, she perceived with reluctance that the glorious sun was already setting in one burnished sheet of gold, its resplendent rays mirrored in the lake, and reflected in softened gleams over the rich foliage of the forest trees. She watched it in its gradual descent with peculiar interest, and an attention so absorbed that she heard not the approach of footsteps, until a gentle breathing behind her caused her to start round, when she beheld Lord De Melfort—she looked for her father and Colonel Lennox, but they had not followed him—in another instant she perceived them walking together on the lawn. Lord De Melfort smiled at her palpable confusion, and taking her hand, said in his mildest tone:

"You do not unwillingly give me these few moments of happiness I hope, Miss Neville; I have desired them throughout the whole day, since I wish you to confirm what I read in your eyes this morning, that you revoke the cold sentence those lips

were never formed to pronounce, as the dictates of your heart, but which they uttered a few evenings ago—what am I to believe?"

"Believe what you wish, believe anything rather than that I am coldly insensible," replied Blanche, struggling for composure, while her soft eyes sought the ground.

"God bless you, dearest Blanche, for this sweet avowal," returned Lord De Melfort, pressing both her hands, his fine countenance irradiated with the deep fervour of his feelings; "you have removed a painful thought which obtruded itself on my mind, and which was wholly unworthy to entertain of one like yourself—this was that, by some unaccountable means, you had previous knowledge of my unhappy and degrading affinity to the idiot dwarf. I deserve that indignant glance, but I knew not what to assign as a reason, particularly as your looks, when you fancied I was unobservant, so constantly contradicted your cold manner. Will you now confide to me the real one?"

"No, it must still remain a mystery," replied Blanche, "which is a fitting punishment for your evil thoughts—thus much I may confess, that were the cause known to you, you would not feel displeased."

"And with this I must be satisfied—ah, Blanche, whatever it may be, you know not the pain it has occasioned me. Yet tell me, dearest, when I have gained the happy right to your entire confidence, you will own it to me, will you not?" he drew her towards him as he spoke.

"I will," murmured Blanche in the lowest tone, as her face rested on his bosom.

A long silence followed, for both felt the happiness of that moment too great to give it utterance. The sound of one approaching first recalled them, when Lord De Melfort pressing his lips on the snowy forehead of the beautiful girl, led her to an ottoman and placed himself by her side. In the next instant the door opened, and the hunchback entered—Blanche instinctively clung to her companion, and looked fearfully in his face.

"For my sake, dearest, try to overcome this repugnance to his presence," said Lord De Melfort, in a sad and earnest tone, as he encircled her with his protecting arm.

"For your sake I will learn to love him," replied Blanche impressively, and turning to the dwarf, who approached them, saying to the Earl:

"Brother, may I come in? my head is aching again."

"Yes, you may come in, only promise to be quiet," replied the Earl.

The dwarf then drew a low stool near him, and laid down his large ill formed head on his knee—Lord De Melfort stroked it as he said:

"Poor Hugh, he is always suffering from headaches, owing to the blows of his savage nurse."

"Is it possible," returned Blanche, much shocked; "and has she still the charge of him?"

"Oh no, I dismissed her at once; I could not bear her in my sight—she very gladly accepted the promise of an allowance in lieu of her charge until the trial comes on, when her evidence will be required."

"Jacintha won't come again, will she?" asked the dwarf, looking up anxiously.

"She shall not harm you if she does," said Lord De Melfort.

"Thank you, thank you, that's a good brother."

The attention of the creature was now drawn towards Blanche—he looked at her for several minutes, and then burst into one of those idiotic laughs which is so painful a mockery of mirth.

"Is this your wife, brother?" he enquired, pointing at her; "what is that sparkling on her breast, may I touch it?" alluding to a rich gold cross suspended by a string of pearls on her neck.

Lord De Melfort held up his finger, accompanied by a frown of displeasure, while Blanche turned away her blushing face.

"You are not accustomed to these objects, as I have been," he then said to her, "while travelling through Switzerland, I encountered many, and far more formidable in appearance than this unfortunate, particularly in the valley of the Rhone, where cretinism, with the addition of the disgusting goitre, abounds; the cause by some has been attributed to the climate and the impurity of the waters, but it is difficult to say whether this is actually the case—certain it is that in the valley where mountains rise on every side, preventing the free circulation of air, while the hollow itself rich and cultivated in some parts, but in others presenting only swamps and meadows and wild pine forests, appears the chosen abode for the disease, which ceases as you gain the higher ranges. Blanche, you must visit Switzerland with me one of these days, it is a country which would delight your romantic and enthusiastic mind."

"Nay, my father wishes to steady these qualities, while you would encourage them," replied the happy Blanche, smiling.

"In you they are so blended with sense and judgment, that I cannot wish you without them—when thus accompanied, they seem to gild every thing in life with a peculiar fascination; it is only in the hands of the weak and the vain, that they prove dangerous, and degenerate into folly. I feel uneasy sometimes on account of your pretty cousin, Rosetta. I trust she is not seriously attached to Captain Forrester, whose private character is not, I fear, of the highest stamp. I met him last evening at Lady Owen's, when I admired him less even than I did before. I happened to overhear a few of his sentiments, which scarcely redounded to his credit."

"Whatever may have been dear Rosetta's feelings towards him," replied Blanche, "she now sees her error, and will, I am convinced, be guided by

those who are anxiously watching over her. She is indeed too good, too sweet a creature, to be sacrificed to one incapable of appreciating her."

The hunchback still continued to cast furtive glances on Blanche, muttering to himself, and at length venturing to take one of her hands, which he pressed on his forehead. There was a gentleness in his touch, and an expression of suffering in his strange countenance, which struck her with pity.

"This creature never could have required harsh treatment," she said, gazing on him kindly.

"He is subject to violent paroxysms of rage, I am told," replied Lord De Melfort; "but of late, increasing weakness has subdued him. Hugh, you are in pain, you had better go to bed," and he rose to ring the bell as he spoke.

"I like to stay here—you must not send me away," said the wayward idiot; "see, I will sit quite still, and lay my head here," and he would have rested it on the knee of Blanche.

"Nay, this is too much," said Lord De Melfort, half angrily, and slightly pushing him away.

The countenance of the dwarf instantly assumed a ferocious expression, as he glared upon him; but on meeting the fixed determined gaze of the Earl, again the idiot laugh burst forth, while he muttered:

"Why I meant no harm, don't be angry brother; shake hands, good fellow, and be friends."

"Anger were indeed wasted on one like you," replied Lord De Melfort; "now go away, there is Maurice come for you. Blanche, dearest, shall we join your father on the lawn—this elf has made you pale?"

As he led her from the room, the voice of the dwarf still ringing harshly in their ears, Lord De Melfort pressed his hand on his eyes, while for an instant a look of agony crossed his face. Blanche felt deeply for him—the presence of this creature was indeed a humiliating trial—he seemed like the eclipse to cast a gloomy darkness on all around, and to stand between his noble brother and all that was bright and beautiful.

"The chastening is grievous," said Blanche, mentally, as she stole a timid glance upon him; "but it is needful, else it would not have been sent; if the power is granted me to alleviate it even in a small degree, shall I not have cause for deep and fervent gratitude?"

Mr. Neville perceived at once, on the approach of Lord De Melfort and his daughter, the mutual confidence which had taken place between them, and he inwardly rejoiced at the prospect of happiness which had opened on the path of his deserving child, while he prayed that no earthly prosperity might lessen that consistent piety which had hitherto marked her course, or draw her aside from the thoughts of that immortal crown which her Saviour had purchased for her by his sufferings and death.

After a delightful walk in the romantic and shaded

grounds of Woodland, which they extended even to the borders of the wood, our happy party returned to the house, when the Sabbath evening closed in praise to Him from whom all mercies flow, and to whose care the Rector, as he solemnly placed the hand of Blanche in that of Lord De Melfort, ere they separated for the night, he committed this his only and most beloved child, in the fullest trust that He who had led her at her tender age to know the blessings emanating from true religion, would not leave the work unfinished in her heart, until the glories of a higher world were unfolded to her enraptured view.

It was with natural feelings of regret that Blanche prepared for her departure, on the morrow, when Lord De Melfort held a long and confidential conversation with her father previous to the arrival of Lady Neville, who came, true to her appointment, to convey her niece to the Priory. The hall was lined with domestics, as the Earl conducted the lovely girl to the carriage, and as she bowed to them in passing, many a kind eye followed her, united to the wish that she might return again to Woodland, the bride of their noble Lord. The Earl affectionately pressed her hand on assisting her into the carriage, taking that opportunity to slip into it a small sealed packet. She turned to him for an instant in surprise, when meeting his tender gaze, accompanied by that smile so peculiarly his own—she sprang in with a heightened colour, unable to utter the words which were hovering on her lips. Lady Neville then reminded him and Colonel Lennox of their promise to dine at the Priory on the following day.

“Fear not our forgetfulness,” said Colonel Lennox, “while the magnet is with you, our compass can point but in one direction.”

“And you are quite happy now, dearest Blanche,” said Lady Neville, folding her niece to her maternal bosom, as the carriage drove down the broad avenue.

“So happy, my beloved aunt,” replied Blanche, clasping her hands, while her eyes filled with tears of grateful joy; “that I dread to awaken and find it but a bright vision of the night—would that I were more deserving of the mercies thus heaped upon me—but when I compare them with my merits, how humbling is the comparison.”

On passing the spot where her peaceful home had so lately stood, Blanche looked wistfully towards it. Nothing now was to be seen but a blackened heap of ruins, presenting to the eye the very picture of desolation, while the flower garden, completely trodden down and destroyed, added to its melancholy, one human form was alone visible, groping about among the broken and disfigured masses, and this was the gipsy, whose prophetic words now rushed on the memory of Blanche. She raised her head as the sound of the carriage wheels drew near, and meeting the saddened gaze of Blanche, she recognised her at

once, and immediately drawing herself up to her full height, with one hand she held the tattered remains of her scarlet cloak around her, with as much dignity as if it had been an ermine robe, while with the other she pointed towards the ruined house, a lofty air of triumph expressed on her dark and furrowed face. To the enthusiastic mind of Blanche she appeared at that moment like the inspired Pythoness of old, and she almost shuddered as she marked her wild and mysterious gestures. On arriving at the Priory, Blanche was distressed to find Rosetta still so seriously indisposed; she had left her room, but she appeared weak, languid and much dejected; she welcomed her cousin with a glad smile, saying as she embraced her:

“Do not think me selfish when I own that I rejoice in the destruction of the old rectory, since it gives me the happiness of your society. I shall soon be myself again, now you are come to stay with us.”

The deep sigh which followed touched the tender heart of Blanche, who kissed the sweet girl with all a sister's love. She determined from the moment of her arrival to devote herself entirely to her, and to exert every power she possessed to divert her from her melancholy retrospections. There was a clinging tenderness in the disposition of Rosetta which exacted much in return for her affection; she once had fondly imagined that in Captain Forester she had discovered one who would amply answer her highest anticipations; but how had she mistaken his character, could she have beheld her idol stripped of the veil in which she had infolded him, how would she have marvelled that she had wasted love on him, who immersed as he was in every thoughtless, wild and sinful indulgence, was incapable of understanding the depths of a virtuous woman's feelings—their purity, and the return they look for. As a lover, he might assume for a time the devotion required to gain his object, but once a husband, how soon would this have been cast aside, and replaced by neglect and a reaction of all his natural propensities. Rosetta knew not this; the glittering exterior had won her young heart, and imagination filled up the picture with its own brightest colours. In the only two private interviews, she had held with him, she could not fail being struck by his irascible behaviour, and his total want of deference to her sense of filial duty; but for these she made excuses, while the idea that he was suffering, and unhappy on her account, rendered her completely so. Blanche at her earnest request, shared her apartment, and became the patient repository of her every thought; with instinctive delicacy, she forbore to touch upon her own happy prospects, until encouraged to it by Rosetta, who appeared warmly interested in all that concerned her and Lord De Melfort.

“I told you that he loved you from the first,” she said; “but you would not believe me, and oh how coldly have I seen you return his attentions.

Blanche, I began to fear that it was not in your nature to love, and this made me feel that you could have no sympathy for me. I am so happy that Lord De Melfort has changed his intention of leaving Woodland at present. I wish to see more of Colonel Lennox, who improves much on acquaintance. The first evening he came here, I thought him plain—now he strikes me as a remarkably fine man—and there is a *tendresse* in his manner, particularly winning.”

Blanche smiled, while a sudden happy thought passed through her mind, but she wisely kept it to herself.

The following day Rosetta felt so much cheered by the presence of her cousin, that, to the delight of Lady Neville, she consented to join the party at the dinner table. Colonel Lennox appeared agreeably struck by her interesting appearance, as she entered the drawing-room, leaning on Blanche, on whose arm was clasped a magnificent bracelet, the parting gift of Lord De Melfort, and the once favourite ornament of his mother, from its containing an exquisite miniature likeness of himself, taken when a child. As he advanced to meet her, she pressed it fondly against her bosom, while she thanked him with her eyes far more eloquently than words could have done.

Rosetta being unequal to join the happy party in their evening walk—Colonel Lennox proposed that a pony which she sometimes rode, should be brought out and which he assisted her to mount, leading it himself round the grounds. Lord De Melfort smiled as he marked his attentions:

“Lennox is touched at last,” he whispered to Blanche; “I never beheld him so assiduous before. That fair and delicate plant has more power to engage his attention, than all the fascinating daughters of ‘*Cara Italia*.’”

“How did you escape their witcheries?” asked Blanche, archly, and fixing her soft eyes upon him. Lord De Melfort coloured at this remark, then replied, half playfully:

“Did I ever tell you that I had escaped?”

“Yes—the first evening we met, you owned to me, that, although you had seen much to admire while abroad, you had met nothing you could love.”

“And you have treasured those words ever since, my own darling Blanche,” he returned, evidently gratified; “believe them to be true—our admiration may be called forth—our senses may be charmed—but our love we can alone give to the pure and good.”

From this day the visits of Lord De Melfort and of Colonel Lennox at the Priory, were constant. The latter frequently spoke of his intended departure for Nice, yet still he lingered, until Rosetta began to feel his presence almost necessary to her, so devoted and so full of thoughtful tenderness were his attentions.

Her best friends viewed this growing partiality with deep interest and pleasure, but abstained from the most remote allusion to it to herself, fearing to crush that which they were anxious to see prospering, for Colonel Lennox combined in mind and heart all that the fondest mother would wish to behold in the future protector of her daughter, added to that rank and station in society, which Rosetta had a right to expect. Lady Neville held frequent conversations with the affectionate Blanche on the subject, who completely entered into her maternal feelings; yet, let it not be thought that their hours were wasted in vain and worldly speculations about the future, which belongs to Him alone, who, it was their earnest desire to serve faithfully. On his goodness, they reposed every earthly care, praying only that he would secure their immortal happiness, so immeasurably beyond, in importance, the most blissful lot which in this lower vale could be their portion. Blanche devoted her mornings entirely to her cousin, which she would improve by reading to her, or conversing on that theme so replete with joy to her own pious heart, and gladly did she perceive the growing interest which the dear girl took in the subject, much of whose wonted cheerfulness, after a few weeks thus spent, had returned, and with it of course her health.

Many little pleasurable excursions were made at this time in the neighbourhood, in all of which Lord De Melfort and his friend participated; yet, notwithstanding the many sources of happiness flowing around them, Blanche beheld with unfeigned regret, the occasional melancholy and fits of abstraction indulged by the Earl, who, though at times full of life and animation, would suddenly become silent, scarcely conscious that she was present, while an expression of care would overcast his fine intelligent face. In such moments she watched him anxiously, but without seeking to obtrude herself on his notice. If he met her soft eyes thus fixed upon him, he would start, and immediately endeavour to assume a playfulness of manner, which her affection soon told her was forced and constrained—blessed as he felt in her pure attachment still, each time that the claims of the hunchback were recalled to his memory, he shrunk from the humiliating reflection, viewing him as the “*Mordecai*” at his gate, who darkened all his happiness.

Blanche confided to her father and Lady Neville her uneasiness on his account; they re-assured her, by expressing their surprise that he bore his very painful position with so much manly fortitude, and could so entirely throw off its distressing recollection as frequently as he did.

“You enable him to do this, my beloved girl,” said Lady Neville, “and you must be satisfied, that you can even in a measure afford him such relief. When the trial is once over, let the result prove what it may, I have no doubt but his mind will be-

come composed and resigned, particularly as that period is fixed upon to consummate his dearest hopes."

One bright and beautiful day, a party was formed to visit the ruins of the Abbey, in the vicinity of Woodland Manor. All the preparations for a cold, yet splendid banquet, had been made, while to enhance their pleasure, Lord De Melfort engaged a band to be in attendance. With a light and joyous heart Rosetta mounted her favourite palfrey, who from his eager movements, as he pawed the ground, seemed proud to bear his young and beautiful mistress once more.

"Poor Sultan," she said, patting his glossy neck, "we have been strangers to each other too long; many a happy hour have we passed together in days of yore."

"An' money a blithe ane ye will pass again, my bonny leddy," said old Donald Gray, adjusting her reins; but ye maun tak tent o' yoursel', for he is frolicsome enou', an' needs the curb like ither folks, I trow."

Rosetta slightly coloured at these words, and turning to Colonel Lennox, who accompanied her, she made some casual remark, when they rode off together, followed by Lord De Melfort and Blanche, in his curriole, and the rest of the party, some in carriages, and the rest mounted on horseback.

No spot could be better adapted for such an amusement than the one chosen; the ruins in themselves being full of interest, and possessing that repose so in keeping with their monastic character, while the surrounding country, rich and beautiful in the extreme, with a fine river meandering in its course, and bounded on one side by high hills covered with wild flowers, moss, and various plants, formed a whole not easily surpassed, and which was rendered still more attractive by the autumnal tints on the foliage. All seemed to feel the genial influence of the day, and none more so than Lord De Melfort, whose joyous laugh again greeted the delighted ears of Blanche. The party was small and select, composed of intimate friends, whose tastes and feelings well harmonized; and while the young people wandered through every dingle, and mounted some of the highest points, to gain a more extensive prospect, the elders remained sitting under the shadow of the trees, listening to the music, and watching the domestics as they arranged their rural repast.

At the appointed hour all met again, Blanche looking the personification of happiness, as she hung upon the Earl's arm, who had wreathed all the wild flowers they had gathered in their walk amongst the ribbons of her bonnet. Rosetta and Colonel Lennox were the last to arrive. What had been their conversation during their ramble, it was impossible to imagine; but while on her countenance were expressed strong agitation and distress, on his

appeared sorrow and vexation. She left him, and drew near her mother, throwing herself on the grass by her side, as she cast off her riding hat, and laid her head down upon her knee.

"You have fatigued yourself, I fear, my dear child," said Lady Neville, anxiously, and stroking back her long fair ringlets.

"Oh, no, dearest mamma!" said the sweet girl, looking up in her mother's face, while her eyes were filled with tears. "Believe that I am as well and as happy as I deserve to be."

Lady Neville sighed, but she made no other remark as she perceived the gaze of Colonel Lennox rivetted upon them both.

The season was too far advanced to render their lingering until the evening dews prudent; and although a few remonstrances were made by the young people, yet they were easily persuaded to yield their wishes to those of their parents. The carriages and horses were accordingly ordered at an early hour. During dinner, Colonel Lennox had placed himself opposite to Rosetta, maintaining an unusual silence, and now, instead of coming forward to assist her as before, he left her to the care of her uncle, while he proceeded to mount his own horse. She had only just vaulted into her saddle, and was in the act of kissing her hand to her mother, who appeared tenderly watching her, when suddenly two sportsmen emerged from behind the abbey, and before there was time to recognize in the one Captain Forester, he had fired at a covey of birds who were on the wing. The report of his gun so terrified her horse, that, giving a violent plunge, he immediately darted off at his fullest speed. It is needless to express the feelings of Lady Neville and of Blanche—indeed the emotion felt by the whole party in such a moment. Colonel Lennox instantly dashed after her, followed by Lord De Melfort's outriders. The utmost caution was required and used by Colonel Lennox, who was a perfect horseman. He knew that it would but accelerate her danger to proceed in the same direction, and he wheeled off to the left, his movements rapid as the lightning's flash. He perceived with dismay that the frightened animal was taking the direction of the river, and he dreaded each moment to see the unfortunate girl pitched to the ground. He had nearly reached her as her horse, with foaming and distended nostrils, gained the bank; but ere he succeeded in catching her reins, the creature alarmed yet more by the sight of the water, made a sudden bound, which threw Rosetta over his head into the stream. One shrill cry of horror burst from her lips. It was indeed a moment of eminent peril, before another passed, Colonel Lennox had dismounted and plunged in after her. Her long habit floating on the surface was eagerly grasped by him, and thus he bore her to the bank in safety. He supported her in his

arms, speaking kindly and encouragingly to her; but her deathlike face, as it rested on his shoulder, made him tremblingly alive to the fatal consequences which might follow. He looked eagerly round him in search of some abode where he could convey her. One of the grooms pointed out the smoke of a cottage, rising above a clump of trees at a little distance. Colonel Lennox joyfully beheld it. He gave orders to the men to return and inform Lady Neville of her daughter's safety, and then he led, or rather carried, the trembling girl towards it, for she was reduced to the helplessness of childhood. The cottage proved a poor and humble abode; yet welcome did its thatched and lowly roof appear in their eyes, and kindly were they received by its worthy inmates, who evinced the utmost interest in the situation of the sweet young lady. She was placed on the only rude pallet which the place afforded, while Colonel Lennox requested the cottager's wife to throw more fuel on the fire. He sat down by Rosetta, and wrung the water from her beautiful hair, while his anxious countenance expressed his feelings. She turned her deep blue eyes upon him, as she feebly murmured: "How can I ever express to you my heartfelt gratitude? May Heaven reward your goodness to me this day."

"A more powerful arm than mine was outstretched to save you, Miss Neville," replied Colonel Lennox; "give Him the praise, my sweet young friend, and not me."

Rosetta fervently clasped her hands together:—"May He make me more deserving of his goodness," she mentally replied, as she bowed her head over them.

The cottager's wife had brought out dry garments of her own, and now suggested the propriety of removing the wet ones of Rosetta. Colonel Lennox rose to withdraw.

"Oh do not leave me—pray do not leave me!" she exclaimed, clasping his hand. "Let me remain as I am till mamma comes?"

"But, my dear girl, some little time must elapse ere Lady Neville can reach you," he returned, affected by her importunity, and the confidence she seemed to feel in his presence. "What would she say to me for allowing you to remain so long in your present state?"

"Promise to remain near me then?" entreated Rosetta, "I dread lest he should come!" and she shuddered.

"None shall dare approach who you would not wish to see," said Colonel Lennox, pressing her hand to his lips. With a flushed cheek, he then retired from the cottage.

"Your good man seems very fond of you," observed the woman, as she now proceeded to disencumber Rosetta of her habit. "Well, it's a blessing to see it, surely, and such a fine, noble looking gentleman as he is, too." Rosetta could not forbear

smiling, while she blushed at the woman's mistake. She made no reply, but suffered herself to be attired in the peasant's rustic garb, and then sat down by the fire, as she felt chilled. On the re-entrance of Colonel Lennox, he approached her, and playfully complimented her on her appearance. Rosetta now began to feel the full awkwardness of her situation, in being left alone with one to whom she was under so deep an obligation; one who, but a few hours before, had witnessed a meeting to her so replete with distress; he seemed to read her thoughts in her expressive countenance, as he stood before her, gazing with the utmost interest, but there was an innate delicacy and consideration in him which soon placed her at her ease. When she would again have poured forth her thanks, he changed the subject and discoursed on the trivial occurrences of the day, while the simple cottager and his wife retired, supposing they would prefer being left to themselves.

"Do you think they will be very long in coming round?" asked Rosetta, anxiously looking out.

"They will lose no time, at least, rest assured," replied Colonel Lennox; "but why these tears—they pay me but an ill compliment, since they convince me of your impatience to be released from my charge."

"Oh, no, no! do not so interpret them, pray," said Rosetta, whose overcharged feelings now entirely gave way, and as her hand was clasped in his, she laid down her aching head upon it, and wept and sobbed like a child. It was now the turn of Colonel Lennox to feel confused; he scarcely knew what to say or do—he suffered the paroxysm to pass without moving his position, while his manly face revealed the agitation he felt. At length Rosetta looked up as she murmured:

"You will think me very foolish, but indeed I could not help it. My heart now seems lightened of an insupportable burden."

"May it continue so," replied Colonel Lennox, feelingly. "You are young, Miss Neville, to bear the weight of sorrow. I would say that if you need a friend, you behold a sincere one in me, only such words would appear presumptuous when I know you to possess such invaluable ones as your uncle and Lady Neville. I trust earnestly, for their sake, and your own, that they enjoy your fullest confidence? You will pardon me the question which can arise but from the interest with which you have inspired me."

"Believe that I have not one thought concealed from my mother, now, Colonel Lennox," replied the agitated Rosetta, "would to Heaven that I might say I never had. I should be far happier than I am, I hope you credit me?"

"Most fervently," and he warmly pressed her hand as he uttered this, at the same moment the rapid sound of wheels were heard approaching.

"Hark, they are coming," cried Rosetta joyfully;

"thank God, and thank you also, never shall this day be forgotten by me while I live."

She rose and approached the window, Colonel Lennox following. Words seemed hovering on his lips, but by one strong effort he restrained them, while he continued gazing on her, his whole soul beaming in his eyes. Lady Neville's carriage now appeared in sight, followed by Lord De Melfort's curricle. The cottager and his wife hastily re-entered to announce them. In a few more moments, Rosetta was clasped to the bosom of her mother, whose trembling frame and deathlike countenance expressed her feelings. She turned to look for the gallant preserver of her child; but he had retreated, and appeared standing without talking to Lord De Melfort. The pale cheek of Blanche testified her sympathy, as she fondly embraced her beloved cousin. It was arranged that she should return with her and Lady Neville, while Colonel Lennox would take her place in the curricle. Generously were the worthy cottagers rewarded for their kindness, and many were their expressions of gratitude in return. Rosetta was then wrapped in a large shawl, and lifted into the carriage by her uncle, when Colonel Lennox once more approached her. She held out both her hands to him; he tenderly held them in his, as he said:

"God in Heaven bless you, may all health and happiness attend you, till we meet again."

"You will come to the Priory tomorrow, will you not?" she inquired anxiously.

"Not tomorrow, I fear—farewell."

He turned hastily away as he spoke, anxious to avoid Lady Neville.

Lord De Melfort, then assisting Blanche, whispered, "Thus closes a happy day, my own Blanche, entirely disappointing the hopes of the morning."

"Not entirely, dear Algernon," replied Blanche smiling; "great cause for thankfulness have we all and if you do not come tomorrow in your gayest mood you may expect a long lecture." Lord De Melfort kissed his hand to the sweet girl as the carriage drove away, and continued gazing after it, until roused from his reverie by Colonel Lennox, when springing into the curricle he drove off at a rapid pace. Both continued silent and lost in thought, for a considerable space. At length Colonel Lennox, turning to his friend, said with a saddened voice:

"Would to Heaven De Melfort, that you had told me of Miss Neville's previous attachment."

Lord De Melfort started at the remark, while he replied with some vehemence.

"Lennox, what do you mean, she never was previously attached."

"It is too true, she all but owned it to me, this very day."

"Impossible, she never could have done so—you are mad, Lennox."

"De Melfort," said Colonel Lennox, astonished at his words and manner, then suddenly recollecting

himself, he added with a smile, "of course you are aware that it is Rosetta Neville I alluded to."

"Ah yes, Rosetta, certainly," returned Lord De Melfort, colouring; "poor child, it was but a passing fancy—a dream—a nursery tale."

"Aye, you can reason thus lightly now, my friend," said Colonel Lennox, "though you nearly bit your lip through at the thoughts of such a fancy, such a nursery tale, when in connection with another—but seriously speaking, De Melfort, I fear it was beyond this—at least, if I may judge from the incidents of today; listen, and I will tell you: We were standing together on the brow of a hill during our ramble; you had all wandered from us—I was pointing out to her notice the various beauties in the landscape which lay before us—there may have been an unusual warmth in my manner, for I confess she is one to inspire it, when I perceived her countenance suddenly become quite pale, and she would have fallen, but for my support. In the same moment that unlucky Captain Forester and his friend passed quite near us, when I heard the latter inquire the name of the beautiful girl. On turning sharply round to look at her, the eyes of Forester flashed fire, while an expression of scornful anger curved his lip, which was increased to one of defiance as he glanced on me; then in a careless light tone, which he evidently meant should reach us, he said:

"Who is that beautiful girl, you ask?—why Rosetta Neville, the heartless, faithless coquette."

These words were followed by a rude laugh, while the elder stranger continued gazing on her with a freedom, which I thought highly offensive—the poor girl seemed ready to sink into the earth.

"Shall I follow them?" I demanded, in a tone of suppressed indignation.

"Oh, no, no, for heaven's sake stay with me," she replied, clinging to my arm in evident terror; "pray lead me back to mamma."

After proceeding a little way in silence, I inquired:

"Are you acquainted with that young man?"

"I have known him," she gasped with a quivering lip, "but from henceforth I shall know him no more."

Not another word passed between us, but in these I read a volume—I could now account but too well for her depression of spirits, her illness, which first called forth my interest—she had loved, and the pang the discovery gave me was indescribable. I had thought her so perfectly unsophisticated, so fresh, so artless, that I began to flatter myself I had found the treasure I had long been seeking—but the charm is dispelled, and I must fly ere my peace is more deeply involved."

"Lennox, you are the most provoking, old-fashioned, fastidious fellow in the world," replied Lord De Melfort. "If you expect to meet one more art-

less, more innocent, than that sweet confiding girl, depend upon it you will find yourself grievously disappointed—if it had not been for an extraordinary predilection which I entertain for dark eyes, you never should have had the chance to win her, I promise you my friend."

"De Melfort, do not your judgment such wrong; far deeper causes for admiration actuated you in the choice you have made. The moral beauty of Miss Neville's character—her consistent unobtrusive piety, seen not in words, but in every action of her life—her unswerving duty and affection towards her parent, her modest reserve towards our sex, her total absence of affectation, and all those childish arts by which so many seek to win attention. These are charms, my friend, which give promise that as a wife she will indeed prove a blessing—thank God you are deserving of her, as far as man may so be considered, else would I mourn that such a being had been lost to me."

"I never heard you so enthusiastic in your praise of any one before," returned Lord De Melfort, smiling; "yet surely you must allow that Rosetta is a most fascinating creature."

"Fascination is not a favourite term of mine, there is something too evanescent in its nature—it is more formed for the gay world than for home—a fascinating woman abroad may be a shrew in private. I cannot separate my ideas of the word from the character of one totally unworthy to be named in the same breath with so sweet and gentle a creature as Rosetta Neville. With what tenderness and care I would have watched over her, and guided her young mind, it is useless now to think, since she is lost to me forever."

"And why so? Surely you do not mean to condemn her, because her young heart has been caught by the attractions of one whose true character she was too innocent to discover?"

"Certainly not; yet when I said that I hoped she had no secrets from her mother, her answer was 'not now,' and the stress she laid upon the word grated painfully on my ears. The child who could deceive a parent, MIGHT betray the confidence of a husband—they who are not faithful in one relation, may be doubted in another. You smile, De Melfort, and perhaps think me harsh; yet, rest assured, if more caution were used in the choice of a wife, there would be many more happy marriages than I fear there are."

"You are correct, no doubt, Lennox; but positively I think the faults and follies of women may in many cases be laid to our charge. How frequently do we encourage them to do what we never would permit in a wife or a sister whom we loved. While they imagine they are pleasing us, is it not natural they should continue to be the flirts and coquettes they are in society?"

"Aye, my friend, as far as talking, walking,

riding and dancing—such butterflies may please us in a light hour—but in choosing one as a companion for life, *c'est une autre affaire*. No, De Melfort, my opinions, at thirty, are formed, and cannot be changed; the character of Rosetta must be more known to me, ere I dare trust myself again in her winning society. Tomorrow I shall depart for Nice, where I shall remain until you summon me to attend your nuptials; in the meantime, I must request your correspondence on every account, and on none more than your own. I shall be most anxious to learn the result of your trial, as well as to hear all that you may be able to inform me, concerning the only woman who ever had the power to cause me a moment's pain."

Lord De Melfort perceived that his friend was now in earnest, therefore he ceased to rally him; yet while he regretted his decision, he could not but feel its wisdom; and it was with many protestations of regard and esteem, that they parted on the following day.

In ignorance of his intention to leave Woodland so soon, Mr. Neville called there in the course of the morning, to express both his and Lady Neville's grateful sense of the good service he had rendered to Rosetta, when he learnt, with regret and surprise, that he was already gone. From thence the Rector proceeded to E—, where the — regiment was stationed, and inquired for Captain Sidney Forester, to whose quarters he was immediately conducted. He found him with his friend, Major Stapleton, sitting in his dressing gown and slippers, at a late breakfast. An air of great annoyance was perceptible in his manner, on perceiving who was his visitor, while Major Stapleton rose, and casting a glance of burlesque fear towards him, which seemed to say, "you are in for it now, my boy," bowed to Mr. Neville, and retired. But Major Stapleton was mistaken in one sense, and entirely ignorant of the character of the true Evangelist, whose grand distinguishing mark is charity in its extended meaning, and may be expressed in these few words: "he thinketh no evil." None knew better than Mr. Neville, the fiery ordeal through which a young man passes, when once he is launched into life, and that unless he is built up on a sure foundation before he leaves home, he has no shield to hold against the numberless temptations which assail him from that hour—consequently he too often plunges into the vortex of folly and excess, until the power to reflect becomes lost—with him and his companions, no line is drawn between the fanatic and the faithful, rational follower of Christ, who denies nothing which may be indulged without remorse or injury to our best interests—all approaches to piety he denounces as methodistical, while every thing which alienates him yet more from his Creator, is encouraged and pursued—such was at least the case with Captain Forester, and as Mr. Neville

gazed on him for a few moments severely, his countenance gradually relaxed into an expression of the utmost benignity, as he accepted the offered chair, and said :

“ Do not imagine that I come to you in the spirit of anger and reproach, Captain Forester, but as the minister of my Divine Master, whose duty it is to remind you of what you appear to have forgotten, that you are a responsible being, and will have to answer for each trespass against the laws he has given us for our truest happiness, our unerring guides while on earth. My words sound strangely in your ears, young man, (as he marked the gesture of impatience with which they were received,) yet would it not be well to give heed to them now, ere they are repeated to you as the sentence of a judge, when the hour of retribution draws nigh. Why should we so earnestly and so constantly address ourselves to the consciences of the young, did we not feel the deep importance of the mission with which we are intrusted, and the most earnest desire to save them from eternal misery. Why, oh why, will you turn away from all that is good and holy, to follow after those things which you know must end in wasted health, and death—what real happiness do you receive, in return for the costly price you are giving.”

He paused, when Captain Forester, with a flushed cheek, replied :

“ Mr. Neville, you must really be more explicit—I assure you, I do not comprehend the purport of your words, which appear to me irrelative to the cause which I must suppose has favoured me with your presence. You accepted my apology last evening for my inadvertent offence, and I cannot conceive your object in seeking this interview, unless the champion of Miss Neville requires further satisfaction, in which case I am quite ready to offer it on my own terms.” This was uttered in a tone of suppressed anger and defiance.

“ Captain Forester, do not add to your heavy faults, by insulting one of my sacred calling,” returned Mr. Neville, whose noble and commanding mein none could behold without respect. “ You dare not for a moment, suppose me the hostile messenger of another, or the abettor of a crime so hateful in the eyes of God, as duelling. But you are young—ungovernable—without reflection, therefore, I excuse you.” he continued, more mildly ; “ and earnestly would I warn you from the brink of the precipice on which you now stand, and where a powerful enemy awaits to hurl you down the dark abyss. You consider all this a fable, a metaphor—but believe me it is truth, engraven by the finger of God, as surely as the awful sentence stood out from the wall before the Eastern Monarch, in the moment of his unhallowed mirth, and will as certainly be fulfilled (if you repent not,) as was the doom of the guilty tyrant Balshazzar. Have you ever paused to

inquire where the road leads which you have chosen, and whether the guides who accompany you are faithful. Do so ere it is too late, my young friend, and turn to Him who will abundantly pardon—who only waits to be gracious. I well know that I have no power, of myself, to convince you—yet, I address you as a reasonable being, and implore you in the words of a faithful minister of God, ‘ not to spend your life as though you thought you were sent into the world only to eat, sleep and play, and after a course of years be extinguished like the snuff of a candle.’ But to stand at your post with the fidelity of yonder sentinel, and be prepared, since you know neither the day nor the hour when you may be summoned to appear before your Maker.”

Captain Forester remained silent a brief space, leaning his face down upon the back of the chair ; he then suddenly started up, and abruptly asked :

“ Do you allude to any part of my conduct in particular—or are your remarks levelled at me generally ?”

“ Your own conscience will give the best response to that inquiry, Captain Forester. I allude to nothing in particular, though I might do so ; I merely would ask how you can reconcile living without God in the world—never mentioning His name but to profane it—never entering His temple when you can avoid it—delighting only in those haunts where folly holds her revels, and where His divine image cannot enter ? Is this a preparation, think you, for another world ?” And he pressed the arm of the young man emphatically as he spoke, adding in a kind tone ; “ what can I say to convince you ?”

But the heart of Captain Forester was wholly unprepared to respond to such counsellings ; he looked perplexed and impatient, but he spoke not.

“ And this is the being who would have become the guardian of the simple hearted Rosetta,” said Mr. Neville, mentally, as he watched the cold and indifferent manner of his companion, who had now risen, while a suppressed yawn indicated his weariness. The rector also rose, and hearing in the same moment a rush of feet, and the sound of voices along the passage leading to Forester’s room, he felt how vain would be the attempt to say more since the opportunity which in his zeal for the welfare of another, was lost by the entrance of a bevy of his young companions. Forester attended him to the door, evidently relieved by the interruption, and called his servant to conduct him down stairs. Lawrence came forward, while, with a countenance expressive of that mock simplicity so frequently assumed by the lower class of Irish, he inquired :

“ Please your honour, will I go now to disorder the carriage and pair you bespoke, to attend you from the lion and lamb.”

A loud laugh followed this speech, while the enraged Forester exclaimed :

"Go to the d——l, you blundering Irish calf; you had your orders this morning."

"Go where, your honour!" persisted Lawrence, with affected ignorance; "I thought you would me the lion and lamb—is it to the fox and the goose ye mane, kipt by Mrs. Brand the black woman, up yonder!"

"Bolt, you fool," cried several voices, as Forester, provoked beyond all endurance, was in the act of springing upon him. Lawrence required no second bidding, and overtaking Mr. Neville, who had already reached the foot of the stairs—he muttered as he assisted him to mount his horse:

"By the powers thin, its a lucifer match—he is safe enough—spake to him iver so civilly; he's all brimstone and fire in an instant—a blundering Irish calf, indeed! If that's not a bull, my name's not Leary O'Rooke."

Mr. Neville had heard the loud and angry voice of Forester, and as he retraced his way to the Priory, it was in thankfulness of heart, that the child of his estimable sister-in-law, had been rescued from a life of sorrow and remorse; which, with one so apparently heartless as Captain Forester, must have been her portion.

Rosetta learnt the sudden departure of Colonel Lennox, with evident sorrow and disappointment. He had been for many weeks so constant a visitor, that the loss of his agreeable society, left a blank not easily to be replaced. The nature of her feelings for him, she scarcely knew; gratitude held a prominent position in them all, and that in woman, often ripens into a warmer sentiment. In all the comparisons she drew between his character and that of Captain Forester's, how did the latter sink in her estimation, while his cruel, unmanly conduct, of the preceding day, lacerated her heart. She forbore mentioning this to Lady Neville, until questioned by her, as to the cause of her distress and agitation.

"Oh, dearest mamma, I earnestly trust, that I may never behold him more!" said the poor girl, weeping bitterly at the recollection of the past.

"I trust not, indeed, my child," replied Lady Neville. "Heaven knows he has caused us all anxiety enough—may a saving change yet take place in his heart—he is his own bitterest enemy."

Lonely and sad seemed the days for some time after this, to Rosetta, whose chief solace seemed to be in wandering by herself, amidst the grounds of the Priory, in silent meditation. Lady Neville and Blanche indulged her in her desire for solitude, which they delightedly perceived, tended to a growing thirst after Divine knowledge; her lovely countenance by degrees became placid and cheerful, and as the regiment to which Captain Forester belonged, had already quitted E——, she no longer feared to extend her rambles, and accompany Blanche in her charitable visits amongst the neighbouring poor. Dame Harman's cottage became a favourite resort; the cheerful, sim-

ple piety of the blind and aged woman, affected her deeply, and she would listen to her as she spoke of the promised joys of another world, purchased for her by the sufferings of her dear Redeemer, with such rapt attention, that Blanche, as she gazed on the dear girl in such moments, beheld in her face the expression of an angel's, and viewed her with almost trembling admiration. Much as she had ever loved Rosetta, that love was now increased tenfold, since all their sympathies were now in complete unison—the same hope, the same faith animated both, and beautiful it was to see them thus journeying together through this valley of tears, guided by the pure bright star of the gospel, to the feet of Jesus.

And now the period for the trial, the long dreaded trial, approached, when it needed all the support of his friends to reconcile Lord De Melfort to the humiliating position in which he was placed. A very few witnesses, after such a lapse of years, could be collected, to vouch for the lawful marriage of Lord Drummond to Clara Fitz-Osborne, who had been an actress, possessing considerable beauty, though much his senior in age. From fear of his father the Earl De Melfort, his union never was divulged, and as she died prior to the old Lord, the secret was still maintained. No written document appeared to shew that the unhappy dwarf was the son of Lord and Lady Drummond, but as his birth was corroborated by the testimony of Jacintha the nurse, and one other female, his claims to the title and estates of his father, were fully and clearly proved; in consequence, however, of his inability to manage his affairs, his brother, now fallen back to the second title, was constituted his sole guardian. It is needless to express the pain felt by all the friends of the amiable Lord De Melfort when the result transpired—he alone received the tidings with a calmness which was surprising; no one could discover in the lofty mein the proud air and unruffled brow, the mental agony which in that moment wrung his heart? He wrote a few hasty lines to Blanche, announcing the intelligence, and the day fixed on for his return to Woodland. It came, and at the expected hour, his carriage was seen dashing up the broad avenue; all his domestics were ranged in the Hall to receive him, grief strongly depicted on every countenance, while the most profound silence prevailed. He entered the ancestral home, now no longer his, with a hurried and agitated step, leading in his hand the deformed and idiot dwarf:

"Behold your future Lord," he said, addressing them in a voice hoarse from the emotion he felt; "and according to the respect and consideration with which you treat him, shall I estimate your fidelity and attachment to me."

A low murmur amongst the group followed this speech, while sobs from the women were distinctly audible. He hastened past them all, and entering his library, he closed the door, and remained in per-

fect solitude for the space of several hours. That evening Mr. Neville devoted to him, and it was observed after this, that his mind seemed much restored to its wonted tranquillity and composure.

The party from the Priory were engaged to dine at Woodland on the day subsequent to this, and as they drove up to the Lodge gates, the old gipsev woman suddenly started from behind a thicket, and stood before them in the way.

"Gang awa' ben, ye daft queen," exclaimed Donald Grey, lashing at her with his whip; "wha's to be stopped in this gait by an auld ne'er do weel jade like yourself?"

The gipsev moved slowly aside, but cast on Blanche as she did so, a glance, in which exultation was visibly portrayed, accompanied by the same wild and mysterious gestures she had always used to her.

"That woman terrifies me," said Blanche, as they drove rapidly past her; "this is the third time she has appeared before me, and if I were superstitious, I should feel uneasy, since she has always selected me as the object of her notice."

"She possesses all the crafty cunning of her tribe," replied Mr. Neville; "and makes use of the information she gleans in the neighbourhood, to play upon those weak enough to give heed to her pretended foreknowledge of events. The piety of my Blanche, is a shield, I trust, to guard her from superstition, which is indulged in only by the ignorant and unbelieving."

"Not entirely, my dear brother," returned Lady Neville; "I have known superstition attach itself to minds naturally gifted and cultivated. Possibly some association allied to our childish fears, or some unknown connecting link between us and the spirits of another world may hold a power, which, as Doctor Johnson has said, 'we own in our fears. but deny in our words.'" It is a singular fact, that the imbecile experience no such feelings, probably because they are devoid of imagination."

"And thus you defend your silly neice, by quoting the authority of Johnson," said Mr. Neville, smiling, as he alighted at the entrance door, and offered her his hand; "but I will give you one in return by an inspired pen, worth all human philosophy: 'I have hated them that hold of superstitious vanities, and my trust hath been in the Lord.' Let this be our panoply against every fear, and the anticipation of evils to come."

When once the pain and agitation of a first meeting were over, under such peculiar circumstances, Blanche felt considerably relieved. She had no regrets for the loss of high honours, save for the noble being to whom she was so tenderly attached; and now that she beheld the calm and placid expression of his fine countenance, and was clasped to his bosom with more than usual affection, she felt perfectly happy in the reflection that he was resigned to

the will of his Almighty Father, and considered her the dear recompence for his worldly deprivation."

Apartments in the Manor house had been appropriated exclusively to the dwarf Earl, and domestics appointed to take charge of him, with strict orders from their lord that every care and attention befitting his rank should be paid to him—while he made it his duty to visit him daily, to assure himself that his instructions were attended to. The creature was at times extremely violent and mischievous, using the bad language he had learnt while under the care of his nurse. None possessed any power to control him during these paroxysms, but his brother, whose mild yet determined voice and manner, he instantly obeyed.

On this day he was prohibited to make his appearance, as his presence would but have marred the happiness of our little party. They were sitting in the favourite boudoir of Lady De Melfort after dinner, and which was now decked with all the most fragrant and beautiful flowers, gathered by Blanche and Rosetta, when suddenly a noise of some heavy weight falling, followed by a sharp shrill cry, as from one in pain, assailed their ears. All started to their feet, while Lord Drummond rushed to the door, which was hastily opened by Vincent, the attendant of the dwarf, exclaiming, with terror depicted on every feature:

"My lord, my lord, your brother has fallen over the parapet, and is fearfully hurt—but indeed it was not my fault."

"Good God, where is he, how did it happen?" demanded Lord Drummond, hastily following the man, accompanied by Mr. Neville, while the ladies stood aghast at the intelligence.

On arriving at the spot, they found the poor hunchback prostrate on the ground, surrounded by several people, and bleeding profusely at the temple. The height from which he had fallen was inconceivable, but unfortunately his head had come in contact with a heap of large flint stones, collected underneath to build a grotto. He groaned piteously on being raised, and as he was conveying to his own apartment, when his brother immediately sent off for medical aid. Most tenderly did he support the suffering creature in his arms, while they endeavoured to staunch his wound, which appeared frightfully deep. For a long time he remained quite insensible. At length, slowly unclosing his eyes, he fixed them on Lord Drummond—their dull and glazed, yet melancholy expression, touched his sensitive heart most keenly.

"Poor Hugh, are you in much pain?" he inquired, bending over him.

"She has beat me to death this time—oh, brother, don't you let her come again," murmured the dwarf.

"Has any one dared to frighten him?" demanded

Lord Drummond, turning to his attendant; "who was with him when he fell?"

"I was, my lord," replied Vincent; "we had just returned from taking a walk in the woods, when we encountered an old gipsy woman, who offered the Earl something to drink out of a flask. I told her he was not allowed to take spirits, as they made him mad—but before I could get the flask out of his hand, he had nearly drank the half. The effects were immediate and frightful—it took several of us to carry him back to the house. Just as we had gained the court yard, he broke from our hold—making the most hideous noises and grimaces—we ran after him, but ere we succeeded in reaching him, he had climbed by the buttress on the wall and fell over on the other side."

Lord Drummond looked sternly at the man as he gave this account, until he quailed under his searching eye. A few minutes after he quitted the room, and on being inquired for, within an hour, he could not be found, which implied that he at least felt guilty of extreme negligence to the repeated commands of his lord.

The moment the surgeon examined the dwarf's head, he pronounced that his skull was fractured. The poor creature seemed evidently more free from pain after the wound had been dressed—he retained the hand of his brother in his, as if he feared his leaving him, while he continued to fix his mournful gaze upon him.

"Brother, very kind—very good—poor Hugh!" were the last intelligible words he uttered. Then came on the raging fever—the fearful delirium—the frantic gestures succeeded by total exhaustion. Throughout the night, Lord Drummond remained by his side, administering with his own hands every remedy recommended by the doctor. The first streak of day appeared just breaking in the east, when a rattling in the throat announced the approaching dissolution of the dwarf Earl. His brother raised him up and wiped away the cold dew which had gathered on his brow—he sighed heavily once or twice, and then bowing his head, rendered up his spirit to Him who gave it, without a struggle. When all was over, Mr. Neville, who had also been present through the whole scene, led the agitated young man from the room into the boudoir. Here they found only Blanche. Lady Neville and Rosetta, having been prevailed on by Mrs. Gibson to retire to rest.

"My child, I leave you to calm him," said the rector, "while I go to give some necessary instructions. I will return immediately."

He retired as he spoke, when Lord De Melfort (for by that title we may once more call him) threw himself at full length on the couch and buried his face in the pillow, apparently unconscious of the presence of Blanche; he was pale as death, and evidently much affected. Blanche gently approached

him, and kneeling on a stool by his side, took one of his hands, as she softly said:

"Will you not speak to me, dearest Algernon? Fully have you performed your part towards the unfortunate being—you have nothing wherewith to charge yourself; why then this sorrow?"

Lord De Melfort started up at the sound of her voice, and beheld her as a ministering angel hovering near him—her beautiful face earnestly fixed on his. He raised her from her recumbent position, and placing her by him on the couch, replied in the tenderest tone:

"Blanche, my own beloved, have you indeed been watching until this hour—they have passed heavily through the night, have they not! Poor, poor creature—so helpless—so confiding in my care, that he should have lived in security all these years, and come to me merely to die. Blanche, tell me how I may reconcile it!"

"By reflecting that it is the will of God, dearest Algernon, without which not a sparrow falls," she returned, in a solemn earnest tone. "His life has been one of privation and hard usage, until he was brought to you, whose humanity and kindness rendered his last days as happy as he was capable of feeling them. None could stay the hour which the Almighty ordered for his departure from earth. Mysterious are His ways—he seemed sent as a trial of your obedience to His Divine will—and he has been removed at the time He judges best—wise and righteous are all his ways—may we ever bow to them in meek humility and faith!"

"You are right, my best beloved," replied Lord De Melfort, rising and leading her to the window, from whence the glorious sun appeared slowly ascending in the skies, and gilding the woods and lovely vallies with his resplendent beams; "it would be affectation under existing circumstances, to say that I am grieved—surprised and shocked I have been, for it is an awful thing, my Blanche, to witness death. May the Almighty God have mercy on his spirit, unaccountable as it must be from his mental weakness, and teach us all to be more thankful."

A broad stream of light shone at this moment on the picture of his mother, who seemed to look down upon her son with an approving smile—her attitude as she pointed towards Heaven, addressed itself at once to them both—instinctively they knelt together for the first time—it was a hallowed moment—and one in which the stranger has no right to intrude. Before they rose, the rector had bestowed on them his benediction.

On search being made for the gipsy woman, as the day advanced, it was discovered, that the gang had struck their tents during the night, and departed from the glen.

Exactly six months subsequent to the events we have narrated, did the marriage of the Earl De Mel-

fort to Elanche Neville take place. The ceremony was performed by Mr. Neville in the village church of Woodland, with every pomp and magnificence worthy the august occasion. The distinguished guests who graced it with their presence, were many of them Lady Neville's earliest and most valued friends. Amongst those classed as the Earl's was Colonel Lennox, who had arrived the night previous.

A sumptuous banquet had been prepared in the drawing-room of the Priory, where happiness and chastened mirth presided till the hour of saying farewell drew near, when tears and promises were interchanged, and Blanche, the lovely and beloved, was led to the carriage awaiting, by her revered father and Colonel Lennox. Again and again, was she folded to the paternal bosom of the former, while her hand was warmly pressed by the faithful friend of her Lord, who sprang in lightly after her, his fine countenance glowing with the feelings and emotions crowding in rapid succession on his heart. As the carriage drove swiftly down the avenue, he clasped her in his arms, saying :

"And now, my own darling girl, for the fulfilment of your promise. Confess to me why you repulsed me so coldly in the first months of our acquaintance."

"Ah, dearest Algernon, would that I might be absolved from my promise," murmured Blanche, while her head rested on his shoulder.

"No, no, Blanche, you must not deny me. I have tortured myself with a thousand conjectures—nay, answer me, love!"

"Hear it then! It had been the wish of your beloved mother and of my aunt, to see their children united. This Lady Neville confided to me before your arrival—and repeated to me after we had met. No worldly motive actuated her; but the love she bore to her daughter alone, made her earnestly solicitous that she should have been the object of your choice. When I found myself likely to prove the barrier between her and a hope so natural, how could I have acted otherwise than I did?"

And she gazed timidly in his face as she uttered this. A brief silence followed, when the Earl pressing one long and passionate kiss on her beautiful lips, replied :

"My noble girl! none could have filled your place in my heart—yet tell me, Blanche," he continued, playfully; "you staid not to count the cost when you formed that resolution—you could not have kept it, could you dearest?"

"I will own no more," replied Blanche, a rich crimson mantling on her cheek; "how could I count the cost of that which is beyond all price."

"May Heaven bless you for those dear words," returned the Earl; "I read them in those tell tale eyes long ago—now comes my turn to punish you, for all the anxious doubts and sleepless nights you

have caused me—you smile, and shake your head—but Orlando Inamorato can be Orlando Furioso, remember."

While thus they went on their way rejoicing, a shadow was cast upon the little party at the Priory, by the absence of the much loved Blanche, which only the reflection of her happiness could soften. Rosetta, who had taken an active and affectionate part in all the preparatory arrangements for the auspicious day, after she was gone, wandered over all their favourite haunts in melancholy mood, dwelling on her estimable qualities, and the blessing she had proved to her since her sojourn under the same roof. But was she suffered to wander thus alone? No—for Colonel Lennox walked by her side—and as he gazed on her lovely face, and listened to her artless confessions, how much she owed under a gracious God to her excellent mother and her cousin, he felt that earth contained not one so dear to him, and ere they returned to the house he had told herself so, and received from her lips the most gratifying acknowledgment that since the day they parted, never had she ceased to remember the name of her preserver in her prayers, or to hope that she might again behold him.

The sequel may be easily anticipated; but, to conclude in the form we dare not depart from. The summer of the same year which witnessed the nuptials of Blanche, beheld, ere a leaf had fallen or grown sear on the ground, the dear Rosetta kneeling at the same altar with the gallant Colonel Lennox, surrounded by all her numerous and happy friends, who, as they marked the affection beaming in her soft blue eyes now raised to his, while plighting her vows, and the devoted tenderness of his whole bearing towards her, augured that a union so full of promise, founded as it was upon the only sure basis, would receive a blessing from on high, and prove in every way propitious. This day amply repaid the affectionate Lady Neville for all her cares and anxieties, and devoutly did she render thanks to her Heavenly Father, that He had heard her petitions, and selected such a guide to watch over and protect her beloved child, who acknowledged to her mother, as she clasped her to her bosom, the fullness of her joy and her deep gratitude for those religious instructions which had led her from the paths of error and misery, into those of happiness and peace.

The presentation at Court of the youthful brides duly took place, Lady Neville once more appearing in the fashionable world on that interesting occasion—but after a few weeks passed in the splendid mansion of Lord De Melfort, in Belgrave square, she gladly retreated to the peaceful Priory, whither she was followed, in another month, by all she most loved on earth.

Great were the rejoicings which then took place:

and except that Newton was aspirated at the assurance of Donald Grey, who, in the exuberance of his honest joy, ventured to salute her and put her best cap awry—not a cloud was to be seen, or a brow ruffled, when the merry bells rang and the bonfires blazed on the heath for miles around, in honour of the return of Lord De Melfort and his lovely Countess, to Woodland Manor.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE FAITHFUL HEART THAT LOVES THEE STILL.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

I kneel beside the cold grey stone,
That tells me, dearest, thou art gone,
To realms more bless'd—and left me still,
To struggle with this world of ill—
But oft from out the silent mound,
Delusive fancy breathes a sound,
My pent up heart within me burns,
And all the blessed past returns,—
Thy form is present to mine eye,

Thy voice is whispering in mine ear,
The love which spake in days gone by,
And rapture checks the starting tear ;
Thy deathless spirit wakes to fill,
The faithful heart that loves thee still.

For thee, the day's bright glow is o'er,
And summer's roses bloom no more ;
The song of birds in twilight bowers ;
The breath of spring's delicious flowers,
The towering wood, and mountain height ;
The glorious pageantry of night ;
Which filled my soul with musings high,
And lighted up thy speaking eye ;
The music of the mournful wave,
Can never reach thy lonely grave.

Thou dost but sleep—it cannot be,
Thy ardent heart is silent now,
That death's dark door has closed on thee,
And made thee cold to all below ?

Ah, no,—the flame death could not chill,
Thy tender love survives thee still.

That love within my breast enshrined,
In death alone shall be resigned ;
And when the eve thou lov'st so well,
Pours on my mind its soothing spell,
I leave the city's busy scene,
To seek thy dwelling cold and green ;
In quiet sadness, here to shed,
Loves sacred tribute o'er the dead,—
To dream again of days gone by,
And hold sweet converse here with thee ;
In the soft air to feel thy sigh,

Whilst winds and waters answer me—
Yes—though resign'd to heaven's high will,
My joy shall be to love thee still.
Belleville.

(ORIGINAL.)

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWS.

INTRODUCTORY.

"No private grudge they need ; no personal spite,
The *viva sectio* is its own delight !
All enmity, all envy, they disclaim,
Disinterested thieves of our good name,
Cool, sober murderers of their neighbour's fame."
Coleridge.

SUCH is the character given to Reviewers by the poet-philosopher. It is true only in part, and of a few, and was meant to be so restricted, else, like all general censures, it would have been unjust. It was applicable to the literary critics of the time in which it was written, more than to their more modern successors, for, fortunately for the public, regular "cut and slash" articles are disappearing from the Reviews of the day, and will become more and more rare as the true principles of criticism are better understood. There will always, however, be scope for the legitimate exercise of the lash, as long as ignorance and vanity shall find vent through the press ; books of doubtful moral tendency, or those designed to pander to the vicious appetites of the many, will always offer a fair mark to the reviewer, whose pen is dipped in gall. In such cases severity is a virtue, and he that can scourge the guilty into a proper respect for honour and decency, is a public benefactor. The misfortune is that political and party feelings are too often allowed to warp the judgment of the reviewer ; and this, not merely on political subjects, but on those also which are purely literary. When this is the case, when an author is praised or condemned, merely or principally, because he is or is not one of a particular party, the injury is immense. The reader is not so much on his guard against misrepresentation, because he has no ground for mixing party considerations with subjects purely literary or scientific, hence there is no antidote provided against the poison, no allowance made for party heat. How many bright geniuses have been driven to despair by criticism thus foully perverted, it is impossible to say ; the arrow may have rankled unseen in many a sensitive heart, till the strings of life were dissolved, and the "mute inglorious Milton," sunk broken hearted to his long home. There has been less of this unjust partial criticism in the English Reviews of late years, than was formerly ; merit is now more sure to be hailed and acknowledged, perhaps, because now-a-days merit may not be so common as of old. But whatever be the reason of the improved tone of these periodicals, it is a change which cannot but be hailed as an omen of much good. Literature ought never to be sacrificed to political feelings. Her flowery arbours, her quiet valleys, and wide spreading uplands, should rather be the common ground where men of all parties may meet as

friends to a common cause, or as children of the same family around the same consecrated fireside. Literature is not confined to a party, her instructions are limited to no sect, nor is her language that of narrow minded bigotry. She stretcheth out her hands to every one whose eye brightens at her approach, and leads him to her green pastures, and her quiet waters. It is profanation, therefore, for any to enter her sacred enclosures, with unholy passions ranking in their hearts, to tread down the "never blossomless" flowers which breathe the sweet fragrance to her lowly minded disciples. The war cry of party and the fierce struggles of political ambition, are not fitting for the retreats of the muses :

"Here twilight is, and coolness : here is moss,
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade,
Drink, pilgrim here : Here rest ! and if thy heart
Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh
Thy spirit."

Personal prejudices and animosities are still more injurious and disgusting ; we may smile, indeed, at the well meant effort of friendship to rescue from the Lethæan gulf, the prosing, leaden dullness of a friend, but there is nothing in this which calls forth the deep reprobation which waits on the snarling and disappointed libeller. The wise critic will avoid both political or personal friendships or antipathies. It is his business to give an impartial decision. He must examine thoroughly, weigh cautiously, and decide honestly. His premises must be rational, his deductions legitimate, his conclusions justly applied. He is not to rest content with giving bare opinions, but must shew also how his opinions were arrived at, and how sustained. He must not lay down a dogma, and then quote those passages, and those only, which can be twisted so as to support it ; he is to exhibit both defects and beauties, to shew not a single feature only, but the whole countenance. It is his duty to censure with severity where a lighter reprehension would not be effectual, especially when morality may be attacked, or the peace of society undermined for interested purposes. In these circumstances he would be deaf to the outcries for prevented representation, as well as to the groans of those who consider themselves attacked without just cause. His business is to proclaim the truth as he believes it, to shew by quotations fairly made, that his praise is merited and his censure not misapplied. At the same time he must be careful not to confound, or mistake for general principles or standards of criticism, the rules dictated by his own fancy or habits of thought, his prejudices or his ignorance. When he has so determined, when he is satisfied, that there is just ground for condemnation, he should proclaim his sentiments openly and with freedom, even when the author he condemns may be one of the idols of the age. Paying all due respect to the public voice, he is not on

this account to let popular delusions escape unexposed. At all times willing and anxious to discover truth, not afraid, on proper occasions, to avow it, ready to suffer for it, if need be, and never ashamed of it, he should speak honestly, openly and with candour. In what is called Retrospective Reviewing, there is not so much necessity for these high qualifications. The task of the Retrospective Reviewer is comparatively an easy one. He sits not down to pass judgment on a work hot from the press, unknown as yet to the public. His business is, therefore, not so much to direct and lead public opinion, as to follow its decisions, at least in some degree. Public curiosity has been gratified, excitement has passed away, and the sober second thought of the community can be ascertained and pointed out. There is less danger too, of being swayed by personal or party feelings, for it is impossible to look back with the same degree of excitement and interest to persons and topics which are in the past, and perhaps partially forgotten. Time is the great leveller, and rivalry and personal contention, if not swallowed up, are yet softened and rendered less dangerous by thoughts of the past. Errors which we once cherished with the fondness of a first love, time may have exploded, or worn away by his invisible but powerful influence ; rivals once feared, may be now in the grave, or we ourselves may be so changed as to look back with surprise at the jealousies and contentions which once disquieted us.

The Retrospective Reviewer has another great assistance, in having before him at once, all, or nearly all an author's works ; and is thereby enabled to form an opinion as to his general merits or demerits. He is not called on to predict, from an inspection of the bud, the quality and kind of fruit likely to be produced. As the traveller, in the sunny regions of Spain, beholds on the same tree the opening blossom, the crude fruit, and the ripe golden orange, so the Retrospective Reviewer has at once before him, the full history of an author's advancement, in the glittering production of his youth, and the maturer and more substantial fruit of age and experience. He writes, therefore, with more confidence, and the more so because he can address his readers in relation to works they have themselves seen, and whose merits they have decided upon. He does not say, "Take this for granted"—"you will find such and such blemishes or beauties"—but he can appeal to the opinions which his readers have already formed. "Did you not find such and so many beauties ?" "Did you not feel yourself shocked at this, or amused at that ?" In a word, he is not introducing a new acquaintance, but speaking of an old friend, or it may be repeating the warnings, or giving vent to the feelings of disappointment and distrust, which his reader had felt long ago. It is true, that when the Reviewer happens to speak in slighting or condemnatory terms of one, whom his

reader has enrolled among his "favourite authors," there will be an issue raised between them; but even in this case, the reader will not feel half the bitterness he would feel if he had surrendered his judgment into the hands of a reviewer, and afterwards found his confidence had been betrayed, and that he had been cherishing groundless suspicions, or giving currency to false views of an author, whom the reviewer had willfully or ignorantly misrepresented.

Retrospective Reviews are safer than those which are prospective, and which are written with the announced intention of guiding public taste. The reviewer can devote as much time as he pleases to his subject, for there is no fear of his criticism being forestalled by a more expeditious rival. He is not bound to notice a work written a month after it issues from the press, or it may be without having had time to do more than write some general strictures on the subject of the work, and then prick with a pin for passages to send forth as specimens of the author's forte. He is not the pioneer through a new country, on whom the responsibility is thrown, and to whom all look for direction; whose every step must be made with caution, and who is perpetually on the rack, lest he take a wrong course. He is rather as the guide through a well known and frequented parish, through which he could make his way blindfolded; leads a company, not strangers to the beautiful prospects which lie here and there scattered on every side; his office is to conduct to the breezy upland where the eye can rove far and wide, with scenes of sublimity and beauty to revel in at will, to point out the unobtrusive beauties which lie slumbering and smiling away from the dusty high road, or trodden bye path, in nooks which the "unregarding eye of business" would never have found out.

If Retrospective reviewing be thus comparatively an easy task, demanding less acuteness, and less liable to be swayed by personal and party feeling, than criticism, strictly prospective; if it be safer for the reader to compare the opinion retrospective, with that which he has himself formed, than to be obliged to pin his faith to a reviewer without any means of deciding from an inspection of the new work, what confidence the reviewer is entitled to claim, if there be less to hurry and distract the reviewer, in his retrospective labours, there is something also to reward both him and the reader in the associations which a review retrospective can scarcely fail to excite. It is not a review of a book merely that we engage in, but a review of our own lives, of our own intellectual and moral progress. "We discourse, (by implication at least) of infancy, childhood, boyhood and youth, of pleasures lying upon the unfolding intellect, plenteously as morning dew drops—of knowledge inhaled, insensibly like fragrance—of dispositions stealing into the spirit

like music from unknown quarters—of images uncalled for, and rising up like exhalations—of hopes plucked, like beautiful wild flowers from the ruined tombs of antiquity, to make a garland for a living forehead"—and are led back to the time when the words, the sentiments, the truths we now look upon as fixed and immutable, the best and most beautiful efforts of genius, were but unmeaning jargon, or at least hidden mysteries which the young spirit thrust aside, as not fit for its wants and wishes. Or it may be the reverse of this, the books of our youth, our daily and nightly companions, which enticed us from sleep and even from play, and led us into bye corners to feast on their enchanting and forbidden delights, may be now taken up with scarcely another feeling than that of surprise, that they could ever have so deeply enchanted us. A Retrospective Review! Brings it not with it something which the ablest criticism on a new untried, unknown work, can never awaken? Does it not call up from within, from the depths of memory, something better and more useful than the wisdom which magisterial critics would force upon us? Is it not as a leaf from a forgotten Diary, or as a dream of the past, when the future was not to us what it is now? What hand rested with ours on the page which we then devoured with greedy eyes? Does the eye now beam upon us that once gladdened and filled at the strange story, the mournful tragedy, which was not then known to be but fiction? Or was it dimmed long since by the shadow of Death? Is the voice now mute which gave reality and being to the conceptions of the poet? The aspirations which we then indulged, the hopes of the future, the generous credulity, the single-hearted though foolish resolves—have they all fled, and been forgotten? No, not all.

"The youth who daily further from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended."

A Retrospective Review may enable us to recall the vision, and to return, though but for a brief season, to

Those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence; truths that wake
To perish never:
Which neither littleness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is in enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!

(ORIGINAL.)

VIRGINIA DARE; OR, THE LOST COLONY.

BY E. L. C.

Come on poor babe ;
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurses ! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.

Shakspeare.

THE scene of our tale goes far back through the vista of departed centuries,—embracing a period nearly twenty years subsequent to the abortive attempt of Sir Walter Raleigh, to plant an English colony in Virginia,—and when, as is generally believed, upon the assertion of a voracious historian, not a single European was to be found in all the Virginian territory. Yet, drawing our deductions from the records of the times, we trust we shall be found guilty of no unwarrantable licence, in introducing to our readers two personages, who at this very era of which we write, the summer of 1603, were domesticated among the barbarous inhabitants of this western world, but whose language and appearance, declared them decidedly of European parentage.

Who, at all familiar with the earliest annals of America, has not heard of the lost colony of Roanoke ? Who, as he conned over the slight record of its existence and disappearance, has not gone forth into a world of conjecture respecting its probable fate, picturing to himself the stern, and the tender hearts, that composed this gallant little band, and yearning to know the emotions, and the thoughts, and the final destiny of every individual belonging to it. High souls were there—steps that had sounded in lordly halls, and hands that had done noble deeds in the service of their virgin queen. There was the bounding foot, and gay laugh of childhood, and there too was woman in her beauty. She, who had dwelt in the peasant's cot, and she who had been reared amidst the silken luxuries of polished life. They had left all for the untried perils of the wilderness,—the endearments of home, the fond ties of country and of kindred, to follow through danger, and to death, those in whose life they lived, clinging to the last, with such love as woman only knows, to the objects of their hearts first fond and chosen affection.

It may be necessary, for the better elucidation of our story, to state, that in the spring of 1587, Sir Walter Raleigh equipped, and sent a company of adventurers to Virginia, incorporating them by the name of the "Borough of Raleigh in Virginia," and invest-

ing Governor White, and a council of twelve persons, with all power over it. They were directed to plant themselves at the Bay of Chesapeake, but landing on the Island of Roanoke, they there remained, and established their colony. Mr. Dare, a member of the council, and a young man of birth and education, had a few months previous to his quitting England, married Alicia White, the lovely daughter of the governor, and with the constancy and devotion of her sex, she had voluntarily renounced the comforts and refinements of a luxurious home, to share her husband's fortunes amid the unknown scenes and hardships of the western world. And with heroic fortitude, she endured the toils and privations inseparable from her new mode of life,—never repining, but always cheering others with the hope of brighter days to come. And when, within a month after the landing of the colonists, and before any suitable accommodations could be prepared for her, she became the mother of a lovely infant, words only of praise and gratitude, to the author of all good, dwelt upon her lips,—and her husband almost ready to despond for her sake, felt his courage revived by her unflinching cheerfulness, and exclaimed, while he clasped her to his bosom, and gazed with tears of joy upon her fond and smiling eyes, that though an exile from his country, he blessed God, that his home and its endearments were with him, like a star of promise in the wilderness. On their infant, the young parents bestowed the name of Virginia, in honour of the country that gave her birth, and in commemoration, says the historian, of her having been the first English child born on the soil of the new world.

Governor White remained with the colonists till he saw them comfortably established in their new location, and then, at their earnest solicitation, sailed for England to obtain supplies, of which they would shortly stand in need. He left them reluctantly, and with many sad forebodings,—but necessity and duty were the watch-words of the day, and leaving his daughter and her child as guarantees for his speedy return, he commended them all to the protection of

Heaven, and departed. But, arrived in England, unavoidable circumstances detained him there beyond his wishes or expectations, till his anxiety respecting the isolated colony became intensely painful. In vain he importuned for liberty to return to their relief,—he was a member of Queen Elizabeth's council, and inaccessible to the tender emotions of nature, she peremptorily forbade his departure. England was still involved in a war with Spain, and the queen, apprehending an invasion from the invincible Armada, refused to weaken the united wisdom and experience of her councillors, by the loss of one individual.

Finding his sovereign deaf to his entreaties, the governor at length appealed to Sir Walter Raleigh, who immediately furnished him with two pinnaces, which he freighted with stores, and sent out to the relief of the exiled company. But the crews, intent only upon gain, were unmindful of their destination, and going in search of prizes, fell in with some French vessels, who rifled, and so disabled them, that they were under the necessity of putting back to England, and thus the unfortunate colonists were still left without succour or tidings from their native land.

The feelings of Governor White, as a man and a father, on finding his dearest hopes thus cruelly baffled, it were impossible to describe. Another weary year he was doomed to linger on with a crushed spirit, and the worm of regret and anxiety gnawing at his heart, and sapping the very springs of life, when his imperial mistress yielded to his ceaseless prayer, and granted him permission, and a sufficient equipment, to set sail for the distant shores of America, in an almost hopeless search for the little band who had so long been left unheeded amid the horrors of the trackless wilderness. And hopeless indeed it proved, for when after a tedious voyage, the vessel of the governor anchored off the island of Roanoke, and he, with a bounding heart sprang upon the shore, and hastened to the spot where he had left the infant settlement, he found, to his unspeakable dismay, that it was entirely deserted. Some traces of its English occupants might be seen, in here and there a small patch of ground that exhibited the marks of former cultivation, but every dwelling was razed to the earth, and a palisade of high trees enclosed the site on which they once stood. On the trunk of one of these, from which the bark had been stripped, the word Croatoan, was carved in capital letters, and as it met the gaze of the almost distracted father, blessed tears came to his relief, and the bitter agony of his heart was changed into words of rapturous joy and gratitude, for the colonists had agreed with him in case of their removal from Roanoke before his return, which circumstances might render expedient, to leave inscribed upon the trunk of a tree, the place of their new location.

The governor knew Croatoan to be the name of an Indian town on the north side of Cape Look-out;

he was also aware, that its inhabitants were friendly to the English, and that it was likewise the birth place of Manteo, a christianized Indian, who had visited England with some former colonists, and who had dwelt at Roanoke, on the most amicable terms with the Europeans. Satisfied that they were safe, whose welfare had cost him so much anxiety, the governor re-embarked with his men, resolving to sail for Croatoan in the morning, to learn the present condition, and future prospects of the exiles, and if possible, prevail on Mr. Dare to return, with his wife and child to England. But again was the unhappy father destined to cruel disappointment. That very evening, he was attacked by a painful disorder, the effect of anxiety and exposure, which rendered him unable to quit his berth; and to add to his distress, during the night a violent storm arose, in which the ship parted her cables and was driven out to sea. The weather continued tempestuous so long, that the vessel received serious damage,—the crew, too, became dissatisfied and mutinous, and positively refused to aid in again approaching the American coast, clamorously demanding of the helmsman to steer direct for England. Illness had prostrated the energies of the Governor, and his second in command, feeling that it would be vain for him to contend against the united fury of the elements, and of human passion, yielded to the violence of the sailors, and ordered the vessel to be put upon her homeward course.

Who may speak of the wounded and bleeding heart of that despairing father, as stretched powerless upon his bed of pain, he felt himself borne resistlessly from the beloved child, whom, in the speechless extacy of love, he had so often cradled in his arms, and whom he was now compelled to leave, perishing, it might be of want, or by the tortures of the savages, amidst the horrors of the dark and howling wilderness. Many were the plans, which during that long and tedious voyage home, he formed for a speedy return, to rescue those so dear to him from their dreary exile, and banish from their hearts the corroding thought, which doubtless now possessed them, that he had voluntarily abandoned and deserted them. At the risk of life, of fortune, and of his sovereign's favour, of all that he most valued upon earth, he resolved to brook no delay in the execution of his purpose. But scarcely had his foot pressed the soil of his native shore, when it pleased Providence, to summon him from the scene of trial and sorrow that had darkened his closing years, and spare him the still keener anguish, which must have been his, had he been permitted to prosecute his fruitless search, after the small surviving remnant, of the lost ill fated colony of Roanoke.

Sad indeed had been the destiny of that forsaken band. After the departure of the Governor for England, the colonists had continued to look for his return till the approaching rigours of such a winter

as they had never before experienced, taught them to feel that they were hoping against hope, when, but for the fortitude and wisdom of a few, who toiled and planned for the subsistence and safety of the whole, they would all have miserably perished, through fear and utter despondency. To Mrs. Dare, indeed, the mysterious circumstance of her father's continued absence, proved a fatal stroke. The terrors and hardships of the wilderness, had already rudely shaken a naturally delicate constitution, and when her heart became sick with hope deferred, and was alternately racked with fears and agonizing doubts for her father's safety and affection, her health yielded to the overwhelming strength of her emotions, and after lingering for several months, an example of patient and gentle sweetness, she sank peacefully to an early grave, grieving only for her husband and child, and imploring him with her latest breath, to return with their little one, by the first opportunity, to the home and altars of their country. Mr. Dare promised to fulfil her wish; but he was not permitted to do so, for very shortly he was destined to share the silent forest grave of his early and only beloved.

For some months previous to this event, the natives had betrayed symptoms of a wish to re-possess themselves of the island, and in several instances had shewn a degree of malignity, that menaced the little colony with danger. Several individuals, who had ventured to the main land in search of game, had been slightly wounded by the arrows of the ambushed foe, and though this warning should have taught caution to others, Mr. Dare had the temerity when paddling his canoe along the shore, accompanied by Manteo, to land, attracted by a fine stag, which he saw browsing, through a glade of the forest. But his life paid the forfeit of his imprudence, for scarcely had he leaped upon the bank, when an arrow from some unseen hand pierced his side, and hastily retreating to his boat, Manteo bore him, with Indian celerity, back to the settlement. But before he reached it, the agony of withdrawing the barbed weapon from the wound, caused him to faint, and even had not the wound itself proved fatal, it was but too evident that the poison with which the arrow's point was tipped had already diffused itself through his frame, and done the work of death. He survived but a short time—just long enough to bless his innocent child, who smiled in his arms, unconscious of her orphan state, or of the fearful perils that environed her. He entreated Manteo, to save her from the malice of his countrymen, and enjoined upon him, and upon Rachel, her nurse, to guard her with their lives, and never to feel that their duty was fulfilled, till they had found an opportunity of bearing her in safety to England, to the arms of those near relatives who would with joy receive and cherish her, as the precious legacy of her lost, unfortunate parents.

Manteo, in return for his faithful services to the English, had received from those empowered to bestow it, the title of Lord of Roanoke—an empty honour, and one which it is difficult to believe a savage could appreciate, sufficiently to deem it a reward—however, history relates the fact, and therefore we may suppose it was not valueless, even in the eyes of the untaught child of nature. He had also embraced the Christian religion, and been baptized in the name of his blessed Saviour, and in all honour and faith he promised to the dying father to protect his infant daughter, even with his own life, nor rest in peace beneath the shelter of his wigwam, till he had found means to convey her across the great waters, to the land of her people. Thus was the little Virginia left, a fair and lovely blossom, in the midst of a frightful wilderness—with none save an untutored Indian, and a humble dependent of her family, to care for her welfare, and watch the gradual unfolding of her dawning intellect. Rachel, her nurse, had been also the nurse of her mother's infancy—had nurtured her at her own bosom, borne her in her arms in childhood, and almost with the doating affection of a mother, had marked her, as years rolled on, burst into ripe and lovely womanhood. She had stood beside her, when she plighted her maiden vows to the husband of her choice; and when with a resolute heart, she prepared to accompany him to his home in the wilderness, the faithful Rachel shrunk not from following the fortunes of her youthful mistress—and never, amid the darkest hour of trial, did one regret assail her for her constancy. She felt that she had cheered and brightened many a dreary hour, and infused comfort into many a bitter draught for those she loved. Her hand had smoothed the pillow for her dying child, and closed in their last sleep the soft eyes which she had so often lulled to pleasant slumber—and from her arms, as a last legacy, she had received the precious infant, for whose sweet sake she still cherished life, even with an almost hopeless future stretching drearily before her. And well was it for her, that Providence had so fitted her for the situation, in which He had now placed her. She was a woman of strong intellect, high in purpose, resolute in heart, cheerful even in extremity, firm, active, shrewd, and above all, deeply imbued with the pure and elevating spirit of Christianity; which ever led her with childlike confidence, to place her trust and reliance, on that wise and beneficent Being, "who guides the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

After the death of Mr. Dare, the Indians sought not to conceal their hostility, but were incessantly seeking opportunities to annoy the Colonists, who, in order to repel them, and as a means of self defence, enclosed their little settlement with a pallisade of trees, which gave it the appearance of a fort. Manteo, familiar with the vindictive spirit of

his countryman, foresaw the approach of some terrible catastrophe, and ceased not to urge the English to flee from the island, and seek shelter at Croatoan, where he assured them they would find safety, and a friendly welcome. Alarmed by the many savage acts of their predatory neighbours, they at length resolved to follow his advice, and hastened as privately as possible, to make the necessary preparations for their departure, when in the dead hour of the very night preceding that designed for the execution of their purpose, the horrible war-whoop of the Indians, fearfully breaking the midnight silence, roused them from their slumbers. Each man flew to arms—but the ammunition of the forsaken colonists had long been exhausted, and such weapons as they could seize, were wielded in vain, against the overpowering numbers of the foe. Whither should they flee? a thought of the boats in which they had intended to depart from Roanoke, occurred to them, and in the hope of thus securing their safety, they retired, fighting, to the water's edge. But the wily savages had prevented even this chance of their escape—every boat was removed, excepting one which had brought their cruel assailants to the island, and into that, all who could escape the clubs and arrows of the Indians, precipitately sprang. Of these, the greater proportion were women and children, who at the first terrific sound of the onset, had fled with piercing cries to the water. But alas, for them—they fled from one death only to rush upon another, for the night, as if the elements would act in concert with the horrible scene, had become tempestuous, the wind blew a hurricane, and the waves, crested with foam, came tumbling fast upon each other, and breaking in fury upon the beach.

But there was naught even in the ocean's vexed and angry voice, so appalling to the terror-stricken fugitives, as the dark, ferocious visages of the naked savages, who pursued them with their hideous war-cry, and with the strength of desperation, those, who had gained the boat, pushed from the shore, gladly committing themselves to the mercy of the more merciful deep. But in their eagerness to escape, they had so thronged, and deeply laden the frail vessel, that the first wave which rolled heavily towards it, engulfed it in its watery folds, and as its hapless occupants disappeared within the dark abyss, a shout of triumph burst from the fiendish crew upon the shore, and swept far over the face of the stormy waters, mingling its demoniac peal with the discord of the elements, and with the wilder sound of that thrilling death-cry, which the heaving waves sent up from the poor victims who had found a rest within their depths.

So perished the ill-fated colony of Roanoke—and the only individuals saved from the general destruction, were the infant Virginia, and her nurse. Rachel was sleeping, with the child fast locked in her arms, when she was suddenly awakened by the

faithful Manteo, who stood at her bed side, calling upon her to rise and follow him, for the Indians were stealthily advancing to attack them. She instantly obeyed, sounding the alarm, while she hastily threw her clothes about her, but they had scarcely time to escape through a narrow opening in the palissade, when the dreadful onset of the savages rung in their ears. Manteo snatched the child from her arms, and wrapping his mantle of skins around its face to stifle its terrified cries, he plunged into the forest, in a direction opposite to the scene of strife, followed closely by the self-possessed, but silent Rachel. It was dark and cloudy—not a star was visible in the heavens, and the storm was gathering in its fury—but with the celerity and instinct of his race, he threaded the intricate mazes of the forest, dragging Rachel on, when her step faltered, and whispering softly to the frightened infant, to allay its fears. At length he paused before a low browed cavern near the shore, which was overgrown with creeping plants, and hidden beneath the matted boughs of ancient forest trees. Lifting the wild vines, that hung like a curtain before its entrance, and giving Rachel the child, he bade her remain there in perfect quiet, till his return. He waited not for question nor reply, but darted away, leaving her alone in gloom and silence, broken only by the sounds of the gathering tempest, and of the ocean waves, dashing with hollow murmurs on the shore.

Thus passed on an hour, a long and anxious one to Rachel, who sat upon the ground holding the sleeping child upon her lap, and fearing to move, lest she should awaken her. At the expiration of that time Manteo returned. He informed her, that he had gone forth in the hope of aiding the Colonists against their assailants, or at least of rescuing some of the women and children from their power. But he found that his single arm could avail them nought in the unequal contest, and the promise he had made to the father of Virginia, restrained him from throwing his life lightly away, although his blood boiled at the outrages he had that night seen committed against his white brothers. But he was powerless to aid or avenge them, and he had looked on at a distance, and seen them all perish, all, every one—yet felt that vengeance was in the hand of the Great Spirit, who would not permit their murderers to go long unpunished.

Rachel listened to him in silence, for her heart was full, and as she clasped the still sleeping infant to her bosom, tears of bitter anguish bathed its innocent face. She felt that they were both outcasts from civilized life, and her heart sunk as the dark future, with all its undefined and shadowy horrors arose before her. The remainder of that fearful night passed away in silence, the silence of stern thought on the part of Manteo, and with the desolate Rachel it was spent in tears, and earnest prayer for fortitude, and resignation to her dreary lot.

Ever and anon, came borne on the tempestuous gale, the wild yells of the savages, as they pursued their work of devastation among the deserted homes of their murdered victims, but as the morning dawned, all sounds were hushed—the storm too, seemed lulled to rest, and once more Manteo stole from the cavern, to reconnoitre the movements of the Indians.

He advanced with cautious steps towards the English settlement, gaining confidence as he approached it, from the unbroken silence that prevailed, and which was soon explained by finding it entirely deserted, and seeing at a distance the canoes of the Indians fast receding from the island. He then went boldly forward, and stepping within the palisades, gazed with sorrow on the scene of desolation there presented to his view. Every dwelling was razed to the ground, and amidst their ruins, lay scattered remnants of the spoil, which the savages had been unable to carry away with them. Manteo looked around, hoping to find some article of food, which should furnish Rachel and her charge with such a repast as they had been accustomed to, and he was so fortunate as to discover a box containing a few biscuit, which had been long carefully hoarded, as one of the few remaining luxuries, brought by their possessor from England. He was also pleased to see a goat browsing on the green herbage, which was one of a number brought out by the Colonists, and had been a great pet with the children. She ran towards him, when he called her, and her full udders furnished him with a rich draught for the little Virginia.

Thus bountifully supplied, the faithful Manteo returned to the cavern, which was now brightened by the beams of the morning sun, streaming through every narrow crevice, and enlivened by the gay laugh, and exquisite beauty of the happy and unconscious child. Their simple meal was soon ended, when Manteo proceeded to inform Rachel, that they must depart for Croatoan that very night, where, protected by his powerful tribe, they might dwell unmolested, even should their escape be hereafter discovered. He further told her, that long since, foreseeing from the menaces of the Indians, the catastrophe which had now exterminated the Colony, he had concealed in the end of a trench, and carefully hidden from view, several chests, left by Mr. Dare in his trust for Virginia, and that as the Indians would not probably return till the morrow, for the remainder of their spoil, he would employ this day in removing them, preparatory to their departure from the island. He accordingly did so, succeeding in his purpose without molestation, and that night, beneath the star-lit canopy of heaven, the lonely fugitives commenced their brief voyage to Croatoan.

The destined post was reached without let or hindrance, and joyously was Manteo welcomed by

the chieftains of his tribe. He had been across the world of waters, and sojourned with that mighty people, who like the Great Spirit spoke in a voice of thunder, and came flying towards their shores, with white wings outspread, like vast sea birds skimming the fathomless deep; and, as he was supposed to have acquired superior wisdom, by his intercourse with this wonderful nation, consequently his influence over his red brethren, was proportionately great.

Rachel, with her jet black hair, her dark flashing eye, and voice, and look of command, seemed of kin to their own race, and won at once, their love and confidence. They believed her to be gifted with supernatural powers, and from her skill in often restoring the sick to health, they imagined her to possess a mysterious influence over life and death. They called her the Raven's Wing, from the dark and glossy hue of her hair, which time had not then streaked with one thread of silver. But for the little Virginia,—she became at once their wonder and their idol. The fairy-like proportions of her form, the delicate hue of her skin, the soft ringlets of her hair, and eyes of heavenly blue, were their delight and admiration. They were never weary of gazing upon her, and the women loved to wreath her little arms and neck with strings of scarlet berries, that resembled coral, and to twine flowers, or sometimes gaudier ornaments, among the clustering ringlets of her silken hair. It was indeed a touching sight to behold this delicate and graceful child, sporting, with heart unconscious of her deprivations, among the tawny children of the forest, or laughing in the naked arms of some gigantic savage, hideous in his wild array of skins and feathers, yet dandling his fragile burden with a woman's tenderness, and smiling with grim delight, upon the angel face, that looked up with such beaming and confiding love to his. As is their custom, they gave her various playful names of endearment, but from the extraordinary and dazzling fairness of her complexion, they loved best to call her the Snow-flake. The king of the country, Okisko, pronounced her worthy to become the wife of his son,—his word was a law to his people, and from that time, the lovely Virginia was looked upon as the destined bride of their prince, Orinka.

In the meantime, through the influence and exertions of Manteo, Rachel and her charge were made as comfortable as circumstances would possibly permit, more so perhaps, than could have been expected, in a situation so singular and forlorn. But having spent two years in England, and lived altogether with the colonists since his return to his own country, Manteo had derived much knowledge from them, and become familiar with the habits, and requirements of civilized life. He accordingly constructed an abode for his proteges, similar to those built by the colonists at Roanoke, dividing the interior into two apartments, which he furnished

with abundance of soft skins, and mats made of fibrous threads, or the coarse grass of the prairie, and rendered the whole, as far as was in his power, comfortable and commodious. They were to occupy this dwelling by themselves; for long as she had been in the country, Rachel did not love too close an association with the natives. Manteo's wigwam adjoined it, and under his vigilant and faithful guardianship, Rachel experienced a feeling of security, that would otherwise have been unknown to her. A rude paling surrounded her little demesne, and she brought the wild and beautiful vines, which she found in the forest, and trained them to climb over her humble roof. She also transplanted many flowers and shrubs to the garden, which Manteo formed for her, similar to those laid out by the colonists, and every year it became prettier, with its gay parterres, and its rustic arbour, overgrown with the native grape, laden with its purple clusters of beautiful and tempting fruit.

Rachel forced herself to take an interest in the arrangements which Manteo was so anxiously making for her comfort,—and persuaded, that for the present, at least, the wilderness was destined to be her home; she resumed that cheerfulness, which is the offspring of faith and hope, and adapting herself with facility to her situation, entered into the joys and griefs of the untutored beings by whom she was surrounded, learning of them many curious arts, and in return imparting a knowledge of those comforts, and ingenious contrivances, which belong to a civilized state of society. She had been so fortunate as to find in the chests conveyed by Manteo from Roanoke, many articles of little intrinsic worth, but of priceless value to her in her exile. Besides wearing apparel, sufficient to supply her own and Virginia's wardrobe for years, they contained books, writing materials, and the implements for female industry, also several articles of plate engraved with the family arms of Mr. Dare, and a few odd pieces of china. There was found too, a small parcel of flower seeds, which Virginia's mother had brought with her over the ocean, intending to propagate the flowers of her country in the virgin soil of the new world; but the birth of her child, almost immediately after her arrival, and her subsequent illness and death, had prevented her design. Tears blinded Rachel's eyes as she examined the little parcel, which she remembered to have seen her young mistress prepare and label, with many fond and bright anticipations. It would break her heart, she thought, to see flowers springing from those seeds, only for savages to gaze upon, and with a sigh she laid them by, till Virginia should grow old enough, to find pleasure in their culture. And for her fairy fingers it was reserved, to sow in the soil of the wilderness, the seeds of those favourite flowers, which her ill-fated mother had loved to nurture in the garden bowers of her early home.

And so they lived, and so passed on years, without

bringing to the exiles any tidings from the far-off shores of England; yet still, in the secret recesses of her heart, Rachel cherished the fond hope of returning to it, and still Manteo kept a vigilant, but a vain lookout, for the sail of some new adventurer to the western world. Home, the home of her earlier years, with all its sweet associations, was ever present to the mind of Rachel, and the last injunction of Virginia's parents, that she should bear their child to her paternal land, sounded forever in her ears, and weighed like a command from the grave, upon her soul. It was her constant and fervent prayer, that she might live to fulfil this duty, and the desire became stronger, and more ardent, as she saw Virginia growing up beside her, perfect in beauty, graceful as a fawn, and lovely in every attribute of mind and heart. She had sought to instruct her in the elements of such simple lore, as she herself possessed, but the quick intellect of the pupil soon grasped all that her teacher could impart, and far outstripped her in the paths of knowledge—luxuriating in the books, the maps, the pictures which had been saved from the devastation at Roanoke, and which in her state of almost utter desolation, opened to her wondering search, a mine of intellectual wealth, that seemed to her exhaustless.

Nature had given to Virginia a gay and joyous temperament, but her peculiar situation, the little sympathy which, as the powers of her mind unfolded and matured, she found in her untutored companions; above all, the sad tale of her parent's sufferings and death, which had been early and often told her by her nurse, combined to produce a somewhat saddening effect upon her character. She loved to be alone, to look within herself, for sources of intellectual enjoyment, which none about her could furnish, and thus she seemed to be invested with a halo of brightness and purity, which lent a touching charm to her beauty, and rendered her in the estimation of the simple people among whom she dwelt, a being, of a nature far purer, and holier than their own. Their choicest offerings were made to her,—fantastic wreaths of wild flowers interwoven with sea shells, were laid before the door of her dwelling,—ripe fruits in gaily woven baskets, were presented to her, and girdles and moccasins, wrought with moose hair and porcupine quills, were brought from a far by young men of the tribe, and laid in homage at her feet. Virginia received their gifts, with grace and sweetness, proffering in return, such little ornaments as her ingenuity could manufacture from the materials within her reach.

Nor did she disdain to mingle freely in their sports, and she was fleet of foot as the swiftest of their race. Her arrow pierced the mark with as true an aim as any that cut the air, and the favourite dance of the tribe, she executed with an exquisite grace, that would have caused it to be considered a beautiful performance, even beside the much admired waltz of modern days. But still her young

heart languished for sympathy, and intercourse with those who would understand, and share its fine and delicate emotions. She loved her forest home, the songs of its thousand birds, the music of its rustling leaves, the dashing of the ocean's wave, and all the mysterious harmonies of nature, among which she had been born and reared; but the tales of another hemisphere, which Rachel had poured into her listening ear, and the knowledge derived from the few books she possessed, and which she was never weary of perusing, had revealed to her, glimpses of that far off land where her kindred dwelt, and awakened yearnings to behold it, too powerful to be repressed.

But even Rachel's sanguine heart began to despair of ever revisiting her native shores, for Virginia was now verging on her sixteenth year, and never since the destruction of the colony, had a wandering sail greeted their anxious gaze, nor a European face come to cheer them in their solitude. Their Indian protectors frowned on the slightest allusion to their possible departure. Since the hour of the strangers coming to reside amongst them, they had been prosperous in war and in peace, in their hunting grounds, in the abundance of their corn, and in the health of their people—and it was their presence, they believed, which invoked the smile of the Great Spirit upon their undertakings. It was consequently their desire still to detain the exiles, and bind them by some tie not easily broken, to their country—and this might be effected, by Virginia's becoming the wife of Orinka. The young chief, who had now attained manhood, was noble in person, warlike and brave, but of uncontrolled passions, and a vindictive and revengeful temper. He had grown up with the expectation of possessing the fair English girl, and his fiery spirit could ill brook the thought of disappointment.

But Virginia shuddered at the bare idea of such a fate, for although she had ever lived in familiar intercourse with their race, her innate delicacy and refinement of soul, made her shrink from the thought of allying herself by such ties to any one of their number. The hope and expectation, of some day quitting her wild home and associates, for the shores of her father-land, had constantly been instilled into her by Rachel, till it seemed to her a certainty, that at no distant time, this cherished wish would be accomplished. Her affections, her prepossessions, through the influence of her nurse, were purely English, and now, when hope deferred was making her heart sick, she turned from the assiduities of her Indian lover with disgust. Manteo, however, who had ceased to believe that any opportunity would ever offer for their return to England, urged the propriety of connecting themselves by nearer ties to his people, and warned them, that disastrous consequences might ensue, if they persisted in slighting the overtures of so powerful and revengeful a prince as Orinka.

Things were in this state, when an event occurred which changed the aspect of affairs, and rekindled anew the light of hope in the hearts of the almost desponding exiles. One bright summer morning, a party of hunters returned from a distant expedition, bringing with them a young Spaniard, who having fallen into the power of a ferocious tribe, was being conveyed by them to their country, where they designed to offer him as a sacrifice to their god. They were, however, first bound on a distant expedition, and finding their prisoner a burdensome appendage, were about to slay him, before proceeding farther, when they encountered the party of hunters from Croatoan, to whose solicitations, after some little demur, they surrendered him. His helpless condition, and the similarity of his complexion to that of their English friends, interested them in his behalf, and having bound up his wounded arm, which an arrow had pierced, they carried him with them to their village. Exhausted by fatigue and suffering, he was, immediately upon his arrival at Croatoan, conveyed to the wigwam of Manteo, and gladly sank down upon the couch of fresh moss, that was prepared for him. But his utter desolation, and the perils by which he still believed himself surrounded, tended far more to subdue his energies of mind, and even his physical strength, than the anguish of his wound, which though acute, he scarcely heeded. His repugnance to the natives, who thronged eagerly around him, seemed to be unconquerable, and even Manteo's calm and gentle manner, as he strove to make him comprehend that he was in the hands of friends, failed to reassure him. The Indians, therefore, were all desired to withdraw, and Rachel, as a skilful leech, and as belonging to his own race, was desired to attend the stranger. It was with a beating heart, that the old nurse obeyed the summons, and her emotions nearly overpowered her, when, on entering the wigwam of Manteo, she found herself once again, after the lapse of so many years, gazing on the features of a European. She knew not what country gave him birth, yet, though she saw at a glance, that he came not from her own green Island home, she ventured to address him in the unforgotten accents of her mother tongue. He lay with his face buried in his hands as she approached, but at the sound of her voice, he started, and gazed earnestly upon the speaker.

"Who art thou," he said, striving to express himself in the same language, and sitting upright upon his couch; "who art thou, that in this land of demons, wearest a Christian face, and speakest to me in the accents of a Christian tongue?"

"Stranger," answered Rachel, "I am a child of misfortune like yourself, and this is the first time for fourteen years, that my eyes have gazed upon the face of a white man."

"Merciful Heaven! how have you sustained life in this horrible wilderness, and does your heart

yet thro' with an emotion of human love, and sympathy?"

"Aye, does it; as warmly and as fondly, as when encircled by the joyous faces of beloved ones, in the pleasant home of my youth."

"But wherefore dwell you here, an outcast from the civilized world, here in terrible companionship with heathen and bloodthirsty savages?"

"It was the will of God to spare my life, and that of the tender babe who was a nursling in my arms; when the little colony, of which we formed a part, perished by treachery—and but for those, young man, whom you denounce, we too, should long since, have slept the sleep of death, beneath the deep shadows of the wilderness. They have performed Christian acts for me and mine, they have shielded us from harm, and laboured for our comfort and subsistence."

"And you wish not to leave them?" asked the stranger, in an accent of surprise; "you are still content to abide with those, who wear indeed the forms of men, but shame the very brutes by their cruelty and excesses."

"Not so, young man; I owe them much—but I would, I must, repay them with ingratitude—my sands are running low, and for the sake of one yet young in life, I would return to that land, which my heart has so long, and vainly yearned to behold."

"And hope you to accomplish this desire, or know you of any means by which you may recross the ocean, back to the country from which you have been so long an exile?"

"Stranger, to the dying father of the fair girl whom I have nurtured in this wilderness, I made a vow, never to consider my duty done, till I had borne her to the arms of her kindred, and for years my eyes have watched for the wandering barque of some Christian mariner, who should enable me to fulfil this sacred pledge. Need I say, that I have watched through fourteen weary years in vain, and that hope was well nigh extinct in my heart, when tidings that a European was in our forests, kindled it anew from the ashes of despair. Speak, and tell me, where are those with whom you sought these shores, that we may flee to them, and find our way back to the homes of a Christian land."

A bitter smile curled the young man's lip as he replied:

"Think you, captive and wounded as I am, that I would lie here in bondage, were it in my power to retrace my steps through this wilderness, to the barque, which bore me and my luckless companions to our fate? Listen to the brief tale of my disasters, and then judge if we have it in our power to lend each other aid. God knows I would encounter any risk, for freedom, and escape, from hence—aye, sooner would I welcome instant death, than know that I was destined to abide for years in these wild solitudes. I am a native of Spain, and bear the

name of Ferdinand Velasquez. My father's death invested me with fortune, but it made my country hateful to me, and leaving my brother in possession of the paternal estates, I took passage in a richly laden caravel for Cuba, where an uncle, with whom I had passed my boyhood, resided. We were within two days sail of our destined port, when we fell in with, and were captured by an English vessel, bound on a voyage of discovery to this coast. For myself, I cared little for this mishap—the prospect of adventure was an exciting novelty to me, and I knew that as a prisoner of war, I should meet with fair and honourable treatment from the hands of my captors; neither was I ill pleased to mingle with that people, and perhaps visit the country, over which the renowned Elizabeth held regal sway. During the course of our prosperous voyage, I endeavoured to acquire a knowledge of their language, in which I so far succeeded, as to be able to maintain with them a degree of familiar intercourse that initiated me into their habits, and modes of thought. At length, the wild inhospitable shores of this western world, appeared in view, and curiosity and eager expectation created an excitement in every bosom, to behold its wonders, which adverse winds for some time prevented our gratifying. But after baffling them for a day or two, we succeeded in approaching the coast, and came to anchor about a mile from the shore, when the commander, impatient to explore the country, immediately prepared to land. It was late in the afternoon, and he was urged to defer his purpose till morning, but anxious to set his foot upon the terra incognita in view, he persisted in going, and I in accompanying him. The pinnacle was got ready, and with two of the ship's crew, we left the vessel, never to return to it more. No obstacle appeared, to prevent our landing in safety, and our hearts swelled with delight, as we leaped upon the shore, and looked around upon a scene, which to weary voyagers, like ourselves, was one of perfect enchantment. Far and wide, spread the boundless prospect, comprising hill, and dale, and forest, mountains, and majestic streams, and beneath our feet a carpet of richest verdure, gay with the blossoms of strange and beautiful flowers. On we went, thoughtless of danger, lured by the exquisite scenery that was spread out around us, and by the exciting thought, that we were treading the unexplored soil of a new and unknown world. Suddenly we were startled by an arrow, whizzing through the air; another, and another followed, but the foe was invisible, and we were almost ready to believe ourselves assailed by the powers of darkness, when with a yell so wild and shrill, that even now its demoniac echoes ring through my brain, a band of armed and painted savages, rushed upon us, and the next instant, my three companions lay stretched in death upon the ground. We too were armed, but resistance was vain against the overpowering numbers of

the savage crew. An arrow had pierced my arm, but still I prepared to make what defence was in my power, and with my back braced firmly against a tree, resolved to sell my life dearly, when a gigantic savage, attracted by the jewel that looped my hat, and a chain that glittered round my neck, approached me behind, and wrenching from my hand the weapon that I wielded, stripped my person of all that was valuable in his eyes, and then delivered me to the charge of his followers. They immediately bound my arms, and after a short consultation, moved on through the forest, bearing me with them. In vain, by signs, I entreated them to slay me; I pointed to the ocean, seen at intervals as we proceeded, and struggled to flee towards it. But I was powerless in their grasp, and as they dragged me on, one moment burning with rage, the next a prey to the most terrible despair—they laughed at my sufferings, and mocked me with savage scorn. Two days passed thus, when my tormenters encountered the party of hunters, into whose charge I was transferred, and who brought me hither—but why they have done so, or what are their designs towards me, I know not."

"They intend you no harm," said Rachel, as the young man ceased his narrative; "they love you for our sakes, and wish to treat you as a brother. But tell me, I entreat you, how many days have passed since you landed from the English vessel, on these shores?"

"But four—and I am convinced she still lies off the coast, vainly hoping for the return of those, who left her in the pinnace."

"And the pinnace," eagerly asked Rachel, "think you it remains where you left it?"

"I doubt it not, as fearful of its being discovered, and removed before our return, we moored it fast in a little cove, that had no appearance of having been frequented—unless, therefore, it has been especially sought for, I think it must have escaped observation."

"And would you, with a trusty guide, venture to return to the spot where you left it—search along the coast for the English vessel, and if it still remain there, come back to aid us too, in escaping from our exile."

"Would I? gladly, cheerfully," exclaimed Velasquez, springing to his feet; "and should the vessel, hopeless of our return, have weighed anchor and departed, give me my freedom, and in the frailest barque that ever floated on the waves, I will not fear to brave the perils of the ocean, esteeming them far less than those that lurk amidst the gloom and vastness, of these utter and appalling solitudes."

Rachel smiled sadly—she remembered when she too had cherished such feelings, but long familiarity with what she had once dreaded, had made them strangers to her heart. The hope which opened upon her, of returning, with Virginia, to her coun-

try, possessed her whole soul, and she proposed that, under the pretence of visiting the Island of Roanoke, which might naturally be supposed an object of curiosity to the Spaniard, he and Manteo, should, on the following day, set off in search of the English vessel, which in an open boat they would soon discover, if she still remained upon the coast. If she had not left, their measures for departure were to be taken secretly and rapidly, as Rachel well knew they would be opposed in their purpose by the whole tribe, and the vengeance of Orinka would be sure to overtake them, if he but suspected, that they entertained a thought of flight. Manteo, had long since ceased to believe, that they were ever destined to quit his country, and it was with a feeling of pain, that he felt called upon, to sanction the plan of Rachel. He could not conscientiously oppose her wishes, because he knew they were in accordance with the promise given to Mr. Dare, but he ventured to use with her a tone of gentle remonstrance.

"The Raven's-wing, and the Snow-flake, have dwelt long among my people," he said; "we have brought for them the softest of our furs, we have fed them with the ripest of our corn, our women have loved and tended them, and our young men have fished and hunted for them. Wherefore, then, will they quit us? they are dear to us, and we would not have them depart—yet the vow which I made to the father of the Snow-flake, is still upon my heart, and if the Raven's-wing says yea, it shall be fulfilled. But the young English flower, knows no other land save this—she has seen no other people, and why may she not be happy in the wigwam of him, who loves her more than any of his own race?"

"Speak no more of this," said Rachel hastily; "Providence is pointing out a way for our departure hence, and the vow we have made to the dead, must not be violated. God will conduct us safely through the dangers of the deep, and my orphan child will meet the greetings of friends and kindred in her father-land, and close my aged eyes amid the loved faces, and dear familiar objects of home."

Manteo bowed his head with grave dignity, in token of assent, and after a momentary pause, Rachel, in order to explain their peculiar situation to the Spaniard, related to him briefly all the circumstances of their peculiar history, from the first arrival of the colony at Roanoke, down to the present moment. He listened with surprise, and the deepest interest to her narrative, and was particularly moved by that part relating to the young and helpless girl, whose fate had been so singularly cast among savages—nor could he repress an exclamation of disgust and horror, when Rachel mentioned the Indian King's project, of uniting Virginia to his son. She proceeded to describe the haughty and revengeful character of Orinka, the power of his father, and the danger which they should incur, by

openly slighting these savage potentates, or suffering their intention of escape to be suspected.

While she was yet speaking, the door of the wigwam burst suddenly open, and Virginia darting forward, threw herself into the arms of her faithful nurse. Ferdinand Velasquez stood transfixed, as the lovely vision passed him—so pure, so innocent, so heavenly a face, he thought his eyes had never before rested upon. As she buried it in the bosom of Rachel, the wreath of wild rosebuds that confined her clustering hair, burst asunder, and the rich ringlets fell down over her neck and shoulders, in beautiful and unchecked luxuriance. Her hands and arms, were such as a sculptor might have loved to copy, so exquisite was their symmetry, at least so thought Velasquez, as he saw them twined fondly around the neck of her aged nurse.

“Mother, why do you leave me thus long,” she passionately exclaimed, in her emotion, unheedful of the presence of a stranger, “Orinka is beside me, and Ensenore is absent,—come to our home,—the evening is closing in, and I cannot abide there without you.”

“Compose yourself, my child,” said Rachel soothingly, “and remember that you are in the presence of a stranger,—of a European, my Virginia,—one of a kindred race, none of whom within your recollection, you have ever seen before.”

“Virginia raised her head, and turned a wondering gaze upon the Spaniard, who certainly looked no carpet knight in his present disarray, for the rude handling he had sustained from the savages, had divested him of all extraneous ornament and attire. But as her eye glanced towards him, it encountered a noble and graceful figure, and a face beaming with manly beauty and intelligence; a face, how different from any she had ever before seen. Strange and undefined emotions swelled her bosom, the colour deepened on her cheek, and tears suffused her eyes, as again falling upon the shoulder of Rachel, she exclaimed in low and trembling accents:

“A European, mother!”

“Yes, lady,” said Velasquez, touched by her simple and ingenuous manner, even more than by her surpassing loveliness, and bending his knee before her, with the gallantry of his age and nation, “a European, and one who will bless the Providence which has brought him to these forests, if it shall prove his happy destiny to transplant from their solitudes, a flower so pure and bright.”

The tone of gallantry and sentiment which gave unction to this speech, was new to the untutored girl, but it touched a sympathetic chord in her bosom, and harmonized with the romance that imbued her character. But at this moment a slight noise at the door of the wigwam attracted attention, and turning towards it, Rachel beheld the figure of Orinka darkening the entrance. As Velasquez, also gazed in that direction, and was struck with the beauty of

the savage form, that met his view. The young chief was of majestic height and proportions, and modelled with the symmetry and grace of an Apollo. He wore a tunic of panther skins, and a mantle formed of the beautifully spotted fur of the same animal. His arms were wreathed with bracelets of polished shells, his moccasins were gaily wrought, and on his head he wore a tiara of brilliant feathers, surmounted by an eagle's plume. His quiver of arrows hung at his back, and as he stood at the entrance of the wigwam, he leaned in stern gravity upon his bow. When he saw that he was observed, he advanced into the centre of the dwelling, and looking with an eye of proud disdain upon Velasquez, said in a tone which, though unknown to him, was rendered sufficiently intelligible by the look that accompanied it.

“Pale face, beware! the tortures of the Manna-hoacs are but as children's sport, compared to the wrath of Orinka, when he is roused!”

Then the expression of his countenance and voice became softened, yet still grave, as he turned and addressed the trembling Virginia.

“The Snow-flake has found shade and rest, beneath the boughs of her own forest tree; why then seeks she the shelter of a foreign sapling, that dare not brave for her the winter's blast, and will shrink and shrivel, beneath the fervid suns of summer. Beware! beware! Orinka will not be scorned, and his vengeance is swift and terrible, as the fire which the Great Spirit kindles in the Heavens!” so saying, he departed with hasty strides, and disappeared among the shadows of the forest.

The young Spaniard could scarcely curb his rising indignation, as he marked the bold and haughty bearing of the savage, still less could he brook to see that fair and beautiful girl, the object of such love. Such a passion seemed to him like profanation of a pure and holy object, a sacrilegious daring worthy of immediate chastisement. His eye flashed, as it followed the retreating figure of the chief, and he advanced a few hasty steps towards the door, while his hand sought vainly upon his side, the weapon it had been accustomed to find there. Rachel saw the inward workings of his mind, and addressed him in a tone of remonstrance.

“Forbear,” she said, “or we are lost,—betray one glow of passion, commit one open act of violence, and your life is forfeited. Trust me, for I know these people well, and if we value our own safety, we shall not wantonly oppose them. Above all, rouse not Orinka's jealous fears, even Virginia must do her part in lulling these to rest, or we may be watched with a vigilance, that will defeat our hopes and plans.”

A frown passed over the brow of Velasquez at this suggestion; but before he could reply, several chiefs entered Manteo's wigwam, to welcome the stranger

to Croatoan, and Rachel and Virginia departed to their own more quiet dwelling.

On the following day the design of Velasquez, to depart with Manteo in search of the English vessel, was prevented by the irritation of his wounded arm, which, combined with the excessive fatigue and excitement he had endured for the last few days, to reduce him to a state, which required rest and careful nursing. This he experienced from the motherly care of Rachel; but though removed to her dwelling, where he felt as if in the fellowship of Christian beings, he chafed sorely under the necessity of delay, and was constantly racked by the fear, that all chance of escape from his present forlorn situation, might be cut off, by the departure of the vessel from the American coast. Rachel shared his apprehensions, but she felt that the young man's life might fall a sacrifice to exposure and exertion, in his present state, and she would not hear of his undertaking the enterprize. It was finally proposed, that Manteo should depart alone on the search, and in case he found the vessel, he was immediately to communicate with these on board, to make known the condition, and wishes of Velasquez, and arrange with them the means of rescuing the exiles from the wilderness. This plan settled, Manteo lost no time in launching his canoe for his solitary expedition, and sanguine in the hope of his success, the minds of those whose fate depended on the intelligence he should bring back, became comparatively easy and resigned.

A few days of repose restored health and vigour to the frame of Ferdinand, while the kindness with which he was treated by all around him, wrought an entire change in the unfavourable impressions he had entertained of the Indian character. It was, however, a matter of constant wonder to him, how Rachel could so long have existed cheerful, and but for the thought of her early home, not unhappy, among the rude and untaught people, whose habits and customs were so utterly at variance with those of civilized life—but when he looked at the young and gentle girl who had grown up into exceeding beauty among such influences, and such companions, it was a source of still deeper marvel to his mind. For himself, the bare idea of passing the remainder of his life in that wilderness, was fraught with unutterable horror. Even with Virginia, to shed light and love over his forest home, the thought was insupportable. Nay, he began to feel, that for her sake, a restoration to the world, was most ardently to be desired,—she seemed to him a beautiful personification of all that his fancy had pictured as most lovely and exquisite in woman. Such a rare blending of maiden majesty, with the sportive grace and sweet simplicity of childhood, he had never before witnessed, and as he coned over her singular history, and dwelt with romantic enthusiasm on every circumstance connected with it, his heart glowed with the

fervour of new-born passion, and thrilled with rapture at the thought of bearing from the wilderness, this exquisite blossom, to deck the gay bowers of his own fair land. As day by day glided on, these feelings gained strength and maturity in the breast of Velasquez, till a bright vision of love and happiness, blended with his fond hopes of restoration to home and country.

In the meantime, nearly a week passed away, and Manteo did not return. Ferdinand drew a propitious omen from his continued absence, but Rachel entertained many fears, lest he might have fallen into the power of that vindictive tribe, who identifying him with the colony of Roanoke, which they destroyed, had vowed inextinguishable vengeance against him. Ferdinand could not avoid sharing her anxiety, and one evening went forth to look for their emissary, and to try his recovered strength, in a stroll along the sea-shore. As he stood looking over the wide waste of waters, filled with strange thoughts and emotions, at the singularity of his position, he espied a small speck at a distance, which as it came nearer, proved to be the canoe of some lonely mariner, and with intense interest he watched it, till its glittering keel touched the beach, and Manteo leaped lightly on shore. Warm was the greeting he encountered from Velasquez, who poured forth his brief and hurried questions with the impatience of unassured hope, and received in return, the following statement from the Indian.

After quitting Croatoan, he paddled along the coast, examining every creek and cove till he came to Roanoke, without discovering either the pinnacle, or the vessel of the English—in that vicinity, having gone on shore in search of water, he had met a friendly Indian, who told him, that for several days a large ship had been seen coasting about the mouths of the great bays to the north, and that a party of Iroquois had banded themselves together, and were lying in wait to entrap any of the crew, who might attempt to land. Manteo affected to receive this intelligence with indifference, but on returning to his canoe, immediately directed its course to the bay of Chesapeake, at whose entrance, he saw the vessel named, lying at anchor. He approached her with friendly signals, and was received on board, but when he attempted to make known his mission, in his imperfect English, he found there were none who understood him. The vessel was in fact, a Spanish galleon, which in her passage from Florida, had, during a storm, lost her course, and been driven on the Virginian coast. Manteo soon discovered that she was not the one he sought, and his sagacity shortly enabled him still farther to learn, that those who manned, her were countrymen of Velasquez. He at length succeeded, however, by the aid of one of the officers, to whom the language in which he attempted to express himself, was not entirely un-

known, in communicating all the information he wished. He was listened to with interest and surprise—and received in return, the assurance of the commander, that, as it was not thought advisable for his vessel to approach Croatoan, he would remain on the coast for a week longer, when he would anchor off Cape Hateras, and there wait to receive on board the exiles, who wished to flee from the wilderness to the shores of a Christian land.

With what feelings of unutterable joy, Ferdinand listened to these details; it is impossible to describe. Silent, yet fervent was the prayer of gratitude, which rose from his inmost soul, to that God, who had watched over his safety amid the perils of the wilderness, and who was now opening a way for his return to freedom and happiness. And as he looked towards the boundless ocean, and thought how soon he should be borne over its waves to the friends of his love, the sweet remembrance, of who was to be his companion in that homeward voyage, made him feel that all the terrors and sufferings he had of late endured, were more than compensated, by the priceless treasure they had secured for him. Momentarily absorbed by these emotions, he heeded not the absence of Manteo, who had no sooner finished the relation of his adventures, than he plunged into the thicket, and hastened by a shorter path to the dwelling of Rachel, anxious to inform her also of his success. Ferdinand walked thoughtfully onward, passing through the Indian village, where the children were sporting around their mothers, who sat in groups beneath the trees, while the young men, who were not absent at the chase, amused themselves with the athletic games of their nation. They came forward with kindly greetings to the stranger, and as he courteously acknowledged their salutations, his heart almost smote him for the ungrateful return he was about to render for their hospitality, in assisting to bear away, those whom they so loved and honoured, and to whose presence, they believed themselves indebted, for a large portion of their prosperity and happiness.

The sun was declining in the west, when Ferdinand reached the rude paling that enclosed the habitation of Rachel, and he paused before passing it, for the soft voice of Virginia was heard from within the rustic arbor, singing a wild and touching air, that thrilled him with its melody. Its burden was of home, that home which she had never seen, and the words were the effusion of her own untaught genius. It ceased, and Ferdinand leaping the slight barrier, advanced gently towards the lovely songstress, who reclined upon a mossy seat beneath the leafy shelter of the grape. Beside her, stood a beautiful Indian boy, of some eight or ten years of age, the only son of Manteo. Virginia called him her little page, and meet was he to tend a lady's bower, for never noble dame could boast a follower of rarer beauty, or one attired in more fanciful array. He had been left motherless in infancy, and

the tender nurture lavished on him by the gentle English girl, had rendered her the object of his most absorbing love. He hovered incessantly about her, he seemed indeed, to enjoy existence only in her presence, and it was the joy and delight of his young heart, to minister to her comfort and happiness. She had instructed him in her language, and in the precepts of that holy religion, with which her own heart had been early imbued, by her faithful nurse, and young as he was, such faith had they both in his affection and truth, that he was admitted equally with Manteo, to their trust and confidence.

As Ferdinand, unperceived, drew near the place they occupied, the words of the boy struck his ear, as in a somewhat saddened tone he asked:

“And that song is of the home to which the Snow-flake is going? and is it as fair a home as this? Do the beaver and the panther dwell there, and have they birds like those that build in our forests, and whose plumage glitters with the dazzling colours of the rainbow,” and he raised the corner of his feathery tunic as he spoke, where with exquisite taste and skill, an infinite variety of hues were blended into harmony and beauty.

“It is a fair land, Ensenore,” said the sweet accents of Virginia in reply; “at least they say so, who have seen it. Pleasant voices, and kind faces are there—the incense of Christian worship arises from every dwelling, and Christian faith, hallows the hopes and affections of every heart.”

“But there are no hunting grounds in that far-off land,” said the boy thoughtfully; “and yet Ensenore cares not, if the Snow-flake is there, and ceases not to love him. Say, will it be so? or will the dark eyed stranger, who bears her away from the still shelter of her forest home, teach her to forget the Indian boy, whom she cherished in the wigwam of his own country?”

The deep blush which crimsoned the fair cheek of Virginia at these words, mounted to her temples, when a slight change in her position, revealed Ferdinand to her view. He marked her emotion, he read its cause, and the joyous bounding of his heart, told him how inexpressibly dear, was this slight token of the interest he had awakened in her.

“Ensenore,” he said, “the Snow-flake will love and cherish you in her father-land, as it has been her joy to do in these forests, where your people have given her a peaceful home. Hers is not a heart to change like the changing waves of the ocean, and happy will he be, who is first destined to unveil the pure fountain of its young and rich affections.”

His voice faltered as he spoke, and his eye timidly sought that of Virginia—it was bent upon the ground, but the tell-tale blood, spoke eloquently in her cheek. He drew courage from the omen, and gently approaching her, said in a subdued and tender tone:

"Virginia, Manteo has returned successful from his enterprize—a European vessel is on the coast, and it waits to bear us to another hemisphere. If we reach its shores in safety, tell me, if I may dare to claim this priceless hand as mine? or will the stranger, who found you in your solitude, then be spurned for the host of gayer wooers, who shall come to render homage to your charms?"

She raised her lovely eyes with a look of soft reproach to his pleading face, and placing her hand with gentle dignity in his,

"Virginia's is not a heart," she said, "to change like the ocean's changing waves, and amid the novelty and glitter of untried scenes, it will beat as warmly and as truly as it now does, for him, who in her isolated home, first stirred its slumbering depths, and woke it to a sense of happiness, unknown before."

"Blessings, a thousand blessings on my sweet forest flower, for those dear words," he said, as with a fond embrace he clasped her to his heart; "and thanks to that overruling Power, who led me here through dangers manifold, to find the crowning joy of my existence, where only I had looked for tortures, and a lingering death."

"It is in these forests, dear Ferdinand, in view of God's greatness and power, as manifested in his works, that we learn to trust Him implicitly," said the gentle voice of Virginia, but before he could reply, they were interrupted by the approach of Rachel.

She failed not to remark the emotion of Virginia, for tears still stood in her eyes, and the flushed, but happy face of Velasquez, indicated unusual excitement. Its cause was quickly explained by him, and that too, without calling forth any serious rebuke from Rachel. With the sober temperament of age, she viewed the expression of their mutual feelings, as ill-timed and premature, but as many indications of failing health, gave her warning that her pilgrimage was nearly ended, and as uncertainty still rested on their prospect of restoration to home, she was not ill-pleased, to know that Virginia had found such a protector for her youth and innocence. She only urged upon them the necessity of concealing their sentiments, for the present, from observation, and deferring, till their destiny was decided, any arrangements for the future. She then spoke of their departure, and had barely time to express the regret that mingled with her joy, at the idea of sailing to the shores of Spain, before she could hope to return to the country of her birth, when Manteo approached them in company with Orinka.

The young chief greeted Ferdinand with grave civility, for his jealousy had been lulled to rest by the cautious behaviour of his rival, since the day of their first interview in the wigwam of Manteo. Advancing towards Virginia, he placed at her feet a collection of rare and beautiful shells, contained in

a basket of curious workmanship, which was furnished with a handle, carved from the tooth of the sea-horse, a substance at that time, as we are informed, held in higher esteem in England, than ivory, which it nearly resembled. Virginia evinced much pleasure at this gift, and speaking in an under tone to Ensenore, who stood beside her, he bounded away, and in a minute returned, bringing with him a belt, wrought in fanciful figures, with small white shells, so exceedingly minute and lustrous, as almost to resemble pearl. Virginia received it from the boy, and extending it towards Orinka,

"The Snow-flake has wrought this for her friend," she said; "will he wear it for the sake of her, who owes him many kindnesses?"

The stern features of the chief relaxed almost to a smile, as with evident satisfaction he received the offered gift.

"It shall be worn," he said, "on the day when the Snow-flake comes to dwell in the wigwam of Orinka—the Raven's-wing shall abide there also, and say to the pale stranger, for he knows not the language of my people, that if he will be content to dwell with the red warriors of the forest, the fairest of their women shall prepare his food, and spread soft skins for his repose, and the nuptial torch that is kindled for Orinka, shall shed its light over the wigwam of his white brother."

Ferdinand could scarcely restrain a smile, when this proposal was interpreted to him, but he affected to be grateful for it, and if one lingering suspicion yet dwelt in the breast of the Indian lover, he lulled it to sleep, by declaring himself ready to take a wife from the tribe, whenever the nuptials of Orinka should be celebrated.

Secure now in the tenderest wishes of his heart, and rejoicing in the glad prospect of freedom and happiness opening before him, it was Ferdinand's anxious desire to hasten his departure with his companions, from the wilderness. Manteo and Ensenore, were to accompany them, for the latter refused to be separated from Virginia, and the former felt that his life would hardly be safe from the anger of his people, if he remained among them, after having been accessory to the flight of the English girl. It was now necessary for Ferdinand to visit the Spanish vessel, in order to complete his arrangements, and learn how far he might depend upon its aid. Accordingly, under pretence of fishing in the waters of a neighbouring bay, he repaired thither, was cordially welcomed on board, and with a joyous heart mingled with his countrymen, who trod its decks. Among them, he found one or two, whom in boyhood he had known, and all heard the story of his adventures with interest, and were zealous to serve him in his purpose of escape, with those, to whom he now felt his own fate indissolubly united. The following night was named for the attempt, when the commander proposed to send a boat, with sails and

oars, to take the fugitives at midnight from Croatan—thus furnishing them with a safer, and speedier mode of conveyance, than that offered by the frail vessel of Manteo.

Every preliminary being settled, Ferdinand returned to his friends, who lost no time in making such trifling preparations, as were necessary for their departure. It was the latter end of July, and as most of the Indians were absent from the village on distant hunting excursions, they felt that they had less risk to encounter in their enterprise, than if all had been at home. The time at length arrived, and it was verging towards the appointed hour of midnight, when the trembling females, attended by Ferdinand and Ensenore, issued from the dwelling which had so long sheltered them, and avoiding the village, plunged into a wooded path that led directly to the place of embarkation. The Spanish boat, with Manteo standing at its bow, lay close within the deep shadows of the shore, waiting to receive them. Quickly, and in silence, they sprang on board, and in another minute were launched forth upon the mighty deep. Smooth bay the sea around them, dancing beneath the soft light of the summer moon, the breeze was in their favour, and as it blew gently from the land, where Virginia's infant mind had opened to perception, bearing on its wings, familiar sounds and odours, her heart swelled with irrepresible emotion, and tears dimmed the straining glance, which for the last time she fixed on the blue outline of the distant mountains, whose forms were blended with the earliest recollections of her childhood. Ferdinand marked her agitation, and bending towards her, whispered words of tenderness and peace. He spoke of his own fair land, and of the warm hearts, and gentle arms, that there waited to embrace and welcome her. She was soothed by his endearments, and silently she raised her tearful, yet smiling eyes, to thank him for his love.

Neither was Rachel, though she had never thought to feel one pang at quitting those savage shores, unmoved at her departure. But it is hard to say farewell to any scene that has linked itself to memories of the past, without a melancholy feeling of regret. She now sat bending her face upon her hands, in silent prayer, pouring forth her grateful emotions for the mercies showered upon her and hers, in the wilderness, and imploring guidance and protection through the uncertain scenes of the future.

The current of their emotions was suddenly disturbed by a wild yell, that burst fearfully upon the air. In doubling a headland, their boat had been observed by a band of savages, who stood upon the shore, and, who at sight of the strange vessel, launched their canoe upon the water, and sprang into it, uttering wild cries, and darkening the air with their arrows. As they followed in pursuit, the voice and figure of Orinka were distinctly recogniz-

ed, and the terrified Virginia sank half fainting into the arms of Ferdinand.

"Courage, my beloved," he said, "our barque is swift, and will outstrip them,—and those who guide it, are armed with powerful weapons to repel these fierce assailants."

At that instant the shouting was renewed, and Virginia shuddered as she heard her own name yelled wildly forth, by the terrible Orinka. The savages seemed gaining upon them, and she clung tremblingly to Ferdinand, when one of the Spaniards raised his musket, and discharged its contents full at their pursuers, then spreading every sail to the favouring breeze, and plying the oars with untiring zeal, the little vessel cut the liquid seas with a velocity that seemed to bespeak her gifted with life and instinct. And such indeed, was the belief of the untutored Indians, when they saw her suddenly accelerated speed, and heard that terrible voice, which dealt death among their numbers, speaking in tones of thunder. Confident in the supernatural powers of Rachel, they supposed she had obtained this flying vessel, with its outspread wings, from some invisible power, with whom she held communion, to bear herself and the Snow-flake, in triumph from their shores. Intimidated by this thought, they turned and fled towards the land, the baffled Orinka cursing the treachery of the pale face, and vowing inextinguishable vengeance against any of the race, who might hereafter fall into his power.

Thus happily free from their pursuers, the fugitives speeded on their voyage, and before dawn, were received safely on board the Spanish vessel, which immediately weighed anchor, and sailed from the inhospitable shores of the new world. They were to touch at Cuba, which favoured the wishes of Ferdinand, and with a continuance of bright skies, and propitious gales, they rapidly approached their destined haven. One only cloud cast its shadow over the happiness of the lovers—the health of Rachel, which had been long sinking beneath anxiety, and the anguish of long deferred hope, seemed, now that her anxiety was removed, and her hopes about to be fulfilled, failing with a rapidity, that startled the terrified Virginia. She watched with a daughter's fondest love, the sunken cheek, and fading eye of that faithful and devoted nurse, who had supplied to her, the place of country and of kindred, and to whose unslumbering care and love, she was indebted, under Providence, even for her life. How could she bear to lose her? How could even Ferdinand's affection reconcile her to existence, without the presence and support of this dear and long tried friend. There was agony in the thought, but a kind Father mercifully gives us strength, according to the burdens we are ordained to bear.

Rachel survived the voyage, and though her life was not prolonged many weeks after their arrival in

Cuba, she had the satisfaction, before she died, of seeing her cherished child united to Ferdinand, and of knowing that she left her in the protection of a husband, worthy of her love and confidence. The dear wish, to behold again her native land was denied her, but one precious prayer of her heart was granted, and without a murmur, she yielded up her breath to "Him, who ordereth all things, in wisdom and in mercy."

Shortly after the death of Rachel, Ferdinand and Virginia repaired to Spain, accompanied by Manteo and Ensensore. The former survived his change of country only a few years, but Ensensore's life was prolonged to a late date, and he acquired the habits and manners of civilization with such rare facility, that as he grew up to manhood, every trace of his savage origin was eradicated from his character, and almost from his memory. But he faithfully served those for whom he left his native forest, and no change ever came over his heart towards the fair mistress, on whom, till the latest hour of his existence, he lavished an affection that might almost be called idolatrous.

For Virginia's sake, Ferdinand chose a life of retirement—she had been reared amid the solitude of nature, and deep love for it, seemed a part of her being. In the populous haunts of men, she was restless and unhappy, and he therefore fixed his abode on a beautiful estate which he had inherited from his mother, situated among the rich and romantic scenery, at the foot of the Pyrenees. And here, blest in each other, disciplined by past vicissitudes, and grateful for the abundant mercies of their lot, glided happily away, the tranquil lives of Ferdinand and his Virginia. The singular history of her early years, was often their theme of conversation, and as time passed on, and a group of rosy cherubs gathered round the mother's knee, they lifted up their eyes in "childish wonderment," when she told the strange tale of the Raven's-wing and the Snowflake, who dwelt for so many years, among the red people of a far distant forest. But as each rolling year went by, it threw into deeper shadow the strange realities of that eventful period, till they seemed to Virginia, like the wild imagery of a fitful dream, rather than the actual occurrences of her own personal experience.

By Rachel's desire, Ferdinand had several times written to persons named by her, in England, who, she believed, would feel interested in a knowledge of Virginia's existence. But as no replies to these letters had ever been received by him, he supposed, either that they had not reached their destination, or that the tale of her preservation was considered too fabulous to obtain credit. He therefore, forebore again to address them, and thus perished from the page of history that record, which had it been written, would have solved to posterity, the mys-

tery that now involves in its impenetrable folds, the fate of the lost colony of Roanoke.

(ORIGINAL.)

PHILOSOPHY AND THE SEVERER ARTS.

NO. II.

SVUM CUIQUE; OR, WOMAN'S RIGHTS VINDICATED.

It has been a laudable aim of philosophers, to refer all phenomena, natural as well as moral, to a few principles. I am aware that this search after simplicity has been ridiculed by those who had a particular theory to support, or who could not look farther than the surface of things; but such prejudices are now rapidly giving way. The day is not far distant, when every department of science and art will be as simple as the *Materia Medica* of Doctor Sanguis.

In order to do my part in bringing about this devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation, I will oblige the public with a specimen of generalization, which cannot but have a very salutary effect upon morality in general, and most especially help to cure the world of vanity. I mean to shew that there is no duty but justice, or rather, that every duty is resolvable into justice; that benevolence and its kindred virtues, as they are called, are only modifications of this duty; and that those who pique themselves upon their patriotism, their gallantry, etc., do nothing more than they are in justice bound to do.

Now, not to mention other advantages which must arise from this notable discovery, it is evident what a world of gratitude the world will thus be spared. For if once we become sensible that these persons have been giving us only our due, or as the proverb has it, making us a present out of our own pockets, we shall no longer feel obliged to keep paying them a tribute of compliments, or to treat them to public dinners and other expensive marks of gratitude. But not to eat the fruit before planting the tree, let us see how the doctrine is made out.

It is a principle of civil jurisprudence, that every child is entitled to his share of the paternal inheritance, without any regard to his character. The parent indeed, may modify the partition by means of a will, or may even disinherit an ungracious scion altogether; but unless it is done by him, the executors must adhere to the above law. Now all civil institutions are natural, therefore the principle of the foregoing one, must pervade the rest of nature's government. Let us seek, then, for the exemplar of which it is a copy.

It is to be found in the great family of mankind. The common inheritance of Nature's children in this world, is animal comfort; and, unless where Nature's will or testament interferes, all are entitled

to an equal share of the means of comfort. Nature's will decrees that disobedient children shall not be, in themselves, capable of happiness in the same degree as others, or have the like means; and those who are very refractory she sometimes disinherits, or, in other words, sends them out of her dominions into another world. But the heirs themselves have no right to withhold from one another, that portion which each is capable of enjoying. The rich, therefore, who are merely Trustees, in addition to being co-heirs with the others, have no right to withhold from the poor, anything which tends to their comfort. Consequently charity is only an act of justice. Now what has been proved of charity, must hold good of every other kind of benevolence: *Ergo, benevolence, under all its forms, is nothing but justice*:—which was to be proved.

This extension of the principle of justice to all those actions which go by the name of disinterested, generous, &c., may be also deduced from an article in Nature's will, constituting every heir an executor. The purport of that will, is, as already stated, to give to each that portion of comfort which he is capable of enjoying. Now we do not consider it a work of supererogation for an executor to fulfil the intention of the testator; it is his bounden duty. So, whatever a man may do for the good of others, let him not dream of disinterestedness and other supposed merits; he is only doing what it would be unjust not to do.

Under a sense, therefore, of deep responsibility for this trust, I proceed to do an act of justice to a portion of the creation, in a matter in which I have no farther interest, than what arises from my being one of Nature's executors. I confess that, had it not presented itself to me in the form of a duty of justice, I doubt much if I should ever have been led to engage in it from what are called, in vanity, the *finer feelings*. But as it is, it is surely a convincing proof of my great self-denial, thus to state my motives, seeing what reputation I might have acquired, if I had allowed the world to continue in the delusion. I cannot help fancying my name handed down to posterity along with those of Hercules, and Don Quixote, and a host of Knights errant and modern beaus, who have devoted their lives to the protection and service of the weaker sex.

For, to come at once to the point, I aver, that the tyrant man, not content with usurping domestic rule, has unjustly withheld from the fair sex, the credit of an invention in the arts which has conferred incalculable benefits upon the human race. I allude to Sir Humphrey Davy's Safety Lamp!* It is generally

* As some of our readers may not be so familiar with Sir Humphrey Davy's Safety Lamp as our friend the Critic seems to take for granted, in order to make the point of his essay more intelligible, we

known that the merit of discovering the principle of the instrument, was claimed by a Newcastle workman of the name of Stephenson, if I remember rightly. Whatever might be the merits of that dispute, I am afraid Sir Humphrey's laurels are in greater danger from another quarter; for if it can be shown that the ladies have a claim to the discovery, their pretensions are likely to receive more attention than those of the collier. How then does the matter stand?

In an essay, with which I may some day oblige the world, I have shown, to my own satisfaction, that the essence of mind pervades all matter in a latent or insensible state, but becomes sensible only in the human frame; just as electricity exists in each of the plates composing a galvanic pile, although its presence is not felt until the pieces are put together in a certain way. The human body then, is a kind of electric machine; and as substances charged with electricity have around them what scientific men call an electrical atmosphere, so the mind, or mental electricity, is not confined to the body, but extends all around it in an invisible halo. Now, electricity and similar agents are the very essence of fire. A mental atmosphere is therefore inflammable; not, to be sure, by means of common flame, but by rays of mind concentrated into a focus. Here then is a world of mischief, if a spark fall among it.

And here I cannot help paying a tribute of praise to the ancients for their sagacity. It is commonly fabled that Prometheus stole fire from Heaven, and was punished for his sacrilege by receiving as a gift the first woman that ever lived on earth. But this way of telling the story is the blunder of some dull emendator. It was the lady herself that Prometheus stole, and the ancients had the sagacity to see that she brought with her the principle of mental conflagration; so that Prometheus really stole fire and burnt his fingers with the booty.

The fact is, that the glances of female eyes are nothing but so many mental foci, the rays of mind

subjoin the following from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.—ED. L. G.

“In many of the collieries of Britain, Flanders, and other countries, fire-damp, consisting of carburetted hydrogen, issues from different parts of the strata of coal, when the coal is worked; and when the fire-damp is mixed with a certain proportion of atmospheric air, it explodes by the flame of a miner's candle, burning the workmen severely, and often depriving them of life. The merit of that very ingenious and most useful contrivance, the Safety Lamp, is wholly due to Sir Humphrey Davy. After having made many experiments, for the purpose of forming a lamp to give light in coal mines affected with fire-damp, without occasioning explosions, he found that wire gauze offered a perfect barrier; because, although the gas was inflamed within the enclosure formed by the wire-gauze, yet the heat being communicated to the numerous surfaces of the wire, the gas on the outside of the wire enclosure was not inflamed.”

or soul, in passing outward, being concentrated by the lenses. Whenever, therefore, two persons of different sex are in each others' company, their mental atmospheres mingle and form an explosive mixture, as takes place when hydrogen and atmospheric air are mixed; and it only requires a glance of the eye, passing through this mixture of minds, to produce conflagration, just as an electric spark explodes the gases above alluded to.

It was some time before the explosive nature of mixtures of hydrogen and common air was well known, or any preventive discovered, and accordingly the history of the early mines is full of dreadful accidents. Similar explosions of mental mixtures must have been frequent in early times. But the innocent causes of all this misery set themselves to discover a preventive; for they are naturally compassionate, and, besides, they themselves were dreadfully scorched by the flames which they excited. Being well versed in the science of chemistry, seeing their grandmother Pandora had been educated in the laboratory of Vulcan, they soon found out that silk is a non-conductor of mental influence; they accordingly took to wearing veils of silk net, which being interposed before the eyes, prevent the communication of the flame to the surrounding atmosphere.

Who does not see that this is the prototype of Sir Humphry Davy's Safety Lamp? That philosopher had only to observe that wire-gauze has the same relation to an explosive mixture of gases and common flame, that silk has to a mental atmosphere and a glance of the eye, and the preventive of the explosion of fire damp was discovered.

How he came to notice the coincidence, we have not the means of knowing. Probably he had personally experienced the incendiary nature of the female eye when the veil is removed, and thus been led to conclude that there was a virtue in that covering, which would naturally suggest wire-gauze for the fire-damp. And perhaps he did not think it necessary to acknowledge himself indebted to the ladies for the discovery, as he had found it as easy to elicit secrets from dame Nature herself, as from her favourite children.

However this may be, I have endeavoured to vindicate the principle of *cuique suum*; and notwithstanding it was a duty of justice, yet as there were different ways in which I might have performed it, I doubt not the ladies will be grateful for the ready and gallant manner in which I have asserted their right, and will acknowledge themselves so, in the way which they may deem the most acceptable. In expectation of which acknowledgment, I remain their devoted servant,

A CRITIC.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE BRIDE OF EVERY DAY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

There are tears in the sparkling bowl,
That foams, young bride, for thee;
And grief shall consume thy soul,
In far lands beyond the sea.
There's a blight in the budding flower,
That binds thy beauteous brow;
There's dross in the princely dower,
That brings thy fatal vow.
The youth, who loved thee well,
In solitude hides a part;
The anguish no words can tell,
The grief of a broken heart—
Bid the stricken deer go weep,"
Thy cheek will wear its bloom;
Thy lip its bright smile keep,
Though thy love were in the tomb.
Farewell, young victim of pride,
I can shed no tear for thee;
In the world's gay scenes go hide
Thy splendid misery.
Go, laugh with the heartless throng,
With the careless, thy revels keep;
Thou shalt wake from thy dream ere long,
Alone and unpitied to weep.

Belleville, U. C.

CHILLON.

VICTOR HUGO has lately paid a visit to the castle of Chillon, which is thus described in a letter to the *Moniteur Parisien*:

"Chillon is a mass of towers piled on a mass of rocks. The whole edifice is of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, except some of the wood-work, which is of the sixteenth. It is now used as an arsenal and powder magazine for the canton of Vaud. Every tower in the castle would have a sad story to tell: in one, I was shown the dungeons placed one above the other, closed by trap-doors which were shut on the prisoners; the lowermost receives a little light through a grating; the one in the middle has no entrance for either light or air. About fifteen months ago, some travellers were let down by ropes, and found on the stone floor a bed of fine straw, which still retained the impression of a human body, and a few scattered bones. The captive in this cell could see through his grating a few green leaves, and a little grass growing in the ditch. In another tower, after advancing a little way on a rotten flooring, which travellers are prohibited from walking on, I discerned, through a square opening, a hollow abyss in the middle of the tower wall. This was the *oubliettes*. These are ninety-one feet deep, and the floor was covered with knives set upright. In these were found a fractured skeleton, and a coarse goat-skin mantle, which were taken up, and flung in a corner, and on which I found I was standing, as I looked down the gulf?"

(ORIGINAL.)

GEOFFREY MONCTON.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Continued from our last Number.

CHAPTER XVII.

FROM this, to me, pleasing task, I was roused, by a message from Miss Moncton, desiring to speak to me in her own withdrawing room. On entering the apartment, I found Margaret sitting on the sofa, in earnest conversation, with the poor invalid. The face of the latter, wore a more cheerful expression, but she was pale as marble, and a blue shade about the rigid lips and eye, gave her a death-like appearance. She held out her hand as I approached, and in feeble accents thanked me, for saving her from the perpetration of a great crime.

"I hope God will forgive me for it," she continued, "I was not in my right mind, Mr. Geoffrey, when I attempted to put an end to a miserable existence—I had suffered a great calamity, and wanted moral courage to bear it."

I told her, I felt for her peculiar situation; and would gladly do anything in my power to save her."

"You can do much, Mr. Geoffrey. You know my brother?"

"He is my dearest friend"

"Write to him for me, and tell him how sincerely I repent my past conduct to him. That I am not quite the guilty creature he took me for, though swayed by minds more daringly wicked, to commit evil. Tell him not to avenge my wrongs on my cruel husband—that heaven will be my avenger, and that I die blessing him."

"Shall I go to London, Alice, and fetch him down hither?"

"Oh, no, no," exclaimed the unhappy girl, holding my arm with frightful energy. "Not here. He must not be seen in this neighbourhood."

"Alice," I said, solemnly; "I know the reason of your repugnance to see him here. Philip has told me that dreadful tale. And were it not for your share in the business, I would commit that dreadful woman to take her trial at the next assizes."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Alice, falling back upon the sofa, and covering her face with her hands." And you know it all. Oh, would to God! that all were known. But my lips are sealed."

"Let me seek Dinah North, Alice, and wrest the truth from her reluctant lips."

Alice burst into a wild laugh. "Leave her to God, Mr. Geoffrey. Expect not to wrest the truth from lips, that through a long life of guilt have never been in the practice of uttering it—Dinah North would endure the tortures of the rack, without confessing a crime, unless goaded to it by revenge. Listen to the advice of a dying woman. Leave this

hardened sinner, for a few brief months, to the tortures of an overburdened conscience, and her hatred to Robert Moncton and his son will induce her to confess, what you so much desire to know."

"Alice," I said, taking her hand; "what hinders you from clearing up the doubts that involve the birth of Philip Mornington. Is he your brother?"

"No."

"The son of Robert Moncton?"

"May God forbid."

"Was he your mother's son?"

"Mr. Geoffrey, I am sworn to secrecy—I will not break my solemn oath."

"In keeping it you are guilty of a great crime."

"It may be so. The memory of my mother is dear to me, and I am determined to go down to the grave without betraying the trust reposed in me."

It was in vain I argued, and even threatened—there was too much of the leaven of old Dinah in her grand-daughter's character, for her to listen to reason. She became violent and obstinate, and at length told me haughtily, to desist from asking impertinent questions, for she would not answer them; and she put an end to the strange conference by rising, and abruptly leaving the room. I looked after her, with feelings less tinged with compassion than contempt.

"Forgive her, Geoffrey," said Margaret, who had listened in silent astonishment to the whole scene; "her reason is disordered—she knows not what she says."

"I feel little pity for her, Margaret; she is artful and selfish in the extreme—and though it may appear harsh to say so, deserves her fate. Review for a moment her past life."

"Alas, it will not bear investigation," said Margaret, interrupting me; "yet I loved her, so fondly."

"Do you love her still?"

"Geoffrey, I pity her sincerely—and would gladly divert her mind to the contemplation of better things—but she has forfeited my esteem forever."

"Have you informed Sir Alexander of these circumstances?"

"I have, and he has written to Robert Moncton, acquainting him with the marriage of his son."

"What will be the result of all this?"

"God knows," replied Margaret; "I feel anxious and unhappy. By the bye, Geoffrey, my father wished to see you in the library at three o'clock—it is near upon the hour."

I pressed her hand, and withdrew.

I found Sir Alexander seated at his study table, surrounded with papers. If there was one thing my good old friend hated more than another, it was writing letters. He flung the pen pettishly from him, as I approached the table.

"Zounds! Geoffrey, I cannot defile paper with writing to that scoundrel. I will see him myself. It will be some satisfaction to witness his chagrin—and who knows, but in the heat of anger, he may say something that will afford a clue to unravel his treachery towards yourself. At all events, I am determined to make the experiment."

My curiosity was deeply excited to know the result, and I strengthened the Baronet's resolution to that effect.

"I do not ask you to accompany me, Geoffrey; I have business for you during my absence. You must lose no time in visiting —, in Devonshire, the parish in which your mother's father resided, and where she was born. I will supply you with means for your journey. You must take lodgings in the neighbourhood; say for the good of your health, and diligently prosecute enquiries respecting her. She may have relatives still living in the place, who could give you some information respecting the nature of her elopement, and whether any reports existed at the time, of her being married to your father. If so, find out the church in which the ceremony was performed, and the persons who witnessed the marriage. Take the best riding horse in the stable, and if your funds fail you, draw without reserve on me. Should Robert Moncton drop any hints upon the subject, which can in any way further the object of your search, I will immediately write you word. Now order the carriage to be ready at eight tomorrow morning, and we will start together—each on our different adventure—and God defend the right."

I had long wished to prosecute this enquiry—yet now the moment had arrived, I felt loth to leave the Hall. The society and presence of Margaret, had become necessary to my happiness—yet I fancied myself still desperately in love with Catharine Lee, and never suspected the fact, that my passion for the one was ideal, and for the other real and tangible. How we suffer youth and imagination to deceive us, in affairs of the heart. We love a name, and invest the person who bears it, with a thousand perfections, which have no existence in reality. The object of our idolatry is not a child of nature, but a creation of fancy. First love marriages are proverbially unhappy, from this very circumstance, that the virtues of the parties are so extravagantly overrated during the period of courtship, that disappointment is sure to ensue. Boys and girls, of fifteen and sixteen, are beings without reflection—their knowledge of character is too imperfect to admit of a judicious choice. They love the first person who

charms their fancy, from the very necessity of the case. Time divests their idol of all its borrowed charms, and they feel too deeply that they have made an unhappy choice. Though love may laugh at the cold maxims of reason and prudence, yet it requires the full exercise of both qualities to secure for any length of time domestic happiness.

I can reason calmly now on this exciting subject, but I reasoned not calmly then—I was a creature of passion, and passionate impulses. The woman I loved had no faults in my eyes—to have suspected her liable to fall into the errors common to her sex, would have been an act of treason against the deity I worshipped.

I retired to my chamber, and finished my letter to Harrison. The day wore slowly away—the evening was bright and beautiful. Margaret had been busy in making preparations for her father's journey—she looked languid and pale—I proposed a walk in the park, she consented with a smile, and we were soon wandering beneath the shade of embowering trees.

"Your father leaves the Park early tomorrow, my little cousin—you will feel very lonely during his absence."

"His society is very dear to me, Geoffrey; but you must exert all your powers of pleasing, to supply his place."

"I should only be too happy—but I leave Moncton tomorrow, for an indefinite period."

Margaret turned very pale, and raised her bright enquiring eyes to my face: That look of tender anxiety caused a strange flutter in my heart.

"May I flatter myself, dear Margaret, with the idea, that Geoffrey, though but a poor relation, will not be regarded by you with indifference?"

Margaret made no reply, and I continued:

"Think of me with kindness during my absence; should we never meet again, I shall ever regard you and your excellent father with gratitude and veneration."

"These are but cold sentiments from one, so deservedly dear to us both," said Margaret; "we love you, Geoffrey, and would fain hope that the feeling is reciprocal."

Though this was said in perfect simplicity, it revealed the true sentiments of Margaret's heart. I felt that she loved me; but at that moment, out of mere contradiction, considered myself bound, by a romantic tie of honour, to Catharine Lee.

"You love me, Margaret," I said, clasping her hand in mine; "God knows how happy this blessed discovery would have made me, had not my affections been pre-engaged."

A deep blush mantled the pale cheek of the sweet girl—her hand trembled violently as she gently withdrew it from mine.

"Geoffrey, we are not accountable for our affections; I am sorry that I suffered my foolish heart

to betray me. Yet I must love you still," she continued, weeping; "your very misfortunes endear you to me. Forget this momentary weakness—we will meet again tomorrow as *friends*."

Mastering her feelings with a strong effort, she bade me good evening, with a melancholy smile; and slowly walked from the spot, leaving me overwhelmed with confusion and remorse. I felt that I had acted like a vain puppy—that I had wantonly sported with the affections of one of the loveliest and best of human beings. Between Catharine and me, no words of love had been exchanged—she might be the love of another, even the wife of another, for aught I knew to the contrary—and I had sacrificed the peace and happiness of the generous, confiding Margaret, to an idol, which might only exist in my own heated imagination. Bitterly I cursed my folly; but repentance came too late.

Too much agitated with self reproach, to return to the Hall, I turned down the avenue of oaks that led towards the hunting lodge. The river lay before me, gleaming in the setting sun, and I thought I perceived a human figure, in a crouching attitude, seated upon the foot of the rustic bridge, from which the wretched Alice had attempted suicide. Willing to divert my thoughts from the unpleasant train into which they had fallen, I struck off the path, and soon reached the object that had excited my attention. Wrapped in an old grey mantle, with a silk handkerchief tied over her head, her chin resting on her long bony hands, I beheld the revolting person of Dinah North. Her grizzled locks had partly escaped from their bandage, and fell in tangled masses round her sharp haggard features. Her keen, deep-seated eye, was fixed with a vacant and glassy expression upon the waters that tumbled at her feet, and she muttered to herself strange unintelligible sounds.

She did not perceive my approach, until I purposely placed myself between her and the river. Without manifesting any surprise, she slowly raised her witch-like countenance, and surveyed me with a grim and sullen stare.

"You, too, are a Moncton, and like the rest, fair and false. Your dark eyes all fire—your heart as cold as ice—proud as Lucifer—inexorable as death, and close as hell. I wish you no good, but evil, and so pass on."

"Miserable woman," I said, "your hatred is more to be coveted than your friendship—to incur the first augurs some good; to possess the last, would render us worthy of your curse."

"Ha! ha!" returned the grim fiend, laughing ironically; "your knowledge of the world has given you a bitter spirit; I wish you joy of the acquisition—time will increase its acrimony—you were born to overcome the malignity of fortune."

"And you," I replied, fixing my eyes firmly on

her hideous countenance; "for what end were you born?"

"To be the curse of others."

She paused, and there flashed from her cold eye a light, which made the blood curdle in my veins, as she tauntingly continued:

"I have been of use in my generation—I have won many souls, but not for Heaven—I have served my master well, and shall doubtless receive my reward."

"This is madness," I exclaimed, "but without excuse, it is the madness of wickedness."

"It is a quality I possess, in common with my kind," said Dinah; "the world is made up of madmen and fools. It is better to be among the first, than the latter class—to rule than be ruled—by these two parties the whole earth is divided.—"Knowledge is power," I read that sentence when a girl—it never left my mind, and I acted upon it through life."

"It must have been the knowledge of evil," returned I.

"You have guessed right—by it the devils lost heaven, but they gained hell. By it tyrants rule, and mean men become rich—virtue is overcome, and vice triumphs."

"And what have you gained by it?"

"Much—it has given me an influence I never could otherwise have possessed. By it I have swayed the destinies of others, that fortune had apparently placed beyond my reach. It has given me power over thee and thine. At this moment, Geoffrey Moncton, the key of your destiny is in my keeping."

"And your life in mine," I said, bending upon her a searching glance; "vain boaster, the hour is at hand, which shall make even a hardened wretch like you own, that truly there is a reward for the righteous—a God that judges in the earth. I ask you not for the secret, which I believe you possess—the power that watches over the innocent, will restore to me that, of which wretches like you, would fain deprive me."

"You will be disappointed," returned the hag; "your wisest policy would be to make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness—to flatter from your uncle, Robert Moncton, the wealth his dastardly son shall never possess."

"This advice," I replied, "comes well from the sordid creature, who for the base lucre of gain, sold the peace, and perhaps the eternal happiness, of her unfortunate grand-child."

The countenance of the old woman fell—she fixed upon me a wild, eager gaze:

"Alice Mornington—tell me, Geoffrey Moncton, what has become of Alice Mornington?"

"Upon one condition," I replied, advancing close up to her, and grasping her arm; "tell me, what has become of Philip Mornington?"

"Ha!" said the old woman, trying to shake off my hold; "what do you know of him?"

"More than you would wish me to know."

"Pshaw," muttered the hag, "what can you know?"

Something that the grave, in the dark shrubbery, can reveal!"

"Has she told you that? Ten thousand curses light upon her head!"

"She told me nothing—the eye that witnessed the deed, confided to me that secret; the earth will not cover the stain of blood. Is not my secret as good as yours?—are you willing to make the exchange."

The old woman crouched herself together, and buried her face in her knees. Her hands opened and shut with a convulsive movement, as if they contained something in their grasp, with which she was unwilling to part. At length, raising her head, she said in hollow tones:

"I accept the terms. Come to me tomorrow morning at nine o'clock."

"Tonight, or never!"

"It is useless to urge me—I will not tell you. Tomorrow, and your curiosity shall be gratified."

"Well, be it so. Tomorrow—I will meet you tomorrow!"

She rose from her seat—regarded me with a bitter smile, and gliding from my side, was lost among the trees."

Exulting in my success, I exclaimed:

"Thank God! I shall know all tomorrow!"

(To be continued.)

(ORIGINAL.)

THE MINSTREL'S SERENADE.

DEDICATED TO MRS. E. N. BY "MUSOPHILUS."

"Now daye was gone and night was come,

And all were fast asleep,—

All save the Lady Emeline,

Who sate in her bowre to weepe:

And soone she heard her true-love's voice

Low whispering at the walle,

Awake, awake, my dear ladye,

'Tis I thy true-love call."

PERCY'S "Reliques," &c.

* * * The air was still, and, beneath the trees,
That gently sway'd to the perfum'd breeze,
The minstrel stood, both fair and young,
And, thus, his tender lay he sung:

I.

Arouse thee, fair lady, from thy long balmy sleep!

The robe of the night is the best it can wear;

The sky's silvery stars their steady watch keep,

While the faries of moonlight are peopling the
air.

Arouse thee, sweet sleeper, since love's purest beam
Is pencilled more softly than mortals can dream,

II.

The moon has arisen and the shell of the sky,

Arrayed in its azure and silvery light,

Beams forth to the gaze of the uplifted eye,

Replete with the dazzle of splendor tonight.

The spirit of beauty walks forth in this hour

With summons to come and worship her power.

III.

The day-birds have hush'd their clear warbling
note,

And, tenderly, dream perhaps on the bough;

On the sea of sweet music no earthly sounds float,

The stars are singing their triumph-song now!

No sound can be felt, save through the lone wood

There speaks the bland voice of calm solitude.

IV.

The dew-drops are glist'ning on delicate spray

The blush of the morn finds smiling in bloom;

Fair earth is bedeck'd in her joyous array,

While her flowers are shedding perfume.

When the Goddess of Fragrance is abroad in her
power,

Then sweet is the incense of the gay-tinted flower.

V.

This is the lone time when Nature's mute art

Speaks in language as if from above;—

Which tells to the dark sense-prison'd heart

To follow no siren but the siren of love.

Oh! list to that voice and heed it's control,—

Turn not a deaf ear to the music of soul.

VI.

Arouse thee, fair lady, from thy long balmy sleep!

The robe of the night is the best it can wear;

The sky's silvery stars their steady watch keep,

While the faries of moonlight are peopling the

air.

Arouse thee, sweet sleeper, since love's purest beam

Is pencilled more softly than mortals can dream.

* * * The echo gave back the finishing strain,

And the minstrel has sung, to the lady in vain—

On the morn came a billet well-scented with rose,

"Never, sir, I entreat you, disturb my repose!"

May 30, 1840.

ORIENT PROVERB.

A beautiful Oriental proverb runs thus: "With
time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin."

PIETY.

PIETY is neither the dream of a mystic nor the fanaticism of a recluse. It is a solid, sober, rational devotedness, to the source at once of goodness and wisdom. It is not gloomy, it is not severe; it is cheerful as the light of heaven; the only sure principle of happiness and enjoyment.

(ORIGINAL.)

A REFLECTION.

BY MR. HENRY SILVESTER.

I'm fond of little girls ; I should not say
Of little only, since I have for all
Ladies a sort of kindness, whether they
Be young or old, thin, fat, or short, or tall,—
But here the meaning I would fain convey
Is, that I love them when they're young and
small,—

Just at that age when life's delicious bud
Begins to burst the bonds of babyhood !

The spring-time of existence ! when the eye
Is bright and unacquainted with a tear,
Save such as hope can in an instant dry,
The brow and bosom ever calm and clear,—
Or if disturbed, but like the changing sky
Of that first delicate season of the year,
Dim for a moment—in the next to shine
With added grace and lustre more divine.

There is a blue-eyed cherub whom my nurse
In earlier hours hath sung of, in whose cheeks,
Collected in one blaze, the rainbow hues
Of girlish beauty beam, like the rich streaks
Of the deep east at sunrise : I did use
To fondle this arch prattler, watch her freaks
And infant playfulness, until I grew
Enamoured of the blossom ere it blew !

And oft, in later times, now years have rolled
On their eternal way, and cares come on :
When fortune frowns, and summer friends grow
cold,

Have my thoughts turned upon this youthful one,
This early bud—her whom I loved of old,
With sweet and tender yearnings : Fate hath
strewn

Full many a thorn upon my path below ;
Since last I kissed her bright and sparkling brow !

I cannot say I'm partial to a boy,
At any age ; I've noticed from his birth,
There's always an admixture of alloy
In manhood's clay ; 'twould seem of coarser earth
Than our all-wise Creator did employ
In moulding our first mother : There's a dearth
Of kindness in man ; the sordid elf
Too often thinks, plans, acts, but for himself !

Whilst woman—gentle woman, has a heart
Fraught with the sweet humanities of life ;
Swayed by no selfish aim, she bears her part
In all our joys and woes ;—in pain and strife
Fonder and still more faithful ! When the smart
Of care assails the bosom, or the knife
Of "keen endurance" cuts us to the soul—
First to support us—foremost to console !

Oh, what were man in dark misfortune's hour
Without her cheering aid ? A nerveless thing
Sinking ignobly 'neath the transient power
Of every blast of fortune. She can bring
"A balm for every wound." As when the shower
Most heavily falls, the birds of eve will sing—
Sweeter the flowers are ;—so woman's voice
When through the storm it bids the soul rejoice !

Is there a sight more touching and sublime,
Than to behold a creature, who till grief
Had taught her lofty spirit how to climb
Above vexation, and whose fragile leaf,
Whilst yet 'twas blooming in a genial clime,
Trembled at every breath, and sought relief
If Heaven but seemed to lower, suddenly
Grow vigorous in misfortune, and defy

The pelting storm that in its might comes down
To beat it to the earth ; to see a rose,
Which, in its summer's gaiety, a frown
Had withered from its stem, 'mid wintry snows
Lift up its head undrooping, as if grown
Familiar with each chilling blast that blows
Across the waste of life—and view it twine
Around man's rugged trunk its arms divine !

It is a glorious spectacle, a sight,
Of power to stir the chords of generous hearts
To feelings finest issues ; and requite
The bosom for all world inflicted smarts :
Such is dear woman ! when the envious blight
Of fate descends upon her, it imparts
New worth, new grace,—so precious odours grow,
Sweeter when crushed—more fragrant in their
woe !

So much for man's sweet consort, Heaven's blest gift,
Beloved and loving woman ! Even a thought
Of her, not seldom, hath the power to lift
My soul above the toils the world hath wrought
Round its aspiring wings. But I'm adrift,
Agairt have left my subject ! well tis nought :
Wiser than I have wandered from their way
When woman was the star that led astray !
Peterboro.

DR. ALBERS.

THE celebrated astronomer, Dr. Albers—discoverer
of the small planets *Pallas* and *Vesta*—and who has
long been ranked among the most eminent mathe-
maticians of the age, died on the morning of the
second of March, at Bremen in Germany, at the age
of eighty years.

TWO SORTS OF BLESSINGS.

"IT is a great blessing to possess what one wishes,"
said some one to an ancient philosopher, who re-
plied, "It is a greater blessing still, not to desire
what one does not possess !"

WALTZ.

BY ROSSINI.

8va
pia

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major (two sharps) and 3/4 time. The upper staff begins with a dynamic marking of *pia* and an *8va* instruction. The music features a series of chords and single notes in the right hand, while the left hand plays a simple bass line with eighth notes.

loco

The second system continues the piece. The upper staff features a more active melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff continues with a steady bass line. A dynamic marking of *loco* is present above the upper staff.

The third system shows the continuation of the waltz. The upper staff has a melodic line with some grace notes. The lower staff maintains the bass line with occasional chords. The key signature and time signature remain consistent.

8va
for

The fourth system includes a dynamic marking of *for* in the lower staff. The upper staff has an *8va* instruction. The music continues with similar rhythmic patterns and harmonic structure.

The fifth and final system of the page shows the concluding part of the waltz. The upper staff has a melodic line that ends with a final chord. The lower staff concludes with a few final notes and rests.

loco

pia

for *fr* *8va*

loco

OUR TABLE.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK—BY BOZ.

HAVING had the good fortune to receive some of the first numbers of this new work of the "inimitable Boz," we feel called upon to notice it briefly, that our readers may be induced to secure copies of it for their own perusal in full.

We do not, however, augur so well of it as of the "Pickwick Papers," or the "Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby." It will be eloquently and beautifully written—judging from the numbers before us—but it does not promise the same originality of idea, and exquisite simplicity of style, which characterized the former tales—which are, indeed, their peculiar charms. In fact, the rich, racy, delightful thought and feeling, which marked the former of these works, it would be altogether, or next to, impossible, to surpass, and, not surpassing, it will not be wondered at if the reader should deem it somewhat less than equal.

We observe a notice of a republication, in Quebec, in semi-monthly numbers, of "Master Humphrey's Clock," and though condemning the literary "piracy" which it establishes, we cannot say that we altogether dislike this. If it were done with the sanction of the author, we should look upon it as one of the many "signs of the times," which promise so well for the future of the Canadian provinces. As it is, shut out as the public here, are, from possessing themselves of the various new and excellent works of the day, by the operation of injudicious and prohibitory laws, we might give it as our opinion that the author shall suffer no wrong from the re-print of his book here; and we are convinced that the Province will benefit, indirectly, from it—for it cannot fail to give an impetus to the taste for literary composition, which is now beginning to develop itself among the people.

This work is written altogether differently from the recognized style of the author. It is different in design; and though "Boz" occasionally speaks as "Boz" has formerly spoken, we would scarcely recognize him in the new garb he has assumed. It, however, fits him well, and when worn for a brief space, may sit as gracefully upon him as the mantle in which he has before entranced, and led captive the admiring world.

We give below a touch of natural pathos, worthy the pen of "Boz." It relates to Master Humphrey,—a hunchback—and is a reminiscence of his early days:—

"I do not know whether all children are imbued with a quick perception of childish grace and beauty, and a strong love for it, but I was. I had no thought, that I remember, either that I possessed it myself or that I lacked it, but I admired it with an intensity I cannot describe. A little knot of playmates—they must have been beautiful, for I see them now—were clustered one day round my mother's knee in eager admiration of some picture representing a group of infant angels, which she held in her hand. Whose the picture was, whether it was familiar to me or otherwise, or how all the children came to be there, I forget; I have some dim thought it was my birthday, but the beginning of my recollection is that we were all together in a garden, and it was summer weather—I am sure of that, for one of the little girls had roses in her sash. There were many lovely angels in this picture, and I remember the fancy coming upon me to point out which of them represented each child there, and that when I had gone through all my companions, I stopped and hesitated, wondering which was most like me. I remember the children looking at each other, and my turning red and hot, and their crowding round to kiss me, saying that they loved me all the same; and then, and when the old sorrow came into my dear mother's mild and tender look, the truth broke upon me for the first time, and I knew, while watching my awkward and ungainly sports, how keenly she had felt for the poor crippled boy.

"I used frequently to dream of it afterwards, and now my heart aches for that child as if I had never been he, when I think how often he awoke from some fairy change to his own old form, and sobbed himself to sleep again."

A series of old "Legends of London," under the title of the "Giant Chronicles," is commenced in the first number. The tale is excellently written, but the method of telling it detracts from its merit. It is supposed to be related by one of the wooden giants that have stood for ages in the front of the old Guildhall; and is transcribed by an accidental loiterer in the halls of the "antique guild."

It would be, however, premature, to enter into a minute criticism, with so small a portion of the work before us, and the universal confidence in the genius and ability of the author, would render it unseemly in us to criticise too nicely. It may, however, be easily procured, and we doubt not, will be universally read.

WOMAN AND HER MASTER

Is the somewhat quaint title of a new work by Lady Morgan, in which the equality of woman with "creation's lord," is asserted with dignity and talent,—and, at least as far as the fair authoress is concerned, fully and unequivocally proved.

The question as to the equality of the sexes, in the abstract, we should conceive to be one by the discussion of which very little indeed will or can be gained. It seems to us at variance with the express commandment, which bids woman, in all things obey her lord; nor can the position of woman be changed without detriment to herself, and to the world. We allude to that position which, in all civilized communities, she occupies, as the friend and counsellor of man—his equal in excellence, virtue and piety—his superior in gracefulness, delicacy, beauty and affection; but inferior to him in the attributes, which make the difference between the vigorous and weak—physical and intellectual—although, with equal advantage of education, we know that many instances exist, and have existed, of equal mental endowments: nay, woman has at times assumed the purple, and swayed the sceptre as regally and vigorously as more robust, adventurous and daring man; but in such places she shines least. Her reign is not for the tented battle-field, or the arena of war and strife. Her empire is one of gentleness, and by the power of her winning grace, and affectionate kindness, should she sustain her rule. Lady Morgan, however, is in the field as the champion of her "privileges." She argues the point philosophically and calmly, except when she becomes warm with her subject, when the pent up romance and enthusiasm of woman's nature speaks out in the "Wild Irish Girl." Were the standard of intellect measured with hers, and such as hers, and placed beside the miserable efforts which are hourly made to "win a name" by the many unfledged wittlings and would-be authors of the opposite sex, assuredly she would wear the palm. But it would be unfair, to award it upon the *ex parte* evidence of one so much interested in the result.

But apart from the argument altogether, the work is one which is deserving of a perusal it will well repay. Much that is new and beautiful will be found in its pages, and "old facts" from the dress they wear, have assumed the form of new. We have not, however, either room or space to do that justice to its merits which it deserves, and we merely add to our passing notice, a brief extract from its pages:—

"When fable passed away, history states that Athens owed her first glimpse of freedom to a conspiracy, of which woman was the soul and the depository. It was the mistress of Harmodius who wreathed the dagger with myrtle, that freed Athens from the tyranny of her "*Jove-descended kings*." Worthy of the great cause by which her name is immortalized, she proved that a woman knew how to conspire, to be silent, and to die.

"The wars of Megara and the Peloponnessus were instigated by a woman's passions, and carried on at her suggestions. The Thebans and the Phocians called their ten years' war "sacred," (as other unholy wars have since been deemed,) of which a woman's wrongs were the sole cause; and if the wife of an Asiatic despot armed Persia against the liberties of Greece, the triumph of the free was in part attributed to the influence of the Corinthian women with the god whom they implored. The heroic achievements of the Argive women are equally commemorated for their important consequences; and it is an historical fact, that the most inspired of their poetesses was the bravest of their champions, and the most devoted of their patriots.

"The female genius of Greece was, indeed, always found on the side of the free. It was not to follow Phaon that Sappho fled to Sicily; but, having engaged with him in the confederacy against Pittacus, they were banished together. It was for this that the coins of Mytilene bore the impression of her image; and that her patriotism and her poetry became alike immortal.

"In all the great public events of Greece, the influence of the female mind may be detected, even where, under particular institutions, her presence was forbidden. When Pythagoras, in his desire to make proselytes of the ignorant, and extend the influence of his sect, opened his first school of philosophy in Italy, the 'friend of wisdom' was accompanied by female disciples. His wife and daughter taught in his classes; and fifteen other women, of high capacities and attainments, his pupils, gave grace to his stern truths, and became the persuasive missionaries of doctrines which preached restraint over the passions, and the supremacy of reason in all things.

"But the women were not only admitted into the schools of philosophy; the philosophers sometimes attended upon theirs. Aspasia, who improved the eloquence, while she perverted the politics of Pericles, lisped her atticisms in the ears of Socrates, till she became rather his teacher than his disciple. The

bright eyes of Hipparata long followed the compass of Euclid, while her lips solved with a smile the problem, which had cost many an aching brow its premature furrow to comprehend. Leontium was painted by the artist Theodorus, meditating the temperate doctrines of Epicurus, which she afterwards expounded in such Greek as excited the envy and admiration of Cicero, who considered her style a model. Even the women of the people, who had not learnt to read, affected a purism in their dialect, worthy of the academy: and from the critical acumen of the Athenian apple-women, there was no appeal. The arts, too, stood no less indebted to female taste for patronage, than to female grace for inspiration. The noblest work of Praxiteles was purchased by the most beautiful of his models, and that with the generous intention of adorning her own native city! Corinth owed the most splendid of her architectural edifices to the liberality of one woman: and Thebes, ruined by Alexander, might have been rebuilt by another, but that her pride dictated an epigram, which the jealousy of man considered, and rejected, as an epigram.

"But who were these gifted and powerful women, these priestesses of a religion of sentiment, these destinies of free states, (whose smiles and frowns decided the fate of despot empires,) these adored companions of heroes, these trusted friends of legislators, these disciples of philosophers, and associates of sages, these models of wit and themes of poetry, these professors of abstruse sciences, and enlightened lovers of all the refined arts, which tend to soften and cheer society, and to convert man from barbarism to civilization?"

"Were they the honest mothers and virtuous wives of the free and noble citizens of the Greek states? the women of the Demos of Athens, or of the soldier patriots of Sparta? Was their knowledge acquired, were their talents developed, under institutions peculiarly favourable to the cultivation of female intellect? Were such accomplishments united to those moral qualities which gave to wise maternity the character and influence of a wholesome legislation?"

"Gifted as such women must have been by nature, gifted as they notoriously were with that personal beauty peculiar to their climes and races, and with those fine perceptions of the beautiful and the true in works of art and literature—were they themselves ennobled by that sense of rights to be enjoyed, and of duties to be performed, which creates the crowning perfection of all characters in either sex?"

"No; these women, whose names are linked with those of the greatest and wisest men of antiquity, were the outcasts of society—its admiration, its pride and its shame—the agents of its refined civilization, the instruments of its rapid moral corruption.

"Born in slavery, or sold to it, infant captives taken in war, or of a class too lowly to be recognized as citizens by the state, these victims of civil combination foredoomed by the accidents of their birth, or of their lives, to an inevitable social degradation, had one privilege incidental to their singular lot; and of that they availed themselves, to the triumph of mind over station, and of usurping acquirement over established ignorance. They were not under the ban of that intellectual proscription, which was reserved by the law for the virtuous and the chaste. Chartered libertines, of their minds as of their actions, they were left free to pursue the bent of their natural talents, to sip at the fountain of every science, to cull the flowers of rhetoric, to rifle the whole hive of knowledge, and to possess themselves of the treasures of philosophy.

"Thus gifted, they obtained a mastery over all that was eminent in the male population; and possessing the hearts of statesmen, orators, and philosophers, became influential on the destinies of the people."

One half only of the work is yet published—two volumes additional are promised. If equal to the two now before the public, the work will be one of the most deservedly popular of the day.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THOUGH the present number of the *Garland*, is, as many preceding ones have been, "entirely original," we are happy to say that the fountains from which our contributors draw, become only more vigorous as their waters are spread over the earth. We have on hand many articles of great excellence, which we are compelled to postpone. Among these we may mention a valuable paper on the "Laws of Canada," and one upon its "Literature and Literary Men," which were partially in type for publication in this number.

Many other articles, several excellent tales, and some poetical sketches, have been necessarily left over—many of which we shall endeavour to furnish to our readers in our next number.

The very numerous applications which have been made, and are daily making, for the first volume of the *Garland*, place us under the necessity of stating that there is not a single copy now at our disposal—our shelves being completely empty. Flattering and encouraging as this is, we regret it much, causing as it does, disappointment to many, who, having become readers of the second volume, wished to possess themselves of entire sets.